

PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8 May 98

VOL. V., NO. 229.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IN THE DOCK.

"Buck" and "Jim" Before Judge Fraser.

BOTH HAVE COUNSEL.

True Bills Found Against the Prisoners.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM AND INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL.

Portraits and Pen Pictures of the Two Tramps and Some of the Witnesses—The Officers of the Court—Hitches in the Proceedings—"Buck" Charged with Murder and "Jim" with Shooting with Intent to Kill.

At two o'clock Tuesday Judge Fraser took his seat on the "bench" in the Dorchester court room. On his left were the Revs. Kierstead and Baker, pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches; Dr. Inch and the sheriff. Below the judge sat the clerk of the circuits, and in front of him on the right, at the barristers' table, the



"BUCK," Charged with Murder.

Attorney-General and his assistant counsel, H. R. Emerson. On his left at the same table was David Grant, counsel for "Buck," and R. B. Smith, counsel for "Jim." The crowd on the seats to the right of the judge and lawyers, the 124 jurymen, petit and grand.

The ancient crier, Capt. Silas, opened the court with his "Oyez, oyez, oyez." He looked the personification of wisdom, and from the way he spoke one might suppose that he knew the meaning of the words. The clerk followed with the proclamation, and then by command of his honor read the special commission of "oyez and terminer and general goal delivery." The grand jury, by direction of his honor, retired and elected as foreman Wm. F. George, of Sackville.

In his address Judge Fraser told the jury the court has been called on account of a terrible tragedy at Moncton in August last, when Marshal Steadman was by cold blooded murder sent into eternity; and that indictments would be placed before them charging two men now in custody with the crime. He called the attention of the grand inquest to the facts as they came out in the evidence before the police justice. Word had been received at the police station that two men suspected of burglary were at a place known as the Donnelly house; that police Marshall Foster with policeman Steadman and others, constables, went to the house; that Steadman was sent round to the kitchen door, while others were placed in different positions around the house; that the Chief of Police then entered the front door; that as he entered one of the female inmates cried out the "cops are here," or used some other words indicating that the police were at the house; that "Jim" sprang up crying out "rids" or something like that, and "Buck" followed him. That immediately there were sounds of pistol shots, two at first and afterwards four. That constable Scott came around the corner of the house and saw Steadman and Buck locked together; that while they were putting the handcuffs on Buck, Steadman placed his hand on his breast saying "I am shot" and fell dead. That the Donnelly girl as "Buck" and "Jim" went out saw something in Buck's hand that looked like a pistol; that while he was struggling with Steadman a flash was seen; that Steadman had struck Buck with his baton either before or after the flash; that a pistol was found near the place very much like one Buck had, a thirty-two calibre, and that the ball taken from Steadman on the post mortem corresponded with the calibre of the pistol; that the Saturday previous "Buck" had asked one of the Donnelly women who Steadman was, and she told him that he was a policeman. His reason for calling their attention to this was to show that "Buck" knew that Steadman was an

officer, and also to call their attention to the difference between manslaughter and murder. If "Buck" knew that Steadman was a police officer the shooting would undoubtedly be murder, and it might be if he did not. His honor said there would be two indictments laid before the grand jury, one against "Buck," the other against "Jim." They could have been indicted together, but he thought the attorney general had chosen the best way. The indictment against "Buck" would be for murder, and that against Jim for shooting with intent to murder or do bodily harm; that it would appear that persons heard the other shots fired in the direction of the place where Steadman was, and that one took effect in the platform at the kitchen



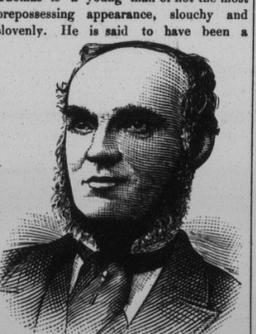
"JIM," Charged with Shooting with Intent to Kill.

door, and near where the struggle was; that he thought it spoke well for the sheriff and his officers that he and they had made such diligent exertions to have "Jim" arrested and had succeeded. He complimented Mr. Carroll.

He said there was a conversation between "Jim" and the officers who arrested him. Generally such conversations cannot be given as evidence, but if the accused had been properly cautioned they could be. He had omitted to state before that the pistol found on "Jim" was a 38 calibre, and that the ball found in the platform would suit it. The pistol found in the yard had a 32 calibre. The pistol found in Steadman would fit it. The pistol found in the yard had two chambers empty, and apparently had just been fired. In closing his address the judge said poor Steadman while doing his duty, was shot down without a moment's warning, and they were to inquire who shot him "The bills presented to you I think will be sustained in the evidence. I think the evidence sufficient to place both prisoners on their trial."

The grand jury then retired in company with constable Thibideau.

Conspicuous among the witnesses for the crown were the Donnelly family, Mrs. Donnelly, her son Thomas, and her two daughters, Maggie and Alice. The mother is a woman about forty. From her appearance, prematurely old; she was fairly well dressed and having in her manner none of that modesty that highly adorns a woman. Thomas is a young man of not the most prepossessing appearance, slouchy and slovenly. He is said to have been a



JUDGE FRASER.

great friend of Steadman's, and that his friendship made him a willing witness on the examination. Maggie is neither pretty nor interesting in appearance, and has a stolid, indifferent look, while her little sister Alice is her very opposite in looks, a mere child of thirteen, bright, active and intelligent.

At the examination in Moncton very little was drawn from the Donnelly's. After the grand jury retired "Jim" was taken before it to be identified as the man who was with "Buck" at the Donnelly house the night Steadman was shot. At six o'clock the grand jury returned into court with their presentments, and "Buck" and "Jim" were brought in and placed in the "dock." They looked as if "to the manor born." Except that they are both young men they have nothing in common in their appearance. "Buck" is of medium height, thick set, and his complexion is what would be called light, but has a tendency to the sandy side. His forehead is low and narrow, his cheek bones high, and his mouth indicates sensuality not unmixt with determination. His eyes are light and inexpressive, inclining in color to a greenish blue. There is

nothing intelligent in his expression. That he is foreign born is evident and his declaration that he is by birth a Swede is probably true.

"Jim" is not bad looking, and at the first glance you see nothing in his appearance that indicates viciousness. He is tall and well built, his eyes and complexion, dark. He looks boldly around the court room, but does not appear as indifferent as his brother prisoner. A more careful look at him impresses one with the feeling that there is in him more than appears on the surface, something you cannot like.

The indictment against "Buck" for murder in the first degree was read, and unhesitatingly in a coarse, harsh voice, he said, "Not guilty."

The indictment against "Jim" for shooting at with intent to kill, was then read, and in a voice that startled the spectators, for it was that of a man who has been accustomed to speak in public, he too, said, "Not guilty." Buck then asked for a change of venue, and was informed that as he had counsel it would be for his counsel to bring that matter before the court.

Wednesday morning the court room was filled to overflowing. "Buck" was brought in looking as indifferent as he did the day

the "bench" filed out by the barristers' hall and stairway. "Buck" was manacled and escorted to his cell in the goal by the sheriff and half a dozen constables, and a void was left in the court room to be filled on the following morning.

When the court opened Thursday morning the stenographer, Mr. Risteen, having arrived it was expected that the trial would proceed without further interruptions. As soon as entrance could be gained the ladies flocked in and all the space on the bench to the judge's right was filled with just such youth and beauty as Dorchester can produce. To the left there was a large addition of ministers, justice of the peace and other laymen. The body of the house was again crowded. All looked disappointed when a message was received from the hotel that jurymen Evans was ill and could not possibly come into court. It took time to decide what could be done. The attorney general moved to have the jury dismissed, and Mr. Grant while he did not positively object raised some questions about the way the jury had been warned, the jurymen from Moncton having been placed at the head of the list and those from the parish so far down. The judge ordered the jury to

retreat behind his client. The other lawyers now became panic stricken, but the judge, having recovered his composure and the pistol being no longer pointed in his direction, asked the doctor to lay it carefully down. Mr. Risteen, the stenographer then came to the rescue of the court, and offered to extract the cartridges. This he did in the shortest time possible, but the nerves of the court having been somewhat disordered, an adjournment was in order.

TICKET AGENT PERLEY'S CASE.

His Accounts Are All Right, But He Deviated from Instructions.

The facts about the closing of the C. P. R. ticket agency at Chubb's corner for a day or two last week have been so perverted and strained that an injustice is being done to Mr. Harold Perley, the well known gentleman who had charge of the office. It appears that when Mr. Perley was appointed ticket agent for the C.P.R. in this city one of the rules set down for his observance was that every day he should deposit the receipts of his office with the company's local treasurer in this city. There is no reason to suppose, that he had not done so up to the month of August of this year, but it seems that on the last day of that month he made the unusual deposit of \$2,800. Some days after, the auditor of the general offices in Montreal sent a telegram to the district passenger agent in this city noting the fact of the large deposit, and asking that it be inquired into. In reply he was requested to come to this city and look into the matter himself. About the 7th of this month he arrived in town and began at once to look into the condition of the office at Chubb's Corner. The accounts for the month of August were perfectly correct, Mr. Perley's only irregularity being that instead of depositing every day as instructed, he had deposited a large portion of the receipts for the month on the last day. From the first to the ninth of September a portion of the receipts was not deposited, and the auditor soon found that there was \$1,100 of the company's funds in Mr. Perley's hands. Twenty minutes after he ascertained this fact Mr. Perley placed the money in his hands. The office was closed for a day, but was opened on Monday as usual. PROGRESS is glad to record the facts in this case since they show that the only charge that can be laid at the doors of Mr. Perley is that he deviated from instructions.

First Come First Served.

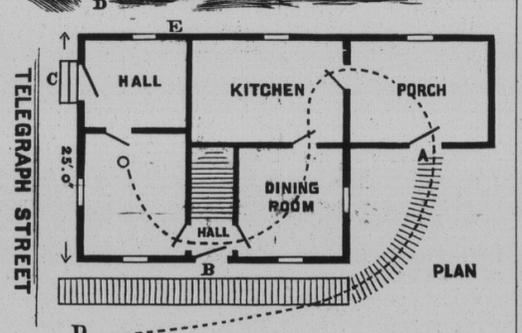
Quite a commotion was created in the city market this week by one of the butchers being called to account by the clerk for what is known as "fore-stalling." Everybody may not know what fore-stalling means, but those who are always on the look-out for bargains in the market, for some stray pair of chickens, or a loose quarter of lamb, have a very good idea of the meaning of the word. There is an aged resolution in the city bye-laws governing the market, to the effect that produce must be in the market a certain length of time before any dealer can induce the countryman to sell him any large quantity of it. It is quite needless to say that this is paid little attention to. The countryman who arrives with a choice load of produce, seeks the best and quickest market he can find for it, and the dealer, if he is first on the ground, it seems to PROGRESS has a perfect right to buy it. Those citizens who want the benefit of the first choice are usually on the ground to secure it, if not they stand but little chance. It is quite properly a case of "first come first served."

Incidentals Are Allowed For.

An inquiring citizen having learned that quarantine officer Dr. Harding had asked the agent of the International Steamship Co. at this port for a boat to board the steamers in the performance of his duty, was curious enough to want to know whether the doctor was allowed anything for such expenses as this connected with his office. PROGRESS would refer him to the auditor general's report, page 229, where he will find that in addition to a \$1200 salary, this line also appears, "Boat service, \$600." There is no reason therefore to doubt that such incidentals as boarding vessels are quite amply foreseen and provided for by the dominion government. In fact, it may be regarded as a very generous addition to the salary of the port health inspector, because everyone knows that Dr. Harding has not had many vessels to look after for some years. There surely must be some mistake about the report that Dr. Harding demanded a boat from the International agent to board one of those steamers in the performance of his duty.

Cannot Find the Will.

The late Charles Annand, of Halifax, made a will before leaving for England, but it cannot be found as yet. It will make quite a difference to one person in Halifax, if the will is not found as she is known to be a beneficiary for quite a large sum in it. In the event of the will not turning up, she will be entitled to nothing.



In the elevation A is the door through which the fugitives made their exit from the house, and B the door at which Steadman was stationed. C is the door on Telegraph street, by which Marshal Foster was stationed at the shed to the right. The plan explains itself, the lettering having the same reference as in the sketch of the house. The dotted line shows the course taken by the murderers in going through the house when the marshal entered by the front door.

before. The Attorney General moved for trial, and the work of impelling a jury commenced. The personnel of the court was unchanged. The voice of the judge was rather husky from a cold he had taken while north, the clerk looked the picture of good nature and contentment, the crier appeared to enjoy the change of work that had removed his *pro tem* from the inside of the bar over the way, where, it is said, occasionally distributes "the ardent" to the outside of the bar of the court. Capt. Silas, the owner is a character in his way. In his youthful days he was the skipper of a schooner that coasted between Dorchester and St. John.

Did you not know that it was not so, at first glance you would suppose from his venerable appearance the Attorney-General was as old as his brother premier, Gladstone. The honors grey and grey hairs are thick on the head of the latter, and the honors may be as thick on the head of the former if he lives long enough, but there is not that look of contentment that he had before he entered the uncertain arena of politics.

The counsel for "Buck" has on his side youth and indomitable perseverance, and as yet has lost nothing by being pitted against two able representatives for the crown.

The first jurymen called was objected to by the prisoners counsel, triers saw *oceans* and he is by them pronounced indifferent, and is then peremptorily challenged and stands aside. Others are challenged and some pronounced partial, others disqualified on account of age and others want the requisite property qualification. The requisite twelve were at last secured, and all was in readiness for the continuance of the trial, but the court stenographer was ill, and not able to attend. The jury was placed in the keeping of constable Ayer, and told that if they have any business at the court they must attend the next morning, and the clerk might have added that if those in attendance had no business they could suit themselves about attending. The ladies were in large numbers and adorned

toy affair, sought a safe retreat behind his client. The other lawyers now became panic stricken, but the judge, having recovered his composure and the pistol being no longer pointed in his direction, asked the doctor to lay it carefully down. Mr. Risteen, the stenographer then came to the rescue of the court, and offered to extract the cartridges. This he did in the shortest time possible, but the nerves of the court having been somewhat disordered, an adjournment was in order.

THE LEADERS CHANGE.

Prospects for a Close Finish in the Silver Service Contest.

The coupon contest for PROGRESS Silver Service is nearing its close; only one more week will it appear in this column, and those who hold coupons must have them in PROGRESS office by the 28th of this month. This must not be understood as being mailed on the 28th, but they must be in PROGRESS office on the 28th. Those which come later will not be counted. There have been several changes in the standing of the competitors since the last issue. That bright little girl, Miss Pauline Biederman has added more than 300 to her list, while the leader in the first announcement, Miss Potts, comes to the front with nearly 400 more. Mr. Campbell makes a smaller addition, and a Wollville competitor adds 74 to her list. Miss Biederman wishes to thank "S. K. H." for a donation of coupons.

CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon. To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

The contest stands as follows:

- Miss Minnie E. Potts, 128 Charlotte street, city,..... 302
- J. H. Campbell, 194 Sydney street, city,..... 298
- Miss Pauline Biederman, 74 Queenstreet,..... 249
- Miss Lizzie T. Sayre, Richibucto,..... 229
- Miss E. A. Hart, Rockland Road,..... 212
- Harry Bradshaw,..... 191
- Mrs. T. W. Higgins, Orange street,..... 150
- W. H. McCoy, Amherst,..... 122
- D. C. McKee, Wollville, N. S.,..... 114
- Mrs. J. Mowry, Victoria street, city,..... 90
- Mrs. J. E. Wilson, 31 Inglis street, Halifax,..... 68
- Miss G. Marks, St. Stephen,..... 61
- Grace A. Estey, 36 Peters street,..... 48
- Mrs. J. B. Eagles, St. John,..... 46
- Mrs. Fred Shaw,..... 37
- Alice M. DeForest, 14 Coburg street, city,..... 34
- Thine Morrison, 4 Celebration street, city,..... 30
- L. E. Cornwall,..... 29
- Mrs. John Albus, city,..... 27
- Mrs. Bent, Amherst,..... 21
- J. W. Jones, St. John,..... 19
- Miss Lab. Ferguson, Tracadie,..... 11
- Lizzie Maxwell, Gagetown, N. B.,..... 8

Ever So Much Better.

The carrying out of the suggestion of PROGRESS that the location of fire alarm keys should be stated on the boxes, has been well done by Supt. Wilson. Every citizen should now study up the lists in his particular neighborhood, so that he may know in a moment where to look for a key should he discover a fire. In some cases, possibly, there should be a greater certainty of being able to get a key in the middle of the night, but it is presumed, rightly or wrongly, that a policeman can always be found. At box 6, Market square, for instance, should there be no policeman at hand, the nearest night key is at the Royal Hotel, though there used to be one at the Western Union office, which is always open. Box 26, city building, is better off, for there is a key at the post office, always supposing that the man on night duty there knows where to find it. There ought to be a bell on the city building itself, so that the janitor can be roused when wanted in a hurry. As a whole, however, the risk of a fire getting headway while people are searching for a box key has been very greatly lessened by the plan of having a list of keys on each box.

Dentists Will be Interested.

Dentists of St. John, and indeed of the province are likely to be interested and instructed by the display of the S. S. White Manufacturing company, in Berryman's hall, on Wednesday next. These well known manufacturers of dental goods will show a fine exhibit which will be in charge of Mr. J. F. Davis, of Boston, and Mr. Horton. What will be of special importance and interest will be the illustration of the application of electricity to dentistry, and there is likely to be a large attendance of the profession to see what science has accomplished in this respect.

Manufacturers not Wild Over It.

The indications are that New Brunswick is not likely to cover itself with glory at the world's fair, unless something occurs to develop a more active interest than has yet been shown. The manufacturers who went to a great deal of trouble and expense in sending exhibits to Australia a few years ago, think there is no money in it for them, and are slow to respond to the invitation now. Such of the exhibits as are sent will be good ones, but the number will be small.

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S. CO.-(LTD.)

ONTICELLO,
G. Commander.

September.
Read's Point, St. John,
Thursday and Friday
1892 and Annapolis,
Annapolis every Tues-
day and Saturday upon
BUSINESS" from

re are due at
RD D TROOP,
President.

Railway
STEPHEN.
ER CARS!

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Pleasant Out-
Paradise.

Ordering on the Rail
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St.

J. McP. BAKER,
Superintendent.

TIES R.Y.
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1892, trains will run
as follows:
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Monday, Wednesday
Friday, 8.22 p.m.
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ive at Annapolis
Tuesday, Thurs-
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Monday, Friday
age daily (Sunday
n, Shelburne and
St. John)

at 120 Hollis St.,
s on the Windsor
BUREAU,
Superintendent

Railway.
John Standard
1.00; St. John
for Sussex, 10.45;
Sussex, 8.30; from
Monday, 1.35;
Halifax, 10.30

ibbA

HE RESTS FROM HIS LABORS.

Thousands Stand by the Grave of the Metropolitan of Canada.

From the church militant here on earth to the church expectant in Paradise, in the fullness of years far beyond the allotted span, the venerable Bishop of Fredericton departed this life in the faith and fear of Him whose cross he professed. It was fitting that the first words spoken in the first office for the dead in the darkened room at Bishopscote should be those words which tell of the rest which remaineth for the people of God:

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

It was never the wish of the Bishop that the death of those who went hence with the sign of the faith should be the cause of sombre trappings of woe and of mourning, as though there were no life other than this life and no hope beyond the grave. To his view death was "but the gate of life immortal," and in this spirit were the hymns of the clergy and people as they gathered to bear his mortal frame to the cathedral where it was to rest for a little ere being consigned to mother earth. The Psalm itself, the 103rd, was one of thanksgiving, while following it was the hymn declaring that "The King of love my shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never." In the Litany of the Last Four Things, the part chosen was not "Death," but the "Heaven" that lies beyond. Then as the body was borne across the way, clear voices raised the strain telling of the saints "which came out of great tribulation" to dwell where

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Dissolve eternal day.

Beneath the roof of that cathedral which stands as a monument of his never failing purpose, the body of the Metropolitan of Canada lay in solemn state, while those who had known and honored him in his life passed in with reverent step to view for the last time on earth the face of him who had been their shepherd and guide. For the three hours, from six to nine on Monday night, a never ceasing procession passed by, and then began the solemn night of the dead, of clergy and laymen, which continued hour by hour through the night.

The first celebration of the Holy Eucharist took place at eight a. m., and the second at eleven, by which time an additional number of the clergy from within and without the diocese had arrived. The solemn words of the first fifteen verses of Psalm XLIX. were used as the introit—solemn, yet proclaiming that "God" hath delivered my soul from the place of hell, for he shall receive me. Even the careless mind, ignorant of the depth of meaning in this the highest service of the church, could not fail to have a strong impression at such a time; and how much more was it a memorable occasion to those who realized its meaning. The funeral black did not obtrude itself upon the eye in the surroundings of the sanctuary where the remains reposed. The coffin itself was of the episcopal violet color, and was so inclined toward the people that the body, clothed with the insignia of office, was visible to all. The six large tapers, three on each side of the coffin, reminded the faithful that "the souls of the departed are not put out, but having walked here as children of light, are now gone to walk before God in the light of the living."

At the head of the coffin towered a beautiful and bright floral cross, the token of the faith in which the prelate had lived and striven and departed to the place of light, refreshment and rest. Violet, at once the sign of episcopal authority and the token of penitence in those who remained, was the color seen around the sanctuary sufficiently to mark the occasion but not so heavily as to dominate the other hues of floral tributes. The clergy, with but one or two exceptions, wore violet stoles. Bishop Kingdon was the celebrant at the Eucharist, and after the clergy had been communicated so large a number of the laity came forward that a second consecration of elements was required. It was just noon when the *Mons Dimittis* brought this portion of the service to an end.

By this hour every seat in the edifice, save those reserved for representative bodies, such as the St. George's Society from St. John, was occupied, while hundreds of people were standing in reverent silence. A much greater throng was without, unable to gain admission. Shortly afterwards the clergy entered in procession by the west door and moved solemnly up the nave to the chancel. Immediately after came the representative bodies and took the seats reserved for them, though the number so far exceeded the estimate that many remained standing. The burial service proper began with the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er," in which are sung the words:

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,
Gaily now the dead we say,
Laying him to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

Of equal fitness to the occasion and the memory of the beloved prelate was the hymn commemorating the rest of the saints from their labors:

The saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shelter of sword
They cast them down before the Lord;
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest.

The clergy had taken their last look at the placid face of the departed bishop and the lid had been placed on the coffin when the celebration ended. At the close of the first part of the burial service the six senior Canons, DeVeber, Ketchum, Roberts, Brigstocke, Forsyth and Neales, bore the coffin out while the pleading, penitential verses of the Litany of the Incarnate Word were sung. More than three score of priests led the procession, and in the place of honor among them were the Bishop of Nova Scotia and Bishop Kingdon. Just ahead of the body walked one of the youngest of the clergy, Rev. J. J. Parry, a deacon, bearing the pastoral staff. Lying on

the coffin lid and secured to it was a smaller staff. Beyond this necessary token of rank the coffin was plain in its finish, and as devoid of ostentation as had been he whose body rested within it.

From the west door around the cathedral square the long procession moved with every head bared to the strains of the grandest of all dirges, the dead march in Saul. It was a never to be forgotten sight. All ranks and classes were represented, while thousands stood by to join in the last rites at the grave.

Years ago, Bishop Medley chose his last resting place at a spot at the south east corner of the cathedral his genius had reared. There the sun will shine for many hours of each day upon the resting place of his mortal remains, while the faithful will pray that his soul, with the souls of all God's elect, may have eternal rest, and that perpetual light may shine upon him. In the committal of the body to the earth, while the bright sunshine fell upon the assemblage, there were no gloomy dirges were chanted. Instead, there was that hopeful song of the soul which longs for a better country, that is, an heavenly one. It was expressed in the words which are fully sung where one has lived the measure of his days and rejoices to depart in peace.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who would not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the better land
Where they that loved are blest.

And at the last, when the final words of the office were said, the multitude which stood around did "the strain upraised of joy and praise" in the triumphant words of a hymn which is the summary of Christian faith and hope:

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can I be terror-stricken;
Jesus lives! by this we know
That, O grave, cannot enthrall us.

Then, the earth having been placed above the coffin by faithful hands, there came little children and cast flowers on the grave, until it no longer seemed a grave but a beautiful part of God's earth where they had gathered the wealth of a thousand gardens.

