

# PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 237.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

### UNION PRINTERS ORDERED OUT OF PROGRESS' OFFICE.

Why they go, and how the paper proposes to do without them—The Methods They Have Adopted to Secure the Work of the Office—Progress on Deck as Usual.

This week, for the first time in its history Progress has had some disagreement with a number of its employees, and, as many highly imaginative reports are being circulated concerning it, the real story of the affair may very properly be published.

Those who are in the printing business in this city, or, in fact, in the province, are very well aware that for the past three months good printers have been very scarce. Progress found this out quite early in the year, and on various occasions has been hampered by the fact that it was unable to obtain a sufficient number of compositors to turn out its newspaper as early as it should have been, or to push the job printing forward as rapidly as was desirable. Nearly two months ago this lack of compositors became so marked, and the amount of work that came to Progress Job Printing Department increased to such an extent, that urgent advertisements were inserted in the newspapers asking for additional compositors. As no applications were forthcoming, and two or three printing contracts had been undertaken on the stipulation that they would be completed at a certain date, the advisability of securing female compositors was considered. Mr. John Hopkins, the foreman of the job printing department, was consulted in regard to the matter, and, when it was decided to engage two or more female compositors to assist in that department, he was promptly notified of the fact. Mr. Hopkins is a member of the typographical union and the employees under him were also members of the same organization. But it is a fact worth noting that, although he received such ample notice of the employment of female labor, no objection was made to the proprietor at that time, or indeed, when a week ago last Monday the female compositors were introduced in the department was any objection made by Mr. Hopkins, or by any of the union men under him. On the contrary, as foreman of the department he assigned them their work and saw that they looked after it.

A whole week passed along very smoothly without any objection being made to the girls. They were engaged entirely upon one particular book which it was necessary to have completed by the 10th of November. Last Monday, however, the proprietor of PROGRESS received an intimation, by means of the following communication, that the matter of the employment of girls had been brought to the attention of the typographical union:

ST. JOHN TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 85, ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 11th, 1892. EDWARD S. CAMBER, Esq., Publisher PROGRESS: DEAR SIR,—It having been brought to the attention of the executive committee of St. John Typographical Union that you have employed in your office two non-union female compositors, and as PROGRESS has heretofore been regarded as a union office, I have been directed to inform you that it is contrary to the constitution of this union for its members to work with non-union compositors. This fact was brought to the notice of your foreman, Mr. Finlay, but as he refused to lay the matter before you that duty has devolved upon the executive. I am also directed to inform you that a delegation from this committee will wait upon you on Tuesday evening, 8th inst., at 8 o'clock, in order to see if some arrangement cannot be entered into whereby any trouble may be averted. If the above data is suitable will you kindly inform me as soon as possible. Yours respectfully, GEO. H. MAXWELL, Sec. St. John T. U., No. 85.

This letter came somewhat in the way of a surprise, because, so far as the publisher of PROGRESS was aware, his office was in no way connected with the typographical union. Up to February, 1892, PROGRESS was a union office, but, owing to the lack of protection extended to the paper at that time by the union the proprietor decided that so far as this paper was concerned he would not be guided by the Union or its rules. Due notice of this was given to the foreman of Progress office, at that time Mr. McConnell, who, in his turn, informed the union men under him. From that time forward when a printer was engaged to work in Progress composing room, the fact of whether he was a union man or not was not taken into consideration, and, although the majority of them were persuaded to become members of the organization after they were engaged by PROGRESS, the fact that they were members or not had nothing to do with their employment. Consequently the communication printed above came somewhat in the nature of a surprise to the proprietor of this paper. It appeared to have the earmarks of a declaration of war, and as it was desirable that PROGRESS should know as early in the week as possible whether its employees proposed to stand by it or not through the impending difficulty, the question was placed before the newspaper compositors at noon on Monday by their foreman, and they were requested to give him an answer by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When 4 o'clock arrived they requested from that time until 6 o'clock. It

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The machine wanted him, of course, because they thought he would imperil the chances of Zekiel McLeod and Hazen at the general election, when one of the three members must retire. The weaker the man they could get, the better were the chances for the men now in; for while it is possible, it is by no means certain that Zekiel will get shelved before the next general election comes around. Nobody in whose shoes he wants to step may die in the meantime, and if there is a vacancy, the past has shown that neither Zekiel nor his colleague will have all to say about the matter.

So it was nicely cut and dried that Mr. George McLeod was a good enough man for this occasion. Mr. Chesley had no chance of a nomination from the outside, and when some of his supporters realized this they were anxious to see Mr. McLeod nominated, so that they could have an excuse for running John A. as an independent man. That was why Mr. McLeod got a majority of the delegates' votes when nobody outside of the combination expected he would.

The morning papers of Tuesday covered the show so fully that it would be travelling over old ground for PROGRESS to dwell on the high old time they had at that grand tory turnout. There were bushels of fun, and everybody had something to say. Those who did not make speeches stood up and howled. When the name of George McLeod was brought in by the committee, the roar of "He's no good!" came from the body of the house, while fainter cries of "He is good!" came from the machine supporters in the pit. The notes had it that time, and the committee went back to select Mr. George Robertson, whom nobody could charge with having a record of pernicious activity in the machinations of the grits in their years of plenty.

The Three Kellys were there, and each of them had something to say. John Kelly spoke vigorously, not to say viciously. When Jimmy Kelly, the orange tailor, was wanted there were cries for Kelly, and J. King Kelley, the orange orator responded. Much of his speech was in pantomime, for the crowd made so much of a howl that he could not be heard. In the intervals in which he was audible he asserted that such proceedings might confuse some orators but did not disturb him, as he had done missionary work in the halls, school houses, Sunday school rooms and churches all over the county. He was frequently invited to "come down out of that," but he kept his ground and pitched into the prospective candidate, Robertson, as well as into Hazen and McLeod. Finally, somebody in the gallery howled "put a muzzle on him," shortly after which Mr. Kelley brought his oration to a close.

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A good many of the liberals were delighted at the turn things had taken. The row in the tory camp seemed to afford them hope of a victory at last. They considered that the tory extremity was the grit opportunity, and there was blood in their eyes all day Tuesday. They were doing the Niogens act in going about "looking for a man," only they had no lantern. It was rumored that there would be light enough at Mr. Weldon's house to find a man that evening.

For the party managers, by whom are understood Messrs. Ellis, Weldon, John McMillan and a few others decided to have a caucus to talk over the ways and means. Before they got through with it, it developed into a cav-cav, with a decided accent on the last syllable.

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## IN THE SLIPSHOD STYLE.

### HOW THE CITY LOOKS AFTER THE WORK AT SAND POINT.

The Contractors First Claim Leads to Some Revelations in the Board of Works—The City Engineer Has Been Waiting for Somebody to Direct Him.

The Contractors have been heard from in regard to the Sand Point improvements. They want some money.

There is no reason in the world why they should not have some, but they have been working away so quietly for the last month or so that the citizens had almost forgotten they were liable to put in a claim. The board of works seems to have overlooked the fact, and has also overlooked the other fact that the city engineer is supposed to have some supervision of the matter. The latter official has apparently not disturbed himself for the reason that nobody directed him to do so. The matter came up at a meeting of the board of works on Tuesday, and there was a good deal of jaw wagging over the affair. It was finally decided that the board and the engineer should find out more about the matter than they have troubled themselves to learn so far, and that they should report again.

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WINDING UP THE FIGHT.

LAST DAYS OF THE ELECTION IN THE OLD BAY STATE.

How the Speakers Caught the Crowd—How the Speakers Caught the Crowd—How the Speakers Caught the Crowd—

Boston, Nov. 8.—The result of the election will be known before this letter is printed but just now the politicians are a heating every evening in a way that would put a dime museum performance to blush, and even Sunday is not a day of rest with them.

In the last days, rumors, charges of one kind or another, and wild statements fall upon the people more thickly than the

presented, the State in Congress, and the newspapers recognized in him a star of particular brilliancy. He is a young man who looks like a college student, more than anything else, but he is one of the best talkers in the state. Hoar is one of the best Douglas Hazen stamp of boy candidates but he speaks with much greater fluency, and can get right in with an audience as easily as any man I ever saw.

Some of the things the spouters talk about are amusing. One of the principal objections some of the R-publicans have against Congressman Williams is that he is "too pompous;" while Congressman Andrew is condemned, because his father was a great man, and because Mr. Andrew himself is somewhat of a dulle and uses lavender water on his whiskers. Massachusetts politics would not suit Mr. George Robertson of St. John. There are no ink ones, and the papers publish every thing that is said.

MR. LUGBIN IS IN IT.

A Railway Project That Means a Great Deal for British Columbia.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Last August I spent two days in Victoria, B. C. assisting some Chicago gentlemen in the preparation of the prospectus of the British Pacific Construction Company, and to-day I received a letter from Chicago telling me of the complete success of the projectors in obtaining the needed capital of \$5,000,000. This company is authorized to contract with the Canadian Western Central Railway Company in the building of its railway, and to engage in whatever business it may deem advisable for the development of the land part of the company and the business of the railway.

the Great Central Plateau to the north is a region of a very different character.

The Company has not yet made any arrangements for an eastern connection, at least none have been officially announced, but of course they are contemplated. The construction of the railway will involve an outlay of fully \$25,000,000, and this taken in connection with the great influx of people which such an undertaking will attract, signifies an industrial revolution of British Columbia. The people of Victoria are in a wild state of excitement over the successful launching of the project, as they may well be, as it will make their beautiful and wealthy city the terminal of a transcontinental railway. Connection will at first be maintained between the island and mainland sections of the railway by ferry, for which the Butte Inlet is as well adapted as a canal. Ultimately a bridge will be built across Seymour narrows and an all rail connection be made.

C. H. LUGBIN. Seattle, Oct. 29, 1892.

There is something wrong with the father who will tie up his dog at night and let his boy run the streets.



WOMEN LOVE TO TEASE.

snowflakes of last Friday. Boston can discount New Brunswick for inflammatory circulars and all that sort of thing. Mr. Pitts would be in his element.

The young men catch the crowd everywhere. In St. John they are idolized during election times and made little tin gods for the time being. In a winning team they stand near the head of the ticket. Here in Boston they go to greater extremes. The number of young men in politics is surprising, and some of them are infants compared with provincial boy candidates but as stump speakers they have few equals, and carry everything before them. Last week I made some references to Gov. Russell, and this week he has discounted all previous performances. Monday he spoke in every town and village between here and Cape Cod, and the list is a pretty lengthy one.

A special train, decked out with tri-colored bunting left here Sunday night so as to be on the ground early Monday morning. The party was a large one, and included many of Boston's most prominent democrats, but Gov. Russell had a chair in the car with more red white and blue on it than any of the others. The addresses were made from the platform of the car, and the people turned out in force all along the line. The express trains would not hold a candle to it for drawing the farmers to the railway crossings.

Sherman Hoar is one of the best known Democrats in Massachusetts. He represented initiated is "How's she coming?" with

"How're they coming?" as a variation. The street car conductors ask the question at every opportunity, and while the phrase is yet new the surprise of some of the victims is amusing.

Mr. Sidney Chidley, who will be remembered as the scenic artist, who painted all the scenery the St. John opera house has and the handsome drop curtain, is here in Boston. He came from the Union Square theatre, New York, to paint the scenery for Keith's new theatre. When I saw him the other day, at work in a large building back of the Bijou, he said that not a scene had been painted for the new theatre, although he had been there some weeks. All the work is going into the old Bijou, and Mr. Chidley is likely to be here for some time.

Mr. Ed. Malloy, who was well known among the boys in St. John, a few years ago, as an amateur base ball enthusiast, and, incidentally, an operator, in the Western Union, is now working at his old business on State street. After coming to Boston his fingers gave out and he was forced to abandon telegraphy for awhile. He was with Jordan, Marsh & Co for a time, but has returned to the key.

R. G. LARSEN.

Sanitary Rubber Goods.

When you want Bed and Crib Sheeting, Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes, Atomizers, Air Pillows, Air Beds, Urinals, Bandages, etc., order from ESTEY & CO., Prince Wm. street, St. John.

will be built under a provincial charter, giving a land grant of 20,000 acres of land per mile, except in a portion of the line on Vancouver Island, for which the grant is 10,000 acres per mile. The road will start at Victoria and run the whole length of the Island following generally the eastern coast line. The mainland section will begin at the head of Butte Inlet and follow Marcus Smith's Route No. 6 in the Canadian Pacific to Yellow Head Pass on the eastern boundary of British Columbia. There will be a branch line to Barkerville, the central point in the Cariboo gold mining region, and also a branch to the Peace River Country. Not including the latter, the railway will be over 1,000 miles long, and the land subsidy will be about 20,000,000 acres probably a little less. The Company will receive other valuable subsidies.

I made a very careful examination of all the reports from surveyors, engineers and other explorers, and conversed with many persons who have been over the country to be traversed by the road, and the result of my enquiries was a complete revelation to me. I knew that the country was valuable, but had no idea of the vast extent of the forests, the area of good farming land, the magnitude of the mineral deposits and the general character of the climate. However applicable Mr. Blake's phrase "a sea of mountains" may be to that portion of the province crossed by the Canadian Pacific,



HATS, TOQUES & BONNETS

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM. CHAS. K. CAWRON & CO., 77 King St., St. John, N. B.

Breech-loading Shot-Gun. SCHUTZPATENT Smokeless Powder. It is clean; there is no Recoil; it is Smokeless. One pound is equal in Power and Bulk to two pounds of the best black powder. It is the POWDER OF THE FUTURE for Sportsmen.

Single and Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns, MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, CARTRIDGES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS. W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Brass and Japanned Coal Vases. Very handsome patterns. COAL HODS, Black and Galvanized. FIRE IRONS in Brass and Steel. Wire Nursery Guards, different styles and sizes. ASH BARRELS, &c. All marked in plain figures. Prices—Bottom.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street. P. S.—Our stock of Heating Stoves embraces nearly one hundred different styles.

Wedding Presents! BEST STOCK IN THE CITY OF Butter Coolers; Oyster Dishes; Cake Baskets; Coffee Spoons; Tea Services; Etc., Etc. Call and examine the variety. BURPEE, THORNE & CO., 60 and 62 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Heating Stoves. 50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL GOOD HEATERS. AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU. J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St. (Opposite Hotel DuRoi.)

Season, 1892. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all kinds of SPORTING REQUISITES. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Great Cash Bargains. Pants from..... \$3.00 up. Overcoats from... \$13.00 up. Reefers from..... 8.00 up. Gent's Suits from 14.00 up. MADE TO ORDER AT SHORT NOTICE. PANTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT. W. H. McINNIS, Tailor, 127 and 129 Portland Bridge, Mill Street.

Sausages. Mail, Telegraph, Telephone, ORDERS filled very promptly. JOHN HOPKINS, ST. JOHN, N. B. 133 Telephone.

Gold and Silver Plating. EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 25 pages, price one dollar. Mail order, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and their features; gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL & ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

MUSICAL. It is now, I believe, definitely hold the concerts of the Oratorio on the 2nd and 3rd of December at the Opera House. The board of directors were disappointed in their attempt to secure an orchestra from Boston, so a music Club has been kind enough to supply, although at a great expense to some of the members. After several weeks, those in charge have had the "Lay of the Bell," either "Hear my Prayer" or "psalm," according to the time on the first night, and "Athens" on the second. It is needless to say the members are all hard at work on their sides two full practices a

have been two practices for male voices. Mr. Tom Daniel has very kindly sung the bass solos and will sing the bass solos and will sing the bass solos alone. The thing about the "Lay of the Bell" solos are all pleasing, especially "Master's" numbers. Last Sunday was that within of the festival of "All Saints," the anthem "What are these that rayed in white robes" was sung choir. The attack was splendid passages were rendered very well say quite so much for the pianists boys are not at present able to their voices sufficiently. During the Mr. Strand played Handel very beautifully. Talking of choirs, one of the trials an organist and choir director in the choir-member who knows so much more than his job doesn't require to attend practices his whole duty by appearance. Now it is not so much the knowledge that he of use; it is effect produced; and all the changes in regard to time, etc., in practice, so the non-attendant to get into trouble somewhere, a spelling what would otherwise be successful. Miss Lizzie South has resigned position in the St. John Church choir. The Philharmonic orchestra is waiting for the Oratorio concert on morning.



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is now, I believe, definitely decided to hold the concerts of the Oratorio Society on the 2nd and 3rd of December in the Opera House.

A very pleasant musicale was given by Mrs. Fred. Seely on Tuesday evening in aid of the King's Daughters.

Among the Boston Playhouses.

Last week Jos. Jefferson appeared at the Boston Theatre in "Rip Van Winkle," and there were few, if any, vacant seats at the eight performances.

work, that is as far as the taste of the general public is concerned. The choruses and finales are probably as fine and indeed in some cases stronger, but the solo numbers are not nearly so taking.

The Columbia has given us a week of "Jane," one of the laughing successes of last year, with Miss Johnstone Bennett in the title role.

The old Museum has given us "School," and all the new members of the company have been seen in this bright sparkling comedy.

Farce comedy at the Tremont presented by Russell Comedians in "A Society Fad," with comely Amelia Glover, the graceful dancer, and a merry troupe of capables.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, the well-known English actress, opens in Hammerstein's

Handsomeness Presents

20th Century Kandy Kitchen AND AT THE BIJOU.

Our Columbia Peanut Candy still in the lead.

Tutti Frutti Bar and a full line of our most exquisite confectionery.

Purely a Modern Industry. In the limited space between Worth street and the Battery, where there are many large wholesale houses, it is stated that 15,000 women are employed as typewriters.

Commercial College advertisement with text: 'To Write well. To Spell correctly. To Write Grammatically. To use Typewriter rapidly.'

Collegiate School advertisement with image of a building and text: 'Founded A. D. 1788. COURSE OF STUDY. I. CLASSICAL—Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, French, German.'

Mechanics' Institute advertisement: 'COMING FOR A SHORT SEASON Friday, Nov. 4th.'

Zera Semon advertisement: 'King of Magicians and Ventriloquist Emperor, TOGETHER WITH HIS TROUPE OF ROYAL MARIONETTES.'

Master Lawrence Semon advertisement: 'The Youngest Magician and Minstrel Performer in the World.'

100 Beautiful and Costly Presents advertisement: 'GIVEN AWAY EVERY NIGHT. Admission—25 and 35 cents.'

Condensed Advertisements section: 'Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) at 25 cents each insertion.'

Kindergarten advertisement: 'IN THE Market Building, 122 Main Street. Hours from 9.30 to 12 a. m. Terms of ten weeks \$8.00.'

Frazer's advertisement: 'BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Halifax is in session day and evening.'

Circulars advertisement: 'DODGERS, Cards, and all kinds of advertising matter carefully distributed in all parts of the city by reliable messengers.'

A Bargain advertisement: 'WE ARE closing out a line of English Tweed—dark colors—at \$18.00 a suit. A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Germain street.'

Music advertisement: 'SEND ONE DOLLAR to Jas. W. Dole, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and you will receive by mail One Dozen Records of the Most Popular Music, vocal or instrumental, as desired. Nov. 5, 1892.'

For Sale advertisement: 'A FIRST-CLASS, nearly new 4 horse power engine, built to pass government inspection, guaranteed satisfactory. Price low. Apply at Progress Office. T. F.'

All Thoroughbred Poultry advertisement: 'April and May chicks for sale. Stock first-class. Includes: Cream Leghorns, Indian Game, Japanese Bantams, Blue Andalusians, Silver-Gray Ducks, and Fawn-colored Game Hens for sale. CHARLES G. D. ROSS, Windsor, N. S.'

Female Composers advertisement: 'ONE or two female composers can obtain steady employment on book-work by applying by letter, stating time at business, qualifications, wages expected and where working last. Address—W. R. PROGRESS OFFICE.'

Boarding advertisement: 'A FEW PERMANENT or temporary boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Mrs. McInnis. May.'

Advertising advertisement: 'IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, WRITE to Geo. E. Rowland & Co., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.'

Stamps wanted advertisement: 'USED before on the original envelopes, prepared, I also want pairs and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Especially want some New Brunswick 1/4d. provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Stamps of stamps sent on approval to collectors. H. L. HAIN, 71, Goulston street, Halifax, N. S. (See advertisement in Progress of Nov. 5, 1892.)'

Important to fleshy people advertisement: 'We have noticed a plain article in the Boston Globe on potatoes, which is a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send for our recipe for a very healthy and delicious potato soup. For a copy, send a stamp to the Editor, Boston, Mass.'

Music Lessons advertisement: 'MRS. THOMAS F. RAYMOND Will give Lessons on the Piano-forte, from 1st of November. Residence: 72 Queen Street. ADDRESS A POSTAL CARD TO Robinson & Johnson, ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT.'

Ontario Business College advertisement: 'And you will receive by return mail the 94th Annual Circular of the College, (a book of 124 pages), just published, and a specimen of penmanship by the best penman in Canada. ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE is the most widely attended Business College in America. 40 Students from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been here in 1892.'

Mr. R. P. Strand advertisement: 'Organist of Trinity Church is prepared to receive pupils. For Terms apply 39 Sewell Street. ESTABLISHED, 1878.'

St. John Academy of Art advertisement: 'Drawing and Painting, sketching from Nature. 65 Prince William Street. Send Stamp for Circular, F. H. C. MILLS. Now Open.'

London School of Art advertisement: 'MISS MORLEY has much pleasure in announcing to those interested in CHINA Painting and Decoration, that she has arranged with Miss WHITNEY to take over the work that she left in St. John, as well as her complete outfit for painting China. Miss MORLEY will conduct her Art Classes at the Madras School, every Saturday morning. Applications of intending pupils should be addressed—106 King Street East.'

Our Patronage advertisement with logo: 'For the last three months has far exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year. We gratefully acknowledge this evidence of public appreciation. Our determination is to provide the best Business Training obtainable in Canada, and we have the facilities for affording the determination. CIRCULARS—giving terms, course of study; also specimens of Penmanship mailed free to any address. KERR & FRINGLE, Oddfellows Hall, St. John, N. B.'

