

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THEY WILL BE MISSED.

CITIZENS WHOSE NAMES WERE WELL KNOWN TO ALL.

The Singular Coincidence of Their Deaths—Sheriff Harding and a Few of His Characteristics—Some Anecdotes of the Good Old Days.

The death roll this week contains the names of Robert Sheraton, George S. DeForest, James L. Dunn and James A. Harding.

Perhaps never in the history of St. John and certainly not within the memory of this generation, have so many men of note in the civic history, passed away with so brief an interval between their respective deaths. Three of them passed away on one day, and the fourth who was to have been a pall-bearer at one of the funerals, died two days later. They were all men of ripe years, three of them had been school-mates and life long personal friends, and all had been closely identified with the interests of St. John, before many who are to the front today had even been born.

Messrs. Sheraton, DeForest and Dunn, all died in one day and they had all been not only leading merchants, but prominent in many other ways in St. John, during what the older people are fond of looking back to, as the palmy days before the fire of 1877. Thirty years ago they were the busy men of a busy time, and though Mr. Sheraton had ceased to reside in St. John for some years past, Messrs. DeForest and Dunn had been active in the trade and commerce of the port, up to quite a recent date. All three were good citizens, and men who were personally valued for many good qualities of head and heart.

It is needless to attempt any eulogy of these men, or of the fourth of the list, James A. Harding, high sheriff. He had been so long and well known by everybody, and so universally esteemed, that to say that he has been called hence, is of itself equal to saying that all classes mourn, not only the most prominent official of the city and county, but a man of sterling worth whose memory will ever be honored. The sudden taking off of one whose active step and erect figure had been noted on the streets but a day before, caused a shock of sadness seldom felt by the mass of citizens at the announcement of any death, and wherever one went, there was the one topic of which all thought and spoke.

Sheriff Harding was a man who, save for the greater whiteness of his hair, had changed little within the memory of most people. At the time of his death he had nearly completed three quarters of a century of active life, and the 50th anniversary of his wedding was close at hand. Yet his figure was more erect than that of the majority of young men, his firm, quick step was noticeable as he walked, and in all ways it might be said of him that "his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated." To all appearance he bade fair to live for many years. He was not an old man in his ways or his thoughts. On the day before his death, he was around the streets without an overcoat, and when somebody told him that he should not run such risks, he playfully remarked that the young men nowadays took altogether too much care of themselves. He had been blessed with a splendid constitution, and to his mind, he could stand as much in the way of exposure as if he had been fifty years younger.

He and Messrs. DeForest and Dunn had been schoolmates and lifelong friends, and when he was into the office of the clerk of the peace, last Wednesday, he remarked that he could not come in again until Friday as he was to be a pall bearer at the funeral on Thursday. At that funeral his own death was the topic on which all conversed with subdued voices.

A sketch of Sheriff Harding's life properly written, would make a history of St. John for the last half century at least. He was preeminently a St. John man, keenly alive to the needs of the city and interested in all that pertained to its welfare. Had he remained in political life instead of accepting the position of sheriff, 35 years ago, he must have held a leading position in dominion affairs, for he was one who was bound to come to the front in whatever he was engaged. It was, indeed, because his political power was eared, that he was made sheriff by the provincial government in 1858. The circumstances are interesting, as showing the sheriff's determination to accomplish whatever he undertook.

Mr. Harding had studied law, but like others before and after him, found the vocation not to his liking, and entered into mercantile life. Charles Johnston, high sheriff, died on May 3rd, 1858, just four days after his brother, John Johnston, police magistrate, dropped dead in the court room. The position of sheriff had been sought before Sheriff Johnston's death, and two men had the written promise of it. One of them was Mr. R. W. Crookshank and the other was Mr. Harding. The government was thus in a dilemma between the two, but Mr. Harding soon solved the problem. He had been in the legislature and had been speaker of

THE CHOICE A WISE ONE.

MR. HENRY J. THORNE LIKELY TO BE SHERIFF OF ST. JOHN.

It is Necessary That Some Appointment Should Be Made at Once—Why Mr. Thorne is Likely to Get the Position Rather than Mr. Sturdee.

Although the people have hardly yet realized that Sheriff Harding is not among the living and the suddenness of his death is a general topic of conversation, the nature and importance of the office that he held, also makes the probable appointment of his successor a subject for some discussion. To say that any one man had put himself forward as an applicant, so early in the day, would not be correct, but the friends of very few who would stand any chance of being considered, seem to have been quietly pushing their claims for consideration.

There is not much doubt but that either Mr. H. J. Thorne or Mr. H. L. Sturdee will be the next sheriff of the county of St. John. Both gentlemen stand upon the same ground and yet in such widely different positions. Both of them have been candidates in favor of the present administration, both of them have been diligent in their duties. Mr. Thorne has held an remunerative office under the government as chairman of the board of school trustees, (which he resigned a few days ago) and Mr. Sturdee has possessed the more or less profitable office of referee in equity.

The claims of either are good, but it happens that fortune has lately been adverse to Mr. Thorne, that he had completed his arrangements for seeking a home in another country, while Mr. Sturdee is enjoying the lucrative practice which has been his good fortune to possess in these latter years.

If being appointed sheriff will result in keeping in the city and province so good a citizen and so worthy a man as Henry J. Thorne, PROGRESS trusts that the government will consider the wishes of his friends who in this instance are the great majority of the people.

"THE ROYAL DARKS" IN SESSION.

Something Wrong With The Treasurers' Accounts—His Statement of Expense.

The report that the big mill would start about the 4th day of April caused quite a stir in and around Hecroville last week. The president of the Royal Dark club informed the "members" of the club that a special meeting would be held Monday evening, the 3rd of April. Word that Mr. Higgins had presented the club with half a barrel of peanuts to be given to the members at the meeting, went like wildfire.

At the last meeting of the club, eighteen members were present, but long before the hour appointed for the opening of the door, fifty persons had gathered around the club. The door was opened at the usual time, eight o'clock, and with one grand rush and a wild yell for "peanuts," the mob of members took possession of the room. Several of the young members in this grand rush got, as they said, "kind of squashed."

The president took the chair, and in a few minutes, obtained order; with a few opening remarks, he instructed the members how they should come into the club. The meeting was opened by singing the club's anthem, "Going Back to Dixie". At the end of the first verse, the president jumped to his feet, and requested the members seated on a box near the stove, "to cease dot pou ndin wid beils on de box. Wid dese remarks proceed to finish the openin' ode." The pounding did stop for about one minute, but recommenced shortly afterwards and continued till the song was finished.

The president then fined Mr. Wm. Henry Ogden seven cents for trying to start "Ta Ra Ra Bomy de Aye". This was followed by a lengthy discussion on music, and it was decided to change the opening ode. The following were appointed a committee to select a piece to take the place of "Going Back to Dixie."—Messrs. George Burt, Sam Hector, Frank McAleer, Charles Stewart, Oscar Hector and Wm. Jones. This committee will meet next week.

The president then called upon the treasurer to make a statement, and after some time, that gentleman arose and informed the members he had no statement to make. Crys of "kick him out" and "bounce him" were heard on all sides. The treasurer then said that after the last meeting, his health had given out and he decided to go abroad for a little; so he spent three days in Fairville and three weeks out to Loch Lomond, but before going away he had given the books, keys and property of the club to Mr. Samuel Hector, the janitor.

Mr. Hector was then called and told the president he had "kept his eye on the conser over since de treasurer went away." The cash book was produced, and the following statement read—
Dues collected in February 50 cents.
Dues not collected \$5.10
New Members, 4, (They did not pay, will pay when big mill starts)
Fines Not Paid \$4.20
Fines Paid 28 cents.
Money Paid Out All I Had.
Money left NONE.
And I am out six cents for these candles,

HURRAH FOR ECONOMY.

THE ALDERMEN KEEN FOR THE ODD DOLLARS AND CENTS.

But the Round Hundreds Drop Into a Mud-Hole—The Mayor's Incidental Curtained to the Extent of Two Dollars and Fifty Cents—Other Reformers.

The mayor made a good inaugural address at the meeting of the council last Tuesday, which was none the worse from the fact that the rough draft of it had been heard by those who were in Berryman's Hall when after the close of the polls the week before. A number of new points were added, however, and as a whole the "speech from the throne" was one of which His Worship has no reason to be ashamed.

There were two or three broken slates in the make-up of the committees for the year. Ald. W. A. Chesley wanted a good deal more than he got, but in the end got more than some intruder he should get. He was chairman of the Public Safety department last year, but his eye was on the Department of Public Works this time. The idea was that the Public Works should be first dealt with, and Ald. Shaw put out to make room for Ald. Chesley. Should the latter get the chairmanship, a Carleton man was to be had at the head of the safety department. Should it not work, Ald. Chesley was to take his old place. It did not work, because somebody who was on the alert caused the Public Works choice to be first made, and Ald. Shaw got his old place. Then Ald. Chesley was elected to his old place as chairman of the Safety Board.

Among the business done in the early part of the meeting was the consideration of the report of the treasury board. This body has had a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic of economy lately, and has decided to cut down its printing bills. Not long ago it resolved to advertise only in the two daily papers which have representatives at the board, and on Tuesday it went a step further and concluded that subscriptions to all newspapers, except one for the chamberlain, be discontinued. Another recommendation cut down the number of city directories supplied to the office, and left the mayor's office out of the list which were to have such a luxury. Directories cost \$2.50 each. The mayor explained that a directory was absolutely necessary in his office, and as the licenses are issued there, his contention seemed sound. Ald. W. A. Chesley, however, thought that the one in the common clerk's office would serve for both officials, and so this section also passed.

In future when the chief magistrate of the fourth city of Canada, in commercial importance, wants to consult a directory, he can hunt around the city hall to find one that is not in use by some of the interior officials. The city does not gain much in dignity, but it saves two dollars and fifty cents.

Some retrenchment seems necessary, for the bills committee must have an annual holiday trip to Fredericton. They were economical enough in that respect this year, for the amount was only a trifle over \$50 for seven of them this year, while it was \$75 for four of them in the last published accounts. On the first trip this year they all had free passes from the C. P. R., which was interested in one of the bills. Some of them made a second trip to oppose the Tax Reduction Bill, for the passage of which 5,000 citizens had asked, and which did pass.

The bills in 1891 were as follows: John Kelly, \$22; W. D. Baskin, \$8; S. G. Blizard, \$20; W. A. Chesley, \$22. This year they were to this effect: Ald. McLaughlin, \$4; Ald. McGoldrick, \$8; Ald. White, \$5; Ald. Blizard, \$5; Ald. Kelly, \$11.75; Ald. W. A. Chesley, \$10.15; Ald. Baxter, \$7. 25.

The treasury board also recommended that the recent cut in salaries take effect on the 1st of May, though there seems to be an impression that where men are hired by the year there ought to be a month's notice. Even this did not satisfy Ald. Christie, who offered a motion that was not only unjust, but retroactive and impossible of enforcement in law. It was that the officials be notified that the reduction of their salaries began the 1st of April, and that those who refused to submit to this arbitrary dictum retain their present salary until the 1st of May. This meant that they would be dismissed on the latter date. This was seconded by Ald. Law who explained that he supposed when he voted for the reductions they were to begin at once. He seemed to have the idea that the dictum of the aldermen was like the edict of a big Pooh-Bah, and could equally defy law and precedent.

The council, however, seemed to realize that the application of ex post facto legislation to men who were already victims of a sham attempt at economy was not the fair thing. The only men who voted for the motion were Ald. Christie, Law and W. A. Chesley. The Board of Works has got itself into a hole, and a mud hole at that, in connection with the Connolly wharf. There are thirteen men on this board and of that number there may be four who know anything about what should or should not be done in wharf building. They have relied on the city engineer, but have occasionally interfered just enough to make the responsibility go home to nobody, the engineer, inspector of works and other dignitaries laying the blame one on the other, and asserting that this or that thing should have been done or not done. At any rate, there has been some bad blundering by somebody in regard to the ballasting, pile driving and other things, so that the wharf is now out of position and to make it secure some \$600 or so will have to be paid out.

This will come out of the ratepayers. No wonder the economists of the council get panic stricken and reduce salaries, if this style of extravagant bungling is to be continued.

Nor is it any wonder the Tax Reduction Association has risen like Banquo's ghost and is likely to abide until there is a better class of men in the council.

DO YOU WRITE POETRY?

If So Write It at Once or Be Out of the Prize Competition.

The competition for the best original verse published in PROGRESS during February, March and April will end next Saturday, and no prizes will be given for May. There is already a sufficiency of accepted verse on hand to fill the allotted column, but room can be made for a few more, if sent in early.

Now that the readers of PROGRESS have had three months in which to exercise their talents in versifying, it is considered well to stop at this point, according to the original announcement. It is in contemplation, however, to continue to offer prizes for literary work, and the idea and details of the next competition will be announced next week.

A Hard Task Made Easy.

One of the difficult duties of a good house-keeper's daily life, is to remember just what to order from the grocer when she starts out on that particular errand. To make this easy in fact, to overcome it altogether, has been the aim of Mr. Hardress Clarke, the proprietor of the well-known cash grocery on Sidney street. To this end he has had an alphabetical list printed of all the articles used in the kitchen, opposite each of which there is a pin hole. When this is pasted on a card and hung up in the kitchen the cook can indicate each day, just what is required, by sticking a pin opposite each article. The "House-keeper's Monitor" as it is called, is made still more useful by having the complete city fire alarm and the ferry time table for week days and Sunday. Mr. Clarke is not only a capital newspaper advertiser but his special ideas in this line are bright.

Mr. Haystead Should Keep Quiet.

The Josie Mills company had a splendid opening house in Fredericton Monday evening and the audience was well pleased with the performance, though the effect was marred by the afterpiece, viz: Manager Haystead's speech. That gentleman may be a manager but he is not an orator, and his attempt to impress upon the people that he had the brightest star, and the greatest company that ever came into the province, was received with a smile which depended into a broad grin when he concluded by saying that on the following evening they would present for the first time in that city "The Golden Giant." This was a grievous slip since fully half of those before him had seen Harkins and his company in the same play in the same hall but a few months before. After the first night, business was light.

Murphy Is Coming Again.

Murphy is coming again. The first three days in May will see him and his excellent company at the Mechanics' Institute in the two ever popular plays "Kerry Gow" and "Shawn Rhué." No Irish dramas have proved so popular as these in the Maritime provinces, and splendid audiences always greet Murphy no matter when he comes or where he plays. He appears in Woodstock and Fredericton, St. John and Moncton.

Good Ground for Complaint.

Dr. H. D. Fritz seems to have just cause for complaint because his name was entered on the public books as a transgressor in doing business without a license. It would seem that where the police are in any doubt in regard to such cases, the most obvious and courteous way, would be to first seek an explanation from citizens and report them, if they refuse to comply with the law.

Send Them at Once, Please.

It is important that the names of persons who have recently moved or intend to move should be handed in to PROGRESS not later than Wednesday next, so that the list published on Saturday may be as complete as possible. Send your own name and the names of such of your friends as you may have positive information about. As far as possible, give number as well as street.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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BEGIN THE WORK IN TIME.

The passage of the bill to amend the charter of St. John is a matter on which the citizens have reason to congratulate themselves. The act is remarkable in the history of the legislature of the province for having been organized outside of the council, being sent to Fredericton without submission to the council, and being finally passed in the face of a resolution of the council to oppose its passage. The council, as a body, can claim no credit in connection with it, and some of the members are on record as wholly opposed to its principles.

It would have been better had the bill been submitted to the council. It would have been according to precedent, and as an act of courtesy would have cost nothing. Beyond this, the members could have been put on record as for or against the principles involved. As it is now, some of the members can claim that they voted to have the bill opposed because the council was treated with discourtesy, but may allege later that they are in favor of the change. They should have been put fair and square on record, so that when the next election comes round they will not be seeking for nomination under false pretences.

Some of them are on record as it is, and will probably fight it out on that line in trying to defeat the act when the popular vote is taken. Failing in that, they will make combinations—virtually corrupt bargains—with candidates of a similar stamp in the other wards. If the citizens are not sharp, some of these "able dealers" will have the laugh on them yet. One North End man is said to be defiantly boasting that he will go back to the council in spite of the Tax Reduction Association. Perhaps he thinks he can go back in spite of the citizens' rage.

It is yet too early to judge the so-called new council which was sworn in last Tuesday. It must be judged by its acts for the coming year, due regard being had to the acts of some of its members during the past year. It may be found that a number of the present aldermen will be worthy of reelection should the amended charter be accepted by the people, but it is to be feared that a good deal of the old wood must be hewn away in order to ensure a healthy growth. It is the intention of PROGRESS to keep a pretty sharp eye on all the aldermen, with a view to future possibilities.

It may be that the amended charter will not be accepted by the people, or rather that the craft and energy of its opponents will be more than equal to the easy-going ways of the mass of the citizens. If the old order of things is continued, there will be little hope of reform, or of the lowering of taxes. Again, let it be repeated that the enlarging of the voters' list beyond the actual rate-payers—not rate-owners—was a blunder, which, should the act be defeated, will be recognized too late. It opens the door for the admission of too many men at the behest of ward-beaters, rather than from any interest in the affairs of the city.

It is time that the Tax Reduction Association began work on some more business-like basis than it has so far had. Its work, while in the right direction and productive of good results, has lacked the system of an organized body. A good many people do not know whether they are members of the Association or not. They have taken part in its meetings, but they do not know just what constitutes membership. The organization, so far as they can see, appears to consist of officers, while the composite audiences who are present at this time or that have a sort of an undefined status as members. This may have been unavoidable at the outset, but there is now no reason why there should not be a more effective organization. There is work to be done from now till this time next year, and it cannot be done by fits and starts. It should be constant and thorough, and there should be

an executive truly awake to the duties devolving upon it. For the men who are in the council and who are opposed to the principle of the amended charter are already organized. They have their wards more or less under control, and are electioneering, so to speak, all the time. They have a year in which to make themselves secure in their own constituencies, and to traffic with the aldermen of other wards for combinations on the ticket. This gives them a strong hold, and if the Tax Reduction Association remains inactive until the eleventh hour, it will awake too late to a realization of its mistake.

The first thing to be done is, to have the amended charter accepted by a popular vote. That done, the election of a new board of aldermen will be to the front. Both of these tasks require work, and hard work.

And the time to begin is now.

SAD COINCIDENCES.

Among the events prominently before the people of St. John have been the deaths, in one day, of three men who were in the past among the most active merchants of this city. The oldest of them, Mr. ROBERT SHERATON, had reached the vicinity of four score, and from his residence in Halifax for a number of years past was less known to the younger generation than were the others, whose faces have been familiar to everybody. Yet a generation ago, the firm of HOBBS & SHERATON was among the leading dry goods concerns, and their store on King street, below CHALONER'S corner was an extensive emporium for ladies to visit when shopping. Mr. GEORGE S. DEFOREST was until within a year or so a familiar figure among the merchants on change, while Mr. JAMES L. DUNK was to the front in everything that pertained to the trade and commerce of St. John. It is not often that the record that so many men of local note pass away within a few hours of each other, and thus diminish so suddenly and perceptibly the ranks of the old-time merchants.

And as if to still further show how singular such coincidences may be, close upon the deaths of these old time merchants came the sad surprise of the death of Sheriff HARDING, on Thursday. It is almost unnecessary to speak of the very prominent part Mr. HARDING had taken in the affairs of the community for more than half a century. Everybody knew him, and his was perhaps the most familiar figure, to old and young, on the streets of St. John. Nor was his reputation alone a local one; for he had done much to make this city known far beyond the limits of New Brunswick. Of his life and character a more extended reference is made elsewhere in this issue. In him the city loses a valuable citizen, whose many excellent qualities will long be remembered by all who knew him. Of the four old-time citizens thus summoned within the last few days, Messrs. DEFOREST, DUNK and HARDING, were in particular personal friends the one with the other. They were all men whose lives had been full of usefulness, and whose taking off will be sincerely regretted.

RELIGIONS ON EXHIBITION.

There is to be an exhibit of religions in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago, in which all shades of belief, from Catholicism to Hindooism are to be represented. There will be what are called parliaments of religion, just as there will be parliaments of labor, women's rights, science, philosophy, etc. All kinds of religion will be represented and each will be invited to present its side of the case. Seventeen days or more will be devoted to the parliament, and the programme is briefly outlined as follows:

The first part will consist of the presentation in one of the large audience rooms of the Art Palace of the grounds of sympathy and union or fraternal relations among the religious bodies of the world. The second part will consist of a concurrent presentation to the world, as represented by the attendance in the other large audience rooms of the Art Palace, of the faith and work of the different participating religious denominations. The third part of the programme will consist of internal conferences in the smaller halls of the Art Palace, in which further information is required to any of the religious denominations may be sought by persons interested therein. The fourth will consist of denominational congresses proper, in which each denomination will in such way as it may deem best, set forth more fully and at large its peculiar history, achievements and purposes. The denominational congresses are expected to continue for at least one week each and to accommodate what is expected that 100 Chicago churches will be called into requisition.

The plan appears to have met with acceptance in many quarters, and both the catholic and protestant views of the people of the United States will be presented by able scholars. Whether the result will be a greater degree of christian unity and a step toward the reconciliation of opposing beliefs may be well doubted, but that christians of one denomination will have a good chance to learn much about christians of other denominations cannot be denied. If the object be the seeking of a creed to suit all mankind, it may be safely predicted that the parliament will come a long way short of reaching its objective point. The more men undertake to interpret and build up faiths for themselves, the more do such things multiply on the earth. The tendency, indeed, is to a subdivision of existing denominations and a splitting up, rather than a binding together, because each man or set of men insists that his or its interpretation of the ALMIGHTY'S word and the divine

purpose is the correct and infallible one. In God's good time, beyond question, there shall be one flock with one shepherd, but it is doubtful if the exhibit of religions at the Chicago exposition will have any visible and material effect in hastening that desired condition of things.