The great floral cross which had stood in the sanctuary told of a grave and where the head of it was to be found, while a smaller cross marked the foot. Later in the day when the visitors passed by on their return journey, the shadow of the cathedral had fallen on the flowers, but yet to some may have come the thought that the beauty was but transient, remembering that the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but that the memory of him whose grave they marked would live beyond the time when they who then honored him had followed him in the pilgrimage which is not of earth. The cathedral near by is one of his monuments, but it is only one. Let those who seek for others, look around and find them in the fruits of a long and faithful life well spent in the work of the Great Master.

A SAIL ALONG THE COAST.

Sights and Pleasures Hundreds have Enjoyed on the International Steamers.

Reed's point wharf has been one of the liveliest places in town this summer. The departure of the International boats in the morning, crowded like excursion steamers bound for a beach or pleasure resort, drew hundreds of sight seers. The arrival of the steamers in the evening had the same effect.

Daily trips to and from Boston mean something, especially when several hundred people crowd the boats. It shows the popularity of the provinces as a summer resort, and that the people know how to get the most pleasure for the money in coming here.

Within the last few weeks the tide of travel has been westward, and those who forget to order staterooms a few days ahead are profiting by their experience. The demand for staterooms has exceeded the supply all summer. Berths also fell short, and mattresses were made to do service. There was no danger of being lonesome on the trip.

During the winter an effort will be made to make things more pleasant for next summer's tourists. The big boats will be thoroughly overhauled, the ladies' cabins placed in another part of the steamers and additional staterooms built on the lower deck.

But a large passenger list has its advantages. With plenty of company the 20 hour trip is shortened considerably. There is always a party of young people on board, and musicians turn up at unexpected moments. The result is a merry crowd that makes the time pass quickly and even those who stepped on board with horrible thoughts of seasickness forget all about it and join in with the rest.

On steamers that glide through the water with no more motion than a newspaper office with a big press sickness is more the result of stories told at home than anything else, and the number of people who have no appetites for the famous dinners of the *Cumberland* and *State of Maine* could be put in a state-room, without crowding.

On deck with a guide or a friend who has been over the route, there is enough of interest to be seen to make one forget everything else. Along the New Brunswick coast, rugged and picturesque, or again past green fields and distant hills; in among the islands of Passamaquoddy bay to Eastport, the home of the sardine; the myriad sails of the fishermen; and walk through the town and a hundred and one things of interest that the guide book tells about. Out again and along the shores of Maine, past fishing villages and summer resorts; and on until the quarantine officer comes on board in Boston harbor.

With three trips a week the cheap excursions still fill the boats. At this time of year Boston is at its best. After the warm spell the people are in good humor, the theatres are all open and the suburbs look their prettiest. It is the right time to see the hub, and that provincialists realize this is evident from the number of people at Reed's point on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. Extra trips emphasize the fact.

Don't Forget the Season for Bartlett Peas, Peaches, Grapes, Blueberries, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Sweet Corn, etc. Also preserving sugars and fine Groceries from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Co., 82 Charlotte street, next Y. M. C. A.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

On my way home one night last week I ran across a little fellow ambling along with his hands in his pockets and a tin whistle in his mouth. It was past midnight, and the rain fell in a cold drizzle. The streets were almost deserted, and before I came along the boy had one of them all to himself. He was a little bit of a fellow, and his clothing must have been wet through with the rain. This, however, did not seem to increase his anxiety about home, for he took as much interest in the things in the stove windows as if it had been broad daylight. Although indifferent to the time and hour, he was evidently glad to have company, for he quickened his steps when I came along, and by way of striking up an acquaintance told all he knew about the electric lights now come of the big lamps went out at twelve o'clock, and some stayed in all night, and the little ones in the shops, they stayed in if they were left turned on. He knew all about it. How old was he? Eight years. What was he doing out at that time of night? "Selling 'em Bostons," which being interpreted meant that he was one of the boys who were the Boston papers after the arrival of the late train from the west, and catch the night express at the hotels and bars by shouting "Today's Boston *Globe* or *Her-ald*, all about the fight."

A boy eight years of age alone on the streets after midnight is interesting. It is more than interesting; it is something that should be looked into by somebody. This youngster had both father and mother, and they knew he was on the streets at that hour. His father worked on the railway, he told me, and would not get home until morning, "but me mother's home, and so's me sister, two of 'em one's bigger and one's smaller in me." How would he get in the house? "Oh, I get in easy; I just stand in the alleyway and blow this whistle, and some of them gets up and lets me in." He sold papers every night, his earnings got home about 12 o'clock. His earnings were about 30 cents, and this was put in a bank "but I bought last week, but across I have to take some out every night to buy more papers. 'I'd make more," he continued, "only the big fellers gets up town afore I do and sells out first." I left the little fellow wrestling with a penny-in-the-slot machine which was probably a more popular bank than the one he had at home.

It is perhaps a good thing to encourage industry and thrift in children, but a parent who will allow an eight year old boy to walk the streets and frequent hotels and barrooms until after midnight, so that he can earn money to put in a tin bank, needs assistance in bringing up a child in the way he should go. I do not know whether all the boy told me was true, but he did not say his parents made him sell papers; the fact that the night was dark and the streets deserted did not worry him a bit. But he went out with the full knowledge and consent of his mother, and will probably continue to do a midnight business while people buy his papers.

A few months ago a boy of about the same age used to send a good many people to bed with a feeling of uneasiness. He was always on the streets late at night, with an armful of evening papers, which gave ample proof of the fact that he was—to use new-boy parlance—stuck. The pitiful expression of his face, and the way in which he entreated one to buy a paper never failed of effect. He usually managed to find some sympathetic night wanderer who would buy him out rather than go to bed with the knowledge that a child was on the streets selling papers while he slept. Those who gave him the papers again, and expected that he would go home very sadly mistaken. He always sought new victims and sold the papers a second time. This boy gave one the chills. His story his parents. His mother made him take out a given number of papers every evening, and he was not allowed in the house until he had sold every one of them. People got tired of this sort of thing.

The last time I saw him I was one of a group of five or six standing on King street. One of the party put his hand in his pocket with the idea of buying a paper, but all the rest protested. All knew him, but his story and confessed to a feeling of uneasiness every time they saw him. It was generally agreed that it would do more harm than good to buy the boy's papers, and he did not sell any.

I do not know whether there is a law by which the police could deal with such youngsters. If there is it is shamefully ignored, for the police cannot fail to know all about these children of the streets.

Talking of hard worked youngsters reminds me of a case that was brought to my notice a short time ago. It is alleged that a man living on Britain street has a boy living with him—a nephew, I think—for whom he has found employment at some distant part of the city. The boy has to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, get his own breakfast, if he gets any; go to work and come back late at night, so late that he has to crawl in through a window, left open for him. This has been going on for some time, and until recently the neighbors did not know what to make of it. They are very indignant over the matter and think something should be done to see that life is made worth living for the boy.

When a daily newspaper gets such words as "alleged" and "claimed" in its headlines, and is careful to print the name of the person who gives the information, it can usually be taken for granted that the reporter is trying to say a good story, of which he has some doubts as to its truthfulness. An instance of this appeared in one of the daily papers recently, and to those who knew all about it, it was very amusing.

Some people have a weakness for getting into the papers and cannot resist the temptation to stretch a story; if there is any doubt as to whether the reporter will use it or not. Newspaper men know this and are often willing to gratify the vanity of a person if he can get a startling story by

doing so. They are seldom deceived, and the chances are that when the article appears in cold type, and the person who is responsible reads it calmly over, the conclusion reached is that the reporter reaped all the benefits, if there were any. The ridiculous side of the case shows itself, and what was intended to be read with pleasure brings doubts and fears as to whether the guilty one's friends will learn the true story and laugh at the attempt to appear other than he or she is.

In this connection I am reminded of a number of stories of St. John people who have a weakness for impressing the public with their importance, without having the importance to do much impressing with. In the emergency deception is resorted to. The funny papers have a good deal to say about people who pull down the blinds, live in the back of the house and give out to their friends that they have gone to Europe or the seaside. There is more truth than poetry in it. It has been done right here in St. John, and the papers have unwittingly aided in the deception.

Some time ago a young St. John lady went to a secluded part of Nova Scotia. It was given out that she had been on a visit to Boston, New York and other American cities. On her return she knew all about the hotels and bars by shouting "Today's Boston *Globe* or *Her-ald*, all about the fight."

Another story of this kind is told of a St. John woman who has a weakness for becoming acquainted with foreign notables. So far as I know her acquaintance in this direction is very limited. She has a brilliant imagination, however, and any amount of nerve. With this combination she usually succeeds in creating some talk when she wants to. On one occasion she gave out that she had titled visitors. The notice appeared in the daily papers. A friend happened to call on her shortly afterward and inquired for her guests. The woman pointed to a large doll sitting on a chair. "That's Lady," said she, with all seriousness. She had named the doll Lady —, and had a personal inserted in the papers about her.

Age and Running Powers. What is the age-limit beyond which no amount of judicious training will enable a fairly athletic man to run a mile within the space of five minutes? The question has been raised at a London club, where one of the members, whose years number eighty-and-thirty, proposed to make practical demonstration of the fact that the limit has not been reached in his case. Should he win his wager he will receive the sum of £1,200, his opponents rating their chance of witnessing the runner's down fall at three to one on.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

ALL THOROUGHbred POULTRY, Hens, Chicks for sale. Stock first-class. Houdans, Crested, Indian, Game, Japanese, etc. Also, Andalusians, Silver-Grey Ducks, and Particulars. Write for prices. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, Windsor, N. B.

FALL GOODS FOR Suits and Pants. Plenty. Trousers included. Large assortment with borders. A. GILMOER, Tailor, 72 German street.

SHARP'S PLUMS. The richest and best. Buy them at once. Preserving Plum. Sharp's "Crimson Beauty" apples are nearly done, with all the fruit. Write for prices. LESTER & CO., Wholesale agents and general fruit dealers, 83 Prince William street, Sept. 3, 21.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, at anytime, write to GEO. F. ROWLAND & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in a very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Miss McLean, May.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before collection, on the original envelopes, preferred. I also want pairs and blocks on and off envelopes, or my collection. Actively New Brunswick 75d. Provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. H. L. HARR, 71, Godington street, Hants, Eng. June 11-17.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright young men who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents by two or three hours work every Saturday, where Progress is not for sale, please write to Progress, 75, Godington street, Hants, Eng. N. B.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOWICHE, Norton, Maryville, Chipewyan, Salisbury, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Carleton, Fort Fair, etc. We want to sell our goods in all these places. Write for particulars. Address for information, Circulation Department Progress St. John N. B.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

Our Annual Opening OF

Fall and Winter Millinery

Will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday the 22nd, 23rd and 24th inst., when we will show the latest novelties in Trimmed and Un-trimmed

HATS, TOQUES AND BONNETS,

direct from Paris, London and New York. Ladies are cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., - 77 King Street.



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

Single and Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns, MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, CARTRIDGES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Sermon on Cycling.

The Rev. L. D. Temple, of Lansing, Mich., in a recent sermon on cycling, said in part: "The bicycle is one of the good gifts of God through modern inventive genius. Let us halt the use of the bicycle by women. The need of the houses and the country is health. We are a people of strong tendencies to nervousness and dyspepsia. Pale complexions, flabby muscles and sick headaches, as woman's heritage, a wonderful encouragement to participate in recreation which is at the same time helpful to health and not harmful to the better self. I believe its use is helpful to morals. Satan gets in his fine work on people who are idle. Leisure gives evil hints their chances to entice and evil thoughts their time to work. The use of the wheel all excitement, elevates the imagination and expends energies in wise and exalted ways."

Incidentally to the above the SINGER SAFETY Bicycles are still the favorites. Ladies' SINGERS with Pneumatic Tires to arrive by next steamer. A few second-hand wheels in stock will sell very low.

C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.

Have You Seen Our New Range?

The Style is Modern, Beautiful in Finish, and Price Low.

We sell it complete \$30 with all the Fittings at \$21 Without Top Shelf or Fittings at \$21

Every Range a Perfect Baker!



EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. P. S.—Ask to see our Ranges.



Season, 1892. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP and MEAT STORE.

OUR OPENING DAY FOR

Pork Sausages

is this day—Saturday.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST. 133 Telephone.

KEEP COOL! ICE

Wholesale and Retail. Senders through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office 101 Water Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city.

MRS. R. WEERTSFL.



Two Clocks.

They are giving away TWO very handsome Parlor Clocks at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen and at the Bijou.

See Them.

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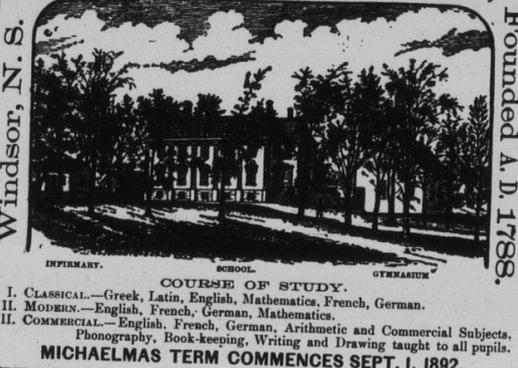
THE ST. MARTINS SEMINARY. The Largest and Best Equipped School Buildings in the Maritime Provinces.

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THE NEW "SIAMESE TWINS."

Two youngsters of Orissa who will go to World's Fair. But the new Siamese Twins do not come from Siam. They are natives of Orissa, in India, and the following description is sent by a correspondent who saw them in Poona. They are to appear, we believe, at the Aquarium, previous to fulfilling their engagement at the World's Fair, Chicago.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Windsor, N.S.



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COURSE OF STUDY. I. CLASSICAL.—Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics. French, German. II. MODERN.—English, French, German, Mathematics. III. COMMERCIAL.—English, French, German, Arithmetic and Commercial Subjects. Phonography, Book-keeping, Writing and Drawing taught to all pupils.

MICHAELMAS TERM COMMENCES SEPT. 1, 1892.

Best Pocket Speller. A good thing for poor spellers—find any word at once. 22,800, indexed, defines, shows when to drop E at end of words when ed or ing is added. 60 cents.

Ladies College and Conservatory of Music. (In union with the London College of Music), 106 KING STREET EAST.

Art classes on Saturday morning at 10.30. 1878. Drawing, Painting in Oils and on China. Terms \$5.

THE DAVENPORT SCHOOL. BOYS. Boarders and Day Scholars.

St. John Academy of Art. Now Open. Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature.

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Ontario Business College. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Through Business Education. A thorough Business Education, such as is given at the Saint John Business College.

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A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS! And the place to get it is—HALIFAX BUSINESS COLLEGE.

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Competent and Experienced Teachers in all Departments. CIRCULARS FREE TO ALL.

J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal.

WANTED! A FEW EXPERT BOOK SALESMEN to sell for us our new book, a brand-new collection of VOCAL SONGS AND STAR SINGERS.

Oysters R in Season. The Oyster season having opened Sept. 15th I can now supply my customers with choice P. E. OYSTERS at lowest prices.

J. D. TURNER, 19 to 23 N. S. King Square.

The music in all the Anglican churches was of an especially solemn character on Sunday in view of the late Metropolitan, and in nearly all the Dead March was played. In the Stone church the Deum was sung to one of Youngs chants and the other canticles to chants composed by the late bishop as were the settings to the two hymns, the draped church, solemn music, and eloquent was the pastor contributed to make it a very impressive service.

A member of the Mission church choir says that when the Bishop last took part in the service at that church some two months ago, in the part of the service there was a slight delay in the choir the "Amen" in a strong voice. In my music city church music he always expressed great interest. It is rumored that one of our prominent city churches, where music is a very important portion, is seriously thinking of curtailing its choir expenses.

Catchy songs, amusing novelties and pretty stage effects were the rule at the Boston theatres last week. They were all in keeping with the weather and pleased the people. At the Park, 1492 brought on a stage full of people. Pretty scenes followed each other in rapid succession; concluding with a grand ensemble in which myriad incandescents, beautiful costumes and sweet melody made the play memorable.

Denman Thompson still draws big houses to the Boston with the Old Homestead. There is no depth to the play, but the pictures of New England life, faithful in every particular, have a fascination that cannot be resisted. Everybody goes to see the Old Homestead. Many Bostonians make it a rule to go once a week during the run, and visitors to the hub see the Old Homestead first and all the other sights afterwards.

Denman Thompson is the good hearted, honest old New England farmer that we find go to see. He is not a star, such as we find in a travelling company. He is simply a part of the vast machine that starts when the curtain goes up, but for all that the Old Homestead with him would be uninteresting. No particular member of the company impresses one, but the play is remembered with pleasure. Long runs and few changes in the company have made the members of it so well acquainted with their parts that they can have their say and go off again much the same as we do in everyday life.

Then when Joshua Whitcomb visits his city friends, where everything is in direct contrast to the simplicity of his country home, he is not to be opened, thunder-struck country man so common to the stage. He is Joshua Whitcomb still, and prefers to dispense with help he is not used to at home, but even when he is most ridiculous his apparent unconsciousness of the real cause of the laughter and his amusement at what he thinks is the cause, all combine to give the audience a sure cure for the blues.

The stage pictures of the old Homestead, Grace church, New York, and a New England kitchen, are presented with attention to detail and effect that is only seen once in a long while.

At the New Bowdoin Square theatre, Fanny Rice was the central figure in a company of good comedians who brought out all the fun there was in a Jolly Surprise. Miss Rice does not need a company to assist her in entertaining an audience, for she is one of the best merry makers on the American stage. During this engagement she had a novelty in her marionette show, in which her imitations and wonderful facial expression she kept the house in good humor as long as she wanted to. Music and fun is the idea in a Jolly Surprise and there is enough for all purposes.

In private life Fanny Rice is Mrs. G. W. Purdy, the wife of a St. John man, who still has pleasant recollections of the province and never loses an opportunity of enlarging on the scenery and climate of New Brunswick. St. John people missed a treat some time ago when Mrs. Purdy's doctors ordered her to Europe. At that time she was contemplating a trip to the provinces. During the engagement at the Bowdoin square Miss Rice received offers for playing on at New York theatres, but as she prefers short stands, her friends and admirers in the big cities only see her occasionally.

Thos. E. Shea played at the Howard to large houses, last week, and the patrons of the oldest theatre in England were as noisy and as anxious to applaud or disapprove as ever. Shea is a favorite in Boston, although at the Howard his plays were not as well put on as they were in St. John. The company was the same as when he was here, a few weeks ago, but the songs were new. Jere McCallie owned the house when he sang "McCarthy's Walk," which is composed of one verse about half a mile long, but another solo with innumerable verses and a catchy chorus kept him in the middle of the stage until he was tired.

It is interesting to hear the younger Salvini talk about some of his stage experiences with his father, says a writer in the N. Y. Press. It is by the word "father" that Alexander Salvini refers affectionately and incidentally to the great tragedian. Some of the most ludicrous experiences in the elder Salvini's post-footlight career occurred, it would seem, at Palmer's Theatre in the production of "Samson."

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After Hamlet. (SOME YEARS AFTER.)

Whether it is nobler in the mind, to suffer the damp and clammy feeling of an old-fashioned airy tight waterproof, or to buy a porous and comfortable Rigby rain proof garment, and by opposing the former end your discomforts. To be comfortably and dryly clothed, and by being comfortable to know we end our chances of cold and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To wear a rubber coat, to hermetically seal ourselves up, perchance to die, ay, there's the rub, for in that sleep of death what comes of this mortal coil, might give us pause, for who would bear the while and scorns of climate, the Autumn rains, the Summer showers, the Winter's gripe, when he might his quietus make with a trifle of coin, who would these ills bear, to grunt and sweat under a rubber coat, when Rigby can be had at every corner.

ESTABLISHED 1855 TAYLOR'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES.

HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE. J. & J. TAYLOR. TORONTO SAFE WORKS, TORONTO.

Agent for the Maritime Provinces B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B.

Madame Kane



The Newest Styles in Summer Stationery at a great reduction in price. No goods to be saved over. Call and see our complete assortment at the Opera House Block.

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is prepared to receive pupils. For Terms apply 39 Sewell Street.

THE SALT JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE

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A Thorough Business Education.

such as is given at the Saint John Business College. Send for our new Circular, which will give you an idea of what we have done, what we are doing, and what we intend to do.

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Ontario Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Twenty-fourth Year. Provinces and States have been represented at this famous institution, the most widely successful of its kind in America.

40 Students from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been here in 1892. Be-careful to address—ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS!

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 17.

BISHOP MEDLEY.

So much has been said of the life work and labors of Bishop MEDLEY, and so many tributes have been paid to his worth, that Progress can say little that will be of interest to those who knew and esteemed the dead prelate. Living among the people of this province for nearly half a century, he became endeared to those of his own faith and honored by others of all creeds. He has accomplished much for the church in this diocese. He came hither before there was a railway or telegraph line in the country, and to conditions of life wholly new to him. More than that he came to a people whose ways, methods and thoughts, were essentially different from anything he had been accustomed to in his native England. It was a sharp transition, and there was much which must have discouraged a man of less energy, persistence, and it must be added, faith in his Master's work. He saw his line of duty and followed it, though his road at the outset was far from a smooth one. There were many with more protestantism in their hearts than ecclesiastical knowledge in their heads, who viewed him with distrust as a follower of PUSEY; and it seemed to them that from Puseyism to Romanism the way was short and sure. Now and then one finds a pamphlet or a newspaper of those times in which good men waxed violent in their denunciation of this thing or that which seemed to them fraught with danger to the church which they performed called catholic but strongly asserted was protestant. The bishop was wiser than they, and in time they learned that he had not come to sow discord, but to unite his people more firmly in the essentials of the faith, and to broaden and deepen the foundations of the church in this part of the world. The cathedral begun and finished by him, in the face of discouragement and difficulties, is a type of his work in the diocese at large. He governed wisely and well. In a church which can comprehend within its pale, men varying in shades of belief from those who are in effect universalists to those who practically believe in transubstantiation, it requires a wise and prudent man to hold the balance between the opposing forces and to be equally honored by all. Such a man was Bishop MEDLEY. While ever the defender of the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and in no point uncertain in his doctrine, he by precept and example preserved harmony when one less judicious might have opened the door to discord. The growth of the church of England in New Brunswick, its strength and its harmonious union today, testify of his labors. He has gone to his rest full of years and honor, leaving a memory that will be venerated by those who knew him, and by their children's children.

Simple and unaffected in all his ways as an individual, he held in high honor the office to which he was consecrated. He was esteemed as a man and venerated as a bishop. The people liked him for his plain and kindly manner; those of cultured tastes admired him as a scholar of more than common rank; while business men of all creeds recognized in him an able organizer and never tiring worker. Above all, he was a Christian as thoroughly as he was a gentleman. He has lived a life of a noble record must remain; he leaves behind him the memory of many and singular virtues.

NO HARM IN PRECAUTION.

It is doubtless a good thing that there is what is known as a cholera scare on this side of the ocean just now. Scares are dangerous when an epidemic is around, as nervous people are apt to be frightened to death whether they have the disease or not. It is said to have been so in St. John in 1854, and it is probably true of all kinds of plagues that the people with the most rational courage, which is very different from rashness, are least likely to be subjects of attack.

IT IS, HOWEVER, A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HAVE A SCARE BEFORE THE DISEASE REACHES THE COUNTRY.

It has a wholesome effect in leading to precautions which would not otherwise be taken. The stimulus given to the authorities of both the United States and Canada by the reports from Europe has caused measures to be taken by which it is quite possible the epidemic may be kept out of the country. A rigorous quarantine, inconvenient as it may be in some respects, is the first step towards the prevention of the pestilence in this country, and it seems quite certain that the precautions will not be relaxed as long as danger exists.

Despite of all precautions, however, the cholera may be brought to this continent, though the danger of it reaching the proportions it gained in Germany seem very remote. In any city of importance there will be special efforts made to preserve the best possible sanitary conditions and a recurrence of the terrible visitations of years ago can hardly be expected at the worst. If individuals everywhere will feel that they are part of a general board of health and literally "keep their doorways clean," as well as striving to preserve the ordinary and obvious rules of health, America will have little to fear. The scare in advance of the trouble will take the place of a panic during the trouble.

It is rather early yet, in this part of the world, to be on the look out for symptoms and to be hunting up cholera cures, but it can never be out of order for anybody to keep his system and his surroundings in a condition consonant with the laws of health and order. That seems to be the only practical advice to be given at the present moment. There is no need for alarm yet, and there may not be, but there is abundant room for precaution by individuals as well as governments.

THE FALLEN HERO.