St. Martins Seminary advertisement: 'THIS School offers rare advantages for study and improvement. Its attractive location, healthful surroundings, and refined home-like atmosphere are noticeable. On the staff of instruction there are 14 teachers. All of these are specialists, and most of them have won honor and success elsewhere. The courses of study are liberal and far-reaching. The Education Department is affiliated with the Boston School of Education. There are thorough courses in English, Classics, Science and Mathematics. Students of Arts, Music, Elocution, Gymnastics, Book-keeping, Typewriting and Penmanship receive Diplomas on graduation. The Department of Etiquette and Social Manners is under competent instruction. The privileges of Reading-room and Library, the excellent Lecture Course, the monthly Convocations and Reception, the Library and Church Societies, together with the physical culture, combine to create an educative and helpful atmosphere. For Catalogue and all information address—REV. AUSTEN K. DELOIS, Ph. D., Principal.'



A GRECIAN BRIDE.

have been two practices for male and female voices.

Mr. Tom Daniel has very kindly offered to sing the bass solos and will come from Boston for expenses alone. There is one thing about the "Lay of the Bell," the solos are all pleasing, especially the "Master's" numbers.

Last Sunday was that within the octave of the festival of "All Saints," and Stainer's anthem "What are those that are arrayed in white robes" was sung by Trinity choir. The attack was splendid and forte passages were rendered very well. I can't say quite so much for the pianissimo, as the boys are not at present able to modulate their voices sufficiently.

Talking of choirs, one of the greatest trials an organist and choir director has to endure is the choir-member who thinks he knows so much more than his fellows that he doesn't require to attend practice, but does his whole duty by appearing at service. Now it is not so much the individual knowledge that is of use; it is the union effect produced; and all the various slight changes in regard to time, etc., are given at practice, so the non-attendants are sure to get into trouble somewhere, most likely speaking what would otherwise be a musical success.

Miss Lizzie South has returned to her position in the Stone Church choir.

The Philharmonic orchestra began practicing for the Oratorio concerts on Tuesday morning.

and as thoroughly good for nothing in the character of Rip as ever, and it is a wonderful treat to see such a performance as his This week and for weeks to come the great building has been, and will be, the abode of magnificent spectacle. According to his usual custom of giving his patrons a magnificent scenic and spectacular entertainment. Mr. Tompkins has presented this year "Babe in the Wood," and it is safe to say that it is the original little untortunately were to find themselves on the stage of the Boston Theatre they would be surprised at their surroundings.

At the Park "1492" still merrily runs along and has become apparently a fixture.

The Globe has succeeded "Jupiter" with "The Tar and Tartar," a comic opera which made a hit last season when Digby Bell was the chief attraction, and its drawing powers show that it is a favorite still.

Comic opera also has been the attraction at the Hollis St. where the "Fencing Master" has been played for the last fortnight. This piece is by the authors of that entirely successful opera "Robin Hood," and was wildly heralded as being in equal measure, but the general opinion is that it is not up to the standard of that successful

new theatre in New York on Monday night in "As in a Looking Glass." She will be seen in Boston at the Hollis St. Theatre. E. S. Willard will play his Boston engagement at the Tremont.

Neil Warner, whom St. John theatre goers of a few years ago will remember, has been engaged by Augustin Daly for his next Shakespearean production.

Frederic Robinson is with Rose Coghlan this season playing in "Diplomacy." Rosina Vokes comes to the Tremont very shortly and will be seen in some new pieces.

Cyril Tyler made his last appearance in Boston last Sunday evening at the Hollis St. Theatre, and created as much interest as at previous concerts. He certainly has a beautiful voice and has been splendidly trained.

The following is the Swiss method for hardening cast steel for cutting tools. Mix in a suitable vessel four parts of pulverised resin and two parts of train oil. Stir well in this one part of hot tallow. Into this mixture the article to be hardened is plunged at a low red heat, and held there until thoroughly cooled. Without cleaning of the piece is again put into the fire and suitably tempered in the ordinary way. An examination of steel thus hardened indicates that the hardening is deeper and more uniformly distributed than is commonly the case, and that the steel is much less brittle.

PERNIN SHORTHAND is the only system easy and simple enough to be learned for practical work in three months. Successfully taught by mail. SNELL'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

AUCTION SALE. TO BE SOLD Public Auction.

At Chubb's Corner, in the City of St. John, N. B., on Saturday, the 12th November, 1892, at noon: THAT valuable Freehold Lot and Dwelling House thereon, situated on the north side of Mackenzie street, St. John, N. B., owned by the estate of the late John W. Nicholson. The property is well worthy the attention of persons desirous of obtaining a first-class residence in the central part of the city at a moderate price. Three-fourths of the purchase money may remain on mortgage for five years at five per cent. Further particulars may be obtained by applying to Mr. W. A. Lockhart, auctioneer. JAMES MACDONALD GRANT, SIMON JONES, R. CAMERON GRANT. Trustees estate of J. W. Nicholson, deceased.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including 'Powder', 'Guns', 'CO.', 'Patterns', 'Galvanized', 'Steel', 'Guards', 'SIZES', 'REL'S', 'Street', 'STOCK IN THE CITY OF', 'Coolers', 'Dishes', 'Baskets', 'Spoon', 'Services', 'Es.', 'SUIT YOU', 'lotte St.', '392.', 'ONS', '13.00 up', '14.00 up', 'ait', 'allor', 'ed very', 'IN, N. B.', 'phone', 'F INFORMATION', 'Advertisers', '25c', 'postage paid', 'careful compilation', 'Directory of all the', 'deal of information', 'pertaining to the', 'ROWELL'S AD-', 'street, N. Y.'

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Atlantic Building, 58 and 60 Gervais street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 5.

ONE WHO WILL BE MISSED.

The death of Mr. JOSEPH W. LAWRENCE removes one of the most patient and enthusiastic workers in the field of local history. Mr. Lawrence made the study of old time chronicles a labor of love, and his untiring research and industry have rescued and preserved from oblivion much that might otherwise have been lost. His example has had its effect upon other and younger workers, so that heretofore the knowledge of the past must become greater and greater every year. All who recognize the value of the study of local chronology must feel under a debt of gratitude to Mr. LAWRENCE for what he has done to render their researches more interesting and successful. He was always ready and anxious to look up facts among his great store of memoranda, and PROGRESS in common with many others has more than once been under obligations to him for his kindness in solving questions which could not have been correctly answered without the facilities he gladly furnished. He will be much missed and his loss as a man and a citizen will be regretted by all.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, and it is probable that a good many people observed it in the spirit in which it was designed to be kept, with hearts thankful for their "creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life." A good many may not have been so thankful as they should have been. They have had severe losses and disappointments, and to some the year just past has been one to be remembered with sorrow for the rest of their lives. To some of them it may seem there has been little for which to be thankful, and it might in some cases require an extreme optimism to point out any reason why they should join in the general rejoicing.

Yet there are few of us—none it may be—whose lot is so bad, that there is no cause for gratitude to the Giver of good for blessings that we enjoy. In most cases our troubles have been due to ourselves, and it may be we have cause to be thankful that they are no worse. If our hearts are right, we can be thankful for even small mercies, and it we search aright such mercies can always be found. We should make the best of our lot, and we can always do it when we think of how much better our condition is than is the lot of thousands around us. One must be very far gone indeed if he cannot by comparison find himself glad that this thing or that which might have happened has not happened in his case.

It is, of course, the lowest form of pleasure, when we comfort ourselves by the reflection that others are less happy. It is like the idea of some old writer that one of the joys of Heaven will be the contemplation of the miseries of the lost, but in trying to find out how much more fortunate we are than our fellows, there is no need to be glad that they are not so happy. We can sympathize with them, and it may be give ourselves a new sense of pleasure where it is in our power to raise them a little from the conditions that surround them. To be conscious that others are less happy than we is far from implying that we want them to be so. If we are really sincere in our thankfulness, the spirit by which we are actuated will lead us to be more sympathetic and compassionate. If we are Christians we will look at all things in the light in which christianity teaches us to regard them.

Then, too, if we are Christians, it is not alone on one day of the year that our hearts and voices should unite in a thanksgiving for the manifold comforts and blessings which attend us. Each day should be a thanksgiving day, even as every day should be a Lord's day. It is only by taking daily thought of our lives that we realize how much we receive, even as it is only by daily self-examination that we can realize how much we have gone astray in thought, word and deed. As we are taught to petition each day for our daily bread, so should we

each day give hearty thanks that it has come to us. Living in this spirit, with hearts ever thankful, we may the more heartily join with the others on a day set apart for the general thanksgiving by the people. While it is a poor heart that cannot rejoice on Thanksgiving day, it is but a little more of a heart that is earnestly grateful only on that day. As often as we seek and strive for blessings, so often should we be thankful that they are permitted to enjoy them.

THE UNION IS NOT IN IT.

It seems a rather small piece of business for a body of intelligent men to issue a manifesto and undertake a strike because one or two girls ask and are given the right of earning their bread by honest industry. This is what the St. John typographical union has been doing, and it has little reason to be proud of the spirit by which it is animated or the success which has attended its efforts. About the only thing on which it is to be congratulated is that some of its members have not been arrested for conspiracy in their efforts to injure the business of an establishment that is not prepared to yield to their demands. The presumption has been that they are ignorant of the nature of their offence, and as their efforts have been fruitless, the publisher of PROGRESS has felt disposed to use them leniently. Should they continue to interfere, it may be necessary to take more stringent measures. The laws of this country are amply sufficient to protect the employers of labor against any attempts of outsiders to make mischief.

The theory that typographical unions tend to raise the standard of the printing business is an excellent one and such unions living up to the spirit of their professions would be equally for the benefit of the employer and the employed. PROGRESS at the outset adopted the principle of employing only union men, but it early found that any advantage there was in this matter was on the side of the union. In other words, while the paper paid the union rate equally to good, bad and indifferent men, the union gave nothing in return. There is no standard set by the union, and a man with a card may be a worse compositor than any "rat" printer was ever alleged to be, yet good or bad he is entitled to the union rate. The fact that he is paid by the piece is not material to the question, for a poor copy reader, who is careless, ignorant or otherwise deficient in the essentials of his trade is a dear man at any price. Outside of the union, he could not, on his own merits, get as much as a good compositor, and that he should do so as a member of the union is one of the ways in which this department of organized labor militates against the interest of the employer, and utterly fails in one of the objects for which it is supposed to exist.

It was, therefore, with no regret that when the union endorsed the misconduct of one of its members PROGRESS withdrew from it, and for months past has been free from its control. Union men were employed because they happened along, but had a good non-union man been needed at any time he would have only had to apply to secure employment.

It is elsewhere explained why and how the withdrawal of the union men occurred. They were free to stay or go, and they chose the latter course. Some of them, it is believed, were sorry to go, but obeyed the orders of men who controlled them and had an idea they could also control PROGRESS. The inconsistency of the union in taking this action in the case of PROGRESS when every other newspaper office in St. John, save the Telegraph, has non-union printers at work, is only equalled by the unwise course of some of the employees who were shortsighted enough to be led against their own knowledge of what was best for them. They cannot better their condition in this city. Such of them as cannot make the Telegraph their Mecca must either leave St. John or keep away from newspaper work. There is no newspaper office to which they can go where they will not find the conditions which led to their withdrawal from PROGRESS. The non-union men, boys and girls are pretty well distributed around the offices in this city. More unfortunate still for the strikers, the work is not easier nor the pay better in these offices than in PROGRESS office. In some cases it is the reverse.

The St. John typographical union, has needlessly inconvenienced a number of workmen, under the mistaken idea that it could dictate how the proprietor of PROGRESS should conduct his business. The experience of the union in the past should have made the managers wiser. It has made a number of similar attempts in other instances and has invariably met with defeat. It has yet to achieve a victory over any office which has resisted its demands, and every defeat has served to weaken its influence and diminish its importance. But a few more such failures are needed to make it of no value, otherwise than in granting cards which may be of use to its members in cities where unions do amount to something. This is to be regretted. The union ought to have some standing in the city where it exists, and it would have been run on the proper lines. That, however, is the business of the union itself, and does not concern PROGRESS. The latter has its own affairs to attend to, and proposes to do so without the aid of the union or any other outside

organization. The office will be run according to the ideas of the proprietor, and free from the dictation of its employees or their mistaken advisers. It is the way in which it is run does not suit the latter, so much the worse for them. Of one thing they can rest assured—that the office will be run as usual whether the union likes it or not, or whether the union exists or not. This is all there is about it.

WHY NOT THUS HONOR HIM?

While no little honor has been done to COLUMBUS in this anniversary year, there seems to have been an unaccountable omission on the part of the literary and scientific circles of America. The honorary degree of Doctor of something or other has not been conferred on the explorer and he is so far only plain Mr. COLUMBUS, Admiral COLUMBUS or C. COLUMBUS, Esq. Considering how easy it is to obtain honorary degrees in these days it is a surprising fact that no admirer of the great navigator has made an effort to have his name handed down as will be the names of Drs. STOCKTON, ALWARD, A. B. WALKER, GEO. STEWART, and other celebrities of the century. It is quite true that the gentlemen named are living and that COLUMBUS is dead, but the adding of the cabalistic letters to his name could not possibly hurt him and would be a graceful recognition of the respect in which his memory is held. The title of Dr. COLUMBUS would sound well too, and would be less abrupt than the present fashion of calling the departed worthily by his surname. If any man is entitled to an affix it ought to be the man who discovered America, and the affix suggested can be had at such a trifling cost that there is no excuse for withholding it. Which university will be the first to inscribe the name of Dr. COLUMBUS on the roll of honor?

A singular argument used to justify the sentences of BUCK and JIM is that the men must be bad because they were terror-stricken when the police arrived, and resorted to firearms. Perhaps they were guilty of something, of many things, but that has nothing to do with the case. The question is whether BUCK intentionally and maliciously killed STEADMAN, and whether JIM, with similar intent and malice, was a party to the deed. If these two questions cannot be answered in the affirmative, no one should assert that the sentences are just.

So CLEVELAND is elected and the United States will have a democratic administration for the next four years from the Fourth of March. It is probably for the best interests of Canada, that this should be, as it is in the interests of the United States that there should be a change.

JOBS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Lost a Horse and Died.

Mr. Albert McLeish, of Lower Economy, lost a good horse a few days ago, took sick and died, his friends are helping him to buy another one.—Parrsboro Leader.

Brighter Outlook at Scotsburn.

Daniel McKenzie is keeping better. Sandy Murray who had a bad attack of grip is able to be round.—N. G. Enterprise.

Mr. Campbell's Treasure.

Win. G. Campbell has a rare lamb three months old that he thinks will take the cake for horns, they are sixteen inches long. Next.—N. G. Enterprise.

Casualty at Yarmouth.

On Tuesday afternoon a ten-year-old son of Robt. Bath was walking on stilts, and when near a picket fence fell off. His throat came in contact with the sharp point of a picket, and he received an ugly gash which required several stitches.—Light.

Evil days for Mr. Duncan.

By accidentally discharging his gun Mr. Thomas Duncan succeeded in blowing a hole through his boat near the water line the other day. A pair of oil pants lying before the muzzle of the gun at the time will need extensive repairs.—Shelburne Budget.

The Banquet at Scotsburn.

Well, I will not try to do that table justice, I think it knocked Belchazzar's feat all in the shade.—N. G. Enterprise.

Heat of Politics at Green Hill.

It is rumored that a certain man in the section, claims that the leading aristocracy in Picton think him the only one who could fill the office of councillor in a fitting manner. We are glad the people of this section know better.—N. G. Enterprise.

Mighty Particular About It.

The recipient of the present of a 23 pound salt cod, thanks the unknown giver, but says that the donor might have laid it down anywhere else except on the new lounge in the parlor.—Lunenburg Argus.

PEN AND PRESS.

The friends of Mr. C. H. Lugrin, now of Seattle, Washington, will be glad to learn that he is the managing editor of the Seattle Telegraph, the leading democratic daily of the west. PROGRESS learns from the Journalist and other papers connected with the craft that Mr. Lugrin is regarded as one of the most vigorous and brilliant writers connected with western journals.

Maris Only Lazy Men.

Dr. Dabbs, one of the physicians who attended Lord Tennyson, has told the whole world through an English newspaper that "smoking does not injure a man who works and thinks," adding to this statement of his associate, Sir Andrew Clarke, that it only hurts a lazy man who drinks. This is good news for smokers. The supposed evil of the tobacco habit is not due to tobacco, but to laziness. Hereafter there is an answer to every reported case of trouble caused by tobacco. It can be stated that the man was lazy and did not think.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

(Continued from first page.)

ever, that while this office is not antagonistic in any degree to the members of the union that it does not propose to relinquish the right to conduct its own business as it chooses, and if it seems fitting to the publisher to employ girls as well as men, it claims the privilege of doing so. The girls came to work in good faith, and they will be treated in just as good faith. No action of the union can effect their discharge, for, before such a thing would happen PROGRESS would be reduced to any size it was most convenient to issue, and it was necessary would be filled from the first to the last column with so called "plate matter." It might be well in this connection to say a word about this plate matter. The printers of this city know better than anybody else how the expenses of a paper like PROGRESS might have been decreased by the use of "plate." They also know that it has steadfastly refused to take such a course, and the fact that it did so has placed hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars in their pockets. They also know that in the spring of 1891, shortly after PROGRESS was enlarged to sixteen pages, the publisher increased the rate of day composition to 27 cents, instead of 25, which was the union rate. No other office in the city paid more than 25 cents, and when PROGRESS raised the rate in the interest of good printers it incurred the displeasure and enmity of more than one establishment in the city, which was only paying 25 cents per thousand.

A good deal has been said by the union, or rather by the executive committee of the union, respecting the fact that there was an alleged trial of a former pressman of PROGRESS, who, when discharged from the office returned, and without knowing perhaps what he was doing, for he was drunk, so tampered with the machinery that two expert pressmen worked at it the greater part of one night to place it in good shape again. At that time the publisher himself, who always looked after the press room, was unable to leave his bed through illness, but when he returned to the office, after due consideration he placed the whole matter in the hands of the typographical union, confident that since he had stood by them, they would protect him against such an act. Instead of protecting him they declared the pressman guiltless, though it was an open secret at the time that it was done out of sympathy, not only for himself, but for his aged and widowed mother who was quite largely dependent upon him for support. They knew that he could not get employment in any office in the city, and they allowed him to retain his card so that it might not be difficult for him to obtain a position elsewhere. While these motives may not have been praiseworthy, yet PROGRESS did not think at the time that proper treatment had been given to it, and the then foreman, Mr. McConnell, was requested to notify the compositors that the office was no longer a union office. He did so, and still the union persists in stating that PROGRESS has always been under its control. If it has been it may very well be asked why such men as Mr. Healis, and Mr. Gillen, and Mr. O'Neil, and Mr. Rowe and Mr. Croyley were engaged, notwithstanding the fact that they did not belong to the union. It may be true that Gillen and Healis joined the organization after they came to PROGRESS office, but it is equally true that Croyley worked in the office for months without belonging to the union and was not a member of it when he went out last Monday. It is said he has joined since.

According to the letter that is printed above, the reason why the executive committee of the union ordered the compositors out, is that it is against the constitution for union and non-union compositors to work in the same office. Will the executive committee state that union and non-union compositors are not working together in the Globe office? Will they state that they are not working together in the Gazette office? Will they state that they are not working together in the Sun office, and will they state that they are not working together in George W. Day's office? Why then is PROGRESS singled out for this special attack. The very inconsistency of the act appeals to the sensible men in the union and more than one of those who left the employ of this office declared before they did so that if they were conducting the business they would do it as they pleased in spite of the union. It is amusing also to think that of the men who went out of PROGRESS office because there were girls working in it, five or six of them at least have been working in offices where there were girls, throughout the greater part of their printing experience. Mr. Mitchell, who came from St. Andrews, was in an office where girls were employed all the time; Mr. McChrystal, who is connected with the executive committee, came from Woodstock where girls were employed with him every day in the week; Mr. Gillen came from the Gazette office, where the whole working force, with the exception of the foreman, Mr. Mason, who is a union man, by the way, is girls. Mr. Croyley came from Fredericton, where the employment of girls is as universal as the employment of men. Mr. Healis came from a country office in Nova Scotia, where there are usually four girls to one man.

These facts would lead to the supposition that the most of the men who left PROGRESS employ are not working exactly on principle, but more from the idea that they are bound to do so as the union says. Perhaps some of them prefer to take the seven weeks' strike allowance of \$5 a week for single men and \$7 a week for married men, which is sent out to all compositors on strike.

The system of watching the trains and spying upon the office has been kept up effectually all the week. Some representative of the union was always present when a train came in, and as there were plenty of idlers in the day time, the crowd that gathered in the railway station was not a small one. At other times they loafed the streets and hung about the street corners, even going so far, it is regretfully said, as to use insulting language to the young lady compositors who are employed in PROGRESS office. This is true, however, only of a part of the men; there are others who under no circumstances could so far forget themselves.

On Wednesday night a new employe of PROGRESS, who had stated by telegraph that she intended arriving in that evening's train, was met at the station by a compositor who knew her, and who works in the city, who introduced her to Mr. John Law, the walking delegate of the union. Law poured a false and threatening story into her ears. Among other things he stated that PROGRESS was already sick of the whole business and that if she went to work there it would only be for a day or two, because she would have to go back from whence she came. He succeeded in thoroughly frightening the newcomer, and it was only after she decided to come to PROGRESS office and hear its side of the story that she became re-assured. Such tactics as this, however, reflect no credit on any man whether he belongs to the union or not. Another compositor, who hails from the same place, took occasion on Thursday to ask one of the boys employed in this office to take a note to the same compositor. The boy did not do any such thing. McLean acting for the union also offered the same boy and another week's wages each, if they would desert PROGRESS office. Both of them refused the inducement, knowing very well that while it might last for a week or two, their permanent situation was of more value to them. This will give an idea of the very desperate fight the compositors are waging against PROGRESS, and if they have any support from the public or from the readers of this paper in such methods as are exposed, human nature is different from what we think it is.

They Pass by Often, but Don't Speak.

Two unusually pretty girls were they, lazily swinging in the hammock and gossiping idly. A bright featured oriole swayed them, and from upon the treetop above them, with now and then a soft liquid note. An invisible katydid emitted its rasping noise at long intervals. Otherwise it was perfectly still.

The girl with red shoes yawned.

"I wish there was some news going," she sighed, half petulantly.