There is, however, a hope that from the nature of things there will be a positive enunciation of belief as compared with the mere assertions of disbelief to which some denominations incline. When the pulpit utterances of any denomination chiefly tend towards the criticism of other denominations, the preaching that there is no authority in the Bible for this or that, an anti-heathen might give the impression that his own dogmatism was far superior to the negations of Christianity. Faith is positive, and a belief that something is, is the essence of a creed if that creed is sound. "Credo—I believe"—is the simple yet ever strong note which has rung through the centuries since the Day of Pentecost.

The attempt to found a new religion on disbelief was the work of the first heretic, who has had his prototypes in all the ages of the world since that time. The exhibit at Chicago may be of value in letting the world understand just what some kinds of people do believe.

DOCKING HORSES' TAILS.

For some years past the law of Massachusetts has prohibited the docking of horses' tails, under the penalty of imprisonment in jail for a term not exceeding one year, or by a fine of not less than one hundred or more than two hundred and fifty dollars. This was the first law of the kind passed in the world, and now the state of Maine has fallen into line, as will be seen by the following extracts from the latest act for the protection of animals:

Whoever cuts the solid part of the tail of any horse in the operation known as docking, or by any other operation performed for the purpose of shortening the tail, and whoever shall cause the same to be done, or assist in doing such cutting, unless the same is proved to be a benefit to the horse, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars. All faces collected under this act upon, or resulting from, the complaint or information of an officer, or a constable of the Maine state society for the protection of animals shall be paid over to said society in aid of the benevolent objects for which it was incorporated.

In the light of the recent change in the law affecting the payment of the court stenographers of New Brunswick, it is interesting to note the following provision made by the Maine legislature a few weeks ago for a similar service:

"At any term of the supreme judicial or superior courts, the presiding justice may appoint a stenographer to report the proceedings thereof, who shall be an officer of the court, and be sworn to a faithful discharge of his duty. He shall take full notes of all oral testimony, and other proceedings in the trial of cases, including the charge of the justice and all communications and rulings of said justice in the presence of the jury during the progress of the trial, as well as all statements and arguments of counsel addressed to the court, and furnish for the use of the court or any party interested, a fair, legible and complete copy of so much of his notes as may be required. He shall receive for his services, from the treasury of the court in which the court is held, the sum allowed by the court, not exceeding six dollars a day for attendance, six cents a mile for actual travel, and ten cents for every one hundred words of the shorthand copy furnished for the use of the court. He shall also furnish a copy of so much of the evidence and other proceedings taken by him, as shall be required by the court, on payment thereof by such party at the rate aforesaid."

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

"Worthington's Magazine," the May number of which is at hand, has been enlarged by sixteen pages in order to give space for timely contributions, and also that the excellent papers in the varied departments, which are a marked feature of this periodical, may hereafter be printed in larger type, corresponding to that in the body of the magazine. The number opens with a paper by Liza Angelica Rice, entitled "Some Women Artists of New York City." The numerous and beautiful illustrations are from original drawings, and from photographs made from the paintings especially for this article. The second illustrated paper is "A Summer in Hoch Tyrol," by Mrs. Jean Porter Ridd. It is a sketch of life in a typical Tyrolean village. Mrs. Livermore's fifth paper of her personal experience, "In Old Virginia—Fifty Years Ago," is full of incident and interest. "Charles Lamb and His Letters" partakes somewhat of the nature of a biographical sketch, and with the fragments from the letters, helps to prove that the gentle humorist was not only a critic and a master of literary style, but a modest and kindly soul, a devoted son and brother, and the sympathetic friend of the unfortunate and needy. The short stories are the work of popular authors. The poetry of this number is noticeably good, partaking of the brightness and sweetness of early Spring. The department matter of Worthington's Magazine is well chosen and interesting. The larger type in this number is a decided improvement. The stories and poems for "Our Young People," and for the little ones of the household, are charming, and with the gentle humorist was not only a critic and a master of literary style, but a modest and kindly soul, a devoted son and brother, and the sympathetic friend of the unfortunate and needy. The short stories are the work of popular authors. 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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress in the Halifax at the following places:
Book Store, 34 George street
Barrington street
Clifford Smith, 111 Halifax street
Hartley & Wilson, 111 Morris street
Cromwell's Book Store, George street
Buckley's Dress Store, Spry's box road
J. J. Kelly, 107 Goringe street
J. J. Kelly, 117 Goringe street
Canada News Co., Railway depot
Kemp & Co., Grandville street
J. J. Hueston, Spring garden road
N. S. & Son, George street
J. W. Allen, Dartmouth, N. S.

The weather was rather against amusements at the end of last week and the beginning of this. Spring was indulging in its well known inclemency, and the two enterprises football and bicycle club have had to be postponed. Our weather has not equalled St. John's; that is our only consolation.

The Badminton club has been revived with some brilliancy, as it is held in the drill shed under cover. This is an R. A. and B. E. organization I am told, and all lady players are guests, not subscribers. Miss Ross takes a great interest in the game, and plays very well as does Mrs. Maycock. Miss West who is now in England, was formerly one of the most energetic of Badminton enthusiasts.

A very pleasant At Home was given by Mrs. Weatherbe on Saturday last at her house in South street. There was just enough people to make the afternoon a success, and the usual tea party crush was delightfully wanting. This was owing to the forethought of the hostess, who had divided her friends into two lists, to the second of which invitations have been issued for this afternoon. (Sat.) Mrs. Weatherbe, who is a very excellent hostess, was ably assisted last Saturday by her niece Miss Minnie Johnston, of St. John's.

On Monday evening the Orpheus Club had a full house for the repetition of their sacred concert. A few small changes had taken place since the first performance. Dr. Slayter singing the music formerly allotted to Mr. Gault very well indeed; and the places left vacant by the Leicestershire men in the orchestra being very acceptably filled by bandmen from the Liverpool regiment. On the whole this repeated concert was a tremendous success, and an improvement upon its first hearing. Mrs. Hagarty, as well as Dr. Slayter and Mrs. Taylor, sang particularly well, and the Orpheus Club gave their non-subscribing patrons an evening of thorough musical enjoyment. I am sorry to hear that the club expect to lose their clever conductor at the end of this season. It is to be hoped that Mr. Porter will reconsider his present intention, if this report is true.

Appropos of organists, I hear that the new organist and choir master for St. Luke's cathedral is expected on the steamer now due from England.

The German Men of War which came into Halifax to coal on Saturday last made rather a small way. What with the saluting from the Citadel, and the appearance in the streets of three and four of smart foreign officers, attention was generally attracted to the Empress Augusta and the Sea Eagle, as the ships' names go in English. A great many people boarded one or the other on Saturday afternoon; perhaps it was unfair to judge while our German visitors were cooling, but they did not seem to me as well and smartly kept as English ships of the same order. Their officers however, were a very well set up, and good looking lot.

I see that the hotels at Old Point Comfort are absolutely filled by the American girl and her mother, anxious to see the great naval review in Hampton Roads.

The City Club are the pioneers of ladies' club life in Halifax, and I fancy it will be a long time before their pleasant example is followed by the more conservative and older club in the street. The second Thursday in every month has been set apart by the City Club as a day when members may ask ladies in to dine, and among the ladies who accepted this novel invitation last week were, Mrs. Arthur Curran and Miss Lawson.

On Tuesday evening Sir John and Miss Ross gave a small dinner at Bellevue for Miss Dundas of Scotland, who has been spending the winter in the West Indies, and goes to England by this steamer.

The conversation held by St. Andrew's lodge on Tuesday evening was a very large and successful affair, capitally managed and carried out. An address of welcome was given by Worshipful Master B. W. Swinerton, of St. Andrew's lodge, and one of historical interest was well delivered by M. W. G. Fraser. There was a charming little musical programme, of which Mrs. Hagarty and Mrs. Taylor were the stars, and altogether the most enjoyable of evenings was spent. A great many members of the craft had come in from various parts of the province for the purpose of the celebration of St. Andrew's one hundred and 25th anniversary, and the gathering of ladies showed how kindly an interest they took in an institution dear to the hearts of their male friends and relatives.

The chaperones on Tuesday evening were Mrs. J. C. Mahon, Mrs. E. M. H. Crocker, Mrs. Allan Crocker, and Mrs. B. W. Swinerton. Among the guests were many very prominent members, and not least of the attractions of the evening was a very good little supper.

The bazaar given on Tuesday at the Church of England Institute in aid of the church at Grand Fre, was very successful when the state of the weather was considered. There were so many pretty things at it that it was continued on Wednesday with a very gratifying result to Mrs. Weatherbe, and other people interested in the welfare of the little church. The pink tea was delightfully pretty, and quite as good as it looked. The salad bowl competition turned out to be a very clever little idea for making money, due I think to Mrs. F. E. H. The salad bowl was filled with small bits of paper, folded with a quotation written upon each. The purchaser must guess the author of the quotation, and the most correct guesser and largest investor in the literary salad, was a prize. That of Tuesday was won by Miss Lawson, and was a smart little treat. About two hundred dollars has been realized for the object of this modest little bazaar.

Invitations were issued on Monday for a small dance Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Basid, Victoria road.

The surprise party has appeared again; a very pleasant one was given to a certain popular Halifax hostess last week, by the most intimate and daring of her young friends. I hear of another to take place in an empty house, now waiting for the arrival of its owners on the first of May.

Judge Hodgson of Charlottetown, has been spending this week in Halifax.

Mrs. Ryland, once very popular here as Miss Kaubach, has been making a short visit to her friends here.

Mrs. Wickwire, who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, returned this week to Canada.

Colonel Battersby has returned from leave in England, and Surgeon-Major Lewis Hall, is expected by the next boat.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgewick, are in Halifax; and Mr. Jack Bigg, and Mr. F. Flint, of Yarmouth, are expected at the residence of Mrs. Hamilton, still the guest of Mrs. A. M. Duell, and will remain until the return of Mr. Duell from Jamaica.

I hear that Major and Mrs. Melior, have given up their home in Spring Garden Road, and will take rooms at the "Clairmont" Guttingers street. Captain Hamilton of the "Black and White" has also, I understand, taken rooms there for the summer.

I regret very much to hear of the death from pneumonia of an old resident of St. John, Mr. Robert Sheraton, which took place on Tuesday last at

SPRING 1893.

We respectfully invite you to our Spring Opening of PARIS AND LONDON PATTERNS

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Millinery Novelties,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, March 23rd, 24th, 25th.

Le Bon Marche,

The Best Carriages

Price & Shaw,

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Write for Catalogue and Prices.

The Queen Hotel, Halifax. The funeral will take place in St. John, where the late Mrs. Sheraton is buried. Miss Sheraton arrived from Charlottetown in time to take leave of her father, who has for a long time resided with his son, Mr. A. B. Sheraton. Mr. Sheraton was aged eighty years, and was a native of Stockton-on-Tees, England, and a grandson of the celebrated artistic reputation is connected with Chippendale.

I hear that we are to have old friends at Bellevue when Sir John Ross' stay here expires. It is not thought, however, that General Sheraton will receive the appointment, but another man equally well known to Halifax.

I hear on good authority that an old summer fixture in Halifax, abandoned for the past couple of years is to be revived. The Bank's regatta is once more to be held on the North West Arm, and will probably be as successful and pleasant an occasion as in its most palmy days.

It is not often one sees a black in holy orders in arms against the S. P. C. Much interest is taken in the "dog case" at present, and rumors of developments are heard.

Mr. Geoffrey Morrow has been confined to his house during the past week with influenza.

WINDBOR. APRIL 18.—A concert given by the children in the Sunday school room of Christ church last Tuesday was very successful. The room was crowded and the little ones performed their various parts very prettily. Mr. Acklam and Mrs. F. A. G. Ouseley assisted them with a song each, both received accolades. With these exceptions the entertainment was entirely by the children and reflected great credit upon those who trained them. Mrs. Vroom, Miss Dimock, Miss Campbell and Miss Hind were, I believe, those who undertook this arduous task.

In Miss Dimock's absence on Saturday last, Miss Harvey played the organ in Christ church in the morning, and Dr. Willet played in the evening. Rev. W. Vroom occupied the pulpit. Ven. Archdeacon S. Weston-Jones, being ill with a very bad cold.

The death of Miss Rose Blizt took place very suddenly last Tuesday morning, after only a few days illness. She was the daughter of Mr. Daniel Blizt. The funeral was on Friday. The "y's" of which she was a member sent a very handsome floral tribute in the shape of a "Y."

Mr. and Mrs. Harley spent last week in Windsor with Mrs. Hind on their way to Digby where Mrs. Lewis Rice, from Truro, is visiting her mother Mrs. J. B. Black.

Miss Louise Blanchard has come to Newton, Mass., to visit her sister, Mrs. C. White, her friends will miss her very much.

Miss Jean Smith and Miss Evelyn Smith, have gone back to school at Aylesford.

Miss E. B. Shand, who has been home from school for a rest, has returned to Wolfville. Miss Kate Neely, who has been visiting at Mrs. Shand's accompanied her as far as Hantsport.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien, have gone to New York to consult the physicians there, about their little daughter, Alice, and their friends will be pleased to hear that she is likely to recover.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Curry have gone to New York for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, arrived on Saturday to visit Mr. Whitehead's mother, Mrs. Willetts.

Mr. Clarence Morris is home from Dalhousie. Miss Georgie Morrison is very anxious to get to hear of her illness, and hope soon to see her about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dimock, have come back from their European trip just in time to get a little touch of Canadian winter.

Mrs. Clarence Dimock, has returned from Texas, where she has been spending the winter.

Mr. John Dimock came home from Europe with his brother.

Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Withycombe and child, are visiting Mrs. H. W. Dimock.

Mrs. Clark and little daughter, are spending a week at "Thornton." Rev. S. W. Cliff, was a visitor with them over Sunday.

Miss Annie Pratt, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Wilcox.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, who has been with his brother, Prof. Roberts, for a short time, is recovering from his attack of the gripple.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham, left on Saturday morning for Boston; Mr. Graham possesses considerable talent as a caricaturist, and we hope he may deliver his latest, and win for himself success, in his or whatever other sphere he may work in.

Rev. Anderson Rogers was on Wolfville on Sunday. Rev. Mr. McKie supplied his pulpit here in the morning, and Rev. Mr. King, in the evening. Rev. Mr. McKie has been holding evangelistic meetings for some weeks past, and has had crowded congregations every evening; still there are enough unconverted young men left to stand on the street corners.

Mr. P. S. Burnham, has returned from New York, as will ever.

Mr. John M. Smith, went to New York, last week.

J. C. Simpson, formerly one of the masters of the Collegiate School, left last week, to accept a position with the Keynotes Printing Co., Chester, Pa.

Mrs. J. C. Tobin, is gone to Montreal.

Mr. S. Wright, has returned from his trip to Denmarc. I have had an enjoyable time, and thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant dance. The entertainment was given in the hall which was tastefully decorated, red and black being the predominant colors. The dressing and supper rooms were in the Mackenzie House which adjoins, where a dainty and generous collation was served. The lady patronesses were Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. MacGillivray and Mrs. Gillies. The music by the North Sydney

DARTMOUTH.

APRIL 14.—The recital given last month in Christ church in aid of the organ fund was quite a success, and well attended with pleasure by a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Hobbly was assisted by Mr. W. R. Foster, of Dartmouth, and Mr. Cummings, of St. Paul's, Halifax, as soloists and by Mr. Page as violinist. Mr. Foster possesses a voice of rare sweetness, and it is always a pleasure to hear him sing. He has only had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hobbly upon two occasions since he became organist of Christ church, but he has certainly made great progress in his art. Gounod's "Marche Romane" was splendidly given, as well as all his other selections. I think of all I preferred the "Marche," and Haista's "Overture in A." The people of this church are to be congratulated upon possessing such an organ, and also upon an organist who is in perfect sympathy with his instrument.

Miss Sawyer, of Wolfville, has been visiting Miss Fanny Parker at "Beechwood." Miss Fanny gave a large afternoon tea in honor of her friend.

Miss Allison, of Windsor, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. H. Grant, at "Hearthstone."

Miss Rose Hillier is back again from England, where she has been at school for several years. Miss Hillier is at present residing with her aunt, Mrs. T. Carter.

Miss Onasley, of Windsor, is with her aunt, Mrs. W. Foster.

Miss Frances Onasley is attending the Conservatory of Music in Halifax.

Mrs. A. C. Johnson gave a small 5 o'clock tea for her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. Hamilton, who is leaving her husband and is back again from England.

Miss Bertha Passon, of England, is at present with her aunt, Miss McCleay, of "Rose Cottage." Miss Passon is a very accomplished pianist, and is a very pretty girl. She is out again, after her long and serious illness.

There are rumors of two weddings, and also of a "large" at home to come off in the near future.

APRIL 15.—Christ church was dressed with flowers on Easter-day I believe for the first time in its history to the great pleasure of its usual worshippers and of the large congregation that attended the morning and evening services. The pulpit and lectern were almost hidden by banks of flowers in pots, very beautifully arranged, and the font was filled with Easter and calla lilies; cut flowers in vases were also placed on the chancel window, above the communion table, and the effect was very pretty. The music was good and the services bright and hearty.

Mrs. D. McNeill Parker had a large "at home" on the 11th which was largely attended and was much enjoyed by the guests. I think there were between seventy and eighty ladies present. Some very smart frocks were worn but the late season keeps the tailor-made gown largely to the fore. Mrs. Parker and her daughters were assisted in their pleasant duties by Mrs. Davies, Miss Louise Black, Miss Duffan and Miss Sarah McKay.

Mrs. Milson also had a small party on Tuesday evening, for her daughter Miss Lena, who is attending school at Mount St. Vincent, and who was at home for the Easter holidays. The juveniles enjoyed themselves to the utmost, for Mrs. Milson is a capital hostess, and her parties are always voted "very jolly," by both big and little people.

The Misses Sadie Oland and Lily Lago are also pupils at "the Mount."

Mrs. Dowie has returned from Scotland, where she and her children have been spending the winter with her people. She brought out with her a young Scotch lady, Miss Jenny Dees, who if report is to be believed, has left "home and native land" to marry a countryman of her own, a gentleman who has lived amongst us for several years. Miss Dees made her first appearance in society here, as a guest at Mrs. Parker's tea.

I hear there is a wedding definitely settled to come off on the 26th, when Mr. Prescott Johnston is to marry Miss Alice Hare of Bedford. I do not yet know where the wedding is to be, but I imagine that it will be either in St. Paul's, Halifax, or very quietly at the little Bedford church, owing to the serious illness of the fair bride's father. If possible I will send an account of the wedding in my next letter.

Mr. Walter Allison is visiting her husband's mother and sister in Sackville, N. B.

I am sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. M. J. Macdonald, who with her family on the Dartmouth all winter. Their summer home is, I believe in the Magdalen Islands, but they usually spend the winter in Halifax. Mrs. Macdonald and her family have made many friends here, and will miss their friends in the "regulator boat." I am sorry to lose such good and amiable people from our own ranks.

I see that the "King's Daughters" are to have a concert on Thursday night, at the church, and a charitable work. I notice that Mr. Crawford of St. Luke's and Mr. Norman Lee of the Garrison, Mr. Harry Edwards and Miss Fitch are to take part. I have not had the pleasure of hearing Miss Fitch, but I always especially enjoy her singing, and would give my ears to hear her. I hope it will be a success. I will notice it in another letter.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by W. H. Torry, A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

APRIL 19.—Mr. Will Cooke has been home on a visit from Canada.

Mr. John Blanchard of Antigonish was in town on Thursday.

Mr. John Torry of Canaan, was in town for a day last week.

Miss Laura Dexter of Antigonish, who has been visiting at Mrs. Thompson's, returned to her home on Thursday.

Mrs. Hector Sutherland has returned from her trip in Uncle Sam's domain looking much improved in health.

Mrs. D. A. McLeod has gone to St. John to spend a few weeks with her relatives and attend the marriage festivities of her sister Mrs. Kerr.

Mrs. J. F. McDonald is visiting at her former home in Antigonish.

Messrs. Robert McGregor, J. Bell, and Douglas McIntosh are here for our Dalhousie colors for a short time.

Mr. P. A. McGregor was receiving congratulations last week.

Miss Hyndman and Mrs. West Hyndman of Charlottetown, P. E. I., are visiting their sister Mrs. T. McLeod.

Mr. H. Strong gave a card party to select party of friends on Thursday evening last week.

A bunch of the gentlemen of New Glasgow gave a farewell supper to Mr. J. S. Halliday on Thursday night of this week. Toasts and addresses were given in the latter part of the evening and Mr. Halliday's health and prosperity was one of the most sincere of them. He is to leave for Truro in the near future to act as chief train dispatcher in that place.

Mrs. Murray gave a full dress card party to quite a large number of acquaintances on Thursday evening of this week, at her residence on Arch street.

DIETY, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Diety by Mrs. Morse.]

APRIL 14.—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, of St. John were in town Monday.

Miss Edith Jones, of Weymouth, who has been spending the winter in St. John, was in town Monday on her way home.

The snow-bowl club of Weymouth intend holding their annual ball on Thursday 27th.

Messrs. Monroe, Copp, Jones, Shreve and Stewart are in Clare attending court.

Mrs. Ruby Clisbrough, who has been in Boston selecting millinery for Mrs. Saunders, returned on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jessie Stewart has returned from a visit in Annapolis and Bridgetown.

Miss Maggie McCormick, who was visiting in Boston, was summoned home Saturday by the sudden illness of her father.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harley are the guests of Mrs. Lynch at "Hawthorn villa" this week.

The reception tendered Rev. Mr. Harley on Saturday evening was a very pleasant affair. A pleasant "Bobby's Orphan" is cured by Hackmore.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF

Boys' Clothing

IN ST. JOHN.

We can fit the boys of all ages from 4 to 16 years. Sailor Suits, Light Weight Reefers, Light Overcoats, Separate Pants, Sailor Suits for boys of 4 to 8 years.

Handsome Velveteen Suits

FOR SMALL BOYS.

An immense variety of 2-piece Suits. Suits of Jacket, Vest and Pants small enough for boys of 10 and large enough for boys of 15 years.

YOUTHS' SUITS, LONG PANTS.

