

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 283.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## KILLED BY A DEAF MUTE.

### BERTHA WHEARY MURDERED IN HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE.

By Her Brother-in-Law in the Presence of Her Two Children—The Murderer Arrested—How the Husband Heard the Dreadful News.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 28.—A most revolting murder occurred at the mouth of the Keswick, eleven miles from Fredericton, Wednesday afternoon, between one and three o'clock, of which the victim was Bertha Wheary, wife of Hedley Wheary, and the murderer, Edward Wheary, her brother-in-law. The family are colored and are natives of the district. The crime was committed in the kitchen of the house occupied at one end by Joseph Wheary, his wife, daughter and the murderer, and at the other end by Hedley Wheary, his wife, (the murdered woman,) and two children. Shortly after dinner, Wednesday, Joseph Wheary and his family went to a church gathering and Hedley Wheary went to the grist mill. When the latter returned at four o'clock he was met by his little son, who said, "Mamma is dead. Eddie chopped her up."

Entering the house he found his wife lying on the floor in a pool of blood, her clothing disarranged and her head nearly severed from her body, and evidence that outrage had been attempted. There were five backs in her neck and it was a horrible spectacle. Added to the horror was the fact that the victim was soon to give birth to another child.

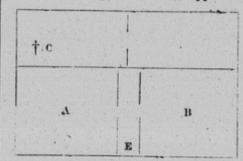
The murderer, Edward Wheary, is about 18 years old, a large, well formed negro, with African features. He has been a deaf mute from birth and has led a secluded life only when a pupil of the deaf and dumb institution at Fredericton. The little boy, a bright chap, said that Eddie killed her with the axe, the baby cried and he carried it and the cradle into his father's end of the house and rocked it till his papa came. As soon as Hedley entered the house on his return, the murderer left and took shelter in the woods a few rods distant, returning after dark. Thursday morning he was arrested by Officers Roberts and Phillips and lodged in jail.

The trial will be on Monday. Joseph Wheary, his father, is a true type of the African, his father being a slave, who escaped from Montreal, and made his way to Keswick. He is a church-going man, a baptist, and much respected. There are several colored families, all relatives, in the neighborhood, in comfortable circumstances, and esteemed by all the people.

FREDERICTON, SEPT. 29.—Few facts concerning the Keswick murder have come to light since the last despatch sent PROGRESS. The community around the village where the affair occurred is worked up to a great pitch of excitement which has been kept under however, by the fact that the man whom every one believes to be the murderer, Edward Wheary, has been captured and is in custody. The innocent witnesses of their mother's murder, one of them just able to talk plainly and the other an infant, have forged a strong chain of evidence against the accused. The words with which the little boy ran to quiet his father and the effect produced by them can better be imagined than described. His father had not dropped the reins of his horses, had not moved from the seat of the wagon, when these childish words reached his ears, "Mamma's dead, Eddie chopped her up." Stunned and stupefied by the fear that the words might be true, yet not thinking for a moment that they were so, Hedley Wheary alighted from his wagon, and followed his boy slowly into the house. While on the way, his brother Edward, a deaf mute, came out in the usual way, went to the horses, and began to unhitch them. This, if nothing else, would have allayed the suspicions aroused by his son's awful words, but when he reached the outer threshold of his home the sight that met his stunned vision was enough to drive him mad, for his wife, a woman of nearly thirty years of whom he had left but two hours before happy with her children, was lying in the outer kitchen of her home, with her head literally chopped from her body just as his son had told him. Hedley Wheary thought of nothing for the moment but his loss, the terrible fact that his wife was dead, that she had been murdered. He did not think of his son's words that "Eddie killed Mamma" and make an attempt to find him, but instead fled to his nearest neighbor and brought him to the spot to see the deed that had been done. These two with Councillor Kinghorn who happened along at this time were witnesses to the scene. Nothing had been disturbed. The murdered woman lay just as she had been left by her brother-in-law and was dead beyond a doubt. The body was warm and the other evidence showed that whoever had done the deed had been incited to do it, probably by the woman's opposition to the gratification of his passion.

In the meantime the Edward Wheary had fled to the woods. Even his imperfect

intellect grasped the fact of the terrible wrong he had done and fearful of what might happen to him he fled to the woods as soon as he had placed his brother's horses in the barn. Then while all was confusion the father mother and sister of the murdered and husband of the murdered woman returned from the social church gathering they had been attending. The scene was heartrending made doubly so by the lamentations of the colored people who soon collected outside and inside the house. Exercising no control over their feelings, they filled the house with their cries. The scene was indescribable until the coroner Dr. Coburn of Keswick put in an appearance



FLOOR PLAN.  
A.—Hedley's end of house.  
B.—Joseph, the father's, end.  
C.—Where victim was found.  
E.—Front door.

and quickly prepared for an inquest. The jury that he summoned evidently did not wish the responsibility of naming the murderer and the verdict they returned was non-committal, and simply that the woman had been killed by a sharp instrument in the hands of some person they could not name.

But the people had named Edward Wheary as the culprit, and sent to the city for officers. When detective Roberts and sergeant Phillips arrived, Edward Wheary was home, crouching in a corner in his father's house, moaning in his guttural fashion. It is said that he confessed committing the deed, to his parents and detective Roberts made the statement that, he pointed to the woman then himself and passed his hand several times across his throat. He made but little resistance to going with the officers though the following day he proved unruly when wanted to appear before the magistrate. He was remanded until next Monday when the examination will begin.

## LOCAL RACES AT MOOSEPATH.

### A Meeting Arranged for Next Friday—Probable Starters.

Racing at Moosepath is not all done for this season. The local three minute horses that have been moving on the road and track this season with their owners "knocking chips" will go next Friday for a small purse and all the fun they can get out of it. The track has been secured and it has been decided to have two races, which might be grouped under a three minute and a 3.10 class. PROGRESS understands that several entries, with a deposit, have been left already with Mr. McEvoy, who will look after that part of the affair with the assistance of Messrs. King Bros. Several good three minute horses are mentioned as entries for the faster class including the well bred roan gelding, owned and driven by the turf veteran, John Fitzpatrick, Mr. Frank McAvinn's brown mare, P. Kane's bay mare, King Bros. Allright gelding, J. Huggard's Olympus colt, a Wilkes gelding, Frank E., named by W. B. Campbell, Welsh Bros. bay horse, a Dean Swift gelding owned by M. Barry, and horses owned by Messrs. Tower and McKinney. If all of these enter there will be ten starters, all of which will be so evenly matched that it would be unsafe to pick a winner. Many of the horses mentioned appeared on Moosepath Wednesday and it was a difficult matter to say that any one of them had a decided advantage over the others. Welsh Bros. bay horse is as honest as he used to be while Mr. McAvinn's brown mare under the guidance of Wm. McEvoy kept moving all the time. Harry Barry had his bay in a road cart and on the track for the first time and after he got used to the change he made all of them speed. Mr. Fitzpatrick's entry will go the second mile as fast as the first and rigged in the proper fashion may surprise the party. King Bros. Mr. Kane's Lady Laurier, and Frank E. will all contribute to the interest of the race which will be as attractive to the general public as some of those given already this year. The second race includes Mr. Hamilton's gelding, the grey horse of Mr. Macaulay's and Dolan Bros. roan horse as well as some others the names of which PROGRESS was unable to get at the time of writing.

This is the first of a series of races that will probably be held at Moosepath this fall and winter. There will likely be a good crowd present, as all the horses are well known, and the admission is the popular quarter dollar.

## The Governor as a Club Man.

One of the early acts of Governor Boyd on his return from Ottawa was to have his name put up for membership in the Union Club. He must be balloted for like any common citizen, but there are no apprehensions as to the result. The club will be very glad to welcome him, no doubt.

## LOG ROLLING FOR SURE.

### HOW A PONDFUL OF COLLATERAL VANISHED FROM VIEW.

McGinty Was at the Top of the Heap and Not at the Bottom of the Sea—The Fix in Which the Tapley Brothers Were Caught An Extraordinary Affair.

Indian town has not had any social scandals as topics for discussion during the last week. The people have had something else to talk about.

Nor has the talk been confined to Indian town. There has been a good deal of it around the lawyers' offices near Chubb's Corner, and it may be assumed there have been some interesting discussions in the private offices in the venerable Bank of New Brunswick. The sheriff, too, has taken a hand, and now the question is how is everybody concerned coming out of the affair?

The public got tired of singing about McGinty a year or two ago. It was definitely stated then that he was at the bottom of the sea, but it now seems that McGinty has not only been very much alive, but has been doing a large stroke of business.

Mr. John McGinty has been considered a well-to-do citizen of St. John, and appears to have stood well in the mercantile community. The directory states that he is a partner in the firm of Cowan & McGinty, the owners of a saw mill, at Marble Cove, near Indian town. His partner is, or has been, Mr. M. E. Cowan. Mr. McGinty is also put down as a partner in the firm of A. A. Mabee & Co., builders, North End.

As the story goes, early in the season, Tapley Brothers, and McLellan & Holly, owners of timber ponds near Indian town, received a large quantity of logs from Hugh McLean, Salmon River, Queens, and other operators in that section of the country. These logs came down river, and were secured in the ponds. These ponds are near the mill of Cowan & McGinty.

When logs are so placed, pond receipts are given, and they are of the same nature as warehouse receipts. They can be used as collateral security, just as the receipts of the Standard Trading Company were used once upon a time, and it would seem the banks are as confiding and unsuspecting in the one case as in the other.

At a later date Mr. McGinty went to the owners of the logs and bought the pond receipts, paying part cash, it is said, and giving notes for the remainder. He had previously raised some money by the hypothecation of bonds owned by his wife. Securing the receipts he became owner of the logs, and they were valuable assets as collateral.

Mr. McGinty wanted to raise more money, and with the laudable desire to patronize home industries, he went to the Bank of New Brunswick. He presented his pond receipts and succeeded in getting advances to the reported amount of about \$13,500. As the banks never advance anything like the actual value of the collateral, and frequently only a third, it will be understood the logs in the pond were worth a pretty snug sum of money. Mr. McGinty gave his notes, and the general bank officials probably rubbed their hands at the thought of having accommodated an energetic citizen, and made a profitable shave out of the transaction.

At a later date the bank was so obliging as to give Mr. McGinty an order on one or two of the ponds receipts for the delivering of a certain quantity of logs. They had ample security and could afford to be generous.

The other day Mr. McGinty's notes, or some of them, fell due, and were not paid. The bank, mindful of the story of the Standard Trading company, sent somebody to the pond to see how the logs looked.

To their intense astonishment the logs were gone. It was not hard to find out where they had gone. Everybody knew, and there was no attempt at secrecy. They had been sawn in Cowan & McGinty's mill. Some of the sawn lumber was piled up to show for itself. Some of it had been sold, and McGinty was supposed to have the proceeds.

It had "got there" and so apparently had Mr. McGinty, to say nothing of his partner Mr. Cowan. The latter is understood to say he knows nothing about the rights of the matter, that McGinty got any money there was and that he, Cowan, is \$2,000 out of pocket.

That they got out of the ponds without an order from the bank is not a mystery. It is reported that one of the Tapley brothers, in the depth of his good nature permitted them to go on the representation of Mr. McGinty that the money would be paid to the bank and the pond owners protected. They went and so did the logs in the Holly pond. Cowan and McGinty's mill had a busy season.

Mr. Tapley had allowed the logs to go, supposing everything would be made all right. When Mr. Holly was asked to let the logs go from his pond, he refused, but they went from there all the same. Mr.

Holly was very angry and threatened McGinty with all sorts of things. The latter is reported to have told him to go ahead and do his condemned.

A natural inquiry under the circumstances is as to what became of the \$13,500 which Mr. McGinty received from the bank. It is understood that a large portion of it was used to redeem the bonds which had been previously hypothecated. At any rate, it is out of the reach of the bank.

The bank intends to hold Tapley Brothers liable for the logs delivered without its order. It is said that Mr. Holly in whose pond were only a small proportion of the logs, has already settled for about \$1,500. The liability of the Tapleys is of course, very much larger.

The latter are protected to some extent. Before the bubble burst completely, the Tapleys realized the fix they were in and began to hunt up a lawyer. They finally got a confession of judgment from Cowan & McGinty for \$12,265, with the understanding that no action should be taken until the return of McGinty's lawyer, C. A. Stockton, from Chicago. Last Tuesday, however, before the latter did return, Hugh H. McLean, Tapley's lawyer, caused the writ to be executed. Under it the Sheriff levied on the rights and interests in the Cowan & McGinty concern. The share of McGinty in this is presumably worth some \$5,000 or \$6,000, and there was also a levy on his interest in A. A. Mabee & Co., supposed to be worth \$5,000. Should these figures hold good, the Tapleys will therefore have considerable to aid them in meeting the demands of the bank.

In the meantime a number of lawyers have been kept busy in trying to get things straightened out for their respective clients, and there has been a good deal of running and driving around. The sheriff has also been pretty busy in executing the documents launched upon him.

Whether, under the banking act, there is a field for other than civil suits is a matter which the lawyers can best determine.

## THEY WENT IN UNIFORM.

### And Now the Man who Supplied it Wants to Get His Money.

During the visit of the flagship Blake, the mayor and some other city dignitaries were seen admiring an official visit. They went in the corporation barge, presented to the city by Recorder Jack a year or two ago, and they went in style. The boatmen wore bran new uniforms, consisting of straw hats, blue guernsey shirts and blue serge trousers. They looked very well, indeed, and it Admiral Hopkins saw them he must have had a higher opinion than before of the importance of St. John as a maritime city.

Before the Blake arrived, the crew of the official barge were without uniforms, and looked like any other boatmen who ply their vocation around the harbor. Considering the importance of the occasion it was decided that such a state of things would never do. The mayor is so particular about his own attire, that the contrast between him and his attendants would be painful. So to Captain Taylor, the harbor master, was entrusted the delicate task of procuring uniforms suitable to the occasion.

Capt. Taylor appears to have considered that an expert in the clothing line could do even better than he could himself, and so he went to his own tailor, Mr. A. R. Campbell, and asked him to attend to the matter. Suitable trousers were required, but they must be cheap. Mr. Campbell had some blue serge that was just the thing. His price to an ordinary customer for such trousers would be \$5.50 or \$6 a pair. A custom tailor does not usually do such work for less, but in order to meet the idea of economy, Mr. Campbell made the trousers for \$4 a pair, with a belief that he was rather out by the transaction.

Then Mr. Campbell went up to Thorne Bros. and bought two straw hats at a dollar apiece. Then two serge shirts arrived from Manchester, Robertson & Allison, billed to Mr. Campbell at \$1.75 each. The total amounted to \$13.50, on which there was not a cent of profit, but direct outlay on the part of Mr. Campbell.

In due time the bill was sent to the city, but the treasury board refused to recognize it, referring it to the mayor for payment out of his own pocket.

Mr. Campbell is now wondering how and when he is to get back the money he has spent to do the glory of the official barge. He has no fault to find with Capt. Taylor, who acted in as good faith as he did himself, but he has not a very high opinion of the spasmodic economy which occasionally shows itself among the aldermen.

Just now he appears to be a citizen with an undeniable grievance. In the meantime the city has the benefit of the uniforms.

## Will He Tell the Story?

It is reported that a St. John clergyman who visited the World's Fair went on a slumming tour, after a manner of some of the pulpits orators of New York. What he saw is not stated, nor is it announced whether he proposes to deliver a series of sermons based upon his experience among those who are given to ways that are dark.

## HOW MR. TOBIN STRAYED.

### THE QUEEN INSPECTOR DISCOVERS A SHORTAGE IN HIS ACCOUNT.

And Dismisses Him From the Position of General Manager of the Company for the Maritime Provinces—A Story of the Shortage and How Long It Has Existed.

HALIFAX, September 23.—Nothing during the past week has caused more regret in Halifax society and with the business public than the difficulty in which Stephen Tobin has placed himself, or rather the distressing financial position in which he is found to be. Mr. Tobin for very many years has been connected with the Queen insurance company, and for the past few years he has been general manager of the company for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. A shortage has been discovered in Mr. Tobin's accounts amounting to at least \$27,000. That immense deficiency has been rolled up by the manager during a series of years.

A few days ago Mr. R. K. Mackenzie, of Liverpool, England, the company's inspector, came to Halifax. He had not examined Mr. Tobin's books for twenty-four hours when he promptly suspended Mr. Tobin. The existence of the shortage was thus very apparent. The manager was subsequently dismissed.

As already stated, there is genuine regret that such a state of affairs should have existed with Stephen Tobin. He was in the upper circles of Halifax society, and his family connections and personal accomplishments made him a desirable acquisition in any set of people. For one term Mr. Tobin represented this constituency in the Dominion parliament, where his knowledge of French enabled him to address the house gracefully in that language on more than one occasion. The people of Halifax repeatedly showed their confidence in him by over and over again electing him mayor of the city. He was one of the oldest members of the well Halifax Club and for years has been on its committee of management. Nothing went on there of which he did not know the inside history. Not only was Mr. Tobin personally popular, occupying a high social position, but he is well connected by marriage with some of the best families in Halifax. It is no wonder, then, that people are sorry he has brought himself into such trouble.

On the other hand, the few who knew the facts of the case,—for it has been kept very quiet, and not a word has been whispered of it in the Halifax papers,—can find no excuse for Mr. Tobin. As manager of the Queen, which did an immense business here, he has had a salary of \$5,000 per annum. That sum should have been enough to enable a man to make both ends meet. But it seems it was not. The mystery is, what did he do with the money? Mr. Tobin was not known to be extravagant in his habits. He gave no big entertainments; he was not a hard drinker. He lived well in his own house, and at the club, but in no other way was he a lavish money spender. The only explanation for Mr. Tobin's fall is, that he was a "high liver," but not a man in Halifax suspected that it was to such an extent, that his salary would not more than meet his expenses.

Mr. Tobin's shortage of \$27,000 with the Queen insurance company's funds has not been made in a year or two. It extends over a long period of time. Five years ago he was \$20,000 behind, and the company, under the old management, knew it. At that time the management were disposed to be lenient. The discrepancy was acknowledged by Mr. Tobin, and an arrangement was arrived at between him and the company. He gave the latter a mortgage on his property for \$10,000, agreeing to pay it off in installments, and the company forthwith wrote off the other \$10,000 of the indebtedness. That was pretty generous of them, but it had no good effect. Since then Mr. Tobin, as Maritime manager of the Queen, has taken \$7,000 more of the company's funds, for his own use, and he has paid off nothing of the \$10,000 mortgage out of his \$5,000 annual salary.

Not only is Mr. Tobin short in his funds, but it is charged that he took absurdly bad risks merely for the purpose of handling the premiums, making a showing of big business, and securing commissions from the cash paid in. The indirect losses by the company in that way make the deficiency they have suffered still greater than the actual shortage for which Mr. Tobin is directly responsible.

There are rumors of fraud on outside parties as well as against the company. Mr. Tobin's brother's widow, who lost property by the St. Johns, Nfld. fire, had \$1,600 insurance in the Queen. That policy has never been paid. All efforts to secure it proved fruitless. Mr. Tobin finally contended, as a reason for not paying, that money was due him from the policyholder, and that he was keeping the \$1,600 to recoup himself. An action is being entered by the widow for the money she claims from the company.

Some of Mr. Tobin's friends hold that a possible explanation of his shortage is,

not that he appropriated the company's funds, but that he allowed insurance to run on without collecting the premiums. He would renew a policy on a promise that the premium should soon be paid, but the cash was never forthcoming. That may account for part of the missing \$27,000, but it is hard to accept the statement as an explanation for the great shortage. Mr. Tobin is deeply in debt all over the city.

What is as surprising as that Mr. Tobin should have gone wrong, is the business system in the Queen company which allowed such things to continue year after year without discovery. They found Tobin's shortage five years ago, made a settlement and deliberately allowed the manager to go ahead and take from them another \$7,000 at least. There should have been a way of preventing it, or discovering what was going on, long ago. It did not take Inspector Mackenzie long to learn the condition of affairs when once he got at the manager's books. Twenty-four hours work, or less, brought Mr. Tobin's suspension, and a day or two later he was dismissed.

He is not now in the city. What proceedings the Queen insurance company will take is not known.

## TORTURED THEIR VICTIM.

### Joseph Hector More Seriously Burned Than at First Supposed.

Last week, PROGRESS referred to the trick played by some of "the boys" upon Alfred Riggs, by causing him to ride down King street on a high cycle, with his feet off the pedals. There was not only danger to Riggs himself, but at an hour when ladies and others were on the street with their teams, there was imminent danger to others. The men who were responsible for this are recognized "good fellows," and possibly they did not realize the chances of accident, but this would have been a poor excuse had there been a loss of life or limb.

This week there was a picnic of "the boys" out the road, but with that of itself PROGRESS has nothing to do. Among the recreations was the making a butt of one Joseph Hector, a colored man. So far as can be learned no particular harm was done him. He is used to going on excursions for the purpose of being soured in the water and otherwise made a fool of, and he appears to go willingly enough. The presumption is he considers the compensation he gets a fair equivalent for the usage he receives.

After the picnic party returned to town, Hector went or was taken by "somebody" to a stable on the south side of King square. It may be that those who had taken him to the picnic had no share in the later proceedings, but "somebody" determined to have some more "fun" with him. While Hector was lying drunk and asleep, kerosene oil was poured on him and a light applied. It is a wonder he was not burnt to death, but as it was he was very badly injured. He had on his own clothes at the time, and subsequently his own clothes were put on him. Thus it was that when he went to the police court to make a complaint against his tormentors, the extent of his injuries was not understood, because his clothes showed no trace of fire. After he went home it was learned that not only was the back of one of his hands raw flesh, but that one of his legs was also in a horrible condition for almost its entire length. At last accounts he was unable to get out. When he is able to do so, it is to be hoped that action will be taken by the authorities, whether Hector wants it or not. There should be no "buying off" permitted in such a case.

The stable where Hector was burned has been the scene of a good deal of rather rough "fun" at one time and another by a crowd of "the boys" who have initiated victims into what has been known as the "cabinet." Tumbling into a tub of water and such like diversions were mild features of the ceremonial. One night a well-known young man about town was nearly killed, by falling off a plank on which he was being sent, blindfold, from the upper part of the barn to the lower floor.

The fact that "good fellows," including business men, clerks, ward politicians and others are mixed up in these affairs does much to make such amusements merely laughed at by a good many. So long as they do not go too far their amusements are not a matter for public concern. It may be these humorists had nothing to do with the burning of Hector, but the fact that it happened at their chosen resort brings them into unpleasant prominence. If "the boys" were innocent of that affair, they owe it to themselves to see that those who were guilty of it are brought to an account. The act was a piece of cruelty that should not be tolerated in any decent community.

## Nearing the Finish.

Since the appointment of Judge King to the supreme court of Canada, he appears to have begun to put his judicial business in order with a celerity as welcome to some suitors as it is surprising to the profession. Last Wednesday he gave judgment, or rather announced what his judgment would be, in a matter argued before him about two years ago. His Honor has probably been "considering in the meantime."

PROTECTED BY NATURE.

WONDERFUL PROVISION FOR THE DEFENCE OF ANIMALS.

Though They May Lack Size and Strength, They Have Peculiarities to Save Them—Sometimes Their Best Protection is Their Shades of Color.

A recent writer in an English paper says that in Texas, California, and some other parts of North America, there is a peculiar species of lizard, popularly known as the "horned toad," which, when irritated or attacked, throws a jet of blood into its enemy's face, and, strangely enough, this jet is thrown from the creature's eye. A naturalist, who closely examined one of these lizards, found that the fluid ejected was really blood. There was thrown out on each occasion as much as a teaspoonful, to a distance of about twelve inches, each ejection being followed by a sort of stupor, lasting for a few minutes, but after two or three discharges following on irritation repeated at brief intervals, the supply appeared to be exhausted for the time. Some of the fluid accidentally got into the investigator's eye, without producing any more serious effect than a slight inflammation, which was left next day. This is not remarkable, as the blood of many reptiles is known to be more or less poisonous.

The ejection of secretions of a disagreeable kind is a widely used means of defence. A common European frog is stated by Dr. Mivart, when attacked, to emit a vapor which smells of garlic strongly enough to make the eyes water. This frog, according to the same authority, also "news like a cat" when touched.

Doubt has been thrown on Shakespeare's reference to the "weaseling venom," but the correctness of the great poet's observation has been recently established by naturalists of repute, who have found that the tolerably strong venom of the toad, instead of being entirely secreted by the salivary glands, as in snakes, is actually secreted by the skin, so that "weaseling" is the correct word. Dogs strictly avoid touching toads, and if a foolish puppy should by chance bite one, profuse salivation and foaming at the mouth follow as a severe lesson of experience. One observer also noticed that the venom acts strongly on the skin, so that after carrying a toad in his hand he felt numbness and tingling, with slight swelling and dryness of the skin lasting for several hours.

Almost all the members of the zoological family of the weasels, which includes, beside the common weasel, the polecat, the skunk, the ferret, the mink, the sable, pine-marten, and many other fur-bearing animals of great commercial importance, have a disagreeable odour, arising from the secretion of certain glands, the contents of which can be ejected as a means of defence. The curlew's bill is its pursuer by ejecting the contents of its "ink-bag," which darken the water all round it, thus cutting off its retreat. These ink-bags furnish the valuable pigment known as sepia.

The highly variegated wings of many butterflies serve to make their appearance correspond almost exactly with that of the plants they frequent. An African butterfly has been described which has the upper and under surfaces of its wings of different colors, and in certain districts, it settles on the ground with its wings expanded, while in other parts of the continent, the soil of which is of a different color, in both cases being admirably protected by the close resemblance of the displayed surfaces to the prevailing hue of its haunts.

Remarkable examples of color adaptations are formed by the mountain hare, the willow grouse, and the ptarmigan, which in summer are colored with close resemblance to the hue of their surroundings; but in winter becomes white, the prevailing color of animals inhabiting northern regions. A very curious mode of defence is practiced by a small toad, known as the "fire-bellied toad," from the fiery-red color of its under surface. When hotly pursued and cornered, it suddenly falls on its back and displays a startlingly red expanse of color, which has the effect of alarming the foe.

IDEAS IN PRECIOUS STONES.

The Suggestion that Ivory Should Take the Place of Gold and Silver.

The study of precious stones has suggested to the wife of an English expert and sometime collector an idea for reformation in the settings of diamonds. Whether it is practicable is a question for jewelers. The proposal is that ivory should take the place of gold or silver. All wearers of diamonds are aware how troublesome is the process of washing and drying silver-set diamonds so as to avoid the slightest tarnish, and a gold setting has the disadvantage of causing a reflection of its own colour as to render the whiteness of a fine diamond difficult to gauge. But even more important would be the gain of beauty. The brilliance of gold and silver mar their charm as a setting for transparent and sparkling stones, though it makes them a good setting for opaque stones and for pearls. Ivory would give the gentle effect that is now sought for by setting diamonds together with merely semi-precious stones—a combination deplorable to the expert. Ivory would have even more than a quieting effect of cat's-eye or chrysope, and its thick warm whiteness by the lucid and darting diamond would make an effect of great refinement. Perhaps a difficulty would be found in its comparative fragility. Of semi-precious stones none is lovelier than the opal, with its fiery rose and an alternation of green and blue that shame the peacock, while by a change of posture all these starry ardours can be lost in a milky-way of whiteness, as suits one's mood. Opal runs, much like a vein of marble, through a matrix of brown ironstone. When the vein is seen to be thick enough to yield good pieces the ironstone is split and the opal cut out. But a singularly beautiful art is practiced by a German carver, who leaves the matrix as a background and cuts the opal lying attached to it, following the suggestions of colour and form after the well-known manner of a cameo. A cameo, however, is opaque and mere brown and white, whereas the opal is translucent and

full of colour. A dying aurora with a burning sun rising over the sea, a mermaid with the rosy fire in her cheek and the peacock tints in her tail, birds standing by a pool in violet twilight, are among this artist's happiest carvings to be seen at a minute's notice in Regent-street. It is pleasant thus to follow an opal to its home in nature. To do this with some of the things of common use is sometimes to get a new idea of them. Loathe patchouli as you may—and it can hardly be loathed too heartily—it must lose half its vulgarly after you find that it is not only a bad smell in the Burlington Arcade, but the simple, unmixing, and innocent breath of a shrub whose leaf you may pinch in an Italian garden. Patchouli, green and alive, out of doors, must necessarily make you more tolerant of patchouli, betraying itself in "white rose" inside a shop.

FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE.

The Story of the Life and Death of a Crippled Factory Boy.

Down at the end of the road which led through the village, the old factory hummed all day with its iron tongues and at night-fall winked its flaming eyes at the gloom around it. As the workmen passed the window of a little cottage that stood flush with the street, half way down the road towards the great arched entrance to the factory enclosure, they stopped to leave a flower, a bit of ribbon, an apple or a broken scrap of bright colored glass in the little white hands of the crippled boy within.

They had known his father when he had been the leading spirit in all their humble merry-makings and they had seen this little fellow, striving with the courage of a man, forgetful of his own danger, trying to save his father's life when he had been caught in one of the great machines.

Ever since that dreadful day, the little fellow had lain here, smiling through his pain and they had learned, day by day, to give a few minutes in the morning and again at evening to the widow's loom at the factory that she might have more time to give her boy a mother's care.

They did not speak of it to each other. It was all too sad for them to talk about, but no day passed that did not find some little gift upon the window ledge.

By and by, the workmen seemed to grow gentler and kinder and some of them stopped swearing as the pale face at the window took on a patient but weary look which told that the work was drawing near.

One morning the bell in the tower of the village church was tolled slowly and when the little coffin was borne out of the cottage door, a hundred brawny men followed it to the church-yard with uncovered heads and moistened eyes.

