



THINGS SEEN AT HOME.

AN AFTERNOON'S DRIVE AROUND HALIFAX.

Haligonians Want to Cross the Ocean, But Are Ignorant of the Attractions at Home...

HALIFAX, June 24.—Did it ever strike you how little we know about the land we live in? How many Canadians are there who have taken more than one trip across the Atlantic, and yet, had they while over there, been asked any questions relative to cities and scenery without their own immediate province, I fear they should be forced to plead ignorance of the subject...

If you would care to take a drive with me this fine afternoon, I think we might pass a rather pleasant hour or two together. If in describing the various points of interest as we pass along, my pen falls somewhat short of the reality, I would beg you to recall the words of Kirk White who said that "mere description generally meant mere nonsense." Starting from the Queen or Halifax hotel which fronts on Hollis, the largest business street of the city, we turn our horses heads south. As they mount Salter street, let me inform you that as Halifax, is built upon a hill, you may prepare yourself for numerous ascents; this is merely a short street, intersecting Hollis and Barrington; that stone building on your right is Masonic hall, which when not occupied by the brotherhood, is often times the scene of gay assemblages, bazaars, amateur theatricals, etc.

A glimpse at the inside of government house is far more interesting than that obtained from the outside. The rooms, though low and belonging to a bygone period of architecture, are very spacious, each one communicating with the other in such a manner that one can pass from one apartment to the other through the whole extent of the house. When en fetes for a ball or other entertainment the old mansion looks very lovely, resembling some ancient English castle, and a looker-on feels very much inclined to close his eyes on the modern bustle and crowd, and people the wide corridors and old rooms with the gentle dames of long ago, who danced the minuet and tripped a measure so gracefully with their gallant partners in knee breeches and periwigs.

But we must not delay here any longer or the afternoon will have passed before we are aware of it. Just opposite is the old English cemetery, which has been closed up, standing intact for many years; that large brown stone arch inside the gate is the Welsford Harker monument, erected by the citizens to the memory of those two British officers, natives of Nova Scotia, who were killed in the Crimea. Driving further on, we notice that pretty little family hotel, the Waterley House, and just next that spacious establishment, with its wide velvety lawn, broad carriage drive and tall shady trees is the Ladies' college, which has become so well known throughout the province that any more detailed account would, I am sure, be superfluous. Directly across the street, and somewhat back from the road, is the residence of the late Sir Edward Kenny, the happy and well remembered home of a large and scattered family.

We have by this time reached South street; on the northwest corner stands the fine substantial, though it is a wooden house, of Hon. H. H. Fuller, formerly the residence of the late Edward Binney, whose widow, during her residence here, was so renowned for her charities; no mendicant was ever sent away from that door without receiving relief from that good friend of the poor. On the other side of the street stands a pretty white cottage with old fashioned green shutters; this is the homestead of Mrs. Eason, and on the opposite corner is Mr. Stephen Tobin's residence, whose large garden extends quite to Pleasant street.

We now drive rapidly along, for some little time the outlook is devoid of interest, a colony of small shops having settled in this locality; this continues until Green street is reached, when we notice the residence of Mr. Wm. Chisholm built on the hill commanding a fine view of the harbor; from this to the Esplanade (a prettily enclosed pasture, around whose walls are scattered seats where the weary may seek repose and gaze out on the placid sea) we

A CRAZE FOR RAG MATS.

'JEREMIAH' TELLS OF SOME FADS POPULAR IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Cleveland as a Belle Hunter, and her Work on Long Island—Men and Women Who Find Bicycling a Means of Keeping in Good Health.

NEW YORK, June 22.—With the exception of the Women's Press club, Sorosis is, from a literary and social point of view, the most formidable women's club in America, consequently when Sorosis shakes its head in disapprobation, the disapproved needs to look round, find out what is wrong, and institute a reform as quickly as possible. At its last meeting some of its most influential members stated distinctly that in their opinion the matter specially provided by the editors for their feminine patrons, was largely "rubbish," and "an insult to the intelligence of woman." Journalistic members were asked to inform the meeting why they wrote such trash, and they meekly replied, "because the editors would not accept anything else, and they could not afford to fill their waste paper baskets with the bright, thoughtful articles they longed to write but were unable to sell."

It remains to be seen if the editor is going to mend his ways. He is to be given a fair chance; if he don't improve it a woman's paper is to be started, and no doubt on the day that its first issue is distributed, the circulation of some of the metropolitan dailies will drop with a thud that will be heard all the way to St. John. A new industry has arisen in New York, or rather an old one has been revived. And many a woman is spending these long summer evenings, just as her Puritan great grandmother did, cutting rags into strips to be woven into carpets.

JEREMIAH AND HANNER.

They "Cum to Town," See the Sights, and Have an Opinion on Everything.

BACK OF FREDERICTON, June 24.—Me and Hanner cum down to town for a few days for our health. We had rather a hard winter, the hull family had the grip, Huldy was the worst, but I'm thankful to say we all got over it. I can't say I'm gittin rich, but I've alous been able to keep my family a-chavin, so I musn't murmur. This spring is backward, and the rane kept of wonderful, but sense the changin of the moon we had a few showers that has don a heap of good. Grass is poor our way, so is petatos and otes. Buckwheat is better, and corn is fare. You will be pleased to hear that I hev got a new mowin machin, or rather me and my next naylor has one on the shafts. I bawt it of McFarlat and Tompson, as I believe in tradin with our own people sted of furninors.

Prediction is lookin lovely. Hanner en me took a walk yisterdy roun town and admired the laylocks and other plants in the gardens. We went to the kirk in the mornin, it's a bewtiful meetin house, though to my mind the quire is a leetle to high up. I was a tellin' a gentleman that spoke pleasant to me as we cum out that I thowen the preacher was smart, and he sed he was glad I was not thare a few Sundys ago, or I cood not understand the man that preached then, he was so hialatin. We likewise attended the Salvation army. I hev went thare before, but Hanner hadn't never been, and she was raly more took with 'em, on I was. I've ben jokin her ever sense, a askin her how she wood like to ware wun of them bunnits. You see if Hanner has a weakness its fer fine bunnits. We had a noshun of callin on the High-Stalks, it seems its the fashion to make one name sound like too by puttin a dash between the sillibles, but we was told that Martly Ann was powder en ever, and hed got to drawin her words like the officers so wun cood not tell what she was drivan at. I wood like to ask Asta who I think is very sensibel for a yung person, if a reel lady is proud or puts on ares over old naylor's.

We wasn't invited nowhere, which surprised us considerable, as we hed red so much in the papers of the well knone hospitality of the people of Fredricton, so I suppose they have all thare frolics, when the members is thare to enjoy em. We laid out to tend a tee-meetin on the officers' squar, but a big shower cum up and disappointed the yung fokes. I was sorry, fer its likely they was rasin funds to git a organ for thare lodge. I hope they will hev better luck nex time. Most every time I cum to town I heer of new people ben elected to the arowstockery. They are brung out first at a hop-pin, jumpin match on the squar. Me and Hanner watched 'em fer a while, a doggin and a spravin and thay put us in mind of a yoke of oxen that was a tryin to run away, and did not know which way to go. I did not hev a chans to call on my old friend Jack Edwards, but as the papers is complementin him on ben such a good man, he must hev sav the error of his ways and giv up keepin favers. There ain't never no luck in licker drinkin or licker sellin. I wood be glad to see him keepin a stonch temperance house. It make me mad to heer jokes a sayin that Frank Rustean writes the Fodder letters. I am more capablen en he is of ridin 'em, anyways he is more at home a actin out the bad boy. Yours very trewly, in which Hanner jines. JEREMIAH FODDER.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

GOSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. King st., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. de27

LAMP BURNER.—LAMP BURNER, which I have for sale, is the most perfect, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Sent 45 cents for pretty sample burner, descriptive circular, and estimate for agents. Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. de27

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that anyone wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

TO SPORTSMEN, I HAVE FOR SALE, four thoroughly well bred pointer puppies. Will express them prepaid, to any part of the province at \$10.00 each. Address—CHARLES MOORE, Sackville, N. B. de27

COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated at Rotherham, say—20 minutes walk from station. For Sale, or to Let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennelcove; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply for particulars, at PROGRESS OFFICE.

SUMMER RESIDENCE to let, for the full season, or for a longer period. Beautifully situated in a grove of trees, within a few rods of the river bank, and convenient to city by boat or train. House two-story and nearly new—seven rooms; good out-houses; also garden, containing in high state of cultivation. Pure spring water on premises. Good school handy. Rent reasonable. Possession given any time after navigation opens.—Address "Summer Residence" care PROGRESS OFFICE. (ap4 17)

LESSONS IN COMMON ENGLISH or high-school and college. Backward pupils can receive strictly confidential lessons.—Address, "GOVERNMENT," PROGRESS OFFICE, St. John, N. B. Ap. 4, 17.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get a great bargain in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

SEASIDE COTTAGES, IN REPLY TO inquiry from "A. L. King," I have three furnished cottages at the seaside, where there is good bathing.—For further particulars apply to ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Bathurst, N. B. July 17

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, THAT splendid specimen of the last generation, did mounted in Macaulay Bros. & Co.'s window, will be sold for \$50. The picture stands about 18 inches high, and is fully 30 inches wide.—Apply at PROGRESS OFFICE, St. John, N. B.

A NEWSPAPER WOMAN IS WANTED to edit the "Progress" in this city. Salary dependent upon her success. Salary dependent upon her success. Salary dependent upon her success.—For particulars, address ASTRA, care PROGRESS OFFICE, St. John, N. B.

LADIES' POCKET BOOKS, Note Papers, &c., MCARTHUR'S, 89 King Street. may2 17

NO DUST IN IT THE NOVELTY INK-clothes automatically attend. Keeps ink clean; never dries up. Sample mailed for fifty cents; agents wanted. CANADIAN NOVELTY CO., Milltown, New Brunswick. de27

SERGES AND CHEVIOTS, general wear in all climates, more durable or better to keep their color than a Serge or Cheviot. We have them in English, Scotch and Irish makes in all qualities. A. G. LITTLE, 75 Germain street.

SUMMER LODGINGS, roomy and pleasant, can be had, ten minutes walk from Nauwigwank station. A cooking stove ready for use and connected with the water supply. Post Office, Store and Telegraph Office—all useful conveniences to country life—are close by.—Apply to J. M. KILPATRICK, May 27

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury, Norton, Maryville, Chipman, Harvey, Veceboys, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Greensboro, Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, Edmondston, Vancourt, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do so easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profit and little work.—address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress St. John, N. B.

SHORTHAND, (typewriter), will receive pupils in shorthand and penmanship, at 231 King street east; day and evening. Scovill system. may2 17

BOARDING, A FEW PERMANENT or occasional boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, very centrally located house, 78 Side street. Mrs. MCINNES. may2 3m

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT where we have no space in sending to 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. "make a note of it."

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their hands busy, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where PROGRESS is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to PROGRESS "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

VERNER McLELLAN, OF PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B. Who has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, takes great pleasure in saying that Scott's Cure for Rheumatism has done him more good than anything he ever used, and would advise anybody suffering to try it and be convinced that it is the best remedy in the World for Rheumatism.

SCOTT'S CURE RHEUMATISM is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

Scott's Cure is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simpson Bros. & Co., Foyers, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. J. K. Kelly, Wadsworth & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Millburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

A Dandy Suit.

We're saying this about a lot of our Men's Summer Suits. They're stylish, not too loud; but good plain patterns; striped and checked goods, mixed tweeds and worsteds—all ready to try on. You can get as good fit as if you left your measure.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Have You Seen Our New Roaster?



If not, this cut will give you a fair idea of it. MADE IN FOUR SIZES, For Roasting Meats, Game, Poultry, Etc. For Baking Bread, Biscuit, Cake, Pudding, Etc.

Every Housekeeper should have one. The price is so low as to be within the reach of all, and runs from \$1.20 to \$2.00 each.

OUR PRESENT STOCK OF TINWARE, HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE, AND NOVELTIES, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED BEFORE.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince William Street.

P. S.—Now is the time to buy a Refrigerator. We have 12 sizes, ranging from \$10.00 upwards.

Brantford Safety Bicycles Take the Lead.

THEY ARE BUILT FOR CANADIAN ROADS, NOT ENGLISH WALKS. THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES.



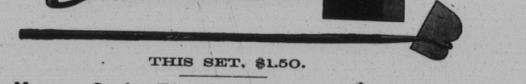
MONCTON, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John: GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1889, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the "Rudge Safety," and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BRANTFORD SAFETY. Wishing you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc., W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dept., Moncton, N. B.

Brantford Safeties, Ladies' Safety Bicycles, Rob Roys, Little Giants, cone and ball bearings; Rocketts and Pet Safeties. Full stock on the way from the manufacturers; a limited supply on hand. Send for complete catalogue, which includes Tricycles, Velocipedes, and Cycle Sundries, to suit all wants.

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

N. B.—For the accommodation of our friends, especially outside of the city, who would like to see our Stock on the Queen's Birthday, we will open on May 25th, from 7 a. m. to 12 o'clock. The Ladies' Stock will be in by then. C. E. BURNHAM & SON.

GARDEN TOOLS.



Lawn Mowers, Garden Trowels, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Cultivators, Wheelbarrows, Weeders, &c., &c. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THORNE BROS.

SPECIALTIES IN HEADWEAR. Uniform Caps, Tennis Caps, Children's Caps, Embracing many attractive novelties.

GENTS' FINE FLEXIBLE STIFF HATS. CHILDREN'S STRAW AND LEGHORN HATS.

Thorne Bros. 93 KING STREET.











SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Hows Allan has friends visiting her. Mr. Edward Taylor, son of J. K. Taylor left this week for the west, where he will make his home.

St. John—North End. Miss Nettie Harrison left Thursday for St. Stephen, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grimmer.

Mrs. Horne and Miss Josephine Horne left on Sunday evening in company with Mr. and Mrs. Root, for Winnipeg.

Mr. Harry McElean is home from Bridgetown, N. S., where he has been fishing the past week.

Miss Peters is the guest this week of Mrs. James Smith.

Miss Annie Olmstead and Miss Warr of Calais are visiting here this week.

Mr. Ed. Machum has engaged the McStay cottages at St. Andrews for the summer.

Mrs. Jas. R. Brown still remains ill.

A party consisting of Miss Knight, Miss A. Farmer, Miss M. Ferris, Miss M. Beck and Miss Stevens went to Westfield Saturday evening and remained over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Hea and Mr. R. Farmer were the chaperons.

Mr. Walter Holly, who has been in Westfield the past fortnight, returned home today. It is said that he is building a cottage, and rumor has it he will not occupy it alone.

Last Thursday Miss Teresa Doherty was married at St. Peter's church by the Rev. A. Wynn, to Mr. Frank Hickey, of Amherst. They left for Boston, and on their return will reside in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. John Goddard left this morning for Halifax, where they will be the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. Gibson, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Harrison, of High street.