All the latest styles. Boys' Black Rubber and Tweed Waterproof Coats. Boys' White and Colored Shirts, Underwear, Ties, Collars and Braces.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,

St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN HEARD FROM!

A Commercial Traveller receives a new lease of life by the use of M. P. P.

"During last summer from the effects of a gripple, I contracted a severe attack of lumbago, for which I tried several remedies. My constitution was run down—being a constant traveller and finding my weight gradually reducing, I became alarmed. My customers continually asked me what was the matter, and as a rule being lively, they attributed it to other causes. I left Amherst and went to Oxford, and feeling that life was a burden, I was advised to call upon the leading physician there, Dr. J. H. McDougall, who gave me two powders and instructed me to take Mallo Peppermint Extract. I followed his instructions and obtained immediate relief, and my brother knights of the gripple can testify to my improved appearance. Thanks to M. P. P.

M. C. McROBBIE, Representing JAMES ROBERTSON & Co., St. John, N. B.

feature of the evening was the singing of Miss Bertha James, of Ottawa. Mrs. Kinnaird, Mrs. Jones and Miss Mumford were in place on Sunday. Refreshments were provided by the ladies of Trinity church.

Rev. Mr. Bryant will leave for St. John on Wednesday to take charge of St. Paul's church during the pastor's illness.

Mr. Boyd McNeill was in town Friday. Miss D. Ver, of Annapolis, was in town on Monday.

There is to be such a lot of moving this spring that for a time it will quite bewildering one to know just where to locate their friends.

ANNAPOLIS. APRIL 19.—The lecture presented to St. Luke's church by Mrs. Owen, in memory of her mother, Mrs. James C. Farish, of Yarmouth, was in place on Sunday. It is of oak, very massive and handsomely carved, and on the front of the base is a bas-relief with the inscription.

Mrs. Messenger spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Jameson, returned from Boston on Saturday.

Mr. Jared Torrey, who has been visiting Miss Cutler for some time, returned to Bridgetown on Saturday.

Mr. How was in Windsor last week.

Miss Maple Harris, who has been spending the winter in Yarmouth, returned home last week. Her sister, Miss Little, died on Thursday, the 13th.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, whose little girl died on Thursday, the 13th.

Mr. George E. Corbett is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

Miss Josie Ritchie gave a party to a large number of her friends on Thursday.

Mr. Louis Whitman, who has been spending the winter in Halifax, returned home last week.

The Amateur Minstrels were well received on Monday evening. The entertainment on the whole was good, but I think Mr. McNeill's song was the chief feature of the evening. The entertainment was capital, and played bones and tambourines exceedingly well. Mr. Harry Edwards and Miss Fitch were also present, but full of good jokes and local hits, and the orchestra, consisting of violin, flute, cornet and piano, was all that could be desired. I must not forget to mention the profession in the afternoon, when everyone declared that the two "leaders" took the cake.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.

Cryptography.

Secret letter writing is very important to Trades men, also to young people, it is very pleasant and creates great fun amongst them. Should such a letter go astray or be mislaid it cannot be understood without an explanation or key. Said writing is used by some Governments and Statesmen. It is easily learned in an hour or less. Full particulars, explanation and key promptly forwarded by mail to any person sending 50 cents in Postage Stamps for one, or one dollar for three different keys and explanations. Address

F. J. BEACH, Windsor, Nova Scotia, P.O. BOX 385.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Puttner's EMULSION

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

W. TRILLMAN, 87 Cornhill St., St. John.

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ROCK OF... ing

Sailor Suits, Separate Pants.

n Suits

s of Jacket, Vest and large enough

PANTS.

and Tweed Water-Proof Shirts, Under-

ALLISON,

FROM!

the use of M. P. P.

attack of lumbago, for a constant traveller and he continually asked me to call upon the leading

instructed me to take moderate relief, and my thanks to M. P. P.

M. C. McROBBIE,

NOVELTIES IN

QUILTS, BANDEAUX, DERRIES, FLOWERS, STRIPS, VEILINGS, VEILS, (and Colored) RIBBONS, TARTAN SURAHES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS VEET BINDINGS.

Also

UNDERWEAR, HATS.

of a Mill at less than

PROTHERS,

Goods and Millinery,

Streets, Halifax, N. S.

ON DRUG,

TURE FOR

ENNESS.

My husband of the Boston Drug, I bought it and he took a drop twice a day, and he is now as well as the

the Maritime Provinces, Sensory Chemist, Proprietor, 101 St. John St., Halifax.

his Axis-Cut, Poppel's

Silver Plating.

WARE repaired and as good as new.

erman St., St. John,

MS' SATES,

& COCOAS

YARMOUTH.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest, H. W. Cann and J. A. Craig.]

April 18.—A very enjoyable musical was given by Mrs. J. L. Cameron and pupils on Monday evening at the home of the former, Williams street. A limited number of lovers of the art were present, and the programme rendered was excellent.

Mr. Alex. Lawson made a trip to Boston last week.

Mr. F. Ferguson is home for a time from Poughkeepsie, where he has been attending college for the last few months.

Mrs. J. L. R. Webster returned on Wednesday last from Toronto, where she has been for two months the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. Tremaine.

Mrs. J. L. Lovitt and Miss E. Lovitt returned recently from Boston.

Miss Harris, of Annapolis, returned home a short time ago, after a prolonged visit with relatives in town.

Dr. A. E. Loverton made a short trip to Halifax and returned recently.

Mr. Putnam, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is spending a short vacation with Dr. Putnam at Milton.

Mrs. T. B. Crosby and Mrs. S. A. Bennet left for Boston last week.

On Monday evening there was a gathering of the Freemasons of Yarmouth in their rooms in Lovitt's building, the occasion being the installation of officers for the coming year. Mr. E. J. Vickery was made Worshipful Master and Mr. H. E. Chute Senior Warden.

At the close of the services a supper was served and a short programme of vocal and instrumental music and address was given. Handsome souvenirs of Scotia Lodge were presented to those present by Mr. E. J. Vickery. Among those present was Mr. J. Bower, of Shelburne, who has been here for some days in town.

Hon. L. E. Baker is in St. John.

Capt. Thos. Killam was in St. John last week, returning on Monday.

Miss Lovitt is in Newport, the guest of Miss P. Wood.

Mr. J. D. Dennis is in New York on business.

Mr. T. B. Flint, M. P., left on Monday for Halifax.

Mrs. A. Fuller is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. L. Killam left on Saturday for Worcester, Mass., to resume his studies at the college at that place.

Mr. E. N. Clements, is absent from town on business in Halifax.

Mrs. J. R. Kinney, is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. J. D. Chambers, spent a few days in Halifax recently.

Mr. J. Turnbull, of St. John, was here last week. Mr. Wm. Fraser, will leave soon for Chicago, in the interest of the W. C. R., at the World's Exhibition.

Mr. Irving G. Hall, will arrive on Wednesday morning, from Boston, and proceed at once to Barrington, where his intended marriage will take place.

Mr. C. Hunter, arrived from Boston, on Saturday.

Mr. G. H. Lovitt, returned from St. John last week.

Mr. E. R. Mulhall, spent Saturday in town. A number of ladies interested in the work of the Milton Methodist church, gave a musical and literary entertainment in the Sunday school rooms, on Tuesday evening of this week. On account of the unfavorable weather, the attendance was not as large as expected, but the programme was well rendered, including the slight change in the programme, especially an overture, "Chain of Pearls." Mrs. Cameron's solo, was, as on all former occasions, admirably sung, and received applause. Mr. Metcalfe's violin solo was heartily enjoyed, and the Scotch air being in particular very pretty. Miss Redding sang well, and Mrs. Durfee, gave two very sweet songs, one of which "The Violet" was very instrumental music was rendered by Mr. S. Mack, Miss Allen, and Miss Bertha Cann, and several readings selection creditably given. The audience, though limited, was appreciative, and a most every number on the programme was responded to.

Mr. F. C. Gardner, visited Halifax, last week. Dr. Farrell passed through on route from Halifax to New York, on Saturday.

Mr. H. B. Johns, was here last week for a short time.

Dr. Cartwright, is still in New York.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.]

April 19.—Mrs. A. J. Walker and Mrs. J. M. Page, left on Monday last, en route, to New York.

Miss Lora Hyde is home again, after a quite a prolonged visit in St. John, the guest of Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair.

Mrs. Rufus Tremaine's very pleasant "five o'clock" on Thursday afternoon last, was the only feminine indulgence I heard of last week. Among the ladies present were, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Win. Tremaine, Mrs. E. T. Harding, Mrs. Gourlay, Mrs. H. Tremaine, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Blaisie, Mrs. Curry, Mrs. Renelle, Miss Ross, Miss Margaret Ross, Miss Blair.

Miss Francis Blair entertained a number of gentlemen friends for her father, Mr. Wellington Blair, at their home "Brookside," Ouslow, on Thursday evening of last week. The occasion being Mr. Blair's seven-sixth birthday. The gentlemen present spent more than a pleasant evening, with cards, music, and in the discussion of the beautiful supper, to which they sat down. The advent of his friends was a complete surprise to Mr. Blair, which he added to the pleasant features of a very pleasant evening. Among the gentlemen invited were Messrs. Edwin Crowe, George McLeod, William Logan, Edwin Hamilton, Chas. Pearson, Alex. Fleming, Wm. Bissill, Norman Griffin. With but one or two exceptions, the gentlemen all responded in person. The party very much regretted the absence of one "Jolly good fellow," Mr. George McLeod, who was unavoidably absent to be present at the "Prince of Wales," where the curlers were enjoying their annual dinner, which came off with considerable eclat. Mr. McLeod was on the "hip" for the evening, and being in particularly good voice, his Scotch songs were one of the special features of the after-dinner entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson have taken possession of their new home "St. Andrew's Cottage."

His Lordship, Bishop Coppenbury, arrived in town last night, and is a guest of Archbishop and Mrs. Kaulbach's at the rectory. The bishop will preach at St. John's this Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Allen and family left on Saturday morning last for Rockingham, where they will take up their residence for the summer.

There was a quiet marriage last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mr. W. Hallett, Queen street. The contracting parties were Mrs. Francis Hallett-Sandwich, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hallett, and widow of the late Mr. W. A. Sanderson. The groom was Mr. W. L. Ogilvie, of Toronto. But the immediate family and a few of the most intimate friends of the bride were present. The bride was attended by very becoming travelling toilettes with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie left directly after the ceremony and the partying of lunch, per afternoon express for Halifax.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

ANTIGONISH.

PROGRAMME is for sale at the Antigonish Book Store

APRIL 19.—The lecture given by Rev. Mr. Carruthers of New Glasgow, under the auspices of the "Hawthorn's" badge of Forerunners on Thursday evening was very much enjoyed. Mr. Carruthers is well known in Antigonish as a popular lecturer. It is needless to say, the house was filled.

Mr. Carruthers was the guest of Mr. John Mac Millan while in town.

Mr. J. D. Copeland returned from his trip to Halifax on Friday.

Mr. W. Chisholm returned from Halifax on Tuesday, where he has been attending the medical college.

Mrs. E. M. Gray gave a very enjoyable drive

to some friends, are preparing for an entertainment to be held in Macdonald's Hall on Thursday the 26th inst.

SAMANTHA.

WOLFVILLE.

APRIL 18.—Mr. Robert Starr left on Saturday morning for Chicago, Ill. Mr. Starr will take charge of the Canadian fair exhibition at the World's Fair.

Mr. Walter Brown spent last week in Halifax.

Mr. Percy Heales left last week for Wainwright. Mrs. and Miss Armstrong of Halifax are in Wolfville, I believe they intend to make their home during the summer months.

Mr. George Wilcox of Windsor was in town on Monday.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Borden on the arrival of a daughter.

Miss Gladys Starr entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening last. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Starr, Mr. and Mrs. D'Almeida, Miss Pratt, Miss Amy Pratt, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Macklin of Fredericton is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Clarence Borden, Main street.

The mock trial under the auspices of the Atholton Society was held in the College hall on Friday evening last and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present; the case for trial being a breach of promise of marriage, and was very amusing.

Rev. Henry De Bois and Mrs. De Bois of Round Hill, Annapolis County, are among the visitors in town this week.

Mrs. Quinn has returned home after a three weeks visit with friends in Windsor.

Miss Bars has been so ill at her home "Thornleigh" for the past two weeks is recovering slowly.

The Temperance Club met on Monday evening last at the residence of Mr. X. Z. Chipman, West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Starr are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

There are rumors of another recital to be given by the ladies of the Seminary in Allum Hall, these recitals are always well attended and all look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the coming event, I believe this will be the last of the season.

Mrs. Edward Chase is visiting friends in Windsor.

Miss Lizzie Pratt is visiting in Cornwallis, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Collins.

Mrs. Richardson, of St. John, has returned to Wolfville again and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. R. H. Starr, Belt Avenue.

Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Windsor, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church on Sunday last.

Miss Maude Clarke is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Starr, Starr's Point.

The sports have again commenced on the college campus, and the students now devote the hours from four to six in the afternoon to playing the delightful game of tennis.

Mr. DeMillis, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Mr. DeMillis, of King's College, Windsor, took the services in St. John's church on Sunday last.

Miss Graves, principal of the ladies' seminary, has been quite ill for the past week but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Eaton, of Canard, spent Wednesday last with friends here.

Miss Rhodes, of Amherst has been spending a few days in Wolfville.

Mrs. Moore has been very ill with an attack of the grippe, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Aubrey Brown.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

SHELBURNE.

APRIL 17.—The quadrille club gave a delightful dance in Brown's hall on Monday evening, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Among so many it was hard to decide on the belle; some very pretty costumes were worn.

Miss Annie McKenzie, pretty white dress.

Miss Ella Cox, pink waist, black skirt.

Miss Jane Murr, black lace skirt, cream waist.

Miss A. Bruce, cream cashmere, may flowers.

Miss Jessie Burns, black lace.

Miss Mary Cox, cream cashmere and lace.

Miss Eva Durie, pretty blue cashmere.

Miss Mary Wentzell, black lace and cashmere, with amber trimmings and may flowers.

Miss Nettie Johnson, gray silk, white waist.

Miss Hattie Johnson, tan color cashmere.

Miss Maggie Barnes, cream challie.

Miss Quinlan, old rose cashmere.

Miss Mabel Locke of Lockeport, pretty navy blue dress.

Mrs. Nickerson, black cashmere and silk.

Mrs. Oats, black cashmere and lace with may-flowers.

Mr. Joseph McGill launched a new schooner on Monday, the Jennie Frederic, and she was christened by Mrs. DeWolf returned home from Farnboro on Tuesday.

Mr. James Holden returned home from Yarmouth on Friday.

Mr. E. M. Bill spent a few days in Barrington on Monday.

MAURER.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Loane & Co.]

APRIL 19.—Last Wednesday evening the young people of St. Luke's Sunday school gave a very enjoyable entertainment. The concert was under the efficient management of Miss Cora Smith, Miss Alice Bull and Mr. Lewis Smith of Halifax, who are to be congratulated on the artistic and original features of the programme. Miss Mabel Tapley, as "Mother Goose," introduced numerous members of her celebrated family "Little Jack Horner," "Simple Simon," "Peter Pumpkin Eater," "Jack Sprag and his wife," "Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three" all being present. Numerous other tableaux were placed, including "The Queen of Hearts," "The Miser who went to London to buy himself a wife," "Gillmore's Band" was well carried out and gave some familiar selections.

Two sunflower choruses were given. Miss Nan Bull played the accompaniments. The performers were Miss Mabel Tapley, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss Florida Smith, Miss Bertha Whemman, Miss Ethel Bourne, Miss Maggie Ross, and Miss Helen, Hank, Taylor, McKay, Stewart, Tapley, Vesley, Lecker, Dibble, Merritt, Smith and L. Dibble.

ELAINE.

SALISBURY.

APRIL 19.—Mr. Bliss Kay of Casco, Cape Breton, is making a short visit at his home here.

Mrs. Ralph Milton, has been quite ill, but is now somewhat better.

Dr. Henry Chandler is home again after a trip to Albert county.

The new nuptials in the Methodist church, are a decided improvement.

Mr. Daniel McNaughton of Boston, is making a visit at his home.

Mrs. H. C. Barnes, was in Moncton, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dodge and family, Moncton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Barry Kay.

Mrs. Edmund Moore was in Moncton, last week.

Miss L. McMurray, is spending a few days in Havelock.

Miss Lockhart of Moncton, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. McNaughton.

Miss Maude Burnett, spent Sunday in Passaic.

Mr. Dickson Baird, was in Sackville on Saturday.

Mr. John Gowling, of St. John, spent Sunday here.

Mr. A. Killam, was in the village this week.

THELMA.

BATHURST.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's Grocery store.]

APRIL 19.—The deepest sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gastan, in the loss of their baby girl, Annie Maud. The funeral which was very largely attended, took place on Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Smith of Newcastle.

His Lordship Bishop Rogers of Chatham and Rev. Father Crumley of Dalhousie, were in town this week.

Misses Minnie and Emma Burns, after three or four months of travelling are back again to their home here.

K. F. Burns, M. P., is being welcomed by his many friends after a safe passage across the ocean. John Sivewright, M. P., is also receiving a hearty welcome home, from his many friends.

It seemed quite like old times to hear the old St. George's church ring for services on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Smith of Newcastle, occupied the pulpit both in the morning and evening.

BABY RUDOLP.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Truair and at the book store of G. S. Wall and J. S. P. Frost.]

APRIL 18.—A very pleasant party was enjoyed at the Windsor hotel last evening. It was planned and arranged by Miss Nellie Smith and Miss Alice Graham and has been the chief topic among the young society people for a week or more. There were about seventy guests present who were received on their arrival by Mrs. W. F. Todd and Mrs. Lewis Dexter in the parlor. Dancing began at nine o'clock and continued until a late hour. Supper was served at twelve o'clock. The ladies were all looking particularly well. Some of the costumes were worn for the first time and were extremely handsome. Mrs. W. F. Todd looked very stylish in an elegant costume of black silk with corsage bouquet of yellow roses, ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Lewis Dexter, elegant iridescent silk, richly trimmed with paxsantine and chiffon to match, pearl ornaments.

Mrs. T. J. Smith black silk heavily trimmed with jet, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, black and gold brocade silk, diamond aigrette in her hair and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Fred Murchie, black silk with garniture of cream lace.

Mrs. J. M. Murchie, black and white striped satin on train, white lace trimmings and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. W. W. Inchee, pale pink figured chaille profusely trimmed with ribbons.

Mrs. Frank Woods, cream satin with lace trimmings.

Mrs. Wetmore, maize colored silk with trimmings of black velvet, corsage bouquet of sweet peas.

Miss May Toller, cream cashmere, with chiffon train.

Miss Florrie Cullinan, pale pink net, adorned with embroidery and pink ribbon.

Miss Nellie Smith, black and gold gauze, gold ornaments.

Miss Alice Graham, white silk net over white crepe.

Miss Cora Alger, pale pink silk with white crepe oversleeve, bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Berta Smith, pale pink silk with Roman sash and trimmings of pale blue.

Miss Mabel Murchie, handsome costume of grey silk and velvet, prettily trimmed with jeweled paxsantine.

Miss Mina Downes, white silk costume with trimmings of white lace.

Miss Rose Bradlee, pale pink cashmere trimmed with lace and pink ribbons.

Miss Kate Stevens, cream colored chaille, adorned with cream lace.

Miss Daisy Hanson, cadet blue cashmere, trimmed with white lace.

Miss Annie Grimmer, black lace costume, with sleeves of pink velvet and pink ribbons.

Miss Jessie Whitlock, black silk skirt, with bodice of cardinal silk.

Miss Nellie Murchie, black silk, trimmed with pale pink ribbon.

Miss May Simpson, white silk trimmed with yellow ribbon.

Miss Winter McAllister, white cashmere trimmed with lace.

Miss Bessie Jack, cream and brown cashmere, with trimmings of gold and brown velvet.

Among the gentlemen were Messrs. J. D. Chipman, W. F. Todd, Henry Todd, C. C. Whitlock, Frank Woods, Sherman Baker, Hazen Grimmer, F. H. Murchie, H. A. S. Pedlich, H. Graham, Howard Murchie, Beverly Stevens, Arthur Murchie, John Stevens, Fred Murchie, J. T. Whitlock, Frank Cullinan, Lewis Dexter, Will Mills, Henry Gillespie, Gorham King, Marks Mills, J. E. Ganong, Smith Dexter, Ike Jones, Evin Murchie, George Dexter, and W. W. Inchee.

The ladies who inaugurated the series of surprise parties, that meet every week, intend to-night to surprise Miss Bessie Jack, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Todd.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen intend to visit St. John on Thursday and Friday, to attend the Gilmore concert.

Mrs. Charles Anderson, and her children, have returned to their home in Calais, after spending several weeks in Pittsburg, Mass.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. C. H. Boardman, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ida Boardman, left on Monday for a visit in New York city.

Mr. Hazen Grimmer went to St. Andrews for a brief visit on Tuesday.

Mr. Ernest T. Lee left on Saturday morning for Boston.

Miss Ljil Morris of St. Andrews, is visiting friends here this week.

Miss Ida Todd has returned from Boston, after an absence of several months in that city.

Mr. George M. Porter, who was so badly hurt from a fall in Princeton, Maine, is slowly but surely recovering. Mr. Porter is the oldest and most respected of our citizens, and every one will be glad to see him about town again.

Hon. George F. Hill arrived from Fredericton on Monday.

Miss Nellie Meredith's friends are pleased to see her out again and able to attend to her duties in the public library.

Mr. Edward Snow is in town during this week.

Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer arrived from Beverly, Mass., having spent a fortnight there. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Sumner Hard, who intended to spend the summer here.

Mr. Charles Copeland has been delighting large audiences in Cambridge, Mass., with his lectures on Old Comedies. In connection with his lectures on comedy, he has opened a course of English literature, which ranges from Shakespeare to Kipling. Mr. Copeland's friends in St. Stephen as well as Calais are pleased to hear of his success.