And when the preacher had spoken the last word of his tender tribute to the dead boy's memory, a fervent "Amen" was breathed in a hoarse whisper from the sympathetic breasts of those rough men, as they turned to resume their daily toil.

The sorrowing widow went back again to the lonely cottage, and there upon the window ledge, where they had so often left their little gifts, she saw, shimmering in the sunlight a pile of coin, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars, and peeping out from amongst the silver here and there, even the glitter of a piece of gold, and on a bit of paper, roughly scrawled, she read with tear-dimmed eyes: "Inasmuch as we have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Reading for Girls.

Do not have a narrow range of reading. Keep in touch with current literary and scientific matters by glancing over the contents and the leading articles of the best periodicals. Get out into the full swing of the world's thought by investigating sermons, pamphlets, political orations, music scores, art books, archeology, folklore and economic studies. There are no objectionable passages. This is apt to be the case in the older writers, and in nearly all the medieval works. But these passing flaws, belonging to ruder times and more outspoken ways, are scarcely noticed. They are very different from the poisonous atmosphere exhaled from some modern books about which a review tells one enough to know that they should be let alone. Above all things discourage in yourself the habit of reading carelessly or aimlessly.

Womanly Dignity.

The woman of great dignity is a power greater than one positively aggressive—she can influence where much talking and many threats will not prevail. She can make the thoughtless girl think, and the rude boy feel that his slang and rough manners are not, after all, as interesting as he supposed them to be. Her dignity diffuses itself like the perfume of a rose, you delight in it as much as you respect it, and no one is foolishly enough to attempt to break down a barrier which has its foundations so well placed. It is gentle dignity, it is perfect virtue that results from the mingling of gentleness and self-respect, with an atom of consideration thrown in to make the different parts mingle perfectly, and make a delightful type of womanhood.

Rough on Eighty-one Journalists.

The Paris tailors' syndicate are preparing a new edition of their black book, which was originally published seventeen years ago. The book contains the names and descriptions of persons who do not pay. Once a man's name is inscribed in it he is unable to obtain clothing at any establishment unless he is prepared to pay cash on delivery. The delinquents absorbed of tailorsdom include 254 tradesmen, 185 commercial travellers, 94 students, 81 publicans, 81 journalists, 72 professors, 50 engineers, 46 artists, 40 actors, 40 servants, 21 druggists, 36 financiers, 83 architects, 27 doctors, and 27 jewelers.

WON BY A HALIFAX MAN.

Groder's Prize of \$15 Goes to Mr. Robert Graham.

The prize poem competition of the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., commencing in the columns of PROGRESS a few months since, terminated the first of September. Since that date the judges appointed have duly considered the merits of the writings submitted and having decided to make the following awards: 1st. prize, ten dollars, to Robt. Graham, 2 Bauer street, Halifax, 2nd. prize, five dollars, to Mrs. Graham. A number of bright and original contributions were submitted, but two from the pen of Mr. Graham seemed to merit not only first but also second position. At the request of the Groder Company PROGRESS prints below, the verses awarded first prize.

A Changed Man.

"John Anderson my Jo, John, When last I saw your face Rich daisies did ye talk, mon Wi' not of hope a trace: But now your talkin' spruce, mon, An' joy is in your ee You're cauty bath and cruise, mon, Your step is strag an' free." Ay, ay, your spakin' truth, mon, Nor tellin' ony lie; An' I will tell you sooth, mon, What makes the change in ye. I lang was aillin' sair, mon, In vain I sought relief, An' I bided for the sickle, mon, Like ony o'er-ripe aye. They say that doctors deef, mon, But on me they did agree; They all said 'twas Dyspepsia, An' weel I'd never be. But I heerd say just then, mon, Wi' what joy I canna tell That Groder's was the remedy That would surely mak me well. I didna ken what Groder's was, Nor ken whaur it might be, But I was far to the Druggist's, See I hurried there the see. I asked him, what is Groder's? He said he didna ken for sure, But likely I'd be meanin' Groder's Great Dyspepsia Cure. See I took the wee bit bottle And used it like a ray Till now I'm juist another mon And Dyspepsia's a' away. See gin ye would luk weel mon, Just as ye say I do, Why, Groder's will make you feel, mon, Happy an' healthy too.

A Newspaper Sensation.

COLLINGWOOD, Sept. 25.—A big sensation was created in this vicinity a couple of weeks ago by the Collingwood Bulletin's account of the case of Mr. Valentine Fisher, who has been cured of sciatica or nearly thirteen years' standing, by Dodd's kidney pills. Everyone who talks with Mr. Fisher is speedily convinced that his was a marvelous cure. The general conclusion is, that there may be many more like him, who are using remedies for rheumatism, sciatica, dropsy or other diseases, but fail to obtain relief, because they do not attack the seat of the disease, which is, in many such cases, the kidneys. Anyone who doubts the efficacy of Dodd's kidney pills, may soon be convinced by writing to Mr. Fisher himself, or William Williams, Esq., principal of the Collingwood Collegeiate Institute, Capt. F. A. Bassett, or A. H. Johnson, all of whom are well acquainted with Mr. Fisher, and know the history of his illness.

A Reasonable Hypothesis.

Cumso—I didn't see you at church on Sunday, Fangle? Fangle—I wasn't there. Cumso—I wasn't either. Perhaps that accounts for it. This is the Season For New Buckwheat Meal, Green Tomatoes, Green Peppers, Pickling Spices, Crab Apples, Gravenstine Apples, California Grapes, Spiced Bacon, New Hams, etc. Enquire of J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

Shorthand Learned In Three Months.

Perrin Shorthand is so simple that Scholars are ready for practical work in three months of study of this system. The following article from the "Daily News" of Sept. 19th shows that the Perrin system of Shorthand is even better than what it is claimed.

Prize Winners.

A public exhibition of the work of the students of Snell's Business College was given last night, in which very gratifying results were shown. The gold medal for the greatest speed in shorthand was won by Miss Gertrude Kent, who is taking a course in shorthand and typewriting, and making the extraordinary speed of 140 words a minute, new matter, after only about three months study. While this shows the ability of Miss Kent, it also speaks a good deal for the simplicity of the Perrin system. Miss Kent only made three errors in reading, 143 words being actually written. Miss Minnie Blackmore came next with 120 words, which is certainly extraordinary from the fact that she has taken a full Business course, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, etc., and could of course give little time to the study and practice of shorthand. The prize for the best specimen of typewriting was awarded to Miss Fannie Fletcher, while the prize for the fastest typewriting was awarded to Miss Mary Kellock, of New Glasgow, writing 90 words a minute. Miss Kellock entered the school about six weeks ago. Miss Minnie Creelman took the prize for the best specimen of rapid writing. If you do not get satisfactory results in shorthand why not adopt a simpler system. In the Perrin system we write the vowels, which makes it much easier to read, still this system is as brief and can be written fast enough for verbatim and court reporting. Hundreds have learned. Circulars free.

Snell's Business College, - - Truro, N. S.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 King Street. Last week we wrote of Chevron Cloth. Only a few days and we will never have the same thing to write about again. Many have been wise; others will be if they take a look at our dress goods, or ask us to send samples, if they wish to buy a dress. Ask your neighbor about us if you are not acquainted already.

Why He Asked. "Say," said the regular customer of the side street restaurant as he stopped at the desk to pay his check, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?" "What's the matter with it?" "aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another kick." There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."



An elegant display of FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY, including the latest novelties from PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK. Inspection cordially invited. Chas. K. CAMEFON & Co., - 77 King St.

GIVEN AWAY. At the 20th CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN, an elegant BED ROOM SET of Seven Pieces. Contest closes on Oct 7th. Every 5 CENT PURCHASE entitled to a GUESS.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED, Position as resident Governor to children under twelve—English and Music. No salary required—the best references. Address: B. N. PROGRESS Office. 30-3-11"

BARGAINS in Kodaks, Cameras. If you have a Bicycle, Typewriter or Camera to sell or exchange write or call on us ROBERTSON'S STORE, 94 GERRAIN ST., MASONIC BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WANTED, A NUMBER of Students to take a course in Telegraphy and secure good positions in Railway or Commercial offices when competent. For terms apply to Principal, QUARR'S BUSINESS SCHOOL, 85 GERRAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 23-9-11"

WANTED, A live man in every town and village to take orders for FRIGIDIT PROTECTANT, the best and most reliable of all cold protectants. Liberal terms. Address: 250 St. John, N. B. 12-4-11"

WANTED, Three experienced sales' Ladies. Apply to B. MYERS, 708 Main St., North End. 19-3-11"

REMINGTON BICYCLES have every improvement up to date, and are all ab-nit them before ordering your new wheel by sending postal for a catalogue to HANOLD GILBERT, 54 King Street, St. John. 12-4-11"

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, Printing, developing, and general finishing for amateurs. Develop, tone and fix solutions for sale. LEONARD FERRIS, 250 St. John, N. B. 11-9-11"

A COTTAGE in centre of Robbsey, seven minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Best moderate. Apply D. HUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

VISITORS to the World's Fair at Chicago & ample accommodations and within a block of the street cars going to the Fair grounds. For full particulars address: Rooms 157 5th court, Englewood, Chicago, Ill. For references apply at PROGRESS Office. 20-3-11"

FRASER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 110 Hollis St., Halifax is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRASER, Principal. 14

BOARDING, A FEW PERMANENT or commodious with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney May 2

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. That property situated house known as the Thus property about one and a half miles from Robbsey station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENNY Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-3-11"

15 Beautiful Oil and Water Color Pictures. Trial lot of 6 for 50c; 3 for 30c; or 1 for 10c. Elegant for Framing or Copying. Sent to any address. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper: G. D. GRAY, 9 Desbrosses St., New York.



SCHULTZE SMOKELESS POWDER. Has greater penetration, With closer and more even pattern. Less recoil, less report. Less smoke, less fouling than any other explosive. SILVER MEDAL, INTERNATIONAL INVENTORS EXHIBITION. Highest award to any GUNPOWDER. Must be used only with special shell. Made by Union Metal Cartridge Co.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

"OUR NEW HEATER."

The Burlington Revertable Flue Hall Stove, is the latest in this line. There are Three Sizes. Quick in Heating, AND Economical in Fuel. If you need a new STOVE this season call and get our prices.



EMERSON & FISHER. P. S. Our full line of Heaters now on the floor.

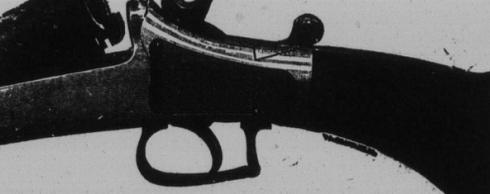
FIRE! FIRE!

\$5,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS DAMAGED BY FIRE AND WATER. Great Bargains. 50 and 75 per cent Discount on Goods to Clear. MUST BE SOLD TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW STOCK.

Sale Commences WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13th. AND CONTINUES UNTIL ALL DAMAGED GOODS ARE SOLD. CALL EARLY AND GET YOUR BARGAINS. B. MYERS, - 708 Main St.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS,

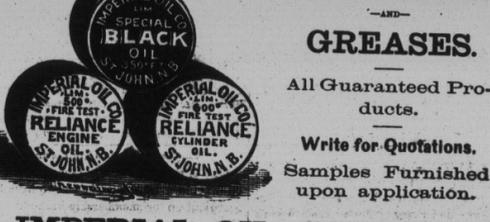
Shells, Shot, Wads, Powder, Loading Tools, Gun Covers, Ammunition for all kinds of Arms.



T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 & 15 King Street, St. John.

ILLUMINATING OILS.

Lubricating Oils and GREASES. All Guaranteed Products. Write for Quotations. Samples Furnished upon application.



IMPERIAL OIL CO., Ltd. H. A. DRURY, Manager.

# MACAULAY BROTHERS & COMPANY,

65 TO 69 KING STREET, - - - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Grand Exhibition of Ladies' Winter Garments.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION OF BERLIN AND LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

For Style of Cut, Perfection of Fit, and Novelty of Trimmings our Jacket Dep't holds a front position with any in the Dominion of Canada.

ALL OF THE HIGHER PRICES GIVEN FOR COATS AND JACKETS ARE THOSE LINED THROUGHOUT WITH PLAID AND FANCY SILKS.

MACAULAY BROS., & CO.,

65 TO 69 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.



294 Plain Gathered Back Walking Coat, a very stylish garment, with full skirt. Colors, Black and Navy. Prices, \$7.00 to \$9.00. Sizes, 32 to 36 bust.

587 Braided Butterfly Collar Jacket, also with two cape collar and without waist braiding. Colors, Fawn, Brown, Black and Navy. Sizes, 30 to 40 bust. Prices, \$15.00 to \$19.00.

493 Full Skirt, Double Breasted Front, Leg of Mutton Sleeves, stylish Cape Collar. Material, smooth Beaver Cloth, same shape with Beaver Fur Trimming. Others with Velvet Collars. Colors, Brown, Black and Navy. Prices, \$11.00 to \$18.00. Sizes, 30 to 42 bust.

307 Double Breasted, Butterfly Collar, Full Skirt Rough Cheviot Jacket. Colors, Navy and Black only. Prices, \$5.00 to \$9.00. Sizes, 30 to 44 bust.

108 Straight Back Lapped Seams, smooth finished Beaver Cloth and Rough Cheviot Cloth. Reiter front. Sizes, 32 to 38 bust. Colors, Black, Brown, Navy and Myrtle. Prices, \$9.00 to \$13.00.

### LADIES' CLOTH DEPARTMENT.

An Elegant Assortment of Cloths, Comprising all the New Colorings and Shades in the Different Weaves.

Plain Beaver Cloths, black and colors; Cheviot Serges, the popular cloth for Jackets, in navy, brown, tan and black. Whipcords, Diagonals, Chevots; Novelty Cloths in neat checks, stripes and mixtures. Astrachan Cloth in white, light grey, brown and black. Rough Knotted Cloths for children's garments in bright Cardinal, navy, brown, fawn and fancy mixtures. *See samples by mail.*

### WOOL DRESS GOODS.

The largest and best selected stock of High-class Dress Goods ever shown in this city, comprising the latest and rarest designs produced by European manufacturers.

Shaded Velvets, two-toned Basketweaves, Illuminated Serges, Ombres, Jacquards, Two-tone Effects, Diagonals, Plain Hosiery in all the new colors, Chevots in checks, stripes and combination effects; Scotch Suitings in Heather and bright mixtures, with silk warp knots; Storm Serges, in navy, brown, myrtle and black; Broadcloths, 64 in. wide in navy browns, fawn, myrtle, petunia, copper, black. Black Dress Goods in all the new makes and novelties for the season. *See samples by mail.*



273 Double Breasted, Full Skirt Reefer Front with Astrachan, Beaver or Braid Trimming, Mutton Leg Sleeves. Material, Rough Cheviot and plain smooth Beaver Cloths. Colors, Black, Tan Brown, Seal Brown, Navy, Myrtle and Fawn. Sizes, 30 to 42 bust. Prices, \$9.00 to \$15.00.



768 This Shape in Rough Cheviot Cloth and smooth finished Beaver Cloth, a very handsome coat. Trimming, narrow edge of Beaver Fur or Astrachan, high collar and new puff top sleeves. Colors, Fawn, Brown, Black and Navy. Prices, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust; sizes, 32 to 32 length.



438 Butterfly Cape, with Bands of Beaver, Astrachan or Stitched Braid. Colors, Brown, Navy and Black. Sizes, 30 to 42 bust. Prices, \$3.50 to \$11.50.



567 Waterproof Garments (no rubber) with and without sleeves, some have Military Detachable Capes, and others with Three Fold Short shoulder Capes. Colors, Black, Navy, Greys and Tweed effects.



586 Three and Four Cape Garment of Beaver Cloth. Trimming, Beaver Fur or Astrachan, folds on each Cape. Colors, Brown, Navy and Black. Sizes, 32 to 40 bust. Prices, \$15.00 to \$21.00.



930 Cheviot Cloth Jacket, Neat Collar, Full sleeves, Narrow Fur Piping in Beaver or Astrachan, Black or Brown. Sizes, 32 to 42 bust. Prices, \$8.00 to \$11.75.



Cape Ulster, Scotch Tweed Mixture, also in Navy Blue and Black Cheviot Cloth, with Detachable Capes, lined silk, lined and plain cloth hoods; or in without hoods. Sizes, 30 to 44 bust. Prices, \$9.00 to \$17.00.

## CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

Butterfly Cape Jackets in Black, Brown, Myrtle and Navy. - - Sizes, say 1 to 8, or 4 to 14 Years. FANCY TWEED CAPE ULSTERS, ONE, TWO AND THREE CAPES, ALL SIZES, \$2.75 TO \$5.75. NAP CLOTH AND CHEVIOT SERGE REEFERS, LINED, ALL SIZES, 1.50 TO \$3.00. GIRL'S SAILOR COSTUMES, FULL KILT SKIRTS. MADE UP OF REAL ENGLISH STORM SERGE, NAVY BLUE ONLY, 8 TO 14 YEARS. PRICES, \$2.80 TO \$6.50.

have the  
they take a  
d samples,  
acquainted  
King Street.  
LESS POWDER.  
pattern.  
n any other explosive.  
INVENTORS EXHIBITION.  
Must be used only with special shell.  
tridge Co.  
& CO., MARKET SQUARE,  
St. JOHN.  
UR NEW HEATER."  
The Burlington  
vertable Flue  
Stove, is the  
est in this line.  
e are Three Sizes.  
ick in Heating,  
AND  
onomical in Fuel.  
need a new STOVE this  
call and get our prices.  
RSON & FISHER.  
r full line of Heaters now on the floor.  
FIRE!  
GED BY FIRE AND WATER  
count on Goods to Clear.  
FOR NEW STOCK.  
CONTINUES UNTIL ALL DAMAGED  
GOODS ARE SOLD.  
BARGAINS.  
08 Main St.  
EVOLVERS,  
Amunition for all kinds of Arms.  
NS, 13 & 15 King Street,  
St. John.  
G OILS.  
Lubricating Oils  
GREASES.  
All Guaranteed Pro-  
ducts.  
Write for Quotations.  
amples Furnished  
upon application.  
CO., Ltd.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 30.

THE LATEST APPOINTMENTS.

The appointment of Hon. JOHN BOYD as lieutenant governor of New Brunswick was announced last week, as PROGRESS was preparing to go to press. It was a surprise to a large number of people and a very unpleasant surprise for a few, who were under the impression that they had so manipulated the wires as to produce results of a very different kind. There was no help for it, however, and close upon the heels of the announcement came Governor Boyd himself, sworn in and ready for business. The sad-eyed section of the St. John conservatives gracefully accepted the situation and found a slight relief to its feelings, through the official organ, by some back-handed slaps at the appointment of Judge LANDRY to the bench of the supreme court of this province.

There were several objections to the latter appointment. In the first place, the position was wanted for Dr. BARKER who has been a MORDECAI at the gate for a long time past, and who has twice appeared to have the prize secure in his grasp. Everybody admits his fitness for a judgeship and his claims on the party. He will probably not be disappointed the next time, and everybody, including PROGRESS, will be glad when he is elevated to the bench. He seems to have deserved more than he has got so far.

Judge LANDRY has also had claims, however, and so far as PROGRESS understands, there is a clear and distinct pledge in the list of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, virtually confirmed by others in power after his death, by which it is his moral duty in politics, the position was due to Judge LANDRY. Then another objection was made that while this judge admittedly appeared to advantage on the county court bench he was lacking in the qualities which a justice of the supreme court should possess. He had no record, to speak of, as a lawyer, and he had simply come into political prominence as the representative of the Acadian French. Then, to some minds, there was the further objection of the judge's religious faith. There had never been a Roman Catholic on the supreme bench of New Brunswick, and some people hoped there never would be. Altogether, in view of the fact that nothing urged against Judge LANDRY could apply to Dr. BARKER, the friends of the latter thought they had a pretty strong case. This was the more insisted on because there was no precedent for the appointment of a county court judge to the bench of the supreme court.

All precedents fail, however, when there is a deal to be made, and so Judge LANDRY took the honors, while Dr. BARKER still is waiting.

The appointment of Senator BOYD to the governorship is one that will give satisfaction to a great many people, and even those who had other views can have no word to say against the fitness of the man for the place. Mr. BOYD has done good service, not only for his party, but for the country of his adoption, and the city in which he has lived since boyhood. He has always been a prominent citizen in the largest sense of the term, and his life has been identified most closely with all that has pertained to the interests of St. John for more than a generation past. With a personal character beyond reproach, an ample knowledge of men and matters, a wonderful store of information on a wide range of topics, a genial nature, and an ability to carry out what he undertakes, he must make an admirable governor. Even to the fact of his having a mansion in every way suited for a governor's residence, he seems to be fully equipped for his position. May he fully enjoy the honors which have come to him.

There is another point which should not be overlooked, that the first actual resident of the city of St. John to be made a governor has been selected from the ranks of the merchants. This is the first instance of the kind in the history of the province, for Governor TILLEY had long been out of

business when he was appointed. The choice of a merchant in active business, as Governor BOYD has been, is a compliment to our "Liverpool of America." Governor BOYD has been the recipient of many congratulations, from both sides of the ocean, and he can rest assured that they are all sincere. His welcome has been both hearty and honest.

IN SEARCH OF UNITY.

The first general synod of the Church of England in Canada concluded its deliberations, in Toronto, last week. The gathering was in many respects a memorable one in the ecclesiastical history of this country. There were bishops, clerical and lay delegates, from every diocese in Canada, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, representing every school of thought permissible under the Thirty Nine Articles, and conversant with all the conditions which can be the lot of a church ministering to a country in which are included the highest religious culture and the primitive worship of the aborigines. It was an assembly in which there was a clearly earnest desire to accomplish something, and as a result the solidification of the church in Canada was effected with much harmony and little or no waste of time. There is now a distinctively Canadian church, with a Primate of All Canada, and with the first Anglican archbishops created outside of Great Britain.

The bishops chosen for these positions are men whose fitness is beyond cavil. The Primate, Bishop MACHIRAY, of Rupert's Land, has for nearly thirty years carried on apostolic labors in the wide country to which he went in the days when it was a lone and barren land. He has accomplished much, and having barely passed three score, he must, it is feared, give proofs of a similar wisdom and energy in his position as the head of the church. The venerable Bishop LEWIS, who will in future be addressed as the Archbishop of Ontario, is already well known in his capacity of Metropolitan since the death of Bishop MEDLEY, and is well worthy of the precedence to which his new rank will entitle him. All churchmen must heartily concur in the elevation of these distinguished prelates.

The synod did a great deal of other business, much of it, of course, being in connection with its constitution. Some of its acts may be noticed later. Among other acts, was the adoption by it of what some of the papers term "Articles of union with other churches." There seems to be a burning desire with religious gatherings nowadays, to advocate christianity, and to lay down, from their individual standpoints, platforms on which the rest of christendom ought to unite. The synod seems to have been sufficiently conventional in this respect. It reaffirmed the basis adopted at the Lambeth conference in 1888. Here are the propositions which the synod says, "we desire hereby to make it known we adopt and set forth as forming a basis for negotiation with any bodies of co separate christian brethren, with a view to unity:

- 1. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.
2. The Apostles' creed as the baptismal symbol, and the Nicene creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.
3. The two sacraments ordained by Christ himself, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord, ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him.
4. The historic episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

A natural query by any of the separated brethren who read these propositions for the first time is, what do they mean? Does the first section, for instance, mean that in the chapters and verses of Holy Scripture it is open for every man to seek his own salvation through the medium of private interpretation? This is the protestant view. Or does it mean that the Church of England, by virtue of its claim to be a branch of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic church, assumes to antedate the written New Testament, to have preserved it inviolate through the centuries, and to have the right to teach it—which means to interpret it—to all nations, to this day and to the end of the world? This is the catholic teaching—the High Anglican teaching—and the decisions of the church on the interpretation of Holy Scripture are as of a court in which the Bible is the statute to be explained. With which theory is the separatist to bet when he knocks at the door?

The second proposition is more plain. The simple affirmation contained in the Apostles' Creed and the Trinitarianism of the Nicene Creed are no barriers between orthodox churches. The shades of meaning in the latter creed need not disturb those who simply desire to affirm the central truths of the protestant religion. So, too, could be accepted the recognition of what some churchmen call "the Sacraments and others, 'the greater' Sacraments." The meaning of the fourth proposition needs to be more clearly explained.

The term "historic episcopate" may mean little or much, according to the sense in which it is used, but what is meant in this case where it is proposed to "locally adapt" it to suit circumstances is not very clear to the ordinary reader. In one sense, the term is simply the expression of an historical fact. The latest new sect, whatever it may be, founded on the perverted mean-

ing of the translation of an isolated text, can accept the "historic episcopate." It may be conceded as a demonstrable fact, like the succession to the crown of Great Britain. The orders of bishops, priests and deacons, may be recognized as an ancient and convenient form of government, and it is believed there are adherents of the Church of England who do not recognize it as anything more, accepting confirmation as a time honored method of admission to full church privileges. This, perhaps, is the practical belief of a good many people.

But beyond this idea is that which essentially underlies catholic faith, the high sacramental teaching which recognizes the Divine commission to the apostles, and which insists that the gifts bestowed upon them on the day of Pentecost have been held and transmitted in an unbroken succession to this day. This seems to be the teaching of the Book of Common Prayer. It must be assumed that is the meaning of the fourth proposition in the basis of unity. Under it, no orders of ministry not derived from the episcopate can be recognized.

In view of the fact that, of late years, there has been an effort to put reason in the place of faith in some of the leading denominations, it seems eminently proper that a great ecclesiastical council should recognize the necessity for Christian unity. The first synod of the Church of England in Canada has done so, but it is to be feared its platform is not likely to be an immediate factor in any negotiations for the desired end. It leaves too much to be explained, not only on matters not well understood by the separated brethren, but on which even all churchmen are not fully agreed.

IS IT GOOD TASTE?

Mr. H. W. FRITH had a letter in the last issue of PROGRESS questioning the "good taste" of those who had circulated or signed petitions for the return of Rev. J. M. DAVENPORT, while Dr. WILLIAMS was still priest in charge at the Mission church. Mr. FRITH, who is one of the trustees of the church, said in effect that he would be glad to have Father DAVENPORT return, but that there was a want of courtesy to Dr. WILLIAMS and the trustees in the methods that had been adopted.

Mr. FRITH's monitions, however well meant, do not seem to have had a very salutary effect. It was admitted that the principle he asserted was sound, and that he was technically correct. The friends of the petition, however, held that the peculiar circumstances fully justified their course. Dr. WILLIAMS had frequently expressed a readiness, if not a desire, to surrender the position, occupied, when a successor could be found. To secure the return of Father DAVENPORT, prompt action was necessary; and finally it was asserted that Mr. FRITH himself, as senior trustee, had, in the absence of Dr. WILLIAMS, joined in a distinct official proposition to Father DAVENPORT to return, and had connived at the circulation of the petitions. Such were the claims made by Mr. CHARLES CAMPBELL, a member of the Mission congregation, and having an official status in it, though not one of the trustees in a letter to the press.

To this letter, which appeared in Monday's Sun, Mr. FRITH replied in Tuesday's issue of that paper. He denied that any "distinct official proposition" had been made by the trustees; that the interview of the trustees with Father DAVENPORT was "unofficial"; that Dr. WILLIAMS had been placed permanently in charge; and that Mr. FRITH did not connive at the petitions, regarding the movement as insulting to Dr. WILLIAMS, as an interference with the rights and duties of the trustees, and as an unkindness to Father DAVENPORT himself. The letter also referred to "a Philistine like my friend Mr. CAMPBELL."

The latter gentleman made a very brief reply referring to what he termed "the offensive epithets" of Mr. FRITH, and asserting his unfitness for the office of judge of 'good taste' for this community. This seems to have ended the controversy.

The case is thus stated because the discussion has arisen on account of the statements made by PROGRESS two weeks ago. It is a matter, too, in which many of the general public, as signers of the petitions, have a direct interest. Have they been guilty of bad taste, as Mr. FRITH claims? It would not seem so. Very many of the signers, both in and out of the congregation, had the impression that Dr. WILLIAMS was merely staying here to oblige the people, that he had expressed himself to that effect both to the trustees and others, and they further assumed that everything in this relation had been arranged. The circulators of the petition are said to have had the endorsement of at least a portion of the trustees, and they too believed that the retirement of Dr. WILLIAMS was a matter of detail to be very easily and amicably arranged. So thinking, they appear to feel that they do not deserve to be arraigned for what they did in perfect good faith.

As before stated, however, Mr. FRITH, from a legal standpoint has made out a case. What was meant or assumed by the others is a defence in equity rather than in law. The Mission church is governed by a board of trustees, a close corporation created by the original deed of trust and confirmed by act of the legislature. They hold the title of the church property, and they alone can appoint to the cure. These

are their sole powers—though as a matter of fact they have the direction of much more—and they are their exclusive powers as well. They can call whom they choose to the charge, and the congregation is neither consulted before nor asked to confirm their acts afterwards. Equally, if the congregation outside of the trustees were unanimous in their choice of a priest, it would be legally possible for the trustees to refuse to accept him. In view of these facts, it will be seen that Mr. FRITH has grounds for contention that the petitions were "an improper interference with the rights and duties of the trustees."

It would seem that the intentions were good on both sides, and that while the petitioners meant well, Mr. FRITH is technically correct. The question of "good taste" was the groundwork of his first letter. The question is now whether it would not have been better taste to have refrained from a public discussion of the matter.

The "old country" got its share of the honors bestowed on public men in Canada last week. The new governor of New Brunswick was born in Ireland. So was the new archbishop of Ontario, while the new primate of all Canada, Archbishop MACHIRAY, is a sturdy native of Scotland.

