

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

A DESERTED SANCTUARY.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH IN RUINS.

Its Surroundings and How it Was Built in the Early Days—An Englishman who Fell at Farming and Died at his Post—His Grave Unmarked at This Spot.

HALIFAX, Oct. 25.—An abandoned church and graveyard is a somewhat melancholy sight. But when these are found in the midst of a forest, completely hidden from view, and a quarter of a mile from the nearest road, there comes a combination of the romantic and the sad. The old church of England place of worship in Middle Musquodoboit answers this description. The place has not been used for religious worship for 30 or 40 years, nor has an episcopal service been held elsewhere in that region since the doors were closed long ago in the now rapidly decaying old church. When first built the post road ran close to the southern side of the church, but the direction of the highway was subsequently changed so that it crossed round the hill, instead of crossing its summit. It would not have been difficult to keep up a private road to the church, but the congregation, never large, disappeared; the building was closed up and its existence is now well-nigh forgotten. A toilsome journey through the woods, with thick growth of underbrush, is necessary to see the old place.

Though used for but a comparatively short time, that old church has a history. It was well built, and the money to pay for it was collected from far and near, much of the funds being raised in England. It would probably never have been erected had it not been for good old Colonel Gladwin. He was an officer in the British army, who came to this country and invested his money in an immense area of land in the rich Musquodoboit Valley. He was a scion of a noble family, and the story of his life was or is known to very few. Colonel Gladwin found farming in the backwoods of Musquodoboit a very different matter from living in merry England. He tried to keep up old country customs, but before he died the poor man sorrowfully came to find that he had to accommodate himself to changed conditions. It was Colonel Gladwin's influence that caused the erection of this church in a district almost exclusively presbyterian. It was used for comparatively a very brief period. For nearly forty years it has served no other purpose than that of an attractive place to take curious sight-seers of an antiquarian turn of mind, and latterly, since the doors have been broken in, to afford shelter for sheep which run in and out at will. The plaster is nearly intact; the roof seems tight; but there is not a single pane of glass left in the large Gothic windows. The walls are covered with the names of young people anxious in this, it is no other way, to render themselves immortal. Some more ambitious than others, have with great difficulty inscribed their names high up on the ceiling. Many of the old pine pews have been thrown down, and the interior of the church, more even than the outside, is the picture of desolation. The church was never used, and the late Bishop Binney, early in his career, closed it forever.

Clustering round the church is the graveyard, hiding all that is mortal of perhaps 20 or 30 men and women. Colonel Gladwin, with his wife and mother lie buried there, with no stone to mark their last resting place. On his deathbed the old colonel left positive instructions that no monument should be erected to his memory. His dying wish has been respected and nothing but a wooden rail encloses the lot from the few graves and the fast growing forest. Colonel Gladwin was 90 years old when, a disappointed man, he joined the silent majority. His dependants are scattered far and near, and several of his sons, one of them now a member of the presbyterian church, are among the most respected men in Musquodoboit. Another grave that attracts attention is one from the very centre of which a large tree grows straight skywards, as if the body interred there long ago had been its seed.

Musquodoboit is about 30 miles from Halifax in an air line, 42 by the road, and should any reader fancy such a scene of desolation as this abandoned church presents he could not do better than some summer day take a trip up, and get some one who knows the place to guide him to the secluded spot.

A BOTANIST VISITS ST. JOHN.

A Splendid Conservatory in the Woods at Long's Cove.

To one who is wont "to muse on nature with a poet's eye," there can certainly be no more sympathetic study than that of botany. The true botanist feels all the beauty of Tennyson's lines:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What I hold, root and all, in my hand,
I should know what God and man is.

A famous botanist was the Reverend Gilbert White, yet he owned by far the

MORE BEAST THAN MAN.

A BRUTAL FARMER CALLED TO A STRICT ACCOUNT.

For Cruelty to His Horse—The Terrible Beating He Gave the Poor Animal While He Was in a Passion—His Son Helped Him—His Neighbors Indignant.

HALIFAX, Oct. 25.—Can a man be a Sunday school superintendent, a Y. P. S. C. E. leader and be prominent in every prayer meeting within reach, and at the same time stand convicted of barbarous cruelty to his horse? Such is the question which the people of middle Musquodoboit, a wealthy farming district, are asking here, are asking—a question to which the S. P. C. of this city are adding emphasis by instituting criminal proceedings against the man who excels at both.