Mrs. Wetmore gave a most pleasant party at her residence on Friday evening. The merry game of "Tip-Top" was the feature of the evening. Supper was served at twelve o'clock and afterwards dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. T. J. Smith, Miss Berta Smith, Miss Kate Stevens, Miss Annie Stevens, Messrs. Henry Todd, John Stevens, J. E. Ganong, C. C. Whitlock, Howard Murchie, Arthur Murchie and Mr. B. Morgan.

Mr. Henry Maxwell is spending a few days with his family here.

Rev. Mr. Hillidge, preached in Trinity church on Sunday last.

Mrs. O. S. Newnam's friends will be glad to learn that she is fast recovering from her attack of illness.

Mr. Henry Gillespie, returned from Boston on Monday, after a pleasant visit of a week there.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Eaton, are in Bangor, this week.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

WAREROOMS.

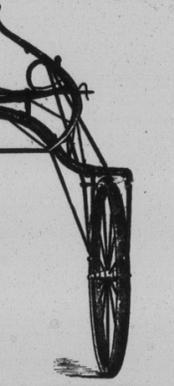
gains!

Curtains

55c. each.

NER.

Sulkey.



& WILSON,

John, N. B.

MEMBERSHIP NOTICE.

IN SWEET SWITZERLAND.

THE LAND OF MOUNTAIN, LAKE, GLACIER AND CHALET.

How a Journey into the Loveliest Country in Europe Impressed a Young Lady from St. John—A Theme Upon which are Played Wonderful Variations.

Paris was looking its brightest as we drove through it for the last time, and a most delightful drive it was. The Seine was looking lovely and for a wonder quite clean. Our way to the station lay through some of the older streets of Paris, dear twisted old thoroughfares with narrow "high shouldered" houses. I was charmed with them and when we came to one part, near the Seine, where a row of the most beautiful looking towers near the water's edge, apparently gazing at their own reflection and musing over the events which have taken place beneath their moss grown roofs, I went into raptures. It seemed to me that I saw more of Paris during that one drive than I had in the whole week and violent longing seized me to go back and do it all over again.

I forgot all that by the time I reached the station, being consumed with anxiety lest those dreadful old ladies should accidentally stumble over us again, and having sufficient amusement in watching the people who were waiting on the platform for the train to start. They were mostly English and seemed particularly fastidious about the carriage, for every one of them opened all the doors, looked in, stepped in and tried them all before they made a choice. Their anxiety was pathetic to behold.

We were off at last. Our carriage was occupied by an English gentleman and his two daughters, a Frenchman and his bride. The latter two were fat and spongy, smelt strongly of garlic and snored loudly when they slept; but otherwise our companions were unobjectionable. And even the French became bearable, when they got out at one of the smaller stations. That was a long and rather trying drive for me. To save my life I cannot manage to sleep while I am travelling, and so I lay back in my corner watching the rest of the people, marvelling that they were so ugly when they slept, and that anything human could snore as that Englishman did and trying to make out something of the stations at which we stopped. It was not possible to do so, the last station I made out with any degree of distinctness was Foinstainbleau, and a very unimpressive place it seemed, but perhaps that was hardly the time to see it with advantage. Then I began to compare the time with that of home and to wonder what you were all doing. That answered better than anything else. It was the longest night of the year, and I could imagine you all till it was half past ten with you and half past three with us. Then I roused myself to realize that the longest day of the year had dawned, and that we were in Switzerland.

I may live to be very old, but I shall never forget that sunrise. They were all asleep in the carriage and so I had it all to myself. Alison looked so pale and tired that I hadn't the heart to awake her. That flood of crimson light which I first saw over a plain covered with poppies, long grasses and corn flowers. Then we were suddenly among the mountains, or rather hills—for compared with what followed they were only hills—and here and there one got glimpses of picturesque villages which even at that early hour had a few people wandering about in blouses made of that everlasting blue-cotton.

The train stopped and everybody woke up. It was an old, little out-of-the-way station, but the Englishman announced that we were to have our baggage examined there, so we made ready. As the pause was a long one we thought we might as well get out and get a breath of fresh air, and once out, the demands of "imperial nature" urged as to take a cup of coffee from an old woman who was selling it on the station platform. Here came my double experience, of hearing German spoken for the first time—for Alison interviewed the old dame in that language—and of tasting the worst coffee that ever was concocted. I drank long and deeply of it before I gave myself time to taste it, and spent the next hour in regretting it. So did the English family, who took refuge in chocolate, which they swallowed eagerly in order to get the taste of the coffee out of their mouths, while Alison and I found our recourse for suffering in Marsala, a bottle of which that young lady carried about with her always and refused to be separated from. The train moved on. It was not until it had gone some distance that we realized that our luggage had not been examined after all. They are trusting people in Switzerland, evidently, for we were not troubled by the customs all the time we were there. It was a great relief. I hate customs.

The train rattled and the others fell asleep, while I got absorbed in the scenery, which every moment got lovelier and lovelier. Higher and higher grew the hills, deeper and more profound the valleys. Perched in picturesque isolation upon the mountains,

and grouped in quaint clusters in the valleys the Swiss chalets came in view. I was charmed, and well I might be, for anything more lovely I never remember to have seen. Finally I had to wake Alison. She was looking so pale and tired in her sleep that I hadn't the heart to disturb her before. But it was impossible to permit her to miss any of all this loveliness into which we had suddenly rushed. A wide sheet of water, shining like silver in the distance beautifully blue near at hand. The railway was skirting what was apparently the base of an exceedingly high mountain. From the carriage window I could not possibly see to the top. As far as I did see it was all vineyards and chalets, continuing apparently clear up into the clouds. From the other window the vineyards sloped precipitately down to the waters edge and far in the distance, I saw for the first time snow capped mountains. I held my breath as I looked at them, they looked so dazzlingly in the midst of all the other dark pine clad hills. Little golden clouds were wandering over all this whiteness, the mountains looking like a young girl peeping every now and then through the meshes of a golden veil.

I shook Alison energetically, "wake up," I said, "This is the loveliest place on earth!" "Lake Neuchatel," she said, looking up with a yawn. "I've seen it twice before," and then the weary little woman fell asleep again. Switzerland must certainly be the loveliest country in Europe. I never in all my dreams of it imagined anything one-half so lovely. All the time we were there I was in a constant rapture over it all—it seemed as if I never could get used to those mountains and their excessive beauty. I thought of Hans Anderson's beautiful story of the "Ice Maiden." It was very reminiscent of it, especially at that early hour in the morning—the hour when the hardy young mountaineers in the story used to climb the hills in pursuit of the chamois. It was delightful being there amid the same scenes.

A German got in at one of the stations and seated himself next to me. Suddenly he burst into an enthusiastic string of words with which he evidently expected me to be impressed. As I naturally understood not one word of what he said, it would have seemed reasonable to suppose that he would be disappointed in that expectation, but I happened to catch the words "Young Frau," and went into the requisite raptures as he pointed in the direction of a stupendous snow-capped mountain which rose in the distance beyond a plain covered with wheat and poppies and looked for all the world like the ghost of winter haunting summer. For hours afterwards that "Young Frau" seemed to overlook us. We changed carriages at Berne, which we reached at half-past nine, and then we had a couple of hours travelling through the beautiful country, the valleys of which were ablaze with poppies and radiant with wheat, among which the harvesters were busy; and over it all watched the mountains, unspeakably grand and magnificent amidst all this human endeavor.

Presently a few lakes began to mix themselves up with the landscape. We stopped beside one of them and exchanged our train for a small steambot. We were on Lake Thun. I am overwhelmed with despair at the thought of trying to describe our next hour and a half. It was too lovely. I was sleepy and tired after my wakeful night, and perhaps that is why I had such a strong idea that I was dreaming. The only thing that made me believe in it at all was the positive knowledge that I had not imagination enough to dream of anything one half so lovely. Such a marvellous lake as it was, bordered by the towering dark wooded hills—mountains rather—at the base of which every now and then appeared a tiny village, the red roofs of its houses contrasting picturesquely with the varied green shades of its trees. To describe it all so that it will appear before your mind's eye, is I fear, a task too great for me. I fear lest my continual raving about the mountains will become a trifle monotonous. Yet what can one do when describing Switzerland! They were everywhere, some rising abruptly from the water's edge in precipitous cliffs of austere brown stone clothed but sparsely with a few bushes and shrubs, all in that light tender shade of green that plants wear in June, above they bore their dark stern looking crowns of spruce, pine and fir—for the vegetation of Switzerland resembles that of Canada very closely;—others stood far back from the lake as if to give the tiny villages a chance to come close to the shore and peer at their own reflections in the water, and these hills joined with a vast crowd of others, all of which could be seen far off in the distance until they were lost in that wonderful blue haze that always moves dreamily over the hills. The lake too is wonderful, so irregular in shape, sometimes lying channel-like between two mountains, other times branching off into two opposite directions until in the centre the shores were barely perceptible in the distance, sometimes sending a long narrow channel far into the land. Again rounding some tiny promontory which jutted out into it. Every variety of color was on the water, the reflection of the deep blue of the sky with its yellow clouds flecking it here and there; the deep green of the forest, the deep green of the trees, and the pearl white of the snow crowned summit of the "young fern." It is like a noble human soul "darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven," and just the very highest and noblest of earth, it ever reflects. Yes, mountains, lakes, forest glaciers and chalets, that is Switzerland, and over again, but upon that theme nature contrives to play wonderful variations.

HARD ON THE LAWYERS.

MIKE MEDITATES ON THE WAYS OF THE LEGAL QUIBBLEERS.

Pettifoggers and Their Tricks Carved with a Keen Knife—How Clients are Victims of Sharp Practice—Instances that Illustrate the Theory Advanced.

Wherever he may be in full operation, that respected citizen, the legal quibbler, who is unknown in the bailiwick of St. John, is, to the mundane affairs of men, what the pious fraud is to the immortal souls, and the medical quack to their tortured bodies. His arm of offence and defence is commonly called law, which is a two-edged weapon that penetrates a vital spot in your adversary's purse, whilst inflicting a mortal wound in your own pocket. Law is supposed to be based upon common sense, and, therefore, many think it is justice, but it always isn't. In reality, it is a number of words grouped into phrases, sentences, sections, sub-sections, clauses and acts, the reading of which bears several conflicting interpretations; that is to say, the aforesaid words, phrases, sentences, sections, sub-sections, clauses and acts, are usually construed according to the particular reader's inclination, or interests, or both; whereby tangled complications arise which scholars, especially trained for the purpose, "to wit," trained in the science of jurisprudence, settle,—perhaps.

Sometimes farmers, bakers, and scientists of that kidney assist in framing the law, but the legal quibbler expounds it, adjudicates upon it, and generally thrives by its practice; and the demands made on the dollars of that unfortunate class of minnies, ycleped clients, for what are termed "costs," not to mention retainers and fees, are nearly as modest and fully as effective in their way for filling an empty exchequer, as was the "stand and deliver" of the old time highwayman, who "raked in" a revenue on the road in the name of electric dials of Richard Turpin, Esquire.

An ancient bookworm, whose title is not to be found in the handbook of Brother Joe Knowles, has taken the trouble to put in print that "procrastination is the thief of time," and the same is abundantly quoted by some of the gifted writers who now manage to get into the newspapers, and who have so little original to say that they are forced to build reputations for themselves on the utterances of others, but if said bookworm had the chance of looking into some of our modern law courts, he would find his thief badly discounted, for said courts are bristling with postponements, which, in law, are the very essence of procrastination.

The adage, "delays are dangerous," has no application in the case of the legal quibbler. His motto seems to be "haste is unprofitable," and he acts up to the spirit and the letter of that device. He calls his opponent "my learned friend," a piece of questionable etiquette that age and indiscriminate usage have robbed of any meaning it once might have had, and the sincerity of the expression now appears to be an unknown quantity of professional clap-trap. To the eyes of a layman, noting an average "cause" dragging along the weary tortuosities of some of the modern law courts of Maine, the operation seems to be mainly dependant on the counsel's ability to extract ungettable or unwilling evidence; to suppress damaging testimony; to magnify insignificant and minimize important events and circumstances; to cajole, badger, or browbeat witnesses; to hoodwink the jury; to flatter and conciliate the judge; or, these failing, to rely on flimsy technicalities and hair-splitting quibbles to gain his cause. If there is any calling on earth which that monstrous sophistry, "the end justifies the means," applies to with force, it is to that of the legal quibbler, because he acts as if he believed that everything is fair in law, as it is alleged to be "in love or in war."

I do not desire to be classed as an unreasonable or backneyed carper; nor do I believe that the disciples of Mr. Blackstone are worse or better than the bulk of their fellow sufferers who subsist by sharp practice in branches of scientific pettifoggery beyond the pale of the law. Neither am I unaware that there are numerous illustrious examples of veracity, integrity and honor, to be found here amongst the brotherhood of litigation, many of whom are, in a small way, like unto Mrs. Cesar, "pure and boldensur reproach;" but I want to be understood as saying as forcibly as I can, that all of the subject matter of this paper, which does not refer to Russia, is most applicable to Halifax; for it is an established fact that one of the inherent traits of the dyed-in-the-wool Haligonian, lay or legal, is to be a quibbler; so, friends and fellow-townsmen, if any of you are ever tempted "to go to law," even for an unpaid base ball guarantee, in that overrated village of third rate sports, permit me to tender you this piece of advice gratis,—don't.

But if you want a practical test of the possibilities of the forensic attainments of the quibbler, get into a quarrel with a

Fancy Colored Shirts

are the correct thing for gentlemen this year. We are now showing over 25 different styles and ALL NEW. Regatta Shirts, elegant patterns, collars attached. Regatta Shirts, collars and cuffs detached. Shirts with colored fronts and cuffs and white bodies. White collars are worn with these. Oxford Shirts, collars attached. Fancy Cotton Shirts, soft bodies, starched collars with Ties to match. Zephyrine Shirts with the latest style of Short Fronts. Zephyrine Shirts, soft bodies and starched collars. Soft Finish Undressed Colored Shirt Matelasse Cloth. Fancy Flannel Shirts, collars attached or detached. Extra qualities of Fancy Striped Cashmere Shirts. White Cashmere Shirts, laced fronts, very choice. White Flannel Shirts. White Shirts in every style. Boys' Shirts, white and colored.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

If your clothes are right, what more do you want? If they aren't, you'd better get the right ones. The right sort. The kind of suit you always wear because it does its duty well. Will wear out, will get soiled, but gives you that satisfaction that makes it the friendly sort. Plenty of ours like that from \$6 to \$16. But remember we have English Collars and New York Ties. The Bows for standing collars have come.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

pugnacious neighbor about a line fence, and apply to the law of your country to settle the dispute. Whatever the possibilities are, the probability is, that both your neighbor and yourself will eventually lose the line fence; the pieces or parcels of real estate which said fence was intended to divide; the general assets which both of you are possessed of; and whatever accumulations of dry cash is contained in your respective stockings. Your antagonist's quibbler advises, he will surely get a verdict in his favor; your's will as strenuously contend that your claim is just, and he is equally sanguine of success. You go before the courts, mayhap prosperous but deluded some of our modern law courts, he would find his thief badly discounted, for said courts are bristling with postponements, which, in law, are the very essence of procrastination.

Legal quibblers of high standing in different countries display an amazing divergence in the conduct of affairs in the courts over which they preside, and deal out justice. In Canada one method, which is a model worthy of imitation, operates pleasantly. In the United States is found another, nearly as perfect, but differing in many ways; and In Russia, where freedom does prevail, The judges are pure and wise, But are prone to sending those to jail Who are worst to criticize Their pet acts, in the public press Where rash writers do stray That judges are merely men, or less, And as such are apt to err; But the loyal subjects of the Czar— Except some uncalm'd clouds— Know, or suppose the justices are Infallible demigods, Who over Slav mortals hold full sway, And confine, and also fine The delinquent who dares to say That their Honors overrule; And sentences passed in that cold clime Are severe, prompt, and preempt; And there's no appeal for that crime Which the Russians call "contempt"; And such appeals to the courts above Are referred to those below, Where the judge can manifest his love For his critic's fee; So in the land of the Muscovite The law is so just and strong No carping newspaper scribe may write That a court can do aught wrong.

In England, different standards from those in the courts of the Komaroff's obtain. A learned judge, passing sentence on a prisoner, a dock laborer, at one of the Liverpool courts, took occasion to deliver himself somewhat after the following fashion, which need not be considered a verbatim report. "Prisoner, stand up." "Through the bungling of your-counsel, and the stupidity of the jury, you have been found guilty of misdemeanor; under the law, I sentence you to imprisonment in the county gaol, with hard labor, for a term of twelve calendar months. This is the lightest penalty I can award you, and, although I fully believe in your innocence, yet I have no option but to make that penalty as light as I can.

"I know you are not guilty of the offence charged against you; I deeply sympathize with your family, whose condition I've inquired into; and whose lot, in the absence of their natural protector and bread-winner, will, I fear, be deplorable, but your only redress now is, to appeal to a superior court. If you so decide, it will cost you £20, and you may learn what the result will be three months hence. If the judgement should be unfavorable, you can take the case to a higher

tribunal, which will cost £50. If there is not a press of business before court, judgement may be had, say, in nine months. Then if you are dissatisfied you can have the case carried still higher, and so on, until it will cost you about £300, and you may have to wait from three to five years or more for its final settlement.

"I tell you this because I want you to understand that there is no lack of law in Great Britain; that the law is intended for the peer and the peasant alike; but then you must remember that the peasant is expected to pay as much for his law as the peer does, for before the law of the land all persons are equal, in theory. Yes, prisoner, the law is a wondrous thing. It has numerous provisions, wise and otherwise. It provides for a great many contingencies, but it doesn't provide for your poverty. There are two courses open to you; first, you must go to gaol and serve out the term of your sentence; or second, you must go to gaol, appeal from the finding of this court, and spend from £20 to £300, and wait from three months to five years for a chance of having justice done for you. If you can afford to adopt the latter mode of procedure you are at liberty to do so; if not, you must take the alternative; in either case the sentence of the court will probably be carried out. Remove the prisoner."

Moral: If pleasure, business, curiosity, or a desire for foreign travel ever induces you to invade the Slavonian territories, beware of the consequences, and do not commit that atrocious offence, contempt of court. There, or elsewhere, never address a Blackstonian on a matter of importance without first having written what you intend to say; carefully revise the manuscript, burn it, and if possible leave the speech it contained unspoken. Yours, legally, MIKE.

SPRING NOVELTIES IN MONCTON. One is the Board of Aldermen and the Other the Sidewalks. The city of Moncton is rejoicing in two novelties this spring, one of which seems to be responsible for the other. The first is the new board of aldermen, and the second is the very extraordinary and inexpensive sidewalk system which is only a little less new than the ward itself, and which would be a disgrace to any country village. I am fully aware that the present city council cannot be justly blamed for the construction of these man-traps, which were built during the reign of the old council, but they are at least responsible for their continued existence, which is a reproach to the city and a menace to the limbs and safety; if not exactly the lives, of the citizens. A brief description of the manner in which these great public works were constructed may be of interest to the outside public, especially the corporations of other cities who are contemplating the building of new sidewalks on the cheapest possible plan. The method adopted in Moncton was simple in the extreme. Shortly before the civic election of last month, and during one of those fits of feverish activity in the matter of municipal improvements which seem to be prevalent at such times, it was decided to lay new sidewalks along nearly all of the side streets, and not by any means deterred by the fact that most of the sidewalks were covered more or less thickly with well packed and frozen snow, the

good work was begun at once, and the process simply consisted of hauling a quantity of cinders to the streets, to be operated upon, and then emptying them in a narrow and devious stripe along the centre of the sidewalks, directly on the top of the snow. These cinders were then "raked down," as it were, and left to the winds of fate, which in time fulfilled their destiny; and blew warmly over the land, melting the ice and snow in all available places, but finding it impossible to reach the centre piece of the new sidewalks, which protected as it is by its superstructure of cinders, bids fair to retain the frost until some time in June. A recently ploughed field is a billiard table for smoothness beside these sloughs of despond, which are soft and slushy during the warmest part of the day, and like unto Windsor Junction for rockiness during the frosty evenings.

It is to be borne in mind that in some places these sidewalks are nearly two feet above the level of the surrounding territory, that they have a narrow footpath on the summit, and on each side at the base where the old sidewalk still remains, so it can readily be imagined that a sudden descent from the new to the old regime, would be attended with a serious shock to the nervous, if not the bony system of the human frame. Indeed it requires only a stiff freeze, and a vivid imagination to make the wayfarer fancy himself rambling along the dizzy apex of one of the dykes which restrain the noble Petitcodiac river from encroaching upon the arable lands which girdle its shores; only that a dyke is usually built of marsh mud, and is usually solid, while our sidewalks are perforated, along the top and sides by pitfalls in the shape of holes made by the feet of the unwary, which they struggled for a foothold, and failed to obtain it. After night-fall it is no easy matter to get out of one of these holes without falling, and every one who has ever tried to fall easily into a bed of frozen cinders knows just how difficult a feat it is.

Of course it is easy to find fault, nothing easier, but still this is a matter in which the fault is too apparent to need much searching for, and when some citizen or citizens fall, and breaks his or her leg, or otherwise sustains injury, the City Council will not care to have a writ for damages brought against the city just at this time, when that body has so many more weighty matters to engage its attention; and the citizens are waiting, in a sort of hushed expectancy, to hear of a duel to the death between two of the aldermen.

They Give Away the Business. A curious way is taken by the Berlin police to stop the sale of poisonous preparations, without resorting to legal proceedings. In every newspaper in which such an article is advertised they insert, under the advertisement, an announcement to the effect that they have caused an analysis to be made, and that the article is composed of so-and-so, and its intrinsic value is so much. The use of this may be seen when it is said that in one case a cosmetic for the complexion, mainly a solution of corrosive sublimate, a violent poison, was being sold by the makers at an enormous profit. There is no interference in the case of harmless preparations.

OLD ENGLISH VILLAGES.

CURIOUS BELIEFS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF BRITAIN.