Miss Kate Roberts leaves England for home today.

It is told that one of our lady school teachers leaves for England next month, where she will be married, the fortunate gentleman being unable owing to business connections, to come to this side of the water.

Mr. James Murray and Miss O'Grady came to the conclusion Wednesday, that man was not made to live alone, and after a quiet ceremony at the cathedral they started for Boston as Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

Rev. T. McEldrick is the guest of his mother, Mrs. F. McEldrick.

FRÉDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Law, thorne.]

JUNE 24.—Owing to the heavy rain of yesterday and today, the Bremen were obliged to postpone their festival until tomorrow evening. The object is to raise funds to assist them in honorably representing the city in the big firemen's procession and sports at Moncton, July 1st.

Mr. Fred Nicholson, the popular clerk of the Queen's hotel, has joined the grand army of Benedictines. He has taken for his bride Miss Hattie Bell, daughter of Mr. Lewis A. Belyea, of Gibson.

The ceremony was performed on Thursday, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, of St. Mary's. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson left by boat for St. John, en route for Boston and New York, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barry returned on Thursday from their bridal trip. Mrs. Barry is receiving her friends this week at the Barker house.

Mr. John Black had a small impromptu party last Thursday evening, called "veranda party." Dancing, music, and ice cream were the pleasures of the evening. About 30 of Mr. Black's young friends enjoyed this very pleasant little diversion.

Mrs. Blais and her family will take up their residence at Bay Shore this week.

The "Y" have sent out cards for a reception to be given in honor of Miss Tilley and Miss Scott of Ontario in the temperance hall on Friday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rose of Winnipeg, who have been visiting friends in this city and St. John, left on the C.P.R. Sunday night for their home.

Miss Coler of Fredericton accompanied them.

Miss Agnes Barn of Halifax is expected here on Friday to visit her friend, Miss Mabel Gregory.

Mrs. Luke Stewart and Miss Knox of St. John are here, the guests of Mrs. Julius Inghel, St. John street.

Rev. A. W. McLeod, of Thorburn, N.S., occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's church on Sunday. He was the guest of Mr. H. Fitz during his stay in the city.

Rev. Mr. Allison, of St. Martins, will officiate next Sunday.

Dr. Henry V. S., has taken unto himself a fair bride today. Miss Ida Campbell, daughter of Mr. John A. Campbell, of Kingsclear. The bride looked lovely in white silk, long train, she was attended by her sister. The bride and bridesmaid each carried beautiful bouquets. The guests numbered about 100. Mr. and Mrs. Henry will occupy their residence on Brunswick street, where they will be held housekeeping.

Miss Florie F. Randolph is visiting her friend, Miss Grace Day, at Sheffield.

Dr. Austin and Mrs. DeBlais returned from Germany and England, where they have been spending the last year, on Friday, and are visiting Mrs. DeBlais' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Day, at Upper Sheff.

Mrs. DeBlais has been studying vocal music during her stay in Germany.

Mr. A. G. Cliff has arrived from Florida.

Mrs. Geo. Burton, of St. John, and her sister Mrs. Burton, of Washington, and niece, Mrs. McEldrick, of Toronto, are visiting Fredericton for a few weeks. They are at Miss Allens, Waterloo street.

Mr. W. H. Robinson, of the bank of Nova Scotia, St. John, is home spending his vacation.

Mrs. Stearns of this city, was elected president of the W. C. T. U. of Canada, which closed its session in St. John yesterday.

Mr. L. W. Johnston and Miss Johnston were in St. John last week attending the W. C. T. U. convention, also Mrs. Geo. Hall and Mrs. A. F. Randall.

Mr. Geo. Bosford, clerk of the legislative council, after a lengthy illness, died at his residence, Brunswick street, this afternoon.

Miss Maggie A. Howie, daughter of James R. Howie, of this city, died yesterday morning at her father's residence of consumption, after a long illness. She was 25 years old, and for a number of years a member of St. Paul's choir, and had a large circle of friends who will regret her early death. Within the past four years Mr. and Mrs. Howie have been called upon to mourn the death of four daughters and one son.

The funeral will take place at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. McDonald and Mr. Thomas Stanger will leave Fredericton early next month for a trip to Scotland.

Mr. M. J. McEldrick of the Massachusetts house of representatives, has been visiting this city, the guest of Mrs. McDonald and Mr. McEldrick, a nephew of Mrs. Jennings.

Mrs. Tom Morrison of New York has come to St. John to visit friends.

Miss Cunningham has returned to her home in St. John.

Rev. Mr. Brewer of Charlottetown, P.E.I., spent Sunday with his friends here on his way to St. Stephen to attend the conference.

The young ladies of the Baptist church intend having a milk made social in the temperance hall tomorrow evening.

Messrs. Herbert and Leonard Tilley of St. John are visiting their friends in Fredericton.

STELLA.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book store of W. W. Black and W. B. Murray, Main street.]

JUNE 24.—Moncton society doings read like a tale of woe just now, for all that the correspondent has to record is an unbroken series of departures, the upper ten seeming to almost jostle each other in their efforts to see who will get out of town first. And yet, ever they are making a mistake, for if our own city averts looks well it is in June, when the trees are all in leaf, and the gardens gay with flowers, when the days are warm and the nights cool, and the frogs sing in the marshes and puddles by night, while your nearest neighbor's canary makes things lively for you by day. However, I prefer our own comfortable homes to the heat and glare of Rhedus of Point du Chene, for it would be bad for the summer hotels.

Mrs. George W. Daniel has selected the beautiful village of Sussex as a summer resort, and departed with her two little boys last Friday, to the great regret of those among her friends who are not going out of town themselves this summer, and who will greatly miss Mrs. Daniel's bright society.

Mrs. J. E. Church left us some time ago, with her children, to spend the summer in Dorchester, and I understand that Mrs. R. W. Hewson intends leaving next week for the same place.

Mrs. E. A. Whitney will spend the summer at Point du Chene, for the benefit of the sea bathing.

Mrs. J. L. Harris is at Boston visiting her sister, Mrs. E. A. Record.

Mrs. George McSweeney returned last week from a visit to her former home at Summerside, P. E. I. Mrs. William Barnes is spending a few days with friends in Dorchester.

Mrs. William Robertson returned on Thursday from a fortnight's visit to Sidney, C. B. Miss Annie Cook is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs. C. E. Boucher left town on Monday to spend a few weeks at her home in Newcastle.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Ross left town last Wednesday for Truro to attend the funeral of Dr. Ross, uncle of the Rev. Ebenezer Ross, of Dalhousie college.

Mr. C. D. Thomson returned last week from St. Albans, Vermont, whither she had gone to be present at the wedding of her brother, Mr. Eben E. MacLeod, travelling passenger agent of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific railway, of Boston, who was married to the 15th to Miss Bailey, daughter of Judge Bailey of Vermont.

Speaking of weddings reminds me that these joyous events are growing to be of such everyday occurrence in Moncton that one feels almost tempted to embark upon the troubled sea, oneself did not a warning voice from the lean and hungry depths of the pocket book cry out in clear tones that time honored "advice to those about to marry—Don't!"

But such mundane considerations do not seem to trouble young folks, probably because being literary people, most of them have no idea of what real poverty means. The last to enter the silken bonds was Miss Marion Weir, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Weir, who was married last Wednesday evening to Mr. Wm. Crockett, conductor on the northern route of the I. C. R. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father on Founny street, and was performed by the Rev. J. M. Robinson. The bride was unattended and looked very sweet and fair in a dress of cream-colored satin with court train and wreath. There were about 20 guests present, and the wedding guests were many and varied. Before this Mrs. Weir had spent her journey to St. John another couple will have set forth upon life's voyage together, and another young lady will have been transformed into Mrs. W. F. Burnham. The good wishes of the friends will follow them.

The hosts of friends made by Miss Annie Thomson of Newcastle during the year she spent in Moncton, were delighted to see her again, last week, when she spent Wednesday in a ladies' seminary for the past year, to spend her vacation at her home in Newcastle. I trust sincerely to see her again, as she has been one of the teachers in a ladies' seminary for the past year, to spend her vacation at her home in Newcastle. I trust sincerely to see her again, as she has been one of the teachers in a ladies' seminary for the past year, to spend her vacation at her home in Newcastle.

Mrs. Magowan of Charlottetown, is spending a fortnight with Mrs. C. U. Chandler, of Weldon street. Mrs. Magowan is always a welcome guest in Moncton, and we should be only too glad if we could keep her with us always.

Rev. Joseph Hogg, former pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church here, but now of Winnipeg, preached to his old congregation on Sunday evening. The church was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic hearers, eager to welcome their former pastor. A reception will be tendered to Mr. Hogg on Monday afternoon for St. John to spend a month with his sister, Mrs. R. W. Thorne.

Miss Black and Miss Masters, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden, returned to Sackville last week.

Bishop Connor administered the rite of confirmation to 23 candidates at St. George's church last Wednesday evening. The service was especially impressive, in the sacrament of baptism being administered to three of the candidates just before the service by Rev. Horton, assisted by the work of collecting funds for the new organ for St. George's church is going on vigorously. An entertainment is to be held on July 1st, at which will be a sort of festival, and by which the ladies in charge hope to raise a handsome sum of money, both of gold and silver. Even the children seem anxious to help in the good work, and some 20 small maidens were at the bazaar in the house of Mrs. R. A. Borden, preparing for a table which they intend to have at the bazaar in September.

His lordship Bishop Sweeney was in town on Monday, and proceeded to Kent county to look over the farms.

Mr. G. R. Sangster left town on Monday for St. Stephen to attend the Methodist conference.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith of Dorchester is in town today.

HOPEWELL CAPE.

JUNE 24.—The county court which has been in session during the week adjourned on Friday, July Wedderburn returning to Moncton on Saturday morning per Arbutus. Among the legal business transacted in the court were Messrs. H. R. Emerson and E. H. Teed, of Dorchester, A. W. Bennett of Sackville, A. W. Bray and W. A. Trueman of Moncton.

Mrs. J. A. Thompkins, and a large party of friends enjoyed a very pleasant day Saturday, admiring the extreme beauty of the "Hoops." The chief amusement of both our visitors and residents seems to be fishing. Mr. and Mrs. Estey of Moncton, J. R. Callahan, of St. John, and H. J. Bennett were among the party, who returned from the lake with a large supply of "speckled beauties."

Mr. Harrison Gross and wife returned from their tour on Saturday. They are at the house of E. Dickson. Mr. Gross leaves for Ottawa Monday evening.

Prof. H. Rhodes, editor of Maple Leaf, was at the Albert hotel on Saturday.

Mrs. E. E. Wells, who has been spending a few weeks here, returned to her home at Point du Chene on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. Palmer, of Dorchester, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Read.

It is with feelings of regret that I record the death of Mrs. S. Fowles, which occurred on Tuesday last. She was universally beloved. The obituary notice was published in the Standard on Wednesday.

Mr. J. O. Mack, a student from New Jersey, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. He will hold service here during his vacation.

BUCTOUICHE.

JUNE 24.—Miss Doherty and Miss Serena Doherty spent Tuesday with their sister, Mrs. J. A. Irving. This morning's train will visit friends in Nova Scotia.

Mr. J. Thos. Hutchinson visited his home this week.

Rev. Wm. Buchanan, from Moncton, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Sellar and Mr. W. H. Hayes left on Tuesday for St. Stephen, where the methodists hold their conference this year.

Quite a number attended the handkerchief social which was held at Mill Creek on Tuesday evening. Among the number were: Rev. Mr. Kinross, Mr. Robert Foley, Mrs. Blais, Miss Serena Doherty, Miss Maggie Foley, Master Harry Foley, Mrs. H. C. Murray, Miss Annie Murray, Mrs. King, and others.

Mr. Miles, of Daws, Mr. C. C. Cole, Mr. Watt and Mr. L. Leden were registered at the Bay View this week.

Mr. W. S. Blake and Mr. George Blake arrived here from P. E. Island Monday evening, and left on this morning's train for Boston, where they intend remaining the summer.

Rev. Mr. Tennant returned from Moncton Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchinson spent Wednesday at the three town. Visited friends in Moncton today.

Master Harry Foley and Miss Maggie Foley spent Wednesday with friends in St. Nicholas River. VENUE.

MARYSVILLE.

JUNE 24.—The picnic spoken of last week, given by the Misses Murray, came off on Friday last. The day was exceptionally fine, and at an early hour most of the youth and beauty of the town were wending their way to the Canada Eastern depot, where they boarded the train for Mr. B. N. Good, speeder, Peniac. Boating, fishing and croquet were the order of the day. All seemed to have a delightful time, notwithstanding the coat of sunburn most of the fair sex carried. One young lady was unfortunate enough to sprain her ankle, but not seriously. A young gentleman from the Celestial city who joined the party, while sitting at the stern of the boat whistling "Mrs. McLeod's Reel," was by a sudden lurch of the small craft precipitated into the water, but he seemed to rather enjoy his bath.

Mrs. F. M. Merritt and bride, are expected home this week from New York.

Mr. Thos. Lively returned from St. John on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. O. Shaw and Miss Ethel left on Saturday for Lowell, Mass.

A notice one of our young gentlemen has recently "taken unto himself a wife" and is making rapid strides in learning to ride a bicycle.

Some of our young gentlemen, are, I believe getting into a moonlight excursion for Thursday evening. No doubt it will be a grand success, as an efficient committee have it in hand. It is certainly something new and novel, and well worth going on the Canada Eastern railway, Boston being their destination. SCHIBLERS.

THE ECLIPSE.

WE HAVE A SPLENDID LINE OF THE CELEBRATED "ECLIPSE" NOSE.

THEY ARE GIVING THE GREATEST SATISFACTION. Ladies and Children—all sizes; warranted "FAST," and will not "STAIN."

GOSSAMERS, SUNSHADES, GLOVES,

IN GREAT VARIETY. Our English and French Dress Goods, for midsummer wear, are selling rapidly; these goods are very fine, and equal to anything heretofore offered to the ladies of this city.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON, 97—KING STREET.—97

MILLTOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Milltown at the post office.]

Mr. Donovan of Halifax was in town this week. Mrs. W. H. Chisholm is seriously ill. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Chisholm of Guysboro, N. S., is here.

Master Jim Keary is home from college at Memramouc, N. B. Mr. E. L. O'Brien has been home for some days. The salubrious air of his native town does not appear to have the effect of reducing his avoirdupois to any extent.

The bark of Bathurst society has cast anchor in station bay, and the prospects are that it will long remain anchored there. TOM BROWN.

MARRIED.

MURRAY O'GRADY.—Married, at the Cathedral, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. J. J. Walsh, James Murray to Mary A. O'Grady, both of this city.

DIED.