An extract published on another page of PROGRESS this week gives the theory of Mr. LAWSON TAIT, a distinguished English specialist, as to the influence of strong drink on the lives of wasps and bees. He asserts that these insects not only are addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants, but actually become intoxicated, and that in proportion to the amount imbibed they become vicious and aggressive. Mr. TAIT asserts that the sting of drunken insects is especially poisonous, and it may be that a case of death from a wasp sting, in New England, a few days ago, may be explained on this theory. The wobbling wasp and the boozey bee appear to be dangerous customers. There ought to be a moral somewhere in the case, and probably there is, for those who can apply it.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

It is a good thing to see the people of a country take a keen interest in its government and in the appointment of those in authority in the land. An apathetic spirit would be an evidence of decay. In the province of New Brunswick great interest centred in three recent appointments.

Hon. John Boyd becomes lieutenant-governor. His public services and personal qualities render the appointment a good and suitable one. It is certainly a popular one. Though not now quite the same John Boyd of the hey-day of his health and prosperity, he will make a capable and genial governor, and, should anything ever arise calling for the exercise of any discretion or ability in that position, he will doubtless be able to deal properly with it.

Hon. Geo. E. King is a man still in the prime of life—a strong point in his favor for his promotion to the bench of the supreme court of Canada. His record is also good and his appointment meets with popular approval. He is not a man of a high order of intellect and is of rather an indolent temperament, but he possesses a large share of those good qualities which make him respected by the mass of the people and will make a just and impartial judge.

Hon. Pierre A. Landry, who is promoted from the position of county court judge for Westmorland and Kent to the wider sphere of the supreme court of New Brunswick, will not hear a chorus of popular approval and adulation ascending to his judicial ears. This is a good appointment to sandwich in with the other two. "Race and religion" were his strong qualifications, and, yet, he will probably be found to make an honest and satisfactory judge and fill his high position much more worthily than many a supposit.

A very slight thing sometimes interferes with a man's advancement in life. A little monacle would not be supposed to be a very dangerous thing yet when worn in a man's eye it often causes that man to suffer very severely in the esteem of his fellow-men who do not wear monacles and who despise them as being strong evidences of imbecility in the wearers. Mr. Van Alen, in the United States, has found out what a dangerous thing a little monacle is. He has been nominated as the first Ambassador to Italy. The nomination has created quite a row and is being vigorously opposed because poor Mr. Van Alen looks like the Prince of Wales, associates with Ward Mc Allister and the four hundred, is an Anglo-maniac and, above all, wears a monacle in his eye and without a string to it. Even if he had a string attached to it, it would not be so bad. But he goes to extremes. It is not stated whether his sight requires the use of a glass and it does not appear to be denied that he is a man of great culture who would make a good ambassador to a country like Italy, but—he wears a monacle and a monacle without a string to it, and to see a representative of the United States and of republican simplicity going about with a monacle stuck in his eye—and a monacle without a string to it—is not to be tolerated. Why he would be no better than an English dude. That, you know, might even be tolerated, but not the spurious American article. So the New York papers are down on poor Mr. Van Alen and insist that the Senate shall not confirm his appointment. The New York World publishes a cut of Mr. Van Alen with his monacle in his eye—his left eye—and also a cut of the monacle itself, his size and without a string to it. The monacle is going to stand seriously in the way of Mr. Van Alen being an ambassador to Italy and the United States Senate may find in it a fertile subject of discussion—perhaps a rival of the silver bill.

HIS NAME IS DENNIS.

An Ex-ante Halifax Alderman and the Facts in His Case.

HALIFAX, September 28.—Alderman DENNIS writes a letter, which, in addition to sending to PROGRESS, he hands to the Halifax papers. Here it is:

To THE EDITOR OF THE PROGRESS, ET ALIA: Sir,—In his generally readable and "icy" letters, your Halifax correspondent can be sometimes excused for gross exaggerations and dense ignorance of the subjects of which he writes. But there is no possible excuse for his oft-repeated slanders—slanders—underground. There is not a scintilla of truth in his three repeated story that I had squandered \$60,000 in the suburbs to improve the value of my property. No one in Halifax believes the lie; but some of your readers elsewhere may be deceived by it. Were it not for this, I should continue to treat his attacks with silent contempt.

WILLIAM DENNIS, Halifax, September 28th.

It may suit Alderman DENNIS' code of ethics to say that gross exaggerations may be excused, but it does not suit PROGRESS' correspondent. It is never excusable under any circumstances, no matter what the representative for ward 2 in the city council may say. The pity only is that Alderman DENNIS has become so addicted to exaggeration that he thinks it excusable and does not, indeed, know when he is confining himself to the truth, and when dressing it up to suit himself for effect.

It telling the truth about Alderman DENNIS constitutes "off reiterated slanders," then PROGRESS has been slanderous, but not otherwise. He says it is "a lie" that he "squandered" \$60,000 in the suburbs to improve the value of his property. Alderman DENNIS may not have "squandered" the money. No he put it out to very good effect. He is not so far gone as to deny that he spent the \$60,000. He used his influence in the council; he button-holed fellow Aldermen; he went in with them in their little schemes in order to secure support for his own; he posed as an ultra honest man the more easily to accomplish his object—the diversion of citizens' money into the channels which would do him most good. And Alderman DENNIS was successful, for, squirm, as he may, he managed to get every cent of the \$60,000 spent in localities where his own property interests lay, while less favored districts got not a cent.

"No one in Halifax believes the lie!" Every member of the city council knows the fact, and they are not slow to say so. Alderman HAMILTON has over and over again, openly charged Alderman DENNIS, in the council and out of it, with using his position to further his personal interests. Alderman DENNIS may fret and fume as he likes; he may write reams of denials, but he secured the citizen's money to "improve his own property" all the same, and not one in Halifax who will deny it, but himself and one or two aldermen who helped him in his expensive work. The wonder is he got back to the council for a second term, and that without opposition. But a day of reckoning is surely coming.

Did Not Intend It as a Joke.

Recorder JACK has a high sense of official etiquette, and would be the last man in St. John to play a practical joke on the authorities. The other day he happened to hear the tail end of a story in which Dr. Bayard told how he had been interfered with by toughs while driving on the Marsh road, and had driven them off with the butt end of his whip. This seemed to the recorder to be a rather serious matter, and he hastened to inform Chief CLARK, suggesting that the matter be investigated. The Chief did not send men to the Marsh road, as reported, but he did send an officer to Dr. Bayard to get particulars. The doctor said the adventure took place thirty years ago. The recorder had not heard the first part of the story.

A Bird in the Hand.

When Senator BOYD was appointed governor of New Brunswick, he was at Ottawa, as everybody knows. Lord Aberdeen, the new governor general was to arrive in a day or two, and Senator BOYD was asked if he would not like to wait and have the honor of being sworn in by the great man. The Senator, however, possibly had in mind the case of a man up river who thought he had a government office once, but was notified later that there had been a mistake and he was not in it. Senator BOYD was not going to take chances, and concluding that a bird in hand was worth several on the bush, he said he was a plain man and preferred to be sworn in by the clerk. Thereupon he took the oath and was governor beyond peradventure.

It Is Their Busy Season.

The Reformatory has a prisoner, or patient or inmate—whatever the proper term may be. He is a French boy of 12 who was sent from the court at Edmundston the other day, to serve four years for complicity in a robbery. His father was less fortunate in getting a last arrival at Dorchester. This is the first arrival at the Reformatory, and the staff will have plenty of time to attend to their solitary guest.

His Show Is Always a Success.

Rufus SOMERBY with "the great show on earth" opens in St. Andrews Rink next Friday night. Mr. Somerby always brings a good show with him which is well patronized. The last time he was here it will be remembered that he managed Bristol's educated horses, an entertainment that brought crowded houses for a long time. The show he is bringing at present is somewhat of the same nature, yet different.

Those Good 'Old Days.

"Oh, for the age of chivalry," sighed Charles, "when the knights used to wear tin trousers, which never bagged at the knees."

He will be accompanied by Professor Gleason, who can tame and handle the most vicious horse known. Mr. Somerby says he has already a good many "subjects" in the shape of vicious horses selected from the city, and that Professor Gleason will give a number of exercises of his skill upon the opening performance.

THEY FOUND NO BURGULARS.

But Doctor Christie Will Be Short In His Supply of Preserves.

At a late hour Tuesday night, Ald. Christie, who lives in Main street, North End, was startled by an explosion, apparently proceeding from some place in the immediate vicinity.

The alderman is a member of the treasury board, and his first thought was that burglars were around, and he concluded they were at work on the safe of Hamm Brothers, a door or two away. As a citizen, no less than as an alderman, he felt it his duty to send word to the police.

They responded and surrounded the premises. They also sent for one of the firm, but there was no sign of burglars there, anywhere in the vicinity. Baffled but convinced, Ald. Christie returned to his home. There he found a solution of the mystery.

The alderman, despite the cynicism he sometimes shows in his remarks at the board, is a good liver, and like a provident man he had, during the summer, laid up a bountiful supply of jam and jellies for the winter. These had been put up on a high shelf, and it was this shelf, with all its toothsome burdens that had fallen with a crash and suggested the theft of burglars to the alderman's doctor.

The preserves are a total loss. No insurance.

One Who Wants to Learn.

I want to know the best book to get, or the best way to learn to be a good correspondent. At punctuation I am very bad, do not understand the principles, but am willing to learn myself if I am instructed by you. I am bad at grammar too.

A PROGRESS READER. Halifax N. S. Sept. 1893.

Any elementary work on grammar and rhetoric will be of use, and there must be such a text book in use in the public schools of Nova Scotia. Punctuation, unfortunately, does not seem to be a part of the education of the youth of today, and properly punctuated manuscript is the exception in the contributions of otherwise very satisfactory correspondents. For newspaper work, the main thing necessary to be understood in punctuation are the use of the comma and the period, and the dividing of ideas into paragraphs. Briefly stated the comma separates clauses of a sentence. The period ends a sentence. Avoid long and involved sentences, and begin a new line whenever there is a change of subject or of idea. The best way to get a practical knowledge of these things is by observation of the methods of writers of recognized good style. The trouble with most treatises on punctuation, as well as most grammars, is that they confuse by laying down a number of rules that are of no practical use, in newspaper work. Some of the clearest and most correct writers for the press are men who have spent little time at school, but have got their education in the printing office by habits of observation.—ED. PROGRESS.

Not Likely to Get There.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The following local, taken from the Daily Telegraph of the 27th instant, speaks for itself, and, clearly demonstrates the fact that something ought to be done, and done at once, so that our harbor may be managed in the best interests of our port! Alderman Robertson made a good suggestion at the meeting of the common council on Friday last—to have the board of works consider and report upon the advisability of purchasing two hoisting engines for use on the new wharf at Sand Point, Carleton. Some member objected to the council spending any more money in connection with these wharves because the condition of the civic finances at the present time would not warrant it. Under ordinary circumstances the council would not be justified in spending any more money on these wharves but, as Alderman Robertson explains the case, the city, by providing these engines which are to be used in hoisting ballast from vessels discharging at the wharves, will not only offer greater facilities to the shipping in port, but will in the end effect a great saving in the cost of repairs, which would constantly be required if horses were employed in doing the hoisting work.

The Alderman Who Joined Issue with Ald. Robertson was Right when He Said—

"The civic finances at present would not warrant" the expenditure. These harbor expenditures should be made under the direction of a permanent board; and this board should have the material aid of the parliament and government of Canada.

The harbor improvements are too big a job for the overburdened taxpayers of St. John to grapple with just now; therefore let the harbor be placed in commission!

CITIZENS.

Then Why Call Him "Tough"?

Tough Judge Landry has been long in the Conservative ranks, has been appointed and promoted by a Conservative government, and though the Liberal party owes him nothing, we are glad to find that every Liberal journal in this province has greeted him fairly and presented him to its readers as a judge entitled to every respect.—Editorial in Telegraph, Tuesday.

His Share of the Show.

Police Officer DALTON reports that a fight took place in Pitman's barroom, of Mill street, on Sunday from which he was excluded until the contest had ceased.—Telegraph.

Not a Happy Lot.

Widower—Will you share my lot? Widower—No, it's full! I was up to the cemetery looking at it yesterday.

Those Good 'Old Days.

"Oh, for the age of chivalry," sighed Charles, "when the knights used to wear tin trousers, which never bagged at the knees."

Advertisement for LIGHT GREATEST, Warranted to be the Finest, Sent for America, INTEREST, SUGAR, FLOUR, NEW CAN, CRAP, NEW RAIS, Cash, THE, FOR, 88 KING ST., are the cause of, A. GILM, Received at, 5 Cases Clam, Flavor; 10 Cas, Our Union and

# Sterling Soap



### LADIES READ THIS.

**LIGHTNING MENDER---RUBBER TISSUE.**  
GREATEST AND MOST USEFUL LABOR SAVING INVENTION OF THE AGE.

Warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Mends any kind of clothes so you will not notice where it has been repaired.  
ONLY 10 CTS. A PACKAGE.  
The Finest Silk or Satin or the Coarsest Woollen Goods, Kid Gloves, Parasols, Umbrellas, Lace Veiling, Gossamers, Mackintoshes, etc., etc.  
Will save you many Dollars.  
Send by mail on receipt of 12 cents in stamps.  
Send for a Package next mail. Everyone needs it.

**American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St.**

## INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS

**SUGAR** has been at a low figure for some time, but it is likely to cost more next week than it does now. We will sell at the same price this week. Next week will tell its own story, but our advice is to **BUY NOW.**

**FLOUR** We will have an exceptional bargain in Flour next week—a good family flour for \$3.50 a barrel. Will make bread as light colored and sweet as the home grown wheat. The price, we know, is right, and we think the flour is as recommended.

**NEW CANNED** goods are here: Salmon, Lobster and Peas. Salmon is very nice this year and a shade cheaper than our lowest priced last year. A good can sells for 13 cents and that calls for the very best yellow salmon.

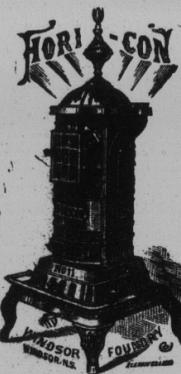
**GRAPES**, especially Canadian grapes, are very cheap. We can sell four pounds for 25 cents. It is really astonishing how much grape jelly and wine are made from Canadian grapes. The price is right, and anybody can experiment. We have the California grapes, Tokay and Black Prince—the latter is the sweetest at present, and both sell for 22 cents per pound.

**NEW RAISINS**, Valencias, are in stock now and are very nice. Well worth looking at when you call.

**HARDRESS CLARKE,**  
73 and 77 Sydney Street.  
(Near Princess.)

Cash Grocery.

## THE HORICON.



One of the Leaders of this Season.

We have also the Jewel Star, The Dane, The Mayflower, The Fire King, The Vendome, the New Silver Moon, and a number of others.

We invite inspection.

**Sheraton & Whittaker**

88 KING ST. Telephone 368.

**LOST OPPORTUNITIES**  
are the cause of more sorrow than any other one thing in the world. Don't lose the opportunity now offered to you to secure the pick of our new stock for your **FALL AND WINTER SUIT AND OVERCOAT.**  
**A. GILMOUR, TAILOR, 72 GERMAIN ST.**

Received at  
**W. ALEX. PORTER'S**  
5 Cases Clam Bouillon; 5 Cases Clam Chowder in Cases; 16 Cases Pudding, Assorted Flavors; 10 Cases Assorted Soups (white label)—with a full supply of fruit each box.  
**W. ALEX. PORTER,**  
Cor. Union and Waterloo. Branch Store 70 Mill Street.

## Social and Personal.

**St. John—South End.**  
Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Skinner and daughter, Miss Skinner, Mrs. John White, Mrs. E. S. Skis, left this week for a trip to New York, Chicago and other American cities.

Rev. Canon Fentress, Winnipeg, spent this week in St. John, the guest of Mrs. Armstrong, King street east. Mr. Fentress, preached two very interesting sermons on Sunday last, in the morning at Trinity church and in the evening at St. John's church.

Mrs. Wells, Philadelphia, is in the city. She is staying at Miss Balloch's, Germain street.  
Mr. C. L. Benedict, who has been appointed assistant accountant of the Bank of Montreal, in the city, arrived last week from Toronto, to fill that position.

Rev. Mr. Estabrook left on Tuesday for Chicago. Mr. Herbert Pike, formerly of St. John, now of New York, spent the week in St. John, the guest of Mr. Wm. M. Jarvis, Princess St.

Mr. D. Walters, son of the late Dr. Walters, arrived from Chicago this week.  
Archdeacon Brimstone, who has been visiting the World's Fair and Toronto, returned home on Sunday morning. He left again on Tuesday for St. Stephen to attend the clerical conference. He returned yesterday, and will occupy his pulpit at Trinity Church to-morrow.

Mr. Simon Jones and the Misses Jones have returned from a trip to Chicago.  
Mr. Fred Ring, of the postal department, returned this week from his trip to Chicago, where he has been visiting his brother, Dr. Allan Ring.

Mrs. Allison Wishart returned to the city from St. Martin last week. She is lying seriously ill with consumption at her residence, corner of Princess and Carman streets.  
Miss Klute Best is ill with scarlet fever at her parents' residence, Duke street. **TRANSIORS.**

Mrs. A. A. Stockton and Master Ernest Stockton left for Calgary, N. W. T. Mrs. Stockton will make but a brief visit, but her son who is in ill health, will remain there for some time.

Mr. Charles Taylor of Rothesay, has returned from a trip to Chicago.  
Miss Bessie H. Swan left on Monday morning for Boston, where she will continue her studies in vocal music under Mrs. K. Humphrey-Allen.

Mr. G. Fred Snow (formerly of the N. B. railroad) who now resides at Bangor, spent Sunday with friends in St. John.  
Judge Peters and his sister are back from a visit to their niece, Mrs. Franklin Coleman at Chicago.

The Misses Roberts of New York, are now here, the guests of Mr. Gardner.  
Mr. Murray McLaren, who has been making a visit to Fredericton, returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. John Robinson of the C. P. R. telegraph company, left a few days ago for a trip to Montreal, Toronto, and other Canadian cities.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lee, sympathize with them in the loss of their little son William Tyng Peters, whose death occurred last Saturday.

Mr. John S. Derby of Alfred, Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin college, has been recently appointed American consul for St. John. He is the son of Mr. Sampson, who during his stay in our city has made many friends who will much regret his departure.

Miss E. Kinnear is spending a few weeks with Miss Muriel Carr, Union street.  
Rev. Father Weigel and Rev. H. Urban, of the Redemptorist order, left last Sunday night for Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Campbell intend on their return from their sojourn at Cape Breton, residing with Mrs. Gillespie, Chippewa's Hill.  
Mr. T. Sherman Peters, of Gagetown, was in town a few days ago.

Mr. R. B. Emerson is back from a visit to the World's Fair.  
Miss Holbrook, of New York, has been the guest this week of Mrs. Ronald C. Grant, Wentworth street.

The death of Mrs. Mary S. Godsoe, (wife of Mr. W. C. Godsoe) which occurred last Monday was a sad shock to a large circle of relatives and friends, and a few days before her recovery seemed very probable. Mrs. Godsoe was sixty years of age, and was a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Babbitt of Gagetown, and high school teacher here.

Her funeral which took place on Wednesday afternoon was largely attended, the pall bearers being Messrs. Charles Masters, Thomas Fouts, J. Robertson, Alexander Macaulay, James Robinson, L. C. Dyer, and J. E. Macaulay.

Rev. Dr. Pope, conducted the services at the house and grave. Among the many beautiful floral tributes were a pillow of roses from the family of the deceased; sheaf of wheat and ivy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edin, sheaf of roses, Mrs. Charles Merritt; wreath, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Godsoe; roses, Mrs. L. White; sheaf of wheat and roses, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fowler; sheaf of roses from Mrs. F. A. Bell; and Mrs. H. G. Hunt, (sisters of Mrs. Godsoe).

Mrs. James Jack has returned home from a long stay with relatives in Nova Scotia.  
Hon. T. R. Jones gave a small luncheon party at the Club last Sunday, in honor of Judge E. L. Wetmore, formerly of St. John, but now of Moncton, N. W. T. In the evening Judge Wetmore was entertained at the Club by Mrs. James Lady Tully at Carlton House, and left by train later for his western home.

Col. J. A. Tucker, who has been for some days confined to his residence, Chippewa's Hill, through illness, is now able to get about.

The Misses Massie, (step-daughters of Dr. John Berryman) left on Wednesday by the I. C. R. for a trip to Niagara Falls.

Mr. G. S. Mayes and a party of friends returned on Friday from a delightful cruise of ten days on the St. John river and Grand Lake, in Mr. Mayes' yacht "Peri".

Mr. James O'Brien of this city, has gone to Chicago, where he intends to reside in future.  
Miss Agnes Lawlor of St. Stephen, is visiting the Misses Jones of this city.

Post Office Inspector King has been confined to his home lately, through an accident he met with last week at Petticoat.

Mrs. W. A. Sherwood, of Bristol, who has been making a visit to friends in St. John, has returned home.

Mr. Ernest March and Mrs. March left on Wednesday morning for a trip to New York.  
Mrs. W. L. Luck and her daughter spent last week at Edmundston, N. B.

Mr. John McAvity left on Tuesday night for a visit to Philadelphia.  
Mr. Isaac Stevens of the I. C. R., and Mrs. Stevens, have returned home from a sojourn in Boston. Mr. James Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds, left on Monday evening for a visit to Chicago.

Mr. W. Frank Hatheway, who has been residing at Ingleside for the past two years, intends removing to the city for the winter, about the end of October.

Lieut.-Governor John Boyd and Mrs. Boyd have been receiving numerous congratulations this week. Mr. Boyd's appointment being an exceedingly popular one with all classes and creeds. I am glad to hear that he has almost entirely recovered from the effects of a fall he had last week on the platform of the station at Calumet, P. Q., while en route to Ottawa, by which he was considerably injured.

## MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

### NEW DRESS GOODS.

We have just received some of the latest novelties in Dress materials for Fall and Winter, in the newest colorings.  
**HOPSACKING, FANCY CHEVIOTS, SHOT DIAGONALS, Fancy SERGES Black and Navy WHIPCORD, CRAVENETTE SERGES, in Black, Navy, Myrtle, Gray and Fawn.**  
Also some very handsome TARTAN PLAIDS for Ladies and Children at 80c. and \$1.00 per yard.  
New Goods opening daily

**MACAULAY BROTHERS & COMPANY.**  
65 to 69 King Street.



### "A LITTLE TENDER."

Yes, that is what **MITCHELL** the Shoe Dealer is now doing. He is tendering his stock at a very small profit above what it cost him, so anxious is he to make sales and draw new customers to his Shoe Store. It is human nature to want the best goods for the least money. That is just what **MITCHELL**, the Shoe Dealer is prepared to offer you. We can't blame a man for being watchful of his dollars; but all are not watchful. If they were they would trade with

## MITCHELL,

The Shoe Dealer, 61 Charlotte St

THE ONLY CUSTOM-MADE \$3.00 PANT IN CANADA IS

**COVER YOUR LEGS!**  
**THE PILGRIM.**  
Full line of samples, with directions to measure mailed upon receipt of 6 cents. If you want a pair of these Pants, and cannot wait for samples, send us your WAIST, HIP and INSIDE LEG measures, together with \$3. and 80 cts. to pay expressage; and we will take all risk of pleasing you. Fit and workmanship guaranteed first-class or money refunded.  
**PILGRIM PANT CO.**  
38 Mill St., St. John, N. B., or P. O. Box 250.

**AMERICAN HAIR STORE.**  
87 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
J. W. RAMSDALL, Proprietor.

HAIR GOODS of every description. Ladies' and Gents' WIGS. HALF WIGS. QUARTER WIGS. FRENCH FRONTS. WATER WAVES. TOUPEES. BRAIDS. BANGS. FRIZZES. \$25. &c., &c.

**OUR STOCK OF FRENCH PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS AND FACE POWERS** are now complete in the following Lines:

Peau d'Espagne, A L' Iris Blanc, Vera-Violetta, Lias Blanc, Paris-Caprice, L'Amaryllis du Japon, Crab Apple Blossoms, Violettes de Parme, Heliotrope Blanc, Cuir de Russie.

CURLING IRONS from 3 cts. to 75 cts. WAVING IRONS from 15 cts. to \$2.00. Fashion Novelties in ORNAMENTAL HAIR PINS. BROOCHEES. STICK PINS. PUFFERS. HAIR BRUSHES. DRESSING COMBS. TOOTH BRUSHES. TOOTH POWDERS. &c., &c., &c.

In selecting our assortment of Dress Stuffs we go in for weaves that are out-of-the-common, and not to be seen in any other store in the city. That's one reason why we have such a large dress trade; another is by marking them at prices that moderate-sized purses can easily reach.

These are among the new weaves:

**PANAMA CLOTH**, A very handsome basket weave in all desirable shades. . . . . See it

**HOP-SACKING**, A new and popular basket weave, conspicuous in style and finish. . . . . See it.

**AURILLAC**, A beautiful basket weave, two toned in effect. . . . . See it.

**ZIG ZAG CLOTH**, A pronounced gem among the host of new weaves, colors handsomely blended. . . . . See it.

**WHIP SERGE**, Very stylish, rich colorings and most admirably adapted for a pretty street dress. . . . . See it

Samples of the above, with a lot of other makes, will be mailed to your address if requested.

**DANIEL & ROBERTSON,**  
Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets, St. John.

(Continued on eighth page.)







ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

DEAD BUT NOT MOURNED.

THE CITY CLUB OF MONCTON WITH THE THINGS OF THE PAST.

It Seems to Have Expired Through Lack of Vitality—Why No Tears are Shed Because of Its Fate—Its Record as Regards Some Well Known Days.

For some months past it has been reported, with a degree of mystery rather difficult to understand, that the far famed Moncton City Club, known to its intimate friends and regular patrons as the "Tanacada" was no more.

It is almost impossible to obtain any particulars of the demise as no one seems anxious to spread the tidings; and the probability is, that posterity will be deprived of any authentic record of the last moments of one of Moncton's most famous institutions.

But alas, there can be no mistake now, the club is cold and dead; it is not even beautiful in death, and as the cause of its departure from this life is tolerably well known to have been inanition it would be idle to go through the form of an inquest, and therefore the only consolation left to its sorrowing friends is to find a fitting epitaph.

However, the Club is dead, and therefore it has expired its sins and earned the right to be leniently dealt with. Its existence was brief, but its short life has not been by any means barren of results; and though truth compels its biographer to confess that it was neither a particularly high class institution nor yet as famous as the "Author's Club, London, for the numbers of brilliant men who have graduated from its walls, yet it was well known in its own peculiar way, and it looks heartless to let it pass out of existence unwet, unhonored, and unsung.

From the first, the "Tanacada" was scarcely seemed to be what the Scotch call "Canny." It appeared to have a baleful influence upon all who belonged to it, and to exercise a certain malevolent power over all who came in contact with it, which even extended to the four-footed members, whose names have already been marked out for deathless fame, in the columns of PROGRESS. Alas, Gaunt! alas, Jerry! and thrice alas Rocket!!!—where are you now? Gaunt is a broken-hearted long exile in a farming land, Jerry has long been dust, a victim to the cruelty of man, and the potency of strychnine.

Perhaps it is as well that the Tanacada died like Mr. John Moore, "darkly at death of night," because its general serenity would have been a difficult one to preach if due regard was paid to the good old latin rule "DUMORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM," and it is best to lay the dead club silently away in an hermetically sealed vault, over the door of which is written the fitting epitaph "Ichabod." For surely its glory has departed.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE. Many Times a Winner.

A reader of PROGRESS in Halifax writes in reference to the article of its correspondent in a recent issue on yachting matters and combats the mistaken idea that Mr. Fred H. Murray, who has always taken such an interest in aquatic matters, is unlucky in races. He says that the correspondent is much mistaken when he

writes that Mr. Murray did not win a single race with the Lenore last year, for a reference to the books of the Royal Nova Scotia squadron for 1892 will show that the Lenore beat the Youla four times during the season; on July 9th when she crossed the finish line three minutes ahead of her in a match race; on August 6th and August 20th when the Youla was again defeated by the same yacht. Further than this, he says the comparison of the race winners of 1891, 1892, 1893 will show that the Lenore did quite as well under Mr. Murray's control as she has ever done when racing against the Youla and Wyn. The statement that the Lenore has won the Lansdowne cup is exceedingly premature considering that it requires to be won three times before becoming the property of any one, and the Youla has won it twice against the Lenore's once. PROGRESS is glad to correct any mistaken impression that the article in question may have made, because those who have been regular readers of the paper will have learned long ago what a keen interest Mr. Murray takes in yachting matters in Halifax.

WOODSTOCK HAS THE SCOTT ACT. Some of the Results—How a Well Known Hotel Keeper Enjoys Himself.

WOODSTOCK, Sep. 27.—The attempts to enforce the Scott Act, or "Scotch Act" as it is sometimes called by the unlearned, (though why the Scotch, not especially an inventive people should be saddled with the initiation of this unique piece of legislation remains to be shown) are spasmodic and apologetic instead of regular and firm. A repetition of the celebrated Fredericton case, when the hotel proprietors were placed in gaol and there was no room in the inns, is likely to be repeated in Woodstock.

A gentleman rejoicing in the classic cognomen of Maxon a superintendent of a Sunday school did some swearing a short while ago, which led to the fixing of certain individuals for the illegal sale of liquor. The Scott Act people go on the principle that the end justifies the means. A protestant minister exonerates himself, for hiring a fellow man to drink intoxicating liquor, and thus run the risk of becoming a drunkard, by pleading that it is the only means to get at the desired end of stopping the sale of liquor. Evil is thus done that good may come.