Things Not Seen and Heard by the Ordinary Tourist—Places With Strange Histories and Quaint Legends of the Days of Auld Lang Syne.

LONDON, April 10.—All the thousands of ancient English villagers, and with not half a hundred exceptions, are here shown just as they were at the beginning of the century, and just as we have poured over them in the best old works of English fiction. Not only this, but hundreds of modern villages with winsome olden architecture in the habitation of Elizabethan and even earlier Tudor times, enriched with luxurious parking and intelligent floriculture, and windows filled with ruddy English faces, have been added to the mossier olden stock.

Even in the congested districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, northern Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire, not an ancient village has passed from sight, save where a town or city has grown within and around it; and, where factory towns are so thick that clusters of chimney-stacks crowd every acre of the horizon like giant spears above some mighty encircling camp, there between still stand the ancient hamlets, more witching for the grimy fellowship of trade: an endless solace to eye and heart of those who ceaseless toil.

The wealth of number of these olden villages in Kent alone would confound the Dryadists and the iconoclasts of rural England. It is with a thrill of delight that you wander through Saltwood, peeping out between leafy hills upon the glorious sea; Lyninge, mossy and still beside the most ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient that in its walls are actually seen every specimen of ecclesiastic architecture from Saxon to Perpendicular, so ancient still that St. Edilberga, one of its patron saints and daughter of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who reigned more than 1,000 years ago, lies buried within; Erith with its unique old houses, its winding lanes of green, banks of chalk, shadowy combs and tender uplands; Cobham, leafiest, snug and prettiest of all Kentish villages, with its lordly park, its stately-towered church and brasses of 600 years in memory of the noble Cobhams, and its "Leather Bottle" inn made famous in the immortal pages of Pickwick; beautiful old Shore, gridded with massive eaves and richest orchard bloom; and an hundred more, set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in the woody Weald, or nestling among the Kentish orchards and hop gardens, with their rows of cottages and white-washed walls, dormer windows, thatched roofs and garden-fronts each a maze of fuschias, pinks, carnations and roses; and all of them from a hundred to a thousand years old.

Who is there to fity describe or paint the droning old villages of that curious English region variously known as the "Norfolk Broads," "The Broad District" and the "Norfolk and Suffolk Fens," where, as at Dilham and Rufford, many an old daub-and-wattle cottage may be seen? It is a land of lagoons; of grassy dykes; of ghostly wind-mills as huge and as numerous as in Holland; of rich and low lying farmsteads interspersed by "broads" of sedgy, shallow lakes; of mighty herds of cattle and sheep; of duck, widgeon, mallard and coot; of picturesque inns-of-call half hidden among corpses of willow; of ruined castles, abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are now serving as market-gardens' canals; of grey old hamlets set about with clumps of pollard oaks; and of a peasantry as simple, brave and true as in good old Sir John Fastoll's days—not Shakespeare's unctuous knave of the "Merry Wives," but of the real Fastoll who valorously fought the Battle of Herrings and soundly drubbed the French.

The evidently pictures from some of these old waterside hamlet porches are worthy the brush of a Turner or a Millet. As the sun goes down in forests of waving reeds, it flames the thatches of hamlets on opposite shore, weirdly lights the arms of the spectral wind-mills, bringing to a looming nearness the grim Norman tower of far olden churches, or gilds the eaved top of some mediæval ruin as with gold. As it sinks from sight the waters of the Broads are for a moment purple, then pitchy black, when instantly the stars are shining in the depths above and from the waters beneath with a shimmering luster enveloping all. Then the songs and chirps of myriad insects; the whirr and splash of late-homing water-fowl; and the witching, whispered souging of the breeze in the rushes and the reeds.

Up in Cumberland and Westmoreland, what loving wraiths of memory are conjured when basking in the glowing beauty of slumberous, verdure-clad, blossom-bowered Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside and Bowness! Here in old Keswick town dwell and sang, and lies buried in Cross-hwaite church-yard, near the murmurings of the Greta he so loved, that high-souled poet of pensive remembrance and meditative calm, Robert Southey. Here, too, the unhappy Coleridge passed the most fruitful, though still the most miserable, years of his baleful slavery to a deadly drug; and with his girl-wife, Harriet, Shelley here knew the only happy hours of his unfortunate life. In ancient Grasmere—Grasmere of ancient "rush-bearing" fame; Grasmere with perhaps the oldest and certainly the quaintest church in England; Grasmere where the

brave old dame soundly walloped the Prince of Wales for "harrying" her sheep;—Thomas De Quincey lived in his dream-life madness; and, in St Oswald's church-yard sleep Hartley Coleridge and William Wordsworth, beside the beautiful Rothay which, leaping from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church-wall the deathless songs they sung.

That one whose memory gives to the organ-tones of the two cascades of Rydal their wondrous heart-thrilling power, who is first and last when your eyes of fancy pierce the past, is Wordsworth, who lived on Rydal mount, above the hamlet, for forty-eight years. Sturdy, iconoclastic, yet true and practically Christian it still heretic, Harriet Martineau, stands bright and clear in the picture among the blossoms of songful Ambleside. Christopher North with his huge frame and benign face, as if the very spirit of the lovely region shone from his kindly eyes, makes these village ways sunnier for his strong, sure tread. With him, though later, you will see another one, firm, calm, tender, noble, one who through his labor at Rugby swept forever from the British educational system the rule of brutality and dread, left-scolded, noble Dr. Arnold, while old Bowness baddling, between the highway and the fell-side is sweeter still because you see through its tiny cottage panes the wraith of good Felicia Hemans, with a tinge of sadness in her pallid, patient face.

Pleasant indeed is a week's idle loitering among the villages of the north-west, the most picturesque timbered cottages of England can be found among these ancient hamlets. Sleepy old Godalming was once a nest of fuller's homes, and numbers of these habitations are still in good preservation. At Shere, the former home of the earls of Ormond and the noble house of Audley, and roundabout are wondrously interesting lanes of cottages. Besides, there are Womersley, with its fine gables and chimneys and charmingly picturesque old mill-house; Haslemere with its high and graceful chimneys; Chiddingfold, where glass was first made in England, with its fine fourteenth century cottages and famous old Crown Inn; Witky, with its church-tower surmounted by a spire as quaint as that of Stoke Poges, and its cottages which are in every artist's sketch-book; Alford, most primitive of Surrey villages, with its curious ironwork and moats; and, with scores more, winsome old Cranleigh, where, at Baynards, one of the most interesting of the younger Edward Bray, so long kept the head of her father, ill-lated Sir Thomas More, which was finally deposited in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

You will never heed the passing hours if, afloat upon the Avon, you set out in quest of English villages within the western shires. The thatches of the last leaves everywhere along the Avon almost to the river's brink. You will have no need for an inn. With your woman companion you will be welcomed everywhere at night among the village peasantry. By and by you come to the vales among the Cotswolds. Then will you see hamlets and villages dotting the valleys, embedded in gardens, perched upon the heights, in settings of lush orchards, waving fields within checkered lines of hawthorn hedges or denser rows of limes, and these in turn backed by banks of forest primeval; all in such droning quiet, ample content and smiling opulence that, full of the winey exultation of it all, you again and again irresistibly exclaim, "Here is Arcady at last!"

In Essex one could wander for a whole summer and never tire of its mossy nooks lake Thaxted, with its long straggling streets of many-gabled homes, its exquisite church, its strange Moot Hall and its noble relic, the Horham Hall; Cogshall, with its mouldering abbey ruins and curious "Wool-pack" inn; Salford Walden, hot-bed of Essex superstitions, with its ruined castle, wonderful old houses and antique Sun Inn which has set the Essex antiquarians endlessly by the ears; Finchingfield with its jumble of cottages piled one upon another and its quaint timber-built almshouses, like those of Coventry; St. Oyth, with its remarkable church, splendid old priory and marvelously beautiful gateway; and little Dunmow, straggling, tiny hamlets that it is, but famous the world over for its olden "Fitch of bacon" prize for conjugal felicity.

And if all these were not enough to make you know the indescribably interesting and beautiful rural England of today, come and where the shires of Bucks, Berks and Surrey join, and saunter for but a day roundabout royal Windsor.

At Chertsey, but nine miles distant, once famous for its abbey, lived and died the poet Cowley, while Albert Smith, author of "Christopher Tadpole," and many other charming works of fiction, was born in the same quaint old village. Datchet, on the Thames, about a mile from Windsor, has the remains of a very ancient monastery; while Datchet Mead was rendered famous by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor."

But four miles distant is the quaint and sequestered village of Horton. In this, at Herky, Manor House, lived Milton, with his father and mother and here were written his "Comus," "Arcades," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." At Old Windsor, two miles down the river, is one of the most impressive old yew and cypress shaded churches in England. Its Moat Farm was the hunting seat of Saxon kings. Mrs. Robinson, the authoress and the unfortunate Perdita, is buried here; and its Beaumont Lodge, was the former home of Warr n H'stungs.

Bray is but five miles distant, upon the Thames. The "Vicar of Bray," one Symonds, who changed his religion four times, in successive reigns, that he might die in his "living." At Beaconsfield, to the north near Wilton Park, was the home of Waller, the poet, and Burke, the statesman. Here at Slough, two miles to the north, is the house occupied so long by Sir William Herschel, and you will see here a part of his great forty-foot telescope; while two miles further, beyond meadows green, nestling in clumps of yew and oak, is the olden home of the Penns, near which is the mossy old parish church and hamlet of Stoke Poges, where was written the purest and sweetest elegy to be found in the English tongue. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

AN ANCASTER MIRACLE.

RESTORED TO HEALTH AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY FOUR DOCTORS.

The Remarkable Case of a Copetown Lady—Afflicted With Paralysis, Suffering Intense Agony and Pronounced Incurable—She is Again Restored to Health and Vigor—She Tells Her Story for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. The cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published, told the story of people given up by doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported in most instances distant from Dundas and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors, and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that the Star decided to investigate it, and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband had been born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:—

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctor called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July I took to my bed, where I lay for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three other doctors I called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that I could not live only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in, 25 or 30 every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctors' medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous recovery of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room to another. My general health also improved. In fact, my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton I am now a healthy woman. I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own housework this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others, and I am glad it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the need feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men the firm's medical writers, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark (printed in red ink) and wrapped in a paper of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope

to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE. Judges are not sufficiently epigrammatic to suit some people. Their sentences are too long. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale, Mrs. REVEREND BAKER. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON. Stainer, P. E. I. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY. It would probably be hard to convince a hantam cock that his crowing does not have a good deal to do with making the sun rise. Putner's Emulsion contain neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results. A German savant declares that all diamonds found on this earth came from the moon on aerolites and meteorites.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla. 512 Dillingham St. Water, N. B. I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but not remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world. E. W. W. & W. Cures Others, Will Cure You.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURANCE R. W. FRANK 78 PRINCE ST. JOHN, N. B. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

SEGEE'S OINTMENT. IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chittlains, Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc. For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing JOHN A. SEGEE, Manuf., DURHAM STREET—North St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. Barker & Sons, S. McDiarmid, KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. CERTIFICATES. The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT: MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; J. A. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; Capt. D. JORDAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, F. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. BAPTIST Minister, Carleton, St. John; J. A. B. GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B. ROBERT MCCUEN, St. John, N. B.

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of Segee's ointment. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

Full of Steam.

It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.

A TEAKETTLE of HOT WATER and SURPRISE SOAP used according to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way. Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you? SURPRISE is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped Surprise.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you? SURPRISE is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped Surprise.

AYER'S Avoid the Rush. Springtime has come! Former Records Broken. Send in your curtains early, for in spring every housekeeper takes them down to have them done up. UNGAR creams them to perfection. Let him know what shade you prefer and they will be done accordingly. And while cleaning up house, why not look over your wardrobe? Spring garments and suits need cleansing, and some want dyeing. Send them to Ungar if you want them done promptly and well. Dress suits pressed and cleaned at shortest notice.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Hall's: 90 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S. A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN! Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest! An Entirely New Edition of THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. His popularity, says a writer in the Century Magazine, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost as widely read in France, Germany, and Italy as in Great Britain and the United States." Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these Cooper "Leatherstocking Tales." The name of American author, Poe, has since gained a name all commensurate with Cooper's abroad. The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the salt of the sea keeps its savor," says the same writer above quoted. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous novels. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large quarto pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unexpurgated and unaltered, viz.:

THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE TWO OCEANS, THE RED Rover, THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES. This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. It contains the best of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole volume of reading is compressed into one handsome volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with them. We have made an arrangement with the publishers of this beautiful set of books for our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible but for the fact that we have done the printing, paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvelous of all.

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

THE EAR... Within the earliest Ch... Britain were buried... brought to... five miles... cil chambers... remains of... many other... Roman eccle... times in Bri... there, but... church are... interesting... Anti-quari... city of con... the Eng... been since... was told, a... after year... lowed the li... of the wa... acres, and... early ripe... by opening... old city c... checker-bo... modern Ar... Desmorys... years, but... excavations... scientific... quaries. T... old Roman... almost to... The Roma... rude city... interesting... parts of... The Roma... existing and... a great w... and nine te... the outer... The outer... were found... city. It is... found in B... is that it w... Calleva was... very small... beginnings... was forty-t... ending, and... and two air... the east co... west, but c... altar was... of the altar... the mosaic... white, red... quite fresh... ac, and two... the marble... The floor of... are an inc... was found j... to have be... use of those... of ordinary... was found... The oak is... A Roman... 270 feet lon... interesting... parts, the n... law courts... governing B... chamber, w... 140 feet sq... stores have... city, and fr... most compl... Roman reli... measure l... candlestick... works, gen... brochures, a... spine, an... article in u... The most... tion is a ca... Most of the... vation, and... of the Hon... end. One... range from... Arcadians ar... withdrew fr... Many re... among them... ox, which... were four... goats, steep... been shepp... One tile co... foot, a sma... that seemi... sweet Kom... might well... but antiqua... do not del... Reli... Allaha... at the conf... of the Gan... numbers of... for abolition... believe cle... At the gre... December... month, som... On the occ... nected with... "Lord of... Juggernaut... 000 pilgrim... the value of... three other... same deity... by 50,000... war, or "V...

SUNDAY READING

THE EARLIEST BRITISH CHURCH

Found in the Ruins of a Lost British Roman City

Within the last month the remains of the earliest Christian church yet discovered in Britain were found in a corner of a long buried Roman city that is now being brought to light near Reading, some thirty-five miles from London.

Antiquarians have long believed that a city of considerable size once stood there of the English acres where cornfields have been since the memory of man.

Excavations have been made in a thorough and scientific manner by the society of Antiquaries. The city is believed to be the old Roman city of Calleva, and dates back almost to the beginning of the Christian era.

The remains of the Christian church were found in the southeast corner of the city. It is the earliest Christian church found in Britain.

The present supposition is that it was built about 350 A.D. when Calleva was quite an old city. It was a very small building, suggestive of the small beginnings of the faith.

Its extreme length was forty-two feet. It had a semicircular ending, and was divided into a small nave and two aisles, with a very large porch at the east end.

The floor of the church was laid with tesserae in a square. A little platform was found just east of the church, believed to have been a receptacle for water for the use of those entering the church.

A Roman council chamber, with a hall 270 feet long by 38 feet wide, is one of the interesting finds. It is divided into three parts, the northern and southern used as law courts and the central chamber by the governing body.

The forum in front of the chamber, where the citizens met, is about 140 feet square. Offices and shops and stores have been discovered all over the city, and from them have been gathered the most complete and interesting collection of Roman relics yet secured.

Weights and measures have been found, lamps and candlesticks, all manner of pottery and art works, gems and jewelry, bangles and brooches, and rings and knives, needles, spoons, and, in fact, practically every article in use in a big city at that age.

where the Ganges emerges from the Himalayan mountains, a great religious fair takes place, at which upwards of 100,000 pilgrims attend. On every twelfth year a special festival takes place—the last occurred in 1884—when from 300,000 to 2,000,000 are collected. At Benares, the "Holiest City of India," large numbers of pilgrims attend daily throughout the year from the most distant parts to bathe in the holy well of Mani-karniki. On particular occasions upwards of 1,000,000 people visit this city.

GOOD JENNY LIND.

The Christian Character of the World-Famous Singer.

Jenny Lind the woman was greater than Jenny Lind the singer. "I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing—wonderful as it is," wrote Mrs. Stables, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, in whose palace the great singer was a guest while in that city.

The Bishop's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, who had no "car for music," and on whom, therefore her singing was wholly lost, wrote that she had "the manner of a princess with the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

She looked upon her natural faculty as a gift of Heaven, and never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time. "It has been continued to me from year to year for the good of others."

This feeling was no fine sentiment, but a religious principle. While she was the Bishop's guest she begged Mrs. Stanley to allow her to take three of the maids to a concert where she was to sing.

At a service in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy chorists, and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

She gave to charitable objects thousands of pounds gained by her wonderful voice. While singing in Copenhagen, such was the excitement that Court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came he was on a sick bed. Jenny Lind heard of his desire, and found time to go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn asked her to sing to a friend of his, who had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered her with songs, the remembrance of which is still cherished by the family.

Again and again, when the opportunity offered for such an act of kindness, she sang to invalids who could not be present at her concerts. The gift within her was a trust to be administered for the good of others.

A Student at Seventy-five.

The oldest student at the Princeton Seminary is Henry Chapman, who is seventy-five years of age. About fifty years ago he had a great inclination to go into the ministry but poverty obliged him to enter commercial pursuits. About five years ago his brother died, and Mr. Chapman came into possession of an income sufficient to maintain him in comfort for the remainder of his life. The longing of his youth returned, and he is now studying theology with enthusiasm.

Milan's Great Cathedral.

An architectural commission, appointed by the city of Milan some time ago to report on the condition of the cathedral, have found several large cracks in the roof of the main nave. The cracks are widening slowly, and will soon threaten the collapse of the whole of the roof. A committee of experts will be appointed shortly to consider the best means of repairing the roof. The cathedral is entirely of white marble, was begun in 1386, and excepting St. Peter's in Rome is the finest cathedral in Europe.

The Three Angels.

Three angels in the gate of heaven came to earth below, And by the side of mortals ever since, 'Mid all their woes,

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll receives almost as many letters as her husband, and most of the letters incline religious tracts.

Right Rev. K. H. Gez. van Shield, S. T. D., Lutheran Bishop of Sweden, is expected in New York on Wednesday, May 10.

A son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, is a captain in the artillery and an enthusiast in the art of war.

In Finland it has been decided that a person, in order to receive assistance from the authorities when in need, must attend church every Sunday.

The wall round the City of Babylon at the height of its prosperity was fifty-six miles in length. A wall round London would be over seventy miles in extent.

The Duke of Norfolk gave the Pope, at his jubilee, two envelopes; one contained a cheque for over £40,000, a million francs, with the inscription, "To the Holy Father, from an English Catholic."

The title "Reverend" was, until the sixteenth century, addressed to many others besides clergymen, such as judges and eminent writers; but from that time its use has been strictly confined to the clergy.

The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Bishop of Chester, aged 91; the youngest, the Bishop of St. Asaph, who is but 45 years of age. Though the Bishop of Chester is of such an age he attends to all the duties of his office without a confessor.

The mummies of the High Priest of Ammon, now in the possession of the Egyptian government, are to be raffled off shortly. They will be divided into six lots and drawn for by the millions of London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

Mr. Gore has decided to retire temporarily, at all events, from the headship of Pusey House. It is said that the author of "Lux Mundi" has another important theological work in hand, and does not find that he can give enough time to his literary labors in his present post.

Rev. Dr. Talmage and the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle are busy preparing to meet their maturing obligations, amounting to \$65,000. A subscription paper has been circulated, with the understanding that none is binding unless the whole amount is raised. Dr. Talmage has subscribed \$10,000 and a personal friend, \$5,000.

The Archbishop of York has been a soldier in his time; but his record is nothing to that of Bishop Turner, of the American Episcopal Methodists, who has been at various times a postmaster, a custom-house inspector, and a detective. He has been staying in London for some little time past, where a "colored" bishop is somewhat of a novelty.

The pew in which Abraham Lincoln sat while living in Washington was removed from the church in which he worshipped—the New York Avenue Presbyterian—about ten years ago, and relegated to an adjoining Sunday school room. The trustees have now been instructed by a vote of the society to restore it, and an inscribed silver tablet will suitably designate it.

It is somewhat surprising to find in the English new "Clergy List" that no fewer than 16 clergymen hold commissions in the volunteer forces. One is a full-blown captain. Dr. Warre, head master of Eton, is the only clerical colonel. Four of the assistant-masters of Eton are also volunteers. Altogether there are nine captains, three majors, two lieutenants, and one quartermaster.

The clergy of London are about to be reinforced by a brother whose surname is Job. The patriarchs are well represented in the "clergy list." Abraham has several representatives, Bishop Abraham leading the way; Isaac is equally honored; and Jacob beats them both. But the clergy are great on Scriptural names. There are already in the "clergy list" Revs. Adam, Eves, Cain, Abel, Ham, and many others of equally ancient associations.

An annual sermon is preached in a church near Ledbury, Eng., against the use of duelling—in commemoration of a tragic event which took place in that locality many years since, when two rival lords died fighting for a young lady's hand. This lady on her death-bed left a certain sum of money to the vicar of the parish on condition that the interest should be paid to the poor, and a sermon preached once a year bearing upon the sin of duelling.

Protestant Nonconformity, as it is classed in England, loses one of its most eminent scholars by the death of Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D., who was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee. For a quarter of a century he was pastor of a Baptist church at Nottingham, but his best work was done in the study rather than in the pulpit. He was the original editor of The Expositor, a magazine that gave a powerful impetus to the historical study of the Scriptures in Free Church circles, and his "Salvator Mundi" in which he urges "the larger hope," has had a wide circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

The last proof was corrected last week in the translation of the Bible into the tongue of the Gilbert Islanders, and the first volume of the 30th translation of the Scriptures into a foreign language was turned off the presses of the American Bible Society. The publication represents thirty-four years of labor on the part of Missionary Hiram Bingham among the natives of the Gilbert Island group. Presentation volumes have been placed in the library of the American Bible Society and in the library of the Hawaiian Board of Missions at Honolulu. An edition of 2,000 copies has been printed.