FURLONG.—In this city, on the 26th inst., Morris Danbury, second son of Kate and Thomas Furlong, aged 19 years. Funeral on Sunday, from his father's residence, Coburg street, at 2:30 o'clock.

DR. F. W. BARBOUR, SURGEON DENTIST, Will open an Office at 165 Princess Street, about August 1st.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

THE above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hamilton MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY mornings, at 5 o'clock; returning from Indianton on the same days, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

EXCURSION, JULY 1st.

The CLIFTON will run its usual popular excursion, July 1st, to Hampton Falls, Fredericton, St. Stephen, and Indianton at 9 a. m., and will call at all way landings.

Dominion Day

ON THE RHINE OF AMERICA, DAVID WESTON, Will make an excursion trip to FREDERICTON AND RETURN, JULY 1st.

FARES.—Return Tickets, Oak Point 50c, Hampton 60c, Gagetown 75c, Fredericton \$1. Steamer will leave Indianton at 9 a. m., and will call at all way landings.

A GRAND EXCURSION

FOR Dominion Day, DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS, In the Splendid Steamship, CITY OF MONTICELLO.

Giving an opportunity for a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy and up the Annapolis Basin and River.

The Attractions at Digby Will include Horse Racing, Running Races for men and boys, Sailing Race, Single and Double Scull Race, Canoe Race for Indians, and Firemen's Hoop Race. There will also be

Great Attractions at Annapolis, As follows: BASE BALL MATCH, between Y. M. C. Club of St. John and A. A. Club of Annapolis. ATHLETIC SPORTS—One Mile Race, Half Mile Race, 400 Yard Race, 200 Yard Race, 100 Yard Dash, Hurdle Race, Running High Jump, Putting 16 lb. Shot, Throwing Hammer, Pole Vault and throwing Cricket ball, for which handsome prizes are offered. Also a GRAND EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT CURIOUS will be shown in the Grand Hotel, the oldest historical building now standing in America.

The boat will sail from St. John at 7:30 (local time) due at Digby at 11 a. m. and Annapolis at 12:30. Returning, leave Annapolis at 4:30 p. m. and Digby at 6 o'clock, giving excursions 1 hour at Digby and 4 hours at Annapolis, weather permitting. Fare for the round trip—Digby \$1.50. Annapolis \$2.00.

THE CITY CORNET BAND will accompany the excursion and furnish music. Refreshments can be obtained on steamer. Tickets can be procured on board from Purser or from Agents, Beech's Point.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager.

ST. ANDREWS RINK.

COMMENCING MONDAY EVENG, JUNE 29!

—ENGAGEMENT OF THE— New York Bijou Opera Co.

Headed by the distinguished prima donna, ADELAIDE RANDALL

—AND HER ORCHESTRA OF— 26—ARTISTS—26 Presenting for the first time here, the latest success, ERMINE.

Augmented Orchestra; brilliant costumes; excellent chorus. Orchestra in preparation. Seats reserved in advance at the drug store of A. C. SMITH & CO.

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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JUST OPENED: The Largest Variety of Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Etc.

Ever shown in St. John, aggregating over one hundred thousand yards, all grades. Over 100 patterns to select from.

A. O. SKINNER.

"WEDDING GIFTS." IN FINE GOLD AND STERLING SILVER Watches and Jewelry;

Together with a Splendid Assortment of Quadruple Plated Ware, Clocks, Bronzes, Dessert, Berry, and Tote-a-Tote Sets.

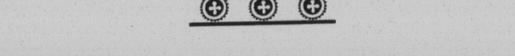
All of the very best and latest ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN Goods, and at lowest prices. Cut to ensure Cash Sales.

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ONE OF THE FINEST! It's well to know a little about where to buy, and what to buy. We've one of the finest stocks of Boys' Clothing in the Provinces—a well selected, complete stock. You can say after you've seen our goods, anybody wanting to buy cannot help being suited.

E. C. COLE, - - - MONCTON, N. B.



15,000 FROM JUNE TO JANUARY.

Progress has a circulation at present of between 9,000 and 10,000 copies—the exact figures will be found at the head of the editorial column—by far the largest of all old papers in these maritime provinces.

We want to make it larger than this, and we have plans which, only fairly successful, will, we think, increase it to

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES by the first day of the year 1892. We cannot do this without help—we do not expect to accomplish this without great aid from the people. We already have a little army of workers to whom we owe some attractive and popular features of the paper weeks. That is the life of a newspaper. It is not the same as any other business. But whatever the circulation is, the figures will be printed at the head of the editorial column. The people will know just how their efforts are helping us.

IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE TO HELP US.

We repeat, it will be worth your while to help us. We will make it worth your while. We cannot tell you how in this first announcement, but the men and women, and the boys and girls who read Progress will find it interesting to watch its columns for inducements to get subscriptions.

We are going to start out by making our system of distribution more complete; we want more newsboys and more newsagents; we know of scores of places where there are no papers of any kind; and where they might be sold if we only had some good boys to handle Progress. There is money in it. Every new boy we get will bring us closer to the family of 15,000 subscribers.

WHO IS GOING TO HELP US? We will not speak of failure—we will not even think of it. The fact that we have always been successful in our undertakings is no reason why we should not fail this time. Nor is it any reason why we should not succeed. We have not made this announcement without looking over the ground very carefully—and the chances are in our favor. Do not imagine that we expect 15,000 full yearly subscribers—that would be a glorious result—but we will work for 15,000 steady circulation—yearly subscribers; for six months subscribers; for three months subscribers; they will all count in the grand total.

In the meantime the paper will be kept up to the standard—that is the work of the editorial staff, which, though scattered from one end of the province to the other, will we know keep us in every effort.

E. W. AND S. C. PUBLISHERS, June 17, 1891.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

**THEIR IDEAS OF FUN.**

**ACTRESSES RELATE THEIR FUNNIEST STAGE EXPERIENCES.**

Lillian Russell, Marie Tempest, Ellen Terry, Jennie Yeaman, Lillie Post, Margaret Heister and Helen Duvravy all have something interesting to say.

One evening during an intermission of one of my parts, a red snood, which I was to wear in the next act, got mislaid in some mysterious manner. My maid and myself both rushed about in haste to find something to serve the purpose of the scarlet ribbon, which was absolutely indispensable to my costume, but not a thing could we find—excepting a red silk stocking. Quick as a flash my maid twisted it in my hair deftly hiding the heel and toe as she did so. When the curtain rose my costume was complete, but during the following of a passionate scene I was nearly overwhelmed with laughter half the time to think of the bit of fine history figuring on my tragic head.

A half score of ad-dle pated Johnnies furnished the material for the most laughable incident of my stage career.

As I was singing the principal role in a comedy opera called *Fleur de Lys*, and as I had not been long on the stage I was convinced from the applause and flowers I received every night that I had actually made a hit. While never a sufferer from what is nowadays called big head, I am prone to confess that I was sufficiently inflated by the evident impression I had created, to feel that I was simply wasting my talents. We were making a tour of the provinces, and I felt certain that London "Was my spot," as your coal sellers used to say. I mention this merely as an explanation of a piece of heartlessness on my part towards the poor Johnnies above mentioned who deserved better treatment at the hands of one whom they daily declared, by post, to worship, to adore. But, to the incident.

With the assistance of my maid, a shrewd young cockney, I had gotten a list of real names and addresses of about a dozen of my most persistent admirers and to each one I wrote a note in which I pretended to have become softened by his evident and delicately expressed affection for me, and declared that under certain conditions I would consent to an interview.

"I naturally desire to see what you are like," I wrote, "and if you will stand up at your seat in the front row just after my entrance on Friday night perfectly still for a moment or two with your overcoat closely buttoned up and your eyes cast carefully toward the ceiling, I can easily distinguish you and will promptly inform you of the verdict.

The night came and the theatre was packed. I could see through the peep holes in the curtain that my plot would be a success as every other man in the first row had his collar up about his ears and was looking woefully solemn and painfully nervous.

The curtain went up, about the middle of my act my cue came and I ran on the stage. Instantly, like so many Jacks in a box, ten men popped up in front of the orchestra



THE MEN STOOD STILL AS STATUES STARING INTENTLY.

and still as statues stood staring intently toward the files.

I had let the other members of the company into my plot and they were so convulsed that the audience saw at once that something extraordinary was going on.

It dawned on them at last, and such shrieks of uncontrollable mirth I have never heard in all my life.

The poor victims looked at one another aghast for a moment and then fled sadly up the aisle with a demeanor that would have made their fortunes as assistants to an undertaker.

A harmless looking brass door key was the cause of a very unpleasant as well as amusing quarter of an hour for me one night. It was when I was playing the fasting girl in *Judah* at Palmer's Theatre.

The key was used in locking and unlocking the door of the old tower in which I pretended faster, am confined during the test which is being made of my powers, and which is given me by my father who is a party to the deception which I am practising. In order to have the key convenient for use at a moment's notice, I slipped the bar of icy brass down the neck of my loose white crepe gown a minute before coming on the stage. At every step the key would change its position and at last the agony became unbearable. I was also in mortal terror lest the key should

fall to the floor and tell its own story. So on a pretended pretext that I heard someone approaching, I slipped behind one of the wood wings and removed the offending "prop."

Ever since I went on the stage I have been bothered to death with love letters from strange men, who wrote they wished to meet me, invited me to supper; asked if they might call and sometimes suggested that I give them some sign from the stage, after they had described themselves thoroughly, so they might know that I had consented to accept their invitations. Of course all actresses have had the same experience, but I find mine have been vastly amusing sometimes. For instance, one day I received a note from one of these mashers saying he had made up his mind that he must meet me, and that if I would let him call for me after the theatre he would give me the best supper the city afforded.

I approved of this plan I would please wear a bunch of violets on my dress during that evening's performance.

It was when I was playing in the *Grand Duchess* at the Casino and in the second act I came on attended by six young ladies. These girls I had previously taken into my confidence, so when we appeared on the scene we all decked alike in violets. We also looked down immediately to where the fellow said he would be seated with a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, and sure enough there he was, a little insignificant looking dry goods clerk—if ever there was one—as his whole appearance signified his



"ONE YARD, TWO YARDS, CASH!"

trade. The young ladies and myself glanced at each other with suppressed smiles, when one of them suddenly took a step forward and pulling out her arms as if she was measuring ribbon, said, just loud enough to be heard in the first row, where he sat, "one yard, two yards, cash!" Convulsed with laughter I walked off

into one of the wings for a second, while the fellow picked up his hat and vanished.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

A piece of ill-luck on the part of one of my company furnished the most intensely amusing situation I ever saw. And I laugh now at the remembrance of it.

I was playing *One of Our Girls* at the Lyceum at the time and Mr. Pigatt, who was in the company, found at the last moment that the stupid tailor had neglected



THREE TIMES HE TRIED TO SIT DOWN BESIDE ME.

to return his evening suit, which he had sent to be pressed.

A hurried canvas of his fellow actors' wardrobe disclosed the depressing fact that there was only one available swallow tail and that one was about four sizes too small.

There was no time to dally, however, for the "stage" was waiting, so he donned the suit and came on, looking like an overdone lobster. The trousers were not only miles too short, but were so tight that the white lining of the side pockets was plain to be seen.

In the scene it was necessary that he should sit beside me on a low sofa and when I invited him to do so the audience began to titter. Once, twice, three times he tried it, but it was no go. And then, after a look of plaintive appeal at me, who was absolutely convulsed, he stuck one leg out straight in front of him and simply fell back on to the divan. Something popped as he did so, and I don't believe that all the king's horses and all the king's men could have made him get up again until that curtain went down.

HELEN DUVRAVY.

An embarrassing and yet irresistibly funny incident occurred to me when I was playing *Our Jennie* at the Windsor theatre several years ago. My old father sits on a stump whittling a stick and I, in a half torn dress and ragged hat, am standing

beside him talking. This particular evening just at the above point, I felt the fastenings on my dress give way and the skirt slowly dropping to the floor. Still talking, I endeavored to get across the stage into the wings to fix things up, but he not being used to seeing me move away in that part of the scene, suddenly looked up and said, aloud, "What's the matter, Jennie?"

Finding that the attention of the audience was by this time drawn to me, I resolved to put a bold front on the matter, so walking back, at the same time pulling my dress into place and pinning it, I answered, soberly, "My dress is coming off."

The applause and laughter, as you can imagine, was instantaneous.

JENNIE YEAMANS.

My first professional engagement was in San Francisco, where my home is. I was singing the part of Josephine in *Pinafore* and my two little brothers, aged 10 and 12, were exceedingly anxious to see me on the stage.

My mother had expressly forbidden them to come to the theatre, but one night, after being sent to bed, they let themselves out of the window and speedily made their way to where I was playing.

Between the first and second acts word was brought to me by one of the employees that two little boys were outside and demanded admittance by insisting that they were Miss Post's brothers. Much amused, I sent out word to admit them and charge the seats to me, which the manager did, and the delighted boys were sent up in the gallery.



GO IT, LIL, YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT.

In the rush and hurry of changing costumes I actually forgot all about their coming, and waited calmly for my cue to go on again. As I stepped on the stage from the left wing and walked toward the centre, imagine my horror when a chorus of two childish voices reached my astonished ears: "Go it Lil, you're looking great; your dress is a beaut," they cried.

Chagrined and angry I went through with my solo some way, I shall never know how. Everybody on the stage was convulsed with laughter, the audience glanced up at the gallery with much amusement and curiosity and I felt as though I could have strangled the children with good grace.

When I came out of the theatre they had already gone, so I went home inwardly vowing vengeance, but when they came down to breakfast the next morning and rushed up to me saying, "We were awful proud of you last night, Lil," I hadn't the heart to demand punishment for the little offenders.

LILLIE POST.

I had just begun to get easy in the first good part I ever played, the princess, in Frank Mayo's *Nordeck*, when my "funniest thing" happened. There was no theatre in the town, Marlborough, Mass., I think had just had a stage put in and everything was in a state of chaos.

At the end of the fourth act where I find that my favorite son Leo, who is brought in on a bier, has been killed instead of Waldemar, the one I hate, the curtain is supposed to come down.

Well, this night it didn't. Something had gone wrong with the pulleys, and there we all stood looking like a lot of Eden museum figures.

One of the supers finally broke the spell by giving vent to a very audible smile and then we all walked off the stage headed by Mr. Mayo and followed by the corpse, who was actually holding his sides to keep from roaring with laughter. ALICE FISCHER.

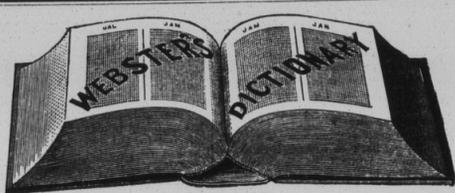
It was the first night of my production of *Joan of Arc*, and the music which was the same as given in the Port street Martin Version, was particularly long and tedious. Each act had been very much delayed, and I felt that the audience as well as myself, was becoming tired out.