About a year ago a genial, half-fellows-well-net chap was around Woodstock. He took drinks with all who would drink, and no doubt went in for other moderate vices. But there came a day when the various violators of the Scott Act were sorry that they ever beheld his genial countenance, for it turned out that the jolly good fellow was a Boston detective, hired by the Scott Act people to inform on those who sold him liquor. He did inform, as a real detective only can inform. Among others found guilty, as a result, was Mr. Wilbur, proprietor of the Wilbur House, who was thereupon convicted of a third offence, and sentenced to spend 60 days in gaol. The cases were appealed, but the appeals were dismissed; and a few days past, while Mr. Wilbur was holding a pair of horses in front of his place, a constable arrested him and away to gaol at the Upper Corner was he borne. He was locked up tight in a cell, but when the good gaoler came, he allowed the prisoner all the privileges which he gives to his first class boarders.

The other day, I called to see Mr. Wilbur, I found him in the buckwheat field working away loading the grain. "I feel first-rate," says he, "why should I not. I never robbed or killed a man, and have not a guilty conscience." Then we proceeded to his cell, which he shares with one Jas. Travis, who rather than pay his second fine of \$100 went into custody. The cell is the size of an ordinary bedroom, and as Mr. Wilbur has many friends, it looked quite home-like. He has a comfortable bed, a comfortable arm-chair, and the fair-minded gaoler gives him comfortable meals. Many visitors go to see him daily, and a lady of town sent him a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Fortunately for the prisoner he is a good bit of a farmer, and he finds plenty of hard health-producing manual labor around the grounds. Excepting for the bars on the windows you would take the Carleton county gaol to be a model farm house, and the grounds about are fertile, well kept, and well farmed. Then, there is a really pleasant view, and altogether Mr. Wilbur's lot might have been cast in a more sorry place. "I am glad the thing is over," said he, "and that I am serving out my time." Still the good hotel proprietor is not as young as he used to be and more than once his eyes wandered wistfully to the calendar in his cell; "when my time is up I will get the brass band to escort me home," he said, "and no doubt he will."

There are two other reputable citizens who are living a life of purgatory, looking forward to going through the same ordeal as Mr. Wilbur. It is not pleasant to have the prospect of two months in gaol hanging over one, and as the present prisoner can well say, the anticipation is really worse than the reality. In the meanwhile the hotel keepers talk of shutting up, as their confederates in Fredericton did.

Of course there are two sides to every question, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means may be the true doctrine after all.

DONE BY OLD MORPHEUS.

THOUGH IT READS LIKE SOMETHING DUE TO OLD JARAIKA.

Leaves from an Old Journal of an Active Temperance Worker in Nova Scotia—A Dream Which Almost Had Snakes in It, as it Certainly Had a Moral.

[The following old time reminiscence from a prominent temperance worker, now resident in Dartmouth, N. S., will interest many residents in that province. It is no breach of confidence to state that one of the party described was Mr. Henry G. Taylor, who was grand treasurer of the Sons of Temperance for a number of years, and another was "Pat" Monagan, as he was formerly called, who was grand scribe of the same body.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

Sometime before the railroad was finished between Windsor and Kentville the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance held a session at the latter place. Among those present were the venerable Dr. Cramp and the Rev. Dr. Tupper, father of Sir Charles Tupper. On the last evening of the session we held a public meeting which was largely attended. It was understood that after the meeting the grand scribe, the grand treasurer, the writer and two others would leave by a private conveyance for Windsor to take the morning train for Halifax.

After the meeting we bade farewell to our friends, and started for Windsor, a jocular crowd. We had hardly got two miles on our way when the rain began to fall in large drops. Presently it came down in torrents, and not being prepared with rubber coats, in a very short time we were drenched to the skin, and by the time we got to Windsor, we were wet as ducks. On our arriving at the hotel, the landlord, seeing our condition, put on a rousing fire in the stove, and we hung our dripping garments on every available spot where they were likely to dry. Nearly all sat round the stove. "In a little time the writer began to experience the soothing influences of "Old Morpheus," and in a short time was utterly oblivious to all surrounding manifestations. It appeared to him that the locomotive "Bacchus" was to take us the rest of our journey, and drew up toward the hotel door for that purpose. The grand scribe and treasurer with myself got on top of the engine with our gripsacks and endeavored to accommodate ourselves as best we could. In front of us was our driver, old Killcup, from Windsor, who now was to have charge of us on this extraordinary trip. He immediately jumped horse-fashion on the front of the engine, and no sooner was he seated than he commenced urging forward the fiery Bacchus. On we went with fearful rapidity. I could not but laugh at the strange figure he cut. He had on an overcoat of buffalo skin, to which was still attached the tail of the animal; on his head a tall cap ornamented with the tail of a racoon. He had on the regalia of the grand scribe and treasurer; one on the front the other hung over his back and shoulder, swinging around his neck in every direction. With his tremendous tail he kept lashing away at the engine, urging it forward with frightful speed. On crossing a bridge which spanned a considerable run of water, the wind blew off Killcup's cap, which fell into the stream. Killcup's spirit rose to meet the emergency. He at once took from his capacious pocket a large rod comfoter. This he wound round his head and let the ends float in the breeze.

In a little while we stopped, and it appeared to be opposite an old dilapidated looking distillery in Water street, Halifax. Here it was understood we would take in water and fuel. Through a broken window a leather hose was pushed out and at once commenced filling up the boiler of the engine. As it emptied itself it appeared like a large jet of blue flame of burning gas, and had a disagreeable smell of the worst kind of putrid poisoned whiskey, but it had a wonderful effect on the engine for the latter became dreadfully uneasy and old Killcup could hardly restrain it. The noise that issued from it was really deafening and appalling, sending forth a most unearthly scream with a voice of humanity that was truly startling, setting all the dogs in the neighborhood howling.

Then we were off again sitting straddle legs on the engine, on we went like lightning though, strange to say, the treasurer had his grip sack and was quietly scanning the documents of his office among which were quite a quantity of his quaint cough lozenge "ads" of which on occasions of this kind he always has a bountiful supply. These latter he would throw up in the air and at last one of them flew into the face of Killcup which put him into a rage, he arose to his feet on top of the engine and acted like a fury, two tremendous horns seemed to protrude through his red head gear and his eyes were like two balls of flaming fire. On went the "predacious destroyer" like the wind, smothering like a thousand demons. The sleepers over which we sped had the appearance of human bodies and dreadfully mangled, legs and limbs scattered in all directions. The cowcatcher did its

FURS. FURS. FURS.

In our fur department we are now making a GRAND DISPLAY of most fashionable Furs for the coming season. SEALSKIN JACKETS and CAPES A SPECIALTY. SEALSKIN

For its undoubted beauty and fast growing scarcity takes first place in popular favor. Jackets this season have all Storm Collars, and some Butterfly Capes. Sleeves are only moderately full at top, but are made very wide to admit easily the full, deep sleeve. We have in stock Jackets, 30 inch, 36 inch, and 40 inch deep, at last year's prices.

ASTRACHAN JACKETS

are made in the same style as the seal. Our Jackets are all made from reliable skins and are well shaped.

FUR CAPES

are mostly worn from 18 inches to 36 inches deep, having flat blocked shoulders. Many of the most stylish have the full Collarettes, in addition to storm collar, in Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Black Marten, Greenland Seal, Grey Lamb, Beaver, Alaska, Seal, Etc., Etc.

FUR COLLARS, COLLAJETS AND RUFFS in every variety of FUR and in newest shapes. FUR LININGS, FUR TRIMMING and SKINS for Cloak and Dress Trimmings any width or shape cut to order. FUR LINED CLOAKS in medium and full lengths. Among the newest shapes will find the COLUMBIA and PRINCESS MAY, the leading shapes for season 1893 and 1894. FUR LINED CLOAKS and SEAL JACKETS made to order or reshaped to latest fashion.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, - - - ST. JOHN.

share of the horrid work, snatching poor widows, heart-broken mothers, and fatherless children, which were hustled among the sleepers, there to meet the fate of those before them.

At last there was a sudden halt, the locomotive gave a lurch and I felt I was falling off when a hand grasped me by the shoulders and aroused me. I found the landlord was awakening up the sleepers, I looked up and observed the grand scribe and treasurer. They were at a table, examining the hat of the former, which in his somnolent state, had come in contact with the lamp and burnt a large hole in its rim. "Oh" says the treasurer, "you patronize a first-class latter and buy a beaver, and the whole rim may be burnt off while you are asleep and it would never be 'felt'." Then we all went to bed. Roy.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BEAUTY.

The Theory That There Are More Handsome Women Than In Old Times.

It was the question, "Who was the most beautiful woman who ever lived?" were put to a hundred average men, it is probable that about 90 per cent. would reply, "Helen of Troy," "Cleopatra," or some one of the many heroines of antiquity. It is so difficult to formulate any standard by which we can measure the comparative degrees of beauty possessed by those in past and present times, that the verdict of two or three thousand years ago is still accepted by many without considering whether or not, to use a sporting phrase, "the record has been broken."

But whatever may be the relative position of those and their more modern rivals, there is every reason to believe that the average standard of feminine beauty has been steadily advancing. There have always been and always will be, individual cases of phenomenal beauty, just as solitary genius appears in the world regardless of the conditions under which it exists and of the general rise and fall of education and opportunity. The talent of a community may be materially raised, but it is impossible to regulate its genius. So it is with beauty; the average can be raised, but the phenomenal are irresponsible and unaccountable.

It is even quite open to doubt whether Helen and Cleopatra were fairer than any average pretty woman of to-day. If Helen (assuming that she ever existed) was the cause of a long and sanguinary war, it was more through incidental complications than for the primary object of getting possession of her. If Cleopatra subjugated Anthony so that he set at naught all ties of religion and humanity, and counted a kingdom well lost to gain her, there are hundreds of women in later circles, and even Cleopatra found all her charms useless to move either Herod the Great or Cæsar Augustus.

It may be safely laid down that the universal cultivation of any particular faculty or gift is the surest way to pre-empt that individuality on posterity. For at least the last two thousand years, women in all classes of life, and in all countries, have been cultivating and encouraging personal beauty, and it would be unnatural if this had not resulted in a higher average. Again, the modern social conditions are more favorable than they have ever been before. The two great deterrents of beauty are disease and anxiety; the former leaves its brand from without, as it were, the latter from within.

Until the improvements of modern science made the periodical attacks of the plague, small-pox, and other scourges fewer and less virulent in their effects, it is said that the number of victims distinguished by small-pox alone was something fearful, and each visitation would leave its indirect effect for more than one generation, and greatly tend to retard the forward progress of the whole race.

As regards the second consideration, nothing short of disfigurement is so detrimental to beauty as the anxious, haggard look of one whose whole life seems to be spent under tension, and the average woman of to-day has less cause for anxiety than her ancestor of any period. Refinement, also, is a great auxiliary to beauty, and has direct influence on the moulding of the features besides contributing to the charm of manner. Doubtless Cleopatra owed much of her fascination to her versatility, for although she had every bad quality under the sun, her voice was said to be like "a many-stringed instrument," and among her accomplishments she numbered seven languages.

BOYS:

REEFERS, OVERCOATS, SUITS, HALF PRICE.

for one week—commencing Saturday, Sept. 30, we will sell all the odd Boys' Suits Overcoats and Reefers, at half what they are marked. They are "Plums" for every mother that wishes to get a winter's outfit for her boy cheap.

You can call this sale, "cleaning out for new goods to arrive,"—or "old stock," or "foolishness," whatever you like, but here are the suits, and here we are to stand by them.

Your money back if you wish.

OAK HALL, KING ST., CORNER of The Corner, Big German, Store. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., ST. JOHN.

FRIENDS, NOT LOVERS.

Can a Young Man and Woman Manage to Sustain that Relation?

Walter Besant has been answering the old question, "Why cannot men and women become friends?" His first answer is that they can; that they do; that they have become friends, then he cites Mme. de Deffand and Horace Walpole, Mlle. Lespasse and D'Alembert, but adds Mme. de Deffand was past fifty, and blind, when she made a friend of Horace Walpole. The friendship of men was necessary to her; it was what survived of her love making. "I am not so sure," he continues, "that friendship is possible between two young people of opposite sex. One knows perfectly well what will be said—cannot two persons become friends without the tie being broken or spoiled by the intervention of that other passion? Well, you see it is always present as a possibility; as a disturbing element."

He speaks of the colleges in America where the young man and woman sit on the same benches to study or listen to lectures, and pass the same examinations, but have not succeeded in creating a new atmosphere of friendship or Platonic love. "There are," he argues, "so many obstacles interposed by society, by convention, even by nature, to this kind of friendship. The young man and the young woman who want to be friends cannot; they must not be seen too much together; they must not travel together; they cannot enjoy perfect freedom of conversation because there are many subjects quite proper for either alone, but tacitly forbidden between the two."

"A young man shall find, if you like in a woman much older than himself, a charming, kind, and sympathetic friend—it is the very best kind of a friend that a young man can find: or an old man may find a woman much younger than himself to keep alive in him the waning fire of courage and self-reliance. But that a young man should find any young woman who would become to him an equal comrade as another man might be, entering into his views and regarding him also to enter into her own views on equal terms, that kind of equal alliance and friendship I do not ever expect to find between the youth and the maiden."

He Smoked the First Meerschaum.

The man who smoked the first meerschaum pipe was a shoemaker, Kaval Kowats, who, in 1723, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of Nature's handiworkmen, gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinarily

light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kaval cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself. This first meerschaum pipe, made and smoked by Kaval Kowats, has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

To Suit The Occasion.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania Legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly-elected President, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia; thus: "Pardon me, General; I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the East, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write a capital, 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence." General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abuse myself, sir; I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little fellow as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

Respect Your Husband.

Have you not seen the woman who thinks time lost when she is not talking; who will tell any and every detail of her daily life to the dear friend whom she fondly imagines can become a second self in sympathy? Occasionally they may chatter away for hours with nothing more important under discussion than generalities, but sooner or later comes the slip of the tongue that leads to inevitable mischief. Girls, don't tell all your heart's feelings to the lovely friend you acquired at the seashore quite a month ago, and who has since your return to the city been your almost inseparable companion. Wives, remember that no matter how much food for gossip may be found in the telling of your husband's doings, they are ever so many, he is still your husband, and to no one would he speak of you except in terms of praise.

Very Wisely Put.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply so dangerous a question. At last a witty old courtier said: "Your father, sire; for though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

CARLYLE'S EARLY HOME.

ANCIENT ECCLEFECHAN AND SOME OF ITS HISTORY.

The Quaint Border Village Where The Philosopher Was Born—An Odd Hamlet and Little Changed by Time—Glimpses of the Great Man's Childhood.

ECCLEFECHAN, Scotland, Sept. 14.—At one side of the stream was an ancient wall. On the other were straggling houses, and one, from its appearance, might have been an olden stable; an abandoned lodge at the entrance to some gentleman's establishment formerly located behind it; or the ancient jail of the village, now smartly whitewashed and transformed into a lowly habitation. It was a mite of a thing with an archway through it occupying one-third of the lower story. At each side was a narrow oaken door, and nearer each end, a tiny window. In the second story another little window above each lower one, looked into the street; and over the centre of the archway were two still more diminutive windows, side by side. It was a double house of the dwari variety, and the one at the north end was the birth-place of Thomas Carlyle.

I doubt if there ever lived a writer about whom more has been written by little and great writers than has been penned in criticism or praise of Thomas Carlyle. And I am just as much in doubt whether any one or all of these, from passing essayist to stately biographer, ever really visited the birthplace of this rare and royally rampant genius. Yet that should have been every serious biographer's first duty. Interesting as may be every little detail in the mature career of the man of genius, when we have learned each one by heart, and have been given standards by which to find his place, measure his personality and weigh his influence, we are still unsatisfied. What were the potent forces which sent him on his way, or which were overcome, in his upbuilding? Out of what manner of mold did he come? What was the actual environment of the babe, the child, the youth? We wish to be shown the ultimate perspective. It is not to be found in any biography of Carlyle.

It is but two years less than one hundred since Thomas Carlyle was born in that little stone cottage. There is no place in Britain where less change has come in that period than in stern and tiny Ecclefechan. Indeed the changelessness of all these ancient border towns and hamlets is one of their most impressive characteristics. From Yetholm to Dumfries along the Scottish border, and from Berwick to Carlyle along the English border, it is just the same. They are all as they were; only a little more asleep. The railway stations are about all the structures in them that have large windows or small of paint. They remain chiefly as they stood when the border raids were ended. They are gray, battle-scarred, ancient. They were built in fighting times and have their records in their hard old faces. To wander among them is like being whisked back two or three centuries and set down face to face with the grimness and cruelties of feudal times; and I sometimes think that the nature of the lowly folk, beaten to savage hardness in those sorry times, is in this borderland of both kingdoms a long time taking on the gentler touch of our time. Scotland is richest in these weird old border relics of a sorry age. The Scotch crowded close to the border; built more and stronger places of safety, even the tiniest of hamlets having likeness in sturdiness and strength to the larger towns, and then, being the liveliest on their legs, "harried" the English in such a brisk and occupying way, that they had little time on their hands, after chasing the raiders home, for building important border towns.

The quaint hamlet stands in a little hollow of the champaign land of south-eastern Annandale. The same old post-road which leads north from England through Carlyle and grewsome Gretna Green passes through it forming its principal and almost its only street. From the south this highway leads through a pleasant country, well watered and wooded and charmingly broken by clumps of ancient trees or newer plantations and small well-tilled fields. Beyond the hamlet the roads winds upward for a mile or more to a bleak, suggestively dreary and hopeless horizon, as you are often come upon in Normandy, or as are seen in the peasant pictures of Brittany by the master hand of Millet. To the north-east there are dim outlines of the Hartfell and other mountain ranges. Away to the southwest are the misty vales of lovely Annandale and to the northwest, but for miles distant, the legend-haunted hill of Brunark, where the boy Carlyle often wandered, lifts its Roman-camped head into the fleecy, vagrant clouds.

Ecclefechan has great age but little history, aside from having produced this one famous man. At about the centre of the village, where a highway leaves the old Carlisle and Glasgow post-road to wander through the valley of Annan to the Solway-side town of that name, a little cross-street, formed by this road, runs a few rods with it and stops short by an ancient graveyard. In this lies Carlyle, his father and mother, and other members of the family. It has also hundreds of unnamed graves, for half a thousand years before the Carlyle line had crossed the border into Scotland from Carlisle with the adherents of returning King David II, it was the site of a then ancient church called Ecclesie S. Fechan, or the church of St. Fechan. Fechan was an Irish abbot of the seventh century from Iona, who was canonized, his day being the 20th of January. Hence the curious name of Ecclefechan.

Border war brought the ancient church to ruin. The spirit of the covenanters' time effaced what remained. But the

churchyard of a thousand years ago is Ecclefechan's grave-yard of today; and all the stern descendants of those who swore to "endeavor the extirpation of popery, prelatry, superstition, heresy, schism, popishness, etc.," who have departed life in little Ecclefechan, are lying here in a "consecrated ground." In Carlyle's boyhood time there were many of hand-loom weavers here. Their stone cottages stood along the highway interspersed with a few shops and inns. The cottages remain, housing folk the same social order, comfortable laborers among the surrounding farms. At least three of the inns are still standing. Two have been transformed into humble habitations. One, the Bush Hotel—a little, long, low, rambling structure jutting out into the highway invitingly, and presided over by a brisk, bonnie landlady, Mistress Kilgour, who is not afraid to tell you that she has no love for "Yonkes" pilgrims and their sneering ways—contains most of the life of the sleepy hamlet; and, with ministering to cyclists on their northern tours, modern coaching parties and occasional pilgrims to Carlyle's birthplace, and is almost breezy and bustling as in the times of the packers and carters, when the olden post coaches changed their steaming horses, after the dash from Gretna, before its hospitable door.

So this was the spot and these the physical surroundings of Thomas Carlyle, from his birth in 1795, until his stone-mason father, James Carlyle, who "hammered on at Ecclefechan, making in his best year £100," removed to the bleak farmstead of Mainhill, near Lockerbie, about ten miles north of his native hamlet, and still along the old Carlisle and Glasgow post-road. This comprised the first fourteen years of his life. During this time all the boyhood home and home surroundings he ever knew were his; for he had already felt the terrors of schoolboy life at Annan; and just after the family removal to Mainhill he was sent away to Edinburgh to the University, walking the whole distance, through Moffat, in company with a senior student in the University named Tom Smal.

There are none living here or hereabout now who knew Thomas Carlyle as a boy; but I found very many old, old folk whose parents were his youthful companions, or his parents' "neebors," and who, on account of Carlyle's subsequent fame, left clear testimony with their children, from their standpoint of view, of his home surroundings and boyhood. Carlyle, as a grim, gray picture set in forbidding shadow, with but one bright, clear ray streaming through it—a brave, loyal mother's endless care and love; of a home so little and mean that no room in it permitted the family meals to be eaten by all its members at once; which forced young Carlyle to carry forth his food of bread crumbs boiled in milk to be eaten on the "coping of the wall," while the lad gazed at the distant mountains; of a father irascible as honest, unreasonably as sturdy, miserably as pious in the dim old steeple way; of a mother, with all her great virtue, a pestilence of fire and sword against all intellectual unfolding not in accord with her own almost savage, exacting creed; and of social and intellectual environment in which there were more melancholy, hopeless seriousness, petty caviling, down-right hatred and far less brightness and sentiment than about the olden campfires of the American Chippewas or Sioux.

It is plain that the Carlyles were not only not beloved, but that they were disliked with that brutal sort of rancor common in ignorant neighborhoods. The father was the best workman of the community. Had he not possessed a furious temper and a hard fist, he would have been taken from the hamlet. He was feared, rather than liked or respected. The mother was held by her guidwife neighbors to be o'erainly and "o'er-asperans," or pompous in manner and language, as well as "muckle undou'd," or sagacious and crafty in the course. The imperious stinchness of the father, so marked a characteristic of the son, rather than just pride in intelligence for its own sake, determined him on making the boy a scholar; and this again widened the breach between the stone-mason's family and the carping villagers. The latter stood in awe of his fists, but stung the brave wife's spirit wotfully with their crafty gossip and railery. The hurt was double upon the boy's delensence head. The parents in their prayers, illustrated to the lad what a debt of gratitude was being piled up against him by the Almighty that he was permitted to live, and by themselves that they had sustained contentedly and sacrifice to give him those mighty advantages; while through his playfellows, on account of the disposition of their parents, he was made the victim of every conceivable species of savagery and contempt.

From these old tales it is easy to learn that as a babe Thomas Carlyle drew in the very milk of unhappiness and rancor from his mother's breast. He was a weazened, thin, uncanny bairn, "aniffling-aniffling" in infancy; mournful, moaning and haddering through the "cutty-gear" period; not into kilt before he had learned the unspeakable terrors of an infanthood when every other child about him showed only the face of harassing ogre; in childhood a lamentable bairn set upon and scourged by bullying brats; and all his youth-tide the quarry of every ill-natured little human beast of the Ecclefechan gutters or by-lane cabins. Why, it seems to me that right here is found the true key to his whole aftertime nature. The royal protests, the often almost imbecile cavilings, the Titanic outbursts, that rumble and grumble and thunder throughout his enmity work were, after all, largely endless if unconscious cry of the man's heart against the barbarities of his own childhood.

In the little stone cottage where they lived, there is but one room below stairs. In the upper story there is a room the same size as that on the first floor. This is a sort of show-room, and is well enough filled to be interesting with Carlyle relics, including his famous coffee-pot in which he was wont to brew his own coffee and his equally famous tobacco-cutter—handmade of the Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inspiration and inseparable companion of his irascibility and dyspepsia. Off this little chamber and sitting-room, in which there is set a quaint old fire-place, is a little, long bed-room over the arch-way; and in this Thomas Carlyle was born. Altogether the place is uninviting meager, hard, austere.

Disassociating the man Thomas Carlyle from the heroism of his lofty work, you can not come to one spot made warm, tender

and glowing for his having been a part of it. Even the dreary old kirk-yard where he lies, but a few steps from where he was born, intensifies the feeling that something of human and humane was lacking, or was denied, his whole line. There does not seem to be one soul in all the region where he was born and reared who recalls the family name with loving kindness and respect. To be known as a pilgrim to the Carlyle home and tomb is to be regarded with suspicion and aversion. The very gravestone is parsimonious and shabby; the enclosure, unkempt; weeds and brambles crowd the spot closely; the lad that unlocks the gate snickers behind you; and as you stand for a little time leaning upon the iron railing in contemplation of the lonely, neglected grave of this rare old warrior in the field of letters, you cannot but wonder, after all, if any true greatness can ever exist so far above the heads and hearts of the lowly that they are not reached, aided and encompassed by it. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

RIBULOUS BEES AND WASPS.

An English Medical Man Says They Can Get Very Drunk Indeed.

Mr. Lawson Tait, the well-known medical specialist of Birmingham, says—I have been fully persuaded after thirty years of life as hard in work and as full of responsibility as well could be, that the moderate use of alcohol is a necessity in our modern life. The second is that for the treatment of disease alcohol is of very little use, and what is said on this point, and on the contrary may be entirely discounted. Every man of mature years is doctor enough for himself to know whether in moderation alcohol is of use to him or not, and his neighbors will soon judge for him in the matter of its immoderate use. What doctors say on this point, and on the contrary, is very often lied about by their patients, and "My doctor ordered me" is very frequently a quite mendacious statement. I have on my desk as I write a letter to which there is a name, but unfortunately no address, blaming me in very strong language for making a friend of the writer a drunkard by advising her to drink spirits. I never gave a woman such advice in my life, and I don't think anyone ought to give it.

But to come to alcohol and wasps, the argument against all and every use of alcohol which we used to hear much of years ago was based on the statement that it was not a product of nature, and not used in any natural food. On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout." On such trite, party-itself is a very unwise one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the usualy graver and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till

# Sunday Reading.

## A GREAT MOSLEM TEMPLE.

The Mosque of Omar and its Traditions—The Chancery of Omar.

The great Mosque of Omar on the site of Solomon's Temple on Mount Moriah, is regarded as the most magnificent building in the city of David. There are few structures, either ancient or modern, that are held in such reverence. Here, say the adherents of Mohammed, the great prophet ascended to heaven, and their traditions tell that the print of his sandalled foot is still seen on the rock from which he took his final flight.

Some thirty years ago, it was strictly forbidden that any one, not a Moslem, should enter the mosque, or even tread on the ground on which it stands. This rule, however, has been relaxed, and nowadays pilgrims of any creed are allowed to enter the mosque, of course, by the "backdoor" to the officials. As to travellers, the consuls of the various countries usually secure permission for them to visit the mosque. The consul sends a dragoman with an official letter to the "Mutassarif" (governor), who directs the party in charge of the El-Haram to receive the strangers. Visitors have to discard their shoes at the threshold. Except in cold weather, the court-room of the mosque is always crowded, some of the visitors being mere curiosity seekers, and others students, who pore over the pages of the Koran with the design of consecrating themselves to religious duties. The square is one of the pleasantest places in the city, being exposed to the exhilarating breezes that come from the direction of the Mount of Olives.

Religious services are held unceasingly in the mosque. On festivals, such as the "great feast" (the first after Ramadan, the "fasting month"), the mosque of Omar, is the gathering place of many thousands of the country people, who come there once a year for worship and pleasant excursions. They linger around the mosque during the day and find a shelter with some acquaintance overnight. On their homeward journey, these rural pilgrims, especially the women sing the songs of joy peculiar to the Moslems, in which they celebrate their visit to "the rock," from the top of which they believe their prophet took his way to heaven. This rock, they declare, is suspended between heaven and earth, being literally supported in air.

The mosque is now in a state of partial decay. The gate to the right is the main entrance, and adjoins the western wall of the city, known as "the wailing place of the Jews." Several "dacroories" (black men from the Sudan), are posted at the different corners of the mosque to prevent the intrusion of "unbelievers" and to check disorder of any kind. They are paid from the "mosque fund." The mosque is very rich, its guardians controlling the revenues from many buildings that belong to the Moslem church, and which devout Moslems have bequeathed to it. Some wealthy Mohammedans have left their entire property, "in the name of the prophet," to this temple.

Omar, Abu-Hafsa Ibn-al Khatab, was the second of the great Moslem Caliphs, and lived in the sixth century. He was the third cousin of the father of Mohammed, and in his early career was a violent enemy of the prophet, but afterwards became a staunch friend. After Mohammed's death, Omar caused Abubekr to be proclaimed Caliph, and he became prime minister, afterwards succeeding to the Caliphate. In his reign Syria was conquered for the Crescent, Jerusalem was besieged and captured and the keys of the Holy City were handed to Omar in person by the messenger of Sophronius the high priest. He spared the lives of the inhabitants, and granted them religious liberty. All the other important cities of Palestine capitulated in rapid succession. Omar's nature, however, was sincere and not all were dealt with as leniently by his victorious armies as the people of Jerusalem. Many stories of his remarkable sense of justice are preserved in Moslem literature. He was assassinated in the mosque at Medina, by a Persian slave named Abu-Lulu Firuz, and was buried in that city close to the tombs of Mohammed and Abu-Bekr. Omar was the first ruler who kept armies under pay, and assigned pensions to faithful public servants. He is also said to be the first to establish a municipal police force and to promulgate laws defining the relations and the responsibilities of masters and servants. Thus, in some sense he was a public benefactor, but his frightful career of sanguinary conquest and slaughter is one of the saddest pictures in the world's history.

**Messages of Help for the Week.**  
"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."  
"O come let us sing unto the Lord: Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving." Psalms 122, 1, and 95, 1, 2.  
"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." 2 Tim. 3, 16.  
"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. 2, 5.  
"He is able to save them to the uttermost that cometh unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Hebrews 7, 25.  
"These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through His name." John 20, 31.  
"By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Eph. 2, 8.  
"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." Rom. 5, 1, 2, 5.

