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A SHAREHOLDERS' ROW.

SOME WANTED TO WIND UP THE BUSINESS; SOME DIDN'T.

The Affairs of the Eastern Fire Assurance Company—A Close Observer Advises the Shareholders to Hold on to their Shares.

HALIFAX, March 7.—Never was there a more noisy meeting of moneyed men in the city than the annual meeting of the Eastern Assurance company, which was held in this city at the end of last week. Of ten thousand shares more than seven thousand were represented, and they were arrayed in two hostile camps. One was the party of directors, or the Corey section; the other was the malcontents or the section opposed to the management and Mr. Corey's particular. Both parties had gathered up all the proxies they could, but in this scramble the management came out away ahead. Or at least the management and directors starting out with the central of more shares, kept up the proportion with proxies secured.

The issue between the management and the directors was whether or not the company should be wound up. Reuben Hart, one of the wealthy men of this city; John E. Shatford, warden of the county; and delegations from Annapolis and Amherst combined with others to demand that the company be wound up; while, on the other hand, the management in effect asked for another chance to try and show that the enterprise could yet be made a paying one. The Eastern has lost money for several years, and during the last twelve months went some \$37,500 behind.

These are trying times for all fire insurance companies, and the Eastern is not alone of the worst sufferers. In this connection it is not reassuring to hear a well-known authority say that the year 1895 is to be the worst yet for all companies, and that the months of January and February, which were not included in the statement furnished by the Eastern to shareholders, have been phenomenally bad.

The winding-up shareholders went to the meeting with their appetites whetted for a fight. The conflict began a year ago, and they came this time determined to carry their point and wipe the Eastern out, taking what they could as their share of his assets. The management were just as pronounced on the other side, and when the smoke of battle cleared away they found themselves decidedly the victors. They carried a resolution that the Dominion Parliament be asked to amend the Eastern charter from \$1,000,000 to \$500,000. Only \$250,000 has been paid up, so that this proposal means reducing the liability of the shareholders by one-half. Parliament is also to be asked to allow \$50,000 of the paid-up capital to be set aside as a reserve, leaving the paid-up capital \$200,000. Thomas Fyfe, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, questioned whether this could be done, in view of the possibly impaired condition of the capital as it stands to-day. If this legislation is refused then the directors are to take what course they deem best.

The winding-up resolution, which was defeated, called for the dismissal of the employees and the immediate settling up of the affairs of the company. Hon. Hiram Black, of Amherst, favored giving the company six months' further trial before deciding upon the winding up, and that in the meantime the staff of employees be given three months' notice that their services will not be longer required.

It is said to be very doubtful, indeed, that the Dominion parliament will grant any such legislation as that proposed, cutting down the capital, and the shareholders' liability, by half.

From three in the afternoon till eight at night the shareholders fought out the question. The winding-up party, bitterly assailed the management on the ground of its expensiveness. Manager Corey's salary of \$5,000 per year, while the company is losing money, was like a red rag to all bull in the eyes of the malcontents. The salaries of other members of the staff were assailed as being extravagant in proportion. The two local Halifax fire companies, which are making money, were pointed to as models, each satisfied with no other staff than a man and a boy. The whole annual expenses of the head office of the Eastern are \$18,000. When the malcontents thought of these things they could not contain themselves and demanded excitedly that such a state of affairs, and their own losses, should have an immediate end. The management replied that the Eastern expenses were not greater in proportion to business done than the expenses of other first-class companies; that all fire companies had been losing money in recent years, and that a better day is dawning. The statement was made by them that it was the Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick business that had been disastrous, while the risks in Nova Scotia have paid. It was intimated that the company, if it

gets the amended charter, would confine its operations to this province, and that then, also, expenses of management would be reduced. It has been hinted, as one item of saving, that manager Corey would take \$3,500 per year instead of \$5,000. The request for legislation at Ottawa, and such subsequent events, will be watched with interest.

Here is a word of advice from one who is a close observer of such things. He says shareholders of the Eastern should not be too hasty in disposing of their stock, for it may yet come to be valuable. The old sugar refinery company is cited as an example of how original shareholders lose and how those who come after gain. Accordingly, he says, hold on to your Eastern stock, for it is more than likely to be a good thing to its owners in the not too distant future. The men who get the stock may be the winners in the long run. This prediction is given for what it is worth.

LOOK OUT FOR DESECTIONS.

This is What Some Knowing Haligonians Say.

HALIFAX, March 7.—The knowing ones in military matters say: "Look out for many desertions from the King's regiment next summer." The King's is the battalion of infantry now stationed at the Halifax garrison.

The basis are which this prophecy is founded is the severity of Colonel Stone, the new commanding officer. Colonel Hamilton, his predecessor, was a man of exactly opposite type from Stone. If anything, he was too easy going. He interpreted the rules and regulations in a liberal spirit. It is said that he was on the side of mercy. One thing is sure: he was loved by the rank and file, and when he retired a couple of months ago, Colonel Hamilton was followed by many a loving remembrance and regret that he could not stay with the regiment forever. The late colonel's benign rule makes the vigorous regime of his successor all the more noticeable.

While Colonel Hamilton was in command of the regiment the present colonel was Major Stone. He evidently did not approve of many things he had to submit to in his commanding officer—perhaps thought himself more of the Duke of Wellington stamp, while the colonel was unfortunately only a kind of Sir John Moore. This may not have been the case, but at all events, no sooner had Colonel Hamilton gone and Major Stone become colonel than there was a reversal of matters disciplinary. The regiment, rank by rank, was informed in unmistakable terms that whatever had been wrong would have to be made right, no matter at what cost. The regulations would be adhered without the divergence of a single iota. The regiment's short experience has already shown that Colonel Stone is a man of his word, one who, when he makes a resolution, can keep it.

The regiment is kept fully up to the mark as regards work and drill, and the men get their full quota of route-marching, etc. This is interesting in connection with the well known fact that for the number of men employed, the Halifax garrison has a greater number of forts and more military property to look after than almost any station of British troops in the empire. The full penalty is exacted by Colonel Stone for any offence. If a man on parade looks to the right or left when it should be "eyes front!" he is certain to suffer for it in the maximum. So there is much patent discontent which later on may develop into something active—at least the prophets have some good reasons for predicting many desertions during the coming summer. Already, it is said, non-commissioned officers who can, are leaving the regiment.

Colonel Stone believes in centralizing power, as an instance will show. Hitherto the band-master arranged and carried out a programme of music when the band was engaged for a concert such as an academy musicale, rink carnival, or anything of that kind. Now the band-master arranges the programme as formerly, but before it is published or performed, Colonel Stone must see it and approve of it. Nothing is to be taken for granted by this follower of "the Iron Duke."

This Was no Common Assault.

The assault of Fred Reid, the pugilist, upon Mr. D. J. Purdy, has provoked much more discussion than any ordinary case. The fact that Mr. Purdy is a prominent and well-respected citizen and his assailant a fighter is perhaps enough to excite more than a passing interest. But there was more than this. Mr. Purdy was not prepared to allow his assailant to get off with merely a fine and he prosecuted him. The magistrate took good care that the ball would keep Reid within the confines of the city, as the sum was placed at \$500. Captain Porter interested himself for Reid and saw that he was well represented by counsel. The case came up yesterday under the Speedy Trials act before Judge Forbes and by the time Progress reaches its readers the decision will probably be given.

WHERE IS THE REFORM?

IS IT NOT APPALLINGLY LARGE, AT ANY RATE.

Three Different Sets of Ideas Among the Fifteen Members of the Council—Whose Heads These Were In—Does Mayor Robertson Covet a Second Term?

When the common council started out on the path of reform in May last with beating heart and exulting spirit and a god-speed from the people who elected them they had before them an horizon of vast possibilities and one seemingly not far distant. But as they advanced, as month succeeded month, it seemed to flee before them and likewise diminished in size. At twenty minutes past six of the evening of Thursday, the seventh day of March, they caught up to this horizon of their hopes, but lo! the great country that had once extended invitingly before them had shrunk to very small dimensions.

After all their labor they have accomplished a reduction of only \$800 in salaries. They spent over nine months of hard labor in drawing up in committee a large assortment of recommendations and on Wednesday and Thursday of this week they spent seven hours in disposing of those recommendations. They voted on motions by the dozens and all sorts of propositions respecting various ideas were made, but on the main question, that of officials and salaries, it comes down to the fact that Harbor Master Taylor loses \$500 from his salary and perquisites and Chairman Bunting loses \$300.

Three different sets of ideas have developed into shape among the fifteen members of the council during the progress of the enquiry. There were first the aldermen, who were indifferent. They were members of the old council and included the two who were elected in opposition to the T. R. A. ticket. They took little interest in the progress of the enquiry and did not see any need for reform respecting officials. Ald. Christie, McGoldrick and Shaw were the representatives of these ideas.

Then came the men who were very moderate in their notions respecting decreases in salaries. They were opposed to any official being dismissed and did not seem to be exactly desirous of cutting down any of the salaries, with the assistance of the "indifferents" they passed in committee the majority report which did not recommend any cutting down of salaries. These men were Ald. Baxter, Blizard, McCarthy, Millidge, Kennedy, and Lockhart.

Finally, there were the out-and-out radicals who demanded dismissals and reductions. They brought in a minority report, and it was the passing of resolutions contained in their report that brought about the reductions that were made. They had several of them, but they were voted down. They included the dismissal of the terry superintendent and the reduction of the salaries of the director of works, superintendent of streets, and chief of the fire department. Ald. McRobbie, McLaughlin, Waring, Seaton, McMulklin, and Daniel signed this, except that Ald. Daniel opposed the reduction in the salaries of Director Smith and Chief Kerr.

This is how the aldermen stood on the question of reform when brought to a practical issue, and now the tax reduction association will deal with their individual records. It is a matter of common report that the association have expressed their strong disapproval of the action of the council. They say that they elected the present board to retrench in the matter of salaries and these have done so to any extent.

Last night their nominating committee met to choose a ticket and the members of the association have not taken any pains to conceal the fact that they will probably have only the six aldermen who signed the minority report on that ticket.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the mayor will offer again on the ticket. He has stated that he does not wish to run. The T. R. A. do not heartily endorse his course as the chief magistrate and think he was not firm enough.

His worship rather enrolled himself among the moderate party at the council board on Thursday. He opposed a recommendation of the minority report which called upon the chief of police to enforce the Sunday liquor regulations on his casting vote that was lost. When the report had been disposed of he stated that the result was very satisfactory to himself. In regard to this it may be remarked that it had been one of the radicals he would probably have not been satisfied.

Some of his remarks were also of a foreboding nature. He said that if he and they were sent back to private life they would have the satisfaction of feeling that they had done their best.

Do Young Men Go to Church?

The religious press has been quite concerned over an article by Edward K. Bok which appeared in the Cosmopolitan recently. It stated that young men did not

go to church now-a-days and the reason was because the clergymen did not interest them. The New York Independent had a symposium on the subject and in this city the Messenger and Visitor has been discussing the question. The ministers do not agree with Mr. Bok's statement. On Sunday night the writer took an approximate census of the church which he attended. There were about four hundred people there and of these about seventy-five were young men of between eighteen and thirty-five. This is probably pretty well up to the average number that should be there and would not carry out the ideas of Mr. Bok. There is another fact, however, that supports his notions. A young man had occasion to be in front of the church the other night just before the congregation was dismissed. There were ten young men there waiting for young ladies. They had not been to church.

A MINISTER'S CRUELTY.

He Was Made Much of Till he Ill-treated His Wife.

HALIFAX, March 7.—The papers have been filled with the story of Rev. Edward Owens' cruelty to his wife—his efforts to confine her in a lunatic asylum in order to get clear of her, and latterly his abandonment of the poor woman. Owens was pastor of the Baptist church at Oaslow, not far from Truro. The story is that Owens came to Halifax from England some time ago. He was a carpenter by trade, but had also been an evangelist, so he said, in England. When he came to Halifax he interested Rev. D. G. McDonald, of the North Baptist church, in himself warming up Rev. Mr. McDonald's heart, as well as other baptists, when he told them how he delighted in work in that denomination. The services at the North Baptist church were favored with Owens' assistance. It was through Mr. McDonald's influence that he was assisted in obtaining the pastorate of the Oaslow church. He had left his wife in England, and when she followed him here Owens was sorely displeased. He ill-used her and finally had her incarcerated in the lunatic asylum at Dartmouth. Mr. McDonald and other Baptist ministers in Truro assisted in having the woman so confined. Superintendent Sinclair, when he examined the woman, pronounced her perfectly sane and she was released from the asylum. The conduct of Baptist ministers in Halifax and Truro in this asylum business is severely condemned. Next we find Owens, every other means failing to rid him of his wife, endeavoring to have her placed in an insane asylum in Massachusetts. He could not get her there, and at last, with his three children, left the province, and his wife to her fate, and disappeared. It is believed Owens is in the pastoral charge of some church in the States. Mrs. Owens is being cared for by the W. C. T. U. of this city. She is ignorant of her husband's whereabouts and demands that at least he give her back her children.

The case furnishes a new instance of the danger of taking up with strangers who tell a plausible story, and make a loud profession, but who are very likely to be pious frauds. It also seems to reflect strongly on some of the Baptist ministers with whom this black sheep was brought in contact.

"The Stone Church Bell."

Many people who have, from time to time, read the poems of "Ferg" in the Progress and other St. John papers, have wondered who chose this strange pen-name with which to conceal his identity. For some time even the staff of Progress did not know who the writer was. When a few weeks ago, there appeared in Progress a poem entitled "The Stone Church Bell," signed "George Edwin Fairweather," the mystery was solved for some. It is now solved for all by the appearance of "The Stone Church Bell and Other Poems," with the writer's real name on the title page. The volume is published in loving memory of Walter Cardwell Fairweather, a good son." The mystery now is how such a busy man as Mr. Fairweather could have spared time to write poems of the merit evidenced in these. "The Stone Church Bell" is a poem of particular interest to St. John people, as it tells in graphic style of the bell of the church at which the poet worshipped. The poems are mostly deeply religious, and some have, no doubt, comforted many in similar sorrow to that which Mr. Fairweather has recently suffered. The poem entitled "The Dominion Election" will be of special interest at this time. Nearly all the poems in the volume have appeared in Progress. The book is illustrated by portraits of the late Walter Fairweather and of Rev. J. DeSoyre, and by an illustration of "the old stone church."

She Took Her Lanch.

One lady who attended the evangelistic services one Sunday had lots of foresight. She went to the afternoon service and took a lunch with her. She remained after the service and ate her lunch and was in plenty of time and had a good seat for the evening service.

TO BREAK THE MACHINE.

THE EFFORTS OF REFORMERS TOWARDS THAT END.

The Young Liberals Weakened the Machine of Their Party—The Conservatives Have Even a More Vigorous War in Their Camp—The North End Candidate.

Machine politics is having a hard fight in St. John this year. On both sides there have been determined efforts to break the old rings and destroy caucus rule.

Among the liberals there was a partly unsuccessful attempt. The young men asserted themselves and were successful in establishing ward organization and representative conventions. Through their candidates did not win the day in the convention it was because there were certain conditions against them. They showed that they were a power, however, and they at least weakened the machine.

Now comes the conservative turn. Here too batteries of opposition have been turned upon the machines, ward organization was obtained and the convention when it meets will be a representative one. The orangemen are the fighters this time, and they are just as determined as the young liberals. The ward meetings to elect representatives will be held next week, and lively hustling is going on on both sides to get their representatives elected to the convention.

Mayor Armstrong is the man outside the ring, the man whom the orangemen and temperance men will nominate if they can obtain enough support at the convention. It was some months ago since Progress said that he would make a strong fight for the nomination and their predictions have materialized.

The machine are putting forward Hazen, who was not allowed to take the county court judgeship because he was wanted in this constituency. Who the machine's other man is, is not certain, but it is probably Mr. G. F. Baird, though it is stated that Mayor Robertson would like to be nominated. C. N. Skinner's name has been spoken of, but he does not want to run. Then there is another element which makes the fight in the tory camp more vigorous even than that in the liberal. The north end have Chesley to put forward and unless he is looked after they will oppose the machine.

It is uncertain how it will all come out, but it is quite certain that it will make lots of fun.

CLUBS AND LIQUOR SELLING.

Chatham Club Men up in Arms—The Law about Clubs.

Chatham has been having a big sensation lately and there has been more excitement there than the closest election could create. The steward of the Social Club was fined \$150 for selling liquor and the 240 members of the club are up in revolt. They claim that is an outrage propose to appeal if they can from the decision of the police magistrate. Hon. Messrs. Blair and Pugsley have promised to see them through and they think they have quite a case. Their argument is that the obtaining of liquor in the club is not in the nature of a sale, as the alleged purchaser being a member of the club owns the liquor already.

The question arises, how about the Union club? Can liquor be legally sold there without a license? A section in the license law provides that clubs organized for the special purpose of selling liquor must have a license? This is probably meant to meet the possibility of a saloon keeper calling his place a club and giving his patrons nominal membership. The Union club would hardly come under this category.

THE POWER OF A HYMN.

An Incident of One of the Berwick Camp Meetings.

The professor at the testable, and the fat boarder, and the occasional boarder, and the rest of them, were discussing Messrs. Crossley and Hunter pro and con, and even the silent boarder lifted his voice from his boots and spake. Then the conversation drifted to the time that the fat boarder was at camp meeting in Berwick, Nova Scotia.

"It was just before dark one Sunday afternoon," said the corpulent one, who can talk like a Moody and Sankey hymn book when he likes. "And out of the shade of the trees there came a female woman. She was tall, and she had a way about her—a decided way about her," continued the fat boarder, musingly.

"I've met that kind of women," said the silent boarder, even more musingly.

"And that woman," said the fat boarder, "spoke thus. 'Air you a christian?' she said. And the fellow alongside of me said, 'No, mem, I'm a farmer.'"

"Thereupon," continued the man who had laughed and grown fat, "we commenced to laugh. And the woman pointed her paroxal at us, and said, 'Ah! ah! There'll be no titterin' thar! There'll be no titterin' thar! It's all very well to titter now, but there'll be no titterin' thar!'"

"Well, as we were assured by the

woman that now was the time for titterin', we more than tittered. I never laughed so much in my life.

"But just then there came from the darkening woods a burst of melody. It was the grandest song ever heard in God's meeting house—a song that made me better than I ever was before, or have ever been since. It was the first time we ever heard 'God be with you till we meet again.' As the chorus rolled from the throats of seven thousand worshippers, I didn't feel much like laughing. It was the most grandly solemn moment of my life. I thought of my home, and—"

"It may have been the stewed onions that brought tears to our friend's eyes."

"We all felt kinder solemn and religious," he continued. "There was no more titterin'," he said with a smile that betokened another reaction, and a little shame at having shown how much he, the fat boarder, had been affected by a simple hymn. "And that woman turned round to us, all the hard religious look gone from her eyes, and a soft religious one in its place. 'I beg your pardon, boys,' she said, with tears."

The Ladies' Hockey.

St. John has some good athletes among her society ladies and some of them will compare very favorably with their husbands and brothers in wielding the tennis racket and hockey stick and in other exercises such as military drill. Their latest fad has been hockey and some of them are now very proficient. They have been playing at the Slinger rink all winter. They take Monday morning for the sport, the same morning which sees their less fortunate sisters tuff at the wash tub. They wound up for the season on Monday morning of the week with a match between the married and single ladies. The single ladies were the victors by a score of three to one. No outside eye was allowed to look upon them while they chased the puck around the rink and dodged and checked and shouldered and shot and occasionally fell. They should have appeared in public and given an exhibition of their skill, but they will next year. Some of the players are Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Coster, Mrs. Grant, Miss McMillan and Miss Jones.

An Interesting Book.

Those who remember the account of the interesting adventures and escapes of that well known criminal, Henry Moore Smith, and how eagerly it was sought after, will not be surprised at the degree of interest in the recent book, "Old Time Tragedies," compiled by Mr. W. K. Reynolds, and now on the market for some days. This book contains the only accurate account of The Green-Slavin Murder, Redburn the Sailor, The Boy Who was Hanged and The Tilton Murder. These accounts are written in the graphic, interesting style of Mr. Reynolds, and besides being attractive to the ordinary reader are very valuable from a historical point of view. "Old Time Tragedies" is for sale at all the book stores and newsstands, and retails for a quarter.

His Reception Should Be Cordial.

It is some time since Hon. John Costigan has visited this city upon political matters intent. The warmth of his reception by his friends is not a matter of doubt. And so it should be for if ever a man has remembered his friends, worked for them and fought for them, Mr. Costigan has. Nothing that he had was too good for them. Even those opposed to him politically will acknowledge this and place it to his credit.

She Kissed the Polling Clerk.

The coming up of the woman's suffrage matter in the house recently recalls a time when a lady entered a polling booth in Fredericton to cast her ballot in a municipal election. After she had performed that duty she affectionately kissed the polling clerk. That official was exceedingly wroth at first, but it afterward transpired that this was a case of wolf in sheep's clothing. It was a wicked man who had been personating.