In the last act, just as Joan is about to be carried to the stake, one of the villains in the play who had conspired from the first to ruin Joan, is suddenly smitten with remorse, comes staggering on to beg my forgiveness, and falls at my feet crying "I am damned." The chorus should here take up the cue and chant a dirge, but not being perfect in the part or else confused by the long waits, they failed to take the line, whereupon the leader of the orchestra, becoming very much excited, arose in his seat, and waving his baton frantically towards the girls and men on the stage, cried: "I am damned," *I am damned!*

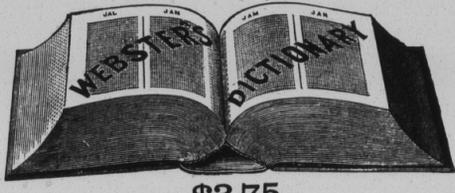
MARGARET MATHER.

Elihu Thomson, the electrician, whom Boston people believe in more than they do in Edison, is only a young man, but he is full of snap, vitality and talent and is as neat and dapper-looking in person as his wonderful in inventive skill.

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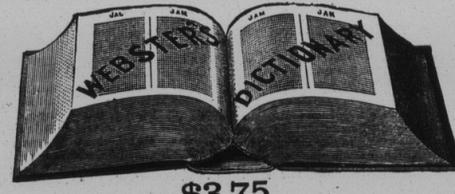


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Adding any fire insurance, and I think for a moment about the PHENIX OF HARTFORD is a guarantee to January 1st, of its losses and re-insurance of \$1,000,000 over one and a half million capital of \$2,000,000. Is there any risk?

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Yes, Sir Danvers; if you please, he should like to see you at once. Then show him in here."

CHAPTER XXX.—CHARGE AND ARREST. Moment later the detective entered the room followed by another officer, in plain clothes. The stranger looked round the room, noted the figures sitting at the table, closed the door slowly and gradually approached and behind the captain's chair. Somehow in his manner disconcerted Fothergill.

"I am glad to see you," said the master of the house. "As I suppose you have some business with me."

"Yes, Sir Danvers, you have a chance of covering your diamonds."

"You have found them?"

"No, but we are on the track of them; a neat case, or will be in my opinion, if I don't miss my mark."

The captain helped himself to some of the wine, and drank it down at a gulp. It was possible, he wondered, and had told the jewel he gave her came from the diamond mine, and he would not think because of the whirlwind of terror rushing through his brain; could only wait and hear if his worst had come true."

"Then you haven't caught the thief?"

"No, but we soon shall, or I'm very much out," the detective answered with a pleasant smile.

"What is the trail on which you have followed?"

"I'll tell you, Sir Danvers," he said, turning his eyes full on the captain's face. "Yesterday afternoon a person offered a pawnbroker a valuable diamond for sale. From the manner and appearance of the would-be seller, he suspected that it had been stolen, and quietly for me. On seeing it, I recognized the stone from the description you had given me and the drawing her ladyship had made, as the clasp of the missing necklace."

Fothergill's face had turned livid; there was no doubt in his mind that his wife was arrested, but to some hope lingered that had not revealed her identity.

"Who was the person who offered it for sale?"

"This gentleman's wife," answered the detective, pointing to the captain.

"His wife; impossible."

"It is a confounded lie," cried the captain. "I have no wife!" His face was agitated with rage, his eyes flared with indignation. It seemed to him he was right in a trap he himself had baited; and named round on all sides by dangers in which there was no escape.

Felton, calm and resolute, looked at him without reply for a moment, and then continued his story. "The diamond was returned to her with a request she would call next day. She no sooner left the pawnbroker's than I followed her to the lodgings where she was known under the name Mrs. Freeman. When I was about to re-enter her, Lady Fothergill, who was saying in the house, declared there must be some mistake, as the lady was Captain Fothergill's wife; a statement borne out by a marriage certificate I found later on amongst her papers."

"Good!" said the baronet, thinking of the proposal this man had made marry Meg, and fearful that something which he dared not believe yet remained to be told.

"My suspicions were at once directed to Captain Fothergill," continued Felton, and when I learned his wife had been to a music-hall, I felt certain he had given her this jewel to dispose of as best he could."

(To be continued.)

As a diet in Cholera Infantum, Nestlé's Milk Food is invaluable. Consult your physician. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of our Food. Theo. Laming & Co., Sole Agents, Montreal.

SUNDAY READING

MORNING SERVICE.

Morning. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. Many there be that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. The path of the just is as the light of the dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Let Us Pray. Almighty Father, we flee unto Thee to hide us. Be a refuge to us from the harsh demands of the world; from the strife and storm of life: from all mean cares, and from the oppression of our own thoughts and moods. Deliver us from all the vain things which have such power over us; and help us to quiet our souls in Thee, and learn what it is to rest in God. May our worship at this time bring us to Thee; bring us to ourselves; bring us to one another. In finding Thee we find our brethren: Spirit of untroubled peace, Spirit of unfading strength rest upon us now. Give us such a vision of the Divine Truth and the Divine Charity that will raise us out of our selfish and guilty fears and anxieties; fill us with noble desires and purposes, and with a new hope for ourselves and the world. Hear us of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN. God is Wisdom, God is Love. God is love: His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; His love wakes and soothes our hearts: God is wisdom, God is love.

Change and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move; But His mercy waxes ever: God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove; For from gloom His brightness streams: God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineeth Hope and comfort from above; Everywhere His glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

—Sir F. Dowling. SERMON. Egoism and Altruism: A Contrast.

By Rev. F. W. FARBER, D. D., F. R. S., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER. Preached in St. Stephen's church, South Kensington, Sunday, May 2nd. He who does of the word, and not hears only, deceiving your own selves."—James 1:22.

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politeness to sacrifice the good of hundreds, to sell the fate of his country to the satisfaction of himself, his party, or his class. But the sensual are more numerous than the recklessly ambitious, because fallen human nature seems to ally itself easily with the devil than with the good.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. The path of the just is as the light of the dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

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And almost before the ink is dry upon your letter, back will come a pair of our Guaranteed French Kid Gloves—any size or shade; and with them a pair of fine Black Cashmere Stockings. In addition to this inducement, we send FREE (for 50 days) a complete set of each, postal order, an UNNAMED PRESENT, of which we cannot say too much. It is a "TROMBON" valuable, useful, and pretty, and answers more than ONE purpose—this gives away is only done to advertise our Gloves.

FAIRALL'S KID GLOVE AGENCY.

BUY YOUR FURNITURE

CHAS. S. EVERETT'S, 13 WATERLOO ST.

Save 10 per cent. during June.

RE-UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

SEE SEE

Our Gents' Furnishing. A truly good Stock. We've got the newest and latest Styles in COLLARS, COFFERS, SHIRTS, TIES, and everything a Gent needs.

JAS. KELLY, 5 MARKET SQUARE.

Our Ready-made Clothes. A new and beautiful Stock, well-selected Children's Goods, Boys' Clothes, Men's Suits,—all that any heart could wish we have. Be kind enough to see them.

JAS. KELLY, 5 MARKET SQUARE.

A NEW ART.

THE Art of dyeing is as old as history, but until recent years confined to comparatively few, and these were experts. To-day there are thousands in this country alone who can color cloths with hues more brilliant, with shades more delicate and greater even than the experts of early days, famed as they may be. Dyeing has become an exact science. The housekeeper of the present day is as sure of the color of her piece of goods will take when it is taken from the dyer as she can be sure of anything. That is, of course, if she uses the Turkish Dye, which has become a household word. The fact that these dyes are for sale in every leading drug and grocery store, and that they are the property of Canadians as for the excellence and popularity of the TURKISH DYES.

Send postal for "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianopolis.

The OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOREMOST WOMAN OF THE AGE.

Her Daily Life, Amusements and Allments—She Kept Her Word. "I Will be Good."—The Simplicity of Her Tastes and Lack of Magnificence.

At the laying of a corner stone at Derby, England, recently, the Queen took part in the ceremony, which was witnessed by thousands of people. Foster Coates gives a graphic description of the occasion, and adds some very interesting facts of the daily life of her majesty. He says:—

The queen sat well back in her open carriage that was drawn by four horses, and listening with an apparent air of weariness to the Niagara of words directed at her. It was at this moment that I had a good opportunity to see her. I was quite near the royal carriage, and for ten minutes had a chance to look steadily into the face of one of the greatest women in the world. Mine were not the only eyes riveted upon her. The soldiers, the military bands and the various dignitaries who graced the occasion were no account alongside the queen. Every eye rested upon her. She bore the scrutiny well. Steadily she gazed at the man who happened at the moment to be speaking, but it was a cold, solemn, stony stare. There was no warmth in her manner or magnificence in her presence. She seemed to be tired of it all, as well as she may be, for during the fifty odd years of her queenship she has received tens of thousands of addresses, and it would not be surprising if they sometimes palled upon her. For ten minutes the speech making lasted, and then came the time for the queen to reply. The roadway was again strewn with flowers, and many times during the ride back to the depot was the carriage stopped to allow some one to offer a token of love in the shape of a floral greeting. One little child, certainly not over five years of age, attracted much attention by stepping boldly out of the line and offering her majesty a handful of forget-me-nots. This was not down on the programme, evidently, for the little one seemed by her dress to be a child of a workingman, and her action attracted much attention. But she was spick and span in a white apron, and the loveliest of black curls fell gracefully over her white shoulders. Even the queen seemed to be taken off her guard for a moment, for the little child was unable to hand the flowers into the carriage, and there was a moment's conversation with the queen, and then the little one boldly threw them at her majesty, and scampered back into the crowd. There was another round of applause, and the child, seemingly afraid of what she had done, began to cover her face with her white apron as if to cry. Those who were near heard the queen say to her in a low voice: "I thank you, my dear, and she drove off she kissed her hand to her in a motherly, loving way. When the royal party arrived at the depot the members were soon whizzing away back to Windsor castle, while the residents of Derby continued to make things merry, and will tell to future generations about the visit of the good queen to their lovely county.

Queen Victoria is now 72 years of age, and to all appearances bids fair to live a score of years more. Those who are near to her say she is in perfect health. And they also add that she has not the remotest idea of abdicating the throne in favor of the Prince of Wales—a story that has been periodically circulated in the American newspapers. Unless all signs fail, the queen will remain on the throne until death shall call her to another land, where kings and queens, beggars and peasants, shall stand before the Great White Throne on an equal footing. For a woman of her age, the queen manages to do a great deal of work. It is a mistake to suppose that she does not know what is going on in her own dominion. She does not bother with the details of state affairs, but she knows everything of importance that is transpiring, and, besides, she is an appreciative reader of the newspapers, and thus gets information from a variety of sources that perhaps her ministers and courtiers might not care to give her.

And yet with all her opportunities, the foremost woman of the world, the queen is said to be far from happy. From the time she was a child there seem to have been spells of morbidness that overshadowed her life. Her mother seems to have been a most loving one, but her childhood was not by any means as tranquil as it appeared to outsiders. The sense of responsibility rested heavily upon her even when at the age of eleven it was revealed to her that she would one day be queen of England. It has rested heavily upon her ever since, and the deaths in her family have only added to the somberness of her life. There is a story that it was not until she was eleven years old that it was made clear to her what her position was to be. Then her governess purposely put a genealogical table of the royal family into her history book. The little princess gazed earnestly at it, and by degrees seemed to comprehend what it meant, and that she herself was soon to wear the ancient crown of England. She put her hand into her governess's as she looked up into her face and said solemnly: "I know now; I will be good," and she repeated it again and again, for even at that early age she seems to have understood that the immorality and faithlessness of her predecessors were beginning to blight the land. During all the years that have gone she has been good. It has been her motto through life. On one occasion, when Melbourne was prime minister he brought a document to her to be

signed, and urged it on the ground of expediency. She looked up quietly and said: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

And so she has been conscientious in the fulfillment of her political duties, and when to this is added her love for her family and people it is not strange that she is so popular. Only her morbidness seems to take possession of her. The English people have justly complained that she does not lead society as she might do. And it is only of late that she has been seen much in London. When she is here now, she goes to the opera occasionally, but rarely to the theatre, and while she is very fond of amusements of all kinds she prefers the quietness of Windsor for her own entertainment, and frequently invites player and singer folk there to be her guests. She has been on the best terms with all the great men and women of her own land. In an interview with Carlyle she quite charmed that old philosopher by her gentle manners. But of all the stories that are told about Victoria, none are so truly characteristic as that old one when she summoned Jenny Lind to sing in private in Buckingham palace.

It may have been in the winter of 1850, of the city clergy up two stairs at a time as she may have done when she was a girl. Going up stairs now is a painful operation. She is compelled to ascend backward and very slowly, and she does but very little walking. Her life is a very simple one. An anecdote very simply in her own apartments about 9. Perhaps Princess Beatrice or some member of the royal family who is staying at the castle may join her, but it frequently happens that she breakfasts alone in quietness, and the guests take their places in a dining room set apart for them. The queen never invites any visitor to breakfast with her. Those who are fortunate enough to receive an invitation to break bread with her majesty are asked to dinner, an elaborate affair at which there is never a smile, seldom a joke, and only such conversation as the queen may care to indulge in. About 10 o'clock the mail from London is brought to her majesty, and with her secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, she begins her day's work.

About two hours are consumed in this, and by 1 o'clock the queen's messenger is off to London with letters and despatches to the ministers. At 1 o'clock comes luncheon, another meal at which visitors are never present, and after this comes a drive, a slow walk round the gardens, perhaps a visit to some of the poor and sick in the neighborhood, and at 5 o'clock tea is served, very often in the open air. And it is not an unusual thing for the queen and her visitors to sit at tea while holding umbrellas over their heads. Like a true English woman the queen does not mind the rain, snow or fog, but she cannot take the long walks that she used to do, nor can she bear the fatigues of long rides or audiences with many people.

Between 5 o'clock and 9 the queen has time to read the newspapers, and attend to such other private affairs as her fancy may select. At 9 o'clock dinner is served. This meal sometimes lasts until 10.30 o'clock, very rarely until 11. It is described as a low, stupid affair, but gorgeous in the matter of table linen, glassware, and gold and silver plate. The food is substantial, well cooked and of the best, but fancy dishes have not yet entered into the queen's bill of fare. At 11 o'clock the queen retires to her private apartments, but before going she says a few words to each of her guests, and leaves them to such amusements as they may care to engage in.