The people of this continent, or it is to be feared a very large proportion of them, are bowing down to a new hero in the person of JAMES J. CORBETT. This gentleman's claim to distinction is that he has beaten JOHN L. SULLIVAN and is the champion fighter of the world. When he returned to New York from the scene of his victory at New Orleans, fully five thousand men, women and children, greeted him with their plaudits as he stepped from the train. Possibly nearly as large a number would have met him if he had come to St. John, for thousands hung around the streets the night of the fight and shouted and howled until the last bulletin had come over the wires. All in all, Mr. CORBETT would very likely come out ahead were a plebiscite taken to learn who was the most popular man in America today.

SULLIVAN was such a notorious brute that CORBETT shines in comparison as a brute of greater intelligence and superior skill. If there is anything honorable about the occupation of a professional pugilist, he seems entitled to full credit. Some of his admirers indeed claim that he is "a perfect gentleman," and possibly he is, from their point of view. He is, at least, the acknowledged champion so far as the slugging of man by man goes, and there is no doubt he considers that a higher honor than it is to be the successor of JOHN G. WHITTIER, whose death was almost overlooked by the world in its excitement over the fight at New Orleans.

It is the way of the world to trample on its idols when they have fallen from their pedestals, and no exception is made in the case of SULLIVAN. There seems no sympathy with him in his hour of darkness, and there is probably little sorrow save by those who staked their money on his bovine strength. The press and the people unite to jeer at him as the Philistines mocked the fallen SAMSON, but it is out of his power to avenge himself as that erring hero of old did. The comparison between the ancient and modern fails in other respects as well. SAMSON owed his downfall to the wiles of a woman, while SULLIVAN ascribes his defeat to "too much booze." It may be added that the weight of years and the failure of a trainer to sufficiently reduce abdominal adipose tissue were immediate and important elements in the disaster.

To the reflecting mind there is an element of sadness in the fact that everybody is down on SULLIVAN. He was not lovable, it is true, but it is only a little time since he was an almost idolized hero of the masses. His triumphs were looked upon as adding lustre to the name of the United States. He was better known the world over than was GEORGE WASHINGTON, and thousands in his native land could give the dates of his conquests, though they might be ignorant of the dates of the great battles of the civil war, or fail to tell the year in which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was shot. Now all is changed. The newspaper that used to shout his praises eked in his defeat, and the people do likewise. He is to have a benefit sparring match in New York tonight, but even in that the name of CORBETT the champion is the leading attraction on the notices of the affair. There is neither pity nor love for the late hero from Boston. His occupation as the knocker-out of all comers is gone, and is not likely to come again. He is still an undeniably dangerous man for any of his hosts of

CRITICS TO ENCOUNTER, BUT HE IS NO LONGER THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Yet amid the howling of the mob at SULLIVAN there is something to be said in his behalf. He was a brute because he was born so. Heredity and environment combined to make him utilize his great strength to maul his fellow men. In the intervals between his conquests, indeed, he made efforts to follow other lines of occupation, but without rising to the height of financial success. He opened a very elaborate bar-room in Boston, but closed it again at a loss. He has tried the stage and authorship, but his final resort for ready cash has been the fictitious arena. CORBETT, on the contrary, abandoned a vocation that in some parts of the world is a passport to the inner circle of society. He was a bank clerk, and had he remained such might have been respected not only for his style of clothes, as are many in that line, but for his shape as well. He, however, preferred to be a clear and unadorned sport, and has become famous for the scientific skill with which he has slugged the once greatest slugger on earth. As between SULLIVAN who became a prize fighter because he was born so, and CORBETT, who became one through choice, the ex-champion from Boston would have slightly the advantage in a claim to be respected, did either of the two merit such a thing as respect.

It is, however, quite safe to assert that both of these gentlemen are willing to forego any sentiment as to respect provided they continue to have fame and its adjunct in cash receipts. In this the indications are that Mr. CORBETT has prospects much superior to those of Mr. SULLIVAN.

Reports from France imply that while champagne will be excellent in quality this year it will be below the average in quantity. This might be thought bad news for those who anticipate a good time during the world's fair year, but whatever may be the facts in France the quantity of champagne in America will be as large as ever. The quality is entirely another question. That is the difference between the districts where wine is made and where it, or something like it, is consumed.

It is announced that Mr. SKINNER has resigned his seat in the commons, as PROGRESS predicted, a few weeks ago, that he was sure to do. He had the choice of taking this course or of losing his position as judge of probates, and he wisely chose the place which was both lucrative and permanent. The contest for Mr. SKINNER'S place may possibly be a warm one.

Among the gifts sent to the victorious slugger CORBETT were floral wreaths from admirers at a distance. The relation between flowers and prize fighting is not very apparent to the average mind, but no doubt CORBETT can appreciate it. Another gift was a monster watermelon which seemed somewhat more in accordance with the fitness of things.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

Ex-Ald. Stephen, of Halifax, returned this week from a ten weeks visit abroad. During his trip Mr. Stephen combined business with pleasure, and visited London, Paris, Berlin, Glasgow, and other cities. Mr. Stephen says the outlook for the autumn trade is exceedingly bright, and prophesies a busy season for the N. S. Furnishing Co., of which he is the president.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

Hard Times at Port Greville. Files, potato bugs, willow worms and caterpillars are very plentiful in our settlement. Eggs are scarce and not warranted to be good.—Parrotro Leader.

One Way of Spending Sunday. One of the sights along the Mountain road yesterday was a young man posted on a pile of wood about ten feet in the air and a male sheep guarding the way of escape.—Moncton Times.

Condoling with Bill. Last week Wm. V. Vroom, Esq. lost a very valuable jersey cow with a calf by her side ten days old. It was a case baffling the skill of our best veterinary. Quite a loss for Bill.—Digby Courier.

Publicly Thanked for It. A citizen of Lower Town asks us to thank Bandmaster Walker, of the frigate band, for having stopped the playing of his band in the presence of restive horses on Peter street.—Quebec Chronicle.

A Momentous Question. The question now arises, will there be any cranberries this season, or will poor Grevillians have to preserve dulce and pumpkin parings instead; which I doubt not would make good winter eating.—Parrotro Leader.

The Scott Act in Moncton. A report was in circulation yesterday that a man named Somers had been drugged by a glass of intoxicants, obtained in an uptown saloon, but it appears that it was only a case of too many drinks before breakfast.—Times.

All the Force Off Duty. Two or three town loafers were loafing past female on Wednesday night, when a citizen taking notice of the fact, went up to the Kiosk and snatched and found the policeman taking tickets. This left the town without police protection.—N. G. Enterprise.

This Should Stir Up the "Chief." A "Green Goods Circular" has again been received by us from another of the gang of scoundrels in New York who are working this rascally fraud. We commend the special attention of the Chief of Police to that ditty those audacious criminals.—Liverpool Times.

The Dark Side of City Life. A vicious dog owned at York Point should be looked after by the police. Yesterday the dog caught hold of the dress of a lady who was walking along Mill street, tearing it badly.—Sun.

IS NOW BISHOP OF FREDERICTON.

Mr. Rev. H. Tully Kingdon Will be Duly Installed at an Early Day.

Immediately upon the death of the Most Reverend John Medley, the Right Reverend and Hollingworth Tully Kingdon became Bishop of Fredericton. The succession is fixed by law, but the canon provides that before the new bishop can perform any episcopal act within the diocese he must make a declaration before the Metropolitan of Canada and be duly installed.

This ceremonial will take place with as little delay as possible. It is provided that in event of the death of the Metropolitan the senior bishop of the ecclesiastical province of Canada shall act in his place,



and that within three months he shall call a convocation of the house of bishops to elect a Metropolitan. As the provincial synod is now in session at Montreal the election will take place at once, and Bishop Lewis, of Ontario, will be the choice. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1847, and was ordained priest at Armagh, Ireland, 1849. He was consecrated bishop at Kingston, Ont., March 25, 1862.

Bishop Kingdon is a graduate of Trinity college, Cambridge, and is now 57 years of age. He was consecrated bishop at Fredericton on July 10th, 1881, and was the first anglican bishop consecrated in the maritime provinces. Before coming to this country he was vicar of Good Easter, Essex, Eng., and prior to that time he had been vice-principal of Salisbury Theological college and curate of St. Andrews, Wells street, London. Eight years before coming to New Brunswick, he had been invited to come to Lennoxville, by Rev. Dr. Nichols, of that place, but declined the invitation. He is well known as a learned theologian and the author of several treatises which have been most favorably received. He was the choice of Bishop Medley, to whom he was recommended by most tried and intimate friends. He has amply fulfilled the expectations of those who welcomed him to this country, while each year, as his acquaintance was enlarged, has added to the esteem and admiration entertained for him by the people at large. His title will be simply "Bishop of Fredericton," that of "Lord Bishop" ceasing in this diocese with the death of the Metropolitan.

PEN AND PRESS.

A good specimen of an American weekly paper reached Progress this week in The Chronicle of Mount Vernon, N. Y. It is "intensely local," and while published for the special benefit of the people of Mount Vernon contains much of interest to outsiders.

Dangers and Attractions of Fort Howe.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Having observed with satisfaction a steadily increasing popularity for that elevation known as Fort Howe, and having also noticed with what pleasure the advent of the wood and iron settees was hailed by the frequenters and other visitors to this beautiful sight-seeing natural observatory, I thought the time ripe for drawing attention to the fact of the danger to children—and others who are not children—by the still open though dry "military well," which, though of interest still as an old landmark or other curiosity, should, for the public safety, be either filled in or fenced around. As the Sunday attendance in these parts is constantly increasing as a natural result, so is the danger. If not protected this year, I trust it will be looked after next, as also more seats, if the council could vote another fifty or so for that purpose. JAY BEE.

Words Worth Pondering Over.

"He leappeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."—Ps. 20, 6. From early morn till evening gray, The throng of workers, grave and gay, Amid the struggle and the strife, Press on to gain a prize in life. Our effort good is to secure A name and place which shall endure, That those held dear, when we are dead, May not be pressed for daily bread, Nor humble sphere to wound the mind Be lot of those we leave behind. Vain is the effort, care and thought, For all our store so dearly bought May scattered be and come to naught. All verily treasure will decay, And hoarded wealth may fly away, As Holy writ doth plainly say. Purchase some subtle, selfish friend, With studied smiles and wily smile, Disguising thus a purpose vile, May rob and wrong, and ruin send, For his own purpose, use and gain. Condemns to hardship, toil and pain, Those whom we hoped he would benefit, Protect and cherish to life's end. One only friend to all the same, True, gracious, constant ever sure, Who was and is and shall endure, Is with us now, in Spirit pure, Jesu, we land Thy holy Name. —FENO.

WEST END MEN WERE QUIET.

And So There Was a Peaceful Session of the Common Council.

An unusually quiet session of the common council was that held Thursday, though all the members were there, with the exception of Ald. Lon. Chesley. Even Ald. Jack put in an appearance and made a brief speech favoring a fire alarm for Carleton. The West End members had an unusually subdued air, and Ald. Davis had nothing to say on any subject. Ald. Baxter had no encounters worth mentioning with the mayor, and Ald. Colwell kept within the bounds of order, while Ald. Smith was as reticent as usual.

Such debates as there were, however, related chiefly to Carleton and its demands for better terms. The ferry question did not come to the front, and that was one reason why there was peace. There was, however, an animated discussion over whether a certain petitioner Stanton should have a lease of a small structure at Sand Point. The lands committee thought he should and so reported. It was then pointed out that the property was in the control of the board of works and should be referred to them. Ald. Barnes rose to defend the land committee and said the council seemed to have the impression that they were a set of innocents. Ald. Knox thought the council should be careful about its leases, as they had already had a case where there had to be an injunction or an injection or something of the kind to get a man out.

Several motions were made, or rather there was one motion with several additions, like "adding a tail onto a kite," as Ald. Lewis would say. The motion was to refer to the board of works, the amendment to refer with power to act, and the amendment to the amendment to refer with power to act provided Stanton signed an agreement to vacate the premises when required. Several other motions of one kind and another were offered until the situation got so mixed that Ald. Vincent declared he was lost. "I am not a bit lost" replied the mayor confidently, as he undertook to put the motions. Others then wanted this and that explained, until the mayor impatiently exclaimed that they were all thick-headed, and that any school-boy ought to understand the matter. The amendment to the amendment was carried.

The next subject for discussion was a recommendation of the board of works to have St. George and Lancaster streets, Carleton, graded. Neither the board nor the West End members seemed agreed about the matter, and it was finally referred back. During the debate, Ald. Baxter began to cross-examine Ald. Vincent.

"Ald. Baxter," exclaimed the mayor, "this is not a court of law."

"It seems to be one, with you as the judge," retorted the alderman.

"And a judge from whom there is no appeal in this case," responded his worship, whereupon Ald. Baxter smiled and subsided.

The question of a fire alarm system for Carleton was referred to the board of safety, after which Ald. McCarthy made his usual motion to adjourn which was carried.

Will Run Both Stores.

When the Messrs. Marr opened their new millinery establishment last spring in Halifax, it was their intention to consolidate their other store, Le Bon Marche, into it and run one large millinery establishment, but after the spring season's trade they now find that such a change would not be beneficial owing to the increased trade being done in both stores and also because the new premises would not be large enough. It is now their intention to keep both stores open under entirely separate management. The remarkable success of this concern is due to their great knowledge of the business. Their stock is personally selected each season in the best markets and bought for cash, then customers naturally are aware of the fact that they reap the benefit of the close buying and cash discounts of this well known house.

Mr. F. A. Marr has just returned from an extended trip, having visited the principal Canadian cities as well as New York and Boston, and purchased very largely for the fall season which will open on Sept. 22, 23 and 24—Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Cameron's Millinery Opening.

Mr. Chas. K. Cameron's millinery opening is announced on the second page of this paper to take place on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of this month. The newest and latest styles can surely be found on his counters, and Mr. Cameron's stock is always large and varied enough for all people to select from. His store on King street is so well known that it needs no introduction, but the fact of its being so is due as much to the splendid advertising the proprietor is doing as to the good quality of the goods he keeps in stock.

The "Allandale" in Good Hands.

The announcement that the Allandale house has been sold to Mr. Joseph Rowley is heard with pleasure by all who know that beautiful spot on the road, as well as those who are acquainted with Mr. Rowley. For attractiveness the Allandale place cannot be surpassed or equaled by any resort near the city, and in capable hands like Mr. Rowley's it should increase in public favor. Progress understands that Mr. Rowley proposes to improve the house and place in many respects, and conduct it as a "house of entertainment."

SUSSEX.

Progress is for sale at Sussex by R. D. Boul and Geo. D. Martin.

Sept. 14.—Miss Nellie Flewelling spent a few days last week visiting friends in Millstream. Mrs. Currie, of Clinton, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Geo. McInyre.

Mr. Harry Feltick, of St. Stephen, spent Friday in town the guest of Mrs. Nelson Arnold.

Miss Eliza Howe is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes who have spent the last few years in Amherst, returned to Sussex last week and have taken up their abode at Upper Corner.

King's County Teachers' institute met here on Thursday, 8th inst., and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: R. D. Hanson, president; A. H. Sherwood, vice-president; C. H. Perry, secretary; Misses Duke and Westmore, also members of the executive. Friday evening there was a public gathering in Oddfellows hall. Addresses were given by Dr. Inch, Hon. A. S. White and others.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer and her young son, of St. Stephen, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Harding, of St. John, and Mr. E. Tremaine, of Halifax, were also the guests of Mrs. Bernard.

Miss Fannie Hazen, of Boston, who has been visiting at her home, has returned to Boston. Her sister, Miss Irene Hazen, accompanied her. Mr. C. H. Perry has been obliged to close school on account of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hagen returned from their bridal tour on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arnold have also returned and have taken up their residence in their neat little cottage on Church street, near the new school. Another bridal couple, Prof. and Mrs. Wm. Atton are also receiving the congratulations of their friends.

HAMPTON.

Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Burns, and Geo. E. F. Palmer, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

Sept. 13.—Mrs. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, Mrs. Cady Hatheway, of St. John, and Mrs. Walter Mills, of Sussex, are visiting Mrs. S. Hayward at the village.

Miss Perkins is spending a few days with W. O. Stewart, Lakeside.

Mr. Chas. W. Barlow and Mr. Frank Hollis spent Sunday with relatives in town.

The large party who have been summering at the "Hagerty," Lakeside, have returned home. Miss Annie Barnes and Mr. W. Harry Travis, who were visiting their homes here returned to Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whittaker went to the city on Monday to attend the wedding of Mr. Geo. H. McKay and Miss Mary A. Whittaker.

Mr. James G. Jordan, of St. John, has purchased the "Lark's place" at Lakeside and is moving into it.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McAvity, who have been spending the summer at Lakeside, left here on Wednesday.

Mr. A. M. Barnes and Mrs. F. Palmer went to Fredericton on Tuesday to attend the funeral of Bishop Medley.

Miss Aggie and Della Belyea, of Boston, were in town on Monday.

Among the visitors in town last week were Mr. and Mrs. J. de W. Spurr; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Stockton, Judge Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fairweather, and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hayward, of St. John.

Mrs. James M. Houghbry is seriously ill at her residence here.

Mr. Victor Barnes, of Boston, and Mr. Howard Barnes, of St. John, are visiting their old homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Freeze who have been spending the past week at Mr. Freeze's former home left for Boston today.

HARCOURT.

Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Harcourt.

Sept. 14.—Mr. James Brown spent Sunday in Chatham and returned on Monday in company with Mr. Brown, who had been visiting at Miramichi for some days past.

Mr. M. T. Glenn and his daughter Maggie were visiting in Albert county on Sunday and returned to Montreal and other places in the province of Quebec.

Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey, stationmaster, has been confined to his residence for the last few days. Mr. J. Harry Wilson is acting in Mr. Humphrey's absence, and Mr. Peter McNichol, late of New Mills, is discharging Mr. Wilson's duties as night agent.

Mr. Kenneth Rafuse left by train on Monday night for Portmouth, N. H., where Mr. Rafuse is residing.

Mr. A. Dennis, editor of the Pictou Standard, accompanied by Mrs. Dennis, was here on Monday, returning home.

Capt. H. W. Cragie and family have taken up their residence at Harcourt.

Miss Jessie Miller, who has been visiting at Millerton, returned home last week.

Rev. William Atkin, of Newswick, was in town for a short time on Thursday.

Mr. T. F. Boudard spent Sunday at Base River. Miss Minnie Buckley spent Sunday at Base River.

Mr. Michael Burns, of Richibucto, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. James Buckley.

The Misses Helen and Belle Morrison, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. James Buckley.

Messrs. Hugh and Basil Hooper, of Toronto, are visiting at Mr. James Miller's, Mortimore. Rex.

ST. GEORGE.

Progress is for sale at St. George at O'Brien's store.

Sept. 13.—Mr. J. S. May, of St. John, spent a few days here last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Davis.

Mr. F. Linder and Mr. Vroom, of St. Stephen, paid a visit here to the St. George Masonic lodge.

Mr. Fred Cowley spent a few days in St. John last week.

Miss Beulah Bishop, of St. Stephen, was here last week visiting her friends, Miss Thelma, and Mr. O. Edwin Steeves, of Moncton, made a brief visit here last week.

Rev. F. M. Long, of Bridgetown, spent a few days here last week.

Mr. Will Young, of Barre Vt., has been here for a brief visit to his parents.

Mr. Walter Rankine, of St. John, was here this week.

Rev. Ronald E. Smith left here yesterday for Fredericton to attend the funeral of the late Bishop Medley.

Mr. Howard Moffatt, of Amherst, who has been visiting here for the past two weeks, left for St. John yesterday to visit his son, who is studying at Acadia college, Wolfville, N. S.

Mrs. A. N. Baldwin goes to St. John today to accompany Mrs. Edith Baldwin, who will be a student at St. Martin's seminary.

ST. ANDREWS.

Sept. 12.—Now that most of the summer visitors have gone the inhabitants are waking up, and several very pleasant picnics have been given lately.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong has left for the Pacific coast.

Rev. Canon Ketchum went to Fredericton today to attend the funeral of Bishop Medley which takes place tomorrow.

Mrs. George Mowatt entertained several of her friends on Saturday evening at Beech Hill.

Mrs. T. Williams, of Moncton, is the guest of Mr. John S. Major.

Mrs. R. A. Stewart is visiting friends in St. John. The pulpit, lectern and reading desks of All Saints church were draped with black on Sunday, and funeral hymns were sung at the morning service in consequence of the bishop's death.

Mrs. E. Wood and family have returned to Winnipeg after spending a year with her mother, Mrs. Chas. Gore.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Grimmer are spending a few weeks in Montreal.

Tuesday Night—Bristol's Horos.

As the date draws near a greater interest than ever is felt in the coming of Mr. Somerby's attractive show, Bristol's famous educated horos. His route from Halifax so far as he has journeyed on his way to St. John has been a continued success, crowds thronging to the performance every night. It is said by all that have seen them that the sagacity of the horos is simply wonderful, the tricks they do and their obedience to the word of command being so remarkable as to attract the same people night after night. It is a case of go one night for yourself, and next night take your friends. The performance begins at the Mechanics' Institute on the evening of the 20th.

Spitst Keatinge Duval, Union street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

city of Michigan. These present were: Misses Chesley, Shaw, Moulton, Barlow, M. DeWitt, C. DeWitt, G. Roster, J. Roster, Smith, Sullivan, L. Patterson, N. Patterson, Raymond, Tins, Colwell, Branscomb, Keane, Ginn, Mrs. Brookline, Mrs. Gowan, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Day, Frank, Alwood, Moulton, Noble, Ingraham, Kennedy, Branscomb, Goding, McArthur, McFarlane, Pauline, Donald, W. Lee, F. Lee, DeWitt, Gunn, Evans, Mahoney, Stammers.

Mrs. J. W. Vroom, of King's college, Windsor, N. S., accompanied by Mrs. Vroom and her infant daughter, Mary, are visiting this week Mr. and Mrs. Fred Butler, of Milltown, left this morning for a visit to Boston.

Mr. J. D. Purdy, of St. John, is in town this week. Mr. Wadsworth Harris has gone to New York, where he will begin rehearsals with the Modette company, where they will make an extended visit.

Mr. W. H. Parson, of New York, is registered at the Border City hotel. Mr. G. S. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass., is in Calais this week.

Miss Helen Kelley, who had been visiting in Calais for some weeks, returned to Boston today. Mrs. Gilkie, Mrs. Clayton and her children, who have been here for some weeks, leave tomorrow (Thursday) for Baltimore.

Miss Belle Kincaid and Mrs. E. T. Lee went to St. John this morning for a short visit. Mrs. A. McNicol, accompanied by her son, Mr. Church McNicol, have gone to Boston.

Mr. P. L. Connor returned to Quebec on Tuesday. Mrs. Swinerton, of Boston, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James Holly, during the summer months, returns home this week.

Mrs. Borden, of Wolfville, paid us a short visit on Tuesday on her way to Fredericton to attend the approaching marriage of her daughter.

Mr. J. Lloyd returned home from New York on Saturday. Miss Taylor, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Wiley.

Mr. F. W. Tapley left on Saturday for a ten days outing on the St. John river. Mr. J. Cokerly, of Elm street, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. D. F. Tapley entertained about thirty couples to a most enjoyable time last Friday at the Holly boom house, South Bay. Dancing was indulged in considerably, music being furnished by Mr. Sutherland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bestir, Douglas avenue, spent Sunday at Westfield. Miss Lottie Belva leaves on Friday for a fortnight's vacation in Boston.

Miss Alice Rudock expects to leave for Boston by the first of the week. Mr. R. Wisely left today for a trip to Boston and New York.

Miss G. Peters, of Queen's county, is the guest of Miss Smith, Mount Pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. G. have issued invitations for a sail up river on the steamer Tourist, to take place tomorrow.

Mr. J. Cokerly, of Indiantown, left on Tuesday for a fortnight's vacation in Boston and New York. Messrs D. Saxe, F. W. G. Purdy, L. Chesley, Dr. Geo. A. Hetherington and several other gentlemen are spending the last few days of the fishing season at Indian Lake.

Mr. Geo. Murphy and Mr. H. Stevens spent a few days at St. Stephen this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hea, accompanied by Miss L. Sweet, returned home from New York last week.

Mrs. G. H. Clowry, of Oranctown, was the guest last week of Mrs. L. Esterbrooks. Mr. Wm. Haydon leaves this week for Queen's county on a duck shooting expedition.

Dr. March and Dr. Smith expect to leave by boat about the first of the week for Boston. Miss Emma I. Day treated a number of her young friends to a birthday party on Tuesday evening. A large number were present and danced till early morn.