The girl with green suspenders pondered.

"So do I," she assented.

For a time they listened in silence to the oriole and the katydid.

"Oh, Sue, by the way you—"

The girl with red shoes turned in the hammock with a suggestion of animation.

"Have heard the latest, of course."

The girl with green suspenders was uncertain.

"About Jack and Carrie, you know, Sue?"

The girl with green suspenders was interested.

"No," she eagerly rejoined. "What is it?"

The girl with red shoes raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Why they've had a falling out."

"I want to know."

"Yes, they don't speak."

"Well, well."

The girl with green suspenders grew thoughtful.

"Of course," she observed, musingly, "their engagement is broken?"

"In one way, yes."

The girl with green suspenders elevated her eyebrows in surprise.

"What do you mean, Sue?"

"They're married."

The oriole took wings at this juncture, while the katydid decided not to emit any more rasping noise for the present.—Detroit Tribune.

He Timed the Race.

At a concert held lately in a certain village near Glasgow, a duet on the piano and violin was being played when some gentleman entered the hall. Among them was a sportsman, who evidently had not heard much of this sort of music before, for he stopped at the door and listened attentively for a few moments, and then, thinking that such was trying to get to the end first, he startled those near him by such exclamations as:

"The fiddle wins! Three to one on the fiddle! No—the piano! Good old piano! Go it, piano! The piano forever!"

When both musicians stopped at the same time, a shade of disappointment was seen to cross his face, and he was heard to mutter:

"A dead-beat, by Jove! Who'd have have thought it?"—Tid Bits.

Christmas is Coming.

Make your fruit cake and otherwise provide for it. New Raisins, Currants, Spices, Candied Peels, Fresh Eggs, Mince Meat, Sweet Cider, Choice Lard, Roll Butter, Dunn's Hams & Bacon, and all other things necessary and in season to be had from J. S. Anderson & Co., 110 Charlotte street, next Y. M. C. A. Building.

ST. JOHN MEN IN JOURNALISM.

Newspaper Men Who Have Graduated From the "Telegraph."

(From the Daily Telegraph.) Since the Daily Telegraph was established a surprising number of bright young and middle-aged men have graduated from its writing staff to other fields of labor. Mr. John Livingston, the founder of this journal, and widely known as an unexcelled campaigner writer, after leaving St. John, became successively the editor-in-chief of the Montreal Herald and Toronto Empire. Failing health compelled him to seek other fields, and he is now, we believe, at Calgary in the Northwest, vigorously conducting a journal in that town as a veteran of the press.

Mr. D. G. Smith, of the Chatham Advance, graduated from the Telegraph staff to become a successful newspaper proprietor. Mr. J. L. Stewart, now of the Chatham World was formerly engaged on this journal; Mr. H. A. Payne, now of the Sun, was for a number of years actively engaged on the Telegraph when it was under the control of the late Dr. Elder.

To come down to more recent times, it may be mentioned that within eight years past 11 or 12 young men have graduated from the Telegraph staff, all of them to good positions in the work of journalism, and the larger half of them have found their new field in the United States. Among the latter are Mr. F. A. Melville, for 25 years connected with this paper, and for years past in an editorial position; Mr. R. G. Larsen, engaged on the Boston Journal; Mr. John Bowden, and his cousin of the same name, both now enjoying good salaries on the New York Press; Mr. E. W. McCready, M. A., for some time our city editor and now a special writer on the Boston Post; Mr. Thomas Dienneau, B. A., also for a time city editor of the Telegraph and now engaged on the New York Sun; Mr. Fenwick, a former Telegraph reporter, now prominent in Minneapolis journalism; Mr. W. L. Sawyer, at Mr. R. G. Larsen, both now engaged on Boston newspapers.

Mr. Chas. Lugrin, M. A., who was Dr. Elder's assistant at the time of his death, and who for a year after was editor of this journal and subsequently secretary for agriculture, is now, we believe, in British Columbia. Mr. John A. Bowes, now of the Gazette of this city, was long connected with the Telegraph as its city editor. Mr. W. K. Reynolds, now of PROGRESS will be remembered for some excellent work done in this journal in years gone by, and especially for his valuable efforts in advocating reciprocity in the Liberal campaign in this city in 1891. Mr. E. S. Carter the founder and present proprietor of PROGRESS, was city editor of this journal for some time before undertaking that highly successful enterprise. The Telegraph is pleased to notice that it now requires two presses to work off the large editions of PROGRESS, while it is yet but a baby in years. In fact we are always glad to learn of the success and prosperity of any who have been connected with this journal, and we rest assured that all of them retain a kindly feeling for the paper which they served in former days.

Mr. Sawyer has a splendid position on the Youth's Companion; Mr. Larsen is on the staff of the Boston Herald, and Mr. Lugrin is managing Editor of that great Western democratic daily The Seattle Telegraph.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

Some Chords Could do Much.

The band of a Berlin battalion, quartered at B— during the manoeuvres, had assembled in a meadow to practice a serenade which they intended to give their major on his birthday. The tall tambour-major was about to give the signal to commence, when his attention was diverted by a little boy, who was being chased by a young bull. Too far away to stop the bull in his pursuit of the lad, who was screaming at the top of his voice, the musicians were horrified to see the distance between the pursuer and the pursued gradually diminishing; when just as the bull was about to run its horns into the little fellow, the tambour-major called out: "OUI!"

The band struck up, and the bull stood as it rooted to the spot at the unusual sound. A fresh burst of the brass instruments, and the creature rushed off wildly in the direction of the nearest village, glancing back occasionally at the music, and roaring as it in mortal agony. The boy's life was thus saved by the presence of the bandmaster, who was warmly thanked by the parents.—Berliner Tageblatt.

Starlets of Dancers.

The "star" dancers at the Paris Opera receive from twenty-five to thirty thousand francs (\$5,000 to \$6,000) a year. The leading dancers in London receive from \$100 to \$125 a week, though Sir Augustus Harris has paid as much as \$150 weekly for his principal dancer in a Drury Lane pantomime. Maria Taglioni, who was the most celebrated dancer of this century, had a six years' engagement at \$6,000 a year, and says Mr. Veron "refused an increase of salary" which I offered, "saying that she had been more than paid by her triumphs. The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck took lessons in dancing from Taglioni, and the Queen on one occasion charged the Princess with the following message to the veteran artist: "Tell Madame Taglioni from me what great pleasure it gives me to know that you are receiving lessons from such an instructor." Tell her, also, that it was her inimicable grace, which I can never forget, that inspired me with the passionate love of dancing which I possessed in my youth."

In Marriagees Failed.

During the past twenty years 328,000 divorces have been granted by the courts of the United States, 90 per cent. of them to women. This total divided when taken into comparison with the number of marriages during the same period. One-twentieth of the total is 16,400; the number granted each year, only about 1 per cent. of the number of marriages. There is nothing in the world that human beings undertake to do that can show so small percentage of total failure as marriages. There is doubt if divorces much exceed gold weddings in number. They certainly do not exceed silver weddings.—Ex.

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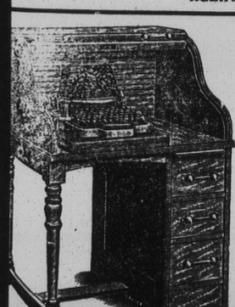
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Those who are thinking of making a change in their cooking apparatus, not to do so, before inspecting and learning of the good qualities of our

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Its sales are increasing all the time, and it never fails to work and bake perfectly satisfactory, as we guarantee it to do.

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25 Cases Canned String Beans.  
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a full line of the best heating Stoves including New Silver Moon, Peri, Tropic and Faultless—also the famous Orient Franklin. Give us a call.

**W. ALEX. PORTER'S,**  
90 Charlotte Street.



### St. John—South End.

On Friday afternoon last Mrs. G. Sydney Smith entertained a number of her married friends at an afternoon at home at her residence, Dorchester street, from 4 till 6 o'clock. She was assisted in the duties of hostess by her daughters, the Misses Smith, Miss L. DeVeber, Miss Harriet Hazen and Miss May Harrison. The guests numbered about 40.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Bayard gave an entertainment of a similar nature. The ladies who assisted were the Misses Bayard, Miss Drinkwater (Montreal), Miss Louie DeVeber and Miss Toller (Ottawa). Refreshments were dispensed by them during the afternoon.

Mrs. John Kinneer, who has been spending the summer with her son at Sussex, spent this week in St. John, en route for Nova Scotia, where she will spend the winter.

Hon. Winifred Sugden, who gave several interesting addresses on Zenana Work in India this week, was the guest of Mrs. T. W. Daniel, Wellington Row, while in St. John.

Messrs. Arthur P. and Fred Tippitt, visiting in Fredericton this week to attend the funeral of their mother, Mrs. F. W. Tippitt, whose death occurred there on Sunday last.

Mr. Wm. Beer is again confined to his residence, Wright street, having been unfortunate enough to again break his leg.

Mr. T. Wm. Bell has returned from Fredericton, and is residing at her residence, Germain street.

Miss Lizzie Smith has returned from a few weeks' visit to Fredericton.

Mr. Wm. Davidson, of Rothesay, has rented the residence of the late Mrs. Lawton, on Germain street, for the winter months.

Mr. Harold Smith, of the Bank of Montreal, is spending his holidays in Boston.

The residence on Princess St., belonging to the estate of the late Alexander Lockhart has been purchased by Mr. Charles Palmer.

Mr. Fred Smith, who has been in Moncton for the last few weeks, has returned to St. John.

Mrs. Murchin Gordon Bathurst is visiting St. John.

A handsome pulpit carpet in needlework has been worked and presented to Trinity church, by a lady of the congregation. It was first used at the Harvest Thanksgiving service.

The death of Mr. J. W. Lawrence one of St. John's oldest, best known and highly respected citizens occurred at his residence, King street, on Sunday last after a lingering illness in the 76th year of his age. The large concourse of people who attended his remains to their last resting place on Tuesday afternoon testifies to the esteem in which he was held in this community. He leaves a widow, two daughters and one son, Mr. George C. Lawrence.

### Truro.

Mr. George Young, of London, who has been spending the last few months among his old friends in St. John, left for Montreal this week to take the steamer for England.

Mr. A. L. Black has returned from a very enjoyable trip of four weeks to the United States.

The Hon. Winifred Sugden, who has been for the last ten years engaged in missionary work in India, is now in St. John. She is the guest of Mrs. T. Wilder Daniel, Wellington Row. Miss Sugden is a sister of the present Lord St. Leonards.

Mr. Herbert Flood is making a visit to New York. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Louis Donald sympathize with them in the death of their infant son Keith, which occurred on the 3rd inst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ellis returned home this week from a visit to Montreal and Boston.

Mrs. Charles F. Harrison left for Windsor last Friday to visit her daughter, Miss Lily Adams, who is attending the Church school there.

Mr. Allison Wishart is now in New York, where he has gone for medical advice.

The Misses Ward, Wellington Row, are detained at their summer residence at St. Martins, in consequence of the serious illness of Miss Matland Ward.

Mr. F. S. Sharpe of Toronto, formerly of this City, who has been visiting his relatives here, left for home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tippitt, are in Fredericton this week, having been summoned there, in consequence of the illness, and death of Mr. Tippitt's mother.

Miss Bowser and Miss Annie Bowser of Chatham are visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. Gordon of Fredericton arrived here recently from Bathurst and is living at present at Miss Balloch's, Germain street.

Rev. J. J. Walsh of Holy Trinity church, who has been confined to his house for some time through illness, is convalescent.

Mrs. Knock Colquhoun of Moncton, N. W. T. is here on a visit to her brother, Dr. A. D. Smith.

On the occasion of Miss Doherty severing her connection with the Pastor's class of the Carmarthen street church last week she was presented by them with a handsome dressing case, and silver napkin ring.

Mr. S. A. Belyea, formerly of this city now of Dochester, Mass., has been revisiting his relatives here.

Mr. John F. Maher intends leaving shortly for Carolina, where he will spend this winter for the benefit of his health.

Miss Florence Boyd, who has been visiting friends at Moncton, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Thorne, and their eight children, left on Tuesday night for Chicago, where they will make their future home. Previous to his departure, Mr. Thorne was entertained by a number of his friends at an oyster supper at Washington's, and presented by them with a handsome gold scarf pin.

Rev. H. A. Meshan of Moncton is visiting St. John.

The friends here of Miss Hanington who has been ill with typhoid fever in a Boston hospital, will be glad to hear that her health is improving.

Dr. De Bois of St. Martins was in town this week.

Miss Bertha Smith and Miss Alice Graham of St. Stephen, are visiting St. John, they are the guests of Hon. C. N. Skinner.

Mr. Leonard P. D. Tilley arrived at home from Halifax on Wednesday for a short holiday.

Mr. L. D. Shaffer of Bridgetown, N. S. has removed to St. John to reside.

Miss Isabella Corbett, daughter of Captain Corbett, of Savanah, Ont., was united in matrimony to Mr. Edward Monahan of Fairville, on Tuesday of last week. Father Casey at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception officiated. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of more antique style. The bridesmaid was Miss Mamie Greaney, groomsmen Mr. Frank McCafferty. After the ceremony the couple proceeded to the residence of the groom's father where a reception was held. The bride received many presents.

The sudden death of Mr. John H. Baird, Wednesday evening, was a sad shock to his friends. Up to Sunday last he appeared to have every prospect of a long life, but he was stricken with his fatal illness on that day, and scarcely had his illness been announced when there followed the tidings of his death.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rankine left on Monday for their new home in Halifax, the former home of Mrs. Rankine. On Sunday, at the Queen Square Sunday school, Mr. Rankine was presented with a gold-headed cane, by Rev. Job Shenton, on behalf of the teachers and officers.

### Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

St. John—North.  
Messrs. A. McArthur and C. Phillips left on Wednesday on a fishing excursion.

Messrs. A. F. Galt and D. Morrice of Montreal were in the city this week.

Miss Currie who has been visiting friends here, has returned to her home at Gagetown.

A very enjoyable surprise party given up by the Misses Wilson, was held on Halloween at the residence of Mrs. H. Lane, Wright Street.

Dr. J. S. White of Halden, Maine, is visiting St. John this week.

Dr. Douglas Digby, was in town last week.

Miss J. Taylor, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. Taylor, West End, for the last year, has returned to her home at Yarmouth.

Mrs. Short, and her daughter, Miss Annie, have returned to Digby, after a pleasant visit to Moncton, Amherst and St. John.

Miss Hemson who has been visiting friends here has returned to her home at Moncton.

Mr. Harry McLellan left on Tuesday for Chicago. Miss Flowering leaves on Friday for Winchester, Mass.

Miss Lottie Helyea entertained a number of her friends one evening last week.

Mr. A. Smith, of Paradise Row, returned this week from a trip to New York.

The remains of Mrs. Berry, mother of Mr. James Berry of the Sun, were taken to Fredericton last week for interment. Mrs. Berry was in her 74th year and came from Reading, Berkshire, England.

Mr. Douglas McArthur and Mr. Phillips are enjoying a few days' shooting at Indian Lake.

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. McInerney on the arrival of a young daughter.

Last Monday evening, Miss Bessie Harrison gave a dance to a number of her friends, at her home, on Main street.

Miss Emma Norton returned last week, after spending several months with friends in New York.

Mr. Lou. Bruce will leave in a few weeks for New York.

Dr. E. J. Brodick left on Wednesday for Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Tomney spent Sunday up the lake.

Misses Bessie Stevenson and Louisa Lingley are home from normal school for Thanksgiving.

Mr. C. Stevenson has been offered the position of superintendent of the industrial school of this province, which she has been obliged to decline, owing to the demands for her services in other quarters.

Mrs. J. Smith, in company with Miss McMonagle of Sussex, leaves next month for California.

Mrs. J. E. March entertains friends this evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Buckson of New York.

FRERICTON.  
[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

Nov. 10.—Mrs. John Burpee has been the guest of Mrs. Wark at Salamanna and Mrs. Harrison at the University during the past week.

Mrs. Forrester is expected home from Quebec to visit her mother, Mrs. Temple, next week.

Miss Jean Bliss, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Roberts, at the rectory, left for Bangor on Monday, where she will visit a few weeks before returning to her home in Cambridge.

Mrs. Kingston returned home from her visit to St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Lessell and son, of Halifax, are here visiting Mrs. Fletcher, St. John street.

Mrs. M. S. Hall returned home from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. R. E. Lemont and daughter are the guests of Dr. Lemont's mother St. John street.

Mrs. Hestley is this week receiving her friends at her home, the parsonage, George street.

The death of Mrs. Tippet, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Tippet, occurred at her residence, Waterloo Row, on Saturday. The interment took place this morning.

Mrs. Stockley entertained the ladies of the Senior class of the University on Monday evening.

Capt. and Mrs. Akerley have returned home from a long visit in New York and Philadelphia.

General Herbert left this morning for Halifax, after spending some days here expecting the troops. On Monday evening he was dined and wined at the officers' mess. Among the guests were: Sir John Allen, Rev. Father McDevitt, Judge Fraser, and Mayor Beckwith.

Messrs. Arthur Porter, and Byron Phair returned Monday, from a three weeks' hunting expedition up the Miramichi.

Mrs. Tabor entertained a few friends at high tea Thursday evening; the guests included, Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Fenety, Mrs. J. B. Winslow, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Craikshank, Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Mrs. Ingles.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)  
Consumption often follows colds. Use Murray's Cough Syrup in time.

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61 and 63 King Street.

## Mantle, Jacket, Ulster, etc.

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DISPLAY NOW ON!

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\$4.00 to \$38.00.

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Write for Samples of our New Dress Fabrics, Cloths, etc.

## MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

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All new goods, latest shapes and patterns. Our prices are the lowest for best quality goods. Also "Cravnette" Cloth by the yard.

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75 Charlotte St. cor. King,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Human Hair Goods.

Braids, Bangs, Waves, Ornaments for the Hair, Crimping and Waving Irons, Combs, Perfumes and Fancy Goods in endless variety, from the cheapest to the best.

American Hair Store,

67 Charlotte Street, three doors South of King,

FINE WIGS A SPECIALTY. J. W. RAMSDALL.



You will have no excuse for going with cold hands these cool days.

We offer you a good quality KID GLOVE, nicely lined, with patent fastenings, at

90c. A PAIR.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress in for sale in Halifax at the following places: KROVING'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street; BARRINGTON STREET, 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street; ...

This is a week more or less remarkable for the distinguished visitors it has brought to the town; Sir John Thompson, Mr. Chaplain, Mr. MacKenzie...

The election of Cleveland to the presidency will probably mean a change for Halifax, as regards the American Consul, and a respectable change even for those who sympathize with the Democratic Party.

Mr. Walsfield G. Frye has been resident in Halifax during two Republican administrations, returning to his home for the space of the last Cleveland administration. Halifax will be sorry to lose Mr. Frye who with his wife and family have made a great many friends for themselves during the time of their long stay.

Mrs. William Duffus has returned from Picon, where she has been spending the summer with her sisters, Miss Davis and Mrs. Gordon, and I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Duffus have taken a certain very pleasant house near the town for the winter, Mr. Thornbridge having been ordered to the coast of Africa.

Mrs. Jacob Binney of Yarmouth has been spending a few days in Halifax.

Mr. O'Brien who brought last year so large a consignment of oriental rugs to Halifax to count the purses of people in search of beautiful and comfortable belongings, is to arrive again next week, and has besides his carpets Bessarabian brags for sale.

The Auction will be held by Clarke at the Masonic Hall on Wednesday and Thursday next, and there will be many an opportunity for the discriminating buyer, who possesses a little knowledge and an artistic eye.

Most people's experience of Mr. O'Brien's rugs is that they wear excellently, and are well worth buying.

The concert got up at Montague by Mr. Boyd in aid of Mrs. Logan whose husband was killed at the mines some weeks ago, went off with much success. Mr. Boyd who is certainly a host in himself contributed vastly to the success of the entertainment, and the little hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience, who had travelled the roads from Halifax, Dartmouth and Bedford. It is satisfactory to note that this unambitious little affair netted a sum of two hundred dollars for Mrs. Logan.

The interior of St. Paul's Church is to be thoroughly overhauled, repaired, and decorated during the coming month, and I believe the work will be directed by a gentleman from the Upper Provinces, who makes a specialty of church painting and decorating. It is to be hoped the good old building, which no one can yet consider beautiful, will be done justice to, and have the utmost possible made of its capabilities.

It is to be doubted if the "typical small boy" has for some years spent a pleasanter evening than that of Tuesday, when the management of the Queen Hotel had made arrangements to show the result of the Presidential election by a Stereopticon placed on a screen placed on the opposite side of the street, but the picture which was shown by the operator while waiting for news.

The scene in the room enacted at that time in almost every town in the United States; though in this case it was not the result but the occasion which interested most of the audience.

Appropos of the election I hear that it is to be indulged for the 1st season given here by Mr. Baker's Opera Company.

The Hon. L. and Mrs. Davies of Charlottetown are spending a short time in Halifax, and are staying at the Queen Hotel.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Nagle gave a very delightful tea at her house in Spruce Garden Road. The day was unfortunately very stormy and wet, which kept many people away, though the rooms were very well filled by half past five o'clock.

Miss Nixie who was very prettily dressed and looked extremely well, was assisted at the table by Mrs. F. Jones, Miss Ablee, and Miss Roberts.

Mrs. Nagle received her guests in the front room of the three which connect one with the other in her well planned house, and a delicious supper was served in the last room. So that except in the tea-room the crowd was by no means excessive, though pretty well every one was there.

There were very no very smart toilettes, on account of the very bad weather, but the whole affair was very chery and bright, and well attended.

There were a very fair number of men in spite of the weather, to which the masculine mind does not manage to rise so superior as does the feminine.

A fact which is very evident at five o'clock tea is that the male portion of society has both better manners and a more superior way of getting through a crowded room without doing damage than has the more delicate sex. A man goes to and fro with tea-cups and very, very rarely, jostles or runs against anyone; but our stalwart lady in a good thick tailor made gown which catches in that of every woman she passes, will now a pretty wide array of spoiled gloves and spilled tea-cups.

Women have a way of presuming on their privileges which does not do them much honor; the narrow and swaggering lady is a type of which of late we have seen a little too much, and it is to be hoped she will soon go out of fashion.