And so the days go by. One differs but little from another. The queen spends most of her time in the Highlands, although the castle there is far from being as comfortable as Buckingham Palace. Those who are bidden there receive a queenly welcome—hospitality that reminds one of the olden times. The queen's children and her grandchildren sometimes make her long visits, and she is never so happy as when the little ones are playing around her knees. She is teaching her children the children the good old fashioned ways of homely dress and housekeeping, and in her own daily life and in her attire gives a splendid example to follow. The domestic arrangements of the castle are such that there can be no extravagance. The English people pay the queen nearly \$2,000,000 annually for her maintenance, and this she spends with a free, though not prodigal, hand. She knows the value of a nimble sixpence quite as well as do some of her loyal subjects. The household expenses are directed by the master of the household, Sir John Cowell, through whom every order must be given for supplies. There is no waste anywhere. Even in the matter of dressing, her majesty is simplicity itself. Her gowns are usually of rich black silk, and her boots are described as made of heavy, thick leather, that will stand plenty of walking and rain and mud. Victoria has been a model housekeeper, as well as a model mother and queen. No higher tribute could be paid to her. She has kept her promise—"I will be good."

Her years on earth are not many. But she sits calmly in the twilight of her glorious life, with her face turned toward the rising sun. She has tarried her part well. There need be no fear in her soul. And while the shadows fall around her, if her thoughts go back to her girlhood days, she will recall her words, "I will be good. And may we not wish that the one who will follow her may follow her noble resolution?"

The Great Benefit. Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that medicine makes the weak strong. It does not act as a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

HOMELIKE AND QUIET.

THE SUCCESS OF THE HALIFAX CHURCH HOSPITAL.

How the Idea Originated, and the People Who Have Carried It Out—Wherein It Differs from the General Public Hospital, and Its Advantages Over Home Treatment.

During 1889 attention of a few active workers of the church of England was called to the need of a hospital where patients coming to the city from different parts of the province for medical advice or treatment, and desiring to avoid the inconveniences of all kinds she prefers the quietness of Windsor for her own entertainment, and frequently invites player and singer folk there to be her guests. She has been on the best terms with all the great men and women of her own land. In an interview with Carlyle she quite charmed that old philosopher by her gentle manners. But of all the stories that are told about Victoria, none are so truly characteristic as that old one when she summoned Jenny Lind to sing in private in Buckingham palace.



THE CHURCH HOSPITAL, HALIFAX.

own rooms, could find comfortable and home-like apartments with skillful nursing at moderate charges. It was decided to attempt the establishment of such a hospital.

To further the project a meeting was held in January, 1890, of the city clergy interested in the subject—and representative laymen from each city parish—presided over by the Lord Bishop, when a committee was formed to solicit subscriptions for establishing an hospital, and guarantee for annual payments for three or five years towards meeting deficiencies in the income derived from patients.

It was understood from the first that when sufficient funds were secured to warrant the undertaking proving a success—the bishop would provide nursing sisters of the church of England to take charge of the work. At a meeting of the committee in September, 1890, a general committee was appointed, also a ladies' committee to assist. The hospital is now under the immediate charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret, Boston, Mass., a branch of the well-known sisterhood of the same name at East Greenstead, Sussex, England. In addition to St. Margaret's home at Boston, a large institution of a similar kind, they have had charge for 20 years of the Children's hospital in the same city; also of a general hospital in Newark, N. J., for the last ten years, and for two

years of another general hospital in Jersey City, N. J.

In August, 1890, the opportunity presented itself of securing nurses, and temporary premises were taken on Queen street. A committee of ladies was formed somewhat earlier, who undertook the furnishing of the hospital in the names of the parishes they represented. The wards were named St. Paul, St. Luke, St. George, St. Mark, St. Stephen, St. Matthias and subsequently others named St. Philip and St. James, at the request of a lady who furnished it individually. The house on Queen street was soon found to be inconveniently small and otherwise unsuitable, and in November, 1890, the hospital was removed to St. Margaret's hall, on College street, the building now illustrated. It is spacious, with large and airy halls and rooms, fronting to the south on Dalhousie college grounds, and having a view of the

ocean beyond—a beautiful sunny situation away from the noise and bustle of city life, with accommodations and conveniences for patients of either sex. There are eight rooms furnished for patients, each having an open fire place and a pleasant aspect from the windows.

Though the hospital is under church management and provided primarily for its members, no distinction of creed is made. The house is made as home-like as possible and any one coming may be as private as in their own homes and yet have all the advantages of a hospital and be more comfortable than in an hotel or boarding-house. The patient selects and pays his or her own physician or surgeon and has equally free choice for religious ministrations. Ample facilities are provided and special attention given when operations of either a simple or elaborate nature are necessary. Friends of patients may visit them at any time after 10 a. m., subject of course to the doctor's approval.

A special feature is that there are no physicians or surgeons officially connected with the hospital, and no recommendation in particular is worth noting; that if they advise their patients to go to the hospital, they may freely continue in attendance upon them, and select their own consultants, without their being interfered with or superseded by any of their professional brethren.

THE RUSSIAN JEWS

Driven Out of Russia and Not Wanted Anywhere Else.

The ancient tradition that the Jews are condemned to wander forever, separated from each other and shunned by the rest of mankind, is today being terribly exemplified in Russia.

There can no longer be any doubt that the czar has formed the settled purpose either to banish the enormous number of Jews who dwell in his dominions, or to subject them, if they remain, to new cruelties and persecutions. The whole world has been horrified by the late accounts of the severities to which the Russian Jews have been subjected. Recent decrees have forbidden Jewish artisans, mechanics and tradesmen from entering Moscow, and measures have been taken to banish from Moscow the Jewish tradesmen and artisans, about 14,000 in number, who already reside there.

Thousands of Jews have been expelled from their homes in the villages to what is called "the pale"; that is, the districts designated as those to which Jews must be banished. Those who have lived less than eight years in villages must leave them, and move into the towns selected by the government. Many other restrictions and hardships, reported every where, are being inflicted in Russia on the unfortunate race. Jews have been expelled from the cities of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and to close their shops on that day, and are compelled to shut up their shops on Sunday. There are probably two principal reasons why this relentless persecution has been entered upon and is being savagely carried out. One is the inveterate hatred, not only of the government and the orthodox church, but of the great masses of the people, both to the Jewish race and to the Jewish religion. The other is, that the Russian Jews, though generally of a low order of civilization, have been thrifty, have practised usury among the shiftless and intemperate Russian peasants, and have prospered in spite of the restricted sphere of their occupations.

The first appears to be the principal motive at the present time. There can be no doubt that the czar's tyrannical course has been instigated and encouraged by the leading spirits of the Russian orthodox church. As a consequence of the persecutions, Jews have been pouring out of Russia, and seeking new homes in Western Europe and America, by thousands, during the past two months. So numerous have been the Jewish emigrants to English shores, that the English government has taken alarm, and is adopting measures for restricting it.

A wealthy Austrian Jew, Baron Hirsch, is said to have devoted no less than fifteen million dollars to aid the exiles and settle them in new homes, and has devised an elaborate scheme for establishing them in colonies.

The exodus of the swarms of Jews, for the most part unskilled and poverty-stricken,

has its serious aspect for the United States. There is evidence that the English and other governments threatened with their incursion are attempting to divert the stream of Jewish emigration to this country and to South America.—Youth's Companion.

How It is in Japan

"The Japanese are nothing if not progressive," said L. J. Bruce, who has just returned from the Orient and who is now at the Occidental, "American customs are coming into vogue over there, and even our methods of flirtation, with some slight modifications, are becoming popular. The Japanese maiden is exceedingly coy, and it is difficult for a foreigner to gain an entrance to society, but flirtations are by no means uncommon. How? Well, if a young man sees a pretty Japanese girl on the street he may follow her at a respectful distance. Presently he will meet an elderly woman to whom he must impart the information that he has lost his heart and is miserable. The old woman will ask what has become of his heart, and he must point out the girl, at the same time slipping a quarter into the former's hand. She will disappear, and in a few moments return with the information that he will be as a certain fashionable tea-house on the following day he may recover his heart. The pretty maiden will appear with a chapron, and the young man is at liberty to address her. She will probably meet him often in this way, but always with a protectress, whose vigilance is never relaxed. If the young man is circumpect he may eventually call, and so gradually work his way into society."—San Francisco Call.

Journalism in Turkey.

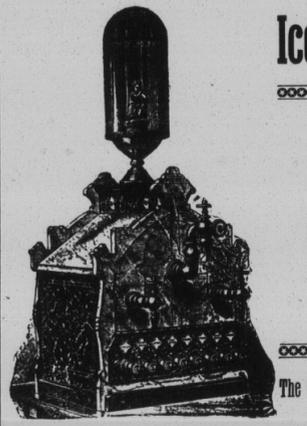
Constantinople is amply provided with the means of disseminating news and information. Even in this polyglot place, the home of the dragoman, whom the Tower of Babel would have left undismayed, no one man can read all the newspapers. Ten languages are required to give expression to the industry of the reporter and the reflection of the editor. If Turkish, French, Greek, Hebrew and English do not suffice the ardent inquirer may quench his thirst in Armenian, Bulgarian, Italian, German or Persian. There are published in these languages twenty dailies, ten weeklies, one bi-weekly, two tri-weeklies, one bi-monthly and three monthlies.

The alphabet is not a sure guide in the language employed. One Turkish paper is printed in Armenian characters and another in Greek, while the two papers which use Hebrew types are in the Spanish language. Judged by the press one would suppose that the most important foreign languages in Constantinople are French and English. There is no newspaper published exclusively in English, but the two most important dailies are combined English and French.

Not put your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grays and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

MONEY

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for Progress every Saturday morning. We have told you before, how bright, active boys, in the city and country, make money for themselves by selling Progress. There are some places in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island where Progress is not sold. We want boys in each of those places to sell Progress. One of our boys sells over \$10 worth of Progress every Saturday morning. Others sell \$8, \$6, \$4, and down to \$1 worth, and even less than that, but they all make money. The more papers they sell, of course the more money they get. We do not care if you only order two copies at the start—the next week you can order more if you want them, and the next week more. To show you just how easy it is to get customers for Progress, we will tell you this story: A little boy in Kingston, Kent county, sent to us asking if he could get some Progress to sell. His father helped him along, by sending a note saying he would be responsible for what papers his boy received. We sent him five copies the first week, before the next week had passed we received a postal card from the boy asking for thirteen copies, and the next week he sent for eighteen copies. He has only been selling the paper three weeks, and his list of customers has grown rapidly. He makes 24 cents every week selling those 18 papers—not much for a man, but a good deal to a boy. Progress wants just such boys in very many towns and villages in the maritime provinces. We want them in such places as Marysville, Canterbury, Harvey, Centreville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, Chipman, Yarmouth, Kentville, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Wolfville, and a score of other places that cannot be mentioned here. Send us a letter or a postal, and don't forget to ask your father or some responsible person to send his name as a reference. Remember that you do not require any money to start. If you are the right kind of a boy you will pay us at the end of the month, and that will satisfy us. Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.



Ice Cream Soda,

Go to White's, 83 King Street, for Soda, Ice Cream, and Choice Confectionery. We make—the next week you can order more if you want them, and the next week more. To show you just how easy it is to get customers for Progress, we will tell you this story: A little boy in Kingston, Kent county, sent to us asking if he could get some Progress to sell. His father helped him along, by sending a note saying he would be responsible for what papers his boy received. We sent him five copies the first week, before the next week had passed we received a postal card from the boy asking for thirteen copies, and the next week he sent for eighteen copies. He has only been selling the paper three weeks, and his list of customers has grown rapidly. He makes 24 cents every week selling those 18 papers—not much for a man, but a good deal to a boy. Progress wants just such boys in very many towns and villages in the maritime provinces. We want them in such places as Marysville, Canterbury, Harvey, Centreville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, Chipman, Yarmouth, Kentville, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Wolfville, and a score of other places that cannot be mentioned here. Send us a letter or a postal, and don't forget to ask your father or some responsible person to send his name as a reference. Remember that you do not require any money to start. If you are the right kind of a boy you will pay us at the end of the month, and that will satisfy us. Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.

The finest Drink in the World—so cool and refreshing.

OUT DOOR WORK NOW!

Many persons who have been thinking of painting the exterior of their houses, should not think about it any longer but decide whom to give the job to, before the hot weather comes—and the flies.

We give careful attention to all outside orders, and execute them with all possible promptness.

A. C. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter.

NOTHING LIKE making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engraving of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for the Progress Engraving Bureau, listing various hotels and services available in Saint John, N.B. The ad includes a list of hotels such as Hotel Stanley, Belmont House, Queen Hotel, Victoria Hotel, Royal Hotel, Elliott's Hotel, and Hotel Dufferin, along with their proprietors and contact information. It also features an illustration of a large building, likely the bureau's premises, and a small advertisement for 'ICE CREAM! I SCREAM!' with a list of flavors and a restaurant address.

FAIR SUMMER WEATHER

FINE FROCKS AND HATS THAT ARE OFFERED TO THE VIEW.

At a Coaching Breakfast—The Fashions of Boucher and Watteau—Gay Gowns at the Races—Costumes for the Summer Ballroom.

The smell of clover is warm in the air and there is a sound of the droning of bees. The wild roses show pink under the cliffs of the Palisades, the waves roll in white and green on the beach, and if one must talk of things to wear it should at least be of parasols. There is a world of splendor displayed in the huge blossoms whenever and wherever women come out of the sunshine. They bloom bigger and bright-



OF LACE AND RIBBONS.

ter than ever parasols did before them, and they flaunt themselves with the same masses of lace, the same deep ruffles and the same striking picturesqueness of color one finds in the summer hats and gowns.

At a coaching breakfast just out of town on Wednesday the parasols were a study. There was one in a pale brownish cream chiffon that was composed of one deep full flounce, with a mass of crinkled shirring at the top and a huge bow of gauze ribbon of the same shade flecked with scarlet and having long sash-like ends that fluttered and swung.

With a frock of pale gray and lavender went a parasol in the same colorings. The full soft flounce of silvery chiffon was exquisitely painted with great clusters of wisteria blossoms. A dress of white cloth with embroidery in green and white sheltered itself under a parasol of white chiffon thickly strewn with daisies set in green leaves. A white cashmere frock with deep, pointed waist fringe of white silk threads went in like manner with a sunshade of alternate rows of white lace and fringe.

Upon the hats great clumps of pink and white laurel were set or loosely tied bunches of the early summer asters. Straggling sprays of blue succory trimmed rough looking straw shapes, while others were covered with yellow St. Johnswort or wild carrot blossoms. Two or three hats of white crinoline were trimmed altogether with green leaves; one bore an oak wreath, another some fronds of the delicate maiden-hair fern. A slim blonde stood up very straight and happy under a dainty black crinoline bonnet with a wreath plaited of glossy green laurel leaves; white satin strings tied it beneath her chin and she had two causes for self-congratulation; the satin was cut on the cross and measured just an inch and a half in width according to the latest fashion, and it was only twelve hours or thereabouts since the announce-



BEAUTY FROM BEHIND.

ment] of her engagement to one of the catches of the season.