**The Cost of a Slack Wire.**  
In the course of a recent discussion on the propriety of spending public money for repairs, a certain vote was opposed. One of the advocates of the expenditure related the following incident: A few years ago there was a serious accident on the Lachine canal at Montreal. The wire named Abu-Lulu Firuz and was buried in that city close to the tombs of Mohammed and Abu-Bekr. Omar was the first ruler who kept armies under pay, and assigned pensions to faithful public servants. He is also said to be the first to establish a municipal police force and to promulgate laws defining the relations and the responsibilities of masters and servants. Thus, in some sense he was a public benefactor, but his frightful career of sanguinary conquest and slaughter is one of the saddest pictures in the world's history.

Indeed, the whole loss was estimated roughly at scarcely less than one million and a quarter dollars. The speaker asked his hearers to consider how much would have been saved by spending a quarter of a dollar in having that wire tightened before the catastrophe occurred. Carelessness in such matters sometimes leads to spiritual

calamity. When in the closest of the Christian finds that some fault or secret sin interrupts communion with his God he should never disregard it, but examine himself to see where he is in fault. The way of access by which he speaks with God and receives direction from him can never remain slack without serious danger to the believer.

## THE WORSHIP OF "KWANON."

One of the Most Peculiar of China's Many Strange Idolatries.

Once a year the people about Swatow, in China, go to a temple on a small island near-by to worship the Chinese "Queen of Heaven," to whom mercantile men think they owe their success upon sea and land. Miss Daniels a missionary at Swatow, who visited the temple describes in the Gospel in all lands, the temple, the idol, and the worship:

"The temple dedicated to the goddess stands high, and is reached by a flight of stone steps. It is highly ornamented in carvings, flowers, fish and beasts, the ridge-pole being crowned by a great dragon. A noisy theatre operates a few feet in front of the steps, and on all sides are people with the tables for suppling food or mock money. Going up the steps one sees directly in front of the temple an altar for making offerings to the spirits of such of the departed as have no children to worship them. To the right of this is a huge paper image, its head as high as the top of the temple, its face and hands as hideous as you can imagine. This is the ruler of these departed spirits, and it is his duty to settle disagreements among those spirits who are inclined to quarrel. To the left of the altar is a furnace, in which bushels of ashes and embers show that during the past two days great quantities of mock money have been offered."

"Within the temple, at the farther end, sits the goddess in her chair, with a heavy canopy above, all elaborately wrought in silk. With her attendant on either side she is quite unmindful of the earnestness with which two devotees are tossing their bamboo slips, eagerly watching for the favorable position of one black and one white side up, to show that their petition will be granted. In front of the goddess is a row of three altars, each about ten feet long and three wide. One is covered with lighted tapers and incense pots, in which incense sticks are burning, filling the building with smoke. The others are loaded with mock money and all kinds of food brought for offerings. Here are the entire heads of swine stained a bright pink and roasted, fowls of all kinds, fish of all kinds, and the best of fruits, all of which are offered, then taken home and eaten by the family."

"Beyond these altars are mats upon which the worshippers kneel after having made their offerings; and gongs are beaten with a deafening noise while they prostrate themselves before the idol. "We turn aside and wander a short distance from the temple, where we find a number of women whom we tell of our God. Some listen, others examine our dress and inquire after our families. When we ask them regarding their worship, the greater number acknowledge that their goddess can hear nothing, can say nothing, and can in no way help them, and they worship because it is their custom. Others say they did not come to worship, but are out for pleasure; others hold that the goddess does not help them. Thus, we spend four hours talking with these poor women; and hope that some may have heard the Gospel, to accept it in the future."

**THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.**  
The Catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about six million people. In England three hundred years ago, anyone absent from church on Sunday was fined one shilling. There are 9,000,000 English-speaking people who profess no particular religion, and there are 1,100,000 atheists. The 1893 International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies is to be held at San Francisco. Next year's convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio. Canon Edwards Cust, Archdeacon of Richmond—no relation of the Dean of York—entered the other day on his ninetieth year, so that the united ages of the Dean of Ripon and himself, whose birthdays occurred in the same week, are 175 years. In 1850, it is said, there were about ten Norwegian pastors in the United States. Now the Norwegians in the North-west have three large church bodies with 822 pastors and 127,000 congregations. The Lutheran synod of Wisconsin numbers 83,783 communicants, and sustains 8,805 parochial schools. In Christians, in Norway, there is an average population of 13,000 for each church, and in Copenhagen an average of 26,000; or, including the suburbs of Frederiksberg, even of 28,000. Should Copenhagen be supplied with churches only as well as Christians, the number of parishes would have to be increased from thirteen to twenty-eight. The returns of the various Methodist churches in New Zealand, which have been secured as the basis of negotiations for reunion, are as follows: Wesleyans, 102 ministers and 56,130 adherents; primitives, 25 ministers, 5,220 adherents; free Methodists, 14 ministers, 1,905 adherents; bible Christians, 9 ministers, 1,039 adherents. Total of 150 ordained ministers and 64,324 adherents. A touching old rural custom still prevails in the western parts of France during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering the highway a sheaf of grain is left standing, to which all the peasants of the village contribute, and which is called "the stranger's sheaf," as it is the property of the first tramp or other homeless wanderer who may care to carry it away and profit by its price. The Christian World, of London, has been publishing a series of articles on the Standard. In the last number it gives a summary of the statistics which is of great interest. In 1870, it says, the adherents numbered about 70,000. It was then that they commenced to attract special attention. In 1887 they were estimated at 200,000 to 300,000. At the present time the writer claims that a moderate and reasonable estimate would put their numbers about 250,000. Archdeacon Sinclair is very fond of riding and cycling. As London does not afford the opportunities he would like for the indulgence in these exhilarating exercises, he makes the most of his annual six weeks of holiday. During these holidays he often makes for Thurso Castle, the ancestral seat of his family, which, built on the very brink of the Pentland Firth, looks straight out to Iceland beyond the huge headlands of Thurso Bay and the Orkney Islands. In August, 1891, the Archdeacon went down on his tricycle, doing the 720 miles in sixteen days. A Chicago correspondent of the London Church Times says: "Down in the grounds of the Columbian Exposition a few days ago an earnest Church woman said to me—'Talk about Catholicity and Christian unity! You should have been at the little church in Woodlawn near the Fair grounds last Sunday, to have seen a practical illustration of both. There were present, besides our own people, English, French, Germans, Swiss, Swedes, Syrians, Egyptians and Dahomeyans, and at the altar rail white and black Christians knelt side by side. One of the fiercest looking warriors among the Dahomey villagers greeted the pastor of this church one day with 'How do, Missionary! And proved to be a Christian in spite of his savage adornments.' It is also a fact that the greater number of the so-called Turks in the Turkish quarter of 'Midway Plaisance' are Syrians and Christians. The church beadle is about to be received, says an English paper. In the old times he was a very gorgious and important individual, but for a long time now he has been regarded with a feeling not at all proportionate to that which his dimensions and his gilt buttons ought to inspire. In St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey he wears a black gown, and in most City churches a uniform which seems a combination of postman and railway guard. But in St. Agn's Kensington Park, the beadle has been restored to his ancient prestige. He is duly vested, and sits in state in the chancel, except when, armed with his staff, he marches at the head of the choir. He it is who is responsible for the reverent conduct of the worshippers and the expulsion of any wrongdoers. If he attend to his duties properly he will be the most important person at marriage ceremonies, like his prototype in Paris churches, the "suisse," who gives the three knocks on the floor with his staff when the wedding procession enters. Odd Offerings. An English paper names fresh laid eggs as the most unusual offering ever taken in a church. Such an offering it has been customary for some time to have on one Sunday each spring, at High Halden Church, in Kent. On its being held this year on the 7th of May last, 610 eggs were brought to the church, or one egg for nearly every person in the parish. These eggs were sent up, as usual, for the sick and very poor of the parish of St. Luke, Camberwell. Another unusual offering was that of toys taken on the last Hospital Sunday at a special Children's Flower Service, held at Curzon Chapel, Mayfair. The first collection from the natives of New

## NEWS AND NOTABILLA.

The Catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about six million people. In England three hundred years ago, anyone absent from church on Sunday was fined one shilling. There are 9,000,000 English-speaking people who profess no particular religion, and there are 1,100,000 atheists. The 1893 International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies is to be held at San Francisco. Next year's convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio. Canon Edwards Cust, Archdeacon of Richmond—no relation of the Dean of York—entered the other day on his ninetieth year, so that the united ages of the Dean of Ripon and himself, whose birthdays occurred in the same week, are 175 years. In 1850, it is said, there were about ten Norwegian pastors in the United States. Now the Norwegians in the North-west have three large church bodies with 822 pastors and 127,000 congregations. The Lutheran synod of Wisconsin numbers 83,783 communicants, and sustains 8,805 parochial schools. In Christians, in Norway, there is an average population of 13,000 for each church, and in Copenhagen an average of 26,000; or, including the suburbs of Frederiksberg, even of 28,000. Should Copenhagen be supplied with churches only as well as Christians, the number of parishes would have to be increased from thirteen to twenty-eight. The returns of the various Methodist churches in New Zealand, which have been secured as the basis of negotiations for reunion, are as follows: Wesleyans, 102 ministers and 56,130 adherents; primitives, 25 ministers, 5,220 adherents; free Methodists, 14 ministers, 1,905 adherents; bible Christians, 9 ministers, 1,039 adherents. Total of 150 ordained ministers and 64,324 adherents. A touching old rural custom still prevails in the western parts of France during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering the highway a sheaf of grain is left standing, to which all the peasants of the village contribute, and which is called "the stranger's sheaf," as it is the property of the first tramp or other homeless wanderer who may care to carry it away and profit by its price. The Christian World, of London, has been publishing a series of articles on the Standard. In the last number it gives a summary of the statistics which is of great interest. In 1870, it says, the adherents numbered about 70,000. It was then that they commenced to attract special attention. In 1887 they were estimated at 200,000 to 300,000. At the present time the writer claims that a moderate and reasonable estimate would put their numbers about 250,000. Archdeacon Sinclair is very fond of riding and cycling. As London does not afford the opportunities he would like for the indulgence in these exhilarating exercises, he makes the most of his annual six weeks of holiday. During these holidays he often makes for Thurso Castle, the ancestral seat of his family, which, built on the very brink of the Pentland Firth, looks straight out to Iceland beyond the huge headlands of Thurso Bay and the Orkney Islands. In August, 1891, the Archdeacon went down on his tricycle, doing the 720 miles in sixteen days. A Chicago correspondent of the London Church Times says: "Down in the grounds of the Columbian Exposition a few days ago an earnest Church woman said to me—'Talk about Catholicity and Christian unity! You should have been at the little church in Woodlawn near the Fair grounds last Sunday, to have seen a practical illustration of both. There were present, besides our own people, English, French, Germans, Swiss, Swedes, Syrians, Egyptians and Dahomeyans, and at the altar rail white and black Christians knelt side by side. One of the fiercest looking warriors among the Dahomey villagers greeted the pastor of this church one day with 'How do, Missionary! And proved to be a Christian in spite of his savage adornments.' It is also a fact that the greater number of the so-called Turks in the Turkish quarter of 'Midway Plaisance' are Syrians and Christians. The church beadle is about to be received, says an English paper. In the old times he was a very gorgious and important individual, but for a long time now he has been regarded with a feeling not at all proportionate to that which his dimensions and his gilt buttons ought to inspire. In St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey he wears a black gown, and in most City churches a uniform which seems a combination of postman and railway guard. But in St. Agn's Kensington Park, the beadle has been restored to his ancient prestige. He is duly vested, and sits in state in the chancel, except when, armed with his staff, he marches at the head of the choir. He it is who is responsible for the reverent conduct of the worshippers and the expulsion of any wrongdoers. If he attend to his duties properly he will be the most important person at marriage ceremonies, like his prototype in Paris churches, the "suisse," who gives the three knocks on the floor with his staff when the wedding procession enters. Odd Offerings. An English paper names fresh laid eggs as the most unusual offering ever taken in a church. Such an offering it has been customary for some time to have on one Sunday each spring, at High Halden Church, in Kent. On its being held this year on the 7th of May last, 610 eggs were brought to the church, or one egg for nearly every person in the parish. These eggs were sent up, as usual, for the sick and very poor of the parish of St. Luke, Camberwell. Another unusual offering was that of toys taken on the last Hospital Sunday at a special Children's Flower Service, held at Curzon Chapel, Mayfair. The first collection from the natives of New

Guinea, at a meeting held in Port Moresby, in aid of the London Missionary Society, included: 325 spears, sixty-five shell armlets, ninety-two bows, 180 arrows, besides shells, drums, shell necklaces, feathers and other ornaments, valued at £10. A correspondent reported in the 'Standard' in the spring of 1892, an unusual offering at a small town in Suffolk. When the money was counted, pieces of cardboard carefully silvered over, and of the exact size of three-penny bits, were taken from the bags, a device stamped upon them making them as much like those coins as possible. HIS FIRST EXTEMPORE SERMON. The incident that led a Clergyman to Abandon Written Discourses. Rev. Arthur Robin writes in the illustrated Church News:—The first extempore sermon I ever preached was to an itinerant congregation of two dogs. It came to pass in this wise: Thirty years ago it took me a whole day to set down a sermon in some sort of shape. I used to write for the pulpit all Monday. Bishop Wilberforce told me he had never heard the like thereof. On his authority it was a record, and I believe it still stands as a record that has never been out. On Wednesday evening, in the glorious summer time of 1867, when I was a curate-in-charge in hospitable, picturesque Burnham, just by the Beches, I was going to testify at the close of the day to the buccolics on a village green. I had a weather-beaten sermon in my pocket, which, I much fear, had almost done such duty to divers of the simpler sort in sundry other places. While I journeyed by the hedges through the lanes, my only companions in the solitude of the evening twilight were a big St. Bernard and a prize pug-dog. With them alone for a congregation I found myself preaching my first extempore sermon. Under the circumstances there was nothing to check or chill my own self-confidence, consequently in my harangue I neither stumbled nor fell. I neither stopped for an idea nor paused for a word. If I could thus, without once coming to grief, address an uncongregating world, through a St. Bernard and a pug, in what was a faultless flow, why, I then thought me, should I otherwise go to the dogs, it contemptuous of the familiar written word within my pocket, I preached with all this passion in the little school-house on the green? The dogs had behaved quite beautifully. My natural timidity had never been known to have begotten an impromptu yet. I was nerved by the success of the *al fresco* address, and I kept the weather-beaten treatise, of less spontaneous times, where it was. My rustic congregation was manfully all agog with delight, and all agog. It was not, what I said, but how I said it. Between manner and matter, happily for me, there was no one fit to judge, and because of the success of the full-dress rehearsal with the dogs I was just a little above myself. I felt, indeed, to be wound up for all time when the smock frayed about my neck, and the pretty little schoolmistress, who, with her own hands, devoutly and devotedly prepared that room for divine service, simply said, as I disappeared into the night, "Oh, Mr. Robbins, it was all so beautiful, so wonderfully beautiful. You will never write another sermon will you?" And I never did. Innocently and artlessly, peradventure, the little mistress thought I was certainly created to lower the record of Demosthenes himself, after he had experimented with the stones in his mouth, and then spake plain. I never told her when I had her good night, and I have never told anyone else till now, how I preached my first extempore sermon, and in what manner I first of all went to the dogs.

## THE SEED AND THE FRUIT.

When the gospel seed is sown the harvest is sure, but it may be long in coming and may appear in unexpected places. A lady in Melbourne, Australia, had proof of this recently. She says: "I was visiting in the hospital one day in connection with the Flower Mission, when I noticed a new case, a woman with a dark skin and very dark hair. Thinking she was a stranger, I passed on, but on coming down the ward again she opened her eyes and stretched out her hands for some of my flowers. I gave her some, and found she was one of the Syrian women who carry about small things for sale in the streets. When I asked her if she knew my mission, her face lit up so brightly, and she said, 'Oh, yes!' Then she told me that she had heard about him first, and learned to love him as a little girl in a school at Damascus, and she was now teaching her children about him, too. "I left her one of my favorite texts, 'Thine eyes shined when the King in his beauty,' and the following Wednesday, directly she saw me, she said so eagerly, 'I remember the text you taught me, and I have been saying it over to myself. Mine eyes shall see the King in his beauty!' She soon got better and left the hospital, and I have not seen her since, but I have her name (Babea Ceamy) in my bible; she wrote it herself, that I might remember to pray for her."

**INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.**  
AUTUMN EXCURSIONS TO BOSTON AND PORTLAND.  
\$5.50. \$5.50.  
Steamers leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 1:25 Standard Time. Tickets sold only at the Company's Office, Reed's Point's wharf, and not on board steamer. Good to return twenty days from date of issue. C. E. LAOHLER, Agent.

**G.B. CHOCOLATES**  
THE MOST DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES  
G.B. MARK  
THE FINEST IN THE LAND.  
GANONG BROS., L'td. St. Stephen, N. B.

**ADVERTISING PAYS.**  
Brooklyn,  
Dear Sirs:  
I have seen your advertisement in a Saint John paper for your medicine of Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. I would like to know how you sell it, and how much would it cost to send it to Brooklyn, United States. My mother is sick something like that lady whose photo you had in the paper and it cured.  
Yours truly,  
LOUIS SNELL,  
290 Columbia St.  
South Brooklyn,  
United States.

We are making great improvements on our "Block," (there is no doubt about that,) and we are going to have large first-class new Stores, by and by. In the meantime we are selling Clothing cheaper than ever before. We don't pretend to offer all our Goods at "Manufacturer's Prices," because that would be worse than foolish on our part, but some Lines we have marked down at cost price, and others below. We offer you those bargains not only one day but any and every day alike.  
BLUE STORE,  
Cor. Mill and Main Sts.,  
North End.

**REFRIGERATORS**  
From \$8.00 up. A Splendid Line.  
We have a Few  
Second-Hand Ranges in Good Order,  
To Sell Cheap.  
Coles & Sharp, - 90 Charlotte St.

**LADIES!**  
You wear corsets to give you comfort, grace and elegance of figure. The only way to obtain all these and many other advantages, is to wear The Improved All-Featherbone Corset. For sale by leading Dry Goods Houses throughout Canada.

**PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU**  
DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED  
St. John, N.B.

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

**PRIZE SOAP**  
IT.  
Fitness so sought  
Surprise Soap.  
no matter how hard  
Soap gives the clean-  
out boiling or scalding  
per tell you how it's  
will find out then how  
satisfaction—you can  
every cake.  
nt  
Best.  
are entitled  
ing, we are  
of every de-  
f dyed at  
inces.  
l new.  
and Dye Works,  
Halifax: 60 to 70  
**UNCAR'S.**  
Insurance Company of  
HARTFORD, CONN.  
PAYING POWER, and  
HONORABLE DEALING.  
LILTON, President.  
CHELLE, Vice-President.  
BIRNICK, Secretary.  
E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.  
BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.  
RALD E. HART, General Manager,  
with the Dominion Government,  
in Street, St. John, N. B.  
**EO. F. GALKIN,**  
ants for the  
ew  
acon Lamps.  
descent  
omplete Plants.  
teed.  
St. John, N. B.  
r's  
es  
TORONTO  
or the Maritime Provinces.

# The Irish Mission

NOT MERELY FOR SHOW.

THE GIRLDE HAS HAD AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN HISTORY.

Its Use and Significance in the Days of Ancient Rome—The Later Ecclesiastical Use of It in Poetry and the Drama—Some Very Interesting Facts.

The girlde is an article of dress with a history that is not unimportant or uninteresting. It has in times past been much more highly esteemed than it is now; and was, in fact, among not a few peoples, worn by both males and females. This was so amongst the ancient Hebrews, as well as amongst the Greeks and Romans, who found it well nigh indispensable because of the flowing raiment they wore.

In Rome, a man's investiture of his girlde showed that he was intent on work of some nature. When he took it off and let his tunic fall it was patent to all that business was over, and that he was free to speak to his friends at his and their leisure. Thus the girlde served a purpose negative in its character, of course, but a purpose nevertheless. Its spheres of usefulness did not end here. It was figurative of property. When a man or woman put off his or her girlde, it was a token of renunciation of some right or privilege. The widow of Philip I., Duke of Burgundy, for instance, renounced her right of succession by "putting off her girlde on the duke's tomb."

Per contra, the Princesses of Ireland taking the oath of fealty to King John laid aside their girldes, their skeans, and their caps. "In the ceremony of excommunication," says a writer, "the bishop cut or tore away from the culprit the girlde that was about him, and the newly-made husband in Rome took from his wife the maiden girlde of sheep's wool in which she was bound up to the day of her marriage." It is quite a sentiment (He has given up his girlde), which intimated as much as if he had become bankrupt, or had all his estate forfeited, it being the ancient law of France that when any man upon some offences had the penalty of confiscation, inflicted upon him, "he used before the tribunal to give up his girlde, implying thereby that the girlde held everything that belonged to man's estate, as his budget of money and writings, the keys of his house, with his sword, dagger and gloves." The fact that the girlde was used as a purse had much to do with its importance in general appreciation. We have an English confirmatory of this appreciation. It said, "Ungirt, unblest;" and that it was in very common use is clear from the frequency with which the phrase occurs in old out-of-the-way literature.

The girlde was used for other material or actual purposes besides that of a receptacle for money. At it hung the thousand-and-one odds and ends needed and utilized in every day affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it; the scholar his book or books; the monk his crucifix and rosary; the innkeeper, his tallies; and everybody his knife. So many and so varied were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girlde a pouch, a spectacle case, a "runcum," a pen, a comb, a handkerchief, with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing, said it was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares.

In another early play the lady says to her maid: "Give me my girlde, and take that all the luxury of France; look at these cizars, pinners, the penknife, the knife to cleave letters with, the bodkin, the carpenter and scale be in the case." Girldes were in some respects like the chateaines not long ago so much the rage amongst ladies; but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard to both sex and to articles worn, and when completely furnished, more costly. It is partly for this last reason that we find girldes bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value. One King John's girlde was wrought with gold and adorned with gems; and that of the widow of Sir Thomas Hungerford, bequeathed in 1504 to the mother church of Worcester, was of green color, harnessed with silver, and richly jeweled.

Not a few wealthy commoners were able to afford the luxury of gold-embellished belts, and were not superior to that pardonable vanity so long as no regulation prohibited them. Those who have studied social history will not be surprised to learn that enactments were passed, restraining them. Edward III. forbade any person under the degree of a knight from wearing girldes gilt or silver, unless he should happen to be an acquire of substance valued at more than two hundred pounds, when a reasonable embellishment was tolerated.

Henry IV. confirmed this regulation; but it does not seem to have been stringently enforced. Edward IV. was constrained to impose a penalty of forty pence upon the wives of servants and laborers who should have the impertinence to aspire to be as good as their master's spouses.

Girldes were an object of superstition, more especially if they had belonged to female saints. Such girldes were popularly believed to possess a certain remarkable power—the power, namely, of protecting women from some of the more serious illnesses that are attendant or consequent upon childbirth. This superstition permeated through all classes of the sex. Queens credited the miraculous virtues of "Our Lady's Girlde," and paid large prices for the loan of one. The majority of these girldes were believed to have been the property during her lifetime of St. Margaret, the gracious patroness of married women. Most every nunnery in England—to say nothing of France—possessed one. There is in an old Irish poem, with the charmingly euphonious title of "Oran eadar Aithe agus MacRoinn air doibh tearg a gabhail ri Fionn," an allusion to the efficacy of an enchanted or sanctified girlde in this same direction; and we are further informed that "richness cannot affect those whom their girlde binds." In Ossian there is mention made to much the same effect. It does not matter that the poems of Ossian are put before the world by Mr. Macpherson are not genuine; one of the schoolmaster's commentators state that "sanctified girldes till very lately were kept in many families in the north of Scotland. They were impressed with several mystical figures, and the ceremony of binding them about the woman's waist was accompanied with words and gestures which showed the custom to have come originally from the Druids."

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Few musical organizations have given such admirable performances in this city, as those of last Monday and Tuesday evenings by the Swedish Concert Co. in the Opera House. The quartet is by far the best that has been here so long a time, being most evenly balanced in power; the voices harmonizing particularly well; with a specially distinct enunciation, which would give a great lesson to many English speaking born singers. Some of the trick singing (to coin an expression) was specially good; the imitation of the banjo by the tenors; and, most noticeable of all, the resonance of the sounding bell showed what possibilities there are with four clever musicians with good voices.

Their best numbers were Sof I ro a charming slumber serenade (which by the way, was learned by the first amateur minstrel but never performed owing to the backing out of the soloist.) Slumber Dearest," by Ahlstrom, and "Kor i vind Polka. The most amusing were the "Mrs. Winslow's Cradle" song a most glaring advertisement but at the same time most delicious music, and there was a boy.

Mr. Laurin the new tenor, is a delightful ballad singer and sang Milton Wellington's "Forget and forgive" in a very finished manner but eclipsed his performance with the encore he gave. The bass, Mr. Emalie, also appeared to much advantage in his selection of "Thy Sentinel am I," his voice being of very even register. Miss Skoog accompanied well. The reciter, Miss Barden, did not appear very advantageously in her selections, her recitations being on a par with her idea of the kind of dance that a minnet is. The Opera House directors did not think much of the comfort of the audience as the house was wretchedly cold and with a small audience, continued so. This is poor policy to help along the popularity of the house.

Mr. Fisher (Mus. B. C. Toronto) played before quite a large audience in St. Andrew's church on Wednesday evening. The St. Andrew's people would do well to engage this gentleman if terms are satisfactory, as he played on a strange organ at very short notice in quite a clever manner and would be an acquisition to the city, which has such a lack of really good organists just now.

The organ recital at St. Peter's church, North End, last Sunday evening, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The new organ was very fully tested by Messrs. Costin and Ford, and was found to be a very sweet-toned instrument, well adapted to the church, and capable of producing excellent results. A well arranged programme was carried out. Among the numbers were the solo "Salve Maria," by Miss Kathleen Furlong, with violin obligato by Miss Marie DeBury; a violin solo by Prof. White; "Ablute with me," by A. H. Lindsay; and "Saviour Hear Us," by Miss McManis. Mr. Burns also appeared to advantage in the baritone obligato to the chorus of "Mighty Jehovah, Accept Our Praises." The Cathedral choir sang both this and "The Heavens Are Telling" with fine effect, despite their limited numbers. It is hardly necessary to add that both Messrs. Ford and Costin handled the organ in such a way as to make its powers fully understood.

Tones and Undertones. Marie Rose and Sims Reeves have been singing in London with great success.

E. Jakobowicz, the composer of "Erminie" has come to this country to be present when Francis Wilson gives the piece in New York, Oct. 2.

Mrs. Thompson, daughter Ruth of old John Brown, whose soul went marching on, lives on a ranch near Pasadena, Cal., a well-preserved woman of seventy, who looks less than sixty.

Two managers have obtained the American rights to the new Gilbert and Sullivan piece—John Stetson for New York and New England and David Henderson for the remainder of the country.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker will remain at her summer home at Crow Point, Hingham, Mass., into October. Mr. and Mrs. Walker will occupy apartments at the United States hotel Boston, during the winter.

Quite a number of eminent composers and musicians commenced their career as chorists. Sir Arthur Sullivan was as a boy a member of the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James. Mr. Sims Reeves first sang in the village choir at North Cray, Kent; Mr. Edward Lloyd at Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Bridge at Rochester Cathedral.

The eminent historian, Professor Mommsen went to Italy to escape the enthusiastic demonstrations of his friends in Berlin on the approaching fiftieth anniversary of his taking his doctor's degree. It has been resolved to raise a fund and present it to Mommsen, in order that he may found a "Stiftung" for the promotion of scientific studies in his own branch of labor.

M. Gounod enjoys but feeble health now, and rarely leaves Paris. In a recent conversation he is reported to have said: "Sapho is my first work, and it will be the last over the production of which I shall preside in a foreign country." Melancholy as are the words, they afford ground for hope that the maestro looks forward to bringing out a new lyrical work in Paris at all events.

Sims Reeves gives this advice: "The ballad depends on the mind of the singer. Most people sing a ballad with no idea of the poetry or sentiment. You have to make the public feel—to touch their hearts. The so-called teacher of ballad singing nowadays generally conveys to his pupil

simply his own rendering, which usually—as might be expected from a man who knows no better than to do as he is told. Hence the falsettos of modern ballad singing, and hence, too, the neglect of the ballad form by the best modern composers."

The managers of Henri Marteau in this country have just arranged with his European managers by which he will fulfill his engagements in Europe before coming to this country. Marteau will therefore not arrive until Nov. 16. His first concert will be at Cincinnati on Nov. 25, with the Orpheus club. He will be heard in New York City with the Philharmonic society on Dec. 15 and 16 and with the Boston Symphony society on January 5 and 6. By this new arrangement his managers here are enabled to meet the demand for him, as they now have eighty-five concerts instead of fifty.

Sir William George Cousins, who was Master of the Music to the Queen from 1870 to the present year, has died in the Engadine from acute pneumonia. He was only sixty years of age. As a boy he entered the choir of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, though he did not remain long, being sent to the Brussels Conservatoire in 1841. He was only sixteen when he appeared in public as a pianoforte soloist. Towards the same year he was appointed organist to the Queen's private chapel. In 1851 he was made assistant professor of the Royal Academy, and soon after professor, and from 1867 to 1888 he was conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Sir William's compositions include "Gideon," "Septuagint," and the "Glorious Festival" in 1871, and numerous instrumental works. Last year he received the honour of Knighthood, in company with Sir Joseph Barnby and Sir Walter Parratt.