A Salutory Hint.

Sometime ago attention was drawn to the fact that the sexton of St. George's church, Carleton, received \$40 a year from the city for looking after the church clock in order that it might serve as a town clock, and that the clock was going. The paragraph seems to have a salutary effect, for since then the clock has been going regularly and its merry chime is a help to the citizens of Carleton who do not possess Waterbury's.

Mr. Treisman's Appointment.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Treisman will congratulate him upon his appointment as reporter of the supreme court in equity. Mr. Treisman will undoubtedly fill the position with much acceptance. He is a careful though a young lawyer, and a close and diligent student.

Musical and Dramatic.

PROGRESS' Great Offer.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The annual meeting of the Saint John Oratorio society will be held on Monday evening next.

There is a pleasant evening in store for lovers of music next week when Root and Bradberry's cantata "Daniel" will be given by the choir of St. Andrew's church.

Another pleasant evening for music lovers is, one might say, guaranteed for the 18th inst. The occasion will be a concert at the Opera House, given under the management of Mr. L. P. Titus.

It is pleasant to learn that Miss Essie Levin has returned from her visit to friends in the United States and again resumes the position of pianiste to the Oratorio Society—a position too which she fills so cleverly.

The recital of classical chamber music given by Miss Louise Skinner at St. John's (stone) church school house last Thursday evening I regret being unable to deal with this week.

A dramatic company known as Reeves' "Hands Across the Sea" Company occupied the boards at the Opera House the first three evenings of this week, as well as a Wednesday matinee.

This company, as a company, does not even compare favorably with Lytell's company in the production of this play. Their stage in the fourth act which shows the deck of the ship is a very pleasing scene and reflects much credit on the stage manager.

Signor Prati plays upon a violinello that is valued at \$2000.

Joachim's collection of stringed instruments by the great makers is said to be worth \$100,000.

There is money for off nights among the opera stars, as the widow of Senator Hurst recently paid Melba \$750 and the tenor de Reszke \$1000 to sing at a musical.

A Mrs. Calvin Brice recently paid Ysaye, the violinist, \$1000 to appear at one of her musicales. She gave a like sum each to Mme. Melba and Edward de Reszke to appear at another.

Marie Engel, who studied in New York and sang in small companies in the United States, has been engaged for light soprano parts at the Italian opera season in Covent Garden this spring.

Notwithstanding the fact that the opera "Princess Bonnie" has little in it to recommend it, yet report has it that Willard Spencer is making more money out of it than any theatrical company on the road.

Emilio Beloni, a singing teacher thinks he has discovered the natural mechanism of the trill, and also certain infallible signs inside the throat by which one can tell when he is singing badly.

The Yeaze craze is rapidly developing. At his recent recital in New York the women crowded about the platform at the end of the concert and hung around sighing and applauding until the violinist came

out and smiled and bowed half a dozen times.

Mary Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States, has made her first appearance as a professional pianist in Chicago.

People with extra long memories will recall a soprano called Sinico and a bass billed as Campobello during the recent pre-Adamic operatic regime of Mapleson.

Georgine Januschowsky, who is known in the United States as a star in comic opera and small English opera companies, is now in her second season in the Grand opera in Vienna.

W. S. Gilbert is credited with a joke at the expense of a rich woman into whose box he dropped during a performance of "The Magic Flute."

American singers, says the Brooklyn Eagle, are very popular in London for oratorio and concert work. Among those whose names frequently appear in programmes of high class concerts this winter are Clara Poole, who was the contra'to in Dr. Storrs' church a couple of years ago; Esther Palliser, a graduate from Gilbert and Sullivan opera; Antoinette Stirling, Ella Russell, Belle Cole, Clara Fernald, of Boston, Sig. Foli, a bass of the long ago, and Campanini, who is at least an American by adoption.

Madame Melba in "Rigoletto" at the Mechanic's building, in Boston last week, scored another unqualified success. A notice says: "Rarely has 'Caronome' been given with such delightful taste, delicacy and perfection of technique as characterized her rendering of it."

The operas given in Boston this week were: Monday evening.....Wagner's "Lohengrin" Tuesday evening.....Mozart's "Don Giovanni" Wednesday afternoon.....Gounod's "Faust" Wednesday evening.....Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" Thursday evening.....Mozart's "Nozze Di Figaro" Friday evening.....Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" (in French) Saturday afternoon.....Massenet's "Manon" Saturday evening.....Verdi's "Falstaff"

About the year 1753, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester offered his services to Handel, to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this, he requested leave to sing a solo. This request also was granted, but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience that, to his great mortification, he was violently hissed. When the performance was over, Handel said to him, gravely: "I am sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in de country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; but dese wicked booples in London, they will not forgive you!"

Bernhardt hopes to attain the distinction of "The Cross of the Legion of Honor."

A new London drama is called "The Wife of Dives" and she is said to be an uncommonly bad lot too.

Mrs. John Drew, the veteran actress is still playing the role of Mrs. Gellibrand in "The Arabian Nights." Her impersonation is said to be delightful. She is charmingly droll. She apparently defies time, for no one on the stage is younger than she in spirit at least.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the famous London actress, has two children, born before she went on the stage, and a husband who hunts lions in Africa. On her first appearance in London her skirt dropped off, but she had sense enough to stoop and pin it on without leaving the stage.

Miss Annie Irish, who is an English girl and whose clever face is pictured in the current number of Mansey, is playing in "The District Attorney." I. H. French's play, George Fawcett, is who favorably remembered in this city as a member of the Lansdowne theatre company of some few years ago, is also in the cast.

Lionel Bland, an English actor, died of pneumonia last week at Wading River, says a Long Island dispatch. His real name was Birch and his father is said to be a director of the bank of England. An actor of this name played a summer engagement here in one of Harkin's Companies at the Mechanics' Institute a few years ago.

Manager Atkinson has just closed a contract whereby all the plays written or to be written for the next several years by Sutton Vane will be given their first production in the United States at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, Mass. The first will be "In Sight of St. Paul's," said to be one of the most powerful pieces ever written about life in London. It will be produced 30th September next.

Mrs. Jane Gernon, the veteran comedienne, celebrated the 73rd anniversary of her birth at her home in Baltimore, Md., last week. She is still as witty and cheery, as active and full of life as in the prime of

her theatrical career. She retired from the stage five years ago. Her maiden name was Jane Anderson and she was born in New Orleans. She was married at 17 years of age.

Jules Lamitro's new play "L'Age Dificile" has just been produced in Paris, with marked success, Mme. Judie for the first time in a pure comedy role, as an old lady. "The difficult age" is the period in a bachelor's life when he misses the comforts of a family and is too old to acquire them by marriage. In the first act all the characters come on the stage on bicycles.

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The following story is told of the young English actress, who has so successfully conquered opposition in the United States, and who begins an engagement in Boston, on the 18th inst:

Miss Olga Netherole made her first appearance as an actress on the stage at the well-known asylum at Colney Hatch. It was an amateur performance, and she took the part of a servant maid, who, when the curtain rose, was supposed to be dusting the room and singing, "I would I were a bird." On the rising of the curtain, and seeing the intent, staring faces of the mad folks, some of whom added to the disagreeableness by their gesticulations, one old woman in the front row being especially violent, it is hardly to be wondered at that Miss Netherole had an attack of stage fright. She was unable for some time to utter a word, and it was only as they were preparing to lower the curtains, and she felt that she must get over it unless her chances of becoming an actress

were to be ruined, that she found her voice, and managed to shriek out her song and prevent a fiasco. This was her first and also her last attack of stage fright. Since that time she has delighted audiences both in this country and America, and her powerful acting has made her a great favorite with the public.

A Toronto Physician Says It Never Exists without the Presence of Some Kidney Disease.

TORONTO, March 4.—The number of sudden deaths due to heart disease is appalling. The medical profession is devoting more attention to the heart and its ailments at the present time than ever before, and many physicians are making a specialty of diseases of this organ. A Toronto doctor, who devotes much attention to this branch of his practice, said to your reporter to-day: "I have yet to learn of a single case where heart disease caused death, in which a post mortem examination did not show the existence of Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other kidney disease." Doan's Kidney Pills will cure all disease of the kidneys and thus ward off the danger of heart diseases.

The New Method of Extracting Gold. The new method of extracting gold from ore, an improvement on the cyanide process in thoroughness and in saving of time, was discovered by Mr. H. L. Sulman. He has obtained the bromide of cyanogen, which when added to the weak cyanide solution now in use, produces the compound now obtained slowly by the



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addition of oxygen. The compound is then treated with zinc fumes, instead of zinc shavings, and the gold falls at once in a thick powder. This process does in forty-eight hours, work that requiring previously a fortnight. By adding soap and lime to the slime from the ore, which previously went to waste, though it forms 35 per cent. of the mass, it can be treated for gold in the same way as the other parts of ore subjected to chemical action.

Macaroni and Spaghetti.

Baked macaroni with cheese—½ pound of macaroni, break in small pieces, pour boiling water over it and when soft turn into a colander to drain off the water. Put into a pudding dish and pour over it 1½ cups of boiling milk, 1 spoon full of butter, 1 heaping tablespoon of flour, pint of salt, shake of pepper, ½ cup of grated cheese. Roll cracker to cover top with small pieces of butter on top.

Spaghetti—Boil ½ pound of spaghetti in 2 quarts of boiling water; when soft drain and put on serving dish and pour over the sauce made as follows: Fry one tablespoon of chopped onions in 2 tablespoons of flour; pour slowly into this 2 cups of hot strained tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Serve with grated cheese.

The sale of Cyrus Gold's new song "Beautiful Lady May," is drawing to a close. An arrangement with the author to sell a number of copies at a reduced rate, to help in a charitable work, has just been made. The song can now be had for this purpose for 15 cents by any sending the sum and their address to C. G. Mosco, care of PROGRESS, this city.

ATED O. NT Family Physician... CAL Use... and Pains... ache... Modelling... Market Square... en... angle... HER... HUSTLE... NEW! NEW! MELODIOUS... JOHN, N. B. PUMP... Brass Lined, Brass Rods... \$225.00... 75.00... RIE, JOHN, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 9.

A FALSE MAJORITY.

The majority of the common council of this city must feel that they have made a pitiable failure of the grand reform scheme upon which they succeeded in gaining their election. There should in all fairness be two exceptions to this statement. Messrs. Christie and McGoldrick did not go to the people with any plan of reform. They were utterly opposed to it. They were elected and today they are the only men, aside from those who signed the minority report, who stood by their principles. What must be the people think of the weak, shilly-shallying methods that have distinguished the majority of their representatives—the men whom they sent there pledged to reform, eager for retrenchment and shouting economy—who have brought in a report whitewashing the extravagance of their predecessors and saying in effect that there are no opportunities for reform, that the many officials we have are necessary, that we do not pay them too much, that not one of them could be dispensed with, that the city is governed with the utmost economy and we cannot expect any material reduction in taxation. Will may the members of the Tax Reduction association, who spent so much honest endeavor in the service of the city, be disappointed. We only trust that they will not be disheartened. To give up the fight now would be an acknowledgment that it is useless to expect an economical council. The T. R. A. has done too much not to do more.

A UNIVERSAL STAMP.

A writer in a Bangor paper, in speaking recently of the many advantages that St. John offers to the American tourist, alluded to the delight felt by him when he found that he could procure American stamps at the stamp counter run in connection with the St. John post office. He suggested that other Canadian cities and towns follow this example, and that Canadian stamps be kept in some of the places in the United States that are brought into considerable communication with Canada.

A St. John firm recently found itself recently with a surplus of English postage stamps, and in order to get them off its hands, advertised. The result was surprising. There are still a number of inquiries for English stamps at the store of that firm, but the supply is exhausted.

Germany now comes to the front proposing another means of getting rid of the difficulty often experienced by the people in one country who wish to procure the stamps of another for return postage and other uses. The postal authorities of that country recommend the establishment of international postage stamps, and the higher officials of the British post office are said to be in sympathy with the proposal. It is only a step further on the lines of the international post-card, and is a species of tree trade which should commend itself to the general public.

In the county council there are sometimes found men who as able and accomplished politicians as those of higher legislative bodies. Such the warden and councillors of Lunenburg county appear to be. According to the laws by higher assemblies made and provided, the warden of Lunenburg county should receive as his entire remuneration a salary of fifty dollars a year. The county councillors of that shire are supposed to receive certain traveling expenses and a sum not to exceed two dollars a day for their services, when in actual attendance upon meetings of the council. By holding a session in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a third in the evening, and calling the three sessions two days, it is stated that the Lunenburg councillors have drawn four dollars a day, just double what the law allows. And it is also stated that the warden, who resembles the warden of Iwan-Mulle's celebrated poem, has drawn four dollars a day and travelling expenses in addition to his salary. This is not the first time that Nova Scotia county councils have displayed a similar inability in their efforts for the good of their counties, but those to whom

those councils are responsible should make them so in very truth.

RUDYARD KIPLING seems to have a good share of the inconsistency which seems to be an essential attribute of the great. His writings would not lead one to suppose that he would be contented with an American wife and an American home, but so he appears to be. Children are KIPLING's most merciless critics, as the world knows from the story of GLADSTONE'S granddaughter, who said, "No, mamma, I haven't been boring Mr. Kipling, but you have no idea how Mr. Kipling's been boring me!" And now he is taken to task by his own little daughter, whom he appears to "think something of," although she is a typical American child, and KIPLING is supposed to hate typical American children. The fault that his child sees in him is inconsistency, which children are quick-eyed of anybody to see. Miss JOSEPHINE'S KIPLING's complaint is as follows: "My papa tells lots of stories and gets money for 'em, and I tell one little wreny one and get spanked!" That is another story.

The Topeka Capital and Farmer Journal is a good looking paper, as it recently introduced into its office five Mergenthaler linotypes. In the first number by the new system the paper takes occasion to brag of the accuracy of the machines. This a St. John contemporary was careful not to do when the linotypes were introduced into its office. The editorial in which the boast is made is entitled "Easier to Avoid Errors." In it the following convincing passage appears: "Linotype matter always contains a smaller amount of errors than matter set by hand. Each line of matrices is assembled in front of the operator who can see plainly each and every letter, so that if an omission, translation or other misinstant before the line is cast. As typographical errors will often crawl into a newspaper, anything which reduces the danger is of great value."

ISMAIL PASHA, ruler of Egypt, who has just died, was not a master of retrenchment. Egypt crept out of darkness to a considerable extent during his reign, but the national debt increased \$500,000,000 because of this advance in civilization. He was particularly free with his country's money, building railroads and public works. But let it not be supposed that ISMAIL was an unprincipled boodler. He was a man of generous impulses, and his large fortune went with the money of his subjects. When Egypt found herself unable to pay the interest on the debt, ISMAIL handed over \$30,000,000, the bulk of his fortune, to help make up the deficit. It may be put down that ISMAIL was a good fellow, but, like many another good fellow, he was apt to get not only himself, but his friends, into pecuniary difficulties. America remembers him by the gift of the obelisk in Central park.

The present czar is a wise man. The present czar is a fool. Under the benign sway of NICHOLAS the storms that beat about his house are in the deep bosom of the Caspian sea buried. The despotic tyranny of the new ruler of Russia is oppressing the people to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that unhappy country. NICHOLAS is a better man than his father. His father was a better man than NICHOLAS. In fact, one would think, from reading different newspapers, that the czar of the old Russia was a candidate for the approaching election.

All good ministers will look with favor upon the growing idea that preachers should be as liable for libel as newspapers. The supreme court of Missouri has just held that a preacher in his pulpit is no more free from legal responsibility for slanderous utterance than anyone else, in a less sacred place, and must, if the aggrieved party takes action, appear before a judge and jury to answer for his words.

The Canadian woman has been emancipated, and has emancipated herself to a degree that older countries may well wonder at. The Northwest has a female bandit who emulates BILL DALTON in everything but in frequency of decease, and with a brand of women of like advanced ideas, spread terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of the district that she rules.

The modern Indian appears to be as nobly discreet as that Mimic maiden of old, WALLULA. The following item is from the Island Reporter of Sydney, C. B.: "The squaw MADELINE was run in last week, for being drunk and disorderly. She will be held until she tells where she got her rum."

"The municipal campaign seems to be of greater importance than these evangelistic services," bitterly remarked a Boston evangelist recently. That evangelist should come to St. John, where politicians, even in their proudest hour, have to take a back seat while the reserved ones are held by Messrs. HUNTER and CROSBY.

"THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICK," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "never wrote from pecuniary motives." That he never had to.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Poet's Love Song.
The spirit of a pussy's dream
Dwells in the thoughtful flower:
Its luscious leaves in beauty seen
To know love's magic power.
The sigh that moves its lips apart,
And gives its bosom pain,
Is sorrow that some day, dear heart,
We may not meet again.

So in my song, O love, how sweet,
How beautiful art thou;
I strew white roses at your feet,
And wreaths them on your brow.
I leave within their jeweled vase,
The incense of this clime;
Who's asphodel is violet's grace,
Who's virtue is sublime.

And should my offering love its bloom,
In summer's golden sheen,
Or cold winds chill its silent tomb,
My promise I will keep—
The silk dust on the blossoms spread,
To be a veil of light;
Love too may rest and not be dead
Its life is sorrow's night.

The promise sweet the pansy heard,
Was, in our warm heart's truth,
Reflected when the flowers stirred
In hope's immortal youth.
The sweetest music, of your voice,
Was fond affection's prayer;
My soul's response, its silent choir,
To shrine your image there.

When pansy leaves in beauty sleep,
And some rude storm appears;
Together still though closed they keep,
Their eyes were filled with tears.
The paving cloud that softly brought
The sadness of a sigh,
Reveals in them the constant thought,
True love can never die.

When o'er the golden harp of song,
My spirit breathes your name;
I lead you from the wide world's throng
To the halls of home;
How beautiful the hand I guide,
Where deathless honor dwell;
O love to give you at my side,
Her croon—a of immortal.

From Scotland Awa.
"Ye morn'g ye're a' a' the bonnie Scotland
And gazed for the last on my ain heather hills—
And wandered about ye the bonnie mountain
And murmured farwell to its ripples and rills.
My ain gazed o' tears on the scenes I was leaving,
The scenes that my true heart shall never forget,
Tho' lang, lang I've been in a distant land bidge,
My ain bonnie Scotland is dear to me yet.

The great mountains lifting their crests to the
heavens,
The sweet loch-like glen where the long shadows
The gleam of the loch, bathed in glorious moonlight,
All these are the charms I remember so well.
And then the blithe strain of the glad Highland music
That floated afar on the soft summer breeze,
There's none like the bonneted lads of auld Scotland
Can play wi' the lilt and the Scotch melodies.

How dear the wild note o' the auld Scottish bagpipes:
The "Campbells are Coming," and "Sweet Bonnie
Dore,"
"The Land of the Leal," and "The Blue Bells of
Scotland,"
And many another inspiring tune.

Ah! braw, bonnie lan' o' the thistle and heather,
My grandeur and beauty forever be thine,
Thy sons far awa'—tho' they never may see thee—
Still sing in glad chorus "For Auld Lang Syne."
Edw. Wislizenus.

One Moment More.
One moment more, O love, before
My soul must breathe farwell;
Life's golden dream for ever o'er,
Love's heart its grief must tell,
O love, one moment more farwell;
Love's heart its grief must tell.

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PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Another American heiress has purchased a foreign count. The price paid in this case, is said to have been two millions of dollars, cash in advance, with other amounts later on and other arms and conditions as per contract. These foreign luxuries come high but the Yankee girls will have them. In Miss Anna Gould's marriage to the Count de Castellane of Paris, some of Jay Gould's millions are exported and the desire of the Goulds to reach the top of the social ladder, in spite of the lack of early recognition by the New York society leaders, is gratified. Thus do the daughters of the great American Republic turn their backs upon its simple citizens and hand over their fortunes and, it is to be presumed, their hearts, to the impetuous foreigner with some kind of a title attached to his name. People in the United States dearly love titles. Perhaps in the future there may come a titled aristocracy of the U. S. A., but the satisfaction the people there can have the satisfaction of knowing that no nobleman is much more powerful than that Yankee one—My Lord Money-Bags.

The United States Congress has adjourned without voting the amount of \$425,000 decided upon by the British and U. S. government as compensation to sealers under the Behring Sea arbitration, or without making any appropriation for the forming of a commission to assess damages, if this proposed settlement is rejected. This is small work for the parliament of a great nation, but about on a par with the general action of the petty political schemers and tricksters who appear to "run" the affairs of the country. With them it is personal interest first, parties and cliques second and the honor of the country last or nowhere. There have been even statesmen in the United States. Will there ever be again?

This action does not compare well with that of the British Parliament in the case of the Alabama award, which, though most expensive, was paid without a murmur. Claimants for the whole of that reward were never found, I believe, notwithstanding all the losses that could be trumped up.

The generous people of Boston have loaded a steamer with provisions and sent her off to poor distressed Newfoundland. This first cargo is valued at twelve thousand dollars and the fund is not yet exhausted. Thus the old city succors the old colony.