The Amateur Dramatic Club held a meeting on Thursday last at the house of one of its members, and decided to believe to begin work on a play at once.

Several pieces were under discussion, but "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" has I understand been chosen for production. It is a pretty piece though not new, and affords plenty of scope for costumes, always a point with amateur talents.

The company which the Dramatic Club can command is anything but a weak one, comprising as it does so large a number of very fair actors and actresses.

The cast of the piece has not yet been quite settled, but the following ladies and gentlemen will I understand take part in it.

Mrs. F. Jones, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Tobin, Captain Yowell, Captain Burns, Lieutenant Reginald; Captain Duffus, R. A., Mr. Fuller, and perhaps Mr. Hill.

I hear that Captain and Mrs. Fleet mean to organize theatricals in Bermuda this winter on a large scale. Captain Fleet is a very good amateur, and Fleet is possible one, so that we shall probably have of their histrionic successes throughout the winter.

Since the last issue of Progress asking people have been delighted to hear that Mr. H. E. Clarke has renewed his lease of the Exhibition Building for the next three years, and means to run it as a rink this winter as heretofore.

"Standard" Clothing House

Maybe it's your intention on your way down town some day this week to buy a suit or an overcoat for your boy. See our goods without fail. Clothing stores make faces at us this Fall, because we sell better Boys' Clothing, and for less. These \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.50 suits for little fellows make them mad. Boys' Overcoats and Reefers cheaper than the cheapest, a large stock to select from. We are selling an immense lot of Fall and Winter Overcoats now for Men. And why? Well we give the best value and latest styles at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00, made up equal to custom made. Cheaper Overcoats made up in the latest styles at \$4.50, \$6.00 and \$7.50, which cannot be equalled in the city. Reefers, Ulsters, Suits and Pants. The best plan is to call and see the value we give.

Gents' Furnishings—All the latest novelties Neckwear, Collars, Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, etc., to be had in a first class store.

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE, 168 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

When You Want Furniture, Carpets,

or any kind of House Furnishings, write us for Prices. We can offer inducements that will be to your advantage, and a postal to us stating requirements will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 BARRINGTON STREET.

Le Bon Marche.

Designers, Manufacturers and Importers of fine French Millinery Goods. Orders Solicited.

LE BON MARCHE, Halifax, N. S.

Special Offer of Bulbs.

For \$1.00 we will send, Post Free, to any address in the Dominion, from 1st October to 1st December:

- Collection A. Suitable for House Culture. 3 ROMAN HYACINTHS, 3 JOURNALIS, 1 EASTERN LILY, 3 NARCISSEUS, 3 FRESIAS, 2 TULIPS, 1 ORNITHOGALLUM, 3 MIXED HYACINTHS.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lockman St., Halifax. (LATE JOHN MACDONALD). J. H. HARRIS, Manager.

The Academy of Music, the Royal Blues had a very fair house for the concert of the Orpheus Club will begin on or about the twenty second of November, and will last for some time.

Some one has rushed into print rebuking a society correspondent who has always to the mind of most people championed the Orpheus Club through thick and thin, for daring to comment upon the doing of so much as a body.

However, the public will have their concerts, and it is after all the main point.

One of the numbers on the programme of Thursday's concert was a quartette which has not been heard before in Halifax, and the words of which were written some years ago by the late poet-laureate in anticipation of his own death.

The music of the quartette, which was beautifully sung by Fraulein Burdinger, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gillis and Mr. Currie, was composed by Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, who played at the funeral of the late Lord Tennyson.

The committee of the Royal Blues deserve a great deal of credit for the very excellent programme they had prepared for their concert at the Orpheus Hall; it was a very long way in advance of some of the programmes served up of late to a large suffering public on the occasions of various benefits.

Franklin Burdinger gave us less than four songs of which two were Schubert's; Herr Blingender played twice; the Rev. E. P. Crawford read his ode to great advantage in the little song whose plaintive strains has made it so great a favorite; Mr. Currie sang a very beautiful "If in your village you discover," perhaps the best, but both this gentleman's numbers were given very sweetly and sweetly.

The male quartette did yeoman's service in opening and conducting the concert, which was in all ways a creditable one. It is to be hoped the Royal Blues have realized the sum which their efforts thoroughly deserved.

The Baker Opera Company had a brilliant house for their patronage night on Saturday last, although there was no larger theatre-party as was the case on Thursday.

Ernie's has always been a most popular opera on this side of the water, though oddly enough it was always a complete failure in London, and it was very amusingly done on Saturday night.

The best thing done by the company so far however, is their "Black Hussar," which went off capably and was well aided by the addition of the orchestra by the presence of some of the Leicester's regiment's band on the stage.

The football season practically ended with the victory of the Wanderers on Saturday last; it seems there will be of course, but the excitement and the feverish partnership of the spectators will be so amply done on Saturday night.

Do you break your Corsets over the Hips?

THE "PEARL" CORSET SHIELD. Prevents Corsets breaking over the hips, makes new Corsets last twice as long, and avoids wrinkles in the fitting of the dress. Old and broken corsets can be re-worn.

The ONLY invention for securing Shape, Comfort and Economy in corset wearing without enlarging the waist.

Conforms to all Positions of the Wearer without Wrinkling.

In Three Sizes. No. 1 for Corsets 18 to 23 inches, No. 2 " 23 to 28 " No. 3 " 28 to 36 "

FOR SALE BY MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

Characteristic. It is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

Our Travellers

Are now on the road with Assorting Samples.

Orders to them or the house direct will receive prompt attention.

SMITH BROTHERS, HALIFAX. Oct. 27th, 1892.

ESTABLISHED 1710. SUN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON, England.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent, 101 PRINCE WALTER STREET.

MONCTON, N. B. Nov. 1st, 1892.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT. Spring, '93

GENTLEMEN: We desire to state that our travellers will be on the road very shortly with a most excellent line of SPRING and immediate samples of Boots and Shoes.

As in the past, we aim to present for your inspection, a complete line; and we feel confident that our present set is equal if not superior to any medium-priced house on the road.

Respectfully soliciting a share of your esteemed orders.

We remain yours, etc., L. HIGGINS & Co.

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BRIDGEFORD.

Nov. 8.—Mrs. M. Leaman is spending a few days at Bridgeville.

Mrs. Mabel Parry, daughter of the late Mr. Parry, is recovering from an attack of neuralgia.

Mrs. M. Thompson, who has also had neuralgia, has recovered from it.

The mass of the Baptist congregation thoroughly renovated. "Coming events cast their shadows before," says the sage, and I have very good authority that the event this church is now wearing an ever brightening aspect as the days go by, and we give thanks to God for the "shadows" which are now upon us.

Mrs. John Thompson, of this town, is in the hospital in Antigonish.

The usual Halloween gaities were well in the form of numerous small parties, on pleasant being that given by Mrs. J. McNeil at her residence on Wednesday.

Miss Maria McNeil returned home from York on Monday.

The wedding bells are to be kept ringing and winter it seems, for in December a dentist will take unto himself one of New Glasgow's brightest and most pleasant daughters.

A prominent young barrister is also contemplating the renegade bachelor's ranks.

The confirmation services in the New Glasgow and Stellarton Anglican churches were held solemn beauty. Those confirmed in New Glasgow were Clarence Hoyt, Joe Moore, Freddy Lamont and Miss Stone from New Glasgow.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. John McKinnon entertained a number of young folks at her residence.

Miss Mary North who has been visiting in Philadelphia, where he will take a few days, these present were, Miss Hattie, Miss Ella Bowman, Miss Gerie Douglas, Miss Addie Bent, Miss Jean Patterson, Miss Smith, Miss Jessie Fraser, Miss Gray, Miss Gray, Miss Isabel McKay, Miss Gray, Miss Winnie McKarver, Miss Christie M. Fraser, Miss Jeanie Fraser, Miss George Mc Gregor, Miss Annie Fraser, Miss George, Mrs. Gordon Drysdale; Messrs. Fraser, Frank McNeil, George and Ed. Fraser, Robert Jackson, G. S. Jackson, John Roy.

Mr. Guzewell of North Sydney, C. B., was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Horace I. Brooks, of Providence, R. I., is visiting her mother here.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Frerri entertained Tuesday evening, the pastor, elders, and School teachers of James Church.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The Misses Burns who have been visiting Mrs. F. Hilyard have returned home. Mrs. F. P. and Mrs. Thompson are on their way home from California.

MONCTON.

[Fascinating for sale in Moncton at the book-store of W. H. Murray, Main street, and on the streets by J. E. McNeil.] Nov. 9.—The bazaar in aid of the Amateur Athletic Association, which is being held in the Calendonian building is attracting a good deal of attention.

HACKMORRE CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Don't catch cold, but if you do, get Mackmore's Balm at once. A bottle for a quarter of a dollar will cure your cough.

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale at Mr. S. J. Livingston's grocery store.] Nov. 9.—Mrs. J. F. Black, of Richibucto, was here on Saturday visiting his daughter Mrs. Keith.

HACKMORRE CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Don't catch cold, but if you do, get Mackmore's Balm at once. A bottle for a quarter of a dollar will cure your cough.

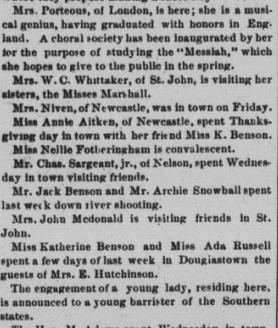
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Winter Goods Department

We are offering the greatest possible inducements to buyers in Variety, Quality and Price. Black and Navy Blue Storm Serges; Stanley Costume Cloths, 54 in. wide; French Plaids, Stripes and Mixtures; Black and Colored Cashmeres.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,

97 KING ST., ST. JOHN.



A NOTABLE TRIUMPH.

The artist of PROGRESS has been fortunate in securing excellent portraits of the three accused persons in the graveyard insurance case. That shown to the left is Dr. Randall, and next to him is Cephas B. Welton, both of whom have been convicted of conspiracy on one of the indictments, and are to be tried on others.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcoat.] Nov. 9.—It seems a little past the hour to again refer to Miss Dunlap's wedding, but the reception at Bally Hooly was such an important part of the brilliant event that I cannot refrain from mentioning it.

GREENWICH.

Nov. 8.—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards gave them a surprise, at their residence, on Friday evening, being the 18th anniversary of their marriage.

LINCOLN, SIBURBY CO.

Nov. 8.—Mrs. Perley True, of Gibson, is visiting Mrs. Henry Mitchell. Miss Sarah Hoban, of Gagetown, is the guest of Mrs. Parker Glander.

SUMMERSIDE.

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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms

NEW PATTERNS IN

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THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE.

The Warmth, Softness, Noiselessness, Elasticity and Durability excels all other floor coverings.

A. O. SKINNER

King Street, 68 South Side.

Velveteens, Silk Velvets, Silk Plushes

The balance of our Stock of Plushes, Velvets and Velveteens remaining on hand from the purchase of the TURNER & FINLAY estate, are being offered at a greater reduction to clear.

Table with columns for 'Fancy Velvets in Checks, Stripes and Brocades' and 'Plushes, Fashionable Shades'. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Velveteens Best Quality and Finish.

Table with columns for 'Velveteens Best Quality and Finish' and 'Plushes, Fashionable Shades'. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$1.30.

W. C. PITFIELD & CO

F. G. LANSLOWNE, Manager.

TEACHER—First class in Geography.—Where are Diamonds to be found?

BRIGHT SCHOLAR:—At W. Tremaine Gard's, Goldsmith and Jeweler, 81 King street, will be found one of the largest and most beautiful assortments of Diamonds to be seen in the Maritime Provinces, some of which are set in fine gold Rings, Brooches, Bapins, Eardrops, Studs, Scarf Pins, and other forms of Jewelry; or can be set after any descriptive design or order on the premises.

A Splendid assortment just received of all kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, Clocks, etc. for sale. Offered at very low prices for Spot Cash, by

W. TREMAINE GARD.

The New World Typewriter.

Price \$15.00.

SPEED—30 WORDS A MINUTE. SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION. ALIGNMENT PERFECT. EASILY LEARNED. ALWAYS READY. WRITES 77 CHARACTERS.

Agents wanted in every town in the Maritime Provinces.

APPLY TO H. CHUBB & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

DIED.

Suddenly on the 9th inst. John H. Baird, aged 29 years. Funeral Friday, 11th inst., from his late residence, 104 Princess street, at three o'clock.

CITY CORNET BAND.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT. OPERA HOUSE TUESDAY, EVENING NOV. 15th.

First time in this city of the Beautiful Romantic Irish Drama, in 3 Acts.

THE GROVES OF ELARNEY With Laughable and Situations from Scenery and English and Irish Character Songs.

Between the Act's the Band will Perform: Overture—"Light Cavalry." Supper Selection—"Faust." Gaiety Selection—"Bohemian Girl." Balloons.

ADMISSION 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents on sale at A. C. Smith & Co. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

JAMES CONNOLLY, Secretary.

Berton House,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Permanent and Transient Board.

Apply to MRS. A. DANIEL, 25 1/2 King Street.

Have You Shaved This Morning

If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, King street. The best workmen employed.

RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home Use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

THREE GREAT PARADES

EACH IN HONOR OF THE FAVORITE DR. COLUMBUS

Was in Paris Four Hundred Years ago and the Doctor Was There—Gen. Chicago Have/Their Respective Celebrations.

Not long ago, the N. Y. Press reported to be the story of the Columbus from his first voyage to as reported by El Globo, the leading paper of Spain, at that time. App the demonstrations that have taken in Europe this year, an account arrival and reception at Palos, in a gauge of El Globo, may be of inferior to giving it attention is called

illustrations, which have no reference to the article. The home of Columbus at Cogon not much of a looking place, it must confessed, and if the explorer alive now, and would come to St. John would have a much better looking place with all the modern improvements an asphalt sidewalk in front of it. The monument at Barcelona, representing the explorer on the top of a gas chimney block, his own horn is much more pleasing eye, while the tomb at Salamanca, where Columbus does not happen to be buried of chaste and funeral design. The grass waving outside the iron railing good evidence that pound regulation



Columbus' Tomb at Salamanca

observed at Salamanca and cattle are allowed to browse in the cemetery. is as it should be. The picture of the fate at Genoa is interesting from the fact that judging the tangled air of some of the participants, they have had something to do before starting. The gentlemen who in the procession are already pretty well in the legs and are leaning against each other for support. Evidences of greater degree of inebriety can be detected all the other men in the show. The horse alone seem sober and appear to feel dejected over the fact. There must have been good many headaches in Genoa the day after the festival. Here is the account of the landing at Palos, from El Globo of March 14, 1492. "Make way for Fray Perrel Room the good prior of Santa Maria de Rabia was the shout on the crowded quay

Granby Rubbers

Are what you want at this season of the year, Perfection of style and finish, and they WEAR LIKE IRON.

All dealers sell them.

Have You Shaved This Morning

If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, King street. The best workmen employed.

RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home Use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

Apply to MRS. A. DANIEL, 25 1/2 King Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

THREE GREAT PARADES.

EACH IN HONOR OF THE POPULAR FAVORITE DE. COLUMBUS.

One was in Palos Four Hundred Years Ago and the Doctor Was There—Genoa and Chicago Have Their Respective Ways of Celebrating.

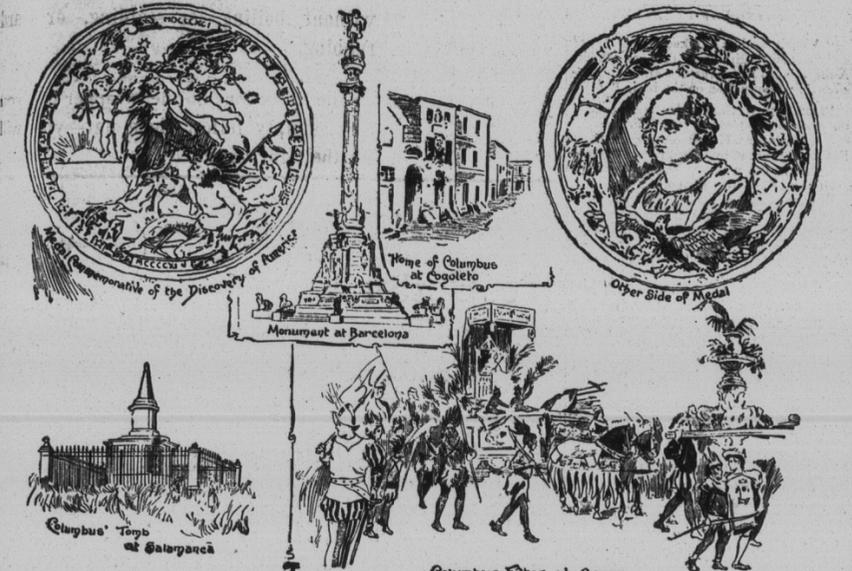
Not long ago, the N. Y. Press gave what purported to be the story of the return of Columbus from his first voyage to America, as reported by El Globo, the leading daily paper of Spain, at that time. Apropos of the demonstrations that have taken place in Europe this year, an account of the arrival and reception at Palos, in the language of El Globo, may be of interest. Prior to giving it attention is called to the

the Admiral-Viceroy landed and pushed his way through the crowd of those who had cured him for taking their husbands, sons and fathers from them and now struggled to kiss the hem of his doublet.

A kindly light beamed in the great explorer's eyes as he heard the shout and knew the cause of it. "Yes," he echoed; "make way for the good prior, my friend, my benefactor."

the city was presented by a lovely senorita, typifying Palos, almost in front of the new building. Three times three cheers were given for the journal which had the courage to change its name from Diario to Globo, this setting up the Columbian standard given before the Admiral sailed, and mailing it, in the face of bigots and reactionaries, to the very masthead.

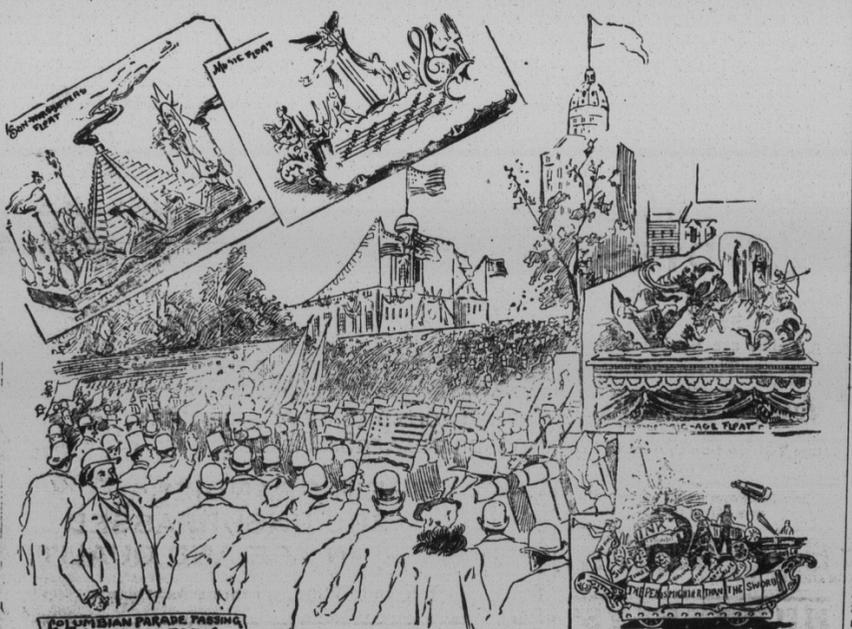
At evening another about went up from the harbor, and the Pinta was seen approaching. She cast anchor off bar of Saltes, and was boarded by a representative of El Globo, who sought to learn Captain Pinzon's version of his alleged desertion, but the captain kept in his cabin and refused to be seen. His crew came ashore and joined in the general festivities, so that the captain and his officers were the only persons in or about Palos whose lips were silent and windows dark in the hour of triumph.



illustrations, which have no reference to the article. The home of Columbus at Cogoleto is not much of a looking place, it must be confessed, and it the explorer were alive now, and would come to St. John, he would have a much better looking house, with all the modern improvements and an asphalt sidewalk in front of it. The monument at Barcelona, representing the explorer on the top of a gas chimney blowing his own horn is much more pleasing to the eye, while the tomb at Salamanca, where Columbus does not happen to be buried, is of chaste and funeral design. The long grass waving outside the iron railing is good evidence that pound regulations are

he rose. "Your brethren of Salamanca will hardly want to burn me now for holding that the world is round." Oh, that the good Dominicans were here. "But others are, my son," said the prior, and the Admiral-Viceroy gave a new cry of delight as he beheld what he had not noticed before—a little group of two men who had struggled through the crowd behind Fray Perez. "Ah my good friend Sebastian Rodriguez, who went to see the Queen for me and brought the 20,000 maravedis wherewith I bought the mule and journeyed to the court in Vega before the Granada. You shall never want for maravedis now, I warrant. And you De Garcia Fernandez, the good physician who ministered to my sick spirit there in the monastery of Rabida. "Blessed be the day," continued His Excellency, solemnly casting his eyes

From Don Luis de St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Arragon, who furnished the 17,000 florins necessary to equip the expedition and thereby saved her Majesty Queen Isabella from the necessity of pawnning her jewels, a reporter of El Globo learned, after the banquet last night that their majesties had received a letter from Captain Pinzon, forwarded from the Biscayan coast, in which he claimed credit for all the discoveries of his superior. Don Luis was of the opinion that his Majesty King Ferdinand would visit his heavy displeasure upon the false lieutenant upon learning the truth. Full particulars of the banquet at the town hall, at which the Alcade welcomed the Admiral-Viceroy and the latter responded to the toast in his honor, will be found in other columns of this issue. That His Excellency has a ready as well



observed at Salamanca and cattle are not allowed to browse in the cemetery. This is as it should be. The picture of the fete at Genoa is chiefly interesting from the fact that judging from the tangle of air of some of the participants, they have had something to take before starting. The gentlemen who lead the procession are already pretty well gone in the legs and are leaning against each other for support. Evidences of greater or less degree of inebriety can be detected in all the other men in the show. The horses alone seem sober and appear to feel dejected over the fact. There must have been a good many headaches in Genoa the day after the festival. Here is the account of the landing at Palos, from El Globo of March 17, 1492: "Make way for Fray Perez. Room for the good prior of Santa Maria de Rabida!" was the shout on the crowded quay as

toward the monastery on the hill outside the town; blessed be the day when I halted there for a cup of cold water for my thirsting child, Fernando, and found you, good friends. Ah, our Lady de Rabida shall never want for five pound tapers at her altar now. Be with me, friends, wher'er I go to-day." So, with his good friend by him, the Admiral set forth with an applauding crowd, composed it seemed, of half Andalusia behind him, to the plaza, where it seemed that the other half were assembled with His Honor the Alcade and Regidores to await and honor his coming. Never before had the church of St. George held such a thankful multitude as that which listened to the "Te Deum" sung in thanks for the safe return of Columbus. On the way to the church the procession passed the office of El Globo, on the south side of the plaza. In fact, the freedom of

as a mighty wit was seen in the banquet hall when a foppish courtier, who had come from Barcelona in the train of Don Luis de St. Angel, said rudely: "It was not, after all, such a great feat. You had but to sail westward until land was reached. At this the Admiral, without replying, took an egg from the table, where it lay ready for the dressing of a salad, and asked the youth to make it stand on end. He confessed his inability to do so. The Admiral-Viceroy then chipped off the rounded end of the egg and on the plane thus formed it stood firmly. "I did not think of that," said the courtier, biting his nails. "Nor did you think of my route to the New World," answered His Excellency, a saying which was more applauded even than the sentiments contained in his speech. It will be seen that the newspapers of

Fashionable FURS Reasonable Prices

SPECIALTIES IN FUR CAPES, CUFFS AND COLLARS, IN Greenland Seal, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Nutria, Astrachan, Coney, Australian Opossum, Bear, Alaska Sable, Seal, Krimmer, Fox.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

To Order!