The New Gilbert and Sullivan Opera.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, during his summer residence at Weybridge, has progressed so satisfactorily with the new comic opera which he is composing for the Savoy, says the Daily News, that Mr. D'Oyly Carte proposes, as we learn, to distribute the parts and to put the work into choral rehearsal at an early date. Towards the middle of September the parts will be appointed in London, and the ordinary rehearsals will thenceforth be held daily under the direction of the composer and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, so that the opera will, it is hoped, be ready for production in public very soon after the Norwich Festival in October. The libretto, which will be well understood, is filled by Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Nancy McIntosh. The lady, who is new to the stage, has already gained success as a vocalist at the Monday Popular Concerts and elsewhere. She is an American, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, and has studied singing first for three years under Mr. J. J. G. of New York, and latterly under Mr. Henschel in London.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Henry Irving cleared \$50,000 in two weeks in San Francisco.

Oscar Wilde will come over to assist Rose Copleland produce his play, "Woman of 30 Importance," at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, in December.

Henry E. Dixey in "Adonis" opened the new Theatre opera house, St. Joseph, last week. The sale of the first sixty tickets brought a premium of \$60 each.

Manager—Do you understand a stage-manage? Applicant—Well, yes, if you mean general lying about the cast. I am a dandy at that; but when it comes to squaring rival actresses I'm not in it.

Actresses have the best kept heads of hair in the world. They are absolutely clean and healthy, and their tresses are invariably short. Shoulder length is the rule. Ellen Terry wouldn't bother with a useless mane, as she expresses it. There is always a pair of scissors on her dressing table, which she uses almost as often as she does the comb.

Actors and actresses are not regarded favorably by all the life insurance offices. Twenty-three companies will insure an actor without question, two will only insure him conditionally, while one will reject him altogether because he is an actor. On the other hand, five companies reject actresses, nineteen treat them as they would other female lives, and two accept them conditionally, discriminating against them on account of their occupation.

The following phrases from the works of Shakespeare are quoted in an address in speeches more frequently than any others, and stand as to frequency in the order given: "The ill wind which blows no man good," Henry IV.; "Thy wish was father to that thought," Henry IV.; "Dance attendance," Henry VIII.; "I thought he had made me a madman, a method in't," Hamlet; "Beggard's all description," Antony and Cleopatra; and the title of the play, Much Ado About Nothing.

Sarah Bernhardt has had many curious freaks. She has horsewhipped a lady who insulted her; she has procured a princess for daughter-in-law; she carries a silk-lined coffin about with her, and often sleeps in it; and for long she had as companion a tame tigress. But her latest pet is the most extraordinary; it is an opossum, which she found as a baby in Australia at the foot of a tree, where it had dropped from its mother's pouch. She has reared it quite successfully, and, what is more, has trained it to fetch and carry things at its mistress's order.

Ludovic Halevy, the novelist-dramatist, who was spoken of as possible successor to M. Jules Claretie at the Comedie Francaise, is one of the most striking literary personalities of modern Paris. As a writer he has been all things to all men—or perhaps it would be truer to say to all women. Subscribers to Maudie know him as the author of that jeune fille's idyl, "L'Abbe Constantin," while his "Madame Cardinal" and "Les Petits Cardinal" have made him a household word in somewhat different spheres, and in "Frou-Frou" he contributed a valuable addition to the dramatic repertoire of the day.

The production of "Robert Emmett, Irish Patriot," by C. A. Clarke, at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, reminds one that an earlier play on the same subject, by Mr. Frank Marshall, was produced a dozen years ago by Mr. Henry Irving, at the end of his first season of management at the Lyceum. The programme then unfolded was singularly lacking in fulfilment, for it also included a work by Mr. Willis, with "Rizmi" as the sub-

ject, and a revival of "Coriolanus," for which Mr. Irvine announced he would have "the invaluable benefit of the research of that gifted painter Mr. Alma Tadema." Mr. Tadema long ago completed his share of the work, but the revival is still among "the great expectations."

"A pair of nippers and half a dozen eighteen-inch gas-burner tips," was the order given by a jaunty young woman who visited a New York hardware store the other day. "That lady," said the proprietor after her departure, "is an actress, and is just going on the road. All theatrical people while travelling carry nippers and tips with them. The managers of hotels in small towns try to save gas by putting bits of cotton in the bedroom burners, thus impeding the flow. The minute an actor strikes a light and detects this he pulls out his nippers and tips. Off comes the 'faked' burner and on goes one that lets the full head of gas come through. Before leaving he arranges things as he found them and goes merrily along to get the better of the next economical landlord on his route."

"I haven't played in a place of 5000 inhabitants for two years," remarked the manager of a theatrical company who was in New York the other day buying a lot of his old lithographs. "I got tired loafing about Union square and waiting for something to turn up. My wife's brother asked us to visit him at a village called Conklingville, in the lower Adirondacks. Just to keep our hand in, my wife, two daughters, and myself gave a little entertainment in a big room over a store. It took, and I got an idea. I sent for two fellows I knew, we formed a company, and started out. We travel all over the North woods by rail, stage or wagon. In summer we make the fair or circus towns, and in winter we have our regular dates. Everybody knows us and we are well liked. Our receipts are small, but so are our expenses. We are never out of a job and never dead broke. We are a happy family—for the young fellows married my daughters—contented to earn a comfortable living and to let others continue the heart-breaking chase after fame and fortune."

Meeting His Match.

The great tragedian W. C. Macready, who is irritable on the stage, and always insisted upon receiving his exact cue or "property," as the case might be, and without them he could not or would not proceed with his next speech.

But he met his match on one occasion. He was being supported by John Ryder, who also had a temper of his own, and in the middle of a long and important scene Ryder had to say to him— "Take this purse of gold." When Ryder came to the speech he found that he had forgotten the purse, so he seized Macready's hand and pretended to place the money in his palm.

Macready, however, opened his hand, showing the audience he had received nothing, and growled out— "I cannot speak to this, sir." Ryder answered in the same tone— "Can't you, by Jove! Then you can stand there mumchance all night," and walked off, leaving Macready to finish the scene as best he could.

Endless Contest.

At one of the annual band contests held in a rural English valley, the services of a distinguished musician, Dr. X., were secured in the capacity of judge, for a sum of five pounds. The talented Mus. Doc. was stationed inside of a tent, so as not to be able to see which band was playing, and alone, so that his attention should not be drawn away. Some cigars and a bottle of whisky were supplied, for fear the musician might feel lonely.

The bands brayed their loudest; at the conclusion the committee approached the tent to hear the momentous decision. They entered it. The doctor was on the floor—the bottle was empty.

They had brayed in vain. So the contest resolved itself into a free fight, conducted with trombones, drumsticks, &c.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS? HAWKERS NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC WILL MAKE YOU STRONG. ANDREW J. STEPHENS, St. John, N. B., says: It affords me great pleasure to certify to the remarkable virtues of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. A year or two ago my two daughters, aged 15 and 11 years, became very weak, pale and nervous. They had no appetite, and were listless and low-spirited. I tried various remedies without success, until I was advised to try Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. Now 4 bottles of which completely restored them to health and strength.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

JOHN AVONOR & CO. SOLE MANUFACTURERS TORONTO. Image of a soap box.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 341 ST. JOHN, N. B.

HONEYBROOK Lehigh Coals. Now Due: 700 TONS. Honeybrook Lehigh Coals in Broken, Egg and Nut or Stone Sizes. J. F. MORRISON, SMYTH STREET. Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napague, Tanwanong and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Dixie and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. J. R. STONE, Agent. H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

MANY A BITTER FIGHT OVER LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARISES FROM STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of spelling also. And as to composition, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

THE DAWN OF THE NEW EDUCATIONAL DAY.

"I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and formation of sentences. The necessity imposed upon the compositor to carefully construct words and sentences, letter by letter, according to correct copy (or in case of poor manuscript to exercise his own knowledge of language), and afterward correct his own errors in the type from the proof-sheet, constitutes an admirable drill, to be had only at the printer's case. In the TYPEWRITER WE HAVE AN INSTRUMENT AT ONCE CONVENIENT AND AVAILABLE in the schoolroom, and nearly approaching the printer's case in usefulness as an aid in what I may call the constructive use of language."

MARSHALL P. HALL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H. This is in the line of solid progress. Give your children a piano and a typewriter, if you can't afford both, but the latter anyway. Among all the instruments now extant the New Yost Writing Machine is conspicuous for its complete adaptation to the purpose.

The following are some of the points in which it is superior to its competitors:—Clear and beautiful print direct from the type; wonderful centre-guide alignment; keyboard containing every needed letter and character in open sight; no shift keys; automatic ink system—no ink ribbon; solid and scientific construction; ease of operation.

With a New Yost to practice upon, the boys and girls are sure to grow up knowing how to use their native tongue. We send an interesting descriptive catalogue free on request. Address, IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. E. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; John C. Stevens, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles Book Store Halifax; J. B. Dimeas, Clarendon, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryerton, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Barrall & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Keilman, Woodville.

A correspondent failed to discover... I regret that, publish my lengthy, but can I am sure could interesting to all as I cannot do to grant her requests against a curl paper, so to depend again—ing, even if the shape or form. I must confess to my mind how by, as my friend ticular penalty, wearing of that it may be the man's" affection what service my one who scorned form. But their fear, and today headaches which burden, so I hope me. It seems I have already ex subject of curl effect on the even if I have d is one which will but variations, ing."

The variations against the use protests vigorous the course of the country die young man, she on to blush with battalions of wh with curl papers than the rest, of of red rage. I ly competent to the relative me curl producers the latter, and th efficacious than those ladies in Brunswick who good reasons for and I hardly see pondent about their sins on beh tent that on the head was sunk u her eyes "alter and tears of sha and as long as h middle of the de 'ret herself over She asks me why are afraid to use reply that I don't I thought mos the question w in the country; bably be "Beacu use, and therefo taste for the be convenient subs they probably soul, because i not time to tak if they did so, th or kettle, which them would sco curls, and leave those of an Indi maiden who in eyes of her chos her hair in pass doubt she make she is generally care much about fore she is 'entit blame from her the fortunat leisure, but also ment in curling wearers of curl are of course e presented fairly they are judged. At the same own utter detest whatever shape insinuating may upon it as a sor Vermont poet badge of hopele unpardonable fit a total disregard anoe. I am aff pondent says is valence of curl this enlighten buy a curling to care for years. Why any one a guy of herse with a row of lit in a sort of fash any comprehension it she could ha

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A correspondent, whose name I have failed to discover, after submitting her signature to three competent authorities each of whom made a different translation, has requested me to read an essay, on the subject of curl papers. In her own expressive language—"To allow the voice of blame to find vent and fan the embers of dissent into a somewhat lively blaze."

I regret that space will not permit me to publish my correspondent's somewhat lengthy, but carefully written letter, which I am sure could not fail to prove most interesting to all readers of this column; but as I cannot do that, I will at least endeavor to grant her request, and warn my erring sisters against a too free use of the deadly curl paper, so that—to quote my correspondent again—"Some few will take warning, even if they do scorn advice in any shape or form."

I must confess that it is not quite clear to my mind what they are to take warning by, as my friend has not specified any particular penalty, which is attached to the wearing of that form of ornament, unless it may be the loss of her "best young man's" affections. Nor yet can I see of what service my warning would be to anyone who scorned advice in any shape or form. But there I am naturally obtuse, I fear, and today I have one of the awful headaches which sometimes make my life a burden, so I hope there is some excuse for me. It seems like a dream to me that I have already expressed my views on the subject of curl papers, and their deleterious effect on the masculine imagination, but even if I have done so, I think the theme is one which will bear not only repetition, but variations, so I will "keep a hammering."

The variations in this case consist of rags, against the use of which my correspondent protests vigorously, assuring me that during the course of a drive which she took in the country districts accompanied by a young man, she was repeatedly called upon to blush with shame for her sex, whose battalions of whom appeared at their doors and windows with their heads embellished with curl papers and even rags; one, bolder than the rest, even appearing in a nimbus of red rags. I must admit that I am scarcely competent to express an opinion upon the relative merits of paper and rags as curl producers because I have never tried the latter, and therefore I don't know how efficacious they may be, but I feel satisfied those ladies in the rural parts of New Brunswick who wore them must have had good reasons for preferring them to paper, and I hardly see why my poor little correspondent should have felt obliged to carry their sins on her shoulders to such an extent that on the homeward journey her head was sunk upon her breast, while from her eyes "alternate came flashes of wrath and tears of shame." It was not her fault, and as long as her own conscience was clear of wearing her hair done up in rags in the middle of the day I am sure she need not fret herself over the shortcomings of others. She asks me why it is that so many women are afraid to use tongs, and I am forced to reply that I don't know.

I thought most women did use them, when they happened to have them, but I fancy the question would be very easy to answer, in the country; and the reply would probably be "Because they haven't got them to use, and therefore they gratify their natural taste for the beautiful, by using the most convenient substitute they know of; and they probably wear them all day, poor souls, because in the first place they have not time to take them out, and in the second if they did so, the steam from the wash-tub or kettle, which so constantly surrounds them would soon obliterate all trace of curls, and leave their locks straighter than those of an Indian." Therefore the country maiden who wishes to look charming in the eyes of her chosen man after tea, must wear her hair in papers all day, and I have no doubt she makes the sacrifice willingly, for she is generally too busy during the day to care much about her appearance, and therefore she is entitled to sympathy instead of blame from her more favored sisters who are the fortunate possessors not only of leisure, but also of the very latest improvement in curling tongs. So much for the wearers of curl papers and curl rags, who are of course entitled to have their case presented fairly to the public, by whom they are judged.

At the same time, I must confess my own utter detestation of the curl paper in whatever shape it manifests itself however insinuating may be its disguise. I look upon it as a sort of emblem of what the Vermont people call "shiftness," a badge of hopeless untidiness and that most unpardonable flaw in a woman's character. I am afraid that what my correspondent says is only too true, and the prevalence of curl papers really alarming in this enlightened age when ten cents will buy a curling tong which will last with care for years.

Why any woman will deliberately make a guy of herself by surrounding her brow with a row of little hard knobs terminating in a sort of fuse of twisted paper, passes my comprehension, and, I feel certain that if she could have the gift Robert Burns

wished for, of seeing herself as others see her for one brief moment; she would also see the error of her ways and not do so any more, because I believe there are few sights more depressing than a woman in curl papers. I scarcely know why it should be so, but somehow it never fails to remind me of housecleaning, and suggest the dismal realities of life such as whitewashing, soap suds, and the dreary music of the meeting and parting of stove pipe joints that wont join. Curl papers on a woman's head suggest hash for dinner, warmed over rice pudding, cold and sloppy tea, and in fact so many horrors that to enumerate half of them would make me too ill to finish my day's work so I wont try, but pass on instead to the consideration of some remedy to abate the evil. I scarcely know what to suggest unless we charter a sort of missionary to go about through the outlying parishes distributing curling tongs instead of tracts, with free directions how to use, and, how often to apply daily. If this should fail we might adopt desperate remedies and provide the apostle for the abolition of curling tongs with a kodak, and carte blanche to "take" every woman he saw with curl papers and present her with the picture when finished. If that failed to effect a cure, I should abandon my philanthropic efforts in her behalf, and leave the woman in curl papers to her own devices.

A correspondent asked me a short time ago for some recipes for inexpensive cakes and good soups, while yet another asks for sweet pickle recipes; so I hope I shall be pleasing my readers in general if I devote my attention to these branches of cooking this week.

**Soup Stock.**  
Of course the first requisite in every soup is stock, the foundation upon which all soups are built from the most delicate compound that ever bore a French name disguising good Canadian "wittles" to the simplest broth; and to make this stock we want a good knuckle, or shank of beef. When this comes home from the butcher's, first separate the meat from the bone, cutting it in small pieces, then break up the bones, and add to meat and bones one quart of water for each pound of meat. As soon as it begins to boil remove the scum which will rise, and continue to do this as long as it rises. Set the soup kettle where it will not boil very fast, and let it simmer for five or six hours, or until all the best substance of the meat has been extracted. Then add just enough salt to season the strain carefully, and put the liquid away to cool. When entirely cold remove the fat and the remaining substance should be a firm light brown jelly; for use in all gravies and soups.

**Tomato Soup.**  
Take one quart of soup stock and reduce it by adding a quart of water, in this put one can of tomatoes, or one quart of fresh stewed tomatoes, boil half an hour then strain and mash the tomatoes through a coarse sieve, put in two or three pieces of celery, one onion and a pinch of cloves, and boil together for one hour. A large tablespoonful of rice or tapioca is an improvement, also the yolk of a hard boiled egg rubbed fine.

**Sago Soup.**  
Take two quarts of soup stock, thicken with sago until of the consistency of pea soup, boil one hour, season with mushroom catsup, and serve very hot.

**Vegetable Soup.**  
For a good sized family take two quarts of beef stock, put in one whole carrot, one parsnip and half a turnip. Cook slowly for one hour, remove the vegetables, and put in half a cup each of grated carrot, parsnip, turnip, potato, and two onions. Season with pepper, salt, summer savory, or a little thyme, and one head of celery chopped fine. This is a delicious soup.

**Noodle Soup.**  
One chicken weighing 4 pounds, 3 quarts of cold water, a small onion, a bay leaf, sprig of parsley, 4 ounces of bought noodles. Clean the chicken, put it in the soup kettle with the cold water, stand it on a moderate fire and bring it slowly to boiling point. Skim carefully, let it simmer gently two hours, then add the onion, bay leaf and parsley and simmer one hour longer. Dish the chicken and serve it with egg sauce. Put the noodles into the soup and boil 15 minutes. Add salt and pepper and serve.

Now that is a lovely recipe, because it saves the chicken and tells you what to do with it afterwards so as to have a nice dinner from it, but still I feel confident that few if any of my readers would know just where to go to buy noodles and as I have not the very faintest idea myself, I cannot give them any advice on the subject, but I once saw a colored "mammy" making them when I was a very small child, and I was so attracted by the tunny name, that I watched the performance with deepest interest, and this is how she made them—she made a sort of biscuit dough, only not quite so rich, rolled it out until it was scarcely a quarter of an inch thick, cut it into strips of about the same width, and two inches long, threw them into the soup and when they had boiled about ten minutes they were done, and the soup was taken up and served, noodles and all.

**Pickled Grapes.**  
Boil and strain through a colander to remove the skins and seeds, six pounds of grapes, add three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one each of cloves and mace; boil one hour.

**Sweet Apple Pickle.**  
Seven pounds of sweet apples, three and a half pounds of sugar, one quart vinegar, two ounces stick cinnamon. Quarter and

core the apples, but do not peel, weigh, and put two whole cloves in each quarter, leave on the fire boiling slowly for half a day, and can, or bottle, while hot.

**Pickled Peaches.**  
One gallon of vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar. Let them come to a boil; then take the peaches, which have been rubbed with flannel but not peeled, stick two or three cloves in each, put them in a glass or earthen jar, not quite filling the jar; pour the liquor over them until they are well covered; then cover the jars and let them stand for a week or ten days; pour off the liquor and boil it as before; pour it boiling over the peaches again, seal, and keep in a cool place.

**Pickled Plums.**  
Wash the plums clear, and put into jars, and for two quarts of plums make a rich syrup of two pounds of sugar to one pint of vinegar, spice to taste, and pour the boiling syrup over the plums; seal, and put away. ASTRA.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued to Eighth Page.)

HILLSBORO, N. B.

Sept. 26—Miss Joan Wallace entertained a number of her friends last Friday evening. The large rooms were beautifully decorated with ferns and shells, and all voted it one of the most delightful parties of the season. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Steves, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Steves, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Steves, Mrs. Raddick, Mrs. McPeters, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, the Misses Anne Steves, Flo Steves, Nettie Curry, Lina Rowe, Annie Geldart, Ella Steves, Mary Blyth, Mable Gross, Katie Gross, Fries, Emma Wallace, Emma Long, Ida Scott, and Messrs. Sherwood, Thompson, Connell Steves, Mullins.

Mr. Richard Rowe, of St. John, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. John T. Steves, left on Friday for Havrelock.

Mrs. Raddick and children, who have been visiting Miss Wallace, returned to her home in St. Martin's, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Peck left for Boston on Thursday. Mrs. Peck will be absent a month. Mrs. James Scott and Miss Ida Scott left on Saturday for the States, where they will remain some weeks.

Mrs. Aikinson, of Albert, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Burns.

Mr. C. B. Herritt, of Sackville, was in town Tuesday. Miss Mabel Gross returned from Amherst Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Gross and Mrs. Geo. Day visited here Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Burns who left last Wednesday for Eight to attend the teachers' convention returned home Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Marvin who have been visiting friends in Boston, returned home Sunday.

A number of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis' friends met at their home on Monday evening on the occasion of the opening of the night blooming cereus.

Mrs. J. T. Tomlinson was in town on Monday for St. John. Miss Blyth has gone to St. John to visit friends.

**GREENWICH.**  
Sept. 26—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harrison of St. John, spent Sunday here.

Miss Blanche Richards is in St. John this week.

Mrs. George Fowler is visiting her friends in St. John.

The marriage of a popular young couple takes place in the parish church on Thursday morning, and there will be more anon.

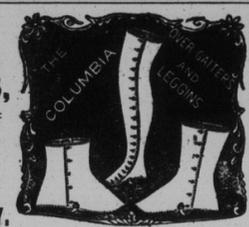
Walter Ralph Fowler has gone on a trip to New York with Capt. Peabody.

Miss Maggie Smith spent Sunday at home.

Miss Laura Belyea made a visit to her family last week.

Mrs. Chas. Belyea, a venerable lady 86 years of age, is visiting at her son's, Mr. S. F. Belyea's.

LADIES' OVERGAITERS, ALL SHADES AND PRICES. Men's Overgaiters OF BEST ENGLISH QUALITY.



LADIES' MISSES AND CHILDREN'S Jersey Leggings, CHILDREN'S RUSSETT LEATHER LEGGINGS.

Our Stock of these Goods is the most complete we have ever shown.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING, 212 UNION STREET.

WHEN strength, smoothness and lustre are required



Silk and Twist has no equal. It Imparts a finish to a garment which is to be attained by no other means. Ladies prefer it. Dressmakers recommend it.

BAIE VERTE. INSTRUCTION. INSTRUCTION.

Sept. 27—Mr. Frank Wood of Philadelphia, is here on a short visit, after an absence of five years.

Mrs. Mulharg left on Monday to attend the Charlottetown exhibition, and visit friends in Summerside.

Mr. Ed Taylor of Moncton, was in town on Saturday.

Miss Lillie Johnson of Mount Allison, is the guest of Miss Alice Wood.

Mrs. James Irvine goes to Moncton on Monday, to attend the missionary convention.

Mrs. O. J. McCully of Moncton, left for her home last week.

Rev. Mr. Gregg and Rev. Fred Scott left for college on Monday.

Miss Maggie Harper is in Sackville on a visit.

The marriage of Miss Alice Wood to Rev. W. Bartlett, took place on Wednesday evening.

The groom was supported by Mr. Frank Wood.

Mrs. O. J. McCully of Moncton, left for her home last week.

Rev. Mr. Gregg and Rev. Fred Scott left for college on Monday.

Miss Maggie Harper is in Sackville on a visit.

The marriage of Miss Alice Wood to Rev. W. Bartlett, took place on Wednesday evening.

The groom was supported by Mr. Frank Wood.

Mrs. O. J. McCully of Moncton, left for her home last week.

Rev. Mr. Gregg and Rev. Fred Scott left for college on Monday.

University of New Brunswick

At the beginning of the Academic year, 1893-4, on the 28th day of September next, the Scholarships for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Kent, Westmorland, Albert, St. John, Sunbury, York, and Victoria will be vacant.

The Department of Civil Engineering and Surveying is now open to properly qualified students. A Physical Laboratory was opened during the Academic year 1891-2. Special facilities for the practice of Elementary Electrical Measurements are offered to intending Electrical Engineers.

WILLIAM WILSON, B. A., Fredericton, N. B.

ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION ON PRINCIPLES OF DELSARTE, TAUGHT BY MISS INA S. BROWN.

THE LAW SCHOOL, St. John, N. B.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Belleville, Ont. (25th year) is the most widely attended Business College in America.

SEND for the new 144-page Catalogue. Address: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont.

Black Duck and Teal Duck. ANKAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S. BEEF.—LAMB, VEAL AND MUTTON;—PURE LEAF LARD, in small cakes;—FRESH AND PICKLED PORK;—TURKEYS, DUCKS AND CHICKENS. Celery, Squash and Corn, and all Vegetables. Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, International R'y to Halifax, Fogarty R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. E. N. ABBOTT, Acting Agent, 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

COOPING COUGH, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. FOR COUGHING, HOARSENESS, AND COLDS. YEARS IN USE. PER BOTTLE. CO., PROPRIETORS, FORT ST. JOHN, N. B.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Over 300,000 people dwell in boats in Canton.

Amongst the English nobility 19 per cent are childless.

The sewing machine was first patented in England in 1755.

Rats avoid a house wherein a guinea-pig is permitted to roam at will.

In Portugal men marry at fourteen and women at twelve years of age.

Suicide is only one-fourth as frequent among Jews as among Gentiles.

In the world there are 51,000 breweries, nearly 26,000 of them being in Germany.

The turtle lives for nearly a century, and the pike for about one hundred and seventy-five years.

London spent last year upon its hospitals the sum of £277,724, and received but £266,843.

An ordinary man can support on his shoulders 330 lbs, and can lift with both hands 236 lbs.

The domestic pets of the world carry 30 per cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

France is the only European country which has to-day fewer able-bodied men than it had thirty years ago.

The "velocipede," the forerunner of the bicycle, was invented by one M. Draps, at Mannheim, in the year 1817.

A woman's best chance of marriage in England is between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. It is then 52 per cent.

The total recorded emigration to America numbers about 16,004,003, almost as many as the entire population of Spain.

A 30,000lb. block of salt, hollowed out and lit up inside with incandescent lights, is one of the curiosities of the World's Fair.

Of the old people in the United Kingdom above the age of sixty, rich and poor alike, one in seven is at the present moment in receipt of parish relief.

During the last twelve months the railways of the United Kingdom carried 894 millions of passengers, of whom 21 were killed and 601 injured.

The smallest crack, rent or fissure in a mass of metal, such as a bell or a locomotive axle, can be detected by a little instrument called a "schisophone."

Sir Henry Thompson says that out of every ten patients who came under his knife, nine would never have done so had it not been for errors of eating and drinking.

Among the 70,000 Irish of New Zealand are found some of her ablest statesmen, her most prosperous merchants, her best farmers, and her most loyal and respected inhabitants.

The new census of foreigners in Paris is about completed, and it appears that there are 3,549 permanent American residents. This is a falling off of more than 1,200 within two years.

A bar of iron worth 20s. worked into horseshoes is worth £2; made into needles is worth £70; made into pen-knife blades is worth £657; made into balance springs of watches it is worth £50,000.

It is pointed out that wasps become intoxicated by eating rotting fruits, the sugar of which passes into a kind of alcohol. While in this drunken condition the wasps do their worst stinging, being guilty of utterly unprovoked assaults.

A common carleanness, but one which invites malaria, is to allow flowers to stand in vases until the stems and foliage emit an unpleasant odour. The water should be changed every day, and it is a good plan to strip off the foliage below the point of immersion.

The nineteenth century will not end until midnight, Monday, December 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the century at midnight on December 31, 1899.

The expression "over the left" is a contraction of "over the left shoulder." A couple of centuries ago, to pray that God might bless anyone over the left shoulder was equivalent to a terrible curse, and there is a case on record where a man was fined £5 for giving utterance to such a prayer.

For a short period under the West Saxon Kings of England, Croydon was the capital, and London a mere provincial town. Norwood, it is now named afresh, would be South Wood, since it is south of London; but, when it was christened, it lay to the north of Croydon, which was the more important place of the two.

The President alone can pardon persons convicted of crimes against the United States; and the President cannot pardon persons convicted of crimes against the various States. Governors of the States have nothing to do with crimes against the United States; they can pardon only those guilty of crimes against their respective States.

The sailor's trousers are tight on the thigh and loose below the thigh; the idea probably is to give him freedom of motion. The cut of the trousers is such, also, that the sailor can get out of them quickly if necessary; as, for instance, if he falls overboard and kicking, he can shed his trousers with ease.

An odd discovery has been made by Dr. Koppen. Oil is so well known for its effects in calming the troubled waters that its use for this purpose has passed into one of the idioms of the day. In this peculiar property it has heretofore been without a rival. Dr. Koppen has found that a solution of common soap (one in 1,000 of water), or, in other words, mere soapy water, has the same effect.

Linen cloth was occasionally used for writing purposes, but was never very common. Linen manuscripts have been found folded in mummy cases, and the Chinese, before the invention of paper, used silk and cotton cloth. The Romans also wrote upon linen. The use of this material introduced a change in the manner of writing. The other substances were rather engraved than written upon, an iron point being used for the purpose.

YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT SOAP WHY NOT GET THE BEST



HARDING & SMITH, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick.

A Good Move and a Fine Store

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Domville Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

FOR THE SEASON. Choice Prince Edward Island and North Shore OYSTERS. For sale by PINT, QUART, or GALLON. Large orders for Parties or Church Fairs at a reduced rate. 19 to 23, N. S., King Square. J. D. TURNER.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms

IRA CORNWALL,

Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces. PROFESSIONAL. John L. Carleton. Clarence H. Ferguson.

Carleton & Ferguson,

Barristers at Law, Solicitors, Notaries &c. 7 1/2 Prince Wm. Street, - - - Saint John, N. B.

HENRY B. ESMOND, M. D.

(New York and London.) CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. No. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HUNTINGTON, MARYLAND.

CONSUMPTION

can be cured by the use of the medicine. CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE. CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE. CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

REMOVAL.

DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 163 Germain Street, St. John.

HARRIS G. FENETY, L. L. B.,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pugsley's Building, St. John, N. B. Money to loan on Real Estate.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Promptly made. Kent County, N. B.

HOTELS.