Rotten, rotten, rotten! This is what the war in the east has shown the Chinese empire to be—rotten through and through. At the opening of the Japan-China war some of the wise ones showed us the great disparity in numbers and fighting strength between the two nations and the question was "Has the little one any chance?" We were also warned against arousing the latent war spirit of the descendants of a race of warriors, lest they not only conquer Japan but over-run Europe. There no longer appears to be much fear on this score. The "little fellow" has shown his ability to walk all over the big one. Mere numbers do not count for much. The bulk of the Chinese people appears to be composed of miserable creatures scarce worthy the names of men and women. The war spirit is gone, the race is irretrievably degenerate. Let Japan, Russia, England and the other nations step in and take charge of the unwildly conglomeration known as the Chinese empire. There are millions of Chinese who would never discover that there had been a change of government. Millions of them do not know now that there is a war going on with Japan. If they did they might look up their bows and arrows.

Last Sunday I was in Boston, Mass., and heard a lecture by Robert G. Ingersoll on Voltaire. The speaker was in complete harmony with his subject and the consequence was a glowing eulogy of Voltaire and his work, intermingled with bits of Ingersollian wit and sarcasm. His opening sentence, was characteristic: "Infidels of one age are ever the avowed saints of the next—and nobody knows what may happen to me." This combative agnostic continues to be the bugbear of priests and parsons who shower plenty of abuse upon him but, in the opinion of many, do not always effectively answer his argument. PELHAM.

The Minstrel Committee speaks.
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The writer of the article headed "A Clever Young Musician" which appeared in a conspicuous position in last week's issue of your much perused journal has evidently been the recipient of most erroneous information and we consider it due to Mr. Ford and ourselves, to lay before the public a plain and truthful statement of the facts. Mr. Cook was asked to orchestrate the afterpiece, but said he could not do so, so a meeting of the committee it was decided to engage Mr. Ford as the one most competent of our local musicians. He accepted the work and though he had but ten days in which to do it, it was done in time. Mr. Cook's corrections were merely trifling as to repeats, passes for business' etc., with which Mr. Ford had nothing to do. There were a few mistakes in the copy-

ing, as the work was done in a hurry, but no rewriting done. The orchestra played from the parts given them by Mr. Ford, which parts were correct at the final rehearsal when in the absence of Mr. Cook, Mr. Ford took the piano and directorship, and the work went to our entire satisfaction. We hope the above will correct any unfortunate impression that may have been made by the article referred to.

Thanking you for the space we have taken, we remain, yours respectfully,

MINSTREL COMMITTEE
St. John, March 6, 1895. S. J. B. C.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

In the Review of Reviews for February there is a sketch of Canada's prairie province, which PROGRESS has already reviewed. In it Mr. C. C. Chapman, chief commissioner of the Hudson Bay company, receives much attention, and a portrait of this gentleman appears. Mr. Chapman is a son of Mr. Allen Chapman, formerly postmaster of Amherst.

The last Book Buyer is the best Book Buyer that has appeared for a long time. That very clever exponent of the made in art, Mr. Will H. Low, friend of Stevenson, and his work, are freely pictured and discussed. Octave Thane, just from his portrait, is a splendid looking woman. Aubrey Beardsley, who is the originator of the black-and-white style of illustration, has several pictures in this number.

Donahoe's for February has a very comprehensive article on "The Irish Race in American Politics," which opens with this paragraph: "That the so-called Irish element has been unduly prominent in the recent election abuses in our cities, is indisputable. It is equally true that this offensive partisanship is distasteful to ninety per cent of our citizens of Irish blood or extraction."

The March Delineator is yclept "The Great Spring Number." The words and music of a pretty new song, "The Ivory," appear, and some kindergarten ideas are given similar to those which have appeared in PROGRESS.

McClure's for March has an article on the Lord's Day by one of its most rigid observers, Mr. Gladstone. Conan Doyle contributes a story of the Franco-Prussian war, and his ski reminiscences, which appeared in the December number of the Strand Magazine with the same pictures. Anti-toxins are fully treated, by both letters and illustration. "Portraits of Gladstone" is one of the most interesting features of the number. And with these one may be sure that the publishers of the magazine do not forget that famous little grandchild, Dorothy Drew.

The Electric Street Railways of Budapest: An Object Lesson for American Cities," is one of the most interesting articles in the March Review of Reviews (American edition.) The electric mow-sweeping machine which is described and pictured appears to have an advantage over salt. C. T. Nichols, M. D., shows that the trail of the microscope is over all that we eat, drink and wear, and tells of that admirable institution, the Invalid Aid society. Rev. E. E. Clarke, the father of the Christian Endeavor movement, writes an interesting article on American stock in Europe markets. Lord Randolph Churchill receives much attention, the article on the dead statesman being illustrated by several portraits of him, and some cartoons in which he is the leading character.

NOT HER IDEA OF RELIGION.

Why the Music seemed Discordant and the Sermon a Mockery.

A young lady, a stranger in this city, was an attendant at a service in one of the city churches last Sunday morning. It may be remarked incidentally that the young lady's religion is of a kind that would shock the ultra fashionable, and in her own town she had been accustomed to share her pew with those who might otherwise have been compelled to stand in the aisle during the service; middle-aged squaws were the ones most frequently welcomed to this particular pew and when taken to task afterwards by shocked friends her invariable reply was, "Do you think I could enjoy the service, or pay proper attention while the poor old creatures who walked so far, were standing?" Finally it grew to be a settled fact that the proper place for the ill clad, unfortunate ones was in the pew referred to and without any ostentatious "drawing aside of garments" room was always made for them there.

Last Sunday, however, the lady found herself powerless in a strange church. A polite usher settled the matter by giving her a seat about the centre of the building, but something jarred upon her during the service; the music, which she had been told was the best in the city, sounded harsh and discordant in her ears. The words of one of the best and most eloquent speakers in the city were entirely wasted upon the visitor. There was something incongruous in the teaching of the divine precept, "Come unto me all ye who labor and I will give you rest," and the large number of white-haired, age-bent men and women who threaded the middle aisle, because they could not afford to pay for a seat in the church; men and women who evidently had tolled the six days and on the seventh had come to the house of God to find rest? Oh no, to stand throughout a long and weary service or take the only alternative—sit on the floor.

There was something so altogether wrong in this, especially to the lady's way of thinking, that it was with a feeling of relief that she found herself again in the open air and bright sunshine—two blessings bestowed as freely on the humble toiler, as on the opulent holder of a high priced pew.

Twelve Thousand Million Copies a Year. The annual aggregate circulation of the paper of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude, we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number, 12,000,000,000, represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 353 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upwards to gradually reach our highest mountains; topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or in round numbers, 500, miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading, we find that this is very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

There was no "Woman Pope."

Though the story has been refuted over and over, in there is still a widespread belief that there existed in the Middle Ages a female pope. Pope Joan, as she is called, has given her name to a game of cards which is mentioned in Sheridan's School for Scandal. The tradition with regard to the female pope has been traced back to the eleventh century and lasted for more than two years. The name she is alleged to have assumed is John VII. At the last meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions, in Paris, M. Munz dealt another blow at the story, which he characterises as a vulgar fable invented in the Middle Ages. Never, he declares has a woman worn the tiara; and moreover there was no interregnum at the period when the pretended John VII. governed the church.

The World's Largest Theatre.

A new theatre is in process of construction at Buenos Ayres, which bids fair to be the largest in the world. It is so planned as to enable carriages to deposit their occupants on the level of the grand tier of boxes as well as on the ground floor, while lifts will be provided for the benefit of all seatholders in the upper part of the house. But the most characteristic feature of the new theatre is the arrangement by which, in the brief space of three hours, the pit and stalls can be converted into a circus or racing track; so that on the same day, or even on the same night, tragedy may give place to a bull fight, or opera to a bicycle or foot race. Finally, further means are provided by which the ground floor of the house can be converted into a mimic lake, for swimming or other aquatic performances.

A Curiosity of Eyeght.

An old sea-captain states that he is troubled with a peculiarity of vision which is common to all skippers and ships' officers of high rank who have had long experience on the sea. In this particular instance the captain complains that through long use of the telescope, the quadrant, and other instruments used in making calculations at sea, the sight has been drawn from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly through the instruments. He says he can discern objects at an enormous distance with his right eye, but is scarcely able to read with his left. The tendency of nature to adjust itself to conditions is heightened in these cases by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying.

From Tree to Newspaper.

A Cincinnati man describes a novel sight he recently saw at a mill devoted to making paper of pine tree pulp. "I was invited to select a tree," he says, "which I did, and it was cut down for me in the morning. I watched it during the day undergoing the various processes of paper making, and at six o'clock that evening the tree was paper. At midnight a portion of it was sufficiently dry to be taken to a printing-office, and a few of the copies of the next morning's paper were printed on this product. From a tree to a printed newspaper in twenty-four hours is probably the best time on record."

An Eccentric Author.

Count Leo Tolstoi has given the publishers another illustration of his eccentricity in the matter of the value he places upon his writings. For his new story Tolstoi was offered a very large sum by an American publisher. This was politely declined. The Niva, an excellent Russian illustrated weekly, then offered the Count 1,000 roubles (or a little over \$100) per page for the exclusive right of serial publication. This was also refused, and the author has now made a free gift of it to the "Severny Vestnik, a Russian monthly magazine.

An Engine Propelled by Soda.

A French locomotive engine was recently used in the Aix-la-Chapelle Jubilee Railway. The motive power is derived from soda. The invention is based on the principle that solid ions of caustic soda, which have high boiling points, liberate heat while absorbing steam. These engines eject neither smoke or steam, and work noiselessly. Compared with coal burning locomotives, the soda engines show a capacity equal to the former, while they are worked with greater ease and simplicity.

Scarcity of Water in Venice.

In Venice water is something of a luxury, as the inhabitants are to depend upon the rains. There is no company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic use is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. If it is boiled out at the public wells, which are open one hour daily for that purpose, and then are carefully looked up.

Sheep as Burden Bearers.

In the northern parts of India sheep are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure-footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers.

THE CELEBRATED



FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

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

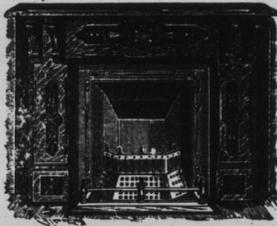
COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

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Slate and Wood Mantels



We have on hand a large assortment of SLATE and WOOD Mantels, Grates, Tiles, etc.

PRICES LOW. Sheraton & Whittaker. 38 KING STREET. Telephone 358.

NEW SPRING Dress Materials.

Our first importation of New Dress Materials

in all the very newest Weaves and Designs for Spring and Summer, 1895, is now open for inspection.

They are by far the hand-somest goods we have ever shown.

Very stylish goods.



Our carefully selected stock of COTTON FABRICS For Ladies' and Children's Blouses, Dresses, Blouse Waists, &c., Stands unequalled.

We wish to call attention to the importance of an early inspection as naturally the choicest styles go first.

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

Social and Personal.

North End. Mrs. Kelling, of Halifax, spent part of this week in the city, the guest of Mrs. T. W. Daniel.

West End. The funeral of the late Mr. W. H. Hall, of Fredericton, whose death occurred on Sunday, took place on Tuesday from the residence of his son, Mr. T. H. Hall, Orange street, the services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Carey, and Rev. G. O. Giesler.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, who have been spending a short time in Boston, returned home on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Slipp, who have been spending some days in the city, have returned to Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waring and Miss Waring entertained their friends at a "Bazaar" on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Donald, who, a short time ago, removed from this city, have arrived at Mobile, where they will reside in future.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones, of Woodstock, who spent last week in the city have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sheldon, of Boston, received a cordial welcome from his old friends when he visited the city this week.

Fredericton. [Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Funnell and J. E. Hawthorne.]

violin, Miss Bailey and Miss Babbitt, mandolins, Miss Frankie Tibbitts, Miss Parry, and Miss Ethel East, guitars, with Miss Johnston pianist, done themselves ample justice and were highly appreciated.

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Colonial House, MONTREAL.

New Goods.

We are now showing this Season's SPRING MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, Cotton Goods, Cretonnes, etc.

HENRY MORGAN & Co., MONTREAL.

EARNSCLIFFE GARDENS, WOLFVILLE, N.S. WITH FRUIT CANNERY.

"Evangeline Brand"

In Plums, Gravenstein Apples and Choice Crab Apples. Put up in Pure Sugar Syrup. This Brand is high grade canned goods. Ask your grocer for them. W. S. ARCHIBALD, Prop.

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

MENZIE, TURNER & Co., City Sample Room, 8 and 10 Wellington St., East, Toronto, Canada. Office, Ware-house and Factories, 6, 8 and 12 Liberty Street, Late the Macfarlane Shade Co.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

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

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c

All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Crema de la Crema Cigar Co., Montreal.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B., Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 652, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

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GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON.

Sure Cure of Nasal-Catarrh

DR. LAVIOLETTE'S ANTI-CATARRH... A remedy for nasal catarrh, describing symptoms and the effectiveness of the medicine.

PROPRIETOR GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, M. D. 232-234 St. Paul St., Montreal, Canada.

AMHERST.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... The Mock Parliament... A detailed account of a social event at Amherst.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... A further account of the Mock Parliament event.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... More details about the social gathering.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... Further details of the event.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... Additional information about the event.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... More details about the event.

[Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]... Final details about the event.

Photography.

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

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25 Gerrard Street.

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New BICYCLE Agency,

REPRESENTING -

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LATE HYSLOP, CAULFIELD & CO., OF TORONTO.

Controlling and manufacturing the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including

- The WHITWORTH, All Styles, 1895. The HYSLOP, The REGENTS, The FLEET, The SPARTAN, The CUPID, Youths, Boys' and Girls', The CRESCENT, All Styles, 1895.

We advise purchasers generally that ALL THIS SEASON'S WHEELS, in either English, Canadian or American, are fitted with large tubes and parallel top bars. ALL OTHER STYLES are back numbers. Second hand wheels of other makes for sale cheap. See our Samples and GET OUR CATALOGUE before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES. Ira Cornwall, General Agent, I. E. Cornwall, Special Agent.

Board of Trade Building, St. John, N. B. Send for Catalogue.

Worry that's what kills a man. It weakens the Brain, Weakens the Nerves, Impairs the Digestive Organs.

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach Tonic. Is a certain invigorator for the victim of worry, overstrain of mind or body, or EXCESSES of any nature.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Consumption. Valuable treatment and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Name and Post Office Address. T. A. CROCKETT'S MEDICAL CO. LTD., Toronto, Ont.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION. 15 SPRING WILLOW STREET. Through instruction given in Piano, Singing, Violin, Elocution, English and French.

Stockings and ANKLETS. Why use the nasty, ill smelling "Oils" so-called, that stain the clothing, when you can get better and quicker results from Minard's Liniment, that will not injure or stain the finest fabric?

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, every Monday and Thursday morning at 7.00 (standard) returning will leave Boston Sunday at 8 a. m. and Monday at 8 p. m. for St. John.

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W. C. BUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST. 1000-1001 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. GEORGE. [Programme for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]... A social gathering at St. George.

NEWCASTLE. [Programme for sale in Newcastle by Percy P. Macdonald.]... A social gathering in Newcastle.

ANDOVER. MARCH 5.—The pretty residence of Mr. Wm. Curry was completely destroyed by fire Sunday evening.

THINGS OF VALUE. When you write a merry story, Life is brief and full of care; Treat your poem like your hair—Cut it short.

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

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1895.

WHEN WOMEN ARE BALD

THE NEW WOMAN WILL PROBABLY HAVE NO HAIR.

To the scientist Pro-phoo-The Campbell, who has been studying the question of baldness...

One scientist rises up and proclaims that in a certain number of years—the terrified reader is too much startled to notice whether he says hundreds or thousands—the earth's productive abilities will have been used beyond their power, and nature will refuse to respond to the efforts of man to sustain a crop, or rather there will be so many hungry mouths waiting to devour the crop that there won't be enough for more than a bite or two all around, and those who are not young and active will have to go without even that much nourishment.

Whether we are to solve the final question of existence by a return to primitive customs, and live on each other till the surplus population is consumed, I do not know, as the oracle is silent on the subject, but I cannot see any other way out of the difficulty myself.

Another event which has devoted his life to the discovery of cause and effect announces the result of his researches in the awful statement that the human race is rushing madly on towards the toothless age, a period when we shall not only be born without teeth, but without them, we shall be unable to eat anything but ever gums.

Many readers of the war news from the far East are perplexed by the names of localities in China. The geographic monosyllables occurring in Chinese are: Hai—black, Hi—under, Hing—yellow, Nan—south, Fei—north, Pai and Po—white, Shiang—upper, Si—western, Tung—eastern, Siao—little, Ta—big, Lin—mountain, Chai and Chen—city, Chang—village, Gol—stream, Hada—hill, Hai—sea, Ho—river, Hsu and Hsu—town, Ha—lake, Khi—river, Kiang—bridge, Khoo—mouth of river, Kiang—river, Kuan—fort, Kuan—mountain, Mui, Men—gate, Muren—brook, No—swamp, Pub—village, Sai—sandbank, Shan—mountain, Sui—hill, Su—camp, Su—small settlement, Suo—village, Tchang—village, Tchang—city, Thu and Tchu—river, Than—rapid, Tien—lake in interior, Tse—swampy shore, Tai—village, Ua—river, Uan—stream, Wei—fortress, Ying—fortified camp.

Of the most consuming civilized nations of the world the United States head the list with 180 pounds yearly for each head of population, or about five ounces a day. Great Britain follows closely with a consumption of 110 pounds yearly for each head of population. Germany exceeds this average, and promises to lead in the near future all the nations in its consumption of meat. The people of Berlin exceed all other civilized nations in the quantity which they consume per capita—3½ pounds daily. In addition to other flesh they absorb that of about 7,000 horses annually. This enormous consumption of meat is considered the reason why Berlin people are so susceptible to blood poisoning. Paris indulges in a consumption of nine ounces for each individual. France at large is credited with sixty-six pounds per capita per annum. The average of Portugal is lower than that of any other civilized nation—twenty pounds of meat for each head of population.

While rummaging over the piece bag in the autumn days in search of stray bits of velvet that may, with a little ingenuity do duty as collarette or throat band, one is sure to come across some that is aggravatingly good, but quite unobtainable on account of creases left by a previous season's wear. To remove these is quite easy, however, when one knows the secret. Take a very hot iron, preferably one with a removable handle, and set it on a table with the smoothing surface up. Whirl out in cold water a double thickness of soft muslin, and lay it over the iron. Then rub the back of the creased velvet over the muslin and the pile will rise gradually as the steam penetrates the material. This treatment is also useful to give a new and fresh appearance to slightly worn velvets, apart from the creases.

In the courts of Venice, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly-looking individual dressed in a long black gown walks majestically to the centre of the court-room, bows solemnly to the judges, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the words, "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was established, the judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be set up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the Palace of the Doges.

Miss Grace Francis, a Sunday school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, who married a Chinese laundryman two years ago against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

A COOL FIVE THOUSAND.

THAT WAS THE SUM AUSTRALIAN THIEVES SECURED.

A Royal Mail Steamship Hobbed—Officers Caught in Trip—Detectives Halted—The Rich Fleet Home Boys made a Twenty Boats—Well Rewarded.

Reading in Progress of the mysterious Kimberley diamond robbery, it brought to my mind the "Iberia" gold robbery which occurred at Melbourne, Australia, six years ago. Like the diamond robbery it was a very mysterious one, and yet unlike it inasmuch as the mystery has never been solved, although most of the gold was afterwards recovered.

It was a box of five thousand sovereigns that was stolen from the R. M. S. S. "Iberia" on her homeward voyage from Sydney to London. At Sydney some specie was shipped. On the ship's arrival at Melbourne other boxes of gold were taken on board, and the whole of the contents of the specie-rooms were examined and placed in order for the trip. The strong room in which the specie is stored is situated in the main hold of the vessel, and is secured by a special Chubb lock. After the room is locked the key is deposited in a cash-box, and this box is locked by the captain in the presence of the purser. The captain retains the key, which for greater safety he wears around his neck, and the cashbox containing the strong room key is locked up in a safe in the purser's room. The specie is sent home in boxes containing five thousand sovereigns each, and the boxes were on this occasion carefully counted at Melbourne, found to be all correct, and the usual precautions were taken with the key of the strong-room. Throughout the whole voyage this room was not supposed to be opened, and the keys, as far as known, never left the custody of the commander and purser; yet when the vessel arrived in London, one box of gold was missing. Capt. Shannon, the commander, had been in the company's service for years and was looked upon as a most trustworthy officer. The second officer and the purser were also regarded as above suspicion, but the gold was gone and as no explanation of its loss could be given at all, the directors of the company felt compelled to ask these gentlemen to resign. They did not wish to do so, but they were told that they must have been careless or the robbery could not have occurred. The sum of £5,000 was that there was no connivance on the part of those officers, but that the robbery was committed by some one well acquainted with the ship's routine, who had in some mysterious way obtained an impression of the key of the strong room on some previous voyage.