Allen J. McCurdy of Middle Musquodoboit, has attained an unenviable notoriety in past few days. He is the owner of a fine All-right horse, but which is unfortunately subject to fits of sickness. The animal occasionally becomes balky. An affair which has caused great indignation in Musquodoboit, and which has excited the wrath of president Mackintosh and the committee of the S. P. C. happened a couple of weeks ago but has only recently become known outside the district. Mr. McCurdy a stalwart, powerfully built man of forty years, was using his horse near the house. The animal took one of his disobedient turns. Had he been other than a passionate, cruel man McCurdy could easily have conquered his horse in a humane way but he chose to adapt a barbarous plan, and in doing so ignominiously failed to accomplish his purpose and succeeded in getting himself into no end of trouble with the Musquodoboit church of the S. P. C. of Halifax.

McCurdy took his horse out of the stable and tied him to a post in a field. Assisted by his step-son, Ira Archibald, he unmercifully lashed the brute, and only desisted when he found the horse in danger of strangulation on account of the way he was tied. What had been done only whetted McCurdy's appetite. He said the horse was not yet "conquered," so he led the poor dumb animal into a place beneath a barn. An ox chain was procured, and with this the horse was tightly secured by the neck to a beam in such a way that he could not run round and choke himself. Then two iron chain traces were fastened to stout sticks, and McCurdy and his step-son, armed with these, took up a position on either side of his victim.

At a signal from the owner both men began a shower of blows upon the quivering sides and legs of the horse. They rained their blows upon the animal till the flesh was torn and bleeding in all directions. The ox chain, too, had wrenched the skin from the animal's neck. A neighbor, George McFatridge, watched the torture till he became "sick and tired." Perspiration broke out on the two chain men, and when they ceased their heathenish work it was not because the horse was about sinking from exhaustion, but because they were unable longer to swing the chains with cruel thud upon the horse's lacerated flesh.

In the woods lumbermen have been known to occasionally strike a horse with a chain, but it makes a new record when two men deliberately tie up a fine animal in this way and lash it with chains till hardly a whole spot remains upon its skin.

When the story became known there was intense indignation in law-abiding Musquodoboit. Three different people, afraid to say much openly, wrote to the S. P. C. officers in this city, asking that McCurdy be proceeded against. Constable Burbridge was sent up to investigate and obtain evidence. But a couple of McCurdy's friends shrewdly attempted to steal a march on the S. P. C. When Burbridge's business was understood one of them went to Allen J. McCurdy and talked over the affair with him. He advised the cruel man to come with him before a brotherly justice of peace. The friend would formally lodge a complaint of willful cruelty; McCurdy would plead guilty, and a minimum fine of five dollars would be imposed. This was agreed to, and was carried out, and probably the fine was paid. Nevertheless Burbridge continued his investigation and a day or two later came to Halifax plentifully supplied with facts.

The action of the country J. P.'s did not tend to sweeten the tempers of members of the S. P. C. executive. They at once determined to see if the nominal fine of \$5 could not be set aside and McCurdy made to pay something that would be effective in teaching him an enduring lesson, and also to give the stepperson occasion to remember that there is such a thing as law against willful cruelty of the kind practiced by him. Steps are now being taken to that end.

That the way of transgressors is hard, McCurdy found in another way. He never misses an opportunity to put himself forward in Sunday school, prayer-meeting and Christian Endeavor. He is a Sunday school superintendent. The unanimous

ORANGEMEN IN POLITICS.

'ANDY' ARMSTRONG IS THEIR CHOSEN CANDIDATE.

The Work he and Grand Master Kelly Have Been Doing in the Lodges—The Conservatives Can't Afford to Ignore Them—Some Facts for Politicians to Think About.

"I only really organized body in the constituency of St. John to day is the orange body." The observation was made the other day by an orange sympathizer and strong evidence was brought forward to bear up the assertion. And it is a fact that the body is splendidly organized and that the component parts are well knit together throughout the country.

A short time ago PROGRESS drew attention to the fact that the body proposed to have a candidate for this constituency in the approaching Dominion contest. Since then further information has been obtained concerning the possibilities and certainties in this matter.

Early in the year Mr. James Kelly was selected to the highest position in the gift of the orange body in this province. Then commenced an energetic campaign. The new grand master determined to bring the order to a much higher level of activity and certainly success in attending his efforts. Accompanied by other grand officers he has been busily engaged making frequent trips to various parts of the province, instituting new lodges, breathing renewed life into the existing branches and re-constituting those which had relapsed into a too peaceful state. The result is that their strength throughout the province has been much increased and Mr. William Kelly proposes before he steps to visit every lodge in the province and lend his energy to assist their growth.