Miss Agnes Twomey left for a trip to Boston on Wednesday. Mr. Albert McArthur is spending the week at Indian Lake.

Mrs. Douglas McArthur, of Grand Bay, paid us a short visit last week. Mrs. Robert Gregory, who has been quite ill, is somewhat improved.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor and at the book store of G. S. Wall, in Calais at O. P. Treva's.]

Sept. 14.—The races at the St. Croix Driving park during the past two days brought out all the fashion and handsome carriages on both sides of the river and has engrossed the attention and energy of nearly everyone, so there has been but little going on socially. Yesterday the park was filled with spectators to see their favorite Edgarro and Willie, and they were not disappointed. Tomorrow, the new driving park at Calais will be opened for the first time. If the weather proves fine probably there will be a large attendance for the people on both sides of the St. Croix seem to be filled with the spirit of horse racing.

Invitations are out this morning to the wedding and reception of Miss Nellie Elliot Murchie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murchie, to Mr. Francis Edward Tucker, of New Bedford, Mass., on Thursday evening of next week.

Rev. O. S. Newham returned from Fredericton this morning. Mr. Owen Jones, of London, Eng., is in town this week. Mr. H. C. Grant leaves for New York on Friday morning, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Annie Bixby left this morning for a brief visit to her home in Montreal. Prof. W. F. Ganong, of Cambridge, Mass., accompanied by Miss Ganong, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Herman Dreschel and her children left Friday for their home in Montreal. Mr. Thomas Park, of Montreal, has this week been visiting his friends Mr. and Mrs. John Black. Miss Louise Taylor left on Saturday for a short visit in St. John.

Prof. J. Vroom, of King's college, Windsor, N. S., accompanied by Mrs. Vroom and her infant daughter, Mary, are visiting this week Mr. and Mrs. Fred Butler, of Milltown, left this morning for a visit to Boston.

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A Popular Line

of the latest Autumn Attractions.

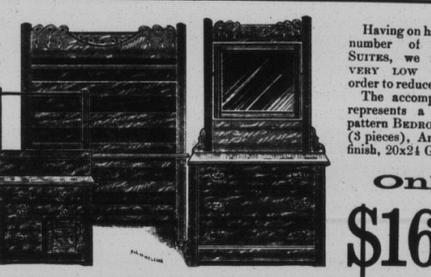
We have pleasure in informing the Ladies that we have many New NOVELTIES in Storm Serges, Wide Stripes, Crepe Cheviots, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Amazon and Melton Cloths, Stanley Costume Cloths, etc., etc.

Our celebrated STANLEY COSTUME CLOTHS are unsurpassed in Weave Style and Finish. They are 54 inches wide. Five yards make a costume.

In Ladies' Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs and Underwear we are showing some remarkably fine goods, at a range of prices that cannot fail to be satisfactory.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

HOW IS THIS FOR PRICE?



Only \$16.00

Having on hand a large number of BROODSOM SUITES, we make this VERY LOW OFFER in order to reduce our stock.

The accompanying cut represents a very neat pattern BEDROOM SUITE (3 pieces). Antique Oak finish, 20x24 Glass.

Freight prepaid to any station in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, or to any wharf or landing on St. John River. All goods carefully packed free of charge.

We also keep on hand a full line of PARLOR and DINING FURNITURE, EASY CHAIRS, FANCY CHAIRS, etc. Cuts and prices cheerfully sent on application.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 Waterloo St., St. John.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NEW PATTERNS IN

Cork Carpet

JUST OPENED.

THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE.

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

A. O. SKINNER.

Fur Goods.

Fur Collars, Fur Capes, Fur-lined Circulars and Dolmans.

The balance of Furs and Fur-lined Circulars remaining over from the Turner & Finlay purchase will be offered at the following reductions:

Table with 3 columns: Item, Former Price, Selling Price. Includes Fur Capes 18 in. deep, Fur Collars, etc.

The Fur-lined Circulars and Dolmans from \$40.00 to \$150.00 at half original prices.

These goods are free from Moths, and the skins are Coon, Grey Squirrel, Sable, Marten, Mink, Beaver and many other varieties.

68 King Street. W. C. PITFIELD & CO. F. G. LANSDOWNE, Manager.

COMING!

CROWNED WITH THE LAUREL WREATHS OF VICTORY AND WITH THE PRESTIGE OF A Name

Bristol's Educated Horses

The Finest Equine Show on Earth.

This Remarkable Exhibit will open at Mechanics' Institute, St. John, N. B. for a brief season, commencing Tuesday Evening, Sept. 20.

Provincial Exhibition

Under Management of Agricultural Society, District No. 34, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 5th, 6th and 7th.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Cash Prizes in all Departments.

Horses, Cattle, Agricultural, Horticulture, Poultry, Sheep, Swine, Fruit, Dairy Products, Honey and Apiary Supplies, Fancy Work, etc.

Races at Driving Park each Day. CHAS. E. MURRAY, President. A. S. MURRAY, Secretary. Fredericton, August 24, 1892.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO.-Ltd.

ROBB-ARMSTRONG ENGINE SIMPLE AND COMPOUND. Containing all the latest points of Standard American High Speed Engines and several improvements.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

LE BON MARCHE.

Millinery Opening September 22nd.

SIX BALL CROQUET SET

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.

Croquet is fashion able again. With many people who love a quiet and enjoyable garden game it never went out of fashion.

After all, there is nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable out of door game. This is a splendid opportunity to secure a good field, six ball Croquet, packed in a blinged cover box with balls, mallets, wickets, a set of wickets, pegs all complete. Retail price \$15.00.

GIRLS' TRICYCLES

Given for three new subscribers and \$5.00 additional.

There is no thing so enjoyable or more healthful for young girls in Summer than exercise on the tricycle. We can give a splendid 20 inch wheel tricycle, metal tired, strong and durable in every particular for a club of three new subscribers and \$5 additional. The retail price of this tricycle is \$10.

N. B.—We have a larger tricycle for larger girls, 30 inch wheel, metal tired, which will be sent for a club of three new subscribers and \$9 additional. Retail price \$14.

TENNIS RACQUET

Given for one new subscriber and \$1.25 additional.

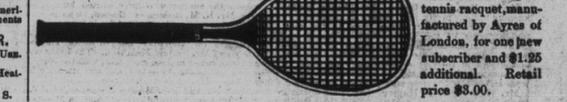
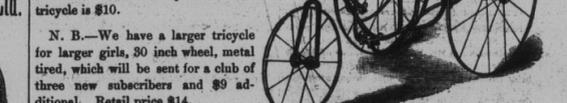
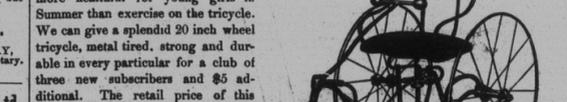
We will give a full size best English tennis racquet, manufactured by Ayres of London, for one new subscriber and \$1.25 additional. Retail price \$3.00.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich. An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enabled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.



WHAT

"MACK" The Board Made Us Men, who out of wh one of the town in o therefore r regard to w have as 194 as tow in tact we New York time is o one of our ially about any present way of exp contract and obligations nate compl Some town 194, in the we say of th times, that cession, th there are in their mances between a man man was but only need Hence we mu what a town requires Report say tribu have eac town has man them and di social life, its A live board is a moribund stitution and a parts lack er gether and de or in the thr A live board to the busine Therefore, we one, for outsid be constitu The great half a dozen who would de o'clock teas, sh picnics. Talen of purpose; a cency of a G with the crum Holmes into th ant and profitat need them, ev Desultory work do, we want executive comm basis.

With some sh rates of hygie paramount imp town, in the im sanitary m mountain for the monary disease sunlight and an bathing, a magn staff of doctor back to health t of that disea others too far g recovery; a pla sweet restorat lengthening life instead of racki Arkansas or Pa Pacific, there t deposited by th marked graves w lengthening life instead of racki Arkansas or Pa Pacific, there t deposited by th

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

WHAT THE TOWN NEEDS.

"MACK DEER'S" IDEAS FOR A BOON IN NEW GLASGOW.

The Board of Trade and how it might be made useful. A Proposed influx of Bachelors or Maidens - Other Suggestions Worth Reading.

Men, women and time is the raw material out of which a town is constructed, and one of the great needs or requirements of a town in order to build and enlarge it is therefore more men and women. With regard to time the other prime necessity, we have as much of the raw material on hand as towns of much greater importance, in fact we have as much time as either New York or London, and hence, although time is one of our needs, it certainly is not one of our defects. True there is a peculiarity about time that forbids us to make any present use of the past except in the way of experience or the future, except to contract and accumulate drafts and other obligations of a compulsory and importunate complexion.

Some towns like some men live in the past, in the halo of a departed glory, and we say of them that they are behind the times, that they are not up with the procession, that they really are not in it. Others are in advance of times and also of their finances. There is a great difference between a man's wants and his needs. A man may want the earth in harvest time but only need a most infinitesimal portion of it, so with a community of interests. Hence we must draw a distinction between what a town wants and what it actually requires.

Report says that members of the feline tribe have each nine lives; in one sense a town has many more, but I prefer to group them and discuss its commercial life, its social life, its civic vivacity.

New Glasgow has a board of trade. It is a moribund body with broken down constitution and sore head, whose component parts lack enough life to pull itself together and decide definitely that it is dead, or in the throes of a ghastly dissolution. A live board of trade is a valuable adjunct to the business machinery of a town. Therefore, we need to reanimate the old one, for outside it there is not enough timber to constitute another.

The great need of our social life is a half a dozen or so eligible young men who would devote their entire time to 5 o'clock teas, skating parties, croquet, and picnics. Talented men of great continuity of purpose; men who would throw the energy of a George Francis Train coupled with the erudition of an Oliver Wendell Holmes into the business, making it pleasant and profitable. We need them, O, we need them, every afternoon and evening. Desultory work in this connection won't do; we want a sort of secretary and executive committee to put it on a proper basis.

With some show of reason, ardent advocates of hygiene argue that a matter of paramount importance to the welfare of the town is the immediate erection of a grand sanitarium on the summit of Fraser's mountain for the alleviation or cure of pulmonary diseases. A place where pure sunlight and ozone coupled with sea bathing, a magnificent view, and an efficient staff of doctors and nurses would work back to health those in the earlier stages of that disease and lengthen the days of others too far gone to hope for complete recovery; a place where rest and nature's sweet restoratives would aid man's skill in soothing pain; where instead of rushing off to the hot springs of Arkansas or the arid climate of the Pacific, there to leave their bones to be deposited by the hands of strangers in unmarked graves where no loving hand ever strews them with the symbols of affection, they could at home receive such treatment that this New Glasgow would become the Mecca of the consumptive, where the people from the surrounding county would constantly flock—this is a consummation which is certainly not freighted with misfortune.

A live daily paper devoted to the best interest of the place, decimating news, educating, and instructing its patrons, with a sharp eye towards affairs of a civic nature, advocating necessary reforms and doing for the town what only a live daily paper can when under energetic management. This is no inconsiderable part of the needs of New Glasgow.

Some might be disposed to think that the lack of some wonderful natural curiosity which would attract people from all parts of the civilized world, some subterranean cavern where dead heroes lay embalmed, and where wonderful hieroglyphics fresco the walls, some where glittering stalactites made a canopy of diamonds, where long sinuous passages pierced their gloomy way deep in the bowels of St. Ann, where the lame and the halt and the blind, where the maimed, the mangled, the mised and affected would come to worship at her shrine and return overjoyed in the fulness of health and a rejuvenation of bodily decrepitude and decay. Perchance some phenomenon, such as a two-headed boy, or pair of Siamese twins would, although difficult to arrange for, be a great advertisement to our town.

After, however, carefully examining the situation, I have come to the conclusion that one of the serious defects of this town is the appearance of some one who would be to the world of manners and morals what Jenner, Pastner and Kelley are to the world of medicine.

In short, we want a man to arise who can discover the germs or bacilli of all that is best in man's nature, and be able to propagate the same. For instance, should it be discovered by some overt act that a man was deficient in civility, it would be in order to inoculate him with the germs of that peculiar predilection, should he be low in benevolence, then at once introduce into his system a peculiarly live bacilli of

that peculiar species. Should his besetting sin be selfishness and chief characteristic greed or egotism, we then could by a simple operation change him into a generous, high-minded and magnanimous individual. Should a council duly empowered decide that some man or woman lacked that love for the beautiful, the good and the true that should form part of our composition, then it would be in order to round out their existence to the true plane of manhood or womanhood by the immediate introduction of the necessary qualifications into their system. Instead of educating the eye, or training the mind by a long series of lessons, all that would be necessary to develop a connoisseur would be to puncture the arm and presto! A second Oscar Wilde. In this newer plan we accomplish at once what previously took years of study and appliance, toil and self-denial. Care would need to be exercised that none would receive an overdose, as it would be dangerous to give the victim an overdose of loquacity—for he would turn around and rend our hearts with a deluge of hilarious eloquence. However, those details would in due time adjust themselves.

Some might argue, and that with reasonable grounds, that what we require is an influx of bachelors, handsome amiable bachelors in easy circumstances, recently imbued with the idea that it is not good for man to be alone. Such an emigration would doubtless fill a long felt want. Or again that we require the fair sex to invade the town and capture the hearts of the lonely bachelors and lead them gently to the land of the benedict that bourn from which no traveller returns except with extreme difficulty.

Passing to graver themes there is reasonable proof that one of the dire needs of the town is a synagogue. The persecution of the Jews in Russia has drawn towards that people the sympathy of the christian world. This is nothing new for the Jews. I mean the persecution, not the sympathy. The Jews have been mixed up with more persecution than any other people. They are the oldest living bacilli available. They are the oldest living bacilli. Jews saw the rise and fall of nations whose very names are forgotten. They were there with age and traditions when the Egyptian pyramids were first planned. Babylon, Tyre and Sidon, Heliopolis were in their turn things of but yesterday compared with the Jews. They saw Greece and Rome rise into proud prominence, then sink almost into oblivion. They saw the great empires of the world then decay and pass off the world's drama, but the Jew had come to stay. He is with us now and will be with our children's children if we happen to have any. In fact the race to which the old clo' man and the cigar peddler belong have had all the great events that mark the milestones of the ages since the time that Jacob tended the sheep and cattle and cast the eyes of the former at Laban's pretty daughter and got tricked into first marrying the homely one. They are a people without a flag or a country. Their race has been the longest one known on the turf, and although they are slightly disfigured are still in the ring and three brass balls hang over their door, it is meet that such a people should have a Rabbi and a reverend. Therefore, we need a synagogue.

Mack Deer.

Oddities of Colour-Blindness. While the number of colour-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect, and most of those being affected only to a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases.

Captain Abney recently stated that he had found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision—that is to say, all colours appeared to them to be simply different shades of grey.

If the reader will look at a photograph of a landscape, or better, of a garden filled with brilliant flowers, he will be able to form an idea of the appearance which Nature must present to one who suffers from the infliction called monochromatic vision.

One can sometimes imitate the effects of colour-blindness through over-fatigue of the eye. Thus Mr. Brett, the painter, told the members of the Royal Astronomical Society not long ago, that in painting a scarlet geranium, after working at it for a quarter of an hour, the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will go on painting it as if it were black or colourless.

"Red," he explained, "is a very brilliant colour to the retina," and he added that "you can look at green until all is blue."

Workshoping Plans. Large numbers of plans have been worked up amongst the nations of the east, including the Hindu, the myrtle and the onion, the latter having been an object of worship amongst the Egyptians. The Jain, a religious sect, very numerous in Bombay, worship five grades of life: first, trees and plants; second, worms; third, ants and creeping things; fourth, winged creatures; and fifth, all higher animals. In the Toga Islands of the Pacific Ocean the natives lay offerings at the foot of peculiar trees with the idea of their being inhabited by spirits. The Talein, of Burma, before they cut down a tree, offer prayer to its "kaluk," or inhabiting spirit; and the Siamese offer cakes and rice to the tabuk-tak-tak before they fell it, and believe the inhabiting nymphs or mothers of trees pass into guardian-spirits of the boats built of their wood. In Ceylon the Bo-trees is found in the precincts of every Buddhist temple. At Annapoorn there is one of these trees of peculiar sanctity, to which thousands annually repair to offer prayer for health and prosperity.

A Thoughtful Child. Lady Caller—You said you had two cats. Little Girl—Yes'm I have white one and a black one. Lady Caller—You have only brought me the black one. Little Girl—Yes, the black one. Lady Caller—Why, what's the matter with your white one, 'cause your dress is black.

MEETS THEM HALF WAY.

EDITOR BUTLER'S RELATIONS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Bright Paragraphs From "Butler's Journal," in Which the Editor Speaks His Mind Regardless of Consequences—His Views on the Nashwaak.

The idea seems to have got abroad that our paper is anti-English and rebellious, and an enemy to the existing order of things. Nothing could be farther from the mark. Because we advocate a separation from England and the setting up of an independent, democratic form of government by Canada, there is no reason to infer that we hate England; we should be very grateful to our British blood if we did so. Because we advocate a Republican form of government there is no reason to infer that we hate the Queen and royal family. We have never said anything derogatory of them, and while we do not believe in cringing to them or consider them any better voices to be heard than any one else, we have nothing against them. Why should we have? They have never done us any injury. We think at least quite as much of them as they do of us, which is as far as we meet any one—half way.

The Family Next Door. It is no secret that the only requirement we have been particularly fortunate in the present location of our sanctum, for the family next door do not mean that the world shall be kept in ignorance of their existence.

They number between ten and twenty, are of all sizes, from the old woman to the new arrival of a few weeks ago; and it there is anything in which they would be lung power. From early morning until late at night it is one continuous round of yelling, singing, whooping, jumping and dancing. They disdain to speak in ordinary tones. They are civilized human beings, but pitch their voices to a sharp, the volume of which has been known to scare the rabbits in the backwoods of Maryland. Barnum's menagerie is nothing to it. The salvation army is not a circumstance, and the kids of Duffy street dwindle into insignificance in comparison. All this is very soothing and conducive to the performance of literary labor, and if in the future our readers detect any mistakes in the Journal, they may know it occurred in chasing an idea round the block that was scared by the big throats of the neighbors next door.

What Might Have Been. September 17 was our birthday, and we have just turned the 33rd milestone. We had intended to make it the occasion of a celebration, having a great spread and inviting all our brother editors to the Scotch barracks, to oysters and devilled chicken, and wine and champagne for those who wished to be sharp, the party arrived that day from the coast, not having any time to do the honors of the Journal office, and mother being sick we reluctantly postponed it till some future occasion. What a great treat we have missed! What a feast of reason and flow of soul, as they certainly would have accepted the invitation. Jimmy Crocker could have given us points on Blair and told us if there would be an election this fall. Fitts could have given us a temperance lecture, while Dr. McLeod (or if he is absent his son Harry) could have given us some pointers on the prohibition commission. McNutt could have given us the condition of the crops in the Northwest, while Allie Machum could have given us an account of the Star Social's moonlight excursion. If the editor of the Reporter or Intelligence (both being our friends) objected to wine we could have given them buttermilk, and if we should object to the singing of the "National Anthem" at parting, we could all have agreed on "A-r-r-a-boom-de-ay."

Subscribers and Subscribers. I proceed onward, and after taking dinner at Mr. Jeremiah Bell's, reach that night the home of Mr. John R. McE., at whose house I was more than welcome, and who paid up for the Journal for the past year and a year in advance, quite different from another subscriber at a short distance who, because I notified him by postal card to get mad and stopped it. It is no use trying to please such sensitive people, but we must say that we have a large list of good paying subscribers along the Nashwaak as we have anywhere else for the same extent of territory, and with the exception of the few who stopped it on account of the charge of impudence, we have not lost a subscriber, and of those who have got ashamed and come back. We wish to say once and for all that we have never said anything against our good country friends at any place, and among our many sins ingratitude cannot be laid to our charge. Our political opinions in some cases may be unpopular, but they are our own, and we cannot change them, and we think our friends should allow us a little latitude and permit us the editorial column for the expression of our views, if they have the rest of the paper to themselves. Knowing us so well, and the way we have struggled to get along, they should all subscribe; 35 cents a year is not a great testimonial of friendship when we give you a paper worth 60 cents.

Congratulations. The marriage of Mr. Well Burden to Miss Edith Boone is one of the latest social sensations of the town, and the thing will go along "Well," and that if Boone a Burden to her she may prove a Boone to him.

The Gentleman from Wayback. A gentleman from Wayback the other day came into the post office and putting his mouth to the letter slide, thinking it was the delivery holler: "Is there any mail for me?"

The Change of Time. I found the family at home and well, except Martin, who has more eyes, the effect, I am told, of too persistent search for a wife; but Kenneth has been more fortunate and has one of the nicest little women of the Nashwaak, and is beside the father of

One Dollar

IS NOT A LARGE PRICE TO PAY For a Good White SHIRT! and by a GOOD White Shirt, we mean The Best Shirt in Canada for the money. Manchester, Robertson & Allison's Unlaundered White Shirts at \$1.00 is good enough For all Sorts and Conditions of Men, being made from Extra Quality of Materials, combined with the very best workmanship. All hand-made button holes. Reinforced all over, and perfect fitting. All Sizes—1 3/4 to 18 inches \$1.00 each.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. 27 and 29 King Street.

Odd Pants—2000 Pairs Marked Down!

THIS is between seasons and we are selling more pants than anything else. Your Summer Pants are done but the Coat and Vest is good. Just match your Suit with some our Pants at—

Table with 8 columns of prices: \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.70, \$1.90, \$2.25, \$3.25, \$4.50, \$5.50. Corresponding values in the next column: 1.30, 1.55, 1.75, 1.95, 2.50, 3.50, 4.75, 5.75. Next column: 1.40, 1.60, 1.80, 2.00, 2.75, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00. Last column: 1.45, 1.65, 1.85, 2.10, 3.00, 4.25, 5.25, 7.00.

Scovil, Fraser & Co., Oak Hall. Cor. King and Germain Streets, St. John, N. B. All our Goods are ONE PRICE and Marked in PLAIN FIGURES.

"bouncing baby boy." It would be proud of it. Time indeed turns some queer somersaults. Those whom I played with and carried in my arms as kids a few years ago, are married and have kids of their own; while I am still dooming "single cussedness," there being too much good timber lying around for the girls to think of picking up a broken stick like me; that if I have no sweethearts among them there are many who are dear to me as sisters, from whom a smile or a kind word has often done much to cheer my drooping heart when days were dark and life not half as pleasant as it is now, and I comfort myself with the words of the poet: "No one is so accused by fate, No man so wholly unknown, But some heart though unknown Responds to mine."

And she may remain forever known, but there is nevertheless a pile of comfort in the thought.

The Story of a Picture. The death of John Graves, a London print dealer may recall to some the picture entitled "Can't You Talk?" The history of its production, as told by Mr. Graves under the shade of the historic mound at Waterloo, is interesting. Seeing one of his children playing with a pet collie dog one day, the dog occurred to him that the subject would make a charming picture, and he gave a commission to an artist to carry out his idea. The price was \$1,000, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy's exhibition, where it attracted the notice of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who expressed a desire to purchase it. Mr. Graves, who had placed on it what he considered the prohibitory price of \$5,000, informed the prince that as he had had the picture painted solely for the purpose of the day, the prince granted graciously the engraving right and became its purchaser. Up to the present time reproductions of the picture have netted more than \$120,000. Near the field of Waterloo Mr. Graves purchased an estate several years ago, but the prince granted him the subject of that decision to battle. He confined his reading exclusively to it.

Love, Superstition and Cruelty. Two young girls were cited before the local Hezkirgericht in Ottakring a few days ago on the charge of cruelty to animals. They were both scarcely 16 years old, yet each had her lover. In order to secure the affection of these young men they resolved to carry out a love-charm which is guaranteed to be effectual for that purpose by a "Zauber-und Wunschbuchlein," printed as long ago as 1706, and still regarded as an infallible helper. The "pre-scription," which is in Old German rhyme, and probably a good deal older than 1706, runs as follows, roughly translated: "Wouldst thou have thy sweetheart true? Give him cat's eyes for his wine; Then himself must pluck the eyes out; Twelve weeks old must the cat be; At midnight by light of the full moon Then must burn the eyes to powder; But the dust into his wine, and say: 'Cat's eyes, cat's eyes, never look with love at another. Keep this eyes ever for me alone!' Do this, and he will be eternally true."

In order to carry out this hideous superstition, the young girls took two kittens belonging to a Frau Helm, dug out the eyes from the poor little beasts, and then prepared their love-powder.