The Rev. James A. Spurgeon's connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with the work of which he has been associated for a quarter of a century, ceased at the end of June, when Dr. Pearson's engagement at the Tabernacle also expired. This course was resolved upon at the meeting, when it was further determined by a large majority to invite Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who is at present in New Zealand, to accept the pulpit supply for a term of 12 months from July next, with a view to the pastorate. The late C. H. Spurgeon made frequent reference to his son Tom as his successor. The call addressed to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is understood to have Dr. Pierson's complete approval.

Messages of Help For the Week.

Sunday.—Psalm 42, 4. "I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day."

Monday.—Psalm 49, 12. "Hear this, all ye people, give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world. Both low and high; rich and poor, together. John 3, 7. "Ye must be born again."

Tuesday.—8 v. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit."

Wednesday.—15 v. "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Thursday.—17 v. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."

Friday.—18 v. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Saturday.—John 14, 1. "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

Go Labor On.

Then that last sunset, loved not o'er thy woe, But to thy task: Thy losses and thy pain, Forget in cheerful toil; thyself forget. There he who love thee yet; whom thou dost love; For God and these still be it thine to live; And all unweary in love's ministrations, Go labor on and in thy works rejoice. —Ray Palmer.

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to delight new generations of the modern Indian was found west of the end of the church. The oak is in state of preservation.

A Roman council chamber, with a hall 270 feet long by 38 feet wide, is one of the interesting finds. It is divided into three parts, the northern and southern used as law courts and the central chamber by the governing body.

The forum in front of the chamber, where the citizens met, is about 140 feet square. Offices and shops and stores have been discovered all over the city, and from them have been gathered the most complete and interesting collection of Roman relics yet secured.

Weights and measures have been found, lamps and candlesticks, all manner of pottery and art works, gems and jewelry, bangles and brooches, and rings and knives, needles, spoons, and, in fact, practically every article in use in a big city at that age.

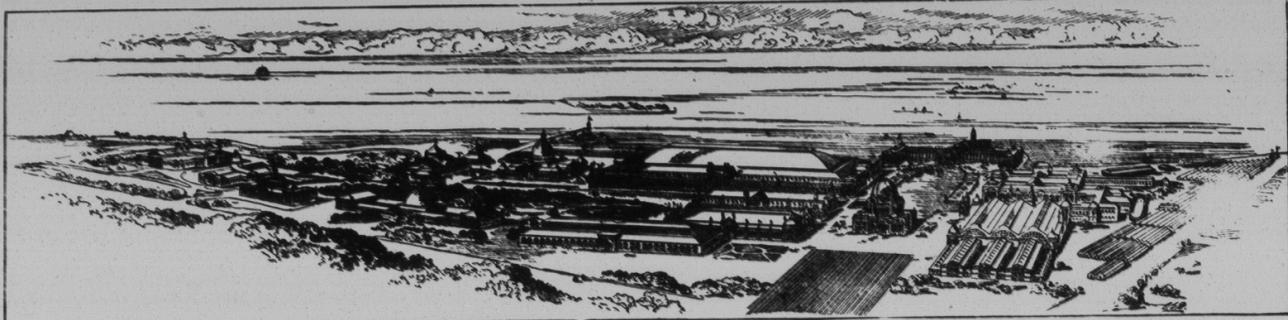
The most interesting part of the collection is a case full of silver and copper coins. Most of them are in a state of fine preservation, and they date from the beginning of the Roman empire in Britain until its end. One is dated A. D. 54, and the coins range from this period down to the time of Arcadius and Honorius, when the Romans withdrew from Britain.

Many remains of animals were found, among them skulls of the domestic British ox, which is now extinct. Several tiles were found containing the footprints of goats, sheep, cats and dogs. The tiles had been stepped on before they were burned. One tile contains the imprint of a woman's foot, a small, dainty, well-formed member that seemingly must have borne a very sweet Roman maiden. The quaint relic might well be basis for an interesting story, but antiquarians are severely practical and do not deal in romance.

Religious Festivals in India. Allahabad, "The City of God" situated at the confluence of the two sacred rivers, the Ganges and Jumna, is visited by large numbers of pilgrims throughout the year for ablation at the sacred spot, which they believe cleanses them from all past sins. At the great religious fair, held there in December and January, which lasts a month, some 240,000 persons are present. On the occasion of the Car Festival connected with the worship of Jagannatha, or "Lord of the world," held annually at Juggernaut, E. I., there are generally 100,000 pilgrims present, who make gifts to the value of £57,800. There are twenty-three other festivals held in honor of the same deity throughout the year, attended by 50,000 to 80,000 pilgrims. At Hardwar, or "Vishnu's Gate," a town situated

will send the ten great... name named, comprising the "Greatest Authors," also an advance of but 50 cents on this beautiful set of books. In this offer those who will receive the books at the date of expiration. We as a club of two new yearly EDWARD S. CARTER.

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KIDD AND HIS WEALTH.

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS OLD PIRATE AND HIS DEEDS.

How He Became His Career—The Theory that He was a Victim of Circumstances—Others Who Should Have Been Allowed to Account.

William Kidd was born in Scotland and married Sarah Wort of New York. Several men of London, England, subscribed money, formed a joint stock company, bought the Adventure Galley, fitted her with proper armament, and provisioned her at a cost of £600. They employed Mr. Kidd as commander, and furnished him with a commission to act against the French and pirates, or, in other words, as a privateer. The King was to receive one-tenth of whatever the vessel brought home.

On the way down from London his vessel was boarded by an impressment crew, his crew taken, and he had to go ashore and secure such seamen as he could who were well fitted to act as privateersmen. He sailed, and after being absent a year it began to be talked that his acts savored of piracy. When his voyages in the Indian ocean were finished he set sail, and appeared in the Sound of New York and set goods on shore at several places. He established himself at Gardiner's Island, near the Long Island shore, and sent word to Lord Belmont at Boston, by a man named Esmot, that he had with him ten thousand dollars' worth of goods, and had left the Quedah Merchant at Hispaniola in a creek there with a valuable cargo; that he would prove his innocence of what he had been charged with. The letters of Kidd and statements of Esmot and two French passes were placed by Belmont before his Majesty's Council, who at the same time describes Kidd's messenger as "a cunning Jacobite, a fast friend of Fletcher's and my avowed enemy."

With their consent and in their presence, he furnished Mr. Kidd a "safe conduct." Capt. Kidd relied on this, and came to Boston with his wife and took lodgings at Duncan Campbell's the most luxurious house of entertainment in Boston, where he remained several days. On July 3, 1689, he was summoned before His Excellency and Council to give an account of his proceedings on his late voyage to Madagascar. After Capt. Kidd had given a summary account of his doings, of the cargo on the sloop now in port and also on board the vessels left at Hispaniola they required of him to give a detailed account of his voyages, captures, &c. Capt. Kidd found that the safe conduct which they issued was merely intended to induce him to come to Boston, where he would be deprived of his liberty. He did not make any further statement, and the Council ordered his arrest and imprisonment, seized his treasure chest at Gardiner's Island, and took everything that his wife had. The treasure chest contained quite a variety of articles, and the following is a list of its contents:

- No. 1, one bag of gold dust, 65 1/2 ounces.
- No. 2, one bag of refined gold, 11 ounces; one bag of coarse gold, 12 1/2 ounces.
- No. 3, one bag of gold dust, 2 1/2 ounces.
- No. 4, one bag of silver rings, 4 1/2 ounces.
- No. 5, one bag of precious stones, 12 1/2 ounces.
- No. 6, one bag of diamonds, 1 1/2 ounces.
- No. 7, one bag of pieces of crystal carnelian.
- No. 8, one bag of silver buttons and lamps.
- No. 9, one bag of broken silver, 17 1/2 ounces.
- No. 10, one bag of gold bars, 33 1/2 ounces.
- No. 11, one bag of gold bars, 33 1/2 ounces.
- No. 12, one bag of gold dust, 50 1/2 ounces.
- No. 13, one bag of silver, 300 ounces.

The Earl of Belmont was evidently anxious to get possession of the ship and treasure, and preferred to let the council handle the matter. Mr. Kidd seemed to have been willing to surrender ship and treasure, but wished in doing so to have an assurance or guarantee of his own protection.

Capt. Kidd requested that he should be taken as a prisoner to Hispaniola to bring back the Quedah Merchant. Belmont refused. To this refusal of Belmont we are indebted to the fact that no man knows where that treasure is to-day. It is the treasure in search of which the whole coast of New England has been visited. The law officers and those of the council who were known as legal gentlemen decided and argued that there was no authority to send him to England. Belmont and his Council had an elephant on their hands which did not care for. Opportunity was allowed for his escape, but he declined the boon. In my possession is a deposition which is the evidence, and also that money was ready for him. The authorities here retained those papers which he acted under, and sent him to England for trial. Mrs. Kidd's jewels, a silver tankard, a silver mug, silver porringer, spoons and forks were returned to her, with other pieces of plate and two hundred and sixty pieces of eight.

In England he was confined closely in prison two years and permitted no counsel. The Government was represented by four men. Kidd was tried both for murder and for piracy. The murder which he was supposed to have committed was that of Moon, his gunner, whose death resulted from a blow given by a water bucket in a fight without premeditation. No sentence but that of manslaughter was justified by the evidence. He was found guilty of murder. In the trial for piracy he was treated with the same injustice. He claimed that his commission justified his seizing the Quedah Merchant, for he said she was sailing under a French pass when he took her. These passes and other papers were in the possession of Belmont, and Kidd could not produce them. This case was tried outside of the court by public hearing. The verdict rendered decided to let the confederates, the joint stock company and the King, escape public censure. The severest criticism made upon the affair was that Belmont, Somers, Halifax, and others were guilty of it was. Nearly all the privateers fitted out at that time pursued the same course. It so happened that for the interest of all parties except Capt. Kidd that he should be the victim, and that his name and his memory should be blackened with crimes of the darkest dye. [—S. P. Maberry, in Portland Transcript.

Two of a Kind not a Pair. In Thuringia there is a whole district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes; husbands, wives, and children all working together at this same means of livelihood. And turn out their produce by the dozen, no two eyes are ever the same. No artificial eye has

its exact fellow either in color or in size in the whole world. The method of the manufacture is not a very complicated art. There are, firstly, glass plates which are blown by glass jets, then moulded by hand into the form of an oval-shaped cup. Then there is the colouring of the eyes, which is effected by means of tracing with fine needles, the tints being left to the taste of the individual worker, though the scope of their taste is necessarily limited to greys and blues and browns and blacks.

IMPRISED, THOUGH INNOCENT.

How a Weak Minded Man Was Made the Suspect for Fisk and Gould. "There died in Susquehanna county, Pa., not long ago," said the former railway official, "a very old man who was familiarly known as Stonewall Jackson. His real name was John Bowen, and twenty years or so ago he gained an unenviable notoriety throughout the country as the 'Fiend of Carr's Rock,' he having confessed to the deliberate placing of obstructions on the track of the Erie Railway at the high precipice overlooking the Delaware River near Pond Eddy, by which an express train was hurled over the precipice to the river below, and a large number of passengers were killed outright, others being drowned and others buried alive in the wreck. This terrible disaster is known to history as the Carr's Rock disaster. It was the result of a broken rail at that dangerous spot, and purely an accident, for, notwithstanding John Bowen's confession of having caused the wreck, he knew nothing whatever about it. That confession has a curious story.

"While the catastrophe at Carr's Rock was due to an accidental cause, it should have been discovered by the track walker and the train signalled in time to prevent the disaster. The track walker was negligent in his duty. The railroad was then in charge of Fisk and Gould. The company was threatened by no end of suits for damage by injured passengers and the heirs of dead ones. It was important that the company should show that the wreck was the result of causes entirely beyond its control, or responsibility. The charge that the train had been thrown from the track by wreckers was made immediately after the accident occurred. Several arrests were made of men charged with complicity in the alleged crime, but they were all discharged for want of evidence against them. A shrewd, weak-minded old John Bowen, a shilshole, weak-minded old man, who lived in the vicinity of Pond Eddy, was arrested on the charge of being the wrecker. He was placed in the Pike county jail and indicted.

"The day before he was to have been arraigned for trial he was visited by a railroad official, the railroad attorney, and the District Attorney of Pike county. The result of that visit was a confession, signed by Bowen, but written by another, in which he declared that he had placed obstructions on the track to wreck the train so that he could rob the passengers who might be killed or wounded. The confession was produced in court, and Bowen, much to his own surprise, as every one in the court could not help but notice, was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Every person who knew Bowen believed that the confession was false, and the rumor arose that he had been induced to make it under the assurance that he could not possibly be convicted—although there was not evidence enough against him to be worth the consideration of a jury—and would be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, whereas by confessing he would receive lenient treatment at the hands of the court. This confession was to relieve the officers of the company from financial and other responsibility for the disaster. Bowen himself made a declaration to that effect, but he was not heeded. The truth of it was not denied in after years by every one concerned in the affair. Bowen served his time and returned to northern Pennsylvania, and insisted that he could not possibly be convicted. He led thereafter a sort of tramp's life. He must have been almost a monogenarian."

Camels in America. About 1852 the problem of transporting army supplies on the Western plains became so serious that the War Department recommended the experiment of trying camels. Some time elapsed before the animals could be secured, and three first successful experiments, so far as can be learned, was in 1857, when a train of camels conveyed the stores and baggage of a surveying party, locating a wagon road between Santa Fe and California. This first trial was attended by such good results that some time after 150 camels were imported for use in the southwest, and as late as 1876 a camel train was in operation between Yuma Tucson, Ariz. The camels thrived well, and did their work satisfactorily, but the hostility of the teamsters soon thinned their number, and their use was further rendered unnecessary by the spread of the railroad system. The teamsters hated the camels from the fact that all other pack animals were invariably stampeded by the first glimpse of the forbidding humps, and the rifle was ever ready to cut off any camel that strayed from the train.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

How The Pets of Royalty Live and Have a Good Time of It.

Dogs were first admitted to the court of England in the reign of Henry VIII. Under the present reign three dogs have been elevated to the highest canine dignities on account of their aristocratic families and their own peculiar merits. The names of the aristocratic Trio are Marco, Roy, and Spot. Marco is the Queen's favorite, and he used to be very jealous of John Brown. His ancestry can be traced back to the crusaders. He is what they call in England a Pomeranian, and at one of the recent dog shows won the first prize, the mug of honor. The other favorite, Roy, is a collie, and Spot is a fox terrier with a record of twenty-two rats in a quarter of an hour.

These canine lords have their residences with their special names. Her majesty's dog-palace is divided into three parts, the Queen's veranda, collie court, and umbrella court. The veranda is the principal one. It is a covered gallery along the kennel, and the Queen likes to walk there. Each kennel has a stining-room and a bed-room. The floor of the dining-room is separated from the veranda by an iron grating. It is paved with red and blue bricks, and the furniture consists of a trough, always full of fresh water. The bed-rooms have two large windows generally kept open for the purpose of ventilation, and in a snug corner in each room there is a low bed with a mattress of fresh straw.

Umbrella court gets its name from the big umbrella in the middle of it, under which the dogs can shelter themselves from sun or rain. A host of servants wait upon the canine nobility, and the Queen is very severe with the officials who do not pay proper attention to her dogs. A child is provided for them, and his instructions are to vary the menu of the dinners of her majesty's pets and to consult their tastes.

Not Much of a Sandwich. Two fashionably-dressed young ladies were walking down the street, one on either side of a young man extremely well in attire, and equally well in proportions. A street Arab grinned at them, then remarked drily, much to the discomfiture of the youth:—"Ain't much ham in that sandwich."

Indigestion.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

Promotes digestion without injury and thereby relieves diseases caused by indigestion of the food. The best remedy for headache proceeding from a disordered stomach.

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

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION. EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 31, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip, which was very febrile and produced in flesh. I had no appetite, and was so nervous I could not sleep, was under Doctor's treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were expecting my death at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC, 3 bottles of which Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became stronger, stouter and more vigorous than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper, I. C. R. Depot, St. John, N. B., says: I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.

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HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach Ills.

ROBB-ARMSTRONG ENGINES, SIMPLE AND COMPOUND.

Containing all the latest points of Standard American High Speed Engines, and several improvements.



THE MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILER. STRONGEST AND MOST PORTABLE BOILER IN USE. Has saved by actual test from 25 to 50 per cent. in fuel over brick set boilers.

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I have come to girls, that I must be in many of my ideas of the periodical literature, more convinced do that I am decidedly instead, I have an impression that it will rect 'thing in politics face at least once a were travelling, or unusual influences dirt, they might with plexions and without constitutions ventur twice, and still in any way, antediluvian beliefs not only next to g necessary to heal looks! A high at ture, dress reform, correct discarding, literary world my cent glamour sink even Mrs. Jenness and announces that quire frequent was never be bathed in lectured in Toronto tatic care of the her extraordinary face divine could just an occasional fact that although ing for two weeks she had not used merely rubbed it w with rose water. Mrs. Miller's lect adorns this very formation that " lovely skin of smoo spot or blemish," round and smooth am quite willing for it, and to belie charming, but stil care to kiss her. her complexion fr of the dress circle. Thus are some and most thorough annihilated at a unexpected quar some clattering de we feel as if we midst of chaos. who said that I should destroy would meet some day and celebrat ner? I think it humbly in his tr the last of those shattered around cheerful amongst water in one ha unscented" in the ler and her flann water, something Ajax of old defe hope to have mense on my sid could boast of agine it girls! rose water is, an combination it of travel, for M mention that the igitate the effects Let us stick to th ancestors, girls—I mean, of course, hazards, so that can at least, all ble, and clean.

I suppose we week, for a chan delicious recipe Many house chicken or turkey is an almost un one which requi manufacture i reason for this see aspicio chicker at supper where caterer has been ously get an ide need never attem so expensive, an certain to fall the vagance to expen that this is a mi harmless, and ne give my readers for this luxury in fall, and even if nate the experi financially, as the ed by a one doll a very troubleso than many other Jettie. Three pints o over the fire, pu of allspice, and a few minutes, an gelatine, which hour, in enou Stir over the fire than strain it ag wise, and put it you need it, eve will keep perfect put in the ice bo for use when you

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I have come to the conclusion lately, girls, that I must be rather old-fashioned in many of my ideas, and the more I read of the periodical literature of the day the more convinced do I become of the fact that I am decidedly behind the times. For instance, I have always been under the impression that in polite society to wash one's face at least once a day, and that if people were travelling, or otherwise exposed to unusual influences in the shape of dust and dirt, they might with safety to their complexions and without serious injury to their constitutions venture to wash them even twice, and still not be remarkable in any way. But alas for my antediluvian belief that cleanliness was not only next to godliness, but absolutely necessary to health, happiness and good looks! A high authority on physical culture, dress reform, beauty preserving and corset discarding, before whose light in the literary world my feeble and phosphorescent glimmer sinks almost out of sight—even Mrs. Jenness Miller—comes forward and announces that "the face does not require frequent washing," and that it should never be bathed in hot water. Mrs. Miller lectured in Toronto last winter on the artistic care of the body, and in support of her extraordinary statement that the human face divine could get along very nicely with just an occasional washing, she pointed out the fact that although she had been travelling for two weeks, at the time of speaking, she had not used water on her face, but merely rubbed it with soft flannel dampened with rose water. The writer who reports Mrs. Miller's lecture points a moral, and admires this very strange tale with the information that "Mrs. Miller herself has a lovely skin of smooth, ivory pallor, without spot or blemish," and that "her neck is round and smooth as a marble pillar." I am quite willing to take this lady's word for it, and to believe Mrs. Miller all that is charming, but still I don't think I should care to kiss her. I would prefer to admire her complexion from the discreet distance of the dress circle.

There are some of our most cherished and most thoroughly established theories annihilated at a single blow, from a most unexpected quarter, and their fragments come clattering down about our ears until we feel as if we stood lamenting in the midst of chaos. Was it Douglas Jerrold who said that if a gigantic earthquake should destroy England, the survivors would meet somewhere amid the ruins next day and celebrate the occasion with a dinner? I think it was. Well, I shall follow humbly in his train by saying that when the last of those old-fashioned theories lie shattered around my feet, I hope to stand cheerful amongst the ruins with a jug of hot water in one hand and a cake of "Pears unscented" in the other, defying Mrs. Miller and her flannel rag dampened with rose water, something after the manner in which Ajax of old defied the lightning, only I hope to have more reason, and common sense on my side, than that ancient hero could boast of. Rose water! Just imagine it girls! You know just how sticky rose water is, and you can imagine what a combination it would form with the dust of travel, for Mrs. Miller does not even mention that she used violet powder to mitigate the effects of coal smoke and cinders. Let us stick to the good old customs of our ancestors, girls—our more direct ancestors I mean, of course—and wash our faces at all hazards, so that if not sweetly beautiful, we can at least, all be strictly, wholesome, kissable, and clean.

I suppose we must do a little cooking this week, for a change, and I have some really delicious recipes for you to try. Many housekeepers imagine that jellied chicken or turkey aspic, as it is often called, is an almost unobtainable luxury, or at least one which requires a professional cook to manufacture it successfully. I think one reason for this is the fact that we seldom see aspic chicken except on hotel tables or at suppers where the assistance of a skilled caterer has been called in, so we unconsciously get an idea into our heads that we need never attempt to make a dish which is so expensive, and in which we should be so certain to fail that it would be wilful extravagance to experiment with it. To prove that this is a mistaken view to take of the harmless, and not inaccessible aspic, I can give my readers a tried and approved recipe for this luxury in which they can scarcely fail, and even if they should be so unfortunate the experience will not ruin them financially, as the entire cost will be covered by a one dollar note. I admit that it is a very troublesome dish, but not more so than many others, ice cream, for instance.