But it is his work in connection with the order in St. John county that people are specially following. He has been busy visiting all the lodges throughout the county. Major A. J. Armstrong and their grand officers have been accompanying him and a gentleman who has been going says that he was surprised at the reception with which Messrs. Kelly and Armstrong were greeted wherever they went. They seemed to know every one and all appeared to think a great deal of the men. They would drive for miles along the rough country road to meet the heads of their order and wherever they went there have been large numbers at the visitations.

There are about sixteen lodges of orangemen in this constituency with memberships running from about fifty up into the hundreds. Every country district has its lodge and the ramifications extend into every portion of the country, and further than that, they are a united body with fresh new life flowing through their limbs. In St. Martins, Golden Grove, Loch Lomond, Fairville, South Bay, Pisarino and Musquash there are flourishing lodges and their strength as voters is represented not by their membership alone, for there are many besides who are in sympathy with the order though they may have lapsed or retired. In this city the body has many members, for eight lodges are flourishing here with a membership going away up into the hundreds.

One indication that tells the trend of things is what they accomplished in connection with the revision of the voters' lists. They worked hard and on the authority orangemen put to about 3,000 names.

The much visiting of the supreme officers and the sending in of the bundles of applications for the lists were the first public intimations that the orangemen were to have a candidate and the next question is when shall it be. This is pretty well settled and it is no secret that Major Armstrong will probably be the standard bearer of the orange body in the coming contest. Mr. H. A. McKeown would like to have that honor, but the body of the order supports the claim of the genial major.

Least there should be any misconception it is necessary to state that the orangemen do not wish to work in opposition to the conservative body. It is well known that the body in this constituency is decidedly conservative in its personnel and what they propose is to have an orange conservative candidate in the field. They intend to bring such pressure to bear in the nomination of candidates that the supporters of the government will feel their influence and accept the nomination of Major Armstrong. If they do not succeed in their nomination it is hard to tell what will follow.

There is another thing which would go to strengthen Major Armstrong's candidature. He is a strong temperance man and would get the support of the temperance element, and by the way the temperance and orange bodies are becoming more and more closely identified as time advances. The day when the ideas of an orangeman and a jug of rum were associated in the public mind has gone by. The heads of the order are also the leaders of the Sons of Temperance in this province and orangemen are temperance men. Recently a division of the Sons of Temperance was organized at Prince of Wales in the

OPINION IN MUSQUODOBOIT IS THAT RELIGIOUS WORK OF THIS KIND WAS THE LOSER ON ACCOUNT OF McCURDY'S PROMINENCE IN IT, AND AN AGITATION IS GOING ON TO RESTRAIN HIM AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

After people have seen the poor scoured horse they can't see much good in the striker. A letter has been addressed from the S. P. C., to Rev. Mr. Smith, the presbyterian minister of Musquodoboit, asking him to see to it that Allen J. McCurdy be compelled to take a back seat at prayer-meeting, in the interest of all that is humane and good.

ALD. RYAN WAS THE MAN.
He Can Now Bring that Libel Suit Against "Progress."

HALIFAX, Oct. 25.—Two weeks ago PROGRESS told the story of a Halifax alderman who went to Montreal to attend a recent convention. His expenses were paid by the city, but he applied to the I. C. R. authorities for a free pass. He got it, but too late to use, so he bought a ticket over the C. P. R. to Montreal. Afterwards the alderman tried to sell the free pass. These were the facts stated. Alderman Ryan, chief of the board of firewards, promptly fitted the cap to his own head, and wrote a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"As I am the only Halifax alderman who has attended such a convention, I cannot but feel that the reference to me, and if I knowas will dare to be so much more explicit and mention my name in the connection I will prove its statement a falsehood in a place where that paper will have the pleasure of being proved a slanderer."

It is not a difficult matter to become more explicit. Alderman J. F. Ryan was the man who went to Montreal under the circumstances mentioned, and he was the man who tried to sell the free pass with which the I. C. R. had favored him. The free pass was offered for sale to half a dozen commercial men, both by Alderman Ryan and friends on his behalf. If Mr. Ryan wishes the names of witnesses to subpoena, in case he decides on the "slander" fiasco, he should include the painter who initials read "J. E. M.," and the brewer who briefly signs his name "R. B." These men were going West on masonic business, and they were asked to purchase the pass. Both refused, because both Ryan and themselves, they considered, were too well known, to succeed in getting out of Halifax on a document which read: "Pass J. F. Ryan from Halifax to Lewis, subject to the conditions stated hereon." The instructions to conductors on the back of the pass read as follows:

"If this pass is presented by any other than the person named in it, or if it is made out for more than one trip, or if there are any alterations, additions or erasures made in it, you are not to honor it for passage, you must collect fare instead, giving the person a receipt for the money paid. You will also take up the pass and send it to the general manager's office with the statement of the facts."