But even when he obtained possession of the box, he must still have had considerable difficulty in getting the gold off the ship. 5,000 sovereigns weigh close upon one hundredweight, and if a man attempted to carry them off in a portmanteau the weight of them would excite suspicion. However, the sovereigns had been taken, and what was more strange to say, the box that contained them had also vanished.

Detectives, the supposed solvers of all mysteries, were baffled. They were unable to establish even a clue, and there the matter rested for a year or so, when the discovery of the gold was made by two of the most unlikely agents—viz., a rat and a boy. I read not long since in Progress of a stone tablet or monument being raised to the memory of a pig in Germany—this animal while rooting in the ground, having revealed a valuable mineral spring which proved of great value to the proprietor. But who ever heard of that troublesome little rodent, the rat, aiding or assisting in any way to the welfare of mankind, much less being the medium for the recovery of lost treasures. Nevertheless here was one instance of it.

On the western side of Hobson's bay and opposite to Sandridge is Williamstown, which also is a port of shipping, and it was there that the "Iberia" received the gold and from there took her departure. Melbourne and Williamstown are connected by rail. At the latter place on a sloping sandy beach was a railway freight shed resting on piles a foot or so from the ground. One Saturday afternoon three boys were playing on the beach in the rear of the freight shed. Whilst sky-larking they changed to disturb a rat, and boy-like gave chase; the rat ran for safety under the freight shed, pursued by one of the boys, who crawled in under the floor-boards to hear the rat in his den. While lying at full length on the sand and all time trying to dialogue his game, his attention was suddenly attracted by seeing something yellow at the sand. Could they be sovereigns? Yes! a closer examination proved them to be the real article. Running his fingers through the sand he soon filled his pockets, and then he backed out.

The first question put to him was, "Did you kill the rat, Billy?" "No," said Billy, "I would have done so had I been able to do so."

THE MONKING OF CHINESE NAMES.

Many readers of the war news from the far East are perplexed by the names of localities in China. The geographic monosyllables occurring in Chinese are: Hai—black, Hi—under, Hing—yellow, Nan—south, Fei—north, Pai and Po—white, Shiang—upper, Si—western, Tung—eastern, Siao—little, Ta—big, Lin—mountain, Chai and Chen—city, Chang—village, Gol—stream, Hada—hill, Hai—sea, Ho—river, Hsu and Hsu—town, Ha—lake, Khi—river, Kiang—bridge, Khoo—mouth of river, Kiang—river, Kuan—fort, Kuan—mountain, Mui, Men—gate, Muren—brook, No—swamp, Pub—village, Sai—sandbank, Shan—mountain, Sui—hill, Su—camp, Su—small settlement, Suo—village, Tchang—village, Tchang—city, Thu and Tchu—river, Than—rapid, Tien—lake in interior, Tse—swampy shore, Tai—village, Ua—river, Uan—stream, Wei—fortress, Ying—fortified camp.

United States Great Britain Germany France Portugal

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In the courts of Venice, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly-looking individual dressed in a long black gown walks majestically to the centre of the court-room, bows solemnly to the judges, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the words, "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was established, the judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be set up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the Palace of the Doges.

Miss Grace Francis, a Sunday school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, who married a Chinese laundryman two years ago against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

Carpet Department. NEW SPRING CARPETS. We have received and are now showing our new Spring Stock of Carpets, consisting of Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Tapestry, Wool, and all other grades of Carpets, with Borders, Rugs and Mats to match, also Linoleums, Oilcloths and Cork Carpets. These goods contain strictly new ideas in designs and color combinations and are very attractive. Carpets made up and stored until wanted.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John. were you doing there, hiding near the road and armed with guns? "We were watching for a wild boar." "Why did you not answer when you were hailed? Why did you run away, and why did you fire upon French sailors?" "We are mountaineers and we are not acquainted with uniforms. We believed that we were attacked, and naturally we defended ourselves." "You are spies in the employment of England," said Bonaparte. "You were preparing a signal for the English cruisers; but, on seeing us, another idea came into your head; you thought you had a good chance to assassinate Gen. Bonaparte, and you put yourselves in ambush so that you might fire on me as I passed by. But it seems to me that I know you. What is your name?" Another report was heard, and voices cried out, "He is dead!" An expression of savage despair contracted the features of the prisoner, and his eyelids became red. "You are a Valturio," continued Bonaparte, "one of the bitterest enemies of my family. Yes, I have seen you before; you are Giovanni Valturio." "No," said the prisoner, in a hoarse voice, "Giovanni is the man whom your hirelings have just assassinated. I am his brother, Giuseppe, the last of the Valturios!" "You hate me pretty hard, don't you?" said Bonaparte. "I do with me what I would like to do with you." "Bring him over to your tent," said Bonaparte to one of the sailors, "and count your steps as you advance." The sailor placed himself at the foot of the bush with the prisoner, after having counted fifty paces. "Give him his gun," said Bonaparte. The sailor, almost stupefied, looked at the general, hesitated, but at last obeyed. Bonaparte then said to the bandit, "Take good aim!" Without losing a second over his surprise, Giuseppe pointed his gun. The scene was so rapid and so extraordinary that the two companions of the general were unable to interfere. They remained as if they were paralyzed until the shot was fired. With his back against the trunk of an oak and his hands behind his back, Bonaparte never budged. A few pieces of bark fell over his clothes. The ball lodged in the trunk a few inches over his left shoulder. Giuseppe, almost weeping with rage, threw his gun into the bushes. "Let that man go," said Bonaparte. Before disappearing the Corsican should be: "You may reign, but I will never be your subject!" "That same night the French fleet left Ajaccio. On the 9th of October it reached Frejus, and one month afterwards Bonaparte celebrated the eighteenth Brumaire. Giuseppe Valturio kept his word. He left Corsica and established himself in Tunis, where he became a Mussulman. His grandson, by whom this singular episode is related, lived at Tabraca at the time of the occupation.

THE BELLE OF THE EVENING. HER LOVELY PINK SILK DRESS. A few weeks ago a ball was given in a flourishing Ontario town. Youth and beauty were fully represented, and many of the ladies wore charming costumes. The belle of the evening was a young lady of twenty years; she was the personification of grace and beauty, and won the admiration of all who were present. Her brother, an intimate friend of the writer, told the following secret: "My sister looked charmingly beautiful at Mrs. Y's ball last evening. From what I had heard about her ball dress at home, I fully expected chagrin and disappointment as far as I was concerned, because I understood she was to wear a dress that had been dyed with Diamond Dyes. "For some time she had worn a cream silk, but it had become somewhat soiled, so mother and sister determined to dye it a light shade of pink, and I fully expected a failure. "Before going to the ball I was called to see my sister in her new dress, and I could hardly believe it was the old dress re-dyed. The lovely light pink was a marvelously rich shade, and the whole costume so becoming that I was fairly delighted. Young and old at the ball were charmed with sister's good taste, but of course they had no

idea that Diamond Dyes played so important a part in the success of the costume." MORAL.—When you re-dye any valuable material always use Diamond Dyes, it you wish success; they never fail to give good results.

Delicious White Fruit Cake. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, ¾ cups of sweet milk, 2½ cups of flour, whites of 6 eggs, 1½ teaspoons of baking powder, 1 pound of blanched almonds, 1 pound of citron. Beat butter and sugar to a cream; add milk, then stir in flour with baking powder; next add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. When well mixed add citron and almonds—both well sliced. Line 3 medium-sized baking pans with buttered paper; bake slowly till done. This may be frosted.

The Late Fred Douglas. One of Frederick Douglas' best traits was his affection for his mother and his family, the Lloyds, of Talbot county, Md., on whose estate he passed his boyhood in slavery. 8 1/2 years ago, while he was holding public office in Washington, he visited the scenes of his childhood and roamed over the familiar ground with his mother's sons, exhibiting all the while an enthusiasm and affection that were touching.

Complexion and Weight. Professor Porter's elaborate investigation of the weight of women seems to show that during early girlhood brunettes weigh a little more than blondes, but that when they have attained womanhood there is no significant difference in their weight.

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Separated from Her Children. Miss Grace Francis, a Sunday school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, who married a Chinese laundryman two years ago against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

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HE SHOT THE SQUIRREL

YET THEY THOUGHT HE NEVER BEFORE FIRED A PISTOL

Because he shot it with his eyes shut—An Apt Pupil in the Use of Firearms—A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing—Sam Gave a Receipt.

"Speaking of the Nevada desperadoes in the palmy days of the new mining camps," said an old Comstock lode miner, "did you ever hear how Sam Brown robbed the Bodie stage?" At least it was said to him, though nobody cared to say very much about it so long as Sam was alive. After Sam got filled full of slugs and buckshot from Van Sickle's shotgun and was put away under ground, Simmons himself said that it was the long-haired Brown that held him up. Simmons, you understand, was the stage-driver; everybody in Nevada knows of Simmons, or did at that time.

"On the morning of that day this happened, the stage pulled out for Bodie with Simmons on the box and a box of gold coin under the seat, connected to the Standard Company. The owners chose to send it that way rather than take chances with the express company, which was getting robbed pretty frequently about that time. There was a full load of passengers inside, made up of about the same rough kind of crowd that travelled over Nevada stage lines in those days, but there was one exception, in the shape of a mild and pious-looking man, who gave his fellow passengers to understand that he was a clergyman who had come out from the East to introduce a little gospel and morality into the ungodly community gathered about the bonanza mines. A man of that sort, so innocent and unsuspecting, was looked on as a prize by the rough-and-ready passengers, and they had no end of stories of him, filling him up with terrible stories of killing and stage robberies and telling stories and using language that in no way were proper for a clergyman or any one else to hear. He looked shocked, but stood it pretty well, and when they made a general show up of their weapons for his benefit he seemed a little shaky at first, but afterward showed considerable interest and examined the shooting irons one by one, asking questions about them, and how they were carried, loaded and fired.

"He was handling with a sort of horrified interest a No. 45 revolver that a rough ranchman had passed to him when the coach stopped while Simmons got down to knock a cobbles tone out of the off leader's hoof. They were at the foot of a rocky slope, on which was a growth of tall, scattered pine trees.

"How do you use this weapon when you wish to kill anything?" he asked, hesitatingly, holding the pistol timidly at arm's length.

"Why, you just take aim and pull the trigger," said the ranchman, winking to the others. "Let's see you bring that squirrel down from the limb overhead. Look out and fire ahead of you or you'll hit some of us."

"The pious man raised the pistol gingerly, with the air of bracing to a serious situation, without seeming to take aim, and shot his eyes and fired. Down tumbled the squirrel to the ground, with its head shot clean off.

"If you'd aimed at that 'ere squirrel with your eyes open, you wouldn't 'a' hit him," said a passenger from Missouri, with a loud haw haw at his own wits. The whole party laughed and had great fun pretending to compliment the clergyman over his remarkable shot.

The day wore on to evening and from the twilight of the valley the stage passed into the deeper darkness of a canon. The conversation somehow had fallen again upon the subject of firearms, and all of the four pistols in the coach happened to be in the clergyman's hands or within his reach, just as somebody out in the road ahead hailed the driver. The stage stopped and at the same instant the clergyman pushed open the door, scooped in all the firearms, stepped to the ground, and turned with a pistol in each hand, cocked and presented at the passengers who attempted to follow him.

"Will you oblige me, gentlemen," he said, in a very polite, but decided tone, by staying quietly in your seats. You at the windows please hold your hands outside; you'll find it quite comfortable to rest your elbows on the casing. Now all stay just as you are and there'll be no unpleasantness. We want nothing of you but to keep still!

"There was not a firearm left on the inside of the coach—it might have made no difference had they all been there—so the passengers kept quiet and listened to what was going on outside.

"Sam Brown, thinly masked by a black veil, and in no way disguised as to his voice, was holding a conversation with the driver. Emerging from the shadows of the canon, he had suddenly appeared by the side of the leaders, pulled down on the driver with a revolver and ordered him to halt. The driver had obligingly complied, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Hullo, Simmons."

"Hullo, stranger."

"You're slow to-night. I've been waiting more than an hour for a little express package you're got 'er Standard."

"Say, put that pistol down. It might go off," protested Simmons uneasily.

"It won't say nothing if you don't. But if you want to get your passengers into Bodie on time, you'd better kick that boodle from under the box, for I'm in a hurry. I'll give you a receipt."

"There was nothing for Simmons to do but shuffle the box out into view with his feet—for Sam did not trust the driver's hands out of his sight—and hand it down, after which Sam handed Simmons a receipt signed 'Road Agent' to clear him from any suspicion of having himself taken the property.

"That done, Sam retired backward into the shadows with the box under his arm. His clerical-looking confederate also stepped back, with his pistols still covering the stage, and the coach was then allowed to move on. He first, however, took the addresses of the men whose pistols he had borrowed, and the weapons were mysteriously returned to them soon after their arrival in Bodie."

A Fakir Outfitted.

The street fakir was stationed on the corner of East and Mission streets, New York, with a machine that an inventor could spin around, and "if it stops at a watch yer got the watch, but if it don't yer sure

of a snake," such was the language of the fakir. A man passed by and wanted things for a few minutes. He saw several signs given to speculators, but the bright steel index never stopped on the watch or the revolver. He carried a very stout case. Going up to the turntable he stood abreast of the watch, and held his heavy case fairly up and down. He put down a nickel, gave the index a twist, and to the surprise of all it stopped right over the watch. The crowd cheered and jeered, and the fakir tried to look as if he liked it. After depositing the watch in his pocket the stranger edged around the table till he stood abreast of the revolver. The case was again held straight up and down, and another nickel was thrown on the table. The index was sent flying around and it stopped right over the revolver. The crowd was too surprised to cheer any more, and before the fakir had recovered his composure the stranger walked off. An officer from one of the ships near by had watched the whole proceeding, and going after the stranger asked permission to see the case. The stranger handed it to the sailor, who found it weighed eight or nine pounds. It was a powerful magnet.

PRODUCING PEARLS

How Man Helps the Oyster to Lead a Profitable Existence.

Peeling pearls is a little trick which Parisian jewellers have reduced to a science. They will take a pearl which is apparently so imperfect that it is scarcely marketable, and with a skill bordering on the marvelous, will peel off the outer layer and develop a lovely gem.

A pearl is made up of layer of "nacre" and animal tissue. The nacre is that beautiful iridescent substance which gives to mother of pearl and the lining of oyster shells their chief beauty, and it is especially attractive in the pearl oyster. The layers of nacre and animal tissue alternate, so that the skilled jeweler can peel an ugly, discolored pearl and make of it quite another jewel. The tools employed are a sharp knife, extremely delicate files, soft leather, and pearl powder. The layer of nacre is hard and difficult to cut, but the pearl renovator chips it off bit by bit, feeling his way with the edge of his knife, for the layer is too thin to be seen by the unaided eye.

In one of the workshops of Chicago is a man who is specially devoted to pearls. He claims that a perfect pearl is the most beautiful of gems and says that the time is coming when pearls will be fashionable again. He exhibits with some pride a large pink pearl and said that it had been artificially started. This brought out the fact that in China and Japan pearl oysters are not only cultivated, but are forced to produce pearls.

A pearl is the result of an oyster's efforts to remove a source of irritation. If a grain of sand or some other hard substance finds its way into the shell the oyster begins coating it with nacre, which gives the irritating intruder a smooth exterior. The oyster deposits nacre over the offending object as long as it remains a source of irritation, and the Chinese have taken advantage of this peculiarity of the solitary mollusk. They make little pellets of earth which has been dried and powdered with the juice of camphor seeds, and during May and June plant these in the oyster. The shell is opened with a mother-of-pearl knife, care being taken not to injure the oyster, and the earth pills are laid under the oyster's beard. The treated mollusks are then placed in canals and pools and left undisturbed until November, when they are dredged up, opened and the nacre-covered pellets removed with sharp knives. The pellets are usually found fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells.

The Chinese pearl farmer then turns jeweller. He drills a little hole into the pearl at the place where it was fastened to the shell and removes the dirt. The cavity is filled with yellow rosin, and the opening sealed neatly with a tiny bit of mother-of-pearl.

But a Frenchman has improved on this method. He found that the Chinese killed many oysters by forcing the sharp pellets to deposit the earth pellets. The ingenious Frenchman bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a small drill and then introduced through the opening little globules of glass. He plugged the holes with corks and left the oysters alone to manufacture pearls. In six months the glass nucleus was covered with a pearly deposit, and the Frenchman reaped a beautiful harvest of pearls. He did not have to bore holes in the pearls to remove the centre, and his product brought higher prices than the pearls made by the Chinese.

These artificial pearls have much of the lustre and beauty of the real gems, but are sold at a much lower rate by honest jewellers. Experts can color pearls black, pink, gray and other colors by the use of chemicals. For instance, a pearl put in nitrate of silver turns black. But pearl raisers know a trick worth two of that. Certain kinds of fresh water mussels bear pink pearls, and pearl oysters produce different colored pearls, according to the part of the oyster which is irritated by the foreign substance. The artificial pearl producer knows this and plants his seed accordingly. In Washington is an artificial pink pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and its heart is a bit of beeswax.

Perfectly round pearls which weigh over twenty-five grains each are scarce and command large prices, but such pearls are natural. Artificial pearls are usually flat on one side.

MARVELLOUS JENNY LIND

Interesting Reminiscences of "the Swedish Nightingale."

Among the most interesting of those of whom John Addington Symonds gives reminiscences in his recently published autobiography is Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, of whom the image has faded away for the present generation, like that of all whose power was displayed on the ephemeral sphere of the stage. He gives a very charming account of this simple-minded, gracious and womanly singer, who had the highest devotion to her art, saying, "I sing to God," and whose home life and manners were those of simple affection and womanliness. Jenny Lind had passed beyond the bloom of youth when Symonds saw her, and her marvellous voice was beginning to lose its power, but her

artistic method was as pure as ever and her expression so magical. The following is his impression of her singing:

"Mrs. Goldschmidt came on second in 'On Mighty Poems.' She was quite in black and looked to me a old, worn lady, with a large head and a small person. She wore no corset, and her dress with its loose waist reminded me of gaudy olden days. At the first tones of her voice I quivered all over. It is not her wonderful execution, her pathos, varying expression, subtle flexibility, that surprised me, but the pure timbre, which so vibrated and thrilled my very soul that tears came into my eyes. The volume of sound she threw out and these diminished to a whisper which permeated the room, the dimmings and crescendos, nightingale metallic strokes, brilliant accents and floods of swift, successive notes I expected. But I had not realized such quality of voice. In Paris above and below in picture of the home of the Goldschmidts at Oak Lea, and this account of the aging cantatrice singing to her bird is very graceful:

"A blackbird hung in a cage outside the door. Mme. G. went up and talked to it. 'Come pretty bird, pretty, pretty, little bird, do give us a little song; we want to hear you sing so much, you pretty, pretty, little bird,' in such a coaxing way that the bird, who had been shy at first, got down and came close to her and put its head on one side to listen. Then Mme. G. sang to it roudles and long shaks, and high, sharp notes, which made the bird most inquisitive. But he continued silent until she turned to go, and then he gave a loud, shrill chirrup, as if to call her back."

INDIAN FIGHTING COURAGE

Terrors in White Settlements Who ran Away From Hostile Redskins.

"It takes a special kind of courage to fight Indians," said Major Regedale at the "Little Gem" in Topeka. "They're pretty sure to surprise you and as hard to catch. Their yelling and whooping alone are enough to stampede men not trained to their style of fighting. Sometimes they fight under cover, and you catch a fire from an enemy you can't get a sight of, and again where there hasn't been one to be seen, they seem all to spring out of the ground at once and charge you as though nothing could stand against a terror. There's the knowledge that if they catch you alive you'll be skinned alive, or burned, or your life tortured out of you by slow degrees in a thousand different ways that can think of to make you suffer. There's many a stout-hearted desperado, a terror in white settlements and not afraid to have a pistol or shotgun scrap any hour of the day or night with a man of his own color, who doesn't count for a row of pins in an Indian fight."

"Take Sam Brown of Nevada for a case in point. He wasn't afraid of any man that wore boots, and he was the terror of the mining camps everywhere he went. The Piute Indians got bad one time and a party was organized in the camps to go out against them. Sam joined the volunteers, and everybody in the party and all Chinese were talking about the big deeds Sam Brown would do, and chucking to think of the way those redskins would be wiped out when they run up against him.

"Well, when they came upon the Indians in white settlements, a terror that had expected. It was the whites that got licked out in short order, and those that weren't left on the ground stampeded for safety. Sam Brown was one of the first ones to run, and the pace set his horse to get away from the party and back to Bodie as fast as hoofs could carry him. He knew Sam Brown, and that if that worthy once got alongside of him he wouldn't hesitate to shoot him off his horse so as to get a better mount for himself. After they all got back to the settlement he didn't go round to places where he was likely to meet Sam, lest it might stir him up to unpleasant recollections of their Indian campaign—people were that considerate of others' feelings in those days when the other happened to be Sam Brown."