A few Check Tweed suitings to be made to Order in same style as cut. Well made and Trimmed. Good value at \$20.00, our price \$15.00. A nice Mixed Tweed suit, heavy winter Goods, dark shades, made up same style as cut. Lap seam, well made and trimmed. Good business suits. Heavy Mixed and Checked Scotch Tweeds made up to Order, double breasted, same style as cut. Good Winter Suits. Heavy weight Heather pattern Scotch Bannockburn Tweed made to order same style as cut, as low as \$19.00 per suit, and up to \$23.

TO SLEEP FOR A CENTURY.

The Possibility of Outdoing Irving's Famous Rip Van Winkle. "It has been frequently said that truth is stranger than fiction," remarked Dr. Henry Powderly to a little party that was discussing Washington Irving's romantic story of Rip Van Winkle in the Lindell rotunda. "I often think that I would like to go to sleep and wake up in the full enjoyment of my faculties a century later—say about the year 2,000. I believe that this will be successfully done. Cases of suspended animation for considerable periods of time frequently occur. I have myself pronounced people dead who are now in the full enjoyment of vigorous life. I have no doubt that thousands of people have been entombed alive after having been examined by reputable and careful physicians. If the life force may be so completely suspended for a day or two and then resumed, why may it not be taken up again after the lapse of a century or more? Irving makes Rip Van Winkle age during his twenty years' nap. That is, I think, wrong. "Should the life force be so completely suspended that a man would not require food there would be little or no waste, and he would wake up as youthful and vigorous as when he dozed off. I believe it will yet be possible for a man by taking during every century for 1,000 years or more. I can see no good reason for believing that the nineteenth century has witnessed the high tide of scientific achievement."—Globe Democrat.

Sympathetic Inks.

There are many sympathetic inks, the general principle of which seems to be that the original writing is done with an incomplete ink, and that afterward the ingredient is added which completes the ink. We don't find any ink that will appear when an acid is applied, and disappear again; but writing done in a dilute solution of chloride of copper appears under heat, and disappears again. Writing done in solutions of acetate of lead and ternitrate of bismuth appears when washed with sulphuretted hydrogen; it is a solution of nitrate of cobalt used, oxalic acid brings out the writing; and an application of potassium brings out words written in a solution of subacetate of lead. Writing done in a solution of arsenite of potash appears when washed with nitrate of copper.

An Incident of Tagliani.

An interesting little incident of the private life of Tagliani is told by her friends of her meeting unexpectedly her divorced husband at a great dinner after twenty years' separation. He was not aware of the presence of his wife, for after a few minutes he asked his neighbor, "Who is that governess-looking old maid?" The person answered, "Tagliani." "Is it? It may be, after all," he replied, and went on eating his dinner. When the banquet was finished he sought an introduction to his wife, most formally and courteously saluting her. But she, less diplomatic, made him a stately bow, and said, icily, "I am under the impression that I have had the honor of meeting you before, some twenty years ago," and turned away.

Utilized the Material.

Lord Dufferin, before departing for India, bethought him of an old historic ruin which stood on his estate near Belfast. Summoning his steward, Dan Mulligan, he took him to the castle, and drew a line with his stick around it to show where he wanted the protecting wall to be built. On his return home the first thing he thought of was this fine old castle, which he hastened to visit. It was gone! He summoned Dan, "Dan! where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That could thing! Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

CURES PILLS advertisement with text and logo.

Advertisement for a product, possibly related to the 'Cures Pills' or another health product.

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE. A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post. For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to those reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago.

Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving he happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—it there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest.

We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quilldriver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room was no other than the famous John Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand for a long time ago. When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well-educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY. "In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually, but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty eight years ago I came to Canada, and am known around the country for miles. At my twelve years ago I could sit on a chair whose arms were a little, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped up in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this, and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me, and on this I rested my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why could I run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move, and did I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to

get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course, you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I lent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind-hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced taking with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up. I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel that slightest touch on any part of me. Is there no miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now, I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last 12th of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man, with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED. The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and returned forth into the street a doubting Thom as no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medical Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expression of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and any one that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I who first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On The Post's return to Orangeville, Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden of Dufferin County, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medical Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are

also a specific for troubles peculiar to the females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medical Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

HEARTS WITH THEIR TREASURE.

How Two Improvident Young Men Kept Money Over Saturday Night. Two young men well known about town, who occasionally take a whirl with the animals, were feeling their oats pretty pleasantly last Saturday, and concluded they would go over to Jackson City and indulge in gentle dalliance with the striped beast of the jungle who has several lairs in that particular portion of the Old Dominion. They chartered a cab, and with commendable foresight, inspired by previous experience with the goddess Fortune, as represented in a taro layout, they checked for the return trip as well as the journey over, and this preliminary being arranged, off they started.

It seems luck was with them, and at the end of an hour's play, in which any real gamblers having such unusually favored treatment would have broken the bank, found themselves \$50 ahead. They cashed in their checks with much jubilation and returned to Washington. When the cab was dismissed at Willard's one of the gentlemen remembered the races were due on Monday and a thought struck him. "Say, Tom," he remarked to his companion, "I've a good scheme. We've got enough to have a good time on tonight without breaking our fifty, and we'll blow it in sure if we carry it with us or leave it anywhere we can get at it. We'll want money bad when the races come next week. I tell you what let's do. Let's put twenty-five apiece in two envelopes and mail 'em to ourselves, and then we'll be O. K. on Monday."

Tom embraced the suggestion with avidity. The money was enclosed, the envelopes directed, stamps attached, and into a letter box the precious missives were dropped. About 2 o'clock in the morning two weary looking young men lurched back and forth against that letter box. One of them wished audibly for a hammer or a stone. Detective Weeden, prowling around, overheard them. "What are you doing there?" he sharply inquired. "Them with legubrious voices, interspersed with hicoughs, they told of their treasure inside of the box, and how badly they wanted it. He sent them home. When the carriers' window opened Sunday morning, to young men with hypertrophied heads on them stood first in line.—Washington Post.

When He Should Wind His Watch.

The French critic, musician, and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he thought he was not known, and perplex the shopmen by his questions and remarks. One evening he had taken a good deal of wine, when he went into a little watchmaker's shop, and, assuming the accent and air of a countryman, said: "Sir, what do you call those little machines hanging there?" "Watches," replied the shopkeeper. "What are they for?" "To indicate the time."

"Really? I have heard of them. How much do they cost?" "Here is one for two hundred francs, and one for a hundred francs; and here are some for fifty and twenty-five francs." "Are there printed directions about making them go?" "No; they have to be wound up every day with a key." "Will you show me how, sir?" "This way. You see it is not difficult." "And must one wind it in the evening or in the morning?" "You must wind yours in the morning." "Because in the evening you are drunk, M. Romieu, and might break it."—English Paper.

Intelligence of Lower Animals.

Close observers have noticed that flies will gather upon a half drunken, sleepy sot, while a dozen sober men in the same room are not molested by them, says an exchange. The flies will buzz around their subject with great delight, frequently alighting upon his perspiring face. Off they go and return again and again, quaffing the alcoholic nectar issuing from his pores. After a while their flight becomes uncertain and eccentric, and sometimes they come in collision. Recently a drunken man raised his hand and brushed them from his face. Some fell to the floor and lay paralyzed. After awhile they get on their feet and wearily fly off, half dazed. Perhaps they have a head on. Many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine. Poultry, especially turkeys, will absorb the tempting drink till they tumble over in a leaden sleep, lying around as if dead, and utterly ignoring their accustomed roots. On awaking they stagger for a few moments and soon recover, but it is hours before they renew their cheerful cackling.

The One Venomous Bird.

But one species of venomous bird is known to the student of ornithological oddities—the Rpr N'Doob, or "Bird of Death," a feathered parasite of New Guinea. It is not a large or formidable looking creature, as one would naturally expect, being scarcely as large as a common pigeon, but longer and of a more slender build. It is of a gray, glossy color, without any special markings, except the tail,

which ends with a blood-red tip. The bird is comparatively helpless, being able to fly but a few feet, and can be caught without difficulty; however, it is unnecessary to say that its poisonous bite causes the native Papuans to let it severely alone. Persons bitten by the creature are seized by maddening pains, which rapidly extend to every part of the body. Loss of sight, convulsions, and lockjaw are the other symptoms which follow in rapid succession. The natives say there is not a case on record of a survival of the bite, there being no antidote, death always ensuing within the short space of two hours.—St. Louis Republic.

Luminous Photographs.

It is found that a photograph can easily be made luminous in the dark by taking a white mount, and, after coating it with starch paste, sprinkle over it luminous powder, and press it down firmly to make it adhere. All that is now necessary is to make the unmounted silver print as transparent as possible by coating it on the back with castor oil, and wiping away the surplus oil. By placing this over the prepared mounting card and exposing it to daylight a luminous positive is obtained.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"What is wisdom?" asked the teacher of a class of small girls in a primary school. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information on the brain."

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891. FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whisky of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

The summer is ended; 'tis no longer hot. The leaves are falling, but coal is not.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since. JAS. MCKER.

Linwood, Ont. Be kind to your friends, that you may keep them; be kind to your enemies, that they may become your friends.—Thales.

The Early Spring tries Weak Lungs, which should then be fortified by a Liberal use of Putner's Emulsion—only 50 cents a bottle, at all Druggists.

"Know thyself" is good advice, but "know about your neighbors" is the general practice.

Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Kurnford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 461 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. MCDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

HUMPHREYS'

THIS PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of scientific medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

For Files—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contracture from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled. For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible. For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

CURES PILES.

Flannels Shrink.

Every one knows they do; But WHY?

An authority says:—Boiling water or washing soda, or poor soap spoils the color and ruins the fibre of the wool; and rubbing causes the fibres of the wool to cling closer and closer together; hence shrinking.

Stop It.

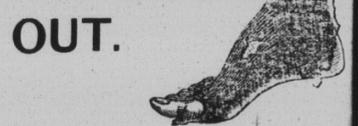
Don't rub your flannels so hard, nor boil or scald them. But how can they be washed? SURPRISE SOAP will do it simply and easily; and make the flannels and all the wash perfectly clean and sweet, without boiling, or scalding, or hard rubbing.

The directions on the wrapper tell you how; simply follow them out—you will get the right results.

It's Better

and

Able to be



OUT.

THINGS will get out, even toes come through the stocking. Ungar mends stockings that come with the wash. He mends other garments when they need it too.

We don't say much about our Rough-Dry way, but it gets out; and everybody seems to know about it. We're always getting inquiries about it. It takes well and the Rough-Dry way is spread by the people who've tried it.

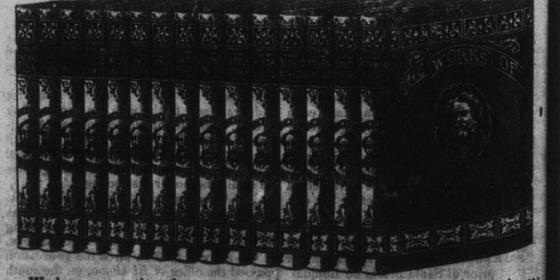
Ask us over the telephone 58 to call for your wash on Monday. Give it a trial

at UNGAR'S.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Grandville street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

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HOW WE BURY OUR DEAD

our Duty When the Thinkers of Our Die and Depart.

The following words by Dr. E. G. Scotch divine, will find an echo in hearts:

It has to be done, however painful be—the things of one's love, die and part, and all that is left is to do is to them deep, plant flowers on the spot they lie, and go on our way poorer, much, but with a life still to lead a future still to fulfil. There is no among us who has not to bury his From the child's belief in the omnipotence of his parents to the man's in the perfection of his beloved. They die must be buried—from their ashes times rising the new growth of a higher truth;—if sometimes that heartless which comes from disappointment the inability to make the best of the which remain to us, after knowledge robbed us of our illusions, character the tender and the tenacious. We bury our hopes as we have to bury loves, and forget the desire which made the whole charm of life for us, attainment of which we once bent our energies, as on its fulfillment were all our dreams. While it was possible wept and prayed. When recognition impossible, what remained but to bury in our soul, and resolutely determine never to unearth it again? You think that all those tender looks and sweet words—those confidences in the light, and that frank pleasure in your shown in the face of day, were sped you, with meaning and purpose, and end in view. So you gave your heart for the formal demand for its return; you mistook that delusive for a star of heaven, by which you steer your course forever, and only to the knowledge of your mistake you pain of your scorch revealed the nature flame round which you were circling. What, then, have you to do? Still loving the man who does not love though he may like you and wish you and would be glad to see you happily rid, and all the rest of those benevolent things which such men do say to the

who have been misled as well as deceived? Or, will you bury the man and all that it included among the world, and never let the world know either that it had once lived, and the now no more? It is all that you can do to bury your mistaken love is better way of showing wisdom and more likely use of reason than to Goldsmith's advice, and because you stooped to folly, turn your own face wall. No; kill your lolly and bury dead thing which has no ghost; but live to do better, and be of such to the world as God has granted you the of being.

The various illusions of life go on one to their graves; and we are left ing alone in the desert, where once we been in Eden, surrounded by fair angels and sweet-scented seraphs. We that poetry, though beautiful, is science which is true; and that the faculty of viewing life gets more from the hearer than it gives peace to the thinker; that dreams of human perfection en masse, and of human perfection particular, are not the ground upon which to found a man's active among his fellows.

We bury our youth, our health, and strength; and we only come to grief we try to resuscitate the dead and the chain of years that we have between them and now. Let us also the dead things of life—the remembrance of past pains, of past enemies, of quarrel that has been verbally made the offence once offered and since atoned—let us bury them deep in good soil; plant flowers on the spot, so that place where they lie shall not be too soon disfigured; make of each misdeed each sad experience, a means for good, and truth, and beauty; and go always on—till we come to the end—ourselves shall be among the dead buried; some of us remaining as benevolent remembrances ever enshrined in honest delight.

Told of Dore's Picture.

It is interesting to remember that great picture of "Christ Leaving the torium" was originally bathed in light made up of brilliant masses of color. When the artist had labored at two or three years, and had at almost finished it, he invited a Canon Harford, who was not only a B scholar but a judge of art, to visit studio and frankly criticize the work. Canon complied with the request, but he made the tour of the room and sp all the minor works there, he mentioned of the great canvas before Dore bore the silence as long as he and then said anxiously— "You don't like it?"

The critic acknowledged that he disappointed. "The sky," said he, "should be one of sunlight. The entire picture be darkened, so that the eye would ally seek the figure of the Saviour."

Dore was thoughtful and depressed his mother tearfully protested that son's masterpiece should not be tot He asked his friend to meet him studio on the following morning, when Canon Harford did arrive he found that the painter's mind made up. Although the time for sending pic to the Salon was at hand, and Dore trembled the hope of years in with his picture, not for that reason wou hesitate in his search for the very h

NEWS AND NOTABLES.

The door to Heaven is as wide as the perfection of God would allow; it is bounded by perfect love and perfect justice.

The Bishop of Manchester says that disestablishment of the English church would do harm, but that disendowment would be very serious.

The title of "Eminence" was first given to cardinals by Pope Urban VIII. in 1631. Up to that time they had been styled "Most Illustrious."

He who plants a tree does well; he who sells and saws it into planks does well; he who makes a bench of the planks does well; he who, sitting on the bench, teaches a child does better than the rest.—Farrar.

The value of Cardinal Howard's will has been sworn at £55,000 odd. This is a very much larger sum than Cardinal Newman left, and Cardinal Manning, it may be remembered, died very poor. But then the cardinal whose will has just been proved was a Howard, and this makes all the difference.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

A Mr. Grundy said at the Manchester, Eng., diocesan conference that church service should be "bright and brief," and that churchgoing ought to be more social than it is. Prayer should be condensed and sermons should not exceed ten minutes at most. He could see no reason why string and brass bands should not take part in the services.

Necessary religious service, thinks the Rev. H. T. Valentine, vicar of St. Paul's, Walden, Herts, Eng., ought to be "free as air," and not sold at fixed fees. He has therefore made it known that so long as he is vicar there will be no fee charged for marriages and burials any more than for baptism or holy communion, but if any persons choose to pay a voluntary fee, they may do so.

Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold, says Talmage. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God me merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, is less than eight minutes in length.

An interesting discovery has been made in the cellars of the Methodist Bookroom in London. No less than fifteen volumes of manuscript have been found there, the most of it consisting of poems and hymns written by that sweet singer of Methodism, Charles Wesley. One volume contains some compositions by Samuel Wesley. It is believed the manuscripts form a portion of the mass of documents purchased by Rev. Thomas Jackson, who died some years ago.

The Bishop of London is a total abstainer. He expresses the opinion that the tide of intemperance is getting steeper, stronger and swifter. The result, he considers, is mainly due to the conditions of the liquor traffic and to our social customs, according to which many Englishmen cannot meet to transact business without drinking, whilst Scotchmen cannot realize a really friendly gathering unless they were taking "a cup of kindness yet for the sake Auld Lang Syne."

There are 140 religious denominations in the United States, two-thirds of which are "American in their origin." Of the bodies outside of the Roman Catholics and "episcopals," the methodists number over two and one-fourth millions with thirty per cent. increase; the presbyterians number one and one-fourth millions with thirty-nine per cent. increase; Lutherans number one and one-half millions with increase of sixty-eight per cent.; congregationalists number one-half million with thirty-three per cent. increase; the Jews, numbering one hundred and thirty thousand, have increased at a ratio of one hundred and sixty per cent.

It is positively asserted, despite old reports to the contrary, that the health of the Pope continues to be good. It is true that of late he has had to modify his routine, and for the remainder of the year, will not resume the open air life he led all the summer in the gardens of the Vatican, where he hardly allowed a day to pass without an excursion to the most charming spot of that charming demense, the Villa of Pius IV., and wound up with a modest reception in the pavilion of the Torre. All he now allows himself in the matter of outdoor exercise is a short turn, weather permitting, in that portion of the gardens, in the immediate vicinity of the palace; while as to the giving of audiences, he vouchsafes these only to personages accredited on special business of church or state. Even to morning mass in his private chapel the privileged outsider is very rarely admitted, and persons of distinction who are reluctant to leave Rome without seeing him can do so only "sul passaggio"—that is, on his way back from one of the brief turns strolled in the gardens. During the present month he will resume his ordinary Thursday receptions.

Father Davis, the well-known parish priest of Baltimore, county Cork, Ireland, who died recently, was a man of practical energy, and of widespread popularity. When appointed parish priest of Baltimore English, Scotch, Manx and French fishermen went to Baltimore year after year in well equipped vessels to reap the sea harvest, while the natives, too poor to provide themselves with vessels and gear suitable for the purpose, were forced to look on helplessly or to supply cheap labor to those who were better favored. Father Davis having devised a scheme, which he knew would require years of labor to work out, he applied himself earnestly to his task. He had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success in the course of a few years, and Baltimore, which was a mere fishing hamlet, is already in a fair way to become a prosperous town. With the assistance of the government he was enabled to erect the splendid piscatorial schools, where technical instruction is given in the capture and cure of fish and the manufacture of fishing gear and appliances.

Order of the Iron Cross.

Every one has heard of the iron crown with which, in ancient times, the Lombard kings were crowned, and in later times the German emperors, when they wished to manifest their claims as kings of Lombardy. Charlemagne was crowned with it eleven hundred years ago; and Napoleon Buonaparte put it upon his head when he conquered Italy. It is a golden crown, set with precious stones; but it derives its name from an iron circle fixed inside, concealed from view, which according to the legend, was made out of a nail of Christ's cross. In connection with this crown the "Order of the Iron Cross" was founded; and it now ranks among the noblest orders of the Austrian Empire. Christian sufferers, you belong to the spiritual order of the iron crown! You are companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. It is His cross that you carry. It is His sufferings that you have the fellowship of. It is with His crown that you are crowned; a crown of gold that fades not away, but whose most precious part is the inner iron circle that clasps your brow, made of the nails of His cross, showing that you have been crucified with Him. For it is a faithful saying, "if we suffer, we shall reign with Him." Listen to the song of triumph from one of the noblest knights of the iron crown, as he was in the Roman prison, his vision, in the awful darkness, piercing beyond the battle and the struggling faith—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me on that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—W. W. Fulcho.

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, the grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

exceeds all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs."—A. W. Bartlett, 141 N. H. St., N. H.

"For the last 35 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that it saved my life."

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—R. Amery, Plympton, N. S.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."



MRS. FRANK E. NADAU AND CHILD. A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY whose life was Saved by GRODER'S SYRUP.