Jellied Chicken Paste.
Three pints of good soup stock, melt over the fire, put in a few cloves, a pinch of allspice, and a little mace: let it boil a few minutes, and strain it over an ounce of gelatine, which has been soaking for an hour, in enough cold water to cover it. Stir over the fire, for a few minutes longer, than strain it again, add one gill of berry wine, and put it away in a cool place, until you need it, even in the heat of summer it will keep perfectly well for several days, if put in the ice box, and will be all ready for use when you want to make your aspic.

This is the most troublesome part of the performance, as you will find.

Use the meat of half a chicken, which has been par-boiled, removing every scrap of skin, bone, and sinews, then remove the skin from four sausages, and chop the meat, and chicken together until they are in a paste; grate one third of their bulk in bread crumbs, add pepper, salt, the juice of half a lemon, and a very scant teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and mix all thoroughly together. But the bones of the chicken back into the broth it was boiled in, add two cloves of garlic, six whole allspice and three cloves. Boil until thoroughly flavored with the spices, then moisten the chopped meat, and bread crumbs with some of the broth, three well beaten eggs, and a wine glass of either good white wine, or claret, and mix again well. Use a tin mould with straight sides, which must be lined with very thin slices of fat pork; pour in the mixture which should be almost in a batter, cover the top with more slices of pork, tie a well buttered paper over a cork, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. When it is done, set it away to cool; then turn it out, remove the pork, rinse the mould in cold water, and fill it half an inch deep with the previously prepared jelly, which you should have ready melted. Set it on ice, and when quite firm, set the paste in carefully, fill the space between it and the mould with melted jelly and set it away to harden. Turn the rest of the jelly into a shallow dish at the same time, and leave it to get firm. When you are ready to serve the pate break the jelly in the shallow dish into rough blocks with a fork, turn the pate carefully out, arrange the rough jelly around its base, and serve with a garnish of sliced lemon, olives, and sprigs of parsley.

I have given very particular and perhaps prosy directions for the making of this dish, because I want it to be a success if possible when any of my girls try it, and it is better to be too particular, than to leave too much to the imagination, I think. Be very careful about the oven, as the plate is liable to crack, it should be too hot. Of course you understand that the pieces of pork keep the mixture away from the edges of the mould, and so make room for the jelly.

This is a delicious and convenient dish for a cold supper, and I think it fully repays one for the trouble of making.

Here are a couple of excellent recipes for curries, which will no doubt be fully appreciated by those who are fond of curry, as I never could understand myself, as I always connect curry powder and varnish together, in my own mind, the taste to me is so similar.

Curried Eggs.
Put a teaspoonful of minced onion into a cup of weak broth, let it boil and then strain out the onion; put the broth in a deep frying pan, season well and poach six or eight eggs in it until the whites are firm; lift them out with a skimmer and lay on rounds of buttered toast in a heated dish; pour half a cupful of hot milk in the bottom of the dish and let the toast soak it up while you make the sauce. This is done by stirring into the broth in the frying pan a tablespoonful of butter, and as it dissolves a good teaspoonful of curry powder wet with powder. Simmer until thick and pour over the eggs in the dish.

Good bananas are the correct things to serve with all curries. It is always done in the East Indies, and the custom is followed in the best English houses. The fruit is passed around in glass dishes and strewn with bits of ice.

Welsh Rarebit.
Six rounds of toasted bread, two beaten eggs, three large spoonfuls of dry grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, two spoonfuls of fine crumbs, one tablespoonful of mustard, a dust of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Work the butter, cheese, salt, pepper, and cream gradually into a smooth paste, add the beaten eggs and crumbs, and spread half an inch thick on rounds of buttered toast. Be sure to put on plenty of the paste, as a good deal of it is absorbed in cooking. Set the slices in a quick oven, until they begin to brown, and serve at once.

Tomato Teas.
Stew a quart of ripe tomatoes, or one can, if you are using canned tomatoes, ten minutes and put through a colander. Season with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of sugar and two teaspoons of butter; simmer to a smooth soft pulp, for another ten minutes. Then scald half a cup of milk with a bit of soda salt the size of a pea dissolved in it, stir in a teaspoonful of butter add to the tomatoes and pour at once over slices of well buttered toast from which the crust has been removed placed on a hot dish. Let it stand three minutes and then serve.

CHATHAM—As you gave me your real name, and address, instead of a *nom de plume*, I am almost at a loss how to answer you, and so use the name of your town, hoping you may understand. I thought I had made it quite plain to my correspondents that I never answered their letters privately, and yet I never like to use their real names and addresses without their permission. Neither is it possible for me to reply "at once," as each must take his, or her, turn. I regret very much that I am not able to give you the information you ask for, but I doubtless some correspondent can do so, and I shall be grateful if any of my friends can give Chatham the names and addresses of any teacher's bureau of which they may know, in the United States. **JOHN**—St. John is the best to wait patiently, editors are terribly busy people, and

there are such numbers of M. S. S. to be looked through, and have their different merits pronounced upon, that it takes a great deal of time, and each must await its turn. Remember there may have been a thousand in ahead of yours. The editors of some periodicals do not undertake to return rejected M. S. and if you do not receive yours within a reasonable time, I should write and gently remind the editor that I had sent stamps for the safe return of mine. I am always glad to give any help, or advice in my power.

THE GOOD DINNER WOMAN

She Aims to Listen Well and Avoid the Mistake of Being Smart.

Helen Bridgeman has analyzed the "good dinner woman" as one who must be "neither too young nor too old; she must not be unpleasant to look upon neither must she be a beautiful automaton; she must be quick, responsive, interesting and vivacious, but she must not monopolize the conversation and cause others to fight for their rights; she must have in her the spirit of the bonhomie, yet she must be the epitome of good breeding and refinement; in fine, she must be the most fascinating flower of a complex civilization."

One could spell all this with four letters, tact, and tact in the highest sense for the hardest grace to cultivate in the catalogue of virtues, for it embraces all the others. It is really the spirit and the letter of the golden rule, and its corner stone is unselfishness. The popular woman knows that every human being is happier to be in her company than to be absent. It belongs to the general principle of being more blessed to give than to receive, and the good dinner woman, if one may be pardoned for using the lumbering phrase again, has this written as the first law in her decalogue. One of the few really gifted women in this country has said in a sudden burst of confidence the other day:

"Nobody knows what downright hard work it is to earn my success. I keep a note book at hand, and every quaint expression, every good story every amusing thing I see or read or hear, which I think will work up into a brilliant sentence, down it goes into classified order. Then I just sit down and cram for a dinner as a school girl does for examination. Want to know who I learned that from? Why from the famous Chauncey. They say he has scrap books galore, full of all manner of jokes and good things. But with a woman it is different. You have to think of other people than yourself when the dinner begins. My mind is just like my gown, after it is once ready I think no more about it I try to find out the people I am to meet, what they are interested in and then I lead up to appropriate topics, introducing them as adroitly as possible, fill in the gaps with my non-sense, and get people to talking. That is the way to entertain them."

"I once went down to dinner with a famous man talker, and when we were seated a horrible taintness came over me from the closeness of the room, the perfume of the flowers. I felt that if I had not been so silent and ill-used, and I did. The next day he told every-body I was the brightest woman he ever saw. That was my cue. I never have forgotten it. I don't think," she added wistfully, "that the machinery ever shows. But I usually go home from a dinner weary as a hallet girl after the performance. It is much easier to say the bright thing than to make some one else say it, but a smart woman is the worst kind of a mistake. If she isn't married, married men all think that is the reason why—she is too smart. If she has a husband every one feels sorry for him."

The Beautiful Word Wife.
What do you think, says Ruskin, the beautiful word wife comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. It is to be hoped the French will come down to us in the end of that dreadful word "femme." But what do you think it comes from? The great use of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wite means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses cooled with cedar, or painted vermillion shedding its quiet light far, for those who else are homeless.

Kissing and Its Meanings.
The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate ones. First, the devious, or modest kiss; second, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; third, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine; fourth, the slave kiss; fifth, the kiss infamous—a church penance; sixth, the slipper kiss, practiced towards tyrants; seventh, the judicial kiss; eighth, the feudal kiss; ninth, the religious kiss (kissing the cross); tenth, the academic kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood); eleventh, the hand kiss; twelfth, the Judas kiss; thirteenth, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness; fourteenth, the kiss of etiquette; fifteenth, the kiss of love—the only real kiss.

Put Her Head Through Her Ear.
Mr. Charles Hose, in the course of a paper descriptive of the highlands of Borneo, which he read before the Geographical Society recently, gave an account of the practice among the native mothers of sticking huge rings through their daughters' ears at the age of eight months only, eventually increasing them to the weight of 2lb. each. By the time, in fact, that a girl has come to maturity her ears reach down from her head through one of these elongated ear lobes!

The Bait That Baited All.
"What baits do you use," said a saint to the devil, "When you fish with the soul of a bound?"
"Well, for general use," said the King of Evil, "Gold and fame are the best I've found."
"But for special use?" asked the saint. "Ah! said the devil, "I angle for man, not men; and use one that I'll have never found; For a thing I bait Is to change my bait, So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

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In a Sleeping Car.

If you travel in "sleepers" fortify yourself against that modern fungus—the woman who absorbs the toilet room. She is ubiquitous and her kind will abound in great numbers. Put combs, brush, toothbrush, hand mirror, button book, hairpins, whisk broom, towel, soap, powder, cold cream and a bottle of rose water, one-third of it glycerine, in your hand satchel, along with your wrapper. The rose water and glycerine will keep your skin fresh and clean, and in your hand satchel you may make a presentable toilet before venturing to the toilet room—perchance to find it barricaded by this "awful woman." The day has passed when a woman in a sleeper in the early morning hours was a fright to behold, thanks to the pretty negligees, wrappers, dressing jackets and petticoats and increased comfort in arrangement of sleepers, the modern woman may preserve even there her boudoir secrets. Silks are so cheap and negligees so easily made at home or to be had at the shops, that every woman should possess a wash or India silk wrapper or a French flannel jacket. The silk takes up little space in the satchel, and when the journey is ended it serves for the bedroom. In your berth remove your dress skirt and your bodice, corset and shoes, loosen your garters and the bands of your underclothing, and slip on the wrapper or jacket and comfort to yours, while, in case of accident or emergency, you will not be unprepared. It is never safe to remove the under-clothing and don a night dress in a sleeping car.

Try It on a Dog.

All the fine ladies with delicate dudo bows wows will rejoice to know that there has been opened in Philadelphia in connection with the great university a palatial dog hospital where high-priced canines can have their elegant ailments treated with all the latest scientific quills. This is the only institution of the kind in this country, though there are in Berlin, Paris, and London dog hospitals, but less finely appointed than this. There are all the accommodations of an ordinary hospital, with rooms for clinics and operations, baths, medication, and cooking. The dogs will be placed in separate and roomy cages on wheels, and as fifty or sixty may be accommodated the students of the medical department will have opportunity in their experimenting to literally "try it on a dog."

A Clash of Colors.

Women never beheld more hideous combinations than some of those that the milliners show them now. Seen in juxtaposition to its next magenta neighbor, in a collection, a grisly green hat will look a torturing atrocity; a pink toned hat cries horror to a yellow one, and an all red drops a note of morbid gaiety between. Last year a group of big hatted girls was a lovely sight on a spring morning, harmonious as a garden bed of flowers; but the signs of those days are vanishing if girls wear all the hats the milliners are offering them.

And No Man Lives Forever.

One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that "He who has looked upon a dead monkey; he who has bathed the nest of the paddy-bird; he who hath beheld a straight cocoanut or has bathed the deceitful heart of woman, will live forever."

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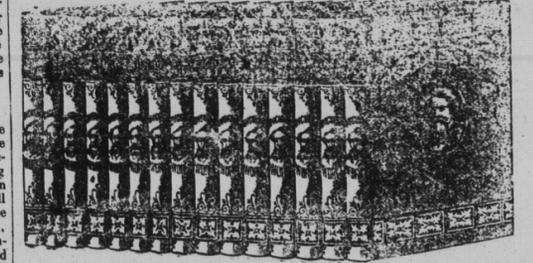
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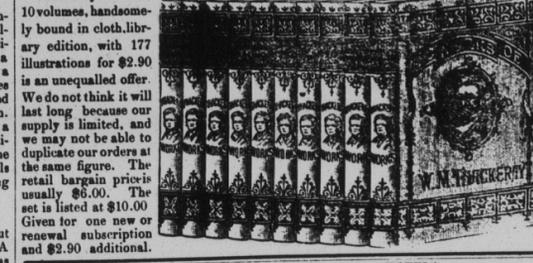
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A. B. SHERATON, Manager.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Ices were unknown before the seventeenth century.

In 1500 the French made five kinds of wheat bread.

In 1313 the price of an ox was \$12, if corned \$18.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

In Lapland, it is said, dress fashions have not changed for 1,000 years.

One of the largest islands on the Australian coast disappeared recently.

Salmon, pike, and goldfish, are said to be the only fish that never sleep.

The Netherlands are said to be worth \$1,335,000 and Belgium \$1,030,000,000.

A watch carried by the Emperor Charles V. in 1530 weighed twenty-seven pounds.

The population of London, it is estimated, increases at the rate of 200 persons per day.

Philadelphia has more miles of surface street railways than any other city in the world.

Of the 69,000 Frenchmen who fought with Napoleon at Waterloo only eight now survive.

Every sixty-ninth person in Scotland is a Smith, and every seventy-eighth a MacDonald.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension.

The number of buffaloes running wild at the beginning of the year 1891 was estimated at 1,000.

Since the organization of Yale College 15,350 students have graduated, of whom 7,900 are living.

In Dutch law, a contract entered into in a tavern is not valid, unless ratified within twenty-four hours.

A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,283 1/2 pounds and the same quantity of silver weighs 653 1/2 pounds.

The Egyptians employed carayatic figures, afterward called carayaticides, at least 2,500 years before Christ.

Of the \$12,000,000,000 of life insurance written in the world, \$5,500,000,000 is placed in the United States.

The average weight of the Chinese brains is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other race.

Twelve hundred pewter pots were stolen from North London publicans last year. They are used to make counterfeit money.

Geologists consider kerosene to be animal oil. Hence what we burn in lamps is the remains of long extinct monsters of the earth.

Dr. Scoresby calculated the velocity of the average wave in a storm at 1,875 feet in each minute, or 32.67 English statute miles in an hour.

A single plant of purslane has been known to produce 388,800 seeds, the thistle 35,366 and the plantain 42,200 seeds in a single season.

Tobacco received its name of nicotiana in honor of Jean Nicot, envoy from the court of France to Portugal, who sent some seed to Catherine de Medicis.

The ordinary folding fan is said to have been invented in Japan, in the seventh century, by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way in which the bat closes its wings.

There are now 2,268 newspapers published in the United Kingdom, of which England is responsible for 1,762; Wales, 102; Scotland, 214; Ireland, 166; and Isles, 24.

Chemically treated, 1 lb. of coal will yield dye of various brilliant colors—enough of magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,500 yards, aurine for 120 yards, and alizarin sufficient for 156 yards of cloth.

A curious animal captured on the African coast in 1854 was called the "talking fish," though it was really a species of seal. Among other innumerable tricks it was taught to articulate the words "mamma," "papa" and "John."

In Germany the potato is often used as material for buttons, which look very much like horn or ivory buttons, but which are much cheaper. The potato is treated with certain acids, and is then compressed until it gets as hard as stone.

Peereases of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland by birth, marriage or creation are free from arrest or imprisonment in civil process. In the event of a peereess being charged with a criminal offense she would be tried by the House of Lords.

The average person trims off the thirty-second part of an inch from each fingernail a week, or about an inch and a half every year. The average of human life all over the world is forty years. There are 1,800,000,000 people in the world who, therefore, waste on an average 28,400 miles of finger-nails in a generation.

A ten-ton cutter constructed of aluminum, said to be the first sea-going vessel made of this metal, is being built at Loire for the Comte de Chabannes La Palice. It will be built the weight of a vessel of similar class constructed with a steel frame. Her hull will weigh only 2,500 kilos, whereas if built of the ordinary material it would weigh 4,500 kilos.

Among the Kafirs the price of a wife varies from five to thirty cows. The Damars are more moderate, and one cow is considered a fair equivalent, whilst a goat will purchase a wife among some tribes. But the cheapest market appears to be Uganda, where a father offered to bestow the hand of his daughter upon a traveller for a pair of boots.

The greatest waves known are said to be those off the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the influence of a north-west gale, they have been found to exceed 40 feet in height. Off Cape Horn they have been measured at 32 feet from trough to crest; and in the North Atlantic, waves from 20 feet to 25 feet are by no means uncommon. In our own seas, however, they rarely exceed 8 feet to 10 feet; and all accounts of their running "mountain high" must be received as mere poetical exaggerations.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Too many men try to pull themselves out of trouble with a corkscrew.

He—No, the boss doesn't pay me more than I'm worth. She—How in the world do you manage to live on it?

"Know thyself" is an injunction everyone has heard of; another one, no less important, is "Don't give thyself away."

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Emerson. "Trust men and they will trust you," says the average business man.

Lady (in a bric-a-brac store)—Let me see something handsome, but cheap. Assistant—Yes'm; something for a wedding present?

Little Johnnie—Ma went out and forgot her purse. Shall I run after her? Mr. Spilkins—No, my boy. She has gone shopping.

Huckton—Bigbee's friends consider him as witty as Sidney Smith. Nendick—It is no wonder. I often hear him getting off Sidney Smith's jokes.

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins. "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to." "How is that?" asked Johnson.

"Because no one will take it." "Are those shirts of Wigby's ready?" asked the laundrywoman of her assistant.

"No, ma'am," she replied. "I haven't had time to fray the edges of the cuffs yet."

"That's a very lovely baby of yours, Lawson. I wonder what he will develop into?" "Well, it we can judge of the future by the present, I think he will be a towncrier when he grows up."

"Was your watchman well recommended?" "Oh, not directly. I used to see him in church, and as he stayed awake all through Mr. Sonora's sermons, I concluded he was the man I wanted."

Experienced Servant—Gentleman wants to see you, sir. Mr. Richmann—Who is he? Experienced Servant—A dozen stamps he received from his clothes, he's either a beggar or a millionaire, sir.

Mrs. Nicker (whispering to her husband)—Oh, John, I believe there's a burglar in the room, routing about your clothes!

Mr. N.—Well, it doesn't matter. You've been through my pockets already, haven't you?

"What do you think of that portrait of me, my dear," asked Withernup. "It is very smiling and pleasant," said Mrs. Withernup. Then she added wistfully, "I wish you'd look like it once in a while, John."

A farmer saw a recipe advertised for keeping wells and cisterns from freezing in winter. Having sent a dozen stamps he received the following: "Take in your well or cistern at night, and stand it in front of the fire."

Levisohn—Well, Miss Maud, I beat Jim shooting to-day. We shot at a nickel, and I hit it. Maud (to Jim)—How did Mr. Levisohn happen to beat you shooting? Jim—You see, a nickel appears much larger to Levisohn than it does to me.

First Artist—Well, old man, how's business? Second Artist—Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly. First Artist (pleasantly)—Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.

A Pennsylvania man employed a young woman to collect bills from his small customers. The scheme did not work. The young woman was so good-looking and generally agreeable that the customers deliberately refrained from paying their bills so as to make her job again.

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a certain family. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children—"I'm going away directly, Tommy, and I want you to go part of the way with me." "Can't do it," we are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Tommy.

"That's a bad cold you've got." "Your reputation for veracity is not likely to be called in question as far as regards that statement." "I should say not." "No, no, apart from the fact that you are the twenty-seventh person who has told me this morning that this is a bad cold, I never knew any one to have a good cold."

Young lady (entering drug store and handing paper to assistant)—Would you mind telling me what's in that prescription? Assistant—Certainly, madam (reading washing list). Hall-drozer. Handkerchiefs, four pairs stockings, two night-dresses, three pairs of—Young Lady—Oh, stop please! I think I have given you the wrong paper.

He'd been waltzing with his host's daughter, and was in the corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by his would-be papa-in-law. "She's the flower of my family, sir," said the latter. "So it seems," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat-sleeve.

"How are you finding business, doctor?" was asked of a physician. "Capital," he replied; "I have all I can attend to." "I didn't understand that there was much illness about." "No, there isn't. But we physicians do not depend upon sickness for an income. Oh, no; most of our money is made from people who have nothing the matter with them."

During an equestrian performance a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down, till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out, in measured tones, "Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" whereupon about fifty old women briskly seated themselves.

A hansom was being driven along a leading thoroughfare at a pretty smart pace, when another cab coming in the opposite direction ran into it with just sufficient force to lodge the colliding horse's head on the back of the other horse. The expected outburst of strong language did not take place; but, instead, the driver of the hansom that had been run into sat still, and, with withering politeness, observed to the other driver, "When your 'oss has seen all 'e wants to see across my 'oss's back, p'raps 'e'll get down. But, bless yer 'art, there ain't no hurry."