REVERSED BY A COLLISION

An Old Brakeman Tells of a Queer Railroad Accident in the West.

"The most remarkable wreck I was ever in," said an old Louisville brakeman, happened on the Short Line between Pewee and Beard's some years ago. It was a freight wreck. I had charge of the La Grange accommodation, and was bound in to Louisville. We were following hard upon the trail of train No. 32, also bound for Louisville. Train No. 14 was coming in our direction. It had been delayed some minutes at Pewee, but expected to make up the time and sidetrack between Pewee and Beard's on schedule time, so that train No. 32 would have the right of way.

The delay was what caused the trouble. The side track I am telling you about was just behind and under a hill. Train No. 14 had just backed on the side track, and before the switchman could shift the switch train No. 32 came dashing around the bend. The engineer saw the danger. He turned down the throttle with a hard shove and whistled down brakes. His efforts were of no use, however. Train No. 32 turned in on the side track and went crashing into No. 14. All the cars of the train, fourteen in all, were crushed and the track was clean as if they had been peas in a pod. The shock of the two trains meeting was, of course, terrific. The whole of train No. 32, including the locomotive, toppled off the track. Remarkable as it may seem, only the cars of No. 14 were thrown off the track.

"When the two trains struck, the engineer of 14 had his hand on the throttle, about to stop his train. The shock threw him out of the cab and the wheels threw open the throttle again and reversed the engine. When the cars had been stopped off the track the locomotive went 'wild' down the track toward Lagrange. We of

the Lagrange accommodation had by this time moved the curve. I was at the head of the train as it loomed. I heard the sound of a locomotive approaching and signalled the engineer of our train to reverse his engine. He had hardly time to jump to the throttle when the wild locomotive crashed into us. I was thrown, I reckon, fifty feet, and came out of it with two broken legs. No one else was hurt, but the Lagrange accommodation was a day late. No, I don't railroad any more."

Just the Man They Wanted.

Rev. Mr. Bedell, who used to preach Methodist doctrine in Calhoun county, Georgia, was what is called "a jack of all trades." While he was living at Newton it is related to him that a young runaway couple seeking to get something to eat were very shy at that and called for the ferryman, when Bedell responded to their call and put them across the river. While doing so the young man inquired for a blacksmith, as he wanted some repairs made on his buggy. Bedell replied: "I am a blacksmith and will repair it."

The young man next inquired for a hotel to stop at. Bedell replied: "Come with me; I keep the hotel and will entertain you."

The next inquiry was for the Clerk of the Court of Ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. Bedell answered: "I am the clerk and can issue you a license."

He finally inquired for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony. The man of many occupations was again equal to the emergency and informed the would-be bridegroom: "I am the minister and will perform the ceremony for you."

ALL THROUGH ONE GATE.

Let us tancy a state of affairs like this: Suppose that nothing to eat could be raised or produced in England; suppose a war, in which all the ports of England were so effectively and continuously blockaded that no food whatever could be imported for a year. What would become of the people? At best only a few could leave the country; the vast majority must remain. The question answers itself. Such a situation is not likely to occur; God forbid that it ever should, but the grim fancy may teach some of us a lesson that we can use to advantage.

For example, a lady is speaking of an occasion when she was very ill. What her ailment was she did not know. It first appeared in November, 1890. Up to that time she says she had been healthy and strong; never needed a doctor. At that time she felt, not so much that she had been attacked by illness as that she had tumbled into it. She was languid, tired, and weak, without perceiving any reason why she should be so. "At first," she says, "my appetite failed me, and I have no desire for food. I could eat only a few ounces of liquid, and after the simplest diet I had great pains at the chest. Sometimes I was seized with giddiness, and had pain across the forehead and temples.

"I became so low and weak that I was confined to my room for fortnight, and could barely walk across the floor. I continued to grow worse, losing strength daily. In the early part of December, 1890, I thought I would try a medicine that had greatly benefited my two daughters, one of whom had suffered from weakness and indigestion, and the other from poorness of the blood.

"The name of the medicine is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I procured it from Mr. Shireliff, the chemist, in Goldhawk Road. After I had taken the Syrup two days I found myself a little better. My appetite returned, and what I ate digested and gave me strength. By the time I had taken two bottles I was completely cured, and have since been in the best of health, not requiring medicine of any kind. I have recommended Mother Seigel's Syrup to many of my friends, and they have found benefit from its use. If by publishing this letter other sufferers may come to know the curative powers of this medicine, you are at liberty to make it public. I will answer any inquiries. Yours truly (signed) Mrs. S. Buckingham, 22, Oaklands Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, September 16th, 1892."

The reader will notice that Mrs. Buckingham speaks of her two daughters, one of whom had been cured of weakness and indigestion, and the other of poorness of the blood, by the Syrup. On this point we merely desire to suggest that both the young ladies were (as their mother knew) troubled with the same complaint—one perhaps in a stage a trifle more advanced than the other. Poverty of blood may as simply a lack in it of the vital elements, which food alone can supply; and no food can supply them unless it is perfectly digested. Thousands of women are thus afflicted, and are being constantly saved by the effect of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup on the stomach and the other digestive organs.

Then what do we make of the illustration which introduces this article? This: The human body is like the population of a great country—it must be fed. Every muscle, bone, and bit of flesh is merely food altered into that form by the digestion. Yes; even more than this. Our illustration goes deeper than we thought. While it is not supposable that England could fail of assistance from her own soil, the human body in no way helps itself. All its support must come from the outside, and all pass through one gate—the stomach.

We thus see the great work done by the Syrup in keeping this gate always open and available.

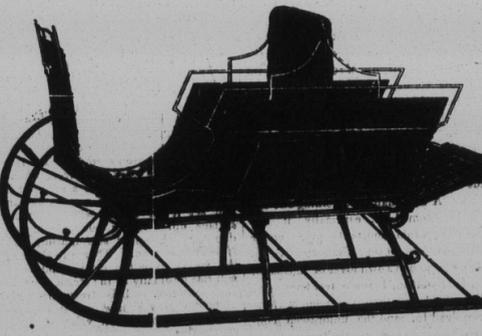
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Sunday Reading.

THE BEST MONUMENTS. The Late George Peabody Will Ever Be Remembered.

Notion how rapidly the prominent men of this land are taking their places in what William G. Brewster, in his "Thimbletop," calls "the silent halls of death." Immediately after their departure, the question arises about building them a monument. The hardest money to raise is for such an obituary commemoration. However eminent a man's services may have been, the subscription for his monument generally comes at a hard sell.

It instead of spending so much money on a statue, or a sarcophagus, or a grave-dwelling architecture, the monument were in the shape of a free library, or an art gallery, or an orphan asylum, or a school, or a thousand dollars would pour in where now it is hard to get a hundred. Though a marble pile should be reared in every graveyard in Christendom to the honor of George Peabody, it would not do so much to keep him in being as the erection of such a building.

Monuments are hard to raise money for, and will themselves in course of time perish. The obelisk in Central Park is only a big tombstone. It was built for all time to honor the Egyptian dead. But even that obelisk is now decaying. It is patched and plastered and mended, but it is a dying tombstone. The waves of eternity pass strike against one side the cold column and the waves of eternity to come beat against the other side of the column. Time has a chisel with which he is obliterating every inscription and chipping away all symmetry, and the mandate which has left the Coliseum in ruins, and the Pantheon only a guess of what it was, is saying to the obelisk, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

But there are monuments that never perish. The longer they stand the grander their proportions and the mightier and brighter their inscriptions. I mean the monuments built out of hearts comforted, out of sorrow appeased, out of hunger fed, out of tyrants demolished. When the white and holy shaft is uncovered it will be a chisel of nations saved and the agony of him who will say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to me, ye did it to my brethren, ye did it to me." Higher or lower we all have opportunity of building for ourselves such a monument. It will not have the coldness of granite, but the warmth of eternal sympathies. Ten thousand years, instead of erasing, will only augment its grandeur. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. But do not let us be discouraged because we cannot build our monuments of usefulness on a large scale. It, according to the divine announcement, he who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall receive a disciple's reward; then every encouraging word uttered, every Gospel invitation given, every lit of the helpless over dead places, every prayer offered, every deed done, however insignificant to human sight, will be everlastingly honored and remembered by the Lord, long after the granite of the cemetery has fallen and the obelisk of antiquity shall have been followed up in the last earthquake of a foundering world. As far as I remember, God in the bible wrote only two epitaphs, the one over the man who had lived to himself. "Thou fool!" the other over a plam woman, whose tribute of love to him offended his disciples: "She hath done what she could."

A SATURDAY NIGHT'S TALK.

Concerning This Week's International Sunday-School Lesson.

Saturday night! And here we are cozily encoined in the sitting room, to hear what father has to say about the morning's lesson. My father is a decidedly practical man; and we always look forward to this occasion with a good deal of relief, because it means additional knowledge to heads that are sorely in need of it. I do not mean by this that Harry and Sue are stupid, or that my head is particularly thick; but I must confess that father's comments make the lesson much clearer.

"Sam, have you found the place?" said father, turning to me as I sat curled up in a sleepy hollow chair in front of the open fire.

"Yes, sir. John's gospel, chapter nine, and the first eleven verses."

"The episode is an interesting one," continued he. A man blind from his birth receives his sight in response to faith and obedience."

"It is a beautiful day in October. A. D. 29. Jesus has come to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, which always lasted one week."

"He comes into direct contact with a blind beggar near the entrance to the temple; and His great heart is touched with sympathy,—not that sort of sympathy which expends itself in words; but in action."

"Blindness is quite common in the East; it is not 'I' inquired mother, as she looked up from her sewing."

"Yes, quite so."

"Harry, go to the case and get Dr. Galkie's 'Life of Christ' and see what he has to say," said father.

"Here it is," replied Harry, as he found the place with the dettens of an expert.

"While in northern Europe there is one blind in a thousand, in Egypt there is one in every hundred; in Egypt there are few people have their eyes quite blind."

"How sad to be blind," said Sue, as her big, brown eyes moistened with tears.

"It seems to me that such a condition

of things must narrow one's conception of life and foster low ideals at best."

"Do you not think so, papa?"

"I hardly know what to say, dear. Instance Milton, and the British postmaster-general, though entirely deprived of sight, would hardly want to change those with low ideals or narrow conceptions, would we?"

"What is the cause of so much blindness in Eastern lands?" I ventured to ask.

"The answer is simple," said father.

"The glare of the sun, the force of the wind, which always carries with it vast amount of dust particles in sandy countries, and the unsmooth headgear which affords no protection to the eyes, are sufficient causes to impair anyone's sight, but the man in question was blind from his birth; and science has found no way to give sight in such cases. Hence no one but Jesus could have wrought so great a miracle."

"Another interesting point in this poor fellow's case," continued father, "is the manner in which Jesus dealt with him. He was poor, and blind and helpless; but what of it? Did Christ upbraid him with these things? Certainly not, for the simple reason that He knew the poor fellow had about all he could endure; nor did He wait for the beggar to beseech him, as in the case of Bartimeus, but anointed the man's eyes with plastic clay on the spot; then told him to go to the pool of Siloam, and wash it off, and he would have sight."

"Well, I declare!" said Harry, as he arched his brows and looked full into his father's face. "Do you mean to say, that by simply putting clay on the man's eyes, then washing it off, would have power to give him sight?"

"No, sir. The point is in: all the miracles which Christ wrought while on earth for needy humanity, he always tested those whom he helped, by giving them something to do."

"What a feeling of expectancy must have filled the beggar's mind as he pushed on toward the pool in the southeastern section of the city, not far from the temple. Some laughed, and said, 'Poor fool!' But he heeded them not; he was bound to obey the means, in his ardent to obtain sight. The same thing is true today. As surely as cause and effect go together, just so surely do means and results go hand in hand. At this juncture, mother asked if it is true that all the ill of life are directly traceable to sin, as some people affirm. For instance, the bystanders wanted to know 'Who did sin this man or his parent?'"

"Your question is well chosen," said father; "and although our Lord does not enlarge on this point as much as I wish he had, yet I feel sure that the exact condition of the soul in its relation to God, is not determined by either calamity or prosperity. Of course sin always has a downward tendency in its very nature, but it would be folly to always attribute evil to sin, since this would impede every good person's whose life adversity comes, indeed it would impede Jesus himself."

"I firmly believe in a Providence that overrules; and though often subjected to adversity for which I am not responsible; yet out of them all we receive strength and brighter for practical service in a world whose economy we but partly understand."

"The conclusion of the whole matter is this," continued father: "Sin darkens the light, and the light which sin removes means by which sin is removed; new aspirations, new hopes such as he never knew before; as Miss Lloyd beautifully puts it:

"On my benedict knee,
I recognize thy purging sorrow;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone."

A Singing Hindoo Convert.

At a recent meeting in England, Mr. Robert Spurgeon related the following of a Hindoo convert: Boden is one of the gentlest and happiest and best of our native brethren. He is greatly beloved everywhere. And to all classes he is ever ready to sing for Jesus. Two or three hymn-books, wrapped in a piece of cloth, are always with him. Hindoos and Mohammedans and Christians alike invite him to sing, and he has a hymn that suits almost every subject. This aged saint has gone through many trials. When a false lawsuit resulted in his imprisonment he taken on land where some heathen had desired to secure it, and in revenge the Hindoo came down upon them in a body one Sunday morning while they were at prayer. Boden was present, his left arm was broken, and he had to spend weeks in the hospital at Firozpoor. While there he did more for Christ by his quiet, unassuming and gentle spirit, as well as by his perpetual singing, than much harsh preaching could accomplish."

The Little Tacks of Life.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, pierce our feet and give us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which hover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little tacks which present themselves day by day.

A Little Girl's Gift.

A little maid had a bed of strawberries. She watched them with great solicitude, until they ripened. At last they were ripe and her brother urged her to pick an eat the best. "No," said she. "I cannot eat these for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?" he asked. "Father told us that he used to give God the first

of the money he made, and that he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too." "But," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could he would not care for them." "Oh, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'In as much as ye do unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' and I meant to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' drying-chamber, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor. I may want the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw her put out her arms to take the ripe, round fruit in her little, shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten and her lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering."

THE GAVE UP HER JEWELS

A Chinese Woman Sets an Example to her More Favored Sisters.

Pastor Hai, a native Chinese Christian, was a most devoted servant of Christ. The city of Hoh-chan (writes Mr. Hudson Taylor, the well-known missionary), on the main road that runs as much as the heart of Pastor Hai. Day by day, at family prayers, he pleaded for that place and neighborhood, deeply feeling its spiritual destitution. At last his wife said to him: "You are always praying for Hoh-chan. Why do you never give and commence an Open Relief there, as you have done in so many other places?"

"I have spent all," he replied, "that I can use in this way: unless the Lord supply the means, no more can be attempted."

"Why," she responded, "what do you think it would cost?" "Twenty to thirty thousand cash," he answered gravely. (About \$25.)

When the wife heard that she went away and said no more. But she could not forget it. There was a city needing the Gospel. Here were ready, willing workers, longing to enter it. But means were lacking. What could she do?

Next morning the good pastor pleaded, as usual, the need and darkness of Hoh-chan. What was his surprise, as he rose from his knees, to see his wife standing beside him with all her jewelry, including such prized possessions, which she handed to him, saying, "I can do without these. Sell them, and let Hoh-chan have the gospel."

Here, surely, is a striking lesson for Christian sisters at home! The city soon had its opium refuge and a good work commenced.

Noble Young Manhood.

There are many things very attractive to a young man in themselves, many things to which companionship or fashion urges, but about which conscience asks, "Are you sure it is right?" Then is the time for decision. To be right for more important than to be rich, or to be admired, or to please. Such a principle of action will persevere from many a deadly precipice, to which a doubtless path aluringly leads. Young men should not only save themselves from harm, but others. Especially, they should be helpers of those younger and weaker. Accent civility was proud of giving such protection. Let all young men be knights-errant in the best sense. Let them be protectors of all children, and maidens, and women; guarding them in their danger, and denouncing their betrayers, for nothing on earth or word which might dishonor or lead to injuring them. Such a principle of action will be the thought of themselves leading others astray. Young men, hoping one day for a wife who shall be like an "angel in the house," will feel that the purity they expect in her will in all fairness and honor persevere for her in themselves. A noble, virtuous, industrious young manhood is likely to be followed by success, full maturity and a happy and honored age. For this the absolute requisite is faith in God; a full surrender of body, soul and spirit to His service, through Jesus Christ, the perfect example and all-constraining motive.

Mexican Homes.

Home life in Mexico is widely different from that in our own land. "There is no more delightful place to visit than a Mexican hacienda," writes Rev. Geo. B. Winston. "Imagine a square of an acre or two inclosed by a strong wall of stone some twenty feet high. Inside are the houses, barns, stables, stores, workshops, etc., all of which one great portal gives entrance. This is the usual building that sections that were formerly much exposed to robbery. In other sections the various more important buildings are grouped around an open square, which serves as market place and general play-ground. Striking the house and the church and barns are the huts of from one hundred to several thousand laborers. Some of these are the house servants, cooks, coachmen, porters and others, of which there are usually a large number. From the roof of the house, perhaps from the front door itself, there is a view of field and pasture, forest and hill, that stretch away and away till the fair boundary is often lost beyond the blue horizon. Such is the Mexican 'hacienda.' Like its counterpart in our own country, it is the abode of cheerful hospitality. If you are a friend of the owner, you can come and go with perfect confidence, staying a day, a week, or a month, as you may please, and having the whole place at your command. And in the little plaza night by night, glitter the campfires of male-tour and harem travellers, who camp thus under the shadow and protection of the house."

Nature's Gospelized.

It is a good sign when a christian finds company, and signs, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small door-yard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak naturalism when a christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden on a memorable occasion. No doubt Christ selected the garden of that country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling christian. A man has sorrow, temptations, sins and delinquencies that are no

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PROBATE COURT. City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick. To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County: Greeting: Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, late of the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petition, dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUITED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:— William D. Logan, aged 86 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick; Mary Ann Duncan, aged 81 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John; Charles H. Dunlop, aged 78 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York; one of the United States of America; Joseph H. Dunlop, aged 75 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; in the said Province of New Brunswick; Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 73 years, Resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; in the said Province of New Brunswick; Frederick J. C. Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; in the said Province of New Brunswick; Isaac Louise Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 37 years, Resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; John D. Moore, aged 31 years, Resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Resident in the Parish of St. James, in the County and City of Saint John; Elizabeth McConnel, aged 64 years, Widow, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America; Jane L. Arnett, aged 50 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America; George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 37 years, Resident at Calais, in the State of Maine; Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, in the State of Maine; Margaret J. Hunter, widow of Samuel O. Hunter, resident in said City of St. John; Sara O. Hunter, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America; Margaret Rossborough, aged 68 years, widow of Jasper Rossborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts; Edw. Lybce, aged 65 years, widow of James Lybce, resident in the said City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts; Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Malda McKean, aged 36 years, wife of Archibald McKean, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America; James Burke, aged 31 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Martha Davison, aged 29 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York; Elizabeth Burke, aged 28 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Mary Jane Clegg, aged 25 years, wife of William Glegg, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick; James Rodgers, aged 64 years, Carpenter, resident at Chathamport, in the State of Massachusetts; Margaret Rodgers, aged 63 years, wife of Freeman S. Rodgers, millman, resident at Campbellton, in the Province of New Brunswick; Sarah Ann Sallinger, aged 59 years, wife of John Sallinger, Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts; Isabella Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John A. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, in the said Province of New Brunswick; Alexander Rodgers, aged 45 years, Farmer, resident at Erbe's Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick; David Rodgers, aged 44 years, Farmer, resident at Cretwell's Landing, Belleisle, in the said Province of New Brunswick; Alexander Halse, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass moulder, resident at Erbe's Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick; Hannah LeCain, aged 39 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Sackville, in the State of Massachusetts; George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Stouffville, in the State of Massachusetts; Edwin C. Hunter, aged 38 years, fireman, resident on Fenwick, in the Province of New Brunswick; Augustus H. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. D. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in the Province of New Brunswick; John T. Hunter, aged 33 years, laborer, resident at St. Martins, in the County and County of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick; George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of George A. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in the Province of New Brunswick; James H. Hunter, aged 28 years, married, resident at New Brunswick, in the State of Massachusetts; John W. Hunter, aged 28 years, carpenter, resident at St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick; Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick; Ernest Hunter, aged 25 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the Province of New Brunswick; Margaret M. Hunter, aged 22 years, Spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, in the Province of New Brunswick; Louis H. Hunter, aged 22 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, in the Province of New Brunswick; Anne J. Worden, aged 21 years, wife of George Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, in the County of Kings, in the Province of New Brunswick; and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:— Mary Jane Dalsell, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick; William R. Russell, aged 27 years, Clothier, resident at the City of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick; and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, in the County of Kings, in the Province of New Brunswick, to appear before a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in the Equity and Probate Court House in the City of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May, next at the hour of two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proof of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this 29th day of January, A. D. 1895. ARTHUR J. TREMBLANE, Judge of Probate. [L. S.] JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County. A. P. BARRILLAN, Proctor.