One is inclined to smile with more or less content at the news of the incoming of the Watteau and Boucher fashions in June, when the old-fashioned pinks are in blossom. One stem lies across my paper while I write, and on it are two pointed, gray green buds and three of the flowers that used to border mother's garden under the peach trees. My pinks slip down at the side in the good old way in which they always split, and the petals have still their irregular crinoline. Just what they have to do I'm sure I can't say with Watteau and Boucher, but while I lift them and smell them, it seems very natural to think of women painted in flowery fabrics with powdered hair and coquetish patches making eternal picnic on the greensward. Again I lift them and shake together their long-legged, fringed petals, and almost I hear the tippety tip of buckled shoes and the mince's stately measure. The shop windows are bright with rose-garlanded fabrics, and wherever one walks the women who walk with one are sprinkled with flowers, and rubbed with lace from head to heel. Clearly we are journeying towards the empire of the sacque train, and pity,

we cannot today reach our destination, for if the rose petals fall, and the sweet peas fade, and my pinks go out of blossom, how can we ever, though we put on the panniers, bring back the spirit of Fragrance's fair ladies or revive, in the bustling life of ours, those artificially graceful days? Yellow shot with crimson is a summer color we love, and we incline almost equally to gray with sky blue, navy blue, green. A young girl at a summer luncheon wore a pretty frock the other day of pale leaf green crepe de Chine figured with white meadow flowers. The trim round waist of the bodice had a yoke run with narrow white ribbons, giving an effect, as shown in the illustration, much like draw-work. A border of the same ribbon finished the skirt at the bottom and made the dainty cuffs, while the collar and girdle were of green velvet of a deeper shade than the body of the gown.

There is more doing in evening frocks than for many weeks past, because now begins the dance music in the summer ball-rooms. Silk crepons are the stuffs the scissors are having their will with, and silk muslins flowered and scattered with velvet designs outlined with pearls or crystal beads. Ruchings of sweet pea blossoms or wild roses are placed about the hems of pale blue or pale pink nets or tulle, and long blossom garlands are carried about the hips and about the bust, or are fastened as epaulets upon the shoulders and trail lightly down over the arms.

A most elaborate evening frock finished on Thursday to go into a most elaborate trousseau is a low necked princess gown of a pale creamy brown tulle with elbow sleeves and a short train. The back of this frock is shown in the illustration, outlined with pale yellow ostrich tips, and showing the extreme height of sleeves on the shoulders, and the succession of ripples in which they subside to the elbows. The gown opens at the side and is edged diagonally with the feathers from the waist line to the feet. It is a most effective costume for a blonde.

There have been some very smart frocks at the races. I remember two or three particularly at the suburban. There was a prevalence of soft, creamy wool fabrics, with a sprinkling of indistinct flowers, and a garniture of bright silk braid on the corsage. One black silk frock had baskets of roses and immense bouquets on its front breadth, and there was a very pretty green challie frock with a figuring of wild grasses. A second black silk frock shimmered with steel cabochons and all about the hem were garlands of flowers in steel, as if hammered into shape or finely inlaid. A shot silk of green and blue, figured with



THE SUMMER GIRL.

moose rose buds, was worn with a chemisette of black lace over black satin. This, by the way, will be, the story goes, an extremely popular summer style.

A pale pink delaine figured in black was worn by a handsome brunette who drove her own trap and drove it with understanding. With it she wore a hat with brim of black crinoline straw whose crown was composed wholly of pink roses.

A cornflower blue challie was worth a word of description. It had a plain skirt with deep flounce sewn right about it, this flounce being edged with lace at top and bottom. The bodice was cut with a Swiss belt edged with lace and with lace-trimmed braces over the shoulders. Under this was adjusted a blouse of fine white muslin with double frills of lace down the front and full sleeves with lace cuffs turned back upon the arms. The flat hat with quaintly curved brim of white chip had a huge mass of long stalked daisies falling from back to front over the open crown which was draped with cornflower blue chiffon.

A black lace costume perhaps indicated nothing in particular but black lace popularity. Its shoulder epaulets were fan-shaped and the narrow black velvet ribbons which started from the sides and tied across the bosom, holding the fullness in front, are pictured in the illustration. The fine chantilly was of most delicate pattern and was used again for the bonnets which, like the one previously mentioned, tied with white cross-cut satin strings. The transparent parasol which offered little shelter to the tall, creamy-skinned woman beneath it, repeated for the third time the beautiful design of the lace, with its deep flounce and its shirred gauze top made over this hunting cloth.

There was a hat of white fancy crinoline trimmed with a ruche of fine white lace, caught down with gold pins. On the brim in front lay yellow roses. There were several smart hats of black straw with fancy brims and smartly arranged with white chiffon and white wings and feathers. There was one with bonnet over bonnet in the fashionable mixture of black and gold.

ELLEN OSBORN.

No Trouble Whatever. Wash day always puts the best of men out of good humor. A top up home, for a man, and the general unpleasantness that always characterized the day, made the steam laundry an institution that has been hailed with delight by hundreds.

Now washing at home is unnecessary, when one can get it done so cheaply at Unger's, on Waterloo street. The washing is called and delivered promptly, and there is no trouble whatever. The rough dry system has met with general favor. By this the clothes are washed and dried and delivered all ready for ironing.—Advt.

Ladies' best linen note paper, twenty five cents per box, at McArthur, 90 King st.

YELLOW FOR A BLONDE.

HOW WOMEN STUDY THE EFFECT OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

The Sleeves of Long Ago, and How They Resemble Those of the Present—Every-thing Must Match Now—days, or it Will Not be in Fashion.

The modern woman is nothing if not progressive, and she understands the effect of light and shade much better than the woman of twenty years ago. Dress was not then as it is now—a cult, and few women knew anything about it. The woman of to-day is nothing if not aesthetic; she has abjured "the silks that stand alone," so much vaunted by our grandmothers, and in their stead she drapes herself in



clinging crepe de japon, dreamy Indian silk, and poetic chuddahs that are scarcely less beautiful than they. She has studied the law of cause and effect; she knows that the juxtaposition of certain colors produce a discord and that the marriage of others makes a lovely harmony. She has discarded the old color prejudices of her youth and disdains the law which relegated eternal blue to the blonde and yellow to the brunette.

Ruskin declares that you might as well object to a blonde woman standing in the sunlight as to forbid her to wear yellow.

Ellen Terry was one of the first blondes to introduce this innovation, and it was a great success. Ada Rehan looks superb in yellow, and Lillian Russell, the golden-haired, is too sweet for anything in a Greek robe of daffodil crepe as the Delphic oracle in Apollo. Neither does the latter confine herself to the wearing of yellow beneath the gaslight, but uses it constantly in her pretty house robes and tea gowns.

Next to yellow nothing is more artistic by artificial light than pale rose; the actress fully appreciates its possibilities, and to the dark-haired beauty nothing is more becoming. Pretty Annie Meyers as Tal-feta in The Tartar sings her Galata song in a coquettish oriental gown of vieux-rose India silk, which surrounds her like a radiant rosette cloud; she manages her long pendant sleeves in a remarkably deft and graceful manner as she sways back and forth to the cadenced rhythm of the music she so charmingly interprets. In fact all the members of the company run to sleeves, and the way in which Digby Bell winds and unwinds his arms in his long sleeves is irresistibly funny and wital very clever.

The sleeve in feudal ages was adjustable and we are told that it was a much prized favor from a lady to her knight; he would sit about his helmet in token of fealty to his innamorata, and when the fray was over laid it in token of victory at her feet. The sleeve of today also holds the first rank in the toilette, for on it is frequently lavished the richest ornamentation. The knight of old may thank his stars that he did not live in an age of cabochons and nail with jet and jewels, would have given him the headache, and made him wish that his mistress had not been so liberal.

The sleeve still seems to increase in altitude, and has trespassed so high upon the shoulder that it will nigh trenches upon the neck. Between the collar and the sleeve there is often but a few inches, and the space between is filled with frills or puffings, which are more fussy than elegant. Every woman who returns from Paris will tell you that Mr. Worth does not believe in the future of the leg trenches upon the neck. Between the collar and the sleeve there is often but a few inches, and the space between is filled with frills or puffings, which are more fussy than elegant. Every woman who returns from Paris will tell you that Mr. Worth does not believe in the future of the leg trenches upon the neck. Between the collar and the sleeve there is often but a few inches, and the space between is filled with frills or puffings, which are more fussy than elegant. Every woman who returns from Paris will tell you that Mr. Worth does not believe in the future of the leg trenches upon the neck.

TENNIS, SPORTING, AND VACATION

Shoes. If you are going off for your vacation, or to spend a day in the country, your outfit will not be complete unless you have a pair of our Tan Shoes; we have them at \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$7.00; also see our Canvas Goods, neat and stylish.

ENOUGH

LADIES

should not be without a pair; we also have the usual assortment of Tennis, Russet, and Tan Shoes, from \$1.25 up; Boys' and Youths' Canvas Shoes now in stock.

WATERBURY & RISING, KING AND UNION STS.

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GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED

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Are among the ablest and most successful financial gentlemen in this country, there being no fewer than seven Presidents of leading financial Companies, and three vice-presidents of similar other institutions on its Board.

Advertisement for The North American Life's Directorate and The "MONETARY TIMES" featuring financial statistics and company information.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LITTLE GEM BANK.

This little novelty holds \$5.00 worth of 10 cent pieces. They are put in one at a time and cannot be removed until the bank is full; when full, the screw at the top is turned down, which forces the bottom out. The bottom can be replaced, and the bank used again. It is small, neat; easily carried in the pocket. Sent by mail, 25c.

AGENTS WANTED! Money made very fast in small towns; good profits to agents.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

wore a gown, from the same modiste, whose expensiveness and beauty was revealed at a glance; this one was of silk grenadine patterned in glowing carnations shading from the palest pink to the richest crimson; they were so perfect one would almost inhale their fragrance, and the blonde beauty of the wearer was enhanced by the transparent black texture, relieved by masses of brilliant color. It was a dream of black and pink, heightened with a touch of gold here and there, and almost submerged in waves of shadowy black lace; the arms and neck gleamed, white through the diaphanous material, and the pillar of the throat arose from a thick ruching of lace.

The cut shows a stunning boating costume; it is of ocean blue serge with a panel and plastron of white cloth, with large bullet buttons of gilt. COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU. College Students' Joke on the Car. Years ago there existed at Harvard a secret society called the "Med. Fac." whose sole object seems to have been the penetration of practical jokes. At one of the meetings in a great hall, the society conferred a fictitious honorary degree on Nicholas, who was at that time czar of Russia, and accordingly a committee was appointed to draft a communication which should be prepared and forwarded to his imperial majesty. The draft was duly presented, a copy made, and, after having been properly signed, sealed and certified, it was dispatched to Russia. In the course of a month or two it was learned that one of the express companies had a package for a society called the "Med. Fac." and the officers of this society were not tardy in claiming their property. Attached to the package was a letter bearing the royal seal of Russia, and on opening it was found to be a reply from the chamberlain of the czar to the communication of the society. His majesty had with much pleasure learned of the great honor conferred upon him by such a distinguished institution as Harvard, and felt much flattered with the dignity it bore. He therefore, in accepting the honor, desired to convey his best wishes to this distinguished part of the great university, and hoped that the accompanying gift might be accepted as a slight token of his regard. On opening the package it was found to contain a complete case of the most valuable surgical instruments. The gift ever afterward occupied a prominent place in the decorations of the society's quarters.—Ex.

Great Britain's Most Famous Regiment. We met the officers of the famous Black Watch, and a finer set of fellows I never saw. They are all Scotch, and splendid, stalwart men, but one is struck by their unusual youthfulness—some of the subalterns are barely 20 years of age, and the colonel is still in the thirties. 'Nor is this strange, in view of the fact that the Black Watch claims as a right that it shall be ordered to the front whenever England has fighting to do, and this she always has somewhere. It is hard to live long under these circumstances. Yet they are a jolly set of fellows, always ready for sport, and squozing all the enjoyment out of life that they can while there is a chance.—Boston Herald. Dominion Day. Remember the first of July and keep it wholly in pleasure and recreation. Go on an excursion with your friends and take along fruits, coffee and cream, canned meats, biscuits, ginger ale, lemonade, etc., from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., grocers, 38 Charlotte street.

is one of the things you want... can get if you will do a little work for Progress every Saturday morning. We have told you city and country, make money for themselves in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or sold. We want boys in each of those...

Ice Cream Soda.

Go to White's, 83 King Street, for Soda, Ice Cream, and Choice Confectionery. We manufacture all our Goods, and can vouch for their quality. Purity is our motto.

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ICE CREAM! I SCREAM!

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Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

In China yellow is the symbol of faith. Russia has a European area of 2,095,504 square miles. The circumference of the earth is 131,385,456 feet. London has 200,000 factory girls getting \$1.50 a week.

It is said that the Persians call the Americans *Yanki doo'iah*. Sulphate or chloride of zinc dissolved in water is a good disinfectant.

Eton school was founded in 1440. Its endowments exceed £20,000 per annum. It is estimated that the coal strata underlying Colorado exceed 36,000 square miles.

Each adult inhales a gallon of air per minute, and consumes daily 30 ounces of oxygen.

Dumb-bells is a corruption of Dumplings or Dumpleys, the same word as Dumplings, and means heavy.

In Spain, a woman retains her surname while the son may adopt either the paternal or maternal name.

At the battle of Waterloo the British artillery fired 9,467 rounds, or one for every Frenchman killed.

On the 31st March, 1890, there were in the United Kingdom 18,359 post-offices, and 20,827 letter-boxes.

The five Eras are the Greek (Olympiads), the Roman, the Christian, the Julian Period, and the Mohammedan Era.

The word *non-de-plume* is not known in French, in which language the proper equivalent is *non-de-guerre*.

The Persian Gulf is called the Green Sea from a remarkable strip of water of a green color along the Arabian coast.

The distinctive tenets of the Morisonians are that the Divine Father loves all, the Divine Saviour died for all, and the Divine Spirit strives with all.

Upwards of 11,000,000 crabs are canned each season in the Hampton, Virginia, establishments, and find a ready sale in all parts of the United States.

Scots currency was, when abolished, 1707, of only 1-12th the value of sterling, and £100 Scots equalled £8 6s 8d sterling, or £1 Scots equalled 1s 8d sterling.

In the public libraries of Europe there are more than 21,000,000 printed volumes. In Europe, and in Australia there are at least 100,000,000 books.

The Y. M. C. A.'s of the United States now own property worth \$12,500,000. One thousand and eighty-three persons are engaged as paid officials, and there are 225,000 members.

Queensland, the most recently organized of the Australian colonies, has an extent of 1300 miles from north to south, and 800 miles from east to west, including 668,497 square miles of area.

The full weight of a sovereign is 5 dwts. 3-274 grains; but it is a legal tender when 5 dwts. 2 3/4 grains, and is received at par by the Bank of England at the "current weight" of 5 dwts. 2 3/4 grains.

Gold was not coined in England until 1257, and copper not until the 17th century. Of the old gold coins, the chief were the mark, of 13s 4d the noble, of 6s 8d; and later the guinea, valued after 1717 at 21s.