CONNORS HOTEL,

CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in JANUARY. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BEAUMONT HOUSE,

ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & International Railway Station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms - \$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. H. B. Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,

ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BARKER HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains. F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

WHAT CHINESE REALLY EAT.

The Ideas of Most People on the Subject Are Very Absurd.

Nothing could be more absurd than the notions popularly held respecting Chinese diet says a recent writer. The very poor certainly do eat rats and dogs; but then people all over the world would do the same thing when they were driven to it by starvation. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that such comestibles are sold at the butchers' shops and vended in the streets of the cities.

The rodents consumed by the indigent of Canton are the river rats, which get fat on the rice that is carried on boats. Even the alleged practice of buying eggs for a year, with a view to digging them up and eating them in a putrid condition, is wholly mythical. The people preserve ducks' eggs in strong brine, covering each one with plaster, and keep them in barrels for a long time. These treated eggs are perfectly good after a lapse of many months.

The Chinese are by no means so peculiar in their diet as they have long been made out to be. In addition to their own produce they consume large quantities of food which is imported from other countries; but dogs, cats, rats, and addled eggs milk, except for medicine, and which for the latter purpose human milk is preferred.

A plant of newly foreign origin now cultivated very largely in China is the prickly pear, the fruit of which is much relished by these pig-tailed Orientals. Flour has obtained great popularity in China since the white potatoes, which are especially in the north and north-west, have come into common use, though they are looked on as the poor man's dish.

When Warren Hastings held power in India he had a great many potatoes planted on the slopes of the Himalayas, whence they were carried by Jesuit missionaries into the Chinese Empire.

Tomatoes have been introduced in China, but as yet they are only eaten by foreigners there. Turkeys have been propagated from stock brought from other countries, and they have multiplied in such numbers as to run wild in some parts.

The invention of Safety Matches. The use of phosphorus had made matches so sensitive that the whole box often ignited spontaneously. Children were killed by sucking the matches, and at Boulogne two soldiers and a woman were poisoned by drinking coffee, when it was found that the phosphorus had been taken up by the coffee.

In 1847 an Austrian chemist named Schrotter made the important discovery that phosphorus may exist under two forms, the crystalline and the amorphous. The latter appeared like a piece of red brick, gave off no fumes, and seemed to be altogether inert. Manufacturers, and even Governments, offered large rewards for a safe and easy application of the red variety. But it was found that when the red phosphorus was mixed with chloride of potash and a little grease, it was kindled with violence, and was restored back to the ordinary crystalline condition. Many fatal accidents arose from these attempts.

At length, in 1855, the apparently ridiculously simple suggestion was made by Herr Hottger, a Swedish gentleman, to keep the red phosphorus in a separate compartment, and to separate it at the moment when a match was to be lighted. For this purpose the red phosphorus was put on the box, and the match, being rubbed against it, ignited with ease. This originated the so-called "safety match," which was patented, and the patent sold to a large firm in England.

The Time He Got Left.

On an English railway, recently, a stylishly dressed young man with a portmanteau was travelling to Margate, obviously for the purpose of spending a holiday. On his way to the station he had purchased a pair of tan-leather shoes, which, from fear of losing the train, he had not stayed to try on. Soon after the train started he unwrapped the shoes and laid them on the floor of the carriage. He then took off the boots he was wearing, and they being an old pair, with which he was evidently anxious not to be concerned, he deliberately threw them out the carriage window. On proceeding to put on the new shoes he found to his great consternation, and the intense amusement of his fellow-passengers, that they were much too small, and that it was impossible for him to get his feet into them.

On reaching his destination he had to march to an accompaniment of sarcastic interrogations and laughter, the whole length of the platform, in his socks, with his portmanteau in one hand and his shoes in the other.

He Followed Suit.

A native of Ireland landing at Greenock wanted to take the train to Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket. Seeing a lady, however, going in, he thought he would follow her, and he would soon know how to get aboard. The lady, going to the ticket-box and putting down her money, said, "Maryhill, single." Her ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked off. Pat, thinking it was all right, planked down his money, and shouted, "Patrick Murphy, married."

There Was a Limit.

It is the father of a precocious two-and-a-half-year-old who tells that the child was watching a lady make her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and false teeth, when the astonished small boy said: "Bet yer can't take your neck off."

Worth Remembering.

FERGUSON & PAGE Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry business.

Call at 43 King Street

HE LOVED good bread, pie, and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED to cook, but was tired and sick of the taste and smell of lard.

THEY LOVED more than ever, because she made better food, and he could eat it without any unpleasant after effect.

Now THEY ARE HAPPY in having found the BEST, and most healthful shortening ever made - COTTOLINE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Read notes for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianstons.

HUMPHREYS'

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

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

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contracture from Burns. The relief is instant - the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Trial size, 25 Cents. Price, 50 Cents. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 1114 1/2 WILSON ST., NEW YORK.

CURES PILES.

KOFF NO MORE WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

THE SAME MAN,

Well Dressed, Newest Designs, Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of Kings.)

Low-Priced and Medium Parlor and Bedroom Suits.

Send for Prices. F. A. JONES, - - 32, 34 & 36 Dock St.

Worth Remembering.

FERGUSON & PAGE Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry business.

Call at 43 King Street

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Prince of Wales has seventeen brothers-in-law, sixteen uncles, sixty-seven cousins, and fifty-seven nephews and nieces.

Prince Alexander of Prussia, cousin of the late Emperor William, who is seventy-six years of age, has just married an actress aged eighteen.

M. Marie, of Paris, is known as the "dog barber." He daily clips from ten to thirty dogs. The price of a clip is 2fr., about forty cents.

R. L. Stevenson is said to be busily employed in writing a history of his own family. This he will call "Northern Lights," and it is certainly not a bad title.

Joseph Hessel, the Austrian who invented the marine screw-propeller, died in abject poverty, but a monument was erected to his memory the other day in Vienna.

The Duchess Eugenie Litta Bolognina, of Milan, has just sold her jewels, lace, and fans for three million francs, which she is spending on the building of an hospital in the suburbs of that town.

The Princess of Bulgaria has won the hearts of the people by her simplicity. She attends the weekly market at Sofia on foot, going from stall to stall to make her many purchases, escorted only by a respectful crowd of peasants.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould, the author of "John Herring," has a great fancy for peacocks. Their screams disturb the peaceful village of Lwrethard, Devon, where the novelist and his forebears have resided for upwards of two centuries.

The late Lady Brassey one year took the trouble to have a record kept of the amounts asked of her and Lord Brassey, and the total represented £1,500,000. But, notwithstanding such a large clientele, she made it a practice of replying to every letter she received.

For the first time in the history of public dinners in England a woman has responded to the toast, "The Army." It is on occasion was a dinner in honour of the British trained nurses, and the response was by Miss Loch, superintendent of the Indian Army Nursing Service.

It is not often that a royal personage condescends to act as judge in a bicycle contest. The King of the Belgians recently did this, however, at Brussels. Since then he has become very fond of bicycling, and has offered a medal to be competed for by amateurs in a race from Paris to Brussels.

The richest man in the island of St. Christopher is Joaquin Farara, who went there a barefooted Portuguese boy of 16 years and began working for a shilling a day. Now he is 51 years old and owns \$1,000,000 worth of real estate in the island. It is said that he can neither read nor write.

Queen Victoria has a fine collection of caricatures from all the comic papers of the last half-century, having always caused the best ones to be sent to her without regard to parties. The collection has often caused much merriment, especially when the drawings have concerned rather dignified and unapproachable clerics.

Edward M. Greene, of San Francisco, has designed a novelty for the midwinter fair to be held in that city, which he hopes will rival the Eiffel Tower and the Ferris Wheel. It is a colossal statue of Justice, 150 ft. high, supporting an immense pair of scales, the extremities of which are cars holding fifty people each.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was eighty-two years old this year. She lives in a pretty but unpretentious gray cottage in Hartford, where she is cared for by her daughters. Notably active of body, for her years, she is ever on foot, and her bent, slight figure, with its white hair crowning the dark, wrinkled face, is often to be seen out-doors.

The Pope's nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, is a thorn in his uncle's side. Having lost large sums at play and contracted heavy debts, the Pope paid all, but banished him from the Papal Court. He now resides with his wife in Cuba. Pecci took the opportunity on the occasion of his uncle's jubilee to ask to be allowed to come back to his old haunts, but his holiness was obdurate.

Lieut. Conway, U. S. N., who has just died of typhoid fever at Owensboro, Ky., was the first man to make a first-rate chart of Behring Sea. While cruising in those waters in the season of 1892 as navigator of the Yorktown, Lieut. Conway, at the instance of Commander Evans, devoted most of his spare time to the work of preparing this chart. When done it was an admirably thorough and seamanship production.

Three women who have achieved distinction as hunters are Lady Hopetoun, wife of the Governor of Victoria, who has been killing deer in Auckland; Mrs. Alan Gardner, who has been making a record in India for hunting cheetahs, shooting and spearing panthers, and sticking pigs; and Mrs. R. H. Tyacke, who, with her husband, has shot the largest number of bears ever killed in one season in Kulu, in the central Himalayas.

The young Duc d'Uzes, who died a little while ago in the African jungle, was remarkable for being the son of the best-known woman in France. The duchess is a grand-daughter of the Veuve Clicquot of champagne fame, and lives in splendid state in an old Bourbon castle in the Forest of Rambouillet, where she has the most luxurious stables and dog kennels in the world. In all kinds of aristocratic sport the duchess has no peer among her sex.

Lady Butler's fame as an artist comes of most strenuous application. As a child she was always drawing and painting, and her father himself undertook her general education, that it might not interfere with her artistic pursuits. His lessons were given almost entirely by reading aloud, the pupil at the same time proceeding with her brush and pencil. Even when travelling the little girl was always sketching what she saw, leaning out of railway carriages and diligences in order to obtain a view of something which had struck her fancy.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson taught his daughter for twelve years, and then she became a student at South Kensington. Miss Elizabeth Thompson married Sir William Butler some years after "The Lord Call" had made her famous.

REMEMBER

the latest triumph in pharmacy for the cure of all the symptoms including KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINT. If you are troubled with Constipation, Bile, Sour Stomach, Headache, Indigestion, Weak Appetite, Sleepless Nights, Melancholy Feelings, Back Ache, Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure.

MEMBRAY'S

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Membray's Medicine Company of Peterborough, (Limited), PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over fifty years. It cures the child, soothes the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Do you Write for the Papers?

If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text-Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN,

117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

For Home Use And PICNICS.

Use only FEELE ISLAND WINES. They will build you up, as they contain no Salicene.

CLARET CUP, CATAWBA CUP, ST. AUGUSTINE, DRY CATAWBA, FEELE CONCORD, Unfermented Grape Juice.

E. C. SCOVIL,

TEA & WINE MERCHANT, 62 - UNION - STREET.

A. & J. HAY,

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

ANDREW PAULEY,

CUSTOM TAILOR, FOR THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS CUTTING BY W. S. B. MAY & SON, has 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 British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

E. STEPHENSON & CO.

17 & 19 Nelson St. TELEPHONE 675.

BICYCLE

Repairing and Retinting with Pneumatic Tires a specialty.

T. PARTELOW MOTT,

165 Union St. - St. John.

Woolen Goods and Wool.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL.

FIRE INSURANCE

PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE

R. W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET JOHN

STEAM BOILER INSURANCE

INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

LAY BY

A COMMUNICATOR

The Only One Founded, voted to Proceed.

If some driving local trial part state, says cross, high may now at vision. It turn of the sky, glo or crimson sun. An un tain landac of a unique guiding st institution.

Approach upon a new broken stone which a "grove of l you catch a building, c fashioned c its newness the belly gables. W young man brown, gre trees are f whose face the inflexible and disease the Brother their warder.

The expriory - passed by a twofold religious li - Order of the only lay An it is one of lay, in the is the most temporary c ligious life derives its directly tra brated Eng Brothers, a Brother.

Brothers of special w became a - John the E the Cowley to England years at Co rejoined the ence was fa which did u need of opportunity came to N labored wit order

LAY BROTHERS AT WORK.

A COMMUNITY OF ANGLICAN MONKS IN NEW YORK STATE.

The Only One in America—How they were Founded, and What They Do—Lives Devoted to Religion and to Service for the Poor and Suffering.

If some day you should chance to be driving along the country roads in the central part of Dutchess county, New York state, says the N. Y. Sun, a great golden cross, high up lifted above the tree tops, may now and again appear to your surprised vision. It keeps you company at every turn of the way, sharply silhouetted against the sky; glowing clear in the morning light, or crimsoned with the rays of the setting sun. An unexpected feature in this mountain landscape, the cross is the visible sign of a unique religious movement and the guiding star to an interesting charitable institution.

Approaching from the south you come upon a new roadway, roughly made of broken stone, breaking into the woodland, which a little beyond becomes an open grove of trees, beneath whose branches you catch a glimpse of a straggling yellow building, conspicuous in this land of old-fashioned country farmhouses by reason of its newness its air of serene comfort, and the belfry and cross rising from one of its gables. When you arrive a priest in a brown habit, greets you warmly, while under the trees are groups of young men and boys whose features show the deepest interest in the ineffaceable marks of privation, sorrow and disease. This is the chapter house of the Brothers of Nazareth, and these are their wards.

The experiment that is carried on at Priory Farm and that has now almost passed beyond the experimental stage has a twofold character. It comprises a purely religious life and a charitable work. The Order of the Brothers of Nazareth is the only lay Anglican brotherhood in the world; it is one of three orders, clerical and lay, in the church in the United States. It is the most recent manifestation of the contemporary revival of interest in the religious life in the Anglican church, and derives its inspiration, even if it does not directly trace its descent, from the celebrated English order known as the Cowley Order, at Cowley, near Oxford.

Brother Gilbert, the Superior of the Brothers of Nazareth, entered upon the special work of his life when, in 1877, he became a postulant in the Society of St. John the Evangelist, the Boston branch of the Cowley order. Subsequently he went to England and served a novitiate of two years at Cowley, and then, returning home, rejoined the Boston society. This experience was far from satisfying to him, however. He never felt quite at home in the order, which did not allow him to meet his spiritual needs or seem to offer him the best opportunity for work. So, after a time, he came to New York, and for a few months labored with the Holy Cross Fathers, the order which has the Rev. Father Huntington, the distinguished Episcopal monk, at its head. In 1886 he returned to the order, dedicated to prayer, devotion, and the service of man, quite distinct from any clerical order, came to Brother Gilbert, and out of this inspiration came the Brothers of Nazareth.

The order was of slow growth. For a time Brother Gilbert and his devoted member, but soon their earnest and devoted members were attracted toward it. Some of these found their first enthusiasm unable to stand the test of severe self-denial and dropped back into the world, but enough have remained to place the order upon firm footing and to insure its gradual expansion. The object and aim of the community has been defined as "the service of God in acts of prayer and devotion, and the service of man in such work as laymen may perform for the bodies and souls of their fellow-men." The order is a religious community, but there are no ascetic practices, save in the matter of the way of living and in mental service for the sick, poor, and friendless who are taken care of. The religious life and mental work are interdependent, one stimulating and supporting the other.

It is not easy to become a full member in the order. The preliminary period, which is exacting and self-denial, is given to those who find that they have mistaken themselves to drop out of the ranks, and, truth to tell, may seem to be called, while few are chosen. The candidate is received six weeks as a visitor and then serves a year as a postulant, and which years as novitiate. After that vows are taken for a three years' period for five successive times. Then, after nineteen years of probation, final vows for life may be taken.

The habit of the Brothers is a long brown garment bound at the waist by a leather girdle from which a crucifix is pendant. About the house they wear a brown skull cap, and upon the street a low crowned black hat with stiff, broad brim. The first active work undertaken by the order was the management of St. Andrew's Cottage, a summer home for boys established at Farmingdale, L. I., by the Holy Cross Mission of New York city. That work has been growing in extent every year, until now between 200 and 300 boys are cared for in the course of the summer months. The cottage is now entirely in the hands of the Brothers of Nazareth, and is conducted by them as an adjunct to their principal establishment. In the autumn of 1886, after the first summer at Farmingdale, a large, old-fashioned frame house on East 120th street, adjoining the Harlem Hospital, was secured, and became the All Saints' Convalescent Home for Men and Boys. Later on a home for boys was opened, but this was given up in order that the Brothers might be free to take charge of the parochial school for boys in connection with the Mission Church of the Holy Cross. When the permanent buildings for the order on Priory Farm were completed, it was thought best to concentrate most of the work of the order in that one place. Another work in which the Brothers are engaged every summer is the maintenance of the clerical retreat at "Ruhberg," near the village of Ellenville, in Ulster county. There are several cottages, with a small but attractive oratory in the establishment, and Episcopal clergy men of moderate means have opportunity for summer rest there.

But Priory Farm, which was established a year or more ago, has become the permanent home of the order. There are over 400 acres in the property, which is part of the manorial estate of the well-known De Peyster family. The land was given to the Brothers of Nazareth by Mr. John Watta de Peyster and Mr. Richard Stevens of Hoboken, and the buildings were erected by the generosity and active cooperation of Gen. de Peyster, Mr. Stevens, Bishop Potter, Miss Mary Benson of Brooklyn, Miss Grace Wilkes and others.

The institution is not endowed and is not yet self-supporting. A practical farmer has charge of the land, and what with the customary products of the fields, the dairy, and the chicken house some advance has been made toward supplying the material wants of the household. But it requires a great deal to support the family of from fifty to sixty people that the Brothers care for here and elsewhere, and so contributions from the charitable must still be depended upon for current expenses. There are times when it is not easy to make both ends meet, and when the extension of the work that is always pressing is hampered by lack of resources.

But Brother Gilbert has a great deal of energy and worldly sense mixed with his apostolic fervor and Christian devotion, and he has thus far been able to carry on his enterprise successfully. The first building erected at Priory Farm was a long, low structure, designed for consumptive boys and young men, and a several wards on the ground floor, with accommodations for twenty-five or more. The rooms are large, light, and airy, with open fireplaces, and pictures on the walls; they are furnished with iron bedsteads, and the linen is immaculately clean and sweet. At the south end of this building is a large sun parlor, entirely enclosed with glass, and adjoining it an inner parlor where on three pedestals are busts of Mr. de Peyster, Mrs. de Peyster, and Mr. de Peyster's father. Over the mantel of the open fireplace is a tablet with this inscription: This tablet is placed by Gen. de Peyster in remembrance of the poor wail, John Gram, whose closing days, cared for by Brother Gilbert, O. B. N. inspired the idea of this eleemosynary institution.

The floor above is an attic. A narrow passageway divides it lengthwise, and on either side are eight sleeping apartments for the Brothers. In striking contrast to the religious life in the Anglican church, and derives its inspiration, even if it does not directly trace its descent, from the celebrated English order known as the Cowley Order, at Cowley, near Oxford.

Brother Gilbert, the Superior of the Brothers of Nazareth, entered upon the special work of his life when, in 1877, he became a postulant in the Society of St. John the Evangelist, the Boston branch of the Cowley order. Subsequently he went to England and served a novitiate of two years at Cowley, and then, returning home, rejoined the Boston society. This experience was far from satisfying to him, however. He never felt quite at home in the order, which did not allow him to meet his spiritual needs or seem to offer him the best opportunity for work. So, after a time, he came to New York, and for a few months labored with the Holy Cross Fathers, the order which has the Rev. Father Huntington, the distinguished Episcopal monk, at its head. In 1886 he returned to the order, dedicated to prayer, devotion, and the service of man, quite distinct from any clerical order, came to Brother Gilbert, and out of this inspiration came the Brothers of Nazareth.

The order was of slow growth. For a time Brother Gilbert and his devoted member, but soon their earnest and devoted members were attracted toward it. Some of these found their first enthusiasm unable to stand the test of severe self-denial and dropped back into the world, but enough have remained to place the order upon firm footing and to insure its gradual expansion. The object and aim of the community has been defined as "the service of God in acts of prayer and devotion, and the service of man in such work as laymen may perform for the bodies and souls of their fellow-men." The order is a religious community, but there are no ascetic practices, save in the matter of the way of living and in mental service for the sick, poor, and friendless who are taken care of. The religious life and mental work are interdependent, one stimulating and supporting the other.

It is not easy to become a full member in the order. The preliminary period, which is exacting and self-denial, is given to those who find that they have mistaken themselves to drop out of the ranks, and, truth to tell, may seem to be called, while few are chosen. The candidate is received six weeks as a visitor and then serves a year as a postulant, and which years as novitiate. After that vows are taken for a three years' period for five successive times. Then, after nineteen years of probation, final vows for life may be taken.

The habit of the Brothers is a long brown garment bound at the waist by a leather girdle from which a crucifix is pendant. About the house they wear a brown skull cap, and upon the street a low crowned black hat with stiff, broad brim. The first active work undertaken by the order was the management of St. Andrew's Cottage, a summer home for boys established at Farmingdale, L. I., by the Holy Cross Mission of New York city. That work has been growing in extent every year, until now between 200 and 300 boys are cared for in the course of the summer months. The cottage is now entirely in the hands of the Brothers of Nazareth, and is conducted by them as an adjunct to their principal establishment. In the autumn of 1886, after the first summer at Farmingdale, a large, old-fashioned frame house on East 120th street, adjoining the Harlem Hospital, was secured, and became the All Saints' Convalescent Home for Men and Boys. Later on a home for boys was opened, but this was given up in order that the Brothers might be free to take charge of the parochial school for boys in connection with the Mission Church of the Holy Cross. When the permanent buildings for the order on Priory Farm were completed, it was thought best to concentrate most of the work of the order in that one place. Another work in which the Brothers are engaged every summer is the maintenance of the clerical retreat at "Ruhberg," near the village of Ellenville, in Ulster county. There are several cottages, with a small but attractive oratory in the establishment, and Episcopal clergy men of moderate means have opportunity for summer rest there.

But Priory Farm, which was established a year or more ago, has become the permanent home of the order. There are over 400 acres in the property, which is part of the manorial estate of the well-known De Peyster family. The land was given to the Brothers of Nazareth by Mr. John Watta de Peyster and Mr. Richard Stevens of Hoboken, and the buildings were erected by the generosity and active cooperation of Gen. de Peyster, Mr. Stevens, Bishop Potter, Miss Mary Benson of Brooklyn, Miss Grace Wilkes and others.

The institution is not endowed and is not yet self-supporting. A practical farmer has charge of the land, and what with the customary products of the fields, the dairy, and the chicken house some advance has been made toward supplying the material wants of the household. But it requires a great deal to support the family of from fifty to sixty people that the Brothers care for here and elsewhere, and so contributions from the charitable must still be depended upon for current expenses. There are times when it is not easy to make both ends meet, and when the extension of the work that is always pressing is hampered by lack of resources.

who through struggling for daily bread, must leave their children more or less to themselves during the day, so that, without restraint, they spend much more in the streets learning the evil which is so easily acquired in our large cities. These are the boys who will be taken into this new school building, the construction of which has already begun.

TOUGH SNAKE STORIES.

Marvellous Narrations of the Reptiles in the Philippine Islands.

Among the incidents related by an American who resided twelve years in the Philippine Islands are the following: In the warehouse in which I slept on the plantation in Mindanao, a tame python was kept to clear out the rats, which were a formidable nuisance. The snake was fitted with a long, brown leather collar and was as docile as a dog. At first it was rather trying to my nerves to have him glide over my bed, and not unfrequently he would coil himself up at the foot and go to sleep, but I soon got used to him. He was regarded as utterly harmless, but subsequent events showed that I was mistaken, and that his powers for mischief were awful.

We had a German boy in the office, about eighteen, a very sturdy lad, and a thorough hoodlum. He was in the habit of teasing the snake, catching it by the tail and annoying the poor brute in various ways. One morning he caught the snake from the interior of the go-down, and running saw the boy holding on to the edge of a cask and the snake just uncoiling from his body. I ran to him, and he dropped to the floor stone dead.

On examination by the doctor it was found that every bone in his body was only broken, but smashed almost as completely as if done with a hammer. One of the native hands saw the whole affair. Jacob had put his foot on the python's tail and was at once caught near the throat by the snake's teeth, and quick as lightning three coils were thrown round his body. He gave one shout and all was over. People who discredit the killing of large animals by snakes have no conception of the enormous strength of these reptiles.

Our plantation bordered on a swamp—here called a tili—and this was infested with snakes, while in the river that flowed through it were nesting crocodiles. Our cook, a stout native woman, had been seized as she was drawing water by one of these monsters, and escaped with the loss of her right leg, which was crunched off above the knee.

In order to avoid danger all vegetation was hopped up and buildings. This was to destroy harbour for snakes. Of all these the "hiprolonga," or chain viper, was most dreaded. It is very poisonous and aggressive, and, unlike most venomous snakes, will not flee the presence of man. To clear the compound or yard of snakes the natives would drive in the middle of the night, and raise a great commotion. They make short work of the reptiles.

The existence of man-eating snakes has been doubted by naturalists, but I can prove the fact from my own experiences. In 1886 I was living at Th-Rano. One day I was out on a lay order, and a last resource made inquiry at a marine-store as follows: "Do you buy rags and bones here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, be jabers," said Pat, "ye may put me on the scales."

One day Pical was missing. His gun and hat were found in the woods and brought in. One of the native hunters examined the ground and gave his opinion. Pical must have been caught by a snake, as no blood had been shed, but there had evidently been a struggle. The next day I went in company with an Englishman named Mason and some native trackers. I took the woods to look for our lost servant. The natives led us to the edge of a track of submerged land covered with long grass. The water was about three inches deep. Here a snake, as large as a bucket, was a bright yellow striped with black. To watch it gliding towards us was trying on the nerves. But we waited, and at forty yards gave it two loads of buckshot in the head. It reared ten feet out of the water and lashed about, but finally sank, and a big snake was on the bank with a rope. It was just thirty-eight feet long—our fears had added the other sixty. To keep it from the white ants it was at once cut open and skinned. Inside was the lower jaw of a human being and a leg and thigh bone, while a lion cloth was rolled, and the snake was no bigger than a man's fist, and this Pical's sisters identified. So the poor fellow had fallen a victim to this horrid reptile.

Famous Rapid Readers. It has been said of the late Justice Lamar that he was able to read a newspaper article or a page of a book at what seemed to the observer to be but a glance. Manifestly this faculty or capacity gave him great advantage over ordinary men. He was able to devour books as if he were a literary glutton, with the difference that his powerful memory enabled him to digest at leisure what he had absorbed in haste.

Macaulay possessed the same faculty, perhaps in a yet higher degree. He would take up a volume for an evening's intellectual enjoyment, and before he retired had the contents fully impressed upon his marvellous mind. Dickens was another of these remarkably rapid readers. George Eliot's "Adam Bede" came to him one day. Before his bedtime he had read it and had pronounced this remarkable dictum: "That book was written by a woman." "Where does she require days of leisure to read it, and the question of authorship was the riddle of the time in literary circles.

Charles Sumner was another man who possessed this happy faculty. A book, whether it was a volume of law or diplomatic correspondence or a work of fiction, passed under his eyes as if by a quick succession of glances. It was the same with Daniel Webster, who himself stated to a friend that when in college, he read "Don Quixote" in a single night. In the case of both these distinguished men, what they read in this way reappeared in a new dress in their speeches and in their writings.

COLONIAL HOUSE

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Parasols, Blouses and Shirt Waists, Ostrich and Cock Feather Boas, &c.

TO VISITORS. We would call the attention of our country customers to our stock of Ladies' Furs, consisting of LADIES' FUR JACKETS, LADIES' FUR CAPES, LADIES' FUR COLLARS, LADIES' FUR MUFFS, LADIES' FUR RUFFS, LADIES' FUR BOAS.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

The company had been telling stories about their dogs and their marvelous achievements. One man had described the artful way in which his dog buried bones; another how his dog gave it a penny would go to the baker's and buy a bun.

At last a quiet man, who had been sitting in silence, spoke up. "I had a dog once," he said, that people were in the habit of giving coppers to, but he never used to buy anything with them. In fact, for a long time we had no idea what he did with his money.

One day, I was rummaging about in an old disused shed, when suddenly I came upon him rolling on his back in something I could not see what. I spoke to him, but he was so occupied he did not notice me. "I went nearer, and what do you think I discovered? The dog was lying in quite a heap of copper coins, that must have taken him months to collect, and seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly. At first I could not make out what he was doing, but then it struck me. The old rogue was rolling in his wealth."

A well-known Scottish divine on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I cannot believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away with a bit of mat or rug on your back."

A forlorn Irishman, reduced to the extreme stage of poverty and destitution as a last resource made inquiry at a marine-store as follows: "Do you buy rags and bones here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, be jabers," said Pat, "ye may put me on the scales."

BUY THE Ball Pointed Pen FOR EASY WRITING. FOR SALE AT McMILLAN'S.

A Great Literary Bargain.

In the past two or three years PROGRESS has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer. The very latest arrangement that has been made enables the publisher of PROGRESS to send the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, of New York, to any one who will send him one new subscription to PROGRESS, for 85 cents. In other words, for \$2.85 he will send PROGRESS to a new subscriber for one year and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE to the person who forwards the subscription.

Mr. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS: Enclosed you will find, Express or Post Office Order, for two dollars and eighty-five cents, (\$2.85) for which please send PROGRESS for one year to \_\_\_\_\_ and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE for one year to \_\_\_\_\_

The regular subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.50, and of PROGRESS \$2.00. This offer is only open to new subscribers.

RAILWAYS.

GO TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION via the CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursion Tickets will be on sale St. John to Chicago and return as follows: AT \$42.80 EACH. Tourist Tickets good until NOV. 1st. AT \$30.00 EACH. Tourist Tickets good 30 days from date sold both good to stop over at Detroit and East thereof.

AT \$26.50 EACH. On OCT. 5 and 6 only, good to return until OCT. 15. No stop over allowed.