"NIAGARA" INFECTOR. If you require a boiler feeder try the "Niagara." Life is too short to fool away time on worthless machines. No satisfaction, no pay, in my motto. Will send you one on 30 days trial. Write for price. W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A MODERN PLANING MILL

WOODWORKING INDUSTRY IN VARIETY OF DETAIL.

Haley Bros. & Co.'s Plant for the Manufacture of Doors, Windows, Blinds, and all kinds of House and Building Finish—A Busy and Interesting Establishment.

There are few more interesting industrial establishments than a large wood-working factory, where the rough lumber from the saw-mills is dressed and cut and turned and finished into the thousand and one articles of utility and ornament that

thirty-five different sizes, in four different styles, kept continually in stock, glazed or unglazed, as may be desired. Then there are all sorts of circle and segment top, Queen Anne and other irregular style windows, in all conceivable sizes, called for by special contracts and custom orders. The stock doors manufactured, to particularize, include half a dozen sizes of raised-panel doors, a dozen sizes of slab-moulded doors, in several different qualities or grades, and raised-moulding doors in three or four sizes, with circular and square tops, plain panel, or

One day when she was thus in bed several guests arrived and were admitted. They all began to advise and pull their cloak around them. "What!" exclaimed the invalid, "is it cold here?" "It is simply freezing," answered a guest. "Thank you for telling me," said Mrs. de la Harpe. She rang a bell. The guests supposed she was sending for a maid to make a fire; but when the servant came in Mrs. de la Harpe said— "Amidst, bring in my down coverlet!" Having given this order, she began conversation about other matters.



enter into the interior construction and fitting of our homes and business offices and public buildings. A representative establishment of this character is the extensive planing and moulding mill, door, sash and blind factory, and general wood-working plant of Haley Bros. & Co., at Broad and Charlotte streets, this city.

Haley Bros. & Co.'s works occupy an irregular square at the south end of the city, facing the harbor, with a frontage of 230 feet on Broad street, 130 feet on Charlotte, and 100 feet on Britain street. The main building is a three story wooden structure, 60x100 feet with a two-story wing of brick extending along one side of its length, to which is attached a boiler and engine house, also of brick, containing the boilers and 100 h. p. engine which furnish the motive power of the establishment. The main floor of this building contains the business offices, and with this exception is given up entirely to dressing lumber and to the manufacture of hardwood flooring. Its machinery equipment is complete for all requirements, consisting of a hardwood-flooring machine, a large planer and matcher for general job work, two smaller planers, large timber saw, bandsaw resaw, and clapboard dressing machines. On the second floor is the general manufacturing department, fitted with door and sash machines, moulding machines, lathes, saw tables and all the varied machinery and tools for fashioning the multitudinous forms of exterior and interior house finish. This apartment is 20 feet wider than the rooms on the first and third floors, and is therefore 80x100 feet in the clear, extending into the annex and including the space above the business offices. In the third story is the finishing room, occupying the whole space, 60x100 feet. Here the work that comes in the rough from the machines on the floor below is finished ready for shipment. Various special machines are employed in the work, notable among them in way of novelty being a door planer for planing whole doors, and a door "relisher" for making the tenons. Much of the machinery in the establishment is new, all of it is fully abreast of the times in the way of modern design and capacity, and especially in the door and sash manufacturing departments does it comprise the latest improvements for rapid and economical work. This is a line in which the competition is most sharp, particularly in the Nova Scotia field, and only by use of the highest class machinery, combining the latest inventions for saving time, labor and material, can the manufacturers here compete with those of Nova Scotia for the trade of that province.

In the rear of the factory, and connected with it, is the dryhouse, 40x50 feet, two stories, where the raw lumber is thoroughly kiln-dried by steam heat. Beyond and adjoining the dryhouse is a two-story storehouse 100x35 feet, fronting on Britain street. Also fronting on Britain street is a large warehouse for the storage of doors and sashes and other finished work kept in stock, while extending alongside the factory building, and fronting on Broad street, is a lumber warehouse, three stories, 40x80 feet. There is spacious yard room on both the east and the west sides of the buildings, all now occupied however with piles of lumber in every variety of kind and grade and dimension, and extra yard space required has been secured and utilized by leasing a lot on the waterfront just across Charlotte street from the main yard and works.

It is needless to say that a bare enumeration of the goods and articles manufactured by an establishment of this extent and character would be impossible within the limits of our space. In variety they are almost countless, embracing not only many different sizes and styles in the numerous standard lines kept in stock, but including thousands of special designs in woodwork made to order. In windows, for example, there are: 12-light windows six sizes, in 8-light four sizes, in 4-light ten sizes, and in 2-light nine sizes; or

prepared for glass or glazed. The doors made to order are of every conceivable pattern, for house interiors, vestibules, stores, business offices, churches, and public buildings, in pine and other selected woods. These two lines alone constitute no small item of business, as may be gathered from the fact that just now, during the lull in contract work which annually precedes the opening of the building season, the factory is making up a lot of three thousand doors and three to four thousand pairs of sashes for the spring trade.

In other lines of work the manufactures of this firm include store fronts, verandas, bay windows; counters, shelves and fittings for stores, banks and offices; mantels, mouldings, brackets, stair posts and rails and balusters, and every description of interior and exterior finish, from plain or elaborate design, in soft or hard woods. A specialty is made of matched hardwood flooring and sheathing, and particular attention is paid to church work in all its details, including Gothic and irregular windows, pews, chancels, etc. Blinds for inside and outside use, in all patterns and sizes, are also a leading specialty. From thirty to forty hands are employed in the factory, and a million feet of pine and half a million feet of other lumber is used annually, the former supplied mainly by the mills on the river, and the latter comprising the various hard and soft woods used in the house finisher's art, including both native and foreign varieties. The firm are also operating in the woods on their own account, near Henry Lake, St. Martin's parish. Last year they got out about half a million of spruce, this winter their cut will reach probably 700,000, and they expect to extend operations in future. The lumber is cut on the ground by a portable mill, and shipped down to St. John by rail.

This enterprising establishment has naturally a large local demand for its products, but its trade covers the field of the three maritime provinces, and is particularly well established and increasing in Nova Scotia. The firm also send a good deal of work into Maine, and have done several church jobs of some magnitude in Calais, Milltown, and Eastport. In the last ten years they have filled contracts for finishing no less than fifty churches, in most cases, as with nearly all their large contracts, putting the work up as well as furnishing the material. They have supplied the interior work for four churches in the past year, including two Roman catholic edifices in Kent county and a Methodist church at Bear River, N. S. They have just commenced on a \$3000 contract for the interior finish of the new St. Mary's convent at Newcastle, including flooring, wainscoting, stairwork, etc., and have recently furnished 10,000 feet of hardwood flooring for the new college dormitories at Sackville. A very fine job in the house-finishing line was only lately completed for Mr. W. H. Chase, the well-known apple shipper, of Wollville, N. S., consisting of the interior work on his new \$20,000 residence, said to be the best private house in the county and one of the finest in the province.

The firm of Haley Bros. & Co. is composed of Messrs. Amos W. Allen and R. G. Haley, and dates from the great fire. At that time the present proprietors came from Yarmouth, N. S., and rebuilt from the ashes of the fire on the site of a small planing mill that was swept away by the great conflagration. Originally established as a branch of a Yarmouth house, the business has expanded in proportions and extended in scope year by year through the energy and enterprise of its proprietors, until it has long since outgrown the parent establishment, and has become one of the foremost industries of its class in the maritime provinces.

What it is to be a genuine, single-minded socialist is illustrated in a recent volume by a story of Miss An. DeLaford, a celebrity of the last century. Miss deLaford was a great invalid, and spent most of her time in bed; but this fact did not prevent her from receiving a great deal of company.

BORN.

- Halifax, Feb. 25, to the wife of Alex. McNeil, a son. New Ross, Feb. 9, to the wife of O. S. Elliot, a son. New Glasgow, Feb. 16, to the wife of Isaac Ross, a son. Kentville, Feb. 22, to the wife of Thos. Marshall, a son. Paradise West, Feb. 25, to the wife of Alister Daniels, a son. Dartmouth, Feb. 24, to the wife of Bryden Keady, a son. Bridgewater, Mar. 1, to the wife of Robert Dawson, a son. Economy, Feb. 19, to the wife of Jas. D. McEllan, a son. Lake Park, Feb. 16, to the wife of Albert Lutz, a daughter. Yarmouth, Feb. 20, to the wife of Jos. Nichols, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 25, to the wife of J. W. Moir, a daughter. New Ross, Feb. 4, to the wife of Edgar Hill, a daughter. St. John, Feb. 27, to the wife of Jos. B. Knowles, a daughter. Woodport, Feb. 26, to the wife of William Richardson, a son. Lower Woodstock, Feb. 27, to the wife of A. W. Hoy, a son. Cornwallis, Feb. 17, to the wife of Montague Manning, a son. Shear Harbor, Feb. 19, to the wife of Capt. W. Howe, a daughter. Rosedale Mass., Feb. 17, to the wife of A. F. H. Young, a daughter. Dolhaver, Feb. 29, to the wife of E. W. Thorpe, twins, boy and girl. Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 21, to the wife of W. H. Jackson, a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 26, to the wife of David Kennedy, a daughter. Sax Harbor, L. I., Feb. 15, to the wife of Dr. Gordon T. Baker, a son. East Somerville, Mass., Feb. 7, to the wife of Frank F. Cornwell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- St. John, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Charles R. Barbour to Doris Young. Zealand, Feb. 26, by Rev. J. King, Ursula Brewer to Ivetta Cronin. Amherst, Feb. 25, by Rev. R. Williams, Wm. Penick to Mary Lank. Halifax, Feb. 25, by Rev. Canon Partridge, J. W. Hill to Mrs. Edith Marchant. Truro, Feb. 26, by Rev. Fr. Kissella, Nelson Langley to Mary Belle Jarvis. New York, Feb. 1, Roger Walker Everitt to Caroline Ann McKelvey. Yarmouth, Feb. 24, by Rev. E. D. Miller, George Roy to Jane Montgomery. Halifax, Feb. 26, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Andrew T. Hart to Alice Maud R. an. Digby, Feb. 25, by Rev. A. H. Harley, Alvin Bowler to Edith Marchant. Miramichi, N. J., Feb. 25, by Rev. F. Beattie, Alvin E. Ellis to Addie McEneaney. North Shore, Feb. 19, by Rev. John Fraser, John Acadia Mines, N. S., Feb. 19, by Rev. Dr. Walsh, Edward McLeod to Ida Day. Pictou, Feb. 21, by Rev. D. Henderson, Angus Cameron to Christina Fraser. Lower Cove, Feb. 26, by Rev. Mons. Connolly, F. L. Lindsay to Laura McEneaney. Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. T. Cumming, John H. McDonald to Bessie McEneaney. Berwick, Feb. 25, by Rev. D. H. Stimpson, E. Manning Bennett to Elsie Sheehana. St. Ann's, Feb. 12, by Rev. John Fraser, Capt. Campbell to Mary A. McLeod. Halifax, Feb. 25, by Rev. Father Forbes, M. J. Murphy to Blanche F. Rooms. Fairville, Feb. 26, by Rev. Chas. Collins, Alfred X. Galsinger to Mary McEneaney. Nashraak, Feb. 26, by Rev. J. Tippet, James Coperthwaite to Nellie Newman. Mill Village, Feb. 26, by Rev. W. R. Turner, Adeline Bennett to Laura McEneaney. Digby, N. S., Feb. 13, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Alex. Adams to Barbara Middleton. Salmon River, Feb. 26, by Rev. H. Harvey, John Bowdler to Laura McEneaney. Woods Harbor, Feb. 12, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Harri Quinlan to Stella McCorky. Caladonia, Feb. 26, by Rev. P. B. Scott, Siphorus Freeman to Mrs. Annie J. Cameron. Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 18, Robert McElrath to Catherine E. McEneaney. St. Ann's, Feb. 12, by Rev. A. S. McDonald, Daniel J. Dunlop, to Catherine Nicholson. Gaspere, C. B., Feb. 19, by Rev. D. Sutherland, William McDonald to Laura McEneaney. Stellarton, Feb. 23, by Rev. E. H. Burgess, Mr. Alex. McKean to Miss Bessie Murray. Mira, C. B., Feb. 21, by Rev. J. E. Lockyer, Orlando V. Peters to Marion V. Spooner. Ardenholme, Feb. 26, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Noah Mosher to Mrs. Nicholas (nee Miss Ware). Windsor, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, G. Edward Mevin to Lillian May Faulkner. Fredericton, Feb. 26, by Rev. Dr. Brecken, Malcolm J. McDonald to Miss Bessie Murray. West Aston Mass, Feb. 20, by Rev. G. F. Clark, Frederick A. Whitney, to Adella S. Beech. Millard, Feb. 15, by the Rev. B. D. Dicks, James Sargent to Abbie Jane Corbett, Gay's River. Lower Southampton, N. S., Feb. 20, by Rev. J. Anthony, Hedley Smith to Eunice A. Smith. Eastport, Feb. 6, by R. S. Byrom, Isaac Lasky of LaTone, to Sarah Elizabeth Lee, of Eastport. Antigonish, Feb. 27, by Rev. J. B. Munro, Greor Nicholas, Goshens, and Susan Cameron, Ashdale. At Martins Point, Feb. 26, at St. Martin's Church by Rev. Harris, James Bagot to Rebecca Shupe. Westville, Feb. 26, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Frank M. Bacon to Mrs. Veronica, all of Westville. Red Beach, Feb. 6, by Rev. E. A. Harlow, Edward Fundenberg, of Madbury, N. H., to Mary S. Carey, of Calde. Oakland, California, Feb. 8th, Charles Devlin, of California to Martha Porter, formerly of Middle River, Belfast Co. St. Ann's C. B., Feb. 12, by Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Daniel J. Dunlop of New Campbellton, to Katherine McEneaney.

DIED.

- Westport, Feb. 28, Chas. T. Ross, 66. Halifax, Feb. 21, John C. Keith, 6. Westville, Feb. 27, Kate Foley, 64.

THE TYPEWRITER



Has ceased to be a luxurious toy. It is now an indispensable business accessory. You have been thinking of buying one for a long time, and are now convinced that you must have Writing Machine to keep up with the business methods of the age.

You Want THE BEST? Which is it? Why, THE YOST.

No. 4, New Model for 1895.

It is The Best.

Because of its PERFECT WORK, produced by direct printing from the wonderful centre guide, which causes every type to print exactly in line, as it is mechanically impossible to strike the paper except in the proper place.



Then the YOST PAD (which is guaranteed for six months) does away with the clumsy and expensive Ribbon, with all its train of annoying machinery to watch.

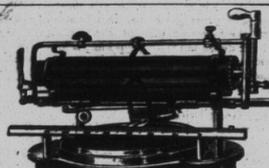
THE TYPE-BAR



The Yost is peculiar and unique. It is at once the lightest, strongest, and quickest type-bar which letter will print. No calculation or consulting of scales required. Just move the carriage along until pointer is at the place where the next letter is desired, and it will print there.

THE POINTER

It always shows where the next letter will print. No calculation or consulting of scales required. Just move the carriage along until pointer is at the place where the next letter is desired, and it will print there.



THE SCALE

on the front rail is helpful in tabulated work, and its use is generally well understood.

THE KEYBOARD

is the universal arrangement, the same as used on the other machines. Each character has its own key—no shifting for capitals, etc.

Look at the Carriage of our New Machine.

See how easily the paper is inserted without lifting any pawl or other device. The paper can be turned backward or forward to the place desired without effort.



The New Release Key is Very Convenient.

It can be used either when the carriage is raised or lowered, and, being fastened to the left end of it, is easily manipulated. The carriage can be stopped at any desired point, and stays just where placed without moving a space or two.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

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

- Messrs. R. Ward Thomas, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sarnia; A. H. Hoare, "Cape Breton" Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dittmar, Chatham; H. S. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. C. Bishop, Richmond, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advertiser" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Barrell & Co., Weymouth, N. B.; T. Charles Keelson, Woodstock, C. B.; W. E. M. Fyfe, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, New Ross, P. E. I.; P. J. Gogan, Poirer, N. B.; H. F. McLatche, Campbellton, N. B.; E. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.



DO THE FAIRIES HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP?

IT'S SO NICE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co. M'FRS., MONTREAL.



IF THE MAN IN THE MOON TOOK SICK WHAT WOULD HE DO?

JUST SPEND HIS FOUR QUARTERS FOR A BOTTLE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTER AS ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE DO; BECAUSE IT CURES DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, BAD BLOOD, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

"PROGRESS."

Gives the Best Results. * It Reaches the Homes.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A woman with a certain dress said to a woman just from Paris: "I've found out one thing—that is that if we don't put these side revers on our dresses back of our ears that they make us look round-shouldered." And the woman from Paris said: "My dear, I congratulate you on the discovery. The French always have got them back of the ears, but the trouble about them is that they are not

recovering from a sore throat, or suffering from poitrine. I never ventured to wear one of the regular crushed collars myself, because though I only turn the scale at "minus eleven," I have never imagined I was able



NEW GOWNS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The gown on the right is of rough Scotch check, in basket weave, brown and red. The vest is of light brown silk, and the whole is trimmed with broad braid. The central figure shows a frock with puffed sleeves of blue serge, with blue and white braid trimming. That on the left is light blue serge with ruffe of pinked silk and dark blue velvet belt and stock.

the dressmakers who adopt it miss some subtle point like that which makes all the difference between success and failure. The woman with a genius for dress added another observation to the effect that the wide Alsatian bonnet is becoming when they are placed Alsatian wise, well back on the head, but very disagreeable when they are misplaced so as to seem to grow like horns from above the temples.

It is really very strange how a fashion which is really pretty and sensible in itself can be utterly ruined by the lack of a little common sense and good taste on the part of those who adopt it, and I do not know of any article of dress which serves to illustrate this fact better than the crush collar itself. It was clearly invented in the interest of those women who had long, not to say scrawny necks, and it was indeed a boon to them, softening the too long and slender outlines far better than any stiff collar, however high, could do, and lending a delightful appearance of plumpness to the very slimmest neck. In its proper place this collar was a thing of beauty, and fulfilled its destiny to perfection, but once

der enough to look well in one; but I have often wondered why I always had a round shouldered appearance whenever I wore the high plain "stock" with its modest rosette set under each ear. I know now, and I shall rip them off at once and move them some inches back. Evidently the standing out loops, seen on so many collars instead of rosettes, should be set far back, also in order to get the best effect.

The idea about the Alsatian bonnets is worth remembering also, for though I cannot say that I admire or think them becoming, it is just as well to wear them properly.

Another instance of a fashion run wild is the "violet plange," as the New York papers call the almost universal habit of wearing a bunch of violets somewhere about the dress. I believe the custom originated in Paris where the love of the

The French love for violets shows itself not only in the wearing of the flower itself, but in its production in the costliest evening fabrics, and the preference for the color itself. Heavy white satins are shown brocaded in delicate purples, and with clusters of violets and trailing vines scattered over the surface, while at the most elegant receptions costumes entirely of purple, sometimes trimmed with sable, are frequently worn.

But by the time the craze reached New York, it had taken a slightly modified form, and showed itself chiefly in the most bunch of artificial blossoms worn either on the lapel of the coat, the breast of the fur cape, or even on the hat brim: those who could afford them of course wore Parma violets, and the craze was not by any means confined to the gentler sex. Numbers of men were similarly decorated, but Parma violets are expensive, and they will not stand the frost, so the great majority found it more economical to buy the best imitation they could, and do without the perfume which made the genuine flower so highly prized. Fortunately purple is a color which is almost universally becoming—the last refuge of the destitute. I have heard it rather unjustly called—it is not very easy to make a mistake in wearing it, and after all the fad is both a pretty and a harmless one, which is more than can be said of last winter's brutal fancy for wearing a living suffering lizard chained to the outer garment of fashion's favorites, exposed to the freezing blasts of winter, and serving as an illustration of the inherent cruelty of human nature, which might well have served as a text for more sermons than even the slaughter of the birds.

The fashion of having evening dresses cut so low over the shoulders that they seem in actual danger of slipping off and leaving the wearer even less clothed than she intended to be, seems to have reached an extreme point, and really it leaves so little to the imagination that it would be a perfect boon to the artist if he could be allowed to visit a modern drawing room, and sketch from nature there, instead of going to the expense of hiring a model. I saw a model for an evening dress, not an artist, the other day, in which the shoulders were cut so loose, and so low, that they would have slipped down to the elbows but for chains of tiny artificial flowers which passed over the shoulders in brettele fashion, and held up the bodice just as a man's braces—perhaps I had better not make the comparison—but I thought it a hideous dress, and positively not respectable. It was a relic of our grandmother's day. I know, and I suppose that if those eminently respectable dames could stand such very undress uniforms we should be able to do the same, but still it gives one a shock just at first.