A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO. GENTLEMEN:—My child is the picture of health to-day because I heeded THE advice of a friend and used your remedy. Our baby was cutting his teeth last spring, and like many other children at such a time, he became very sick and feverish. We were so anxious about him that we called in two physicians, and did all in our power to relieve him. But he KNEW how to get well. He grew so much worse that we feared for his life. There seemed no help for him, and the doctors gave us no hope of his recovery. It was then that a friend recommended your medicine, and we commenced its use. To our entire surprise, the very first dose, which we gave each hour brought speedy relief. Our boy rallied quickly and soon became himself again. Other mothers have children who suffer precisely as mine did. They should use your remedy and keep it constantly in the house. I would not think my children safe without it.

Very gratefully yours, MRS. FRANK E. NADAU, FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

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MRS. R. WEITZEL.

SUNDAY READING



HOW WE BURY OUR DEAD.

Our Duty When the Things of Our Love Die and Depart.

The following words by Dr. Elder, a Scotch divine, will find an echo in many hearts:

It has to be done, however painful it may be—the things of one's love die and depart, and all that is left us to do is to bury them deep, plant flowers on the spot where they lie, and go on our way poorer by so much, but with a life still to lead and a future still to fulfil. There is not one among us who has not to bury his dead. From the child's belief in the omnipotence of his parents to the man's in the absolute perfection of his beloved. They die, and must be buried—from their ashes sometimes rising the new growth of a higher and loftier truth—if sometimes that heart-sickness which comes from disappointment and the inability to make the best of the things which remain to us, after knowledge has robbed us of our illusions, characteristic of the tender and the tenacious. We have to bury our hopes as we have to bury our loves, and forget the desire which once made the whole charm of life for us, to the attainment of which we once bent our energies, as on its fulfilment were centred all our dreams. While it was possible we wept and prayed. When recognized as impossible, what remained but to bury it deep in our soul, and resolutely determine never to unearth it again? You thought that all those tender looks and soft, sweet words—those confidences in the twilight, and that frank pleasure in your society shown in the face of day, were special to you, with meaning and purpose, and an end in view. So you gave your heart before the formal demand for its surrender was made; you mistook that delusive light for a star of heaven by which you might steer your course forever, and only woke to the knowledge of your mistake when the pain of your scorch revealed the nature of the flame round which you were circling. What, then, have you to do? Still go on loving the man who does not love you, though he may like you and wish you well, and would be glad to see you happily married, and all the rest of those benevolent things which such men do say to the women who have been misled as well as self-deceived? Or, will you bury this mistake and all that it included among the rest of your dead, and never let the world know either that it had once lived, and that it is now no more? It is all that you can do; and to bury your mistaken love is a far better way of showing wisdom and a far more likely use of reason than to follow Goldsmith's advice, and because you have stooped to folly, turn your own face to the wall. No; kill your folly and bury it as a dead thing which has no ghost; but do you live to do better, and to be of such use to the world as God has granted you the means of being.

The various illusions of life go one by one to their graves; and we are left standing alone in the desert, where once we had been in Eden, surrounded by fair-faced angels and sweet-voiced seraphs. We find that poetry, though beautiful, is not science which is true; and that the poetic faculty of viewing life gets more praise from the hearer than it gives peace to the thinker; that dreams of human perfectibility en masse, and of human perfection in particular, are not the groundwork on which to found a man's active doings among his fellows.

We bury our youth, our health, and our strength; and we only come to grieve when we try to resurrect the dead and forget the chain of years that we have forged between then and now. Let us also bury the dead things of life—the remembrance of past pains, of past enemies, of the quarrel that has been verbally made up, of offence once offered and since atoned for—let us bury them deep in good honest soil; plant flowers on them, so that the place where they lie shall not be barren nor disfigured; make of each mistake, each sad experience, a means for future good, and truth, and beauty; and go on—always on—till we come to the end—when we ourselves shall be among the dead and buried; some of us remaining as beautiful remembrances ever enshrined in honor and delight.

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It is interesting to remember that Dore's great picture of "Christ Leaving the Praetorium" was originally bathed in light, and made up of brilliant masses of color.

When the artist had labored at it for two or three years, and had at length almost finished it, he invited a friend, Canon Harford, who was not only a Biblical scholar but a judge of art, to visit his studio and frankly criticize the work. The canon complied with the request, but though he made the tour of the room and spoke of all the minor works there, he made no mention of the great canvas before him. Dore bore the silence as long as he could, and then said anxiously—

"You don't like it?" The critic acknowledged that he was disappointed.

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Although the time for sending pictures to the Salon was at hand, and Dore must sacrifice the hope of years in withholding his picture, not for that reason would he hesitate in his search for the very highest

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

Days Remembered in the Church at this Season of the Year.

Tomorrow will be the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, with ferial colors and lights. The same for the following days of the week, though if Tuesday be kept as the feast of St. Machutus, the color is white in the Western and yellow in the Sarum use.

There are three black-letter saints' days this week, the first of which, on Sunday is the feast of St. Britian, or Brice, bishop and confessor. He was a monk of Marmoutier and the successor of St. Martin as bishop of Tours. He died A. D. 444.

Tuesday will be the feast of St. Machutus, or Malo, bishop and confessor, of Wales. He went to Brittany and became bishop of Aleth and superior of the monastery at that place. Died A. D. 564.

Thursday will be the feast of St. Hugh, bishop and confessor, who was bishop of Lincoln. He was a benedictine monk of Great Chartreuse, and prior of the Benedictine monastery at Witham, Somersetshire, Eng. He died A. D. 1200.

Worthy of remembrance are any of the godly men whose names appear in the calendar as saints, and the lives of all of them have lessons for soldiers of the church militant in all ages. To many of the readers of PROGRESS, however, Monday will also have a significance as the anniversary of the consecration of the first American bishop, Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut, in 1784. Bishop Seabury was born in Connecticut in 1729, was graduated at Yale, studied medicine in Scotland and afterwards theology in that country. He was ordained in London in 1753. During the revolution he was a royalist and resided in New York. He was one of those who took part in revising the prayer book to suit the demands. On his death, in 1796, he was succeeded by Abraham Jarvis.

Dr. Seabury with Col. Benjamin Thompson waired on Sir Guy Carleton, at New York, at the close of the revolution to agree on terms for the Loyalists going to the provinces. After his consecration in Scotland, he returned to the United States by the way of St. John and preached here, according to Lawrence's Footprints. His daughter was the wife of Colin Campbell, clerk of the supreme court of this province.

Bishop Seabury was consecrated by three Scotch bishops, and thus it is remarked that the American succession came through that of Scotland. During his lifetime Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, Provost, of New York, and Madison, of Virginia, were consecrated by English bishops, and these four proceeded to consecrate others from Maryland, South Carolina and Massachusetts. The American succession, equally with all other valid and unbroken successions in the Anglican, Roman or Greek churches, can be traced step by step to the Apostles themselves.

The Power of Kind Words.

They do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from their use. Though costing little they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good nature and good will. One cannot maintain a habit of this kind without thereby picking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. People that are for ever speaking kindly are forever inclining themselves to ill-temper.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus, with very good reasons, claims to be the oldest town or city in the world. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, with martial and sacred associations extending through 30 centuries. According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aran and grandson of Shem. It is first mentioned in scripture in connection with Abraham, whose steward was a native of that place (Genesis xv. 2).

Words Worth Remembering.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes. Good sense is the best friend a man can have in any emergency.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—La Bruyere. When a boy is smart, there is a question whether he gets it from her folks or his people.

When the soul is at ease it may be amused, but a hungry soul wants bread.—Evans. Working without a plan is one of the best ways in the world to waste your strength.

It is much easier to meet error than to find truth; error is on the surface, and can be more easily met with; truth is hid by great depths, and the way to seek it does not appear to all the world.

Time is the most indefinable, yet most paradoxical of things. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.



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WITH EVERY CHOCOLATE DROP:

That G. B. is on the bottom of every drop. You can tell where they come from. You will know they are always the same delicious chocolate.

You need not experiment. You see that G. B. mark, you try them—you have the best! the finest in the land!

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is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—the masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

- EAST LYNN, By Mrs. Henry Wood. JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Bronte. JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, By Miss Mulock. ADAM BEDE, By George Elliot. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, By Wilkie Collins. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Miss M. E. Braddon. VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By Str. E. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unchanged and unabridged, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

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We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to any one sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer.

EDWARD S. CARTER.

IN THE GIPSY HAUNTS.

GOOD POINTS IN THE CHARACTER OF A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

The Wanderers, with All Their Faults Have Strong Virtues—They are the Peers of Others in Things Tender and True—Some of Their Odd Habits.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—To me there is something inexpressibly pathetic in the unvarying good humor and kind heartedness of English Gipsies when their hard and bitter, though self-chosen, mode of life is considered. And this is nowhere on earth made so plain and emphatic as when you find them in and about London, all the brightness of the summer roads and lanes but a memory, and the cruel deprivations of winter—generally a winter's battle for existence with a million other lowly—staring them squarely in their stoical faces.

Cratty, wary, hard, unworthy vagabond though you deem him, as he confronts you and mankind in this battle for life and those he loves, he truly has another side, a cherry, good and many one, too, that, without one iota of the prompting to which all modern society stands indebted, often glows with kindness, generosity, helpfulness, good cheer, and a spirit of positive loveliness.

An ugly word is never heard in a Gipsy camp or band. A selfish act is never seen. The eternal goading of a mean woman, the brutal obscenity of a bad man, the hateful jealousies of pretended friends, each and all are as unknown as poison in the pure air of heaven they breathe in tent or upon the road.

There is a quality of sincerity and tenderness in their doings with each other that is very simple, childlike and beautiful. Their mirth, merriment and jollity are all considerate. Railery is tolerant; wit never a murderous weapon. With them good cheer is seldom license; merry-making leaves little sting; liberty never knows lewdness.

Ignorant as they may be of your books; obstinate as they refuse the "civilization" of which we boast; secretly proud as they are of the ostracism which brands them as an outlaw race; heathenish as you must consistently call them because they hold your creeds in contempt; they are yet more than the peers of any living people in everything tender and true and loyal growing into and out of the domestic relation and in all that which yields, without law or force, and as if unconsciously, the helpful goodness which ever prompts and always exceeds exact justice to one's fellows.

There are undoubtedly hundreds of localities which may be termed "Gipsy ground" in London and its far-reaching suburbs. I have visited nearly three score of these places within the past few years. In some instances they are in the most densely and forlornly populated sections of the metropolis. Here in perhaps the stable yard of some ancient historic inn, among the sheds and outbuildings of an abandoned warehouse or manufactory, in the mouldy, cobwebbed precincts of some habitation which has got into chancery and inevitable decay, and even in Whitechapel purgatory, and upon the roofs of houses at the edge of the huge masonry sustaining some of the railways, many of which pass out of the city above instead of through or beneath it, will be found single families or little communities of the Romany folk. All are working in their way as if for dear life to sustain life until the springtime exodus shall free them from their hateful imprisonment; and contrary to general belief, or what any one may say none of them are idle.

Following up the trail and tracts of Gipsies while in their London winter quarters, brought me originally among the almost as curious costermonger folk; and I found that there were hundreds of Gipsy families owning kindred ties to costers who sought quarters within this class and at once fell into their manner of work and ways. Acquaintance and confidence soon brought me to many of these almost unknown Gipsy and coster communities in the very heart of London.

Most of the Gipsies live from a hall a dozen to a score in a room. They possess the scantiest array of household utensils. Their native ability to make the most of little enables them to patch up a few seats and they sleep comfortably and cheerily packed together like herrings. Some of their abodes are wretched beyond description to one who is unable to comprehend their own gladness at getting on at all. They work hard and long, being first at the great markets and last to leave the streets. Handbarrow and cart are their means. The mother, father and grown sons and daughters all share in the severe work of pushing the barrow or cart. Many will cover twenty and thirty miles a day in their rounds.

The little folks left at home work on baskets, color leaves and wild grasses of which they have brought in a supply of material from their summer wanderings, and which are sold to the lowly for mantel ornaments, or whittle out skewers for meat stalls. All do something and earn something. If there is a loss in one day's trade they work the harder the next. All thus keep from starvation, which is more than many who are not heathens can do in London; and some even get through the hard, wet, foggy, sleety, bone-wringing winter with their lives and a few shillings to the good.

A few who huddle in these congested districts have the regulation coster cart and the helpful donkey, and most curious quarters are often found for both Gipsies and donkey. Last winter, while hunting this bit of darkest London I got on very good terms with a Gipsy family who had lost their donkey cart, and nearly their donkey, through a fatal collision with a Hammersmith bus. It was early in the winter and the loss pretty nearly meant starvation. There are scores of dealers in costers' carts and barrows in London where a cart or barrow can be hired, though at ruinous rates, or purchased on weekly payments. At one of these I made a first payment of ten shillings on a donkey cart in behalf of the Gipsy family, became surety for the remainder, and the incident furnished me thereafter open sesame to the innermost recesses of their habitation, and it is certain that a no more

curious dwelling place and disposition of home belongings were ever seen. About half way from Farnival's Inn to Throld's Row a narrow, dingy court, above which a strip of sky could barely be seen, wriggled an hundred feet or more to the east. To the right and left the ramshackle yet stout old house fronts seemed pitching at each other threateningly. From the hollow pavement to the strip of sky it seemed as though hundreds of humans were copaciously in a state of existence on trembling balconies and tottering window-sills. The density of half fed life behind these raven like beings clinging to the outer walls must have been terrible.

The dark court narrowed at the end coming to a sudden stop against a black dead wall, which rose thirty or forty feet above the pavement as if it shut out the desperate poverty of Leather Lane from some better enclosure. Here at the end of this court against the dead wall my Gipsy friends had practically encamped by a system of more than partial suspension. Some twenty-five feet from the ground a mass of patched bits of sail cloth and blankets formed the only roof. Ingeniously braced bits of wood—flotsam and jetsam from the markets and the Thames—made three intervening stories, or floors, between the flapping roof and the pavement of the court, all of which were open to the weather and Leather Lane way, save where rags and other refuse-like blankets and sail cloth answered the place of curtaining.

These stories or floors are about six feet square, except the lower or pavement story which was as long as the prows of the Gipsies could make it against the hordes of the stifling court. An aperture had been made in the dead wall with, a few bricks and a little mud mortar, provided a capital chimney piece. The draught was perfect. There was a good deal of comfort, too, about this extraordinary fire-side. The court was "whorted," that is, turned bottomsides upwards for a table. A shelf-like piece of timber had been fastened against one side wall for a lounging bunk and bench. A ladder ran from this along the wall to the second story where cooking utensils and food were kept.

But the most curious of all was the nightly disposition of donkey, what was left over from the day's hawking and the Gipsy family itself. Immediately on arrival, the donkey was hauled up by ropes and tackle into a little cage which consisted of a third story under the sail cloth roof. Such vegetables as were left that the family did not use were stored on a shelf alongside the donkey; and on retiring for the night the family, comprising eleven grown people and children, ascended into the second story loft, and, in a manner, fished all movable belongings up after them.

"Yes," admiringly said old man Lovell, the head of this Gipsy house, after I had just witnessed the sprawling donkey hoisted into his cage for his rest and provender. "Hus jess hall goes hup inter, hour 'ole by night, an' pulls the 'ole hup arter hus!"

The East end district locally called "The Mint," where London's ancient mint was located, is another favorite haunt of Gipsies in winter. From Lat street in the Borough to Blackfriars Lane are more than 100 almost impenetrable lanes and closes. This region was the former haunt and home of Jack Shepherd and Jonathan Sprung many of the noted prize fighters of our time. Billingsgate porters, the most jaunty and rollicking of all London costermongers, and a class of Gipsies who are noted for their fistic prowess, are the sole inhabitants. Into this savory region one must come well introduced; but when once known as a true friend of any inhabitant, progress through the quarter is attended often with even embarrassing greetings and familiarities.

I found the Gipsies of this locality, who number perhaps 50 families, which means fully 500 souls, chiefly those who ply their various vocations at country fairs and all huge gatherings, such as the Derby, and London holiday "outings" at Epping Forest and the like. They are a portion of that vast horde of least winsome but most picturesque English Gipsies who, casually seen, nearest represent the fakirs of our American country fairs, our circus followers and the brawling nickel-winners of such summer and seaside resorts as Coney Island and Nantasket. The "Punch and Judy" shows are getting into their hands. They are beginning to exhibit freaks and control the merry-go-rounds. All the fruit and nut stands at fairs are now in their hands; and the cocoanut (here called "cocker nut") ranges, where a nut can occasionally be knocked from a deceptively built tier at a penny "a shy," one of the most popular forms of initiatory gambling sports at all fairs and outing gatherings in England, are all owned by these cunning Gipsies. Their fists are as ready as their tongues, and their women folk are most brazenly insinuating and picturesquely attired trouperettes in all the world.

But the genuine *drem vajois* or Gipsies of the road whose vocations of today are really honorable, thrifful and distinguished by hard work and fair dealing, though still full of genuine Gipsy traits and bearing in a mild form the Gipsy taint of dicker and dukering (fortune-telling), are the Gipsies who, in their enforced winter London tarrying, retain most the manner of the summer road life. I should think there could be found from 10,000 to 20,000 of these in the suburbs of London, from November until March. They are entirely exclusive of several thousand more who never leave London, but travel in endless circles about the outer edges of the great city, interminable Bedouins at all outing gatherings; peas and strawberry pickers and lavender gatherers in the summer, hop-pickers in the autumn, and scavengers in general the remainder of the year. They camp where they work, and though often reduced to abject wretchedness, are a kindly and cheery set of men and women.

The road Gipsies generally retain and occupy their vans, carts and tents. Out Southwark way, over in Surry are large communities. Many may be found round about Esher and Woking. The Chelsea marshes are another winter haunt; while Epping forest, depths and edges, are full of them. With these summer thrift is never exchanged for winter idleness. Many of the stout gipsy lads get employment in gentlemen's and public stables. The men haunt the horse markets and weekly suburban markets and buy, sell and trade horses and donkeys. Many of the women rove about the poorer districts of the city telling fortunes for whatever

they can get. Those too old for these youths mind the pots, kettles and little ones against the wanderers' nightly return. Old men and lads and lasses remaining at home are never idle. Rude mats, market baskets, stable and street brushes, by the hundreds of thousands, are their annual handiwork, and the millions of skewers in use at the London meat-stalls are every one whittled out by busy Gipsy hands.

TO BEAT THE EIFFEL TOWER.

An English Structure That Is to be Twice Hundred Feet in Height.

The foundations of Sir Edward Watkin's new Tower of London have been completed. They occupy four acres in a pleasure park of 120 acres between Willesden and Harrow. They consist of immense blocks of concrete. The nature of the ground where the tower is to be constructed is so sloping and uneven, that while one set of footings appears about five feet above the surface, another is seven feet below, a third five feet below, and the fourth at least twenty feet below the surface. These foundations go down nearly twenty feet and should be capable of bearing any weight that could be placed upon them. They have cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

Some idea of the magnitude of the whole undertaking may be gathered from the statement that the Eiffel Tower, which is to be so far surpassed in size by the English tower, was made of 7,500 tons of steel and iron, consisting of 12,000 specially designed pieces, fastened together with 2,500,000 rivets. The English tower is to be 150 feet higher than the French wonder, and the latter can be seen at a distance of seventy-five miles. The English structure will also be on higher ground. On the top of the English tower there will be an observatory and rooms for scientific experiment, which are likely to be of great value.

The plan provides for a large landing stage that will accommodate 20,000 people. This landing stage will contain a large dancing room and several shops, and will have refreshment bars all round. Underneath will be rooms for stores and other purposes, while at the top there will be a number of small rooms, which might be used as private dining rooms. Half way up will be another landing stage, and arrangements have been made in the plans for lifting to the top of the tower double the number of people that M. Eiffel can carry up his structure. It is estimated that the tower can be constructed in twelve months up to the first floor, and that the whole can be completed in eighteen months.

Persons who have seen other tall buildings of the world may gain some conception of the height of Sir Edward's 1,200-foot tower by bearing in mind that Notre Dame in Paris is but 217 feet high; St. Peter's, Rome, 433 feet; the Washington Monument, 554 feet, the Great Pyramid of Egypt, 479 feet, Rouen Cathedral, 492 feet; Strasbourg Cathedral, 467 feet; Invalides, in Paris, 345 feet; Cologne Cathedral, 521 feet, and the Pantheon, in Paris, 279 feet. The pleasure grounds round the tower will be the most extensive place of amusement in the world. Advantage has been taken of the River Brent, running through the estate, to make an ornamental lake, covering an area of five acres. This is near the main entrance. In the summer it will be used for boating, and in the winter for curling and skating. At one end of the lake is a picturesque waterfall, by means of which the Brent, after circling several islands, releases itself, and pursues a winding course through the park and onward till it joins the water from the Welsh Harp, Hendon, afterwards falling into the Thames at Brentford.

A sufficient quantity of water is forced up hill from the lake by a powerful ram to form a reservoir, which supplies a very large ornamental fountain, similar to that at the Crystal Palace. This fountain has been completed. Close by is a cricket ground of seven acres. The whole area has been levelled, well watered, and efficiently drained. On higher ground workmen are now laying out winter gardens, in the large pavilion of which entertainments are to be given. A band stand is also to be provided.

The whole 120 acres will be opened to the public early next spring, although the tower will not be completed until ten or twelve months later.—N. Y. Sun.

Victor Hugo was working at a high desk, especially constructed for him, throwing off sheet after sheet as fast as he filled it, till he would be quite sniped in leaves of foolscap. He often rose in the middle of the night to note down an idea or a verse. He got up for the day usually at six o'clock, and would devote from six to eight hours per diem to his work. He made but few corrections, his poems being thought out complete in his brain before he put pen to paper. It is a well-known fact that he indulged in the arduous task of composition while traversing the streets of Paris on the top of an omnibus. When working out some great conception he would spend hours in this way.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you.

The Happy Little Cripple. I'm that a little crippled boy, an' never join't to grow An' get a great big man at all—'cause Auntie told me so. When I was that a baby once, I falled out of the bed An' got 'The Curvature of the Spine'—'at's what the Doctor said. I never had no Mother now—far my Pa runned away An' dussn't come back here no more—'cause he was drunk one day. An' 'stead a man to think-ere town, an' couldn't pay his fine! An' 'ere my Ma she died—'an' I got 'Curvature of the Spine'!