Public banks were introduced earliest after the revolution of 1688. The oldest and greatest, the Bank of England, founded 1694, advanced its capital, then £1,200,000, to the government, and acquired important privileges.

The phrase "local option" is borrowed from a letter by Mr. Gladstone in 1868, when, writing on the subject of the "Permissive Bill," he said that he was disposed to "let in the principle of local option wherever it is found satisfactory."

According to the researches of a German statistician, the number of dancing women to one dancing man is: In Vienna 2; in Bavaria 7; Italy 15; Wurtemberg, 20; England, 25; Prussia, 28; Holland, 26; Saxony, 38; Spain, 50; Switzerland, 107; Portugal, 110; Denmark, 130; Russia, 150; Norway and Sweden, 211; Turkey, 9,000.

The government of the British navy, vested originally in a lord high admiral, has, since the reign of Queen Anne—with the exception of a short period, April, 1827, to September, 1828—been carried on by a board, known as the board of admiralty, which consists of seven members, namely, the first lord, who is always a member of the cabinet, and six assistant commissioners.

There are now, it is said, 194 cotton-seed oil mills in the Southern States, with aggregate capital of over \$20,000,000, against 40, with a capital stock of \$3,500,000 in 1880. In the last crop year about 1,000,000 tons of seed were crushed, and yielded 37,000,000 gallons of oil, besides furnishing meal for mixture with other substances for fertilizers, while the hulls are used for the fattening of cattle.

The first account we have of an armored ship is in 1530. It was one of the fleet of the Knights of St. John, entirely sheathed with lead, and it is said to have successfully resisted all the shot of that day. At the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782 the French and Spaniards employed light iron bomb-proofing over their decks. The first practical use of wrought iron plates as a defence for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1855, to be used against the Russian forts in the Baltic.

A knot is 60896 feet. An admiralty knot equals 6080 feet, the statute mile being 5280 feet.

Wales was conquered by Edward I. in 1282, and formally annexed to England, by Henry VIII. in 1536.

The number of inhabited houses in Scotland in 1881 was 739,005; uninhabited, 59,637; building, 4990.

The Great Powers is a term of modern diplomacy, by which is now meant Britain, France, Austria, Germany, Italy and Russia.

The conquest of Ireland was begun in the year 1170, but can hardly be regarded as completed until the surrender of Limerick in 1691.

The first reform bill for England and Wales received the royal assent 7th June, 1832; that for Scotland 17th July; and for Ireland 7th August.

In the United States of America the law recognizes degrees in murder, and in France and some other civilized nations "extenuating circumstances" are taken into consideration.

It is an old saying that Jews cannot get along in Scotland because the Scotch are smarter than the ancient people, and that it is a fact that there are comparatively few Jews in Scotland.

Counterfeit notes are uniformly smaller than genuine ones. The plate is made by tracing over the lines of a good bill, and the damp paper shrinks, making the impression smaller than the plate.

The Roman catholic church had two archbishops and four bishops in Scotland in 1890, 352 priests, and 385 churches, chapels and stations. The number of Roman catholics is estimated at 326,000.

According to statistics the world's production of fine copper in 1890 amounted to 270,485 tons of 2,240 pounds each, of which the United States produced 116,325 tons, or 43 per cent. of the world's supply.

It is estimated that it costs New York city every year for socks and stockings for her female population a round \$2,000,000, or enough to maintain nearly 20,000 persons, a whole city, for a year in food.

In the bituminous coal mines of Pennsylvania the average number of persons employed in 1889 was 53,780, against 34,248 in 1880, the amount paid for wages in 1880 being \$21,142,051, against \$10,863,589 in 1880.

The total annual income from the gaming tables Monte Carlo is about £800,000, the average daily profit from a roulette being £200. To Prince Albert of Monaco the sum of £50,000 is paid annually for the concession to play.

Italian farm hands in the vicinity of Rome earn \$1 per week. In Rome stone masons get 54 cents a day, carpenters 56 cents, blacksmiths 55 cents, day laborers 25 cents, stone and marble cutters 79 cents, clerks in stores \$2 a week.

A peppercorn rent is a rent of one peppercorn a year—in other words, a nominal rent to be paid on demand. It is an expedient for securing an acknowledgment of the tenancy in cases where lands or houses are let virtually free of rent.

The profits of coffee cultivation in Mexico are very large. In the state of Vera Cruz the berry is produced at a cost of \$7 per 100 pounds, and sells for \$22 to \$23 per 100 pounds, and sometimes even higher. The production has quadrupled since 1881.

The naval reserve was originated in 1859. It is recruited from the merchant service, fishing centres, etc. The members are classed as able seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys. Enrolment is for five years, and four enrollments qualify for a pension. They number about 20,000.

The following are the principal foreign watering places: Dieppe, Ostend, Trouville, Nice, Heligoland, Norderney, St. Malo, Dinard, Granville, Greve, Duzette, Livorno, Cherbourg, Calais, St. Briac, Boulogne, Mont St. Michel, Parame, St. Enogat, St. Brelade, Valendar, and St. Clement.

The English House of Commons is composed of 670 members—viz. 495 for England and Wales, 103 for Ireland, and 72 for Scotland—elected by secret ballot in counties and boroughs, by electors possessing household or lodger or service franchise, or occupying freehold of 40s, etc. The universities are also represented. Members must be 21 years of age.

Mongolian fiddles are of peculiar construction, and emit sounds which from a musical point of view are as inharmonious as the instrument is unorthodox in appearance. Divested of its strings a Chinese fiddle has the same appearance as a mallet, with the handle long and flattened to about an inch in width and an eighth of an inch in thickness. In the lower part of the handle are inserted two keys, one above the other. To each of the keys are attached two strings of horse hair or catgut; the other ends are firmly wound about the mallet head.

The \$500,000,000 in silver and gold extracted from the bowels of the Comstock lode since 1859 (to say nothing of the \$250,000,000 from the outside districts within the state of Nevada's border, making a total of about \$750,000,000) has enriched the financial world to that extent, and the annual flow of millions from the same sources still continues, although considerably diminished in volume. Many enterprising men invested their time, labor or money in the development of the justly famous lode, and many have stayed with it from the earliest surface croppings down to the 3,300-foot level, the lowest mining depth attained on the American continent.

The earth moves at a velocity of 15 degrees an hour, or about 17,366 miles a minute; one degree is therefore equal to four minutes.

The banana is the most prolific of all the fruits of the earth, being 44 times more productive than potatoes, and 131 times more than wheat.

The Metrical system was legalized throughout the German empire on Jan. 1, 1872, but French nomenclature is as far as possible avoided.

No valid tender can be made of gold, silver, or copper coin defaced by names or words stamped thereon, or bent by any machine or instrument.

Original monks were laymen, but after about the eighth century the superiors, and by degrees other members, were admitted to holy orders.

Since 1840 the banking of the world has increased about eleven-fold, that is, three times as fast as commerce, or thirty times faster than population.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans, but were for centuries confined to the upper classes. They became general in Scotland about the twelfth century.

In Belgium, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Roumania, Servia, Spain, and Switzerland, the money of account is identical with that of France—the franc—the names alone differing.

In Ireland, in 1881, there were only three cities with over 50,000 inhabitants, viz.—Dublin, with 249,602, but 349,648 within the metropolitan police district; Belfast, 208,122; and Cork, 80,124.

France and Italy both collect a window tax, hence many poor people live in houses without windows. Every business is taxed, and a man must pay a building tax before he is allowed to put up a house.

The established Church of England is protestant episcopal. Its fundamental doctrines and tenets are embodied in the thirty-nine articles, agreed upon in convocation in 1561, and revised and finally settled in 1571.

Comet wine is a term of praise to signify wine of superior quality. A notion prevails in many parts of the world, but is better in flavor than in other years, either because the weather is warmer and ripens them better, or because the comets themselves exercise some influence on them. Thus wines of the years 1811, 1826, 1839, 1845, 1852, 1858, 1861, etc., have a reputation.

When Shakespeare and Milton wrote, only five or six millions spoke their language. One hundred years ago forty millions of people spoke German, thirty millions French and fifteen millions English. Prof. F. A. Marsh says that more than one half the letters of the world's postal service are now written and read by English-speaking people. Jacob Grimm, one of the ablest historians of language, says: "The English speech may with full right be called a world language."

The Fata Morgana is the singular aerial phenomenon, akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world, but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparative rare occurrence. To allow of its production the sun must be at an angle of forty-five degrees with the water, both sky and sea must be calm, and the tidal current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met, the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking down at Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty—streets, arches, houses, fleets of ships, colonnades, castles, etc., each surrounded by halo of colors. It is supposed that the images are due to the irregular refractive powers of the different elements of the air, which magnify, repeat and distort the objects on the Sicilian shores beyond; but to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholders.

A Paul Pry Invention. If half that is claimed for the "kinetograph" be true, we tremble for the tranquility of a million girls. The "kinetograph" it should be understood, is Wizard Edison's latest invention, and is said to combine the auricular talent of the phonograph with the visual accomplishments of the clairvoyant. When wound up it will not only be an eavesdropper, but it will also see things from which the interloping human eye, no matter in however an inquisitive head that eye be placed, has been debarred contemplation.

Standing in the parlour on the upper shell of the etagers in the parlour, the "kinetograph" will not only (as we all know the phonograph has frequently done) hear John saw his passionate love for Jane, but will see him kiss her. And precisely as the phonograph repeats in public what it has heard, so the kinetograph will reproduce, for other's eyes, what it has seen. This may be a rather a small and narrow way of looking at the possibilities of the latest invention of the most wonderful inventor of this or any other age. We feel compelled, however, to forewarn lovers (whom all the world loves) of every treasonable aspiration of cold and non-emotional science promptly and precisely as it manifests itself. Keep the "kinetograph" out of the parlour, girls.—*New York Continent*.

Happy Kings and Queens. How dearly the Czar pays for his sceptre and crown. His royal majesty wanted to go to Moscow to celebrate an anniversary, but oh, the preparations, lines of soldiers guarding the way between those cities, a false report given of the time when the train should start, finally leaving the depot in secret when no one suspected. The Czar has given up the idea of going to Crimea because of danger. The expulsion of the Jews has excited the people very much. There is not a beggar from the millions of the Russian nation but has a more enjoyable life than the emperor of all Russia. There is certainly no pleasure or comfort in wearing a crown or sitting on a throne under such circumstances. The sword that hung over the head of Damocles

was a pleasant diversion compared to a dread uncertainty. The sword could be seen; but to live in constant fear of the unseen must be terrible. The royal people are having a hard time in some places just now. King Charles of Portugal talks about resigning; poor Natalia, of Servia, expelled from her country and not allowed the rights of the commonest peasant, that of seeing her own child. In fact, the happiest sovereigns just now are Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, playing with her dolls and kittens, and the King of Spain and his donkey. If they live a few years longer they may see different days.—*Mail and Express*.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other disease of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

INSTRUCTION.

SHORTHAND

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain a thorough knowledge of shorthand and typewriting and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. HARVEY FEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

The New Shorthand. An entirely new system that is the talk of the times. Authors, lawyers, teachers and students have been enabled to write shorthand within a few days. A full course of lessons in writing and shorthand by mail \$10.

SMELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

SAINT JOHN'S hot summer weather, and our perfect ventilating facilities, make the summer season a most favorable one for taking a course of study in either of our departments.

Many Teachers and College Students have, during recent summers, spent their vacations with us with gratifying results. Some have arranged to be with us this summer, and we hope to welcome many more. No vacations. Send for circulars.

S. KERR, Principal

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art. Studio Building: 65 Prince William St. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING and PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

Dissolution of Partnership. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the TWENTY-FIRST day of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY. St. John, N. B., 2nd April, 1891

TRUSTEES' NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate to us, in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at the office of E. & R. McLeod & Ewing, Barristers, Ritchie's building, Princess street, Saint John, and all creditors wishing to participate in the trust of the said deed are required to execute the same within three months from the date hereof.

Dated the third day of April, 1891. SAMUEL C. FORSTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, E. & R. McLEOD & EWING, Solicitors.

## Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff, and PETER F. BYRNE, Defendant

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the Thirtieth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the thirty-third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decreeal Order, as:

"All that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the City and County of Saint John and being lot number (3) two in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and others, and bounded as follows to wit, on the southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot number (1) one in the same grant now called number (2) nine, on the northerly or rear end by land owned now or lately by Thomas W. Jones and others and on the easterly side by other land owned by the said Peter F. Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (3) two being the land on which the said Peter F. Byrne now lives, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever both at law and in Equity of him, the said Mortgagee, or of his or of any of his heirs and assigns and every part thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this fifth day of May, A. D. 1891. E. H. McLEOD & EWING, Referee in Equity.

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

INSURANCE

MAN BORN OF WOMAN, AND MOST MEN ARE, ARE OF FOUR CARDS AND FULL OF TROUBLE, LIFE INSURANCE HELPS ALL CASES, AND IMPROVES NONE. ACCEPT OUR PLAN.

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INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

R. W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET JOHN N. B.

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MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PROVIDENT SAVINGS Life Assurance Society

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37 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. RATES PER \$1000 WITH PROFITS:

Age 30	..... \$15 00
" 40	..... 17 30
" 50	..... 19 04
" 60	..... 22 04
" 70	..... 29 24
" 80	..... 41 50

Cash assets over \$285 to each \$100 liabilities. Several good districts still open for reliable business men who want to engage in life insurance.

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, GENERAL AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER with JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in Britain, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class at

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FERGUSON & PAGE DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.

NEW GOODS IN— Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.

The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at

43 KING STREET.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.

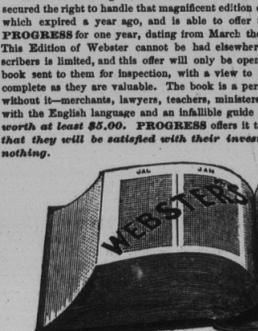
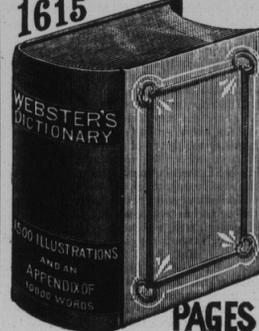
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For only \$3.75. FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain for year for \$3.25.

ER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

MEY AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Koch is at work again on his tubercular, and hopes to improve it during the next few months, after which he will publish his own report upon it.

England has exiled King Theobald of Burmah to Bombay. There he lives with his harem, his stable, his servants and all the luxuries of the season and without a care, all at the expense of the imperial treasury.

Sir John Macdonald seldom went to bed before midnight and never hurried about at the time of his last illness, he was healthy, wealthy and wise, old saws to the contrary notwithstanding.

The famous old house where Peter the Great lived at Zaandam, near Amsterdam, is now being restored by order of the Czar, whose property it is. The entire house was lifted by means of cranes and a new foundation laid underneath it.