The general manager's office is hereby given a "statement of the facts." Alderman Ryan may not have succeeded in selling the free pass, but he, and others on his behalf, certainly tried to make merchandise out of it. A dozen people in Halifax know that to be a fact.

Anyhow, the money that Alderman Ryan got from the city council to attend that convention of American fire chiefs was sufficient to pay his legitimate expenses, and he received the cash on the tacit understanding that he was to pay for his ticket, not that he was to get one from the I. C. R. as far as Quebec for nothing.

Alderman Ryan, like everyone else, has both good and bad elements in his make-up. This free pass business, and his roundabout denial of what many here know to be a fact, serves to show a part of the bad. It will be a pleasure, next time his name comes up, to have something of the good to tell about.

Colonel Tucker Honored.
At the magnificent exhibition of the Auer light by Mr. Granger, at the Mechanics' Institute, on Tuesday evening, the lecturer asked the audience to select by nomination gentlemen to be photographed. There were to be four groups, and each was to contain three people. The first two groups nominated included men from various walks of life, but when the third group was to be chosen the audience awoke to the fact that the clergymen of the city had been slighted. So Rev. Dr. Pope, Rev. Dr. Macrae, and Rev. Henry Daniel were nominated. When the fourth group was about to be chosen the rage for ministerial representation was at its height. It was then that Mr. W. C. Pitfield arose, and nominated Rev. Canon DeVeber, Rev. J. J. Teasdale and Rev. Colonel Tucker. The house shook into applause when the lecturer, who seems to have a very dim perception of a joke, even by the Auer light, calmly requested Rev. Colonel Tucker to come on the platform. The colonel complied, and he and the two ministers made a charming picture.

The Grocery of the People.
Tea, coffee and cocoa are emphasized in the advertisement of Hardress Clarke in this issue. Eight kinds of tea ranging in price from 18 to 50 cents per pound; every variety of coffee and cocoa from all the well known manufacturers. Then such value in sugars and canned goods! Mr. Clarke keeps his eye upon the public and its wants and the people whom they want the best at the lowest prices know where to go.

PARISH OF MUSQUASH AND EVERY MEMBER WHO JOINED WAS AN ORANGEMAN. THIS INDICATES HOW CLOSELY IDENTIFIED THE TWO BODIES ARE.

Now, to state the whole thing in brief, the orangemen and the temperance men, will work hand in hand, backed, they hope; by the conservative forces, to send Major Armstrong to the commons in the spring of 1895.

MACDONALD IS UNDER RESTRAINT.
Superintendent Steeves Gives Some Interesting Facts of his Asylum Life.

An article on the criminal insane in the last issue of the Progress, written by Superintendent Steeves in explanation of some of the statements made, gives his reason for doing this but the facts are interesting and of public concern in any event. Dr. Steeves writes:

"Your representative, in his remarks respecting Mr. McDonald, says that it was not necessary to keep him under restraint, and that he was informed by people of Fairville that he was allowed to go to church on Sundays." Neither of these statements is quite correct, and they are in my judgment, in danger of an interpretation, without amplification, which would be somewhat at variance with the facts. Let me explain. Whilst it is true that Mr. McDonald is not under mechanical restraint, in the ordinary acceptance of that term, yet he is under marked restraint continuously. He is never allowed outside of the building, except occasionally, under the immediate care of a trusted attendant, for a walk. He has never been beyond the fenced grounds of the asylum since his last admission here.

"In regard to his attending church, I have to say that he does not even attend the religious services in the asylum, held especially for the benefit of all its inmates. I wished to have him do so, but he has always so strongly and persistently refused, that I have yielded to his wishes and allowed him to have his own way in the matter. I am glad that your reporter referred to this subject, because some over-anxious persons have complained that McDonald was allowed too much liberty, and it affords the occasion for one to correct an error.

Some time ago complaint was made to Attorney General, Hon. Mr. Blair, as referred to above. I made the foregoing statements and explanations to the chairman and other members of the Board of Commissioners, and showed them McDonald's shutter room, and I informed them that I had allowed the friends of this patient to add some furniture to his room—to which no objection was made on the part of the commissioners; and the explanations made respecting his care and management were satisfactory.