"The Thieves' Kitchen." Another of the spots immortalized by Charles Dickens—namely, "The Thieves' Kitchen," in Oliver Twist, has within the last few days passed away. The kitchen was situated in Leyland-street, near the new Clerkenwell-road and Rosebery-avenue, and Mr. Dillaway, the builder, of Fulham, is now erecting two shops on the site of the old house, next to the Red Lion, the resort of Bill Sykes and the ill-fated Nancy, with Fagan and their numerous associates.

Advertisement for Three Lines of Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, viz: 12c. per pair, 2 for 20c. 25c. " " 2 " 50c. 20c. " " 2 " 35c. PLAIN WOOL HOSE. In Sizes 4 to 9 1/2 in. In Price 12c. to 25c. SPECIAL. Current Damask 10c. per yd. G. H. McKAY, - 61 Charlotte St.

Advertisement for THE FIRST CHURCH IN CANADA. St. Paul's, Halifax, Celebrates Its 142nd Anniversary. HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 8.—It is given to few pastors and to few peoples to join in celebrating the centenary of the founding of their church, but Rev. Dyon Hague and his people have surpassed even that distinction by celebrating the 142nd anniversary of St. Paul's church. Few indeed realize as they pass along in their daily avocations, that the substantial looking building facing the parade is as old almost as our city and the oldest place of worship in the Dominion of Canada.

Founded within a few months after the first landing of the pioneer settlers on the wooded shores of Halifax harbor, it has grown up with the city until today it is the largest protestant church in the maritime provinces. For the first time in three decades its history was the history of the city and its parishioners were the colonists of Nova Scotia; it was really the corporation of Halifax and had concern for the social as well as the religious welfare of the citizens. Through trying times it must have passed, but sturdy purpose and earnestness planted by the settlers from old New England a mighty power in the early colonial days.

The rector, Sunday morning, read the words from Psalm xc: 17, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yes, the work of our hands establish thou it," and said: "It is always the desire of good men that their work shall last, that the work of their hands shall have the stamp of permanency. Men die and pass away, but that which they have wrought in God, remains long after they have gone into the silence of the tomb, as a monument and an example for future generations. It is with this prayer of the psalmist we enter upon our services today, and raise our voices in thankfulness.

One hundred and forty-two years ago, within three months of the first landing of the New England settlers, this church was built and opened, the first church where the gospel was preached in all our beloved country, and for more than twenty years the only protestant church in Canada. Since that time what momentous changes have taken place, what struggles and conflicts and revolutions (have come and gone), but withal this grand old church stands the test of ages and the original building still stands a wonderful illustration of the text, "The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree."

The very monuments and tablets which stud the walls tell how much sameness there is in all ages. There are monuments of sailors and soldiers, valiant soldiers of the crown and devout soldiers of the Lord, of the illustrious statesmen Wentworth, Haliburton and Uniacke. Strange to say there is today with two exceptions not a single surviving family to represent those

who were the leaders of the people in the olden time and scarcely more than three names survive to perpetrate their memory. Behind the pulpit is a tablet to the memory of the first protestant bishop of this land and his son the third rector of St. Paul's and the third bishop of this diocese. There is also a beautiful memorial to the distinguished Archbishop Willis at one time rector of this church. The prominent thought this morning should be gratitude to God. Why has St. Paul's been so blessed and so strengthened? The answer is: it has at all times opened wide its doors and bade the stranger enter of whatever communion or sect he was. In these republican days many believe the mission of the Church of England is over. There are three reasons why it is destined to be permanent. First—The church is apostolic and scriptural. Second—She is democratic and admirably fitted to be the church of the people. Third—She is practical. The Church of England does not occupy the position she should. She has been cold, dead, selfish; she has introduced ceremonies which do not belong to her and she has looked askance on those outside her doors. If she had been true to her faith and her creed she would today stand in her right place. I believe God intended this church, the first planted in our land, to be first in doctrine, first in faith, and first in the hearts of the people. Oh, would that day soon come, when all would be united, not in that union, which would place the Church of Rome on one side and the Protestant Church on the other, but rather that truer union in which all could gather round a common centre—one faith, one Lord, one baptism.

Breave Ladies of Victoria. The fair Viennese are growing weary of the tyranny of la mode de Paris, and propose to set the fashions in future for themselves. Why, they question with reason, should we wear a particular color or a special cut, because Parisian milliners say it is the proper thing? There seems to be widespread discontent, not to say revolution, in this respect in fashion's realm. Only Parisian women are servile imitators of the mode, wear unquestioningly what the mysterious on dit of the oracle commands. In London French fashions are modified until scarcely recognizable to their own designers. Particularly is this true among American women, whose skill in the adaptation and manipulation of modes to suit various styles of beauty is quite equal to the fertility of French invention, and results in an originality, individuality, and harmony in dress unknown even at Paris.

VERY QUEER BUT TRUE.

SOME STRANGE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Instances Where the Dead Appeared and Spoke to Friends—John Blaney's Ghost—The Captain's Son—The Visitor to the Play House.



THE truth of the following stories of the supernatural is vouched for by an English author. They are selected from a collection made to prove certain theories, but published in this form are none the less interesting.

The first is told by an English lady, who graphically describes her experience on the night when a friend died. The narrative is a thrilling one, as are most of those given below. Some of them are not unlike the experiences of St. John people published in PROGRESS a year or two ago.

At the Hour he Died. On the evening of March 13th, 1879, I was dressing myself to go to a dinner party at Admiralty House, Victoria, Malta. I had accepted Admiral and Mrs. ... invitation, much against my will, as a dear friend was lying seriously ill at Brighton.

As we crossed the water the cool night air seemed to revive me, and I began to laugh at myself for letting my imagination play such tricks. We got home, somehow, and I dragged myself upstairs to my room, and commenced undressing. Whilst taking down my hair I distinctly felt a hand pass over my head and neck as if some one was assisting me. I told my husband—to be again laughed at. I knelt to say my prayers. Instead of praying (as I had been used to do) for God to make my friend well, I, without any will of my own, prayed that he might be taken out of his misery. I went to bed. Something came and lay beside me. I clung to my husband, who tried to calm me, assuring me there was nothing there to hurt or frighten me. A cold moue seemed to freeze on my cheek, and I distinctly heard "Good-bye, Sis, good-bye," in my friend's well-known voice.

In Dublin, at the beginning of this century, there were two rivals in the art of rope-dancing, a Frenchman named Perote, and an Italian, Signor Sarluico, who, after trying in every way to outvie each other, agreed to perform together in a "dance of friendship." The two men on the rope were in the full dress of the period, with lace ruffles, bagwigs, and swords. Signor Sarluico in beginning seemed to have some difficulty with his feet, which Perote perceiving, caused him to make some remark which aroused the Italian's anger, who raised his hand as if to strike; the same instant Perote's rapier was drawn, and before the audience could comprehend that they had quarrelled, Sarluico's sword was out also, and the two were thrusting at each other on the tight-rope. Both were good swordsmen, but Perote was the better of the two. He warder of the Italian's thrusts with his rapier, till Sarluico, making one desperate lunge received a bad stroke which threw him off his balance, and at the same time attempted to grapple with his enemy. Down he went, and down went Perote, and there was the Italian ranging on the rope by his feet and the Frenchman holding on to it by both hands, when the latter, with a face of triumph, cried, "Look, ladies and gentlemen, at the straps attached to his shoe heels and passed over the rope! There is how he has made himself safe, and dared to pretend he surpassed me when he was spent on the rope, and whose great-grandfather performed before Henry IV." By this time the spectators had rushed with ladders and leather beds and got both men safely down. Sarluico's exposure, however, prevented his further success, and he quickly disappeared from the city.

On the 10th of April, 1889, at about half-past nine o'clock a. m., writes a resident of Lisadell, Sligo, my younger brother and I were going down a short flight of stairs leading to the kitchen to fetch food for my chickens, as usual. We were about half way down, my brother a few steps in advance of me, when he suddenly said—"Why, there's John Blaney; I didn't know he was in the house!" John Blaney was a boy who lived not far from us, and he had been employed in the house as hall-boy not long before. I said I was sure it was not he (for I knew he had left some months previous on account of ill-health), and looked down into the passage, but saw no one. The passage was a long one, with a rather sharp turn in it, so we ran quickly down the last few steps and looked around the corner, but nobody was there, and the only door he could have gone through was shut. As we went upstairs my brother said, "How pale and ill John looked, and why did he stare so?" I asked what he was doing. My brother answered that he had his sleeves turned up, and was wearing a large green apron, such as the footmen always wear at their work. An hour or two afterwards I asked my maid how long John Blaney had been back in the house. She seemed much surprised, and said, "Didn't you hear, miss, that he died this morning?" On inquiry we found he had died about two hours before my brother saw him. My mother did not wish that my brother should be told this, but he heard of it somehow, and at once declared that he must have seen his ghost.

On the evening of Saturday, April 26th, 1890, writes another lady, I was engaged with my sister and other friends in giving an amateur performance of "The Antigone," at the Westminster Town Hall. A passage led down to several dressing-rooms used by the ladies who were taking part in the representation, and nowhere else. None of the public had any business down this passage; although a friend came to the door of the dressing-room once to speak to some of us.

I was passing from one dressing-room to another, a few steps further along the pas-

sage, just before going to the stage, when I saw in the passage, leaning against the door-post of the dressing-room which had left, a Mr. H., whom I had met only twice, but whom I knew very well by sight, and as an acquaintance, though I had heard nothing of him for two years. I held out my hand to him, saying, "Oh, Mr. H., I am so glad to see you." In the excitement of the moment it did not occur to me as odd that he should have come thus to the door of the dressing-room—although this would have been an unlikely thing for a mere acquaintance to do. There was a brilliant light and I did not feel the slightest doubt as to his identity. He was a tall, singular-looking man, and used to wear a frock coat buttoned unusually high round the throat. I just observed this coat, but noticed nothing else about him specially except his face. He was looking at me with a sad expression. When I held out my hand he did not take it, but shook his head slowly without a word, and walked away down the passage—back to the entrance. I did not stop to look at him, or to think over this strange conduct, being in a great hurry to finish dressing in time.

Next day, as a number of us were talking over the performance, my sister called out to me, "You will be sorry to hear that Mr. H. is dead." "Surely not," I exclaimed, "for I saw him last night at 'The Antigone.'" It turned out that he had been dead two days when I saw the figure.

"My Boy is Drowned." Sailors are accredited with being the most superstitious community it is possible to come across, writes an old tar: "Well, I suppose they are, and though I don't reckon that I am much of a believer in the supernatural, I'd like just to relate a little yarn of what befell me some years ago. I was commanding the Grenadier in 1883, and on the 2nd of September we were caught in a terrible heavy gale. I had been up on the bridge full of anxiety, all day and all night, and when next morning broke I went to lie down on the couch in my chart-room for a little spell of rest. I fell asleep almost immediately, and had a dream. I dreamt that I saw a steamer laboring in a fearful sea, and whilst I looked I recognized her as vessel named the Inchutha, which was commanded by my eldest son George, whose figure I could distinctly make out, swathed in oilskins on the bridge. The vessel was being cruelly knocked about by the surges, and I held my breath in my sleep as I watched her. Suddenly a towering billow came rushing down upon her, and swept like an avalanche of foam over her stern. She staggered like a wounded deer, and before she could recover herself a second wave, heavier even than the first, careered wildly over her. I saw her dark outline lingering a moment amid the boiling yeast, then her funnel and masts disappeared out of sight, she had vanished from off the raging waters. I woke with a start, and, rushing up on the bridge, cried to the mate, 'My boy is drowned! my boy is drowned!' And from that day to this the vessel has been never more heard of."

A Duel on a Tight Rope. In Dublin, at the beginning of this century, there were two rivals in the art of rope-dancing, a Frenchman named Perote, and an Italian, Signor Sarluico, who, after trying in every way to outvie each other, agreed to perform together in a "dance of friendship." The two men on the rope were in the full dress of the period, with lace ruffles, bagwigs, and swords. Signor Sarluico in beginning seemed to have some difficulty with his feet, which Perote perceiving, caused him to make some remark which aroused the Italian's anger, who raised his hand as if to strike; the same instant Perote's rapier was drawn, and before the audience could comprehend that they had quarrelled, Sarluico's sword was out also, and the two were thrusting at each other on the tight-rope. Both were good swordsmen, but Perote was the better of the two. He warder of the Italian's thrusts with his rapier, till Sarluico, making one desperate lunge received a bad stroke which threw him off his balance, and at the same time attempted to grapple with his enemy. Down he went, and down went Perote, and there was the Italian ranging on the rope by his feet and the Frenchman holding on to it by both hands, when the latter, with a face of triumph, cried, "Look, ladies and gentlemen, at the straps attached to his shoe heels and passed over the rope! There is how he has made himself safe, and dared to pretend he surpassed me when he was spent on the rope, and whose great-grandfather performed before Henry IV." By this time the spectators had rushed with ladders and leather beds and got both men safely down. Sarluico's exposure, however, prevented his further success, and he quickly disappeared from the city.

Women in Learned Societies. The learned societies across the ocean seem to be recognizing the fact that there is lack of reason and want of sense in confining their fellowship to members of a single sex, for the British Medical Association has formally consented to admit duly qualified women practitioners to membership. Women are already accepted as fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, with the privilege of speaking at the great meetings of that body, and the British Zoological Association has this year elected a woman as one of its vice-presidents. Appropos of the admission of women to the Medical Association, Sir Spencer Wells consulted an American examiner on the subject of professional women and received the following very smart reply: "Well, sir, in our country we have a great many female journalists, female preachers, and females in all classes of professions and trades; but we want female women."—N. Y. Sun.

Marriage Laws in the States. There are several states in America in which the age at which young people may marry is as early as fourteen in the male and twelve in the female; but elsewhere the ages vary considerably, the highest being in Washington and Montana, where no man can marry before twenty-one, no woman before eighteen. Impatient young couples in these states, however, can easily cross the border and get married elsewhere, the rule being that a locally valid marriage is valid everywhere. Important exceptions to this rule, however, exist. Marriage may be solemnized in all the states by any minister of the Gospel; but in most states he must be ordained or licensed. In some a "common law marriage" is valid—that is, a marriage entered into by mutual agreement of a man and woman to live together as husband and wife, without any ceremony being performed or public declaration being made. South Carolina has no divorce laws.

Questions for Somebody. Do you think you could love the young man who sneers at his mother and sister? Do you think you could love the young man who does not let the trouble to look his nearest when he comes to see you? Do you think you could love the young man who forgets to remove his hat when he is talking to you in the hallway or on the veranda? Do you think you could love the young man who is never thoughtful of your comfort, but only of his own? Do you think you could love the young man who while professing love to you speaks about you in a careless way?

Why He Let the Baby Fall.

A young curate, who had recently taken orders, was appointed to a church where the vicar was extremely energetic, so much so, that when he had been there six months he had never had a chance of preaching. This, he thought, was very hard lines, as he felt sure that he had the making of a great orator in him. One day, however, his vicar told him that there would be a child to christen the next Sunday afternoon, and that as he (the vicar) would be engaged elsewhere, it would be left to the curate to conduct the service. "Now," he thought to himself, "if I am not allowed to preach, I will at least avail myself of this opportunity to let some portion of the congregation know what my oratorical powers are."

The eventful afternoon arrived, the church-father, mother, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers stood round the font. The service went very well until he had to take the child in his arms. He took hold of it as though it were a torpedo, and then delivered himself of this oration: "My dear brethren, before I proceed to christen this child I would like to address a few words to the sponsors as to its future welfare. It is an old saying and a true one that the child is father to the man. Now, then, instant I hold in my arms, may I properly trained, rise to great eminence. He might one day, if well brought up, get into parliament and become a second Disraeli or Gladstone, and pass such laws as would be of benefit to the whole of the British Empire. Or, again, he might become a great soldier and emulate the deeds of Bonaparte or Wellington. Should he go into the church he might eventually become Archbishop of Canterbury or a great missionary, and be the means of converting thousands of souls."

"If he enters the medical profession, why should he not be a Jenner or a Pasteur or a man like Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood? Should he turn his attention to commerce, what is there to prevent him from becoming Lord Mayor of London?" "As a scientific man he might be a Newton or a Faraday. What is the child's name?" "Mary Anne, please, sir."

The baby fell. Why Druggists Sell Stamps. New York people, and indeed strangers in Gotham, instinctively go to the nearest drug store when in a hurry for a postage stamp. The idea is that druggists keep stamps when other stores do not, and the idea is correct. The same is true of other American cities, such as Boston, and a good many people who look for the origin of things have wondered why a druggist should sell stamps when a bookseller does not, especially as no commission is allowed. A nickel-in-the-slot machine has now been introduced, which will save clerks and proprietors a good deal of trouble, though the public will get only two cent stamps for the nickel, the machine keeping the other cent for profit. In speaking of this, a druggist tells the N. Y. Sun the origin of men in his line dealing in stamps. He says, "Away back in 1842, I think it was, the government charge on letters for city delivery was five cents. Dr. Boyd, who had an office at Fourth street near MacDougal, made an effort to secure a postal reduction. Failing in this, he set up an independent delivery system, which was known as the 'Pony express.' Boxes for the reception of letters were placed in all the drug stores, and all letters so posted were collected and delivered twice daily by the 'Pony Express' for a charge of two cents each. This postage on letters was enough to pay operating expenses and give druggists a liberal percentage for the rent of boxes. When the pony express was finally abolished people had become so accustomed to associating the drug store with posting a letter that druggists began to keep stamps as an accommodation to their patrons, and the practice finally became general."

Wm. McKelvie, Machinist, New Glasgow, says:—"I paid Dr. O. S. Sweet, of Boston, \$100, for six months treatment for dyspepsia, besides cost of medicine. No cure. I then tried Drs. Cox, Carpenter, and the late Dr. O'Connor, all of Boston; was told I was past recovery; was induced to try K. D. C., have used four boxes; and have been well nearly two years, can eat anything. I would advise dyspeptics to try it."

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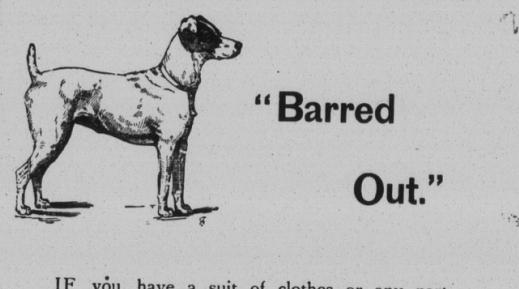
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"Barred Out." IF you have a suit of clothes or any part of one that the canine in the illustration has had anything to do with; if he has helped you through the fence for instance, and has secured a memento of the occasion—then you are Barred Out. Your clothes are useless so far as Ungar is concerned. But if you have a faded suit, one that has passed the hey-day of its youth but is not torn, simply faded, send it to Ungar's and have it made to look as good as new. Do you do your own washing? Does it make you tired? Does it break up the week so you cannot go anywhere? Send your laundry to Ungar's this week and see how much better you will feel for having escaped the drudgery of wash day.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 88. Or Halifax, 62 and 64, Grandville street. They will be done right, it does not cost a cent. UNGAR'S.

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Love Prescribed by the King of the Kingdom of Heaven. It has been said that the only way to save one's life is to lose it. In that sense, one's life is a gift from God, and it is not to be reckoned as a possession, but as a trust. Some of the most beautiful passages in the Bible are those which speak of the love of God for man, and of the love of man for God. It is this love which is the power of God, and which is the only way to eternal life. The love of God is not a mere sentiment, but a power which is able to overcome all sin and all evil. It is this love which is the foundation of all true religion, and which is the only way to the Kingdom of Heaven. The love of God is not a mere sentiment, but a power which is able to overcome all sin and all evil. It is this love which is the foundation of all true religion, and which is the only way to the Kingdom of Heaven.



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

Love Your Neighbor as Yourself.

Preached by Rev. William Gardiner, of the Episcopal Cathedral, Fairbanks, Minn.

For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.—St. Matthew vii. 20.

It has been said that if the New Testament were to disappear entirely from among the things known by mankind, save only the Sermon on the Mount, that in that sermon men would find sufficient light and instruction for the guiding of one's life here and for the enlightenment and stimulation of faith in the life hereafter; that in the Sermon on the Mount we have the very essence of the gospel. Like most statements of its kind, it is true and it is not true.

We may, for the guiding and inspiring of human conduct in right ways, discover in this wonderful sermon all necessary light and inspiration. The first verses of this chapter read like a spiritual poem of ideal living. The graces it sings we know are attainable by us in a very inferior degree. Yet so powerfully do these beatitudes appeal to the best that is in us that no man can ponder them, however alien his own life may be from their complete possession, and not feel their seductive beauty and divine charm.

Some ideas rebel by their very fancifulness or impracticability. The history of Christianity furnishes abundant illustrations of interpretations of Christ living that in no way appeal to us as desirable or reasonable or practical.—Simon Stylites, causing his Christian virtues for years by living on the top of a pillar. Early fanatics, regarding all high virtues as begotten of isolation, silence, and almost entire separation from all ordinary human conditions of living. In these exhibitions of Christian living the ordinary soul seeking redemption finds itself in no degree helped or inspired.

But the beatitudes of this wonderful sermon, far removed as we feel ourselves from them, are continually before our thought, as diamonds sparkling out from amid common clay, tempting us, drawing us, inspiring us by the fascination of their beauty.

Having set in order the graces of this new and wonderful career the Saviour came to open before the human race, the great teacher compares the virtues and spirit of this new life with the old life in which mankind had been educated. The law and the gospel are brought in sharp contrast. The Pharisaic glosses and interpretations of the law; their perversions and oblique ways of reading it, and the large, free, world-embracing spirit of the new life that should flow from Him, are laid side by side, and the new law and the new life swallow up and abrogate the old law and the old life.

This new life was to completely absorb the old. A new dispensation, a new era for mankind came in with the coming of the Son of Man. A new perfection was being revealed, reaches and vistas never before dreamed of were opening before the moral and spiritual view of humanity. The old righteousness, the righteousness of Judaism, perfectly interpreted, perfectly embodied, was simply a preparation for the new righteousness that should find its very essence in spiritual renovation and revolution. It was a school master, a pedagogue, shaping and fitting for the sunlight of the last dispensation of God's moral government.

New standards, a new life, new forces, to impel and embody that life in history; new social, new spiritual conditions; a new outlook for the race; all this is meant by that wonderful phrase iterated and reiterated in this sermon, "But I say unto you."

The past has served its purpose in God's government of the world. The future of mankind must derive its inspiration, its life, its history from the revealed Son of Man. Let us take up one of these contrasts running all through this discourse of our dear Saviour's, between the old life and the new, the life of bondage to definitions and mechanical restraints, and the free, full life that should come through faith, love and obedience to him. "But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which spitefully use you and persecute you that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for He maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The old righteousness, according to current and popular interpretation, was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Like should be met with like, the conduct of a foe should be met by the treatment be gotten of a like spirit and motive. We see this illustrated, in a measure, in the Book of Job, and also in some of the Psalms. Individual men, men of God, rose to a higher level than the morality of their times, and exhibited a larger and more spiritual conception of the principles of God's government of the world. The period of schooling necessarily stands for a lower and narrower life than the free, full life for which it was the preparation. Not opposed to the new order was this old order, nor in antagonism to it, for it was naturally and necessarily its historical forerunner, but lacking its spaciousness, its liberty, its perfect freedom from all beggarly elements of imperfection.

The very perfections of God forbid us to look upon His government as revealing principles or laws antagonizing each other. But because of human infirmity, because of the immaturity and readiness of mankind in its earlier history, we find it under the guidance of maxims and precepts and a spirit of life, which the perfect life revealed in the Son of Man absorbs and makes of non-effect.

So the lex talionis of the old life, the spirit which in its imperfect conception of justice claimed that personal vengeance was a part of it, and embodied itself in the maxima, "an eye for an eye," "love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," representing the world's moral twilight, all this vanishes, or rather merges—as the points of light from the stars merge in the full light of the noonday sun—in the perfect light of God's complete revelation in the Gospel of the Son of God.

But let us come nearer our subject that we may hear its personal words for our hearts. The forgiveness of injuries, the loving our enemies, the doing good to those who seek our overthrow, the complete conquering of the natural man, full of its prickling resentments and strong, hardy hatreds and repulsions, and the kingdom of the spiritual man whose scepter is wielded by love, by a world-embracing charity, by a spirit that conquers by conquering itself.