Princess Helene Sanguco, at one time a noted Polish beauty, died last month. She was one of the most influential women at the court of Napoleon III. and was vainly sought in marriage by Napoleon prior to his introduction by Evens to the Countess Eugenie Montijo.

The great statue of Pope Leo XIII., which Count Joseph Loubat is to present to the Catholic university at Washington will be shipped to this country within a few weeks. It is reported to be a fine piece of work, and represents the pope seated upon his throne and wearing the triple crown.

It has been discovered that Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers on both sides were Wesleyan ministers. His father is an accomplished artist who formerly held the position of art director in India. A pretty Indian village named Rudyard, in which the son was born, supplied him with his first name. The elder Kipling is now decorating a ceiling for Queen Victoria at Windsor.

Prince Albert Victor's physique is lamentably ungainly and awkward. He seldom appears in public except in company with his father, who alludes to him as "my son," as if he were ten years old. He is always rumored to be on the point of marrying, but is as far off today as ever. If England is ever to have another royal fashion leader she must look to Prince George, who seems to have much more important business to attend to.

The Russian Grand Duke Sergius is said to be profoundly devout in manners. If he happens upon an image of reputed sanctity he will prostrate himself before it. If there are relics of some old ecclesiastic of bygone generations he will not be happy till he kisses them. If there is a shrine where pilgrims gather, there he must also worship. And the lady to whom he is married has had to learn to accommodate herself to his tastes and to assume a devotional attitude before the pictures, crosses and old bones and corpses that are so gratifying to her husband.

It is just a little more than three years, says a writer, since Annette Rives wrote to me, telling me of her approaching marriage to Mr. Chanler. She said, "Never, since time was, has there been such a loving heart as mine;" but after they went abroad there is no doubt that something altogether certain that for some months they sojourned apart. She is by no means so ideally beautiful as the picture which appeared in Lippincott simultaneously with The Quick or the Dead would lead one to infer. She has dark eyes, but her hair, unmistakably suggests the hand of the chemist, and she is very short. She is not averse to photographic reproductions of her charms, and her friends possess them in almost endless variety, even in the corduroy skirt and shirt waist with tan O'Shanter, so graciously dealt upon as the bereaved Barbara's out-door costume, whether she went nutting, sliding down haystacks, chastising dogs, love-making, or upon other autumn pursuits. That The Quick or the Dead was received with such scathing criticism, the authoress declared, was "because of the foulness of men's hearts." The on dit at the time was that John McCullough had spent a holiday time among the red hills of Albemarle, and that it was his intense personality that gave such a lurid glow to the pages of this remarkable book.

A unique character in English public affairs today is William T. Stead. A north country Nonconformist, with strong religious tendencies, he got his first newspaper training in provincial journalism, and finally came to London on the staff of John Morley, when that gentleman was editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. Succeeding him in that position, he made a sensation after sensation, the most notable of which, the "Modern Babylon" business, finally landed him in jail. He some time after this left that paper to hoist his flag in a brand new venture of his own, the Review of Reviews. With a college training, great facility with the pen, much power of organization, the gift of making friends as well as enemies, immense energy, and more than the audacity which the English have attributed to the American journalist, he is ever attempting the thing unheard of in England, and ever succeeding. He dashes in where others fear to tread. He views everything pretty much from the journalistic standpoint, but no idea is too big for him to entertain and no project too startling for him to attempt. Who else in all England would have set out to interview the pope or the emperor of Russia? Only a Stead, as the common remark, could have conceived of such a publication as the Review of Reviews, or could have run it up to the circulation of 200,000 copies. He is, in short, in strength and weakness, what is popularly termed a genius. His intimate knowledge of men and affairs, and his quick penetration of motives, made him for years on the Pall Mall Gazette one of the shrewdest of political observers, while his caustic pen and unceasing activity made him one of the most terrible of political enemies. Mr. Stead's personal workroom is large and attractive, fitted up in the most convenient and luxurious style. He is a man of about 42, above the medium height, with plenty of glossy brown hair, a full beard, bright eyes and a nervous manner, manifesting itself most conspicuously in his striding about his room as he talks to strangers.

Exanillo is an exquisitely fragrant preparation for preserving, whitening and beautifying the teeth.

When it's a hundred in the shade And stifling is the air, Oh! cool and crisp and mild To freeze us with a stare! "No, I cannot be your wife. Try some other girl." "I've tried 'em all and none of 'em would have me. That's why I came to you." "—Ex. Watson—"I'm never troubled with tramps now." Wilson—"How's that?" "I've moved my wood-pile to the front yard."—Detroit Free Press. "He is not a beau of yours, is he?" "Yes." "He calls on me oftener than on you." "Yes; I told him the days you were not at home."—Life. He—Did your father consent to my calling every evening? She—Yes—the dear old thing;—and promised to take me to the theatre four nights in the week besides. He (coming home late)—"Very sorry, my dear, but I was detained down town by some pressing business." She—"Pressing business! H'm—was it your typewriter girl?" Young man—"So Miss Ella is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?" Brother—"Nobody ain't come as yet, but pa says that the first fellow that comes can have her." "They say there is poison in ice cream, Ethel," he said, as they passed by the ice cream saloon. "Well," she said, "I would like to see whether there is or not. Let us try it." Tom—"How did it happen that Miss Blanche refused you; it was understood that you were her favorite?" Jack—"The regular way; the favorite didn't win."—New York Herald. Jack—"I know Ethel loved me." Tom—"But you had no show with her father, eh?" Jack—"Oh, didn't I? I had a regular circus with him. That's where the trouble came in."—Fuck. "How's your family?" "Pretty well, thank you." Any of your daughters married yet?" "No, and I can't understand why they don't go off; they use powder enough, goodness knows!"—Ex. A certain country sexton, in making his report of burials, is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur:—"Died, John Smith, male; aged three days; unmarried."—Ex. The doctor—"My dear Miss Palisade, in your condition, it won't do to go to the ball tonight with a thin dress on. You will be almost certain to catch something. Miss Palisade—"That's what I am going for." She—"Your society refreshes me greatly. He—"Thank you. Then you won't mind if I stay another hour?" She—"Oh dear, no! You have such a country air about you it's a perfect picnic to be in your presence."—Life. "I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet." "He can't help himself, madam. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."—Harper's Bazar. A girl was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon, whereas an old bachelor man had, in consequence, invited the artillery volunteers to practice near their premises.—Ex. "I like Sunday-school better than any other school," said Willie. "I am pleased to hear that, my little man," said the minister. "Now, will you tell me why?" 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Farmer Jayseed—What's the city boarders' M'lar. Mrs. Jayseed—They've all gone down ter the pasture to practice bow 'n' arer shootin'. Farmer Jayseed—Wal, you send Jimmy down to pick the arrets out o' the coaws when they come up to the bars. Clara—I was looking over your friend's amateur play, and I must confess I didn't think much of the plot. Do you think it will be a success? Maude—Oh, yes, indeed. Just think, the scene is laid at the seaside, and we are all to come out in bathing dresses. Plain citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville Clarion)—"Why do you call Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing." Editor—"Hasn't, hey? Gosh almighty, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!"—Brooklyn Life. St. Peter—"Well, young man, how did you get in here? What is your business?" Young man—"I am an amateur photographer; would you allow me to take a shot at the pearly gates?" 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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

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St. Peter—"The elevator is just going down; step right in; we press the button, you do the rest." Corporal (to soldier)—"Why is the blade of the saber curved instead of straight?" Soldier—"It is curved in order to give more force to the blow." Corporal—"Humb! The saber is curved so how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—Texas Sittings. Pains and litters girls and prematurely aged women would soon give place to bright, healthy, rosy females if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used for the ills to which women are peculiarly liable. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, and restore the exhausted system, regulate the bowels, and remove the skin and its coverings. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for \$2.50—by addressing The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

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A GIRL'S FIRST SWIM.

The Queer Feeling that Thrills Her at the Initial Dip.

With chattering teeth, a blue nose covered with goose flesh, and not much of anything else, I stood in "position," which, when translated, means with arms extended forward in a straight line, hands with palms together, fingers close, thumbs down. Then begins the monotonous count—o-n-e, t-w-o, t-h-r-e-e—so as if you were receiving a lesson in music. "One," separate the hands by opening from the under side; make a circle or a half-circle by bringing the arms out to a straight line at the side from the shoulder. "Two," draw the elbows to the side and hands to the chest. "Three," shoot them from the chest to position again.

Next I was told to be seated and to extend my legs forward, heels together, toes out. While the arms are sweeping the circle at "one" the legs remain in position. At "two," while the elbows and hands go to the sides and chest, the heels, sticking close together, are drawn up to the body. At "three" the arms shoot forward to position. The legs may be straightened out sideways with a vigorous kick and cut a circle back to position. The knees are meant all comes from the hips. By the time I had finished this movement lesson there was not a muscle in my body that had not been used, and the strain equally distributed, so you at once see why swimming develops muscular forces, gives agility and suppleness to the limbs, opens the chest, increases the lung capacity, equalizes the circulation and creates and preserves beauty of form and grace of outline and rhythmic movements—but if you think it is "easy" just try it.

It was assured the movements would come more naturally in the water, so to the water we went and the harness or belt attached to the pulley rope was adjusted around my body just under the arms, and I confess to you privately that if it had been a hangman's noose and the kindly instructor a duty bound sheriff I could not have been more terrified. I thought I never had seen so much dependence placed on so slender a rope, or such an untrustworthy life-saving contrivance. I realized fully that this uncertain thing, which would not be still long enough for me to catch my breath, was all that stood between me and that historical country from which no one but a theosophist ever returns.

How can I describe my horrible sensations when first swung off into that darker water? It could have held no greater terror for me if it had been bottomless. For further encouragement I was permitted to hold to one end of a pole, the other end being held by my instructor. Gasping and spluttering I held on for dear life, until the wise one, seeing there was nothing to be accomplished by encouraging my timidity, gently nudged me to give up the pole, and I was left lying face downward upon the water. At this juncture I tried between gasps to inquire if any one had ever been drowned here, but I could not make myself understood, and it didn't matter, for I felt sure some one would soon be drowned beside me.

The next instruction was to take position; instead I took a "header," and my feet took to the skies. Of course it was only momentary, for the pulley brought me back to a level, and after much and desperate struggle to combine the arm and leg movement, as taught on the carpet, I was more or less successful (rather less than more), and began to have a dim idea of the fascination there must be in swimming when there was no fear of an untimely introduction to the hereafter.

I was not thinking of my curtailed costume now; nor of the fit of it; nor of powder washed off. Individuality was gone. Water has such a wonderful fully equalizing effect. If there is any one who still believes in that pretty axiom: "Beauty unadorned is adorned with the most," and that last over the wires. When the working commenced on the Kansas line crowds of people gathered round the telegraph poles to see the message sheets travel over the wire.—St. Louis Republic.

They Wanted to See the Telegrams Go. Since the first telegraph line was erected in China the wires have been carried through two provinces. Lately the province of Kansas has been connected with the telegraph centers, and the provincials express much wonder at the rapidity with which the messages are transmitted. In their ignorance they think that telegrams are written on sheets of paper and these sheets pass over the wires. When the working commenced on the Kansas line crowds of people gathered round the telegraph poles to see the message sheets travel over the wire.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dangerous Counterfeit. The man who counterfeits a coin or a bank note, or who is detected in an attempt to pass a counterfeit is speedily placed in prison as a person too dangerous to be permitted to be at large. How much more dangerous is the person who, for the sake of paltry gain, endeavors to impose upon the public a dangerous and worthless counterfeit of a popular medicine. The great popularity achieved by Pink Pills, and the wonderful results that have followed their use for the treatment of all female complaints, nervous diseases, and general debility in both males and females, has induced some unscrupulous parties to place upon the market a worthless imitation, resembling the genuine Pink Pills in appearance only. The public are cautioned against these spurious imitations, and are asked to see that every box they purchase bears the trade mark and name of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont. Do not permit any dealer to palm off upon you any imitation of the genuine pill, as not only will they not produce the expected results, but may prove positively harmful. No other pill made can produce the results obtained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid, on receipt of price (50c. a box), by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

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THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

HE SAID SO.

Lilly Ashford had known Mattie Carson ever since they were school children. Afterward at the seminary they became dear friends and vowed eternal friendship, wrote valentines to each other on the 14th of February, exchanged gifts at Christmas time, and vowed that nothing could ever cloud their mutual confidence in each other.

It was nearly four o'clock when a shower came up, which sent people flying to the shelter of their wagons and carriages and to the great tent in the center of the woods. Just as the first drops fell, little Dolly Grey, Lilly's favorite scholar, came running to her with the cry: "Oh, Miss Lilly, I've lost my blue beads in the grass!"

bit of road thick with trees, dark even on a bright night. Here Mattie touched the captain's arm. "Captain," she said, "let me get down here softly, and I can get to my own room by the kitchen stairs and dodge grandpa's scolding. Good night. Good night, Lilly."



STAR LINE. For FREDERICTON, ETC.

We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in Progress. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of Progress will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office.

The list of correct answers to History Questions, No. 17, is a long one, although there were a large number of boys and girls who failed to answer all the questions correctly. The prize winner is Miss Agnes Blizard, 30 Orange street. Correct answers were received from: Miss Agnes Blizard, 30 Orange street; "Jack," 14 Elliott row; Sadie Lawson, 57 Princess street; Maud L. Kavanah, City road; Evelyn Clark, city; Edna Powers, 59 Acadia street; Lulu McAvity, 192 King street east; Edith Hall, 54 Orange street; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street, West End; Carrie Wigmore, 14 Harding street; Lillian A. Quinn, Wright street; Ella McDonald, Factory street; Gertrude B. Tufts, Queen square; Maud Kavanah, 156 City road; Frank Combs, 113 Queen street; Clara Dibble, Broad street; Willie Taylor, 49 St. David street; Lillian Dwyer, Moncton, N. B.; G. A. H., Kingston, Kent Co.; Frank Mullin, North End; F. McArthur, 79 Princess street; Grace Winslow, Fredericton, N. B.; "Louise," city; "Ecoliere," Fredericton, N. B.; Miss Annie M. Bain, city.

Answers to History Questions, No. 17. 1. Sketch the character of Champlain? Ans.—Champlain was single-minded, courageous, resolute, but kind and courteous, in the zeal of the missionary tempered the fire of the warrior, and he had been justly called "The Father of Canada."

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 19. 1. What was the chief event of Henry II. reign? Ans.—The first treaty of Paris was made on 12th February, 1173; the second, 3rd September, 1173.

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International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY LINE (Sunday FOR BOSTON excepted) COMMENCING June 22, and continuing until Sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, as follows:

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S. S. "WINTHROP," of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 40, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 3.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p. m., for Eastport and New York.

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Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.10 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.05

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