I'm also years old! An' you can't guess how much I weigh, I bet! Last birthday I weighed thirty-three!—An' I weigh thirty yet! 'Tis awful little for my size—'I'm purt' nigh little! An' Some babies is—'an' nabors all cuss me 'The Little Man'!

An' Doc he laughed one time an' said: 'I spect, first thing you know, You'll have a little spike-i-ail coat an' travel with a show!' An' 'nen I laughed—'till I looked round an' Auntie was a cryin'—'cause she says, 'cause I got 'Curvature of the spine'.

'Tis-while Auntie's washin'—on my little long leg stool, An' watch the little boys an' girls a skippin' by to school; An' I peek on the winder, an' holler out an' say: 'Who wants to fight The Little Man? 'at dars you all today?' An' 'till the boys climb on the fence, an' little girls peeks through, An' they all says: 'Cause you're so big, you think you're 'ere'ard of you!' An' 'nen they yell, an' shake their fists at me, like I shake mine—'cause they know, you know, 'cause I got 'Curvature of the Spine'!

At evenin', when the ironin's done, an' Auntie's fixed the fire, An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an' turned the wood all in fer night, an' an' locked the kitchen door, An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind blows in up through the floor— She sets the kittle on the coals, an' boils an' makes the tea, An' fries the liver an' 'the mush, an' cooks an egg fer me; An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her elder-berry wine, Don't she set fer little boys with 'Curvature of the Spine'!

But Auntie's all so childlike-like on my account, you see, I'm 'most afraid she'll be took down—'an' 'at's what bothers me! 'Cause of my good ole Auntie ever would git sick an' die, I don't know what she'd do in Heaven—'till I come, an' by; Fer she's so us't to all my ways, an' ever'thing, you know, An' no one there like me, to nurse an' worry over me; 'Cause all the little children there's so straight an' strong an' fine, They're my angel! 'bout the place with 'Curvature of the Spine'!

WORTH A GUINOA A BOX! Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. BEECHAM'S PILLS are a marvellous Antidote for Weak Stomach, SICK HEAD-ACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Disorder of Liver, etc., etc. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. Wholesale and Retail, Messrs. J. & S. B. GOSWELL, Ltd., Montreal.

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Teach your Children to Spell, Punctuate AND Compose.



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"I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and formation of sentences. The necessity imposed upon the compositor to carefully construct words and sentences, letter by letter, according to correct copy (or in case of poor manuscript, to exercise his own knowledge of language), and afterwards to correct his own errors in the type from the proof-sheet, constitutes admirable drill, to be had only at the printer's case.

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MARSHALL P. HILL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H.

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IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. Second-hand Remington's, Caligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale Cheap.



Mr. Weathered: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats are the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know?" Miss Drencher: "O, Yes; I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs." Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."

(J. W. Mackenzie & Co., Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.)

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Prices Way Down. Our Fall and Winter Stock is the best ever shown in this City.

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The BEACON

They do not properly learn these arts at school, because the methods in vogue there excite no real interest in the subject. Mere memory stuffing will not do. Object lessons alone are successful. For the lack of them bad spelling and worse punctuation are universal. Hence obscure writing, involving loss of time, temper and money. Adults may be incorrigible, but they can easily put the children on the right road. Do you ask how a man who is deficient is to teach others?

BLANDER, Yarmouth.—Why should I call myself by such a name, I am quite sure it does not apply to you at all? You are most kind and considerate in writing me such an appreciative little note, but should not have minded if you had asked me a few questions, I am so accustomed to answering them that I do not mind it at all, though of course some of them are troublesome. Thank you for the clipping, it was really of great interest and will doubt be useful to me some day. You may ask questions whenever you like, I shall be glad to answer to the best of my ability.

ELLEN.—Not in the least unusual, but such questions are the most frequent that I try to devote special attention to them. I am glad to see that you are so content that I do not sometimes wonder why girls don't get the advice I give them on such matters, or preserve it. Remedies I suggest in some way, but I suppose they put it off until it is too late, and the papers are mislaid, just as I do myself with the recipes for cooking. You have my deepest sympathy if your hair is falling out, because my hair has been doing the same to a most alarming extent lately, and it were not for the oxide of mercury an ointment I believe I should be bald in a short time, but I have used it faithfully and noticed great improvement in the last day or two. This is the remedy that I recommend the most frequently because I have tried myself, but many persons dislike it.

VERE, Nova Scotia.—The paper right. When you write too often you so. No, I was not away, it opened so, next time let me know. I have a little blue when you know "it takes all sorts of people to make the world" and I suppose some use for ever; the cranky one is their mission to teach a nation, know they never have that effect, just the contrary. We will certainly send extradition papers after that of yours, for we can never permit it. I do hope you will be succeeding in the funds," it not, count on no quarter. I will be most happy to do that sum, and will begin saving up in anticipation of the drain on sources.

Will some correspondent kindly send a really reliable receipt for ink stains out of light colored cloth? I could give him several, have not much faith in any of mine, are apt to take the color out of it. Perhaps it would be better to ask for it, he would surely know. THE COMMITTEE, St. John.—I am glad to give the boys a hearing, but you ask me to give a description of our charms in cold blood? I am scores of women who meet every day, blue eyes and dark hair, and above the medium height. Married is Geoffrey, I should like to see if I am not married! I really am so at you, boys! (1) No, it is very rare, and if a girl does not want to have a certain "boy" she has only to let him see she is engaged, and he is better to avoid hurting her feelings, and dance with a man you very much like. (2) Well, no, I think I should blame you very much rather a risky thing to do, and a girl in an awkward position, so I do not do it if I were you. I know about the St. John girls, except this column, that I really cannot say on an opinion. I do hope the V. rink will be open this winter! I suppose we send a petition to the market promoting liberal patronage and asking them to change their minds? It does not pay. (3) No, I cannot say with you there, I think that the proper place for everyone to be tried, and I don't think girls have a right of "showing off" in choosing a church. Write again some time and be glad to hear from you.

BENJIE.—St. John.—Thank you for leaving out the stereotyped beginning, I am always glad to answer any question that is asked in this column, to the best of my ability, and I will be very happy to do what I can for you. NELLIE, St. John.—I scarcely what to say to you, except that I regret hear of your decision, and think you making a great mistake. Judging character and disposition from your such a life would be utterly unsuited to me, and I mistake not you will live to regret the step you are taking. As taking it of your own free will, or because you brought such pressure to bear on you, that you have been forced into your fickle quest, looks very much like the latter might be the case, if so, well before it is too late to draw the world is too full of light and business and love for any of us to our backs upon it without long and full consideration. I may be wrong thinking that you are very young easily influenced, but that is the impression your letters have given me, and if I right I believe I shall only be acting part of a friend in advising you to time before you decide irrevocably. Yes, I like to see a girl's full of mischief as the saying is, provided she has sufficient sense not to make a nuisance of herself, teasing everyone she comes in contact with. I am fond of people with spirits because I always imagine that they are happy. (3) I should think a girl made a practice of smoking most ladylike, even if she confined her opinions to cigarettes. Fancy a girl smoking simply for smoke. It would be simply disgusting, and all respectable people would shun her, because men would not think it worth their while to test a fast girl. (4) I should think you very foolish. (5) I cannot understand your question in the least, because if I believe the first part of your letter refer to that denomination yourself, I can answer you very decidedly that I do not consider any religious sect worth remembering what I said, the world may be a rich store of love for you yet, and may be very wrong in cutting yourself from me again, and explain matters a little more clearly; if not, I can only say that I will take with you my most sincere wishes for your happiness in the new life you have chosen.

BLANDER, Yarmouth.—Why should I call myself by such a name, I am quite sure it does not apply to you at all? You are most kind and considerate in writing me such an appreciative little note, but should not have minded if you had asked me a few questions, I am so accustomed to answering them that I do not mind it at all, though of course some of them are troublesome. Thank you for the clipping, it was really of great interest and will doubt be useful to me some day. You may ask questions whenever you like, I shall be glad to answer to the best of my ability.

ELLEN.—Not in the least unusual, but such questions are the most frequent that I try to devote special attention to them. I am glad to see that you are so content that I do not sometimes wonder why girls don't get the advice I give them on such matters, or preserve it. Remedies I suggest in some way, but I suppose they put it off until it is too late, and the papers are mislaid, just as I do myself with the recipes for cooking. You have my deepest sympathy if your hair is falling out, because my hair has been doing the same to a most alarming extent lately, and it were not for the oxide of mercury an ointment I believe I should be bald in a short time, but I have used it faithfully and noticed great improvement in the last day or two. This is the remedy that I recommend the most frequently because I have tried myself, but many persons dislike it.



# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Wax candles were first used in the twelfth century.

In Manchester, England, is a bible two hundred years old, and nearly two feet square.

The wearing of trained skirts on the streets in Vienna is prohibited under penalty of arrest.

It is computed that the mines of the world produce about twenty-five tons of gold every week.

The manufacture of cigarettes has increased in thirteen years from 238,267,817 to 2,877,792,440.

London proper covers only one square mile of land, which rents for seven millions of dollars a year.

Seventy-five millions of eggs are said to be hatched annually, by the sun's heat, on the banks of the Nile.

Senator Stanford, of California, paid \$160,000 for Arion, a horse owned by Malcom Forbes of Boston.

Algeria has two million, five hundred thousand acres of cork forests. The best cork comes from this province.

The Roumanian crown is made of metal from the cannon that were captured from the Turks by the Roumanians at Plevna in 1877.

The production of soap in England is about 45,000 tons per week, of which between 3,000 and 4,000 tons are made in London.

Rather more than 69 persons in every 100 in London are living in comfort, while rather more than 30 in every 100 are living in poverty.

The smallest watch is said to be in a Swiss museum. It is three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. It is inserted in the top of a pencil case.

Glass beads pass as money in parts of Africa. Among the Masai, five blue beads will buy a woman, but ten of them are necessary to buy a cow.

Women require one hour of sleep more a day than men. Fewer of the latter reach the age of 50 than the former, but afterward the sterner sex has the best of it.

A submarine electrical lamp has been tested in Toulon at a depth of thirty feet. It illuminated a radius of 100 feet. Fish surrounded it like insects about a lamp.

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked and is desirous to make amends.

Recent experiment has proved that it is a delicate piece of lace placed between an iron plate and a disk of gunpowder, and the latter be detonated, the lace will be clearly stamped on the iron.

The gulf stream flows at an average speed of three and a half miles an hour. At some places, notably in the Straits of Bosphorus, the current attains a velocity of fifty-four miles an hour.

In Italy loaves of bread are baked two and three feet long, while in France they measure from four to six feet and are often seen leaning up against the doors of flats waiting the return of the housewife.

There are many people now living who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come. This strange circumstance is due to the fact that some were born on Feb. 29, and to the further fact that the year 1900 will not be a leap year.

The *Tourist Zeitung* publishes a list of Alpine accidents for 1892. There were 32 fatalities in all, 26 having occurred in accidents without guides and 6 with guides. Twenty-six were tourists and 6 were guides. Ten were caused by attempts to gather edelweiss.

Of fourteen torpedo boats ordered by the British government four are to be 180 feet long, of a speed of 27 knots, or about 31 statute miles. The extreme speed obtained by a torpedo boat is credited to the "Adler," built at Elbing, Germany, 27.4 knots. She is only 152 feet long.

The Kalmucks of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about 150,000 souls have at last been tamed from serfdom. When the other Russian tribes were freed in 1861, it was considered dangerous to extend this privilege to these people, lest their wildness would lead to its abuse.

The sun has a motion in three ways, it has, first, a rotation on its own axis, which occupies about 25 1/2 days; second, a motion about the centre of gravity of the whole solar system—but this centre of gravity is always within the sun's own volume; third, a motion in space toward the planet Hercules.

The nest which is made into soup and eaten by the Chinese is that of a bird closely allied to the swit. The nests are made of a gelatinous secretion from the mouth of these birds. They are very highly valued, a million being worth \$175,000, which would make each nest come to about seventeen cents.

The Royal society of London dates from about the middle of the seventeenth century, and grew out of the meetings of learned men in London to discuss philosophical questions and make scientific experiments. They became an organized body in 1660, and on April 22, 1663, Charles II. granted them a charter.

The way to kill a snake is not to attempt to crush its head, the bones of which are very hard, but to strike the tail, where the spinal cord is but thinly covered by bone and suffers readily from injury. It is the same way with an eel. Hit the tail two or three times against any hard substance and it quickly dies.

The code of Draco, or "Draconian Code," was published in Athens, 624 B. C., and decreed that the slightest offence, as

well as the greatest, should be punishable by death. Draco, who formulated the code, declared that the smallest offence deserved death, and there was none greater for graver misdeeds. The laws, however, were too severe, and hence violated with impunity, so a new code was ordered to be drawn up.

**"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.**  
There's this to be said of fall fashions, that a man never goes down with the same grace that a woman does.

Kirby Stone—Do you write when the inspiration strikes you? Algernon S Harlap—No, when my landlord strikes me.

Miss Gossippe—Do you pay much attention to what your husband says? Mrs. Jealous—Not unless he talks in his sleep.

Edwin—Shall we live with your parents after we are married? Angelina—The question is, can we live without them?—Puck.

She—You say you are an artist, a musician and a poet? He (modestly)—All three. She—Oh, how awfully poor you must be!

Mr. Pugh—Never saw such a crowd at our church before. Mrs. Pugh—New minister? Mr. Pugh—No; it was burnt down last night.

Mike—Do you know of anything that resembles the half moon? Pat—To be sure I do. Mike—And what's that? Pat—The other half, sure.

In days gone by the business man used to take his pen in hand, began Snooper. "And nowadays he takes his typewriter in his arms," added Skidmore.

French maid (from the window)—Qui est cela? Head of the house (returning at midnight) Well, hang it, if the key is in the cellar come downstairs and open the door.

Miss S-micircle—How could you refuse so charming a man as Mr. Pen, Ethel? Mrs. Hogge (a charming widow)—Think, dear, of what my hyphenated name would have been!

Shippin Clarke—A woman occupied this room before we came. Bill Datur—How do you know? Shippin Clarke—Don't you see how the carpet is worn in front of the bureau?

Customer—I want to look at some fur trimming, please. Clerk—What fur, please? Customer (in high dudgeon)—I want it for a dress, but I don't see what difference it can make to you.

Young Man: I want an engagement-ring for a young lady. Jeweller: Yes, sir, about what size? Young Man: I don't know, exactly; but she can twist me round her little finger, if that's any guide.

"Why didn't you thank that young man who rose up and gave you his seat?" "He gave it to me because he thought I looked older than any other woman in the car. That's why I didn't thank him. And I don't thank him!"

Tompkinson: Robinson, I want your advice. Brown, I hear, has referred to me as an inspired idiot. What had I better do? Robinson: Well, Tompkinson, I think you ought to make him take back that word 'inspired.'

Professor Eradicate.—Can anyone in the audience tell me how many species of snakes there are? Keelied—Yes, sir. Three million. Professor Eradicate.—Correct, sir. But how do you know? Keelied—I have seen them all. A. B. C.

"Here is something I can recommend," said the salesman. "You see the wheels of this little wagon are pneumatic tires, so it is practically noiseless." "I am not buying a wagon for the neighbors," answered the woman. "I want it for my little boy."

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," remarks the stranger. "Yes, sir," replies the rural miss. "Pop says this is a good apple year." "I am glad to hear that. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?" "Oh, no. Only the apple trees."—Rare-Bits.

How dark it is to-night," she said, "and what a secluded place this is in which we're standing. Nobody can see us." "Think not?" "I'm sure of it." "Well, you never can't always tell, you know. You never can be sure that you are unobserved, no matter how dark the night or how secluded the place."

Cholly—Most of the jokes in these—aw—comic papers are mere twash. I've a great mind to sit down and write some myself. Bright—You don't phrase it right, Cholly. C.—Why not? B.—You should not say "I've a great mind to write some," but, "If I had a mind I could write some." Nothing like being correct.—N. Y. Press.

Papa Primus—You have abused my hospitality, sir, and I shall hold you to account for kissing my new typewriter against her will, last night. Young Secundus—So she is my accuser, is she? Papa Primus—Yes. What have you to say for yourself? Young Secundus—Only this. It was in the dark, and she mistook me for you at the time.

Miss Mandie (to instructor in languages)—Professor, with our knowledge of French, do you think sister and I could safely venture on a trip through France? Instructor—With perfect safety, my dear young lady. You and Miss Mabel could go anywhere in France and speak your minds with entire freedom—in French—without giving the slightest offence.

Mrs. Mannerly (to her daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends)—"I hope you said, 'no thank you,' oftener than you did, 'yes, thank you.'" Mabel—"Yes, I did. I hadn't been eating more'n half an hour before they began saying, 'don't you think you've eaten enough? Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself sick?' And I said 'no thank you' every time."

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duke of Westminster receives over two hundred begging-letters a day.

The Comte de Paris, says an eminent French genealogist, is a direct descendant of the infamous Lucrezia Borgia.

Sigurd Ibsen, the only son of Ibsen himself, has married Froken Beilo Bjornsen Sigurd lives on a very rich father.

Lady Somerset has established a paper in England, called the White Ribbon, devoted to temperance, labor questions, and the advancement of women.

The Pope has made a liberal contribution to the proposed Dante museum at Ravenna. He is himself the author of many poems and still finds pleasure in versifying.

Richard Francis Burton was one of the busy men of modern times. He wrote 50 books, made a literal translation of the Arabian Nights, with notes, and had command of 29 languages.

The Duke of Buccleuch possesses landed estates, perhaps the most considerable in the United Kingdom in point of value. He owns between four and five hundred thousand acres, worth some £225,000 a year.

The new General of the Trappists is Padre Sebastiano, abbot of Septon, born a Frenchman and before entering the Trappist order an officer in the Papal army who had distinguished himself in battle.

A visitor to Marshal MacMahon says that the Marshal is still a great sportsman. He is out with his gun at six in the morning and walks twelve or fifteen miles a day. His hand is firm and his aim is sure.

Signor Crispi, the Italian statesman, is one of the most hot-tempered public men on the Continent. Absolute, irascible, and intolerant of opposition, even old age has not softened the fire in his character.

Rosa Bonheur is still a busy worker, notwithstanding her advanced age. She has just completed three small pictures, studies of animals, as usual, not lacking in the vigor and strength which characterize her earlier work.

The salary of the Prince of Wales is \$200,000 per year; Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Duke of Edinburgh, \$125,000; and the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, \$60,000. The royal family costs British taxpayers \$10,000 a week.

Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, is little renowned for anything save his huge collection of dressing gowns. He has a perfect mania for this kind of useful garment, and has paid as much as 100 guineas for an embroidered robe made for him in Paris.

Mrs. Whipple, the wife of the famous Californian millionaire, is said to be the most extravagant woman in the world. She has a dog whose collar is studded with brilliants, emeralds, and pearls, and the animal is provided with a special man-servant.

Miss Patterson of Ireland is one of the few women to win the degree of Doctor of Music, and the only one in Great Britain except the Princess of Wales, whose title is complimentary. Miss Wilson has received also, the degrees of Bachelor of Arts from the Irish universities.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the well-known novelist, is 58 years of age. He belongs to an old Devonshire family, and is rector of Lew-Trenchard. Strangely enough he wrote something like 30 or 40 books on religious subjects and folk lore before he won celebrity as a novelist.

According to the French papers the young Crown Prince of Germany is in the habit of using as a target for his pistol practice an image of a French infantryman, and it is said that he recently asked his father if he would not be permitted after his promotion to a lieutenantancy to fire at a Russian officer.

The little adopted son of Mrs. Palmer will press the button that is to send the electric thrill through the great machinery of the Exposition. The little fellow is a Castilian by birth and the son of an officer in the Spanish army. He was christened Murillo Castelar Palmer by the great orator and poet, Emilio Castelar.

Queen Victoria is now 74 an age which very few of her predecessors reached. Looking down the list, Queen Elizabeth is the first to reach threescore years and ten, she dying at that age. George II. was 77 when he died; William IV. was 72, and George III. alone among English kings or queens has passed fourscore years, dying at 82 years of age.

When the two sons of the Prince of Wales were visiting South America, at a ball in Rio, Prince George was having a right good time, dancing with any of the pretty girls who took his fancy, irrespective of their social position, and neglecting the bigwigs. His elder brother remonstrated with him. "You go and sit down and whistle your grandmother and let me alone," said Prince George, and went on enjoying himself after his own fashion.

The Queen of Roumania, known in literature as "Carmen Sylva," writes to a friend: "My health is improving." "During my walks I often think of how your mother and I used to walk together, dreaming fair dreams and talking about the beautiful, romantic Germany of former times, so different from the Germany of today. Alas! your mother is dead. I am still here, ill and bereft of all illusions, although the doctors seem very hopeful about me. Life is, indeed, very short, and the Apostle's words, 'here we have no abiding city,' are very true."

A remarkable memory for faces is one of the exceedingly useful gifts of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, moreover, never fails to say the right word at the right moment to the person whom he addresses. When Lord Napier of Magdala was buried in St. Paul's the military funeral drew to the cathedral an imposing host of veterans. Many of these generals, now on the retired list, were brought into close contact with the Prince of Wales in the great west porch of St. Paul's. It was interesting to observe, with what tact the Prince spoke to each distinguished officer, never at a loss to recollect his name or rank in the natural excitement of the moment, for the scene was an altogether unusual one, and to some spectators was brilliantly bewildering.