"I have to add that we have five, instead of four criminal patients, without counting Crawford, whom we expect, but have not yet received. The one not mentioned before is Charles Fletcher, who was sent to Dorchester in 1875 for seven years. He was adjudged insane at the end of three months, and sent to Kingston, where he remained the balance of his term. He was sent here from Carleton Co., in Feb., 1892. This patient had a cranial injury when 19 years old, which doubtless accounts for his insanity, and it is more than probable that it accounts for his crime as well."

Lady Jane and "Society."

HALIFAX, Oct. 25.—PROGRESS' list of Halifax society is generally commented on as very accurate indeed. A half dozen names, perhaps, were omitted of those who could be invited to all the society functions if they cared for the honor, but as they don't they were not included in that "exclusive" list. "Lady Jane," a talented society writer for one of the Halifax papers, tries in a mild way to find fault with the list, her principal complaint being that the writer does not, after all, know "society," and that "society" does not "know him." The inference is that "Lady Jane" herself fills both bills. The dear lady is quite welcome to the honor, if it can be construed as such, and then if she is over-rating herself it would be a pity to disabuse her mind, and snatch from her so sweet a morsel of delight. Maintain your good terms with society, "Lady Jane," and "joy be wi' ye."

A Gifted Lady.

A "trance medium and herb doctress" has struck St. John. She announces herself as "gifted with a wonderful gift of nature," and further more says that she "was born with a natural gift." The "poor" she announces, "are to be considered." Ladies of her profession are generally apt to consider the poor as their most likely victims. The most remarkable thing about this lady is that "she can tell you if your claim against the United States is of value to you, and will advise you accordingly." All St. John people having claims against the United States should not fail to visit the trance medium and herb doctress.

"Progress" is for sale in Fairville at Daniel Brophy's grocery.

WASH-DAY USING LIGHT SOAP

Atlantic R'y.

EVANGELINE ROUTE.

FRIDNESDAY, October 27, 1894.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

LEAVE ST. JOHN:

EXPRESS CO.

FITS!

LUCKY NEIL MORRISON.

"THE MONEY-LENDER OF KIMBERLEY" AND HIS LEGACY.

A St. John Man who Woke One Morning and Found Himself Rich—The Will Seventeen Years Old, However—The Thirty Odd Other Heirs.

The eyes of a number of individuals in different parts of the world are just now turned towards the town of Kimberley in South Africa. There an alleged fortune of fifteen million dollars awaits them and they are of course anxious to obtain possession of the treasure.

The individual who left these vast possessions was William McKay, who was known in his African home on account of his solitary ways as "the miser and money lender." He had a number of brothers and sisters, and as he left no issue, the fortune goes to them. One of his sisters was the mother of Neil Morrison, a stevedore of this city, and Mr. Morrison is now taking steps to secure his share of the fortune. The heirs are many and there will be many divisions and sub-divisions of the estate, but still Mr. Morrison gets his share he will have a very comfortable inheritance.

According to the will of the deceased millionaire he left a million and a half to each of his brothers and sisters. This amount would go to Mrs. Morrison if she was living, but as she is dead it goes to her children. She has eight of these living, of whom one is Neil, and three who are dead leave issue so that the million and a half would be divided among these eleven families.

The whole story of the fortune would furnish material for a romance. The events are interesting and varied and cover in their scope many lands and many decades. In the parish of Durness, Sutherlandshire, in the north of Scotland, the family of McKay was brought up amid the simple surroundings of Scotch highland life. As boys and girls William and his brothers and sisters played about the hillsides in their tartans free as air and building up that healthy, sturdy frame which distinguishes the Scotch nature and which carried the members of this family through many vicissitudes in many lands during the days that were then to come.

First one of the daughters sought a new home. This was Mrs. Morrison, mother of Neil Morrison. She and her husband came out to New Brunswick fifty-nine years ago and settled at St. George. There they remained twelve years and then removed to St. Andrews; and while they were living here Mrs. Morrison's brother Daniel also left the place of his nativity. He enlisted in the 93rd highland regiment and came out to Canada, being stationed at Kingston, Ont. Shortly after William followed him, coming out as carpenter in a sailing vessel from London. After he embarked no more was heard of him. He became lost to view and it was thought that the vessel he had come out in was wrecked. This was about the year 1853 and from then until a few weeks ago nothing more was heard by Mrs. Morrison of her brother. Then after these forty years there came like a thunder clap the word of his amazing fortune and leaving it to his relatives.