We know the perversity of the natural man; how all this pushing of the natural passions of the natural man to the wall is against the grain. Say what we will, the Christian life, which is the begotting of the Christian life in us by spiritual agencies, is not a mere gloss or polish of the old Adam. It is a revolution, resetting of all our forces forward, a readjustment of ourselves to all living conditions. It is putting ourselves under new laws and a continual compelling of our hearts, and lives to obedience.

The two ways of looking at life are continually present to our consciousness, and no day passes over our heads but we have the problem of deciding whether the old life of resentments, the old spirit of striking back, shall rule us, or the new life of universal love shall so possess us that all other interpretations of life shall seem small and mean and contemptible.

The hardest test you can apply to yourself is the test of this principle: "For give us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The world is full of unlovely people; we are probably unlovely ourselves. Temporary injustice prevails, and the natural man, championing supposed justice, would strike and kill the unjust thing. But this championship is but resentment and personal hate, not any heroic championing of eternal right.

Theoretical Christianity is the easiest of all things. Admiration for the beautiful and the good in morals costs no effort of the soul; and life is full of this kind of goodness—goodness that possesses a most verbose vocabulary, but that lacks the stamina and fiber that form the very essence of high virtue.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," Christian virtue is an advance upon all that was ever known before, a new life supernaturally born, inspired and governed by the power and grace of God and the Holy Ghost.

If we apply an exact and honest test, each of us, we would find our utmost attainment of supernatural virtues would come very far short of the standard set before us by our blessed master. Our best and most heroic endeavors are a most imperfect reflection of the ideal Christian life.

I do not know but this higher standard of life needs special emphasis in this, our day. The world is busy, as never before in history, with most wonderful toil and activity. Life rather needs a holding back from over-strain in all that makes for visible material prosperity. Where some of this exuberant earnestness turned toward the educating and cultivating of the ideal virtues, whose attainment may mean loss of much we are wont to value, but whose lack always means spiritual bondage, unloveliness, and degradation of all the high possibilities of our nature, our life today, would be vastly sweeter, more beautiful, more blessed and divine.

We need to feel the power of ideals more than we do. Life with us is too much enslavement to the beggarly elements. Strength is not in noise, in the splendor of material achievement. He who conquers himself is far greater than he who conquers an army. The man who, by strong force of self-government, through the grace of God, can love even his enemy, is far stronger and grander than a Napoleon, who, although he conquered Europe, was a moral coward all through his life.

The strong character is the character that conquers by the alchemy of divine love; the strong life is the life that is so filled with the love of others' good that all all opposition vanquishes before its warm touch.

Temperament may account for much. This grace of universal charity is vastly more easy of attainment for some than for others. But in none of us is it born naturally, or does it prosper without cultivation.

When I can say, not simply, "I love God with all my heart, and soul, and strength," but also can say, "I love my enemies; I bless them that persecuted me," then in truth I am an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

In this truly is the perfect Christian life attained.

A Novelty in Biblical Literature.

A novelty in the literature of Biblical exposition is a devotional commentary in prose and verse on the Book of Revelation from the pen of Christina G. Rossetti, with the title *The Face of the Deep*. Miss Rossetti is considered by many people as disputing with Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow the first rank among English poets of her own sex. Mr. Swinburne assigns to her the second place among English sacred poets, the first being given to Cardinal Newman.

The Wish of the Heart.

A deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. First words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

CONSERVATIVE UNITARIANS.

Don't Reflections Evoked by an Interesting Quarrel in a Toronto Church.

It rather startles orthodox people to find our Unitarian brethren in dispute over a "too advanced" pastor. Orthodoxy had an idea that Unitarianism was the very last resort of heterodox people who did not believe in the Trinity or anything except a Supreme Being. Of course this is not true, but this little disagreement in the Jarvis street congregation makes it evident that the "most progressive," the "farthest advanced," the "most heterodox" have within them conservative and radical elements. It would be useless to argue to those who consider Unitarianism unpalatable, no matter in what degree it may be held, that that denomination has had a great influence in shaping other creeds. It might be equally useless to urge that Unitarians are but degrees extending through a long chain of denominations and containing within themselves many excellent people of divergent views—perhaps of not nearly defined views—who desire a religious home. Begin with the sternest of all creeds, Presbyterianism, and from the beginning to the end one finds a thousand varieties and shades of opinion. Through Anglicanism, through the many denominations which are grouped under the name of orthodox Protestantism, you find the most heterogeneous ideas of God, of the plan of salvation and the future state—of everything concerned in our spiritual life. Then we have many shades of Unitarians, many of them quite as orthodox as some Presbyterians. Then we have our Catholic brethren holding all sorts of ideas as to doctrine and duty. And the Jews are not alike, but differing with one another. Then there are those who disbelieve in all creeds and who wear the name of agnostic, or infidel, or atheist, or theist, or theosophist. I enumerate these simply to show how wonderful is the difference that I may point the moral by asking each reader to remember how similar individuals are to one another, and how absolutely alike all good people are and how very much alike all bad people are; how objectionable all rude people are; how unneighborly and unbearable all selfish people are; how utterly abhorrent to everything good that there is in us all cruel people are, and how with one accord all people are either religious or superstitious, no matter what they may profess to disbelieve or believe, or how with one accord they practice one thing and avoid another, or how careless they may be in this or devout in that. And lastly but not least, in the name of Unitarianism, a paragraph which has caused these reflections, how all sorts and conditions of people, particularly those who are nearest to one another, occasionally fall out, and how even in these little disputes God is not entirely absent from the result.—Don in Toronto Saturday Night.

Archdeacon Farrar on Love. The youngest son of you who knows that charity in the bible means not almsgiving, but love. And, O my brethren, how shall we, the poor, feeble, fretful children of conventional religion and a weakened faith, how shall we speak of love aright? And what is all speaking of it better than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal unless—not as dissemblers, not as self-excusers, not as self-deceivers—we see how far we fall short of it, and set ourselves resolutely to amend; for God is love, and the Seraphim who stands nearest to His throne can hymn no loftier theme. Greater than faith, greater than hope, on it all the law and the prophets hang. It is Christ's new commandment, the greatest of all the commandments, the special fruit of the Spirit, the new name on the forehead of the redeemed, the outer robe which covereth a multitude of sins. "Put on," says St. Paul, "as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of merciful kindness, tenderness of heart, humility, meekness, long-suffering, which bound together the fine linen and ardent gems of Aaron's robe—all these fair virtues put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

The Poet Gray's Churchyard. Gray's famous "Elegy" has been associated with many churchyards, and the actual place which gave the poet his inspiration has often been disputed. The vicar of Thunington is confident of the claims of his church, which lies a mile or so out of Canterbury, and though now approached by a road, was years ago only to be reached by a footpath across two or three fields. Gray, a man of independent means, undoubtedly passed several summers of his life at Canterbury, having an uncle an alderman in the city. His habit was to stroll in the evening to some neighboring churchyard, and he could indulge in thought without disturbance. Internal evidence is afforded by Thunington churchyard of its associations with the poet's ideas. Gray could there sit under a yew tree, probably as old as the church itself (which dates from the reign of William Rufus), and in full view the cathedral, from where the curlew would be distinctly heard. St. Nicholas Harbledown might have afforded the "ivy mantled towers," or it is not probable that the old church tower, since blown down and rebuilt, might have been covered with ivy? Yet another piece of evidence. The owl over whom Gray brooded have made their home in the church roof from time immemorial.

The Czar at His Prayers. According to advices from St. Petersburg, the Czar's stay in Copenhagen has done him much good. But he is still very nervous, and easily startled. The same may be said of the Czarina, but in a much higher degree, for since the railway accident at Borki she has been extremely delicate. If the Czar dieted himself he might be better, but he cannot be persuaded to do it, although he sometimes suffers from a rush of blood to the head. One of his favorite amusements is card-playing, which interests him more than military matters. His mode of living is exemplary, and he is a most zealous churchgoer. The Russian service never lasts less than an hour, and sometimes, in consequence of the long prayers, mostly for the Czar and members of the mass, two hours. But it is never

too long for Alexander III. He seems lost in thought, or tells his beads; for prayer-books are never taken in Russia to the church. The Czarevitch, who, until now, has been free from prejudice, seems now to dislike everything that is foreign. He is firmly convinced that the Japanese policeman who made an attempt on his life was a Hebrew. To his parents' great sorrow, he still refuses to betroth himself.

A Minister's Qualifications.

Here is Luther's list of the qualifications of a minister: 1. He should be able to teach plainly and in order. 2. He should have a good head. 3. Good power of language. 4. A good voice. 5. A good memory. 6. He should be sure of what he means to say. 7. He should be ready to stake body and soul, goods and reputation, on his truth. 8. He should study diligently. 10. And suffer himself to be vexed and criticized by everyone.

Cheered With Thought of Christ.

In one of his sonnets Matthew Arnold tells of meeting with a minister, "ill and overworked," on a broiling August day, in the east end of London, and asking him how he fared in that scene of sin and sorrow. "Bravely," was the answer, "for I of late have been much cheered with thought of Christ?" It is said to have been an actual incident. At all events, it is the explanation of thousands of heroic lives passed in similar desperate situations.

Remember Unto Caesar, etc.

When certain persons were attempting to persuade Stephen, King of Poland, to constrain some of his subjects who were of a different religion, to embrace his, he said to them, "I am king of men and not of consciences. The dominion of consciences belongs exclusively to God."

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Makes the hair soft and glossy. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

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OLD COVENT GARDEN.

CURIOUS HAUNTS OF MEN FAMOUS IN HISTORY.

Scenes Around the Market Place—The People Who Frequent It—Life in an Inn—Stories of the Past Recalled by Familiar Places.

Of all the good old London taverns of bygone days those looking in upon Covent Garden, or immediately around about it, best retain that flavor which has given English fictional literature for the past 200 years one of its most winsome and lasting charms.

I used to haunt the apartment houses of London, up Bloomsbury way, and skirrhish with their sad-eyed, funeral-voiced, widowed, nimble-fingered keepers in dismay and desperation, or waste my energies upon the austere beauties of the great hotels along the Strand. But one day of grace succor came, and good old St. Mathews, the London actor, said: "My dear boy, don't be a cad any longer and waste your gold among the hotel bedouins of London. Live like a gentleman of the old school on half the money, and take your ease at your inn in the very heart of that precinct where all our literature worth reading was made. Go to any of the quiet old inns about Covent Garden, and be always at rest, even in restless London."

I have never been so grateful for advice in all my life. Here are half a score of inns, genuine old taverns, most of them built long before the century came in, and every one of the modern make constructed and conducted on the old-fashioned plan. They are taverns at which the fireplaces are huge, cavernous, and get-at-able; the bedrooms warm and cozy; the halls low-ceilinged, but broad and full of real olden settles and sofas; the smoking rooms snug and warm and with plenty of papers and books; the pictures yellow and old and dim and hung in great broad, odd frames, which show they were there long before you were born; the dining rooms ample and quiet and "richly broomed;" the ports, carrels and sherry with the cobwebs of the twenties and thirties upon them; the food wholesome, fine and good; the porters friendly and "talky" when you wish to get down from your own pedestal for a little humanizing patter; and even the misses in the office and bar and rosy faced chambermaids are not averse on occasion to a bit of innocent banter, which after all anybody but a prude, a hermit or a hypocrite at times truly enjoys.

What a host of rich associations crowd within this little Covent Garden district! Thackeray called it the "joyous neighborhood of Covent Garden," though it was scarcely known at the beginning of the seventeenth century. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century it was the best known rendezvous of authors, actors, painters, good fellows generally and substantial country squires and gentlemen visiting the town in London. In Russell street, now chiefly given over to green-grocers and fruiterers, was the then social exchange of the English capital, the mart of its news, politics, scandal and wit.

In this one short thoroughfare stood the most noted coffee houses of the reigns of William III and Queen Anne, familiar to all conversant with the best English literature. "Will's," "Button's" and "Tom's" were "sacred to polite letters." All the English Sir Rogers de Coverley also made these places their London address. Pepps and Evelyn, the historians, visited and lodged here. The entire neighborhood, including the shady thoroughfares of Wych street, Great and Little Queen streets, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Portugal street, and on the south, Bedford, York, Tavistock, Henrietta, King and the present Strand, and Catherine streets were occupied by the houses of the gentry.

"Will's" which stood at the west side of Bow street and the north side of Russell street, was the most ancient and noted of these resorts. Dryden's patronage and frequent appearance there made the reputation of the house. After the play the cream of those who knew London and whom London knew gathered here for coffee, a pipe and their nightly gossip. Macaulay says, "Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen; earls, stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great push was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat." London is vastly greater now, and the fine London clubs often separate congenial men and interests; but another Macaulay could describe quite as interesting groupings and scenes in the Covent Garden inns, public houses and cobwebbed old resorts of today.

"Tom's" stood at the corner of the Piazza. It was on the north side, over against "Button's." It was started in 1764 by subscription. Its most famous frequenters were Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Moody, Foote, Sir Philip Francis and Dr. Johnson. Near "Tom's" at 8 Russell street, was the bookshop of Tom Davies, in whose tiny back parlor Boswell first met Dr. Johnson.

Then followed the era of famous Covent Garden taverns. There was "Hummums," two doors from "Button's," most comfortable of old London hosteleries, sacred to the memory of College "Don" and country parson. It was from the "Bedford Arms" Hogarth and his friends set forth on that famous holiday jaunt to Gravesend, Rochester and Sheerness. The "Bedford Head," in Maiden Lane, was the favorite retreat of the journalists. Ancient Tavistock still stands on one side of the market, dingy, mellow and comfortable as when the century came in.

"Slaughter's" in St. Martin's Lane, was the chief resort of military officers until supplanted by the United States Service Club. The Piazza tavern, where Macklin had his old academy of Belles Lettres, was next to the Tavistock. The "Bedford Coffee house" and tavern was the great resort of actors. Of these Garrick, Juno, Foote, Murphy, Macklin, Fawcett, Charles and John Philip Kemble will be the best remembered. And the "Shakespeare," the first tavern set up in the Garden, stood at the corner of the Piazza and Russell street. It was here the famous "Lion's Head letter box" was placed to receive extra-

ordinary inquiries, lampoons, prophecies, scandals and all the odd pasquinades of that time of free thinking and writing.

Of the more noted Covent Garden resorts of the present time perhaps the most sorts of the most noted Covent Garden resort, something like old time "Cobweb Hall," in New York, is "Jack Hart's," 9 Russell street. It is practically an all night house for printers, reporters, night editors and men of the town who drop in before daylight for a parting glass or a cup of coffee. The costers and market porters resort here later in the day. Around in Maiden Lane is the "Welsh House," former haunt of Dickens and the wits and epicures of his time. I have seen a party of the most famous of the already mentioned "Rule's," just off Southampton street. It is the most famous oyster house of London, and the occasional presence of the Prince of Wales brings to the place every swell and nobleman of the great metropolis, while on the eastern side of the market is the National Sporting Club and the Pelican Club. The former was the notorious "Evans Rooms" of an earlier date. In these two clubhouses the greatest glove fights of Britain take place.

It is also the land of Covent Garden Market, not the largest known market in area, certainly that market through which daily passes from grower to buyer greater amounts of fruits, flowers and vegetables than at any other market in the world. The constant production of more than 80,000 acres contiguous to London, much of which is forced gardening under glass, is required for its constant replenishing. There are valued at this one market more than 50,000,000 cabbages, 5,000,000 cauliflowers, 1,125,000 pottles of strawberries, about the same number of lettuce heads, 600,000 bushels of shelled peas and about 650,000 bushels of onions.

The rays of the morning sun bring out the vivid colors of the fruit and vegetables wonderfully. You descend to the market and risk your temper, if not your life, in forcing your way through the obstinate masses to the booths and stalls. In this effort you get somewhat acquainted with Covent Garden porters. They are a huge, hairy, rum-breathed lot. Everything is carried from market to waiting wagons on their heads—from 100 to 150 pounds being considered an ordinary load. Their head gear is padded upon the shoulders, "Carrying the pad," once the occupation of Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, is portering. "Doing a turn" is making one trip laden from market stall to wagon, often as far as the Strand. Each porter is licensed, receives twopenny per "turn" and usually does from eight to fifteen "turns" of a morning.

If you are stopping at one of the old inns overlooking the market you are certain to be awakened by the steadily increasing hum of the place, which begins shortly after midnight with the first arrival of the carts of produce from the country. This has grown into a subdued roar, though there is never any yelling or hallooing permitted. The sun is up and throwing its saffron light through the hazy atmosphere you will see as pretty a sight down there as eyes may look upon. Every cross street leading to the market, from Long Acre, from Drury Lane and from the Strand, which is regulated by completely given up to this traffic until 9 o'clock, is jammed and packed to house doors with four, five and sometimes six lines of carts, wagons and barrows, headed in or out, each vehicle in process of loading or unloading in every manner of fruit, flower and vegetable most to London markets, while the seven acres of the market itself, most of which is uncovered space, is apparently a solid mass of donkeys, carts, hamper, stacks of vegetables and fruit, and wriggling human beings.

An interesting class which is often overlooked by visitors is the Covent Garden "whip minders." These are usually women, who for a halpenny a wagon take charge of the drivers' whips, rugs and the like. They also keep in line, lit at wheels, yank retractory horses about like trainers and adjudicate all differences regarding street rights of teamsters. I saw one soundly trounce a teamster twice her size for disobedience. At the corner of Southampton street and Strand there is one that is of Amazonian size, and with a voice which may be easily heard at Charing Cross.

Another, named "Jenny Williams," has the west end of Southampton street in charge. I became quite her favorite, and she told me in confidence that she was really not "Jenny" any longer, but genuinely Mrs. Genevieve Brown, although the marketmen must not know of it for the world. "For," said she, with a knowing look, "they 'as no pashuns a long o' missuses." Her father, Joseph Williams, "minded th' whips for more than forty years. Her mother took his place when the 'old man' gave out, and 'Jenny the minder' is still here by the right of heritage.

Of the lusciousness and variety of fruits here exposed Americans have no adequate idea. The general understanding with us is that we are far more fortunate than England in this regard. Yet I saw here scores of varieties of English and foreign grapes, peaches as large as cricket balls, glossy nectarines scarlet and brown, downy apricots freckled by the sun, monster plums, luscious greenpeaches, Orleans plums and swan's eggs, glowing magnium, bonnoms, pears from the Channel islands and the south of France, mulberries, melons, pineapples, apples in endless varieties, the auberine, and late strawberries, big as eggs, in tempting bouquets, bringing from temperance to a shilling apiece.

By 9 o'clock the market is drowsy and still. The surrounding streets have been swept and washed. Stallmen are busy counting up losses or gains. A few costers with carts or handbarrows are waiting in the open spaces for bargains in unsold loads. All that is left of the din of the morning are the roystering echoes of bacchanal songs in the near resorts of porters, costers and peas-shellers, where, half maddened, they decry the tyranny of capital and drink "four ale" the whole day long. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Noble Trademarks. Lord Rookwood, like the Duke of Leeds, owes his peerage, his nobility, and his fortune to successful cloth-making; his grandfather, a Leeds tradesman, founded a factory. Lord Rookwood shows his pride in the rise of the family by exhibiting in his coat of arms a blend between two wool fleeces.

JOLLY TARS ASHORE.

Some Extraordinary Exploits of English Sailors When on Leave.

Jack is an oddity. The peculiarities of his pranks when ashore are only equalled by the ingenuity he displays in getting rid of his well-earned cash. Some of our gallant tars once drank a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar, which they had ascended by means of a rope carried up on a kite-string. Portsmouth was often the scene of British sailors' orgies and eccentricities when crews were paid off with large sums of prize-money. Jack's favorite amusement was to hire coaches and ride on the roof—his quarter-deck, for the time being. Races would be run, and much damage had to be accounted for in consequence of frequent collisions. Sometimes, at a sailor's wedding, long processions of all kinds of vehicles would be seen, filled with carousing inmates of both sexes.

In Plymouth a sailor, who had £700 prize money and a day's leave of absence, hired three four-horsed carriages: one for his hat, another for his stick, and a third for himself; and in this curious kind of state rode about the streets from one tavern to another till his leave expired. Another man-of-war's man rode about London in a company with a fiddler, who regaled Jack with music all the time. He strolled into Covent Garden Market, when he was asked by a basket woman if he wanted anything carried for him. He said he wished to be carried where he could get some breakfast. The woman agreed to take him in her basket, which was hoisted on her head, and off she went, followed by a curious crowd. She took her load to its destination, when the sailor reared her head out of rim and the sum of £1.

A brother tar, who had just returned from India with plenty of money, stayed at a public house in Chelsea, where he generously entertained every day a motley crowd of guests picked up at random. He gave them money besides, and kept them going, dancing and drinking till night. This social tar never hired the same persons to be merry the second day, but had a fresh party of a dozen, besides a musician every morning.

The following actual experience of one Jack's cool exploits was recently related to me by a gentleman who witnessed it. He said: "One evening I chanced to journey from Portsmouth in company with several blue-jackets of the Royal Navy. We the others were smoking and yarning, one fine, sun-burnt specimen of a sailor took off his shoes and lay down on the seat. The train had not gone very far when all at once the lamp over our heads began to burn dimly, and then suddenly went out, leaving us in semi-darkness. No one appeared to take any notice of the circumstances, until presently up rose the stalwart form of the recumbent sailor, and without staying to slip on his shoes or saying a word, he opened the carriage door, stepped swiftly on to the footboard, and, alighting, he threw the door behind him. "I gave a gasp of astonishment as he disappeared, but, strange to say, the others talked and smoked as if such an occurrence was nothing out of the common. We were rattling along at a great speed, and it was too dark to see anything, when suddenly I gave up the poor fellow for lost, and shuddered to think of the probable fate of so gallant a sailor through what I took to be a tipsy frolic, when, to my further surprise, our lamp was presently relit, and the sailor, who had been lifted out of the carriage, and a lighted one instantly thrust down in its place. I was puzzling how to account for this, when a head appeared at the window, the door was again opened, and in stepped the same adventurous Jack as unconcernedly as he had gone out. Oddly enough, his companions made no remark when he calmly curled himself up again on the seat as if nothing had happened.

"I afterwards found out that he had climbed like a cat on to the roof of the next compartment, and calmly appropriated its lighted lamp, which he put in ours, and then deliberately returned the extinguished one in its place, to the astonishment and alarm of a lady and gentleman who occupied the suddenly darkened compartment. Such a cool exploit makes one feel proud of our blue-jackets, but it is horrible to think of the perils varied by his intrepid fellow in risking his life, all for a lighted lamp."

A friend of mine, who is a chief engineer, had an amusing experience of Jack's exploits when ashore. His ship was lying in port in the north of England, and some of the sailors and firemen got leave to go ashore. One of them at once led the way to a grog shop, where he promised his mates he could get "big pints," and they proceeded to enjoy themselves. Toward midnight my friend, who was then himself returning to the ship, observed some half-dozen of the crew, bound in the same direction, reeling along in various stages of intoxication. Knowing that they would have to cross several dock-gates before getting on board, he watched their progress with interest and amusement.

Those who on a dark night have had occasion to cross by the narrow beam that forms the top of a dock-gate—a rather dangerous undertaking for a sober man—will easily understand how the roystering crew, muddled as they were, had a hazy recollection of the trial in store for them.

The bacchanals stumbled along, singing, shouting, shaking hands, and assisting one another to keep their balance. While yet some little distance from the dock gates, they came across several long square balks of timber lying on the quay. Uncertain of their bearings in the dark, more than "half-seas over"—as they would have expressed it—and with the dock gates dangers evidently in their minds, the party halted, and the first two sailors, standing on a large beam right in their path, immediately concluded that they had arrived at the perilous part of their journey.

Having lost confidence in their heads and legs, the first two began at once to crawl carefully on all fours along the top of the beam. Their example was presently followed by the rest of the party, and to the intense amusement of my friend, the ridiculous spectacle was presented of half-a-dozen men creeping on hands and knees, in single file, and with blood-curdling cautiousness, along a beam only a couple of feet above the solid ground, in the firm belief that the least slip would precipitate them into unknown and horrible depths below.

Presently, the leading sailor slipped off the log, and yelled loudly for help. To the engineer's amused astonishment, the supposed drowning man began splashing about in the rain pools, and frantically going through the motions of swimming with all his strength, under the impression that he was battling bravely to rescue himself from a watery grave. Absurd as was this occurrence, it frightened them all into a state of semi-sobriety, and enabled them to reach their ship in safety.—English Paper.