The oracles say that the day of the frozy frizzled head has passed, and henceforth thick glossy hair with only a very little wave will be worn, and the lot of the girl who does not happen to possess that variety of hair, will be rather at a disadvantage. Unfortunately a great many of us depend largely on the friendly offices of the curling tongs or crimping iron for the luxuriance and beauty of our tresses, and the hair that makes such a pretty show now in its waved and curled abundance will be a sad sight when its luckless owner succumbs to the dictates of fashion, and begins to wear it perfectly smooth and "glossy," for alas! that gloss, on which such stress is laid, is far from easy to obtain, and we have been so indifferent about it lately, in the insolence of our curled and fluffed bravery, that it will take some time, and a great deal of blushing, to get the coveted gloss back again.

With the smooth hair has come another old time relic which I am sure none ever expected to see again in our day and generation, side combs, which are worn just behind the ears in the good old fashion of a generation or two ago. It is really wonderful how history repeats itself, and I suppose by next year we shall all be going about in sandalled slippers without heels, and with "back combs" of size of small fans standing up in bold relief from the backs of our heads.

At last I am at rest from all my labors, and enjoying my just reward before that day arrives, for I have an idea that I would not look well in side combs and beardless slippers and I do hate being out of the fashion.

The Making of soup.

There are but two kinds of soup: cream or clear. In making the latter, half-milk may be used, or the yolk of an egg, instead of literal cream, except in making a bisque of clams. There is nothing but the genuine article will suffice. Don't skin soup. What rises to the surface is what you want in your stock. Get the fat-leg of beef, never take a hind leg. Use one quart of cold, soft water to one pound of meat, and edibles, simmer one hour to each pound. Put the cracked bones in the bottom of the kettle, lay the meat cut from them on top, add water and simmer. For the last hour add the vegetables. Strain in and set in a cold place, but not in the refrigerator. The next day take the grease off the top, if it is winter weather; in the summer, leave it on, but of course only take the jelly, stock, from beneath it. This same grease may be tried out in boiling water and used for all purposes of dripping. Never add the salt to soup till the last thing, as it will harden the water. Thicken cream soups with one tablespoonful of butter to two of flour, for one quart of liquid, rubbing it smooth and adding it to scalded milk.



EVENING OF OPERA COSTUMES.

The figure at the right shows a black velvet gown with pink and white billow crepe, the whole trimmed with jet and cherry ribbon. The dress on the left is a cream colored satin dress, fastened with pale blue crepe lines. The corset is of blue silk with white lace and blue trimming.

placed on the stout woman, who had barely two inches of neck, it became caricature, a thing to be jeered at by all right thinking people, and consequently nearly nine tenths of the crush collars I have seen since they came into fashion, have been worn by stout short-necked women, who, of course have looked as if they were

Bonaparte flower seems to outlast every change of dynasty; but the Parisian has too good taste to wear the imitation flower, as the American woman does, and violet, are too expensive in winter, even in Paris, to be very generally worn, there is not much danger of their becoming common.

Weather Probabilities!

Don't walk from now until Spring; you want to be careful these days. Poor boots and LeGriggs are old comrades, you know, and go hand in hand. You can't have one without the risk of having to entertain his friend.

Take Care

Of your feet by using our Waterproof Boots. We have been considering your wants and have on hand a variety of Boots for Men, Boys and Youths to be worn without Hobbors at very low prices. Solid Leather only. Kept by

Waterbury & Rising,

61 KING ST., TELEPHONE 225. 222 UNION STREET, TELEPHONE 225 B.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Buyers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, manufactured by the Firm.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.



Pure Quills

Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone).

To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on

SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, in a cause therein pending wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff, and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison, Archibald Sinclair and James Collins are Defendants and by amendment wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison and Susan Weldon are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the said Decree are as follows:

All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land bearing forty-one, situated in the Parish of Simonds above said, the division of the said lot being by a line running lengthwise through the same parallel with the side lines thereof, and dividing the same into two equal parts or portions containing each one hundred and thirty acres more or less, as upon reference to the plan of partition thereof made and executed between Robert Power and William Hawkes, bearing date the second day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, will more fully appear, the same being registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and for the city and county of Saint John in Book 1 No. 3, page 208. And also the lands conveys by all that certain lot of land and premises bearing situate at Black River in the Parish of Simonds and formerly owned by the father of the said Samuel Morrison, and the balance of the lands therein owned by Thomas Morrison, deceased, at the time of his death.

For terms and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this ninth day of January, A. D. 1895.

J. KING KELLEY, DANIEL MULLIN, Plaintiff's Solicitor. B. Lewis in Equity. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN St. John and Halifax. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 2d, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:
Leave Yarmouth, 5.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 6.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.40 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 5.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:
Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 p. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.15 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.40 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.00 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, 8.00 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.00 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, 11.30 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.15 p. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 8.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.15 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where direct connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the train of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Ontario and New Brunswick; for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton; and for Halifax with International and Canadian Pacific Lines for London, New York, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, etc. For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to the Agent, at 225 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 111 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. E. Sutherland, Superintendent.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Madame Warren's DRESS FORM CORSETS.



Announced by the most fashion able dressmaker to be the only Dress Form Corset made over which a dress can be fitted to perfection. Extra long waisted and absolutely unbreakable hip. For sale only by

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

The Belle of the Ball

Never has A Red Nose, A Rough Coarse Skin, A Brown Neck, Pimples, Rash, Blackheads, Freckles, etc., etc.

ARE YOU THE PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

will cure you. We have remedies to meet all cases. Superfluous Hair permanently removed by electrolysis guaranteed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars.

THE GERVASE GRAHAM INSTITUTE 21 Avenue St., (College St.) Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash.

and points on the Pacific Coast

will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal at 8.0 a. m., every Thursday. Holders of second class passenger tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, etc., on application to Ticket Agents.

D. MONTGOMERY, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass' Agt., Montreal, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agt., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.30
Express for Halifax..... 12.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Sussex..... 12.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.30 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex..... 6.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 12.30
Express from Halifax (daily)..... 12.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.30
Accommodation from Sussex..... 12.40

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montserrat (via Lewis) are hauled by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. For further particulars apply to the Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 5th Sept., 1894.

SNOWED IN NEW ORLEANS.

Astonishing Effect of Snow Upon People.

Two or three inches of snow has given New Orleans a fearful shock. The reason of her citizens is distressed, and the New Orleans Playmate seriously discusses what it calls "Snow Madness" editorially as follows: Any person who has lived in countries where snow is an ordinary circumstance and condition of the winter season, must if he had witnessed the extraordinary behavior of the people of New Orleans in the snowstorm of yesterday, have been thoroughly astonished.

The falling of the February flakes seemed to have operated on the people like wine, and from the highest to the lowest, young and old, grave and gay, the dignified and the comical, revelled in the unexpected condition as if to poling each other with snowballs as if they had been a gang of schoolboys.

The result of this midwinter madness was that every person who passed along the streets was unmercifully pelted, and in many cases no consideration was shown to age, sex or condition. There were men who were pelted at street corners with magazines of snowballs ready to fall upon the unwary passenger, whether on foot or in vehicles.

Many of these balls had been dipped in water and compressed until they were solid lumps of ice, and when they struck a victim about the head and face inflicted severe injury. One gentleman who was passing on the street, near the Orleans Bank, got a blow in the eye which cost him his sight, and many others were knocked down and otherwise injured. Glasses in windows of houses, of street cars and of private carriages were broken by the volleys of balls, and nobody was safe from attack.

The people afflicted with this snow madness, although many were respectable citizens, did not seem to realize that they were violating private rights or disturbing the peace, or, if they did, they were too intent on making the most of the opportunity, which occurs only at long intervals, to pelt all comers without fear of punishment, to care.

In countries where snow is common every winter there are ethics of snowballing, just as well as of any other sport or business. There the fun is only indulged in between friends and acquaintances who consent to liberties taken, while to strike a stranger or an unwilling person with a snowball is as much an assault as would be striking with a stone. Of course, some allowance must be made here for the extraordinary excitement caused by so rare an occurrence as a snowfall, but even the maddest of the revelers ought to understand that a ball of ice or one mixed with mud, lumps of coal and oysters shell, is capable of inflicting a serious wound upon the head and face, and the deliberate use of such missiles is more like an act of malice than of sport.

The "sensitive Plant Knows a Friend." An incident, related by the author of "The Pearl of India," in his description of the flora of Ceylon, is almost unaccountable, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa, or sensitive plant, and makes a most wonderful statement that plant has intelligence.

The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family in the front of the house of a coffee plantation, recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Jena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa." The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colic, Bronchitis and Wasting.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

HUMPHREYS' Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

WITCH HAZEL OIL CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

JAMES S MAY & SON, Tailors, 66 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 43-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

CAFE ROYAL, 66 PRINCE WM. ST. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNERS A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK. ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

ASIRIAN MONUMENTS.

They Can Now be Studied at the British Museum.

Among the most remarkable archaeological finds in recent years are the Assyrian sculptures, from ancient Nineveh, which have now been removed to the British Museum. The preservation of these valuable art-works may be said to be chiefly due to the circumstance of their being carved upon thin slabs of stone. Had large blocks been employed it is doubtful if they would ever have been brought to European museums where their historical value can be justly appreciated.

The best period of Assyrian sculpture is that of Assur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus as he has sometimes been called. The delineation of animals was at this time most admirably true to nature, vegetable forms had lost much of their stiffness, and there were several examples of successful foreshortening; but, curiously enough, the Assyrian artist was rarely, if ever, successful in human portraiture.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

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CAFE ROYAL, 66 PRINCE WM. ST. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNERS A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK. ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

What's the time?

If you have a Cough it is time you were taking GRAY'S RED SYRUP of SPRUCE GUM

THE OLD STANDARD CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all LUNG AFFECTIONS.

Gray's Syrup has been on trial for more than 30 years and the verdict of the people is that it is the best remedy known.

EPILEPSY Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to H. G. EMMETT, 36 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

Worth A Trial. Hundreds of business men in this city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

SHARPS BALSAM OF KEROSENE AND ANISEED. COUGH, WHOOPING COUGH, COLDS AND COLIC. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 35 CENTS PER BOTTLE. JAMES STRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 100 KING ST. W.

A. & J. HAY, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 70 KING STREET.

Turkeys, CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS. Dear's Sausages. Ham, Bacon, Cigar Pork and Lard, Cider, Squash and all Vegetables.

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor. The American Constitution - the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

THE SUNDAY SUN is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York.

POP: GOES THE FRABER.

One That was Quicker Than the Feet of a Sportsman's Trusty Gun.

"Coming to our camp in the cool October evening after throwing our lines for bass at sunset in Little Bear Pond," said the Graham sportsman, "we found that a fisher had been here during our absence. We had taken up our quarters in a deserted shingle camp, a low log structure with a split roof. A 'dusky's' coat stood before the open fire-place of stone, and behind, laid haphazard on the ground, were the best barrels of fish. The smoke cleared away but no wood was to be seen. A long search about the camp revealed them at last, on the opposite side, crowded half under the bottom log of the wall as it attempted had been made to get them out of the camp that way.

We hung them up again upon the peg, and in a few minutes discovered a woodman running about them trying to get them down again. He appeared to be regardless of our presence. He would run out to the end of the post and work away while we tried to push the string of the ball then over the end, and then would dart to the ground below and sit upright looking at them, his eyes all the while glowing like emeralds. At last I picked my gun up, loaded with heavy charges of bird shot, and fired at him. He fell with a gasp, and I'll no use trying to hit him," said Farber, my companion, an old woodsman. "He'll dodge the fish of your gun. The most you can do is to scare him away."

"As the woods sat upright and motionless on one of the bottom logs of the camp I took a careful sight and fired with my right barrel at him. The smoke cleared away but no wood was to be seen, although the place where he had sat was peppered with fine holes where the shot had all struck within a space as large as the palm of my hand. It the woodsman had been so evidently dodged at the flash of the explosion, or perhaps the fall of the hammer. But the shot had the effect of frightening him away, for we had no more visits from him during our stay."

WRITTEN BY A MOUNTAIN KING. A Night Adventure of Three Girls on a California Road. We were driving from Oakland over the ridge that divides Alameda and Contra Costa counties, three girls bound for a country dinner at Moraga Valley, a little settlement on the Contra Costa side. It was late in January, and the night was pitched dark, but as the young rancher who drove knew every inch of the way we were not afraid.

We had made the ascent of the mountain and were driving down at a good pace, suddenly the horses stopped, reared and then swerved to one side, overturning the road-way and landing us all in the mud on the side of the road. No one was hurt, and as we picked ourselves up, wondering in a dazed way what the trouble was about, something leaped out of the bushes, over the backs of the prostrate horses, and lit in the brush on the lower side of the road. There was a fearful roar, and then we saw two great, green eyes glaring out of the darkness.

The driver had succeeded in pulling the frightened horses to their feet and rigging the wagon. He ordered us to get into our seats, and handing the lines to the girl on the front seat, he told her to hang on for dear life. "It is a lion, and he'll jump in another minute," said the man. Then, as we sat speechless from fright, the rancher drew his revolver. There was a scream, unlike and more dreadful than anything I had ever heard; then the great beast rolled a few feet in the brush and was still.

After the horses were quieted and we had regained our composure sufficiently, we jumped out of the roadway, and, with the aid of matches, examined our game. It was a splendid young California mountain lion, measuring about four feet in length. We three girls were all very brave when we found the beast was really dead, so we helped the driver lift the carcass into the back of the wagon and then continued our trip, creating a great sensation among the young portion of the dance, when we told of our adventure. To be sure we gave the driver credit for the actual killing, but weren't we there when it happened, and didn't we keep quiet, instead of screaming as lots of girls would have done?

High Prices for Horses. "I am not talking of inferior shows at small fairs, of course," said the manager of the greatest circus combination in Europe, "but performing horses of the first class are extremely valuable, a thousand pounds being by no means a large figure for one. I not long since bought four horses for about fifty pounds each, trained them, and sold them to an American manager for three thousand pounds. I have refused sums of two thousand and two thousand five hundred for horses now in my possession. It takes anything—from a week to a year—to teach a horse a single trick; they vary in capacity, just as human beings do. But I can tell in half an hour generally whether I shall be able to teach any particular one. I have had a lifelong experience, you see. Be assured at once, the horses cannot be made accomplished performers except by kindness. Let me tell you that the crack of the ringmaster's whip is not only a cue—just takes notice as the first entertainment you may see—and performing horses do take their cues, especially from those who are on their knees, as accurately as do human performers. It is a common mistake to suppose that performing horses must have music. When a horse can do a trick well, it shows genuine pleasure in doing it. My horses have understood, like human performers; and though some people doubt that horses can remember for any length of time, I have known one to perform a trick after ceasing to do it for twelve months."

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache. HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. HERBINE BITTERS For Bileousness.

CONSUMPTION. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free in any Sufferer. Live Express and Post Office orders.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Williams' Golden Balm. Mothers and Widows, you can save the victims.

TEABERRY. THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Newest Designs, Latest Patterns. A. R. GAMBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street.

CURE FITS! CURE FITS! CURE FITS! CURE FITS! CURE FITS!

CANCER. A Scientific Cure without Pain, Knife, or Caustic. Doctor Edmund TUMOR REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, 'New York, London and Paris.'

BALMORAL HOTEL. 100 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. A. L. BRANCO Prop. The Leading Hotel of the City, being the beautiful King Square. Large rooms, Good Table, Excellent service.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 8.

It is a scene from fairyland when you see the balconies of the hotel I made my home for seven short fleeting weeks...

twilight. The lovely drives are at times alive with people in carriages or on horseback; lovely women with the tint of the olive in their cheeks...

The drives in and around the Hawaiian capital are indeed perfect dreams—things of beauty and a joy forever. The streets and highways leading out of the quaint and picturesque old town...

The bicycle rider is also very much in evidence, skipping over the smooth level walks with the speed of a trotter on the turf. Shakespeare's "seven ages of man" have dwindled down to three for many people dwelling in that lovely island home...

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lived that day, about noon, and, as he understood, by his master's orders. When the box was broken open it was found to contain twenty-two violins, with the following letter laid across the top:

"Great Master.—The undersigned, being members of various amateur musical societies in this town, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instruments. The same wood from which consummate genius can draw life, love, sorrow, passion, and melody is only to be regarded as fuel for the flames in the hands of the underrated, who therefore request the maestro to make an auto-da-fé of the enclosure, and to look upon the succeeding smoke as income offered to his majesty by penitent dabblers in the noble art."

The curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men. Three days afterwards the great violinist gave a dinner, to which he invited all the students of the conservatory. The same wood from which consummate genius can draw life, love, sorrow, passion, and melody is only to be regarded as fuel for the flames in the hands of the underrated, who therefore request the maestro to make an auto-da-fé of the enclosure, and to look upon the succeeding smoke as income offered to his majesty by penitent dabblers in the noble art."

TARANTULAS AND SCORPIONS. Reassuring Facts Vouchsafed for by Eminent Bug Sharps. The Bureau of Entomology has been collecting some interesting information lately about scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas. Respecting these creatures all sorts of nonsensical beliefs are prevalent, and travellers who have visited tropical regions disagree as to the effects of their bites.

Tarantulas are simply big spiders of the kind that build houses with trap doors. Their bite is very severe and painful, the scar lasting for a long time, but though it produces a violent inflammation for a short time, it is not dangerous to life. Scorpions are also very painful indeed. They are dangerous in proportion to the size of the animal, its age, and the state of irritation in which it may be. Temperature also has an influence upon the venom.

It may be that the sting is occasionally followed by death, but such cases must be very rare. There is no doubt the stinging of certain species commonly found in South America causes fever, numbness in various parts of the body, tumors on the tongue, and dizziness of sight. These symptoms last from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The effects produced are nearly identical with tetanus, so that a person who has been stung many times may become actually proof against the poison.

Some scorpions are much worse than others. The rather small, slender, pale-colored kinds have the "worst" reputation. In warm latitudes certain species are nearly fatal to scorpions, while others are over-run by them, for reasons not well understood. They are extraordinarily numerous in a valley in the Tierra Templada of Mexico. There it is hardly possible to turn over a stone without finding three or four of them, and wicked scorpions of a pale color beneath it.

It is a common belief that the legs of the centipede are poisonous, and that they will leave a trail that burns like fire if the animal runs over the bare flesh. This is wholly a mistake. The creature in nature is timid, and will not even try to bite if it can get away. The poison causes a good deal of pain, with fever and distress of the head. Centipedes are fond of vermin-infested beds, and in tropical countries beds are very apt to be infested.

Some Exports of Eph Bishop, a Mighty Hunter of the East. Eph Bishop was about the toughest and the most fearless man that ever roamed the hills and forests of Potters county, Pennsylvania. He lived back on Steer Brook, in Hebron township, and when he went hunting he didn't care whether he had gun or dog, or whether he didn't. He'd be sure to get a deer anyhow.

Once he owed Stockeep Jones of Coudersport about \$30, and Jones took Eph's note for it the amount to be paid by a certain date in venison. The note wasn't paid, and one day when Eph was in Coudersport Jones asked him about it. "That's all right," said Eph. "That note is to be paid in venison, but you'll have to take it on the hoof."

One of the deer managed to get itself into a big brush pile. The other three jumped on top of it, and the brush fell and covered the deer. Eph jumped on the pile and caught the deer. He had to fight the dog to keep him from killing it, but succeeded in saving it and tying it to a tree with a rope. Then he started for a house a mile away to a sled to haul the deer away on, but the dog wouldn't follow him. The dog wanted to stay behind to kill the deer. Eph stripped the bark off some mosswood, made a leash, and dragged the dog with him. He got the sled—a hand sled—at the house, tied the deer on it, and hauled it all the way to Coudersport, ten miles, where he delivered it to Jones before noon, and got the note and \$25 in cash.

Eph had travelled over twenty-five miles, but he was not through yet. As soon as he got his note and money from Jones he returned the sled to the person from whom he had borrowed it and they started out after the two deer that had got away. Eph didn't take his dog along on this chase. He started one of the deer, a doe, and she made straight for Nelson Clark's mill pond. Eph was so close on its heels when the deer got to the pond that she plunged in and sank in the water so that only her nose was above the surface. Eph knew the deer could remain a great while in that position, so he sat down and waited for her next move. In a few minutes the deer had to make a change, and she swam up the pond, and took to the shallow water of the creek. Eph followed by the old road that ran parallel with the creek, and after the chase had lasted for two miles the deer jumped from the creek at Stearns' Flats, crossed the road, and started up the steep mountain on the east side of the valley.