With arrival of this news came the tale of the main facts of the missing man's life. It appeared that he arrived safely and went to Kingston where he joined his brother in the regiment. After a time the discipline became irksome and they took French leave of their messmates. Under assumed names they went to Youngstown, Ohio. They were befriended by a man named McKeown. Daniel settled down and remained there for the rest of his life and there his progeny reside.

But William was of a more roving disposition. Just then the California gold fever was at its height and he started off to seek his fortune. Among the rough mining camps of the rocks and the more civilizing influences of San Francisco he dwelt some time and found what he sought. He returned to Youngstown with quite a fortune, but the spirit of unrest was in him and he merely bid his friends adieu, and started for the diamond fields of Kimberley, South Africa. There he further increased his store by mining, speculating and money lending. He was rather a solitary man and saved his money, and his thousands rapidly mounted into tens and hundreds and finally into millions.

A man named John Collins was one of his few friends and in 1877 when Collins was leaving for the West Indies he made out his will and gave him a copy of it, telling him that if anything should happen to

him before Collins' return he wished him to communicate its contents to his relatives. The will was witnessed by Collins and another man, James Duff.

The story now leaves McKay, who, it is supposed, died a few years later, perhaps about 1880, and goes on with Collins, who, as the thing now stands, is the key to the situation. He wandered about for some time and at length brought up at Youngstown when he gave the will to Daniel McKay and by the way, Daniel was named executor and by the provisions of the will received in addition to his million and a half as a brother another million for fulfilling the duties of the executor's office. Daniel does not appear to have communicated anything about the will to his relations and it took many years and a round-about process for the facts to reach Neil Morrison.

A son of the man Andrew McKeown who befriended the brothers McKay in Youngstown appears to have learned about the will from his father who in turn learned it from McKay. According to the will a bequest of a few hundred thousand was left to Andrew McKeown, and after his death his son John A. McKeown, a young man of about twenty, started out to see what could be done toward getting the amount. He wrote about it to Durness, Scotland, to see if the parish had ever received a bequest which was left for the purpose of educating the children of the poor. The people in Scotland wrote in turn to some cousins of Neil Morrison in Shelburne, N. S. and it was from them that he received the first word of his good fortune. But the news had been on the wing seventeen years, and it had gone through six hands before it came.

One day a bundle of letters came into Mr. Morrison's home on Britain street. It contained the copy of the will and other information. Mr. Morrison, who opened the documents, was amazed. She showed them to her husband, who at first would not look at them. Later he changed his mind and concluded to see what was in the thing. He consulted the legal firm of McKeown, Barnhill and Chapman and Mr. Barnhill is now investigating the matter. He has written to parties in Kimberley, to locate the fortune and his lordship Mayor Robertson has also written to the mayor of that town with the same object. The first point is to locate the fortune. After that it will be necessary to find Collins and to go through all the legal requirements to prove heirship. There is much to be done and the heirs should not build too high hopes of future prosperity at this early stage. It is not known where Collins is now but a hunt for him is being prosecuted and it is supposed that he is in Colorado.

There are about thirty families in the collateral branches of the family of Wm. McKay who are legal heirs to the fortune and they are now pretty well scattered. They are, however, united by one circumstance. They are all looking for the fortune. William had three brothers and four sisters. Of these two are living and are eligible each for a million and a half. These are George, who lives at Durness, and Catharine, who lives at Shelburne, N. S. Each has about six children living. Of the other five in the family four left issue. These are Daniel, who left nine children living; Villina, who left three; Dollina, eight; Effie, about three, and Annie about two. Each of these families is entitled to a million and a half, except Daniel's, whose family, as stated before, will receive two and a half millions.

Neil Morrison is one of twelve children of Dollina. Of these eight are living, while three more left issue. Daniel is in Oakland, Cal.; John is at San Francisco, Cal.; James is at Vancouver, B. C.; Jeannette and Georgiana are at Portland, Oregon; Catherine is in Washington Territory, and Barbara is in San Francisco. All have done very well and have made their way in the world. Daniel followed several occupations. He has been vessel owner and captain among others and had the misfortune to see a fine craft go down under his command. John was in the mines of Idaho for thirty odd years and he sold one of his claims for \$50,000. James is a stevedore and is expected here shortly from Vancouver to consult with his brother about the fortune. Jeannette married a Mr. Shindler who has a furniture factory in Portland, Ore. Catherine married Geo. Smith, Georgiana is single and Barbara is a widow, her husband Mr