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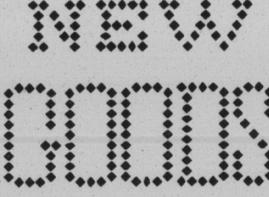
C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

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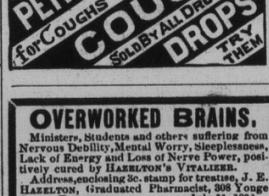
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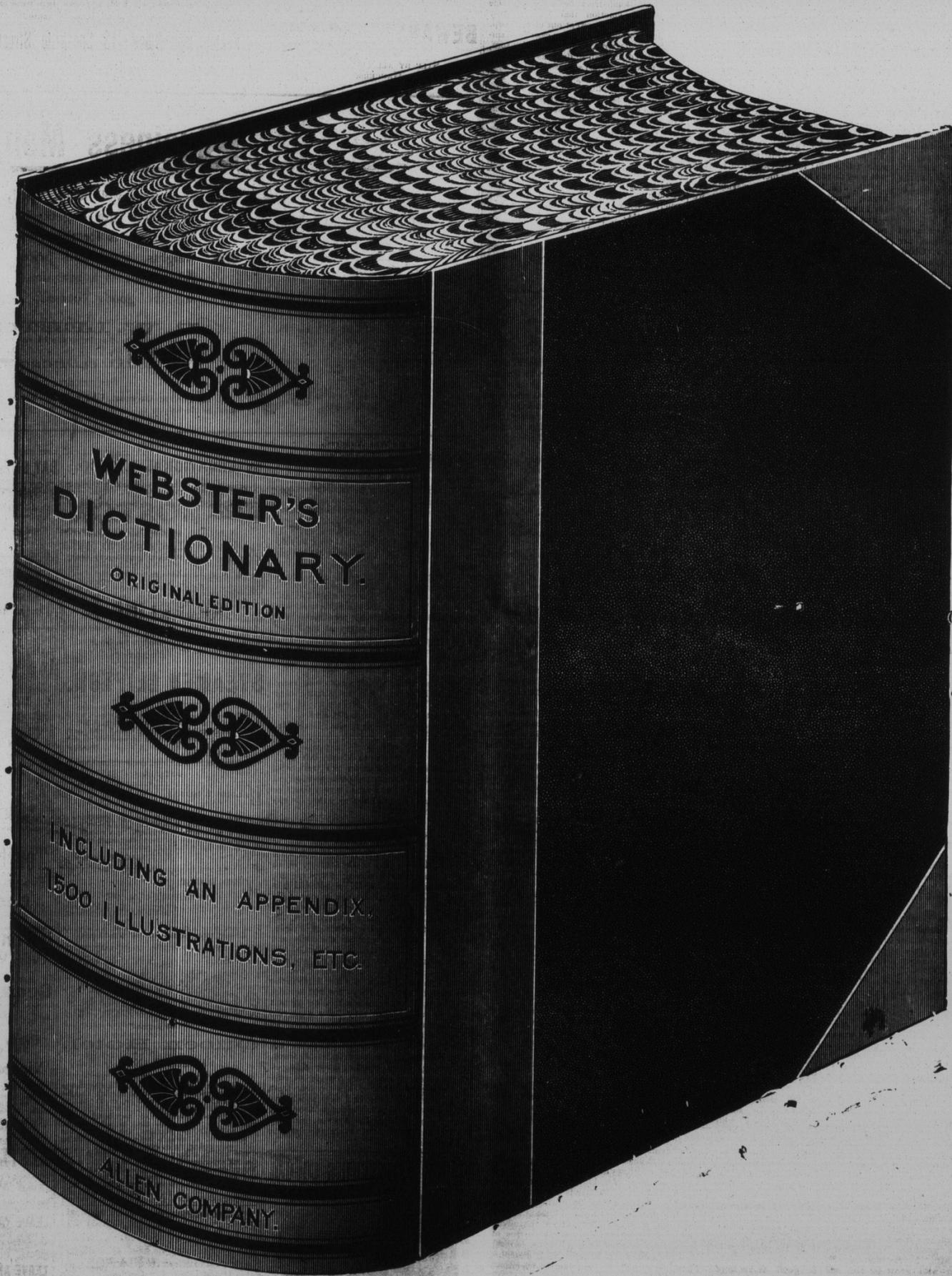
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MADAME'S DIAMONDS.

In the drawing-room of a small house in Mayfair two pretty women sat talking earnestly. The manner and speech of the elder were eager and perhaps a trifle insistent; while the younger manifested that hesitation which is sometimes likened to the first pourpouree of a beleaguered fortress, inasmuch as both are the precursors of capitulation.

"After all it is not such a very great thing I ask, Clara; and we were school fellows once."

It was the insistent elder lady who spoke.

"Yes, dear, I know; but Jim is so hard up, and after all, I really don't want the necklace."

"You told me you meant to go to a Drawing Room this year, and I know you haven't got such a diamond *riviere* as this; just look at it!"

Here the temptress took from her pocket a flat leather case. She opened it and displayed a necklace of large single stone diamonds which flashed with prismatic splendor before the mid blue eyes of Clara Forest.

"Oh!" she cried, "and to think that they really are only paste, Augusta!"

"Yes; and that I offer this splendid *riviere* for only £15—why, it's absurd! It must be worth £20 at least."

"What did you give for it, Gussie?" inquired little Mrs. Forrest inconsequently.

"Why, you don't suppose that I bought it—a poor, struggling woman like me? I had a peculiar smile about the speaker's fine dark eyes. "Oh, no! One of my customers—whose name I need not mention—owed me a bill which she could not pay in full. I goodnaturedly took this necklace and struck £20 off her account. At the present moment I am in great need of £15—so I came to you."

"But surely, Gussie, with your large business—"

"My business doesn't pay," interrupted the other sharply, "for my expenses are enormous; and you have no idea, Clara, how difficult it is to get one's money in. Women seem to think that lady dress-makers can wait years before their accounts are paid. It is really too bad!"

"I am so sorry for you, Augusta," cooed Clara, eyeing the necklace affectionately, for her friend had left the case open that the jewels might plead for her; "and I—really think—that is, I will try and scrape together the money."

"Thank you; then it is settled," replied the other in a business-like tone. You need not pay me the £15 today. I will leave the necklace with you, and you can send me the money tomorrow morning. Then she added in a rather hesitating tone, and with a slight increase of color in her cheeks, "there is one little thing I should mention, Clara. You see, I am letting you have the necklace for about half its real value. Some day, when business is brighter, I might wish to buy the necklace back—say for £20."

Mrs. Forrest's eyebrows went up a little, but as she did not in her heart think the contingency a very likely one, she replied good naturedly, "Oh, certainly, dear."

"It would be better to make a note of it," said Augusta Fetherstone, still hesitating. (The lady was known to the world in general as her customers in particular as Madame Faustine.) "Suppose you give me a sort of I O U, or rather a promise in black and white, to sell me back the necklace, on demand, for £20!"

Mrs. Forrest got up and went to her writing table.

"Perhaps you had better write the memorandum yourself, Augusta. I don't know how to express it."

Mrs. Fetherstone went over to her friend and taking a sheet of paper wrote a few words in her bold, dashing hand. Mrs. Forrest signed her name at the bottom of the sheet and then remarked—

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mrs. Fetherstone with a look of anxiety in her eyes that rather belied her indifferent tones. "I think it would be better if you didn't mention the little matter to Mr. Forrest."

Mrs. Forrest started and her fingers trembled as she handled the case containing the jewels. A vague feeling of uneasiness stole over her.

"Not tell Jim that I have bought your necklace!" she cried, looking at her self-possessed friend inquiringly. "Oh, Gussie, I couldn't do that! How should I explain my possession of the necklace? And, besides, I must get the £15 from him; I have no money of my own."

"Don't distress yourself, dear. I didn't mean that you should keep our little transaction a secret," replied the other soothingly; "but you need not show him this—or mention it, I should say—for of course I shall keep this little memorandum."

She folded up the signed sheet of paper and put it carefully inside the front of her gown.

"Oh, is that all? Well, I don't suppose it matters very much; and if you wish I won't tell him anything about that bit of paper."

But deep down in Clara Forrest's heart lurked an uncomfortable doubt. Why had Augusta exacted that curious promise of secrecy from her? Why should she not tell Jim of the secret clause in the compact she had made with Mrs. Fetherstone? Might not the curious condition attached to the sale of the necklace give rise to some complication at present undreamed of?

But Mrs. Fetherstone appeared quite satisfied by the success of her mission; and she at all events felt no hesitations, doubts, or fears as to the wisdom of the curious transaction. And yet she had far more reason than had simple-hearted Mrs. Forrest to be apprehensive of future difficulties. Her handsome face was bright with smiles, and she kissed her friend affectionately as she bade her "good-bye."

When she was gone, little Mrs. Forrest surveyed her new acquisition with great satisfaction, and stified any inward compunction for the extravagance she had been persuaded into by picturing how nice the diamonds would look on her pretty little neck.

"Really, no one—not even that sharp-eyed, spiteful Mrs. Seawell—would suppose them paste," she said, glancing admiringly at the flashing circle in the case; "and, besides, I have done poor Gussie a good turn. She ought to make my presentation dress at cost price. I wonder if she will."

This idea carried her off into a new field of thought—one she was often compelled to traverse; for the Forrests were

not well off, and the endeavor to keep up appearances and keep out of debt called forth all the little woman's economical ingenuity.

That evening she told her husband of her purchase, and Mr. Forrest, after a little demur, handed her over three £5 notes, which she duly forwarded to Madame Faustine.

A week later that energetic and enterprising personage filed the schedule of her debts in the Court of Bankruptcy. They amounted to some thousands of pounds; while her assets were represented only by the stock and good will of the business carried on by her in Mantilla street and a few hundreds due to her from her customers.

The bankrupt's examination created a good deal of amusement in court; for the loudly asserted her claims; but this claim she had in getting her money from some ladies very well known in society, who also borrowed money from her, which was added to their account, but was, unfortunately not always repaid.

Madame Faustine's creditors declared themselves willing to be merciful, and, in the end, accepted half a crown in the pound in satisfaction of their claims.

"Poor, dear Gussie," commented Mrs. Forrest to her husband. "I thought she must be dreadfully hard up to sell a trumpy-paste necklace."

"Ha, ha! Of course she is," grumbled Mr. Forrest; "and are we not all—hard up? Is not your unfortunate Jim at his very wits' end at this moment for a few hundreds! I tell you what it is, Clara. My girl, if matters don't mend pretty soon I shall have to throw up the cards and follow your friend's example—file my shuntle, as they say in Austin—you, and make tracks too; for the climate of London will soon be too hot for me."

"Oh, Jim," cried Clara, clasping her hands, "you—you don't mean that we shall have to give up our pretty house and—and all our pretty things?" She finished with a despairing glance round the room.

"Yes, I do."

Mr. Forrest was a handsome but rather flashy dressed young man; he was popularly supposed to be clever, but his cleverness was, perhaps, not weighted with the necessary amount of caution. His business combinations usually lacked completeness, and his calculations more often resulted in calamity than in triumph. Still, hope sprang eternal in his breast, and he was always "just going" to land the coup that was to be the foundation of a princely fortune.

At that moment he firmly believed that the possession of a thousand pounds in cash would enable him not only to stand once more firmly on his financial feet, but that it would be the nucleus round which would gather other thousands that would in their turn have the same attractive power. Then the goal of his business career would be gloriously reached, and he would retire and be done for ever with the f-v-r and the fret of the Stock Exchange.

Mrs. Forrest went off to her own room in tears, for she did not wish to add to dear Jim's troubles by any display of grief. Somewhat cheered by her "good cry," she began to overhaul her wardrobe and the trinkets, an employment which always had a soothing effect on her nerves. They had been hidden to a dinner party at the house of Lady Eglantine, and she was particularly anxious to look her very best on an occasion when, no doubt, she would see and be seen by some very smart people, for Lady Eglantine's set lived and moved and had their being in an orbit more exalted and aristocratic than the Forrests'.

The magnificent paste necklace would certainly give *éclat* to the plain white satin gown she meant to wear, and Mrs. Forrest took it out of its case with pride, and once more congratulated herself on having done "poor dear Gussie" such a good turn.

She threw back the collar of her gown and clasped the necklace round her throat in order to judge better of the artistic effect of her pretty white skin and the glittering stones.

"How beautiful they look!" she said, turning and twisting her neck to make the diamonds flash. She had some little difficulty in taking off the necklace, and in her attempts she must have injured the clasp, for when at last it was unfastened one half of it was detached from the riviere.

"How tiresome!" she said. "I must be mended at once, and I really can't go out today, for Tuesday is my day 'at home,' and some people will be certain to come."

Then she suddenly remembered that Jim had not yet departed to the city. On his way he could leave the necklace as a jeweller's and call for it later in the day. She put the necklace into its case, gave it to Jim, who grumbled a little, but, like the dutiful husband he was, promised to execute the commission.

When Jim Forrest came in late in the afternoon his cheeks were so flushed and his eyes so glittering that his wife for a moment thought he had lapsed from his usual sobriety. But her fears on that head were soon dispelled, and she then guessed that something connected with "business" caused his exhilaration.

"Have things gone well with you in the City, Jim? You look as if you had landed that coup at last."

"Well, you're not far out in your guess," replied Jim, with a singular smile; "I've certainly had a stroke of luck which may turn out to be my financial salvation."

"I'm so glad, dear."

She was, in fact, so glad that she quite forgot to inquire for her necklace; but the next morning at breakfast she reminded her husband of the Eglantine dinner party was to come the next day, and she begged him to bring the necklace back that evening.

"I won't forget; you shall have the necklace, Clara," said Forrest, as he went out, "and astonish all the women at Lady Eglantine's."

He was as good as his word. That evening Clara received her necklace back; it was so beautifully mended that no one would have suspected that it had ever been broken. She wore the *riviere* at Lady Eglantine's and on many other occasions during the season, and it attracted quite as much attention, admiration; and envy as she had anticipated.

Whether the fortunes of James Forrest were bettered by the social *kudos* paid to his wife, who wisely never let any one know that her beautiful *riviere* was "only paste," or whether the period of his ill luck was at last over, it is difficult to say. But the fact was indisputable that about this time James Forrest's star was in the ascendant.

Everything he touched financially prospered. His credit in the city stood high, and that day so long hoped for, the day of landing the big coup, seemed within measurable distance.

Meanwhile Madame Faustine, having undergone the process vulgarly called "white-washing," was again flying her commercial colors in Mantilla street. By the end of the year the business was once more prospering moderately well, and before Christmas she presented the informal agreement signed by Clara Forrest, handed over to her friend the £20, and received back the paste *riviere* that had been poor little Clara's joy and pride for so many months.

"You kept your promise—you did not tell Mr. Forrest about this!" said Mrs. Fetherstone, tossing the memorandum in the fire.

"I never told him. He will wonder why I sold you back the necklace, I daresay."

"You may tell him if you like—now," replied the other smiling. "I am ever so grateful to you, dearest Clara, for obliging me."

But some hours later, after Mrs. Fetherstone had paid a visit to a certain noted jeweller in Bond street, her handsome face expressed an emotion that was certainly not gratitude. She went out of the shop, carrying with her the leather case containing the paste *riviere*, jumped into a hansom, and ordered the man to drive as fast as he could to Mrs. Forrest's house. Her eyes were blazing with anger, and her lips wreathed with the effort she made to keep calm as she entered the drawing room.

Mrs. Forrest was seated alone. She was dressed for dinner; but her husband had been "put back" for an hour.

"Augusta is anything the matter?" she said as her friend swept into the room like a whirlwind.

"Yes, Clara, this is the matter—you who you pretended to be my friend, have cruelly betrayed—cheated—lied to me."

"Augusta!"

"My necklace! Where is the necklace I—entrusted to you?"

"Why, Augusta, you must be mad! You bought back your necklace from me not twelve hours ago."

"That thing!"

She laughed hysterically, and with shaking hands opened the case. "Yes, look at it—a paltry paste thing!"

"Paste!—why, of course the necklace is paste," retorted the astonished little woman, staring with wide-open eyes at the glittering stones.

"The necklace I sold you, Clara Forrest, was worth £3,000; this thing isn't worth ten."

This fiercely uttered announcement strengthened the conviction that had been slowly growing in Mrs. Forrest's mind that her friend was mad. She sidled towards the bell, and resolved to humour the maniac.

"Really, dear, £3,000!—that is a large sum of money."

"It represented the savings of many years," declared Mrs. Fetherstone, reddening.

"Of course, dear—of course. Oh, there's Jim! I hear his step," said Clara in a tone of relief. "You tell him about the—necklace, you know—"

The unfortunate little woman was becoming incoherent with fright.

When Jim Forrest entered the room and saw his pale, trembling wife shrinking under the withering glance and bitter words of the handsome widow, he was for the moment at a loss to understand the situation; but a less passionate sentence from Mrs. Fetherstone soon enlightened him.

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive!"

he ejaculated when the widow had told her story. "Let me, in my turn, tell how my clever little calculations failed, my dear Mrs. Fetherstone. A few months ago my wife told me that she had bought a paste necklace from you for £15. She did not tell me," he added, with a smile, "that she had made any compact with you as to re-purchase. Some days afterwards my wife broke the clasp of the necklace and requested me to take it to be repaired. The jeweller to whom I took the necklace admired it greatly, and much to my surprise made me accept a receipt for it. Thinking this a curious thing I casually asked its value. He told me that the necklace was worth £3,000. At first I was utterly amazed and incredulous. Then a light broke in on me. I remembered that the lady who sold the necklace was on the eve of bankruptcy, and that she had, by entering my poor wife into the class of partners to a trust-prayer don't interrupt me. Well, after some cogitation, I came to the conclusion that I was entitled to the necklace paid for with my money. I bought another necklace—really 'only paste' this time—which I returned to my wife. The other I sold—"

"Wretch!" burst out Mrs. Fetherstone furiously.

"I sold," continued Mr. Forrest calmly, "for £2,000. With this money I not only averted a domestic financial crash, but, by judicious speculation, I doubled, trebled, quadrupled that £2,000! Yes, Mrs. Fetherstone, thanks to your stratagem, James Forrest is a made man. Nor is he an ungrateful or an utterly dishonest one. What was yours shall be again yours—either the diamonds or the value they represented, which would you prefer?"

"The money—the money!" gasped the widow. "I never want to look at diamonds again!"

"You will prefer paste—real paste? Ah, then with my cheque for £2,000 I will ask you, dear Mrs. Fetherstone, to accept the necklace in your hands as a little souvenir of the 'good turn' my wife did you, and that you, unwittingly did me. And if you will at the same time accept the advice of one not unversed in the manoeuvres of the great world of finance, let me counsel you in future not to sell real diamonds for paste—even to your dearest friend.—Denzil Vane."

European Ideas of Ownership.

They have curious ideas of ownership in Europe. In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the owner may be. And now a literary and artistic congress in session at Milan, Italy, has decided that the right of reproduction does not pass to the buyer of a picture. Thus you may pay for a picture, have it in your possession, and have a clear and free title to it; but you don't quite own it after all.—Washington Post.

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Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert!"

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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Why He Was Annoyed. A physician was heard to use very uncomplimentary language about a certain butcher. "Why is it," asked a friend of the doctor, "that you abuse the butcher so much?" "I've got a good reason to talk about him. Last winter I owned a fat pig. I sent for that butcher to kill and dress it. He did so, but what do you think he told me when I wanted to know what his bill was?" "I have no idea."

Why He Got the Pass. Mr. Vanderbilt tells of a man who came and asked him for a pass to Albany over the New York Central Railroad. It was at the last session of the legislature. "Why do you ask for a pass?" said Mr. Vanderbilt. "Well, I'll tell you," explained the stranger; "I went up to Albany last week and I was the only man on the train who paid his fare. The other passengers gazed me about it, and as I am of a very sensitive disposition, I do not care to have the experience repeated."

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After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00; for Halifax, 7.15; for Sussex, 10.00; for Point du Chêne, Quebec and Montreal, 12.55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.25; from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 10.20; from Point du Chêne, 10.55; from Halifax, 10.90; from Halifax, 12.30.

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WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.40 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.40 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.52 p. m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m. 4.55 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.25 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m. Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway; at Digby with Steamer City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with Steamer Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at 100 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Western and Annapolis Railway. J. BURROUGHS, General Superintendent. Yarmouth, N. S.

VOL. V., NO. 23 SHOULD HE BE HANGED THE WAY IN WHICH ONE TRIED AND CONDEMNED

A Good Deal of Doubt Whether He is a Murderer.—Little Doubt, that he is Murdered if Executed—Strong His Favour.

On Thursday, December first, Robert Olsen was legally murdered on suspicion murdered Joseph Steadman.

The murder of Steadman, so-called the work of a moment and possible dental. In the midst of a screaming dark several shots were fired, some certainly at random, and one of the home. The murder of Robert Olsen was a mope-old-blooded, carefully planned affair, and the county of Westmorland pay the carpenter and the hangman work.

The public cares little, it seems the matter, for the reason that the not being strangled unto death. A rather important matter for Robert Olsen may have been a but the law recognizes that even a has his rights. One of the right Robert Olsen had on the 14th of St. last was to be fairly tried. But fairly tried?

Can a jury of twelve men in such escape the contagion of other men's opinions? Can they be chosen from of men, the most of whom openly their inability to try the prisoner's evidence, and not to be influenced general view? Can they read the reports in the press before the trial, the sensational reports of the during the trial, and hold their judgment? Can they acquit when a body expects them to convict? A can they acquit when the learned positively instructs them to convict the county entitled to the money? After burning all this shall it not be able to bag its game?

It was a Supreme Court judgment to PROGRESS:—"I could wished that Olsen had been hastily and in a calmer atmosphere hardly seems to me that the evidence is correctly given in the press, we enough to justify the verdict. public sentiment is strongly around tragedy of this kind, it is difficult to an absolutely fair trial. I consider Carrolls' evidence was very de evidence to admit." Was the re His Honor justified by the facts in of Olsen?

The spectator who dropped Court-house at Dorchester, on the September last must have noticed things. He must have noticed, first a small, light-haired, blue-eyed man looked like a Norwegian sailor, or the dock. Grouped around the were a number of stalwart constab as occasion required, hustled him out of the dock with scant courtesy immediately behind the dock, he was seen the tall, athletic figure and a dubious face of Peter O. Carr having captured the luckless J. having dogged the prisoners for four weeks, night and day, and entering into conversations which he retail upon the stand, is now amused by taking snap-shots at the dock with a kodak.

He would have seen on the be Honor, Mr. Justice Fraser, in who there is compassion, but in who there resides a strong, almost sense of duty.

In the jury-box are twelve men have been instructed to give the the benefit of every doubt, and who themselves capable of so doing. twelve men have been sworn to prisoner upon the evidence, no what their present belief may be.

At the end of the long table attorney general, who will use, leg enough, all his great ability to send of justice. Opposed to him prisoner's counsel, who has had no experience in cases of so grave a nature.

Beyond all else, the spectators have noted the crowd that filled the room. It was