Eph was close at her heels, and caught the deer by one hind leg. The deer kicked loose, Eph made his way up the steep mountain side on his feet and one hand. There was a mitten on that hand, but the other mitten he carried in his teeth, so that he could seize the deer better with the bare hand. Time and time again he grabbed the deer by the hind leg, but every time she kicked loose. When they had almost reached the summit of the mountain the doe turned and jumped clear over Eph's head, and went bounding down the steep side again. Eph turned almost as quick as the deer, and tumbled, slid, and rolled down the mountain, close behind the deer, so close that when they reached the flats again Eph had the deer by the leg. She was so tired, then, that she made no more resistance. Eph threw her to the ground, patted her neck and flank, and stroked her face. After ten or fifteen minutes of that, Eph walked away a few steps. The deer got up and allowed him to take her. When they got to the road the two Lost Boys were coming along in a long-bodied sleigh. They stopped. Eph got into the sleigh, and the deer jumped in after him and lay down at his feet. At Len's he put her on a rug, and she remained on it, so close that when they were showing any inclination to go away, Eph finally sold her to a showman.

One time Eph came upon a buck back of the Mills place, near Coudersport. Somebody had wounded the buck, and Eph thought he would take him in. But the buck was ugly as it wouldn't be taken in. He and Eph fought, up hill and down, through briar patches, and among stones and laurel roots, from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and then the buck gave in, and Eph led him to the nearest clearing and stabled him. He thought the buck was a fine specimen, and they had to kill him. That fight covered four acres of hill and flats, but Eph never would admit that he suffered any from it, except that he had no clothes on when it ended.

The King got Square with the Queen. An amusing anecdote reaches us from the court of Italy. Queen Margaret had observed with pain that the King's moustache was getting whiter every day. What was to be done? She could think of no other remedy but some dye. She spoke about this to King Humbert, who energetically refused to use any artificial means for dyeing his moustache. Greatly disappointed, the Queen made every effort to induce him to change his mind. She enlisted the aid of the King's favorite courtiers, but met with no success. One day the Queen really thought she had devised a plan which would overcome her royal consort's dislike. A certain relative of hers, a prince, said—

"I have a marvellous dye, quite colorless, which you can put on the king's moustache. He will use it, thinking it is some toilet water, and his moustache will turn a brilliant black!" This plan was adopted. But the King heard of it and resolved to "get even with the Queen. The latter has a pretty little white dog, which she adores. The King enticed this pet into his apartments, and by the aid of the famous "toilet water," transformed him into a magnificent black poodle. On the 1st of January he presented it to the Queen. The astonishment and annoyance felt by her majesty can be better imagined than described.

With a Muzzle for Designing. "There are, perhaps, as many unprofessional persons who imagine that they can design mighty buildings, as there are beings who lay the flattering unction to their souls that they can play Hamlet, or edit a popular paper," said a celebrated architect. "Nothing is more surprising in connection with the many open competitions for plans of public buildings which are advertised, than the number of designs which are sent in by avowed amateurs, who very modestly declare that they alone fully know the wants of some particular town. Many of their plans are the maddest jumbles imaginable; but all of them—almost without exception—are conceived on the most colossal scale. Most of these plans never go into details of quantities and so on; but when they do, the minuteness of the particular designs is absolutely bewildering. Half-a-dozen styles of architecture are muddled up, the garrets are where the designer ought to be, and in every case the designer has some marvellous scheme about chimneys or drains. The surprising part about these offerings is the wonderful neatness and evidence of painstaking that set forth. I have often marked down a

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.



Supplies all the elements of PRIME BEEF needed to form "Flesh," "Muscle" and "Bone."

HAPPY JACK THE COWBOY.

A Cattle Puncher Who Carried no Revolver in His Work on the Plains.

"Happy Jack, the Colorado cowboy, was a Kentuckian by birth," said the amateur ranchman. "Kentucky's sons in the far West are typically very tall men, good tempered, and of indomitable courage, and Happy Jack was no exception. Many were the stories told about the ranches of his great strength, devil-may-care courage, and quaint sayings. He was of good height and breadth of shoulder, thin, sinewy, and active, with pluck equal to every emergency and that cheerful temperament which found occasion for mirthfulness in every situation of life and had given him his best name among his fellows. I first met him at the Horse Creek Ranch, where one night late in autumn he stopped with his fellows. They had come up from the South with a herd of beef cattle, and were put into one of the corrals over night while their cavalcade was turned out in the horse pasture.

"Happy Jack was up next morning earliest of all, and while the rest of the boys were going to breakfast, he had saddled his gray horse, a vicious creature, as being led to the front of the ranch house was about to mount. The morning was cold and frosty, and Jack wore over his regulation cow boy equipment an old army overcoat. "Think I'll buck this morning, Jack!" said one of the cowboys from the veranda. "Well, Jack drawed, I reckon he'll do about as he'd mind to, and he's generally got a mind to buck."

"He settled into the saddle, the horse went up into the air, and for the first time the dazed yards his progress was a zigzag patching lurch and at last a wherry among breakers. He used every bronco trick to throw off his rider, who with the cape of the old soldier's overcoat flapping up to meet the brim of his broad sombrero, showed an absolute unconcern as to what performance the horse might put into his head to try. The horse at last discovered that bucking was useless and wearisome, and Happy Jack was soon down in the pasture round-up with the horses. He had got them together and driven them back to the ranch building before the other boys had eaten their breakfast. That was the kind of worker Happy Jack was.

"Everything that Happy Jack did or said was done laughingly. He carried no revolver, but as he adjusted his saddle equipment before starting away from the ranch I saw that among the things carefully packed away in his cantinas or saddle bags was a long knife with a shining blade a foot long, and what that hints at when seen in a Kentuckian's outfit everybody knows. Happy Jack was a philosopher who was prepared equally for peace or for trouble."

Goldsmith's Narrow Escape.

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of "The Vicar of Wakefield," his garret, he was aroused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of a landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a long bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunder-struck with surprise and consternation. At length the landlady relented him of his embarrassment by offering to exonerate him from payment of his debts, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse! His friend, Dr Johnson, chanced, by great good luck, to come in at the time, and by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment—relieved him of all fear of matrimonial shackles.

Little Buttercup's Profession.

Among the multifarious functions of the London County Council one of the oddest is that of hunting up baby-farmers. Few people are aware that the Council has anything to do with this, but it is a fact that no advertisement having the remotest connection with anything that looks like baby-farming is ever left unanswered by the Council. Private and unofficial communications are promptly open up with the advertiser, and negotiations are pushed on so far as may be necessary to make quite clear what is the kind of business the advertisement is intended to lead up to. So effective has this vigilance proved that it is believed that at the present moment there is no baby-farming going on in London.

A Hobby Horse in a Church.

At Abbots Bromley, in Staffordshire, a hobby-horse and stag's horns are preserved in the tower of the parish church of St. Nicholas, and they are occasionally carried in procession. At Midsaltery, West Somerset, there is a hobby-horse carried in the yearly procession. The hobby-horse is composed of a wooden frame 7 ft. in length, which is carried on the banded shoulders of a man, whose body and legs are hidden by a long and gaudy covering that reaches to the ground. A workable head, moved by the man underneath, is made to bob up and down in a grotesque fashion, while a long and stout tail is swung round with a view

A Phonological Compromise.

A King Square auctioneer had just knocked down some of his wares to a lady a few evenings ago, when his assistant asked the lady her name. "Aubron," she said. "What?" asked the assistant. "Aubron." "This was a power for the assistant, so he called the auctioneer to him, and told him that he could not catch the lady's name. "Well, what did she say her name was?" said the auctioneer. "Aubron, it sounded like," said the skeptical assistant. "I never heard of such a name." "What did you say your name was, ma'am?" asked the auctioneer. "Aubron, I said," said the lady, a little annoyed.

The auctioneer looked at the lady with an expression which still showed signs of mystification. "Oh, well," he finally ejaculated, "put it down O'Brien."

The Student Lamp.

I have known a lamp to be consigned to the attic in disgrace because nothing seemed to reach the root of the trouble, when all that was necessary was to pour some alcohol or ammonia into the reservoir socket, shaking it back and forth through the curved tube, and allowing it to run out at the burner. This treatment brings a brownish oily scum, which is the cause of the odor and which affects the flame as well. Absolute cleanliness is necessary in order to get a good clear light from a lamp of any sort, and ammonia or alcohol will always be found most effective in securing this. If it is desired to concentrate the light, nothing is better for a student lamp than the glass shades which are painted a dark green on the outside. This color is cool and a readable and extremely beneficial to the eyes, which should never be forced to endure for any length of time the excessive heat that is thrown out by the larger lamp.

Tattooing the Eye.

It has become an almost universal belief that while every other feature can be so made up that it is hardly possible to recognize one's own brother, were he properly disguised, yet the eyes will always be the same. After the shape or color of the eyebrows, paint lines in any position around them, yet they are the old eyes still, and it is impossible to tamper with them without destroying the sight. Still, there are hundreds of people walking to-day who have had the colour changed, and every one of them has lost a part or the whole of his power of seeing. When, through accident or otherwise, the sight of an eye is destroyed, that eye changes colour slightly, usually becoming brown and looking quite dead, though the movements remain unchanged. But if the remaining of this dead eye will not injure the sight of the other one, it can be so altered by a very delicate tattooing that it would be almost impossible that anything was wrong. The operation is an expensive one, but the comfort experienced by not having to use a glass eye fully makes up for it.

On the Wrong Side.

There is a place near Glasgow where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad, when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and from his position on the inner side of the enclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation. "Hard work that," he said. "Trot up an it," replied the laborer. "What pay dae ye get?" "Sixteen bob a week." "Are ye married?" "I am, worse luck!—and have six children besides."

A Pause; then said the Lunatic.

"I'm thinking, my man, ye're on the wrong side o' the fence."

The Professional Habit.

Here is a little tonorial joke which, whether true or untrue, amusingly illustrates the force of habit. A hairdresser was summoned to a private house the other day simply to shave a pet poodle. The young lady of the house bearing a sound of a voice in the room in which the operation was being performed, put her ear delicately to the keyhole, and this is what she heard: "Nice day, sir. (Pause.) Razor suit you, sir? (Pause.) Good deal of weather, sir, lately. (Pause.) A little powder, sir? (Pause.) Hair's very thin, sir, on the top; wants a bottle of restorer: shampoo, sir? (Growl.) Next!"

Feed Douglas on the Negro's Nose.

Some years ago Frederick Douglas addressed a convention of negroes in Louisville. He said in the course of his remarks that he did not think an amalgamation of the white and black race is desirable, the pure negro being in his opinion the best of the race. While speaking his eye-glances continued to slide from the people. "But I wish," interpolated the speaker, "I wish we could get up some sort of an alley for the negro, which would insure a nose capable of holding spectacles."



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AN UNLUCKY BARGAIN.

Bixby & Co's illustrated advertisement of "cravenette rain cloaks at a bargain" removed Miss Moseley's last scruple. She felt that she must have one. Several hundred others who had arrived at the same decision and the same counter when Anna Moseley reached Bixby's and selected a cravenette with changeable blue silk lining.

Anxious only to secure her purchase, Miss Moseley selected a bill from her well-filled purse, which she thrust back into a jaunty chateleine bag hung at her belt. As she moved away from the counter, she turned abruptly into the arms of a second young woman, upon whose shoe she set her own compact little foot with unintentional emphasis, the two owners coming together with a vicious jar which had the appearance of simultaneous assault.

"Such a little body in gray," said Anna, in relating it to her mother. "She looked like a mouse; but her glare was like an angry lioness, as she drew her foot from under mine, poor thing! Both our bundles flew and when we stooped to catch them, mine slipped out of my hand again, and knock'd Miss Mouse's hat over one eye just as she was straightening up. We never should have disentangled ourselves. I am sure, but for a dear old lady who made way kindly for me to get out."

"She was such a pretty little thing—the one I stepped on. I was sorry, but, of course, I didn't mean to do it. I'll never go into such a jam again, though I did get a bargain! Three dollars saved, at least!"

At this point, Miss Moseley dived a white hand into her bag to demonstrate, by counting her money, how much she had saved. A blank look stole into her brown eyes as, with a hasty movement, she upset the contents of the bag into her lap. "It's gone!" she gasped.

"What?" asked her mother.

"My purse! Oh, my goodness!"

A frantic and truly feminine search into every unlikely spot resulted in nothing. "It's that thing in gray who has it. I am perfectly sure."

As the purse had contained, besides money, a diamond earring of Mrs. Moseley's entrusted to Anna to have the stone secured in its setting, the matter was put into the hands of a detective, to whom the episode was repeated of the encounter with "the gray woman," as Miss Moseley's in her increasing indignation now described her.

The next day Anna was to leave for New York, on her way to Newark, New Jersey, where her dearest college chum was to be married within the week, with Anna's assistance. Leaving the matter of her missing purse in her father's care, the young girl took a check and his advice to "be more careful in future," and promptly forgot all unpleasantness, as she settled herself in Section 17 of the Pullman car "Delilah." She had scarcely fallen into a first sleep, when she was respectfully aroused by the porter.

"Very annoying circumstances, Miss, but a young lady here just made connection with this train, and her brother, who telephoned for her section, seems to have got

things mixed up some ways, so she have nothing secured—less'n you'll be good enough to let her have your upper berth, Miss."

Miss Moseley being really a kind-hearted girl, assented at once, and throwing her cloak over her blue sleeping robe, she awaited the rearranging of her section like a drowsy forget-me-not, while the stranger she had been called upon to "entertain unawares" remained invisible.

There was a whispered consultation and a desperate scramble audible after she had retired a second time, and then silence.

As the train drew into the Grand Central station next morning, Anna stepped out of the car, closely followed by the obsequious porter with her bag, which was seized at once by Mr. Richard Waters, the young man to whose wedding she was hastening, and who had been sent by his lady love to meet her guest.

"How glad and gay and bright New York seemed, and what a nice fellow Dick Waters was, anyhow!"

This rushed through Anna's mind—when, in the midst of one of Dick's gayest sallies, a queer fixed look came into her eyes, and she started forward, involuntarily dragging Dick after her in pursuit of some one, who had given one startled glance at Anna and then darted into the crowd.

"Stop her! There she is! Quick! Oh, do catch her!" in a rush of breathless exclamations. But all her companion saw was a trim little body in gray, who proved quite too quick for them in the unpremeditated chase.

"There isn't any doubt but she has it, else why did she run?" was the close of Miss Moseley's hasty explanation to the bewildered Dick, which explanation lasted, however, until the ferry boat drew into the Jersey City slip. As the two joined the crowd rushing through the labyrinth of fenced alleys to the trains and waiting-room, Dick took a look at his watch, and, catching Anna by the arm, made a sudden dash through the doorway, muttering, "We'll miss that train unless we hurry—I beg your pardon?" he added with careless courtesy, to a man whom he nearly ran over in their headlong stampede. To his surprise the man again got in his way and laid his hand on Dick's arm, as if to draw him out of the stream of people.

"Newark! Elizabeth! Rahway!" The strident voice of the station master was heard calling the train. "Ask the station master, my good man," Dick cried, impatiently, "I shall miss my train as it is, I fear," as visions of the anxious young hostess awaiting them arose before him.

But this time there was no mistaking the grip on his arm, as with his free hand, his detainer showed a detective's badge under the lapel of his coat. Wrath blazed in Dick's eyes, but his companion, whose mind was still occupied by her glimpse of the girl in gray, asked, eagerly, "Is it about the purse?"

A glance of surprise and reluctant admiration flitted across the man's face, as he replied with a half laugh, "Well, you are a cool one! I'll trouble you for both, while you're about it!"

"I don't understand—there was but one stolen, and as I saw the thief a half hour ago, at the Grand Central, I thought you

might be the man employed to look up the matter."

Before the detective could reply, Dick interferred, and at his suggestion all three moved into a side room.

"Now," said Dick, sternly, when they were out of public hearing, "Will you explain why you persist in delaying us? There is some mistake probably on your part. This young lady supposed you might be about to return her purse, which was stolen in Boston a few days ago, when the matter was at once turned over to a detective."

"Why, what should I walk away with but my own bag, I should like to know?" remonstrated the girl.

"Perhaps you'll tell what's in it?" was the incredulous reply.

"Certainly, I ought to know my own things. There's a mackintosh with a blue silk lining."

"There, that'll do, I didn't think you had a chance to open it."

At this point of aggravation, Anna forgot all her own woes at the reappearance of the doorway of the gray with a-the-wisp. The girl came rapidly in their direction, looking much distressed but in no way abashed.

Without the slightest premeditation, Anna sprang toward her, exclaiming, eagerly, "Give me the earring, and I'll never let them touch you; I don't care for the money, you must have needed it dreadfully. Papa says there are such cases!"

"Stop!" the little gray figure seemed to dilate with indignant denial. "How dare you speak to me in such a way! I tried to think you couldn't have stolen my pocket-book, for you didn't look like a—such a person, although you were very rude. But here you are with my bag!" She glanced with an identifying eye at the bag, still clutched tightly by the officer of the law.

"Your bag," said Anna, fire glowing in her eyes. "Perhaps you will tell me what is in that bag?"

"Certainly," was the confident answer. "A rain cloak lined with changeable blue silk, is on the top."

"A very good guess so far," concealing her surprise with the sarcasm. Just at this moment a blue-coated policeman came into the rear of the room unnoticed, and stepping briskly up to Miss Moseley, whose tall figure completely obscured the small person sitting in front of her, the newcomer addressed her in a low voice—

"I am sorry to say I must take you under my care, madam."

"For what?" was the startled question.

"For the taking of a pocket-book at Bixby & Co's, which contained a diamond earring."

"And \$20," added Anna. "Let me complete the inventory. Will you kindly tell me how you came to arrest me for stealing my own pocket-book?"

"I ain't to be put off so easy, Miss; my orders came by telegraph to arrest on arrival of night express from Boston, young

woman in gray, occupying Section 17, Pullman Delilah."

"Light breaks in upon me! I am glad to be able to pass your attention over to the right person. There is the young lady of whom you are doubtless in search, since it is only my wrap which is gray. She certainly did not, however, occupy Section 17. I certainly did!" the gray girl rose, defiant: "At least, I was in the upper berth!"

"Oh you were my guest?"

"Yes! and you?"

They whirled upon each other with eloquent faces, only to sit down more helplessly bewildered than before.

"Wait a moment, ladies!" The detective had gathered his wits and checked the girls as both opened their lips to speak.

"Which of you has had a purse stolen?"

A simultaneous response paralyzed Dick, as well as the officer.

"On what date?"

"Last Tuesday!" The duet continued.

"Where?"

"At Bixby & Company's."

It was really getting ridiculous, but at each reply the victims looked more deadly serious.

"You say," turning to the shorter young woman, "that this bag is yours, and the contents, beginning with a rain cloak lined with blue, are yours?"

"It surely is!" The little lady's voice sounded weary and tremulous. With a quick movement Anna opened the clasp of the bag as it stood by the officer, and pointing to the disputed garment, said: "Let her put it on, then!"

This test would plainly be conclusive, since Miss Moseley was as tall and stately as the other young lady was petite. An officer shook out the cloak and encircled with the shorter woman's shoulders, anticipated triumph gleamed in four bright eyes, changing rapidly with Miss Moseley to blank dismay, for the cravenette would have hardly reached to Anna's slender ankles.

Dick, who had slipped away to the telephone in the waiting-room a short time before, returned at this juncture with a beaming countenance.

"I have just phoned the conductor of the Delilah and found that a travelling bag is held for orders, which was left in the ladies' dressing-room."

"Oh," exclaimed Anna, "I sent the porter back to the berth for mine. I thought I left it there, and he must have taken yours as they are alike. I cannot say how sorry I am, but I couldn't have known, could I?"

"I would never have thought of it, but for my pocket-book," said the woman in gray.

"But it was my pocket-book that was stolen," persisted Anna.

"So was mine!" said the other, "and you acted so—so—queer, that I suspected you right away!"

"Why, so did I—I mean, you were so angry, that I thought when I missed it—for if that nice old lady hadn't let me out."

A low whistle from the detective arrested their attention.

"An old lady? Old Hodgdon, I bet a penny. It's just one of her dodges! Nice old party—mild—spectacles—hmm! Same old girl—guess me, I'll have to leave you to settle this among yourselves. Sorry to

have disturbed you—I think I know where to lay my hands on Betsey inside three hours."

"How much did you lose?" asked the little lady in gray, when they had talked it over the next day at lunch with Dick's fiancée, who insisted on knowing all about it.

"Fifty dollars and twenty-seven cents, and mamma's earring!" replied Anna. How much did you?"

"A dollar bill, fifteen cents and ten postage stamps. It was really the stamps that I felt the worst about—they go so fast."

And Dick who had just slipped noiselessly into the doorway, laughed, the mean thing.

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one carefully to his lips, and looking at the red liquor with an expression of sweet anticipation, said, just before emptying his glass: "Dan don't drink."

Poached Eggs with Cream Sauce.

One pint of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one saltspoonful of salt, as many eggs as are required. Put the water, vinegar and salt into a very clean frying pan, and when boiling, slip the eggs carefully into it without breaking the yolks. When set, remove from the water with a skimmer and drain thoroughly before placing on a warm dish. Pour the water out of the pan and put in a teaspoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter smoothly together, and add the cream; add a little mixed parsley, salt and a dash of cayenne. Boil three minutes, pour over the eggs, and serve at once.

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