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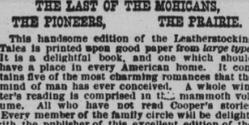
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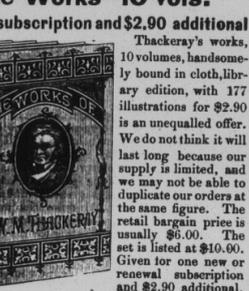
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babies, about the course of my life to purchase home to keep; which only serve me sure when I remembered that I was a boy in dragged through to fourteen, I was my purchase owners any reason, to call him back again.

I confess that I have been troubled of course of my life to purchase home to keep; which only serve me sure when I remembered that I was a boy in dragged through to fourteen, I was my purchase owners any reason, to call him back again.

Such have been life aided and aged of a brother who towards strength to the being who authorities to who, if this idea little to be proud is concerned.

But of late my I have begun whether the boy as he would call I wonder whether very many miles towards him as wicked little bew birds, and all such kingdom which prey? And some in the affirm and sweet women ruthlessly chasing, tures into their his lost ball, entire as far out on the I have heard of call a policeman to return, and I tremble timidity of boy invariably a lost property into chance of a chair ago I saw an instance form an instance boys side more far I had in the past.

I was sitting in an open window and curtains of out in the street ing a large kite goe time; but it heavy and sudden a tree just inside awe-stricken silent felt, and I leane velopments, because those boys would an anxious surer see it anyone one of the small man in a blid outrageously or "You go right in if I was you," but seem to regard the light and he coo function in the bation invited their gaining any gain; and escaped in order, giggling an came back to my thinking, the resu the conclusion that came to know him, a terrible animal imagined, and part

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"ASTRA" AND THE BOYS.

Little incidents that Go a Long Way toward Changing One's Opinions.

(Correspondent seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astro," Progress, St. John.) I cannot say that I ever liked boys either individually or collectively! I have always regarded them as the nearest approach to wild animals that are permitted to roam the streets unengaged and mingle with their fellow creatures unmuzzled. And I have considered a fondness for them as much a cultivated taste as an appetite for caviare or a love of mulligatawny soup. Thomas Carlyle said that boys should be kept under a barrel until they were 25 years old when they reached their maximum of detestability, and I have always held the opinion that if the great martyr to dyspepsia and pessimism had never said or written anything else worthy of note during his lifetime, that one sentence should have immortalized him. I generally feel an intense though, of course, undesired sympathy for the family whose number has recently been increased by the advent of a boy baby, because I think if the family mentioned should look into the future and see what was before them ere that infant was "raised" they would probably commit suicide by common consent, or else sell the baby to the highest bidder.

I confess that I have seen a few boy babies, about three or four in the whole course of my life—whom I would have liked to purchase on the spot and take home to keep; but these were exceptions which only served to prove the rule, and I am sure when I came to my senses and remembered that the baby would have to come a boy in time, and be laboriously dragged through the awful years from six to fourteen, I would have returned with my purchase and offered his original owners any amount of "boot" within reason, to call the bargain off, and take him back again.

Such have been my views nearly all my life aided and aggravated by the possession of a brother who unconsciously did much towards strengthening my natural aversion to the being who is declared by the best authorities to be the father of the man, who, if this idea is correct, certainly has little to be proud of as far as his percentage is concerned.

But of late my views have moderated and I have begun to ask myself seriously whether the boy gets quite "a fair share"—as he would call it himself—in this world. I wonder whether there does not exist in very many minds the same animosity towards him as he seems to cherish in his wicked little heart towards cats, squirrels, birds, and all such members of the animal kingdom which he regards as his lawful prey? And somehow the answer seems to be in the affirmative! I know many good and sweet women who make a practice of ruthlessly chasing the small boy who ventures into their front garden in search of his lost ball, entirely off their domain, and as far out on the sidewalk as possible, and I have heard the same women threaten to call a policeman if the haplessurchin dared to return, and I have also observed the extreme timidity or show of bold defiance a boy invariably assumes when pursuing his ball property into a region known to be in charge of a female guardian. Not long ago I saw an instance of this not made me form an instant resolution of taking the boys side more frequently in the future than I had in the past.

I was sitting in the parlor sewing beside an open window the half lowered blind, and curtains of which hid me from view; out in the street a group of boys were flying a large kite and having a thoroughly good time; but the tail of the kite was too heavy and suddenly it plunged heavily into a tree just inside our gate! There was an awe-stricken silence which could almost be felt, and I leaned back and awaited developments, because I wanted to see what those boys would do next. First they took an anxious survey of all the windows to see if anyone was looking, then one of the bolder spirits patted, a small man in a blue and white sailor suit, encouragingly on the back and said—"You go right in and get it Dick, I would if I was you," but somehow Dick did not seem to regard the matter quite the same light and he coyly declined to win distinction in the battlefield. Several others then invited their friends to enter, without gaining any recruits, and just as a solid phalanx of five boys with Dick at their head and all holding on to each other, had mustered up courage to open the gate a very little way, I slipped out into the hall and suddenly approached on the scene armed with a lacrosse racket! I wish I had possessed a kodak, and could have secured a view of those boy's faces; they did not run, they were so surprised that they had not time, they simply waited for their fate—and the lacrosse bat—to overtake them, and the way they nudged each other and grinned when they realized that the racket was only to be used as a medium for fishing the kite down did my heart good. I knew Dick's manner very well and had the honor of a slight acquaintance with himself, so I delivered the kite into his willing hands, and he had just presence of mind to blush fiercely and gasp out, "Thank you," after which the entire battalion sounded a retreat, and escaped into the street in good order, giggling and triumphant; while I came back to my sewing and did some thinking, the result of which was partly the conclusion that perhaps when one came to know him, the boy was not such a terrible animal as I had previously imagined, and partly—this article.

ASTRA. One Way of Proposing. An English writer tells an amusing story of a country house where a regular daily routine is observed, and where there is no chance given one of a breaker's monetary. It is of a man who wanted to stay in a country house, thinking it would give him the opportunity of proposing to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time. His visit was to last a fortnight, but the

Last evening came without his having had one chance of being alone with her during the whole time. As he sat at dinner (of course he was at the opposite end of the table), he felt the time was fast passing away, and in a few hours he would no longer be in the same house with her. When the ladies went to the drawing room he would have to sit on in the dining room. His host might allow him to look in at the drawing room for a few minutes that evening, but after that his presence would be required in the billiard room. In utter despair he took up the menu card and on it wrote: "Will you marry me?" He doubled it up, telling the butler to give it to the lady in question. She read it, and, with the perfect sang froid born only of the nineteenth century, said: "Tell the gentleman 'Yes.'"

TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES.

Only Tall, Graceful, Handsome Women, with Style, Can Wear Them Well. "Stable clothes," that is what Worth the immortal calls the tailor-made gown so popular among womankind, and not without reason, too, since, as is generally the case, they are adopted by women to whom they should be prohibited. There are few essentials to the successful wearing of a tailor-made gown frequently overlooked in its selection.

First, the tailor-made woman must be tall and elegant, handsome, graceful in carriage, and above all have a certain inherent style of her own sufficiently distinctive to give an air of elegance to the serenity of cut and plainness of material characteristic of the gown. Next to a sturdy little woman, with irregular but winsome features, pretty and attractive, but not handsome, the severe lines of a tweed or Harris cloth, the unyielding choker, and masculine tie are fatal. The woman of ordinary beauty, lacking in that nameless grace which marks the caste of Vere de Vere—and, indeed, many women who trace their uninterrupted heredity back to the times of William the Conqueror might start on any day with a basket of unadorned linen and have no one who met them fancy they had known better things—must beware of the tailor gown. Its imitation has been seized upon by the business woman with such avidity that one may be mistaken for a boarding-mistress on a holiday or a stenographer off duty, even a reporter looking for news, who would be more undesirable than to be caught breaking the eighth commandment. Last and most important of all, the tailor-made woman must have a faultless figure or a figure capable of being made perfect according to the tailor's code of beauty. Lacking in any of these qualities, the woman who would be well dressed should shun the tailor, search out a kindly disposed and clever dressmaker who understands modelling with cotton and adapting modes, and abide by the result.

—N. Y. Sun. The Plucky Western Girls. Two young women of Chester, Ill., have begun a new invasion of the masculine field. They are the daughters of Simon Lang. As Mr. Lang was a butcher it occurred to him that women might be butchers as well as men. In consequence of his logic his two daughters, Mary and Carrie, both handsome young girls of 16 and 19, of robust health and splendid physique, do nearly all the work in the slaughter house. The old gentleman draws the steer into the place of execution and deals it a blow which lays it at full length and then leaves the rest to his girls, while he goes to town and attends to his retail business. In a jiffy the life stream flows from a large gash in the throat of the prostrate animal, and as soon as the convulsive muscular contractions cease, these two girls, with keen edged knives, run around the foot, up the leg to the knee, which is cut off and thrown aside, and the hide is folded back, disclosing the red meat and white fat as the snip, snip, snip of their sharp knives wave back and forth.

The united strength of the girls turns the windlass which raises the beef to the matters, where it rests during the act of dis-emboweling and division into two parts. The girls are adepts in the manufacture of all kinds of sausage, and say that while they do not like their business they do the work to save their father the expense of hiring a man to do it while they would be compelled to sit in idleness or hire out in some one's kitchen.

To see these girls in holiday attire no one would suspect that their hands were ever soiled in a slaughter house. They are pretty and stylishly dressed and have many admirers among the young men of the town. Original Definitions of a Wife. The pretty school teacher, for a little diversionment, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife," and the boy in the corner had promptly responded: "A rib."

She looked at him reproachfully, and nodded to the boy with the dreamy eyes who seemed anxious to say something. "Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said, in response to the nod. "A helpmeet," put in a little flaxen-haired girl. "One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl. "And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty dark-eyed girl said slowly: "A wife is envy of spinsters." "One who makes a man hurry and work," was the next suggestion. "And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl. "Someone for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden. "Stop there!" said the pretty school teacher. "That's the best definition."

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked: "Please, teacher, aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?" "Yes, dear," she replied; "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress." (Correspondent seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Recipes," Progress, St. John.)

Breakfast. Life within doors has few pleasanter prospects than the neatly arranged breakfast table.—Hawthorne. In view of the day's adventure Whatever of ill befall, The steak and the fragrant coffee Hash power to cheer without.

Between the smiles and the mufins, Croquettes and the kindly jest; Surely of all reflections The morning repast is best.

Fruits of tropical flavor, Flowers, the eyes to greet, And faces of happy children, Best of all household scenes, Nor scorcheth at humble fare.

For love in a cot or palace, Wherever true love is known, Is not in quest of the household scene, None liveth by bread alone. —Editor Baker in Table Talk.

There is not much poetry about the average breakfast, I am afraid—it is too often a hastily prepared and hastily eaten repast, but this fact does not rob the above lines of their truth and beauty. We cannot all have Haviland china; the purest of cut glass, and fine damask, it is true, but what we have good as ever laid out and neatly arranged. The wild flowers and ferns are not all gone yet. The goldenrod has just commenced to show its beauty, and what could be more charming for a center-piece than a vase of this delightful flower. We need more smiles and flowers at our breakfast tables, and that is why I copy the above lines.

Something about Butter. Here is a "wrinkle" that is probably as old as the hills, and yet how many housekeepers know, or if they know, practice it! It is new to me anyway, but having proved its efficiency, and believing it to be not generally known, I give it for the benefit of my readers. It is simply a "sugar pickle" to restore butter that has "gone off" to its original freshness. Make a simple syrup by boiling a cup-full of sugar in a quart of water, let cool, and pour over the butter. In three or four hours the butter will be as good as ever laid out. (It is claimed that this simple remedy will restore tainted meat. I am indebted to my second cook for this information.)

Here and There—About Food. One thing that strikes me very forcibly is that certain articles of food that are greatly esteemed in one place are looked upon as almost worthless in another. Take for example, tomy cods and herring. In Montreal and elsewhere they are much sought after, and are considered delicacies, while here, the tomy cod, though plentiful, are rarely for sale, and the fresh herring are considered "vulgar" and "cheap," and so that my "help" turn up their noses at them when they are placed before them.

Again, there's shrimps, which abounds in the creek at Courtney Bay, but they are seldom offered for sale, because there is no market for them. The first time I saw them I thought I was in great luck. (We who cater hail with peculiar delight anything that is new, that we may be able to place before our customers.) I remember on this occasion there was only one order for shrimps, and it came back to the kitchen almost untouched.

Much as people everywhere tire and complain of the eternal sameness of their fare when they continue in one place for any length of time, it is nevertheless a most difficult thing to introduce a dish with which they are not familiar. Not many years ago a New York hotel keeper paid a visit to the South, and while there, with an eye to business, formed the idea that there was an opening for a really good hotel in a certain town. He had been unable to get what he called a "decent meal," and he would show them how to live. He built and started a strictly first class house and ran the restaurant on the New York plan, but he soon failed, and returned to New York disgusted. "I wanted to give the people of this town a really good meal, but they support me," but they would not support me. The fact was the people did not want his style of living, and he thought too little of theirs to conform to the customs of the country, and so he failed.

There is one article of food, however, for which there is common liking the world over, and nowhere, perhaps, are Oysters to be found that excel in delicate flavor those of our sister province, Prince Edward Island. The Malpeque oyster cove ran off the deep shell, needs no seasoning but its own juice. By the time this is in print they will be on the market. They are supposed to be in season from the 1st of September, but we rarely get them before the middle of the month.

How to Open Oysters. Hold the Mollusk firmly with a cloth in the left hand, with the roughest part down, and the hinge towards the wrist. Insert the point of the oyster knife carefully just before the edge of upper shell, give a quick decided pressure until the point is felt to glide along the inner surface of the under shell. Force it sharply to the hinge, give a smart wrench rather towards the right hand, and off comes the shell. Separate the oyster from its attachment, and let it fall into the under shell, floating in its juice, lift it quickly to the lips, and eat it before the delicate aroma has been dissipated into the atmosphere. The method employed by most of the "smart" openers in restaurants is just the reverse, for they open them on the flat shell which makes them look more plump and fat, but all the liquid is lost—except when they are selling them by the quart, then they contrive to save every drop of liquor in order to help fill the measure, and you cannot very well "lick," but oysters bought by the quart are generally used for frying, scallops, etc., and you have no use for the liquor. That, perhaps, is the reason you get it. Such is life.

Just Opened.

Children's English Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's French Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's Dongola Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ties. Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ankle Ties. Children's Dongola one strap Shoes. Children's Dongola two strap Shoes. Children's Hand-Sewn Oxford and Button Shoes.

Our assortment of Children's Fine Footwear is the largest and most complete we have yet shown, and includes lines from the best English, French, American and Canadian manufacturers, in different widths and Half-Sizes.

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AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

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An Easy Way to Open Oysters.

No knife is required. Wash the shells in cold water with a brush. Place them deep shell down on the hot clear fire. In a little while hissing will be heard, and the shells begin to open. There is no rule for ascertaining the precise point at which the cooking is completed, for every one has his own taste and must learn by experience. A little practice soon makes perfect. Take the shell from the fire with a pair of tongs and put them hot. No one who has not eaten oysters dressed in this primitive mode has the least idea of the piquant flavor of which they are capable. Stewed in their own juice, the action of fire only brings out a skimmer when light is a shallow dish, and the oyster there is no waste, and no dissipation of the indescribable but potent aroma. The same result is attained by baking in an oven, but the broil is perhaps the sweetest way.

Oysters Fried Without Eggs. Mixed rolled bread crusts or cracker dust and flour together, about half and half, but the former rather the larger. Dip the oysters out of their own liquor into the mixed meal and flour, out of that into the milk, then into the mixture again. If there is time let them lie a while before frying. Handle carefully so as not to rub the coating off, as it will not adhere a second time.

If a frying basket is not used, have enough laid very hot in a deep pan to quite cover the oysters. Drop in a few at a time, fry 3 or 4 minutes, take out with a skimmer when light so much greasy puddling. If too many are put into the pan at once, the temperature of the fat will be reduced and the oysters will be greasy and indigestible.

Steamed Oysters. A restaurateur in Philadelphia has made quite a hit in serving steamed oysters. They are simply washed, put into a steamer, deep shell down, and steamed about four minutes, or until the shells open and the upper shell can be easily torn off. They are served on the deep shell with pepper, salt and butter, but many prefer to eat them without any accessories beyond a little thinly cut brown bread and butter, which is the better way.

Nothing can add to the flavor of a good oyster when it is raw or lightly cooked as above, but as I have pointed out, you cannot tell people how they shall eat, and everyone must please his or her own taste. I have known professional cooks to utterly destroy the flavor of fresh mushrooms by squeezing lemon juice and sprinkling chopped parsley over them, and if asked why they do it, they will probably say, as one man told me once, "we cook by precept and he must be right."

A Collection of Table-Linen. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has the most extraordinary collection of table-linen that has ever been known since the creation of the material, and when the Philadelphia beauty married, this linen was brought from America to the old country, packed in fifty great chests, bound and clamped with iron.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the

Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 619, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall. He will stand at Wain's One Mile House on the Marsh Road. The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton. Harry Wilkes, 1896. THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

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March 30th, 1892. JULIUS L. INCHES.

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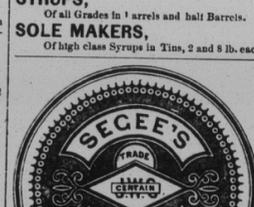
A WRITER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, worth \$10, will be given to the agent sending the second largest number of subscriptions. A prize worth \$1.50 will be given to the Agent sending the largest number of subscriptions each month.

"Canada" will be sent FREE, during the competition, to all who signify their intention to compete, and who remit 25c. in stamps for outfit. No post carls. MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Hampton, N. B.

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. (Limited), MONTREAL. MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL KNOWN BRAND.

Redpath HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY. Made by the Latest Process, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

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SEEGE'S OINTMENT IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

And its effect on a Burn or Scald is really astonishing; it removes the anguish in a very short time without leaving a blister.

PRICE, 50 cents per Pot; \$5 per dozen; Six dozen \$26; One Gross \$50. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. This Ointment is put up in white stone pots with the above Trade Mark. None genuine without it. Prepared wholly by JOHN A. SEEGE, successor to Jas. W. Segee, Durham street, St. John, N. B.

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musician; and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE! G. HENGE & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

The Finest Piano in the World

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

The piano was invented by Cristofali in 1711.

The Gatling gun was the work of Gatling, 1861.

The revolving pistol was the invention of Colt, in 1836.

The royal standard of Persia is a blacksmith's apron.

Aniline dyes were discovered by Unverdorfen in 1827.

The torpedo was the invention of Dr. Bushnell in 1777.

Flints for gun locks were used in the French army, 1630.

Seven miles is the greatest height ever reached in a balloon.

Among the nobility of England 21 per cent. have no children.

In Southwestern British Columbia there are fully 1,000 wild horses.

England employs 5,600 women and girls in and about its coal mines.

Chinese control almost the entire shoe-making business in California.

Mohammedans consider silk unclean because it is produced by a worm.

Over one thousand steamships are traversing the four great ocean routes.

Some silk worms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs, the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000.

A copy of the first dictionary, made by Chinese scholars B. C. 1109, is said to be still preserved in Peking.

Ducks fly at an average rate of ninety miles per hour. With a fair wind it is believed that they can make 150 miles in the same time.

Brass pins were first made by the Saracens in Spain in A. D. 800; were brought to England by Catharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII.

There are 140 distinct Christian denominations in the United States. Of these there are 15 varieties of Methodists, 14 of Baptists and 12 of Presbyterians.

The first newspaper in the modern sense was issued monthly at Venice in 1536; the first English newspaper was published in 1622; the first American in 1704.

The Emperor of Germany has subscribed a thousand dollars in aid of the publication, by the Berlin Geographical Society, of a book on the discovery of America.

It is claimed that there is a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast in England, to every thirty-four miles in Ireland, and to every thirty-nine miles in Scotland.

Sir John Millais, artist, often receives checks signed in blanks for him to fill, with a request for pictures of Scotch scenery. These requests, checks and all, are declined.

The water clock was known in Rome B. C. 158. Dial clocks were first put up in A. D. 913; striking clocks were Saracenic, about 801; pendulum clocks were invented in 1641; repeating clocks in 1676.

Snuff has been made from a very early period, first and most largely by the Spanish, who prepared it with care and scented it with various materials. Next the Low Countries, Scotland and England extended and popularized the use of snuff.

The Dominion has 38 incorporated banks, with assets amounting to the tidy sum of \$269,491,153, while the liabilities total but \$188,337,604. The total amount of money on deposit in June 1891, in the chartered banks, Post-office and Government Savings Banks, Montreal and Quebec Savings Banks and in the hands of loan companies, was \$217,800,738. This gives an average of about \$45 per head of population.

In Canada's seventeen asylums for the insane there were in 1890, 8,831 patients, of whom 4,432 were males and 4,399 females. Ontario had of these 3,318 in the provincial asylums and nineteen in the Homewood retreat, Guelph. Kingston penitentiary has 32 insane convicts and in the common jails were 76 persons of unsound mind, awaiting admission to the fully equipped asylums. In addition to these, there were in the hands of the authorities 454 applications for admission. This gives Ontario an insane population of 4,211.

The official dress of the judges of England has remained practically unchanged for more than three hundred years. At different seasons of the year the judges wear different robes. For instance, during the Easter and Trinity terms they wear purple garments trimmed with a dull-colored silk, which, it is said, is in commemoration of the purple robe worn by our Saviour. In Hilary and Michaelmas terms they wear a black cloth costume trimmed with ermine. For centuries past the colour of the robes has also remained the same, namely, black, purple, and scarlet. The black is always trimmed with ermine; the purple with shot silk; and the scarlet with ermine in winter and spring, and shot silk in the summer.

In Ontario there are 5,623 public schools, 500,816 pupils, and an average attendance of 258,943. The average cost per pupil was \$8.44. The classes were taught by 2,774 men and 5,183 women teachers. The Romanists had 243 schools, with 32,790 pupils, and an average attendance of 18,163. The cost per pupil was \$7.45. There are also nine Protestant Separate schools, with eleven teachers, 526 pupils, and an average attendance of 245. In Quebec there are 939 Protestant

and 3,779 Roman Catholic elementary schools. The Protestant pupils number 28,637, and the Roman Catholics 146,535. The proportion of Protestant pupils is apparently steadily decreasing. In 1887 15.1 per cent., in 1888, 14.2 per cent., and in 1889, 13.3 per cent. The total number of teachers was 8,669, of whom 7,332 were Roman Catholics and 1,173 Protestants.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"Yes, I'm all broken up. Domestic trouble." "Wife dead?" "No. Cook left last week."

"Why do you keep such strong cheese?" asked the customer. "To help the porter lift things," said the grocer.

"I have written a poem," he said, "and what would you say if I told you that I did not dedicate it to you?" "Thank you."

He—My, my, how the trees outside there are moaning and sighing today. She—So would you if you were as full of green apples as they are.

"Is that really a glass eye?" said Maude to the optician. "Yes, ma'am." "How strange! It is not transparent. How does the wearer see through it?"

Professor—Wait, wait. You are playing that part too loud. Don't hang so. Maiden—Oh, don't worry about that, professor. The piano is a rented one.

He: "I'm the piano-tuner, mum." She: "I haven't sent for any piano-tuner." He: "Yes, mum, I know, mum; it were the gentleman next door sent me here, mum."

"I saw you making eyes at Miss Tufcrust at the party. Look out for yourself." "Why?" "Every member of her family is dead." "What of it?" "She did the cooking."

Judge: "Before I pass sentence, prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?" Prisoner: "Yes, your lordship. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Mabel—"I suppose you heard of Sister Lou's marriage?" She's taken a flat up town. Miss Jellus—"Yes, I heard she had a flat, but didn't hear where she had taken him."—Judge.

Deck hand—"You're on the wrong side of the ferry boat; this is the 'Men-Cabin.'" Mrs. Maloney—"And that's the 'Wimmin's' over there. Where do the ladies be after goin'?"

A Grave Omission.—Naval Officer—I'm afraid I shall be severely court-martialed for running into that scow. Assistant—You've a good defence. There isn't any scow marked on the chart.

Mr. Dudley—"I suppose you get lots of love letters?" Miss Chorusgirl—"Yes, but not as many as my brother. He gets a hundred a day." "Is he an actor?" "No, letter carrier."—Texas Sitings.

"Well, old fellow, how goes it? Do you expect to win your action at law?" "Oh, certainly! I consider it a forgone conclusion; at least, judging by appearances: my lawyer is building a new wing to his house."