PALACE SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO CHICAGO without change, every Tuesday. For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Ry Ticket Agents.

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

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00; Express for Halifax, 12.50; Express for Sussex, 16.30; Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal, 16.55.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.40 o'clock. A Freight train leaves St. John for Montreal every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex, 7.00; Express from Montreal and Quebec, Monday excepted, 10.30; Express from Montreal (daily), 10.30; Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 18.40; Express from Halifax and Sydney, 22.30.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 20th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.32 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a. m. LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRUNNEN, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

HARNESS. WM. ROBB'S, 304 Union Street.

MEMBER EMBRAY'S KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

OR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S ROOTHING SYRUP

You Write for the Papers? THE DEER OF JOURNALISM.

ALLAN FORMAN, 100 WATER STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Home Use And PICNICS. PELEE ISLAND WINES.

G. S. SCHOIL, 101 UNION STREET.

& J. HAY, 76 KING STREET.

DREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.

PARTELOW MOTT, 15 Union St. - St. John.

en Goods and Wool.

FIRE INSURANCE. R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE LITTLE BLUE CAP.

I was paying a visit to my friends the Durands. They were a simple, honest couple who lived near the banks of the river in a tiny house, a mere bird's nest, almost hidden by the wisteria and Virginia creeper. Durand's hands bore the marks of honest toil, for he had been a locksmith in his youth, and had by industry and economy raised himself steadily until he became the proprietor of a large business, and secured a competency for his old age. His wife, a quiet, gentle creature, worshipped her husband, and both of them wore on their faces an expression of serenity, which betokened ease of conscience and a life of peace. Durand was passed sixty years of age and his wife must have been fifty, yet in spite of their wrinkles and gray hair, these two treated each other with an affectionate deference which was a pleasure to behold. They were Philemon and Baucis resuscitated.

While we were engaged in conversation just before dinner, Durand rose and opened a drawer to take out some trifle which he wished to show to me. While he was turning over the contents of the drawer he chanced that a little cap, such as might have been worn by a doll or an infant, fell to the floor. I picked it up, and noticed that it was made of coarse blue linen, with two bits of twine instead of ribbons. As I handed it to him, I said, gaily: "Are you preparing a baby basket, Papa Durand?"

I had no sooner spoken than I regretted it, for I recollected at that moment having heard that the only shadow on my friends' lives was the fact of their union being a childless one. For a minute Durand made no reply, but looked at the little cap affectionately, then as he laid it carefully away again, he said in a tone of seriousness: "That is a souvenir."

Then we all three sat down to dinner and talked of other matters, but as soon as the repast was finished, and the little maid of all work had put cigars and liquors upon the table, my friend said, suddenly: "How much that baby cap reminds me of!" It was evident that he wanted to explain to me his remark and I begged him to do so.

"It was a great many years ago," he said, after a slight pause, "for I was about twelve years old, I was working in a large factory and I had a companion of the same age as myself, whom, on account of his ugly features, we nicknamed Zizi Monkey-face. He was a sly, thieving, mischievous urchin, very much given to filching tarts from the pastry cook's counter, but a jolly little chap and full of pluck. He was so lazy that he would have been turned out of the factory had it not been for the indulgence of the overseer, who had taken an interest in the boy for the sake of his dead comrade. Monkey-face was an orphan, and the only relative he had ever known was the woman who had brought him up, a cousin of his mother's. This woman was a fish peddler, a brawling, brutal creature, whose affection for her young charge was manifested only by blows. Perhaps it had been known a parent's love he would have been less perverse.

One afternoon, the lad took it into his head to run away from the factory, and go vagabonding about with a gang of young ruffians like himself. As they were coming slowly home after nightfall, they heard to their astonishment the cry of an infant. The sound seemed to issue from a long, narrow, dirty alley which opened on the street, and at the other end of which hung a flickering lamp. After a short consult, the street boys ventured softly into the passage, and one of them espied, behind the door, a bundle of rags which struggled and wailed. He seized hold of it, and the whole party ran into the street, triumphant, stopping under a lamp to examine their booty, and the young captors gave free play to their mischievous imaginations. One said to put the baby back where they found it; another said to hide it in a half empty praline box which stood at the grocer's door, a third proposed to climb up to a second story balcony and leave the youngster there and how astonished the people would be next day! But Zizi Monkey-face scouted all these ideas and declared that the baby must be given to the gypsies. There was a band of these people near by, who practiced jugglery and fortune telling, and instances of kidnapping were by no means rare.

Monkey-face's suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm, and he claimed the right to carry the treasure-trove in consideration of his having made the plan. "Give us the kid," he said. The baby had, all this time, been screaming piteously, but it stopped suddenly when Monkey-face took hold of it, and while he walked along with an air of triumph, he fixed its great blue eyes upon his ugly face, and smiled, at the same time stretching its tiny hands out as if to caress him. "She is laughing!" cried the boy in delight, "see how she looks at me." "I will not give her away," he said, "I will keep her myself." His companions protested indignantly, but in vain, for as they well knew Zizi Monkey-face had at the end of each arm an argument so strong that it would be useless as well as unsafe to oppose his wishes. When he reached home with his burden the fish peddler exclaimed furiously: "Do you think I have not enough to do to fill your mouth, you lazy imp? Take that brat to the police—quick now!" Pii, pii! A box on each ear showed the boy that she was in earnest, and he fled from the house. That night he did not return, and the next morning he was in the factory as soon as it opened, for the first time in his life. "Mr. George," he said timidly to the overseer, "how much will you pay me if I work hard all day?" "I have already told you, twenty cents," answered the man in surprise, and Monkey-face worked indefatigably until night. The overseer, amazed and delighted at the change, paid the boy for his work and even gave him twenty cents in advance, in order to encourage him.

him home in spite of his struggles, administering a thrashing on the way. But it was no use; as soon as the old woman turned her back to cook the soup for dinner, the boy slipped out of the house and did not return. The factory overseer having been informed of the state of affairs, made up his mind to settle the matter at once, by finding out where Monkey-face spent his nights, and for this purpose watched the lad as he left the factory. Mr. George, in company with one of the workmen, followed the wanderer at a short distance, and observed him enter a bakery and buy a small loaf of bread; next he went to a dairy and came out carrying a bottle of milk, and then turned his steps towards a lonely deserted quarter near the river. Suddenly his followers saw him plunge into a muddy alley, the place having no lamps was as dark as an oven, but Monkey-face was dimly visible as he stopped before a broad fence. The next minute he scaled it with the agility of the animal that was his namesake, and was lost to sight.

The two men, determined to discover his hiding place, climbed over the wall and found themselves in a large vacant lot, surrounded with weeds and rubbish, but of Monkey-face there was not a sign! At last they espied in the farthest corner, a low wooden shed which had evidently served as a foul house. His followers saw him plunge into a muddy alley, the place having no lamps was as dark as an oven, but Monkey-face was dimly visible as he stopped before a broad fence. The next minute he scaled it with the agility of the animal that was his namesake, and was lost to sight.

At last they espied in the farthest corner, a low wooden shed which had evidently served as a foul house. His followers saw him plunge into a muddy alley, the place having no lamps was as dark as an oven, but Monkey-face was dimly visible as he stopped before a broad fence. The next minute he scaled it with the agility of the animal that was his namesake, and was lost to sight.

Then after a momentary pause, he added with sudden fierceness: "As if I—[as if I—] who loved her so—!" His voice trailed off into a hoarse, sobbing whisper, and covering his face with his hands, he swayed himself to and fro in an agony of grief. I had known John Steele for upwards of five years, and had grown to love and admire the man's earnest and gentle nature. When I first made his acquaintance, though I was not aware of it at the time, he was under the shadow of a terrible suspicion. He had been charged with the wilful murder of his wife in circumstances which seemed to leave very little doubt of his guilt; but the evidence against him had failed, and he had been set at liberty.

MY FRIEND'S ENEMY.

"I am as certain of your innocence," I repeated warmly, "as of my own." But he sat with a listless, hopeless look upon his face, and made no answer. "The thing is," I continued, "to prove it." "I care very little whether it is proved or not," he said wearily. Then after a momentary pause, he added with sudden fierceness: "As if I—[as if I—] who loved her so—!"

His voice trailed off into a hoarse, sobbing whisper, and covering his face with his hands, he swayed himself to and fro in an agony of grief. I had known John Steele for upwards of five years, and had grown to love and admire the man's earnest and gentle nature. When I first made his acquaintance, though I was not aware of it at the time, he was under the shadow of a terrible suspicion. He had been charged with the wilful murder of his wife in circumstances which seemed to leave very little doubt of his guilt; but the evidence against him had failed, and he had been set at liberty.

He told me he had left the city at six, and walked home to Clapham as usual, arriving there about seven. He might have been by train and arrived earlier for all I could prove to the contrary; and if he was guilty, he must have done so; for when the doctor was fetched at ten minutes past seven he found the woman had been shot dead some twenty minutes before. Steele's own story was that when he reached the house it was in darkness. Going into the parlor, which was on the ground floor, he stumbled over something, and, striking a match, saw it was the dead body of his wife.

He had kept no servant, being a man of limited means, and during the previous week his wife was alone in the house. The criminal, whoever he was, must have known this, and, known too, at what hour Steele reached home of an evening. He had probably gone to the door, and entered immediately it was opened to him, taking his victim unaware, and forcing her helplessly before him into the parlor, where he had shot her, quitting the house but shortly before Steele came in—perhaps, even having forced the door, and then, as he was about to enter, he saw the man start and move uneasily, and could suppress my excitement no longer. "But," I added with sudden haste, "he goes by the name of Don Carlos Cordeva, and that is the man?"

fore Steele came in—perhaps, even having forced the door, and then, as he was about to enter, he saw the man start and move uneasily, and could suppress my excitement no longer. "But," I added with sudden haste, "he goes by the name of Don Carlos Cordeva, and that is the man?" I pointed at the terrified villain, who sprang from the chair as if I had struck him. He dashed at the door but it was locked; the officer outside had seen to that the moment he entered. He turned swiftly, and a long knife glittered in his hand; but before he could stir a step the detective had covered him with his own revolver. He paused, and his drawn features relaxing into a shuddering grin, snarled: "Fool! I have walked into the trap. Curse you! Twice I have brought him to shame, and near to the gallows, and now when my revenge is almost complete—"

He suddenly seemed to remember himself, and stopped short in what he was saying. While he spoke, I noticed the door behind him had been gradually, noiselessly opening. "I will sell my life dearly. Shoot if you will," he screamed wildly; better that than the other.

He whirled the knife above his head and made a movement to spring upon us; but at the same instant the door was wide open and two strong arms had seized him, and his weapon was dashed from his hand. There was a mad, brief struggle, a creak of handcuffs, and my friend's enemy lay a prisoner at my feet.

His First Diary. He was only a little boy, and this was his first diary. It had been given him as a birthday present, and was bound in a red cover with a highly-colored picture adorning the front. Strict injunctions were issued as to how he should use it, and where he should write. Then he was left to himself. He meant to begin well and early, so he very carefully wrote: "Got up at seven." Then, according to instructions, he took it to his governess for approval. The way her eyes dilated and her mouth opened made him feel rather uncomfortable, and he wondered whether any one had been tampering with his literary productions.

Where Knowledge is Power. Dr. A.—What do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Dr. B.—Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

Some Consolation to Him. Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a bus that didn't stop):—"Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, then what? Conductor (kindly):—"You wouldn't have lost any more jumpin' then. We always stops for a man with a crutch."

BORN.

- Windsor, Sept. 15, to the wife of G. B. Dakin, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 15, to the wife of M. P. Pick, a son.
St. Marys, Sept. 18, to the wife of Thos. D. Parent, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 11, to the wife of John Matheson, a son.
Truro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Rev. A. L. Geggie, a son.
Brenton, Aug. 23, to the wife of Edward Winter, a son.
Springhill, Sept. 8, to the wife of Philip Brine, a son.
Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Albert Bonnell, a son.
Carleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of W. Harding, a son.
Springhill, Sept. 15, to the wife of H. A. McKnight, a son.
Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Rupert Hunter, two sons.
Wolville, Sept. 21, to the wife of Frank A. Dixon, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 15, to the wife of Chas. Schrade, a son.
Moncton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Estano, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 13, to the wife of William Wilson, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 14, to the wife of David Cochran, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 9, to the wife of Rev. D. Wright, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of D. McMillen, a daughter.
Shediac, Sept. 14, to the wife of Albert Dolton, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 15, to the wife of Solomon Laviole, a daughter.
St. Andrews, Sept. 18, to the wife of G. H. Lamb, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 17, to the wife of Daniel Teed, a daughter.
Wolville, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. S. Dodd, a daughter.
Glenora, Sept. 15, to the wife of Mrs. M. DeBlais, a daughter.
Fox River, N. S. Sept. 13, to the wife of George Allen, a daughter.
Fredericton, Sept. 17, to the wife of John Macdonald, a daughter.
Fredericton, Sept. 19, to the wife of W. C. Crockett, M. D. a daughter.
North Sydney, C. B. Sept. 20, to the wife of Capt. J. W. Brown, a son.
Westmorland Point, Sept. 12, to the wife of Walter T. Bulmer, a son.
North Sydney, C. B. Sept. 9, to the wife of L. W. Hoyt, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Sept. 17, to the wife of James C. McDonald, a son and daughter.
Lorville, Sept. 17, to the wife of William Brown, a son and daughter.
Rooseway, N. S. Sept. 12, to the wife of Walter B. Cobble, a daughter.
Dorchester, Sept. 7, to the wife of Hon. H. R. Emerson, a daughter.
Diligent River, N. S. Sept. 20, to the wife of J. N. McFarlane, a daughter.

See, now! When he marries again, exactly the same thing is repeated. It is the rejected lover wailing his insatiable vengeance upon his successful rival. Each time he has so contrived it that suspicion has fallen upon his rival; but he failed to bring him to the gallows before, and now he will fail again. I ventured a side glance at my visitor. His face had gone grey and ghastly to the lips, and his hands were clenched nervously; but he was desperately striving to maintain his self-control. "You seem positive," remarked the detective. "I am, for I know who the scoundrel is, and where he is," I resumed. "He is a Spaniard. His name is Don Jose Emanuel. I could see the man start and move uneasily, and could suppress my excitement no longer. "But," I added with sudden haste, "he goes by the name of Don Carlos Cordeva, and that is the man?"

I pointed at the terrified villain, who sprang from the chair as if I had struck him. He dashed at the door but it was locked; the officer outside had seen to that the moment he entered. He turned swiftly, and a long knife glittered in his hand; but before he could stir a step the detective had covered him with his own revolver. He paused, and his drawn features relaxing into a shuddering grin, snarled: "Fool! I have walked into the trap. Curse you! Twice I have brought him to shame, and near to the gallows, and now when my revenge is almost complete—"

He suddenly seemed to remember himself, and stopped short in what he was saying. While he spoke, I noticed the door behind him had been gradually, noiselessly opening. "I will sell my life dearly. Shoot if you will," he screamed wildly; better that than the other.

He whirled the knife above his head and made a movement to spring upon us; but at the same instant the door was wide open and two strong arms had seized him, and his weapon was dashed from his hand. There was a mad, brief struggle, a creak of handcuffs, and my friend's enemy lay a prisoner at my feet.

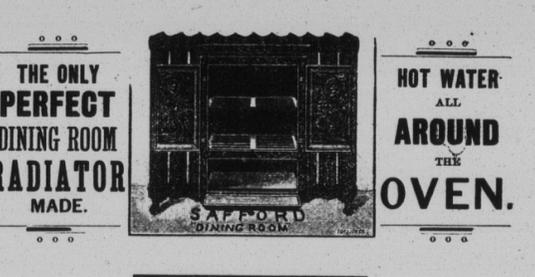
Where Knowledge is Power. Dr. A.—What do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Dr. B.—Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

Some Consolation to Him. Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a bus that didn't stop):—"Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, then what? Conductor (kindly):—"You wouldn't have lost any more jumpin' then. We always stops for a man with a crutch."

BORN.

- Windsor, Sept. 15, to the wife of G. B. Dakin, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 15, to the wife of M. P. Pick, a son.
St. Marys, Sept. 18, to the wife of Thos. D. Parent, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 11, to the wife of John Matheson, a son.
Truro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Rev. A. L. Geggie, a son.
Brenton, Aug. 23, to the wife of Edward Winter, a son.
Springhill, Sept. 8, to the wife of Philip Brine, a son.
Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Albert Bonnell, a son.
Carleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of W. Harding, a son.
Springhill, Sept. 15, to the wife of H. A. McKnight, a son.
Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Rupert Hunter, two sons.
Wolville, Sept. 21, to the wife of Frank A. Dixon, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 15, to the wife of Chas. Schrade, a son.
Moncton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Estano, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 13, to the wife of William Wilson, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 14, to the wife of David Cochran, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 9, to the wife of Rev. D. Wright, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of D. McMillen, a daughter.
Shediac, Sept. 14, to the wife of Albert Dolton, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 15, to the wife of Solomon Laviole, a daughter.
St. Andrews, Sept. 18, to the wife of G. H. Lamb, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 17, to the wife of Daniel Teed, a daughter.
Wolville, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. S. Dodd, a daughter.
Glenora, Sept. 15, to the wife of Mrs. M. DeBlais, a daughter.
Fox River, N. S. Sept. 13, to the wife of George Allen, a daughter.
Fredericton, Sept. 17, to the wife of John Macdonald, a daughter.
Fredericton, Sept. 19, to the wife of W. C. Crockett, M. D. a daughter.
North Sydney, C. B. Sept. 20, to the wife of Capt. J. W. Brown, a son.
Westmorland Point, Sept. 12, to the wife of Walter T. Bulmer, a son.
North Sydney, C. B. Sept. 9, to the wife of L. W. Hoyt, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Sept. 17, to the wife of James C. McDonald, a son and daughter.
Lorville, Sept. 17, to the wife of William Brown, a son and daughter.
Rooseway, N. S. Sept. 12, to the wife of Walter B. Cobble, a daughter.
Dorchester, Sept. 7, to the wife of Hon. H. R. Emerson, a daughter.
Diligent River, N. S. Sept. 20, to the wife of J. N. McFarlane, a daughter.

SAFFORD DINING ROOM RADIATOR.



THE ONLY PERFECT DINING ROOM RADIATOR MADE. HOT WATER ALL AROUND THE OVEN. No home is complete without one. The exterior of this radiator is finished in such handsome designs as to make it an ornament to any dining room. For further particulars apply to W. A. MACLAUGHLAN, 56 Dock St. - - St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, Sept. 14, Thos. J. Armstrong to Ella M. Martin.
Halifax, Sept. 19, Andrew N. Bayne to Lila Mc Donald.
St. John, Sept. 23, by Rev. T. Casey, Edward Quigg to Alice Nolan.
Dartmouth, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Ezekiel Wilcox to Minnie Booth.
Lower Wakefield, by Rev. S. W. Shaw, Zeba Clark to Deliah Dickinson.
Carleton, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Albert Currie to Annie Duke.
Marville, Sept. 16, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, George Eno to M. J. McIntyre.
Springhill, Sept. 15, by Rev. David Wright, Henry Ross to Rosa McCullum.
St. John, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Daniel Owens to Flora Masker.
Halifax, Sept. 7, by Rev. G. D. Weaver, Charles Mullen to Myra Wagner.
Carleton, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. Sampson, William Gracie to Emma Gordon.
St. John, Sept. 20, by Rev. T. Casey, Patrick McMenamin to Mary Collins.
Kewick, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. K. King, William Talbot to Minnie White.
St. John, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Capt. J. H. Myers to Maggie Welsh.
Rawdon, N. S. Sept. 15, by Rev. J. Spencer, Jacob Welwood to Lattie Wilson.
Hillsboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, W. H. Rogers to Mary M. Steeves.
Carleton, Sept. 13, by Rev. J. O'Donovan, John S. Ward to Jennie J. Lenahan.
Black Brook, Sept. 19, by Rev. N. McKay, James N. Gillis to Trussie O'Heron.
Avalon, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. Campbell, Chas. P. Knight to Marietta McDonald.
Jacktonville, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, David F. Alexander to Hattie Estey.
Truro, Sept. 19, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Amos B. Elliott to Stella B. Charnan.
Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Jas. F. Meenan to Elizabeth M. Rodgers.
New Glasgow, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. Chapman, Walter Cooper to Sarah L. Townsend.
Dartmouth, Sept. 20, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, George A. Starnes to Annie M. Wilson.
New Germany, N. S. Sept. 9, by Rev. Edward Parry, Chas. W. Silver to Maria Kelly.
Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. H. B. Brown, Saal W. Lambert to Rebecca J. Skinner.
St. John, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Thos. Hunter to Emma S. Williamson.
St. John, Sept. 15, by Rev. James Burgess, Geo. R. Jackson to Frances A. Whipple.
Dartmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. Chas. Underwood, Geo. Morash to Matilda Naugle.
Kentville, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. W. P. Berg, Joshua Chase to Fannie Borden.
Mount Pleasant, N. S. Sept. 10, by Rev. C. Munro, George Hunter to Lucy A. Kline.
Oak Bay, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Alexander Blakeney to Annie M. Ross.
Hampden, Sept. 19, by Rev. Geo. Hillier, Sherman M. Adams to Maggie H. Wheeler.
Dartmouth, Sept. 17, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Geo. Hummelman to Mary Dunworth.
Nictaux, N. S. Sept. 13, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Warren E. Hoop to Mary A. Barteaux.
Bear River, Sept. 16, by Rev. Joseph Hall, William Winchester to Almira J. Blackford.
St. Patrick, N. B. Sept. 12, by Rev. J. W. Milligan, Albert Boyd to Hannah J. Johnson.
St. John, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, H. K. I. Bartsch to Clara E. Charnan.
Hopewell Hill, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. H. Hughes, Thomas Dobson to Carrie J. Smith.
Windsor, Sept. 20, by Rev. P. A. MacEwan, D. Forter to Kate Marbury.
Fort Mulgrave, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. R. Griffin, Thos. C. Irwin to Sarah M. Kinney.
Windsor, Sept. 20, by Rev. P. A. MacEwan, D. Forter to Kate Marbury.
Weldon Greenough to Florence Ella.
Springhill, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Chas. Wilson, Arthur Webster to Emily J. Parish.
Fredericton, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Woodford Harper to Jennie Carlson.
Milikova, N. B. Sept. 9, by Rev. C. S. Wilder, Adoniram Johnson to Bella McLain.
Paradise West, N. S. Sept. 19, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, John I. Daniels to Eva Both Daniels.
Woodstock, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. G. Harvey, Alexander Rockwell to Jane Cranleirne.
New Glasgow, Sept. 20, by Rev. Jas. Carruthers, Fred J. Armstrong to Angie Sullivan.
Bonnie Hill, Sept. 15, by Rev. Henry D. DeBlais, Elizez Gullit to Minnie E. Medlicraft.
Hartford, N. S. Sept. 14, by Rev. F. B. Beale, David V. Lander to Mrs. Ann Pines.
Young's Cove, Sept. 18, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Ansel W. Smith to Isabella Snodgrass.
Lakville Corner, N. B. Sept. 15, by Rev. A. D. McCully, Brantia Nash to Flora Holmes.
Stewartdale, C. B. Sept. 14, by Rev. M. McKenzie, Murdoch McKinnon to Catherine McDonald.
Bridgport, C. B. Sept. 15, by Rev. J. A. MacGillivray, Malcolm McPherson to Isabella McPherson.
Onslow, by Rev. J. H. Chase, assisted by Rev. Geo. Cannon, Edmund Lewis to Beanie Patman.
Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. Foley, assisted by Rev. Canon Corroby, John P. Foley to M. Foley.
Dartmouth, Sept. 18, by Rev. C. E. Pines, assisted by Rev. E. J. Locke, Adoniram J. Banks to Cassie A. Gates.

DIED.

- St. John, Sept. 24, Hugh Bryson.
Halifax, Sept. 16, Richard Ford, 80.
Halifax, Sept. 15, Michael Garvie, 72.
St. John, Sept. 25, Jane Crawford, 78.
Boaboe, Sept. 2, James Crawley, 60.
Springhill, Sept. 17, James Filipe, 84.
Middleville, Sept. 21, Byard Rankin, 83.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Samuel Smedley, 58.
Halifax, Sept. 19, Timothy Hayes, 60.
Halifax, Sept. 18, Felix DeLottain, 22.
Dufferin, Sept. 16, Michael Toomey, 49.
Moncton, Sept. 15, Andrew Milton, 73.
Halifax, Sept. 20, William Grumley, 24.
Fairville, Sept. 25, David A. Reed, 60.
Rollingdam, Sept. 16, James Hewitt, 64.
Golden Grove, Sept. 23, Sarah Scott, 70.
Dufferin, Sept. 6, Osborne Young, 17.
St. Stephen, Sept. 15, Edward McMillan, 70.
Dartmouth, Sept. 20, Joseph Permette, 79.
New Glasgow, Sept. 20, John McKay, 76.
Newcastle, Sept. 19, Rupert Crockett, 72.
Moncton, Sept. 23, Harvey A. Black, 30.
Springhill, Sept. 15, Nancy C. Coleman, 59.
Gage own, Sept. 15, Edward McMillan, 70.
Halifax, Sept. 19, Rev. E. B. Nichols, 72.
Chatham, Sept. 15, Mrs. Catherine Lane, 65.
Springhill, Sept. 2, Edgar Adams, 7 weeks.
Rosette, N. S. Aug. 18, Thomas Menchis, 78.
Westfield, N. B. Sept. 22, Geo. W. Elston, 40.
Colchester, Sept. 14, James H. Goodrich, 83.
Koonshougous, Sept. 11, Michael Grogan, 62.
Economy, N. S. Sept. 14, Theodore Durning, 57.
South Brook, N. S. Sept. 16, Luke W. Smith, 29.
Truro, Nancy, widow of late William McKay, 70.
Williamston, Sept. 17, wife of Sidney Crockett, 95.
West La Hare, N. S. Sept. 19, Joseph Permette, 79.
Port Hastings, C. B. Aug. 27, Willie Campbell, 17.
Rockingham, N. S. Sept. 2, William G. Bower, 68.
St. John, Sept. 25, Ann Jane, wife of John Day, 76.
Halifax, Aug. 25, Lieut. General Jas. R. Gibbon, 72.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Elizabeth, wife of Arthur Balch, 80.
St. John, Sept. 23, Mary S., wife of W. C. Goddard, 66.
St. John, Sept. 26, Martha, wife of Henry E. Dalton, 54.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Marie, widow of late Benj. Campbell, 73.
Liverpool, Sept. 20, Margaret R., wife of John Putnam, 84.
Milton, Sept. 15, Gussie, daughter of Mark LeBlanc, 8 months.
Halifax, Sept. 13, Russell, son of Jas. McLean of Pictou, 20.
Barker's Point, N. B. Sept. 18, Capt. William A. Barker, 62.
Melville Square, N. S. Sept. 16, Rev. Nathaniel Vidilo, 58.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Margaret, widow of late Patrick Barry, 76.
Newport, Sept. 17, Mary A., daughter of Nelson Woolaver.
Weston, Sept. 7, Maria, widow of late Adolphus Crocker, 85 months.
Simonds, Sept. 20, Mary, widow of late Richard Beaulieu, 88.
Halifax, Sept. 19, Mary J., daughter of George and Sarah O'Neil, 60.
Middleville, Sept. 18, Esther, widow of late Joseph Patterson, 86.
Farnborough, Sept. 12, Mary Matilda, wife of William Kirkpatrick, 60.
Yarmouth, Sept. 11, Edith, daughter of Freeman and Isabella Treffry, 6.
Sydney Mines, C. B. Sept. 16, Alice, widow of late H. M. Lawlor, 73.
St. David, Sept. 8, Elizabeth C., widow of late James Murphy, 62.
Chamcook, N. B. Sept. 20, Julia A., widow of late William Wren, 70.
Fredericton, Sept. 18, John A., son of John and Maggie Hughes, 15.
Fredericton, Sept. 15, Agnes M., daughter of Jos. S. and Linda L. Milligan.
Halifax, Sept. 22, Garrett, son of late Thomas and Catherine Kennedy, 21.
St. John, Sept. 21, George, son of John and late Catherine Beaulieu, 20.
Dorby, N. B. Sept. 10, Willie, son of Christopher and Ella Crocker, 9 months.
Wolville, Sept. 14, Clarence, son of Thompson and Frances Foot, 18 months.
Silver Falls, Sept. 21, Mabel L., daughter of Samuel and Mary Creighton, 19.
St. John, Sept. 24, Lena S., daughter of Theodore and Elizabeth Nelson, 21 months.
Windsor, Aug. 24, Florence, daughter of D. F. and Florence Replin, 4 months.
Little Rideoutown, Sept. 8, Lilla Mary, daughter of John and Mary Ann, 15 months.
Right Island Lake, N. S. Aug. 19, Margaret Sutherland, wife of Hugh Polson, 64.
Port La Tour, Sept. 15, Carrie, daughter of late Albert and Sarah McGroarty, 15 months.
Annapolis, Sept. 16, of consumption, Genevieve, daughter of late Bernard Dowling.
Windsor, Sept. 16, of consumption, Muriel, daughter of W. D. and Annie Murray, 19.
Shelburne, Sept. 18, of consumption, Elizabeth McKinnis, wife of Judson Gardner, 84.
Moncton, Sept. 20, of diphtheritis, crop, Albert V. son of Clarence and Amelia Estano, 5.
Marville, Sept. 8, Nettie May, adopted daughter of Lillian and James, 15 months.
St. John, Sept. 26, Mary, wife of Jas. B. Stansley, and daughter of John and late Mary A. Bardsley.
Middleton, Sept. 11, Marcella, wife of William Tupper, and daughter of Emerson Hilday, of Lakeville, N. S., 28.