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT. Queen Victoria has taken 447 prizes at English cattle shows. Queen Victoria is having carpets made from patterns designed by the Prince Consort. Oliver Wendell Holmes prolonged his life by conforming strictly to rigid rules of health and diet. Mr. William Watson, the English poet, who recently became insane, is reported to be completely recovered. Mr. Gladstone, it is now said, has submitted to the Queen the name of Mr. Sainsbury as the next post laureate. Sir William Harcourt reads anything and everything, for next to a good dinner he takes special delight in a new book. The Princess Margaret of Prussia, on the occasion of her wedding, distributed a large amount of money among the reformatories and hospitals for children. Mrs. Matilda Huntington of New Orleans is only 38 years old, though she has been married seven times. She began her matrimonial career at 14. Professor Virchow, the eminent pathologist, keeps alive for experiments several generations of cats, from which he is trying to evolve a race of bob-tailed felines. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, believes in the practicability of using pigeons as messengers from the sea, and in the desirability of establishing national lofts for naval service. During the last two years Baron de Hirsch has won £42,000 on the turf, and this sum has been distributed among the London hospitals. The Baron did not deduct his expenses. Professor E. E. Barnard of the Lick Observatory often devotes twenty hours out of the twenty-four to work at the telescope and in the computing room during clear weather. Ben Jeans has been a passenger conductor on the Great Western Railway of England for fifty years, has traveled in that time 3,494,452 miles and has never met with an accident. Darius and Cyrus Cobb, twin brothers of Boston, who are 59 years old, look so much alike that their own children often mistake them. They married sisters. Darius is a sculptor and Cyrus is a painter. Max Meyer, who recently took the degree of Ph. D. in the University of Berlin after an examination in which he excited the admiration of his professors, was born blind in that city twenty-eight years ago. Emin Pasha has been unheard of for some months, and his fate is a mystery. His eleven-year-old daughter, who remains at Bagamovo, keeps up a regular correspondence with her aunt, who lives in Saxony. The London Optician says that great men are usually blue eyed, and instances Shakespeare, Socrates, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow and Renan. Sir John Millais is finishing two portraits of children, one of a brunette with a beautiful profile and the other that of a bright faced girl in red, who holds in her hand a bowl, upon the edge of which a canary is perched. Mrs. Dow, who owns and manages street car interests in Dover, N. H., is said to be not only a good business woman, but a skillful housewife, a judicious mother, a fine swimmer, and the owner of property worth \$200,000. Christian Joachim Nohn, a linguist acquainted with sixty languages, most of them Oriental, was long a familiar personage in the reading room of the British Museum. He died three or four weeks ago at the age of 85. James Whitcomb Riley is not a whit superstitious, but when a Baltimore hotel clerk called a cross eyed bell boy to show him to room No. 13, the poet declined to take the risk, though the room was one of the best in the house. The late Dr. Andrew Peabody, while looking over some papers one day, discovered that he was \$40,000 richer than he had been the year before. Thereupon he wrote to the assessors of Cambridge and directed them to increase his tax bill. King Oscar of Sweden is a very simple minded man. When he went to see the Pope he kissed the holy father on both cheeks. Such a salute was quite irregular, long usage having established the custom of kissing only the Pope's hand. The King of Spain's aunt, the Infanta Isabella, who is to take part in the ceremonies at the opening of the World's Fair, is said to be an indomitable sportswoman. She hunts incessantly, drives a four-in-hand and dances like a young girl, though she is 42. The King of Saxony will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the army next October. With the exception of the Grand Duke of Baden, his Majesty is the only German ruler now living who took a prominent part in the wars with Austria and France. Lady Aberdeen recently made an excursion by moonlight to Barney, and there by candlelight kissed the "Barney stone" to qualify herself for the Irish village at the Chicago Exhibition, where she is to be "at home" most of the time in a cottage with a thatched roof. Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, who starts on his Polar expedition in June, is sleeping under his silk tent to test it and acclimatize himself. Other members of the expedition are sleeping in the open air, covered with the wolves' skins which the party will take out with them. M. Marinoni, who commenced life as a machinist's apprentice, is now chief owner of the Petit Journal of Paris, circulating nearly one and a quarter million copies daily, and proprietor of several valuable patents, including the famous rotary printing-machine that bears his name. J. N. Ingelow, the poetess, is passionately fond of flowers. Even in the winter-time her drawing-room is always fragrant, with their scent, the back of the room having almost the appearance of a conservatory. In spring and summer she spends a great number of hours in the garden, tending a rich variety of plants.

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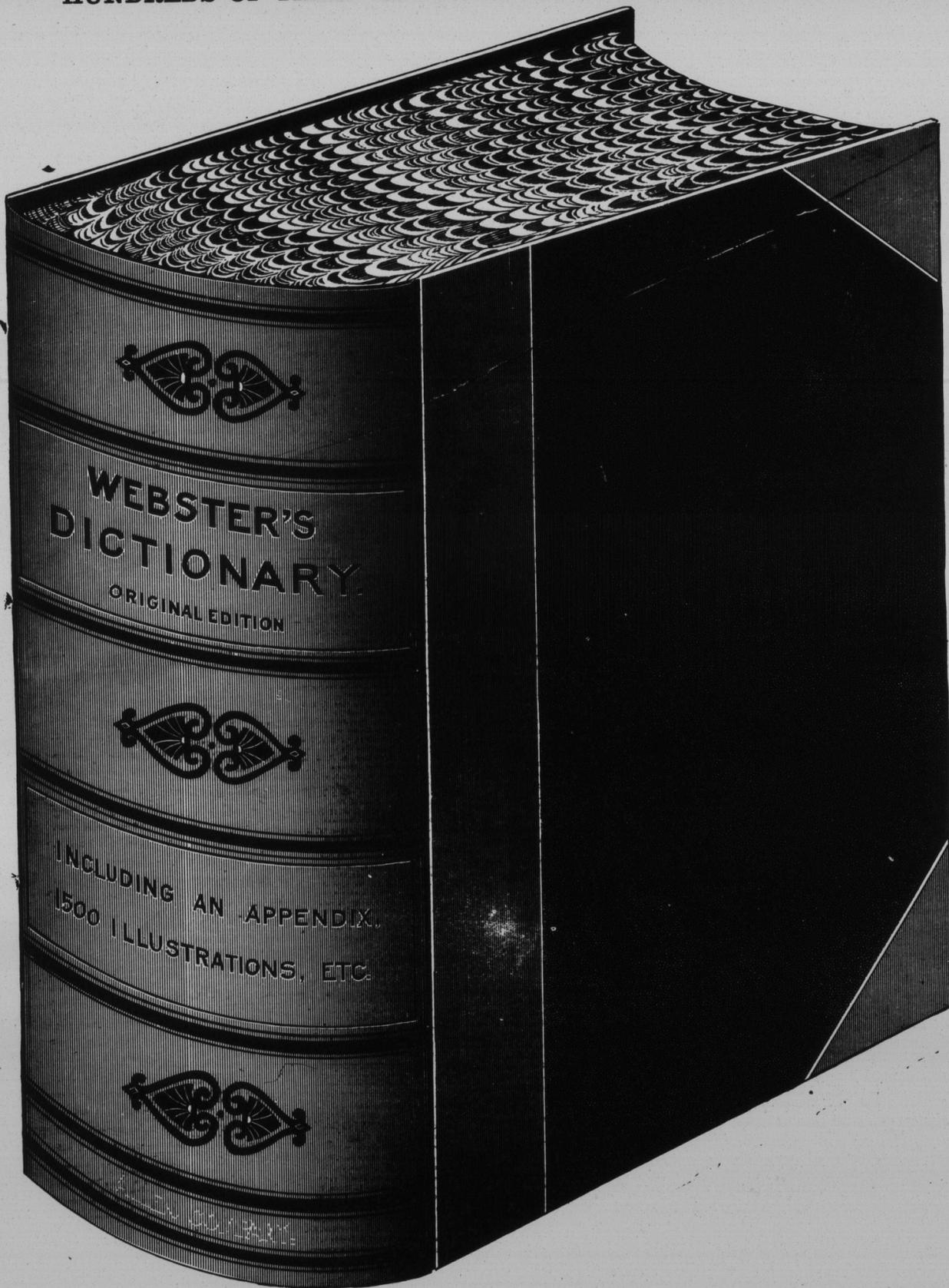
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It was in the artist's room of a well-known provincial concert hall. Mabel Morris, the young American singer, who had carried by storm the heart of the musical Britanber, was listlessly sitting by the side of Mrs. Bishop, her aunt and legal guardian, quite indifferent to the buzz of conversation going on around her...

The next moment Ernest Riordan, the rising young baritone (as he is modestly described in small type on the bills), enters from the platform, where he has just acquitted himself very well in a song from Maritana. Mabel raises her eyes with a look of pleasure, for the audience are rare enough to be luxuries to the young baritone.

"May I choose your song for you, Mr. Riordan?" Mabel exclaims as he turns to his music. "Will you really be so kind?" Mrs. Bishop bestows a severe look of displeasure upon her niece, but does not try to restrain the girl as she darts to Mr. Riordan's side. She quickly draws a piece of music from his case and handing it to him, whispers under her breath—

"Ernest, I've got something to tell you before you go to sleep." The young man looks significantly at Mrs. Bishop, but has no time to reply. As soon as he returns, however, he makes some remark to his friend, Twemley, the violinist, and in a few moments that gentleman is engaged in an animated discussion on a business matter with Mrs. Bishop. Thus shielded from her lynx eyes, Mabel and Ernest can have one of their precious *te-te-tes* while the orchestra in the hall is playing the *Tannhauser*.

"Can you imagine what happened to-day, Ernest?" exclaims Mabel, quivering with suppressed excitement. "The Comte d'Avignon—" "The Comte d'Avignon?" "Yes; who has so often presented me with bouquets, you know—" "Oh, I know—I know him only too well," said Ernest, as if foreboding what the pretty little *cantatrice* had to tell him. "The Comte came to see us at the hotel. And she—"

Mrs Bishop returned to her drawing-room to picture to herself a brilliant future for the wealth and social distinction of the Comte, little supposing that the vehicle which contained all her hopes, instead of turning to the right towards the park on reaching Piccadilly, turned to the left and made the best of its way to Charing Cross station. It arrived there five minutes before the three o'clock train for Paris started. Once ensconced in a reserved carriage, travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the conspirators breathed freely again.

"You acted the part splendidly, Ernest." "Did I? Well, when I was in the Apollo opera company they always said I could act better than I could sing."

"And what splendid make-up you have," added Mabel contemplating the false black wig and beard, the dapper eye-glass and gaiters which, with other incidentals, made Riordan a faithful copy of the Comte d'Avignon. "I was half afraid it might be the Comte after all," added Mabel laughing.

"Yes, thanks to that operative experience and a little ventriloquism. Poor Comte, I fancy I can see him now tearing his hair at the trick which has been played upon him."

"Ernest, dear," and the little figure by the young man's side nestled closer to him. "Do you really think all is fair in love and war?" "Of course it is, sweet."

Just as the train was leaving Calais a Frenchman looked into the carriage and peered keenly at the travellers. "I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said politely, withdrawing his eyes, "I fancied I recognised a friend."

"A friend of the Comte's, doubtless," observed Ernest a moment later. "I must get rid of this disguise the moment we arrive at Karalake's."

The inquisitive stranger hastened to the telegraph office and despatched a cipher telegram which, translated into English, read as follows:—"Comte d'Avignon believed to be passenger to Paris by 10.17 train. He had been identified by station officers who could identify him at station."

This telegram duly arrived at the police office in Paris and as its sequel, when Ernest alighted from the train he was immediately accosted by three officers in plain clothes, one of whom quietly said:—"Monsieur le Comte d'Avignon, I arrest you on a charge of aiding and abetting a criminal conspiracy against the Government of the Republic."

Both Ernest and Mabel were too astonished for words. The officer of the police to the police office, was tacitly accented, and the office was reached before Ernest realized the curious mischance which had befallen him.

"But I am not the Comte d'Avignon," he then asserted again and again. "I am a British subject."

"Well, that you must prove," the head functionary replied. "You have been twice identified as the Comte, and although we did not expect you at Calais it was well known you were residing in England."

Ernest of course at once sent a message to Karalake, conveyed by Mabel (much distressed at the strange turn their elopement had taken) in a *fiacre*.

As the result of Karalake's explanation the police reluctantly parted with their prisoner in the morning.

"We may not our bird yet," observed the head functionary to his confidential assistant, "if he doesn't know we are on the scent. Just send this telegram to the Comte d'Avignon, G— Hotel, London."

"Am at the Hotel C— Paris. Please come to my help. I dare not communicate with my aunt, Mabel."

Twelve hours later the Comte d'Avignon in reality was arrested just as he was about to enter the Hotel C—, with Mrs. Bishop on his arm. The lady did not faint, but as soon as she could make herself intelligible to the courteous police officers she rushed off to the Karalake's *menage*. Ernest and her niece were out walking.

"They're to be married in the morning," coolly observed Karalake, as soon as he had succeeded in restoring Mrs. Bishop's composure. Her wrath broke out afresh at this, but again the attack exercised his diplomatic arts, and in a few minutes Mrs. Bishop was quietly listening to his recital of the pains and penalties, such as confiscation of estate, which must inevitably fall upon a conspirator against the Republic, interspersed with eulogiums of Riordan's personal character and artistic talent.

SOME CURIOUS PIPES.

Various kinds used in far distant parts of the world. A long and slender stemmed pipe was brought from Central Africa some years ago, from the neighbourhood of Albert Nyanza, by the Stanley expedition, and was obtained from the dwarf tribes inhabiting the Arceni and Ituri forests, near the Equator.

To make the pipe the little people take the mid-rib of the banana leaf, which is cellular, and by pushing a long lead rivet through the rib they are enabled to get the bore required for the pipe stem.

They plug the lower end with clay, and rolling up a section of the banana leaf into a tiny conical cup, cut a hole in the stem and insert it for a bowl, the sap in the green leaf preventing its combustion as the tobacco does.

This pipe recalls the bowl made from a potato, and the stem made out of a piece of twig, from which the pith had been driven. This clay is used by the native women to make a flooring for their wattle huts, and being spread over the surface of a ground when soft, dries out a hard white mass, something like Portland cement, and capable of receiving a very high polish.

The pipe in question is polished equal to the finest meerschaum. Another curious pipe is one made from a shell which comes from New Guinea. While the pipes used in the interior are more generally made from bamboo, those smoked in the neighbourhood of the coast, and especially in Savu and the Solomon Islands, are made of shells which are picked up on the seashore.

At present the principal pipe used in the southern portions of New Guinea and the adjacent island is the English clay, and a pipe of this description is generally accepted as a part of the payment for a day's labour in that district.

Quite recently some curious pipes were found in the vast guano deposits of Peru, the date of which is placed by scientists, to whom they have been submitted, as co-equal with the famous Peruvian pottery of the eleventh and twelfth century.

MRS. STOKES HAS A DREAM.

And in Consequence of It, Mr. Stokes Wants Peter Stokes, who has been married only four weeks, has left his wife, says an English paper. Stokes is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Seth Thompson. About ten days after marriage Stokes was surprised, on waking in the morning, to find his wife sitting up in bed, and he thought he would break.

Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply, he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind which she withheld from him, and which was the cause of her anguish. He remarked to Mrs. S., that as they were married, he ought to tell him the cause of her grief, so that, if possible, he might lessen it. After considerable coaxing he elicited from her the following:—"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a shop where a sign in front advertised virtues for sale. Stopping in front of a counter, I ranged along the walls on either side were men with prices affixed to them—such beautiful men—some for one thousand pounds, some five hundred, and so on to one hundred and fifty; and as I had not that amount, I couldn't buy."

Thinking to console her Stokes placed his arm round her, and asked:—"And did you see any man like me there?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten shillings a bunch."

Stokes got up that minute, and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient grounds for a divorce.

A HARD MAN TO DODGE.

A young clergyman once preached a strong temperance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him:—"I am a traitor you have made a mistake. Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew rent, is a distiller he will be angry." The minister said:—"Oh I am sorry; I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones, and remove any unfavourable impression, and tell him I did not mean him. Accordingly, he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and a good many amusements, and was not distinguished above other men as an ascetic. The pastor expressing his regret to Mr. Jones for anything in the sermon which hurt his feelings. He felt somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, Mr. Jones said:—"Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

But He Mustn't Wag His Head.

Anybody can measure, approximately, the breadth of a river without a surveyor's compass or any mechanical means whatever, if there is any reason why he should want to do such a thing. The man who desires to make the experiment should place himself at the edge of the stream, then stand lower level of his hat until it just cuts the opposite bank. Then let him put both his hands under his chin, to steady his head, and turn slowly round until the hat brim cuts some point on the level ground behind him. Mark the spot where the hat brim cuts the ground, then pace off the distance, and it will be found about the breadth of the river.

At a Country Inn.

Traveller—Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? He's driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again and sits close up to my chair watching every mouthful I eat. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace.

Landlord—Please sir, my Karo is such a knowing brute; I expect you have got the plate he generally eats out of.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

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BORN.

- Halifax, to the wife of Chas. F. Smith, a son. Halifax, April 12, to the wife of J. P. Flavin, a son. Windsor, March 5, to the wife of John Mait, a son. Parrsboro, April 6, to the wife of Wm. Ducek, a son. Moncton, April 14, to the wife of Philip Smith, a son. Sydney, C. B., March 25, to the wife of F. Moseley, a son. Halifax, April 12, to the wife of William Harcourt, a daughter. Halifax, April 13, to the wife of John Baker, a daughter. Amherst, April 8, to the wife of Russel Cooke, a daughter. Halifax, April 17, to the wife of W. E. Liverman, a daughter. Fredericton, April 8, to the wife of Robert Colwell, a daughter. Halifax, April 11, to the wife of Sergeant Michael Ryan, a son. Newville, N. S., April 11, to the wife of James Parrie, a son. St. John, April 13, to the wife of Wyndham Humphrey, a son. Salt Spring, N. B., April 14, to the wife of Abner Campbell, a son. Grand Bay, N. B., April 10, to the wife of Douglas MacArthur, a son. Whitehall, N. S., April 5, to the wife of Martin Miller, a daughter. New Glasgow, April 11, to the wife of Peter A. McColgan, a daughter. Colgate Bridge, N. B., April 9, to the wife of Edward Souer, a son. Middleboro, N. S., April 9, to the wife of Eugene S. Doucette, a daughter. East Mines Station, N. S., April 16, to the wife of H. N. Lynde, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, April 11, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Lewis O'Connell, a son. Amherst, March 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Alex. Casey to Hattie West. Truro, April 15, by Rev. T. Cumming, Daniel Robertson to Lizette Cann. Dartmouth, April 9, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Arthur Scott to Leah Beyer. St. Stephen, April 10, by Rev. T. Casey, Capt. Geo. Dickie to Mary Melaney. Amherst, April 5, by Rev. W. H. Edyvean, Geo. Mason to Ruby Chapman. Amherst, April 14, by Rev. James Stroud, Jessie Ripley to Susan Coleman. Bridgewater, April 12, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Mary Dillie to Robert H. Brown. Halifax, March 25, by Rev. James Sinclair, James Grant to Christie Cameron. Bivyville, N. B., April 11, by Rev. T. G. Johnson, Mrs. Annie to Annie Wall. Moncton, April 11, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, Saul L. Smith to B. Maud Brown. Lower Stewiacke, N. S., April 5, by Rev. B. Smith, Preston Miller to Susan Smith. Springhill, N. S., April 11, by Rev. H. B. Smith, John Carroll to Jessie Malloy. Amherst, April 11, by Rev. W. H. Edyvean, Henry Chapman to Rebecca Chapman. Auburn, N. S., March 29, by Rev. W. Brown, H. R. Pierre to Elizabeth M. Wilkins. Truro, April 15, by Rev. Archibald Kaulbach, W. L. Ogilvie to Frances G. Hallett. Havelock, N. B., April 5, by Rev. I. N. Parker, John MacQuinn to Maggie Elliot. St. Stephen, April 10, by Rev. J. A. Anderson, George Liggett to Lizette Swan. Baddeck, N. S., April 5, by Rev. D. McDougall, Murdoch Ross to Jessie McNeil. Woodstock, April 10, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, Robert Kennedy to Lottie Oimised. South Rawdon, N. S., March 22, by Rev. T. A. South, Mrs. Annie to Annie Jolota. Tatamagouche, N. S., April 5, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, George C. Clarke to Emma L. Spitzer. Hali's Harbor, N. S., March 25, by Rev. Edwin Robertson, Mrs. Elizabeth Whipple. Moncton, April 11, by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, Joseph McLaughlin to Annie Baker. East Pabonac, N. S., April 5, by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, George DeLentremont to Bonnie Belliveau. Waquoit, N. S., April 6, by Rev. D. MacLean, Allen McLanders to Bessie Cameron.

DIED.

- Halifax, April 17, John Booth 70. Alma, April 10, Fletcher Kline, 22. Hall at April 10, Ellen Williams, 65. Halifax, April 12, Mrs. F. Hope, 57. Chatham, April 11, Andrew Hay, 11. Halifax, April 15, John Dunbrack, 76. St. John, April 14, John Donnelly, 60. St. John, April 18, James L. Dumb, 71. Kars, N. B., April 2, Thomas Lake, 62. St. John, April 17, Thomas Barnell, 72. St. John, April 14, James Carroll, 37. Princeton, April 2, Martha Greenlaw, 85. Halifax, April 12, Alfred E. Loadale, 18. Belmont, N. S., April 11, James Stevens. Bridgewater, April 15, George Saunders, 68. West Bay, March 31, John McKenzie, 74. Campbellville, April 4, Angelina Moody, 11. St. John, April 4, Joseph W. Johnston, 22. Barab, N. S., March 31, Aaron Jordan, 55. St. John, April 18, George S. D. Forest, 65. Conard, N. S., April 11, John Bennett, 85. Perth, N. B., April 1, Richard Johnston, 48. Carville, N. B., April 4, John Leighton, 4. Halifax, April 12, Elizabeth Agnes Kahn, 90. St. Margaret's Bay, April 11, John Smith, 80. Hill's Point, N. B., April 9, Henry H. Hill, 21. Fox Creek, N. B., April 18, Mark LeBlanc, 40. Bridgewater, N. S., April 12, Lewis E. Hall, 61. Middle River, N. S., March 22, George Kerr, 71. Oak Hill, N. B., April 9, Andrew McClinton, 83. Bellodune, N. B., April 10, John B. Chalmers, 74. Carville, N. B., April 5, Thomas McHenry, 47. Halifax, April 13, Eliza, wife of John W. Lawson. Broad Cove, N. S., April 7, Peter Handwerker, 94. Geary, N. B., April 5, Elizabeth Jane Smith, 69. Halifax, April 14, of the gripe, Mrs. John Baper, 61. Halifax, April 9, Albert Joseph Colman, 9 months.

RAILWAYS.

WESTERN COUNTIES RY.

Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; 12.10 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p.m. LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.55 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Tuesday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 p.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Sibleburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 190 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRONELA, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, Pictou and Camp. 7.30 Express for Sussex..... 12.30 Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55. A Pullman Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10.40 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.25 Express from Point du Chene and Moncton 10.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 19.00 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

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