Teacher: "How many bones have you in your body, Jimmy?" "Two hundred and nine." Teacher: "But the other pupils have not so many." Jimmy: "Well, they ain't had fish for dinner, like me."

She—Well, if I can't live on my income, and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying? He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live at any rate.

It was four-year-old Sammy's first appearance at a lull dress reception. "Ma'ma," he said, in a horrified whisper, as the first arrival swept grandly into the parlor, isn't she looking for the bath room?"—Chicago Tribune.

A tobaccoist, named Farr, had the following painted above his door: "The best tobacco by Farr." A rival tobaccoist on the other side of the street painted up: "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr."

"I saw two deaf mutes arguing politics today." "You know their signs, then?" "Yes." "Did they seem to understand what they were talking about?" "Understand? Why they had the whole thing at their fingers' ends."

Magistrate: "Is the prisoner known to the police, constable?" Constable: "Well known, your worship." Prisoner (maliciously): "E's right. I used to be postman at the Red Cow, and used to bring 'em their 'arf pints'!"—English paper.

Refined Speech.—"Oh, what a lovely statuette!" exclaimed Mrs. Hojack, admiring one of the ornaments of Mrs. Durcwe-Doyle's parlor. "Yes," replied Mrs. Crewe-Doyle, much gratified by the caller's admiration; "that is as pretty a little burst as I could find."

Mrs. Van Nearing (who doesn't like her portrait, and is finding as much fault with it as possible)—"And the color in the cheeks does not suit me at all." D'Auber (in disgust)—"Take the brush, madam, and fix it to suit yourself. You have, undoubtedly, had more experience in that branch of painting than I have."—Puck.

"What caused the rupture between Jack and Miss Shammer?" "Oh, he agreed with her." "Agreed with her? That is rather strange cause to make a quarrel. Will you explain?" "Certainly," she said she couldn't imagine what he could see in her to love so much, and he said he couldn't, either; it was a surprise to him."

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time and their recognition was cordial. "So de-lighted to see you again! Why, you are scarcely altered." "So glad; and how little changed you are. Why, how long is it since we met?" "About ten years." "And why have you never been to see me?" "My dear, just look at the weather we have had."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

James Tuckett, famous as Inspector Bucket in Dicken's "Black House," is now living in San Francisco.

Bismarck's bedroom contains only three pieces of furniture—an enormous wash-hand-stand, a small camp bedstead, and a bookcase.

The real name of Dumas' famous Camille was Alphonse Plessis; the great author portrayed her character as it really was. She had a natural talent and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made a grammatical mistake; no coarse expression ever passed her lips.

Pope Leo XIII. will celebrate two jubilees next year if his life should be spared so long. On Feb. 19, 1893, half a century will have passed since he was called to the episcopate by being appointed Bishop of Damietta, and on Dec. 18, 1893, forty years will have passed since he received the cardinal's hat.

Miss Dora Shoemaker, a daring Philadelphia girl, has distinguished herself at the Thousand Islands by swimming from South Bay Beach to Pullman Island, a distance of nine miles in the St. Lawrence. She was followed by friends in a boat, but she not only crossed the channel without assistance, but wanted to swim back again.

The present Maharajah of the lovely city of Jeypore was starving in exile on an allowance of one pound a month, when he was appointed to the throne, with an annual income of \$2,500,000; and there was also found in the royal treasury half a million in solid silver, which it took him twenty-three days to count.

Eight million pounds is the estimated value of the Sultan's jewels. If his Majesty has any hobby at all it may be said to be the purchasing of jewels and witnessing private theatricals. No professional of note—he be actor, singer, or conjurer—passes through Constantinople without an invitation from the Sultan. He always pays for these performances in England notes.

Cardinal Moran, the Archbishop of Sydney, made a vow in early life never willingly to look upon the face of a woman. The vow, intended as a species of mortification, was rigorously kept by the cardinal from the early days of his priesthood in Rome until he became the first Australian cardinal. Cardinal Moran is a distinguished historian and a close personal friend of the present pope.

A well-known commercial traveller in South Africa gives the following account of his last quarter's operations: "Travelled 3,564 miles; carried four trunks; shown goods 16 times; sold goods 96 times; made 116 times; led about 2,160 times; did not know 691 times; been asked to drink 1,861 times; drank 1,861 times; changed politics 46 times."

As Queen Victoria was out driving the other day she met a circus company proceeding along the road from Balmoral to Ballater, and instinctively ordered them to buy a performance at the castle. The entire royal family attended the performance, as well as the servants and tenantry, and the Queen enjoyed everything, from the trapeze performers to the trained donkeys, and liberally rewarded the showman.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the professional whistler, had a pleasant experience when she visited Roberts college at Constantinople. As she walked out in the quiet of an early summer morning, she whistled her wonderful bird call, and at once nightingales flew out from the grove on all sides to listen to the accomplishment of the new comer. Mrs. Shaw studied her art for six years. She asserts that whistlers are born, not made.

Moy Hoe, a Chinaman at San Francisco, has probably one of the most curious contracts existing in the United States or elsewhere. He is employed by the Chinese companies at the Golden Gate to sack out and gather together the bones of his deceased countrymen for shipment back to China. In carrying out his duties he travels incessantly from one extremity of the United States to the other, and has in this way collected the bones of thousands of Chinamen.

Mr. Richard Mansfield—he of "Hyde and Jekyll" fame, who rides through the States in an elegant parlor car drawn by a milk-white locomotive—may be a little extravagant in his affections, but there is one matter with respect to which he has given evidence of profound wisdom. This is the matter of advertisement. He has instructed his manager to discontinue the exploitation of his—Mr. Mansfield's—historic prowess upon advertisement boards, and has directed him to confine all his attentions to the advertising columns of the newspapers. "It pays better," says he; and he is right. It does.

Realism may be carried too far on the stage. So, no doubt, thinks Mr. Kyle Bellew, after his recent experience. During the production of the "Lights of Home," at the Adelphi Theatre, a celebrated critic commented on the absurdity of Mr. Bellew coming before the curtain to take his call, with clothes as dry as tinder, just after the scene where he is washed ashore, and therefore presumably soaked through. To meet this objection Mr. Bellew, who is nothing if not conscientious, permitted water to be sprinkled over his shirt before taking his call, with the result that he caught a severe cold, lost his voice, and was out of the bill for some time.

Marie Corelli, writer of "The Romance of Two Worlds," and other fiction of originality and strength, is not, as her name would imply, a native of Italy, but a thorough going English girl, the daughter of Charles Mackay, formerly of the "Illustrated London News." Miss Mackay has several of the eccentricities of genius, doing all her writing at night and under the influence of strong inspiration, and has adopted her *nom de plume* because of her love for Italy and all things Italian. She is attracting great interest in London now on account of the queen having given the sanction of her approval to the young writer's books, which the great lady has, according to the English idea, honored by reading.

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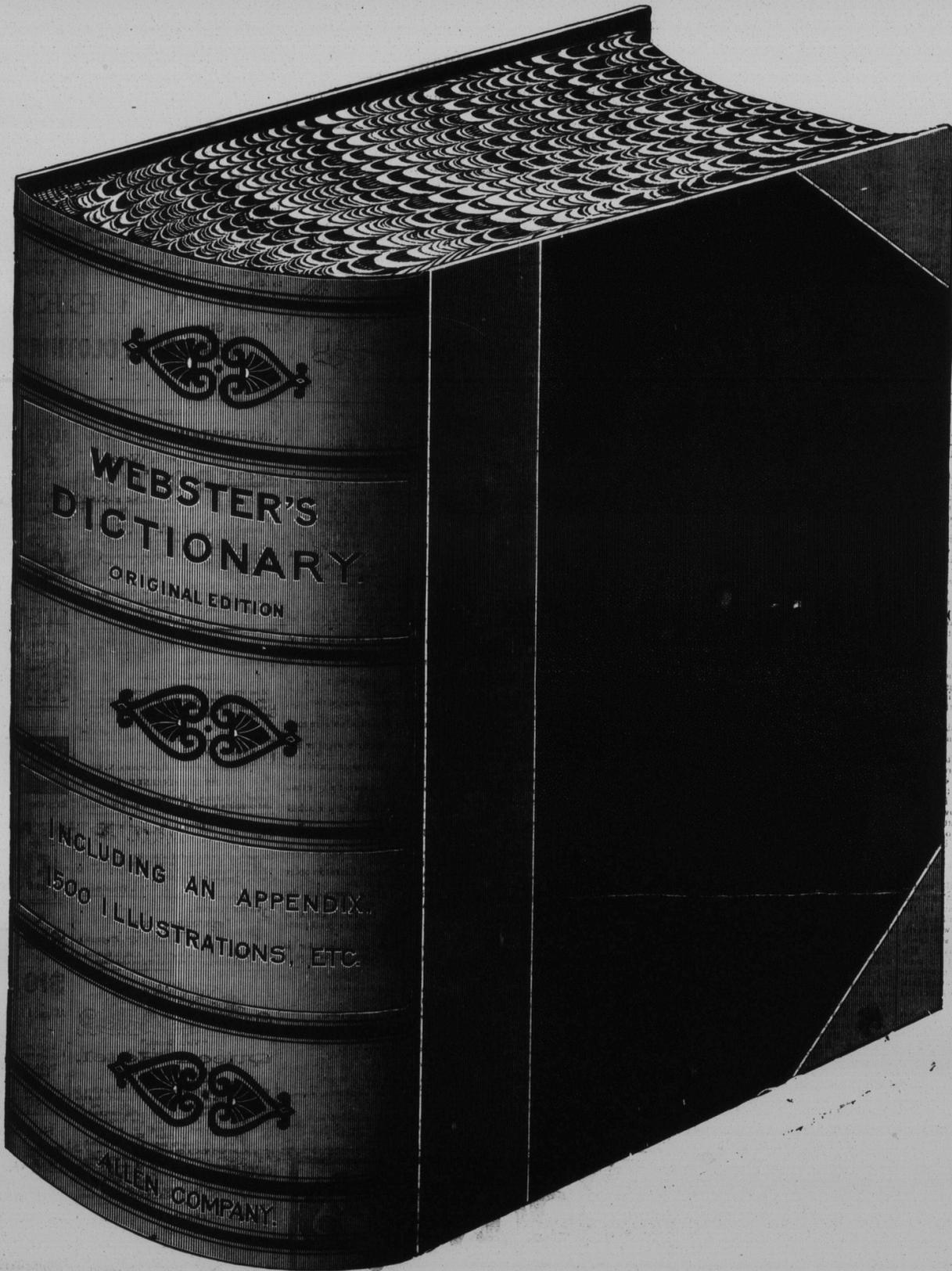
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THE LESSON HE LEARNED

Mr. Jack Connyngham, aged forty-five, and his nephew, Jack Connyngham, twenty years younger, lived in Washington City.

They belonged to the same club, and, in spite of the difference in their ages, went in the same set. How it came to pass that the elder man was not called "Old Connyngham," and the other "Young Connyngham," is not known.

It was a singular fact that the uncle retained the prefix "mister" that had been attached to his name for so many years, even after the nephew had grown to man's estate and might also lay claim to it.

Jack attended, hoping to find his divinity there, and he was able to tell his love in the mazes of the waltz or in some propitious nook in conservatory or tea-table room.

It was late when he arrived, and he looked anxiously around for his lady love. He discovered her quite at the end of the room, conversing animatedly with his Uncle Jack.

He started leisurely towards them, but the crowd was large, and it was several minutes before he could reach the corner they were enclosed in.

In the meantime, Mr. Jack Connyngham and Miss Morningstar were talking. "The decorations are extremely lovely tonight," said the lady, glancing as she spoke at a mass of gorgeous blossoms near her.

"But see those orchids, Miss Angela; did you ever see beauty more fully developed in a flower, though?" Miss Morningstar was silent for a moment, then, evidently yielding to an impulse, turned to her companion and said: "I'm ashamed to confess it, Mr. Connyngham, but I actually do not care for them."

Mr. Connyngham was shocked. He had an unbounded admiration for orchids, and thought everyone else should see their beauties. Desiring to make this charming girl a convert to his views, he said, leaning towards her, in his zealous way: "Why, my dear Miss Angela, do you know I positively adore—"

"Beg pardon, Miss Morningstar, but this is our waltz," interrupted a distinguished attache of the legation, and Angela, with a graceful adieu, glided away from him, and Mr. Connyngham lost his chance of telling her why he adored—orchids.

Jack reached his uncle's side just as the young couple disappeared. He walked about, vexed at himself for missing his chance, until the evolution of the dance brought Angela almost to his side as the last strains of the music died away.

Going up to her he offered her his arm and led her to the conservatory. There, amid the sweet odors of the flowers and the silvery tinkle of the fountain, Jack fondly imagined his tale of love could be easily told.

Not so! The glowing words of the speech he had so carefully composed took his tongue. He sat by Angela's side for some moments, talking of indifferent things, trying in vain to recall them. At last, in despair he spoke: "Miss Angela, you know I adore you! Can't you love me a little, and—marry me, Angela?"

message, he almost tore his hair in desperation.

Jack's train was not wrecked, as he in his wretched state of mind almost hoped it might be. He reached New York safely, and, worn out by his emotions, went to bed and slept a dreamless sleep.

When he awoke there was a telegram awaiting him. It was characteristic of Mr. Jack Connyngham that the message contained only three words: "Come home instantly."

There was something new to think of. The telegram gave vast scope for imagination. Jack was able to catch the early morning train, and reached Washington a few hours later.

He was met by his uncle, who drove him to the club, remarking that they could talk while they lunched. After freshening himself up, Jack sat down and waited impatiently. He felt instinctively that Angela was concerned in the matter.

The elder gentleman seemed to have a hesitancy about beginning. Finally he spoke abruptly: "Five thousand dollars is a neat little sum, isn't it, Jack? It shall be yours, my boy, if—dropping his voice to a confidential whisper—"if you will take a charming girl off my hands."

Jack stared in amazement, unable to speak. "She's everything that's sweet, good, lovely, and every way desirable," he continued, in nervous haste. "But you know, Jack, I would not marry for all the gold in the world."

In spite of his wretched feelings, Jack burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. His uncle looked the picture of woeful anxiety as he told his story. He waited until Jack had subdued his ill-timed mirth, then continued: "You see, Jack, at the ball Tuesday night I was talking with Miss—well, we won't mention names yet—and we spoke of orchids; she said she didn't care for them at all. You know my weakness for orchids. I wanted to make a convert of her. I leaned over her, alas! I fear too devotedly, and said, 'My dear Miss—, I positively adore—' and before I could finish and say what I adored, an idiotic attache came up and took her away. Don't laugh, old fellow; it's turned out pretty serious business. Yesterday morning I received a note from her saying she accepted my interrupted offer, had loved me a long while, and called me 'Dear Jack! Do you understand? She thought I meant I adored her instead of orchids. Angela Morningstar has always been a great favorite of mine, but she is too progressive; possesses too much imagination."

At Angela's name Jack started, and a light began to dawn upon him. "Let me see the letter, uncle," he said; and it was handed to him. Scanning it eagerly, Jack saw with joy that it was his longed-for letter. A mischievous late had tossed it into his uncle's unwilling hands. With subdued emotion he read the sweet words Angela had penned for his eyes alone. His heart pounded with joy, but he repressed his feelings and put the letter absent-mindedly into his own pocket. Then turning to his distressed relative he said: "I'll do my best, Uncle Jack, to help you out. Today's sun shall not set before I offer myself to Miss Morningstar and endeavor—to take her off your hands."

"Remember the five thousand," called the elder man, as a further incentive, as his nephew stepped out of the door and walked with a firm, rapid step in the direction of the Morningstar residence. Miss Morningstar entered the reception-room in a dignified and stately manner. Jack rose eagerly to greet her. Giving a distant inclination of her lovely head, she ignored his extended hand.

"Angela!" cried Jack, in tones of deepest reproach, "what does this mean? Why do you meet me in this manner?" "It means," said Angela, coolly, but giving signs of repressed emotion, "that I accepted your offer, and gave you permission to come last evening and talk to me. I waited, but you did not come. This evening you put in a tardy appearance. Have you anything further to say to me, Mr. Jack Connyngham?"

At her last words Jack actually laughed. Miss Morningstar drew herself up to her full height and started to leave the room. In a moment Jack was upon his knees before her, explaining: "You see, darling, Uncle Jack is 'Mr. Jack Connyngham' to everybody; I'm only Jack."

Then as rapidly as possible he told the history of his disappointments and despair when the letter failed to come; of his hasty trip to New York and of his recall, to find that his precious letter had been given to his uncle. Before he was through, Angela's coolness had quite thawed, and Jack was in possession of her hand.

"So you are only Jack, are you?" she asked. "Ah, well, it's only Jack I want, you know. But in spite of your uncle I shall be Mrs. Jack Connyngham, after all," she said, with a willful toss of her pretty head.

When Jack returned to the club his uncle was still there. He came up to him, and his eyes asked the question his lips dared not ask. "Oh, it's all right, uncle," announced Jack, joyously. I have Miss Morningstar's promise that she will be my wife."

would look at an ugly old fellow like myself when a charming young man like yourself was at her feet."

Jack and Angela were happy. Mr. Jack Connyngham, confirmed old bachelor as he was, was happy, too. He had learned a valuable lesson. It was never to say anything to a maiden, old or young, that could possibly be construed into a proposal of marriage.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Allowance for Every Person's Error in All Things that He Sees.

It was discovered many years ago that if two or any greater number of people undertake to note the same, incident at the same time they will not agree upon the exact moment when the occurrence took place. Astronomers, in whose observations the greatest accuracy obtainable is usually desirable, have studied this question, and generally agree to fix the precise moment of an occurrence by taking the mean time of a number of observers, and to this difference in the noting of time they have given the name of personal equation. The difference proceeds, of course, from physical and mental characteristics, one man being able to think and act with much more rapidity than another.

If we extend the idea of the personal equation and apply it to other matters besides scientific research and observation, it will tend to clear up many of the perplexing questions which arise in the domain of philosophy, religion, and ethics. We often think it very strange that one with whom we are discussing some proposition should not be able at once to reach the conclusion at which we have already arrived, or, on the other hand, that he should outstrip us and come to a decision with a quickness which we deem unbecoming and necessarily incorrect, and yet it is only a matter of the personal equation.

There are people who are quick in everything, just as there are others who are slow in everything. There are men and women who walk fast, and for all we know, may sleep fast, while there are others for whom there never seem to be hours enough in the week for them to accomplish anything. The singular feature of this difference is that the slow people pride themselves on the way they do things, while the fast people are slow in all sorts of wise saws and modern instances, and regarding with pity if not with scorn those who are quicker than themselves. They bring to their aid all the dusty old proverbs imaginable, not caring to remember that most of them must have been devised by slow people, not as general rules, but purely as excuses for their slowness.

In questions of morals, not to say of theology, the personal equation plays an important part. There being no absolute standard of ethics, the relation must be a purely subjective one, and whether a certain thing be right or wrong must often depend on the way in which it is regarded. Just as beauty is in the eye of the observer, so the more delicate shades of ethical questions must depend on the temperament or conscience of those who are called upon to pass judgment on them. It is very much the same in theology. The dispute between Luther and Melancthon grew Luther was unable to translate "Hoc est corpus meum" in any way except literally. "This is my body," while Melancthon, with equal sincerity and devotion to the same cause, found in the phrase the figurative and symbolical meaning which is generally used by the protestants of the present day.

The personal equation exists universally, and always will, and we must recognize it as contentedly as we do the attraction of gravitation. Of course nothing can ever drive out of our heads the idea that we are right and the other fellow wrong; but if we concede the existence of the personal equation we may be able to look with some measure of charity upon his errors, and attribute his obstinacy, not to stupidity of ill-temper, but to something of which he may not be conscious or cannot control if he is.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Marching Songs. The first singers of most of these were the adventurers of the Middle Ages, the tree lances, whose wild life broke out in them. If they sang of their battles it was generally to some old air, which is sometimes to be found with strangely different words and refrain, set to some peaceful song of the provinces. Many curious military traditions are preserved in these songs made by the soldiers themselves; the best collection of them, it seems, is M. Leroux de Lincy's "Recueil des Chants Historiques Francais."

As the centuries pass on the tone becomes more easy, more good-humored; the music is as much country dance as march. Till the revolution, when "The Marseillaise," of course, drove everything else out of the field, French soldiers went to their campaigns singing to the tune of "La Mère Michel a perdu son chat." After the revolution, which certainly, whatever it may have done for France, has not added to her outward joy, a plaintive tone comes in with the songs of the conscripts. A few of them, but difficult to find, date back to the levées of 1793; most of them are traceable to the

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.



Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

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

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

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

If You Ever Saw a Contrast

Just notice the style of Clothing we sell and that sold by others. There is an air of gentility and style about a man who wears one of our HANDSOME SUITS. There is a fit about them, a peculiar adaptation to the figure that you do not see in other Suits. Just look at our Fall Styles, for instance, and you will readily understand the point we make. We insure a Perfect Fit, and our guarantee goes with every SUIT as to service and value. We give values in CLOTHING that no one will attempt to excel. Don't get a Fall Outfit until you have seen all we have to offer.

R. W. LEETCH, 47 King Street, St. John, N. B. NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week FOR BOSTON

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 1:30 p.m. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and Portland at 5 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

That it is a crime to laugh at an old joke. That all veils covers a multitudes of treckles. That authorship is the sweetest sort of fame.

That every fool knows how to swear properly. That police court judges write for the comic papers.

That marriage brokers charge the legal rate of interest. That the study of aesthetics is a sure road to happiness.

That the modern Sunday newspaper is a liberal education. That men hide themselves in garrets to read realistic novels.

That it is better to be a cornet player than an habitual snorer. That there's more music in a cracked violin than in buzz saw.

That the principles of Delors are followed in club gymnasiums. That any sort of club burns with as much vigor as a rejected poem.

That modern pugilism resembles the combats of ancient Greece and Rome. That it is better to be the author of a nation's songs than a lawyer in good practice.

That it is right for a man to fight for his dog when he wouldn't turn on his heel in his wife's defense.

Charley and his Cycle. Charley had a safety cycle, his wheels were in a row; And every where the front wheel went, The back was sure to go.

It followed o'er a thorny heath, And down a steep, stony bank; A splendid sight, as Charley took Two stout netles rank.

At length a bumpkin hailed him out, "The safety lingering near; But now the back wheel is in front, The front wheel in the rear."

"What makes the wheel so 'wobble' so?" "Four Charley did equate; 'Tis 'knoosed the wind, sir, out of you And that pneumatic tire."

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.)

S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

Sailings for September. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7:25 a.m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis.

Returning will call from Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday upon arrival of the "FLYING BLUE-NOSE" from Halifax, due at 11.15.

Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.35 P. M.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at 8 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop there.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursion Tickets will be on sale from St. John during the MONTREAL EXHIBITION

each, on Sept. 14th to 16th inclusive.

each, on Sept. 17th to 21st inclusive.

All good for return passage until September 26th, 1892.

Rates equally as low from all points. For particulars enquire of agents.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Agent, MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement. On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.50 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.25 p.m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m.

LEAVE WYOMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 5.15 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m.

CONNECTIONS— Windsor and Annapolis Railway and to St. John daily. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston 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, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 125 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BURNETT, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 1.00; for Pictou, 1.30; for Lunenburg, 2.00; for Annapolis, 2.30; for Digby, 3.00; for Kentville, 3.30; for New Brunswick, 4.00; for Moncton, 4.30; for Miramichi, 5.00; for Grand Falls, 5.30; for Edmundston, 6.00; for Riverview, 6.30; for Grand Falls, 7.00; for Edmundston, 7.30; for Riverview, 8.00; for Grand Falls, 8.30; for Edmundston, 9.00; for Riverview, 9.30; for Grand Falls, 10.00; for Edmundston, 10.30; for Riverview, 11.00; for Grand Falls, 11.30; for Edmundston, 12.00; for Riverview, 12.30; for Grand Falls, 1.00; for Edmundston, 1.30; for Riverview, 2.00; for Grand Falls, 2.30; for Edmundston, 3.00; for Riverview, 3.30; for Grand Falls, 4.00; for Edmundston, 4.30; for Riverview, 5.00; for Grand Falls, 5.30; for Edmundston, 6.00; for Riverview, 6.30; for Grand Falls, 7.00; for Edmundston, 7.30; for Riverview, 8.00; for Grand Falls, 8.30; for Edmundston, 9.00; for Riverview, 9.30; for Grand Falls, 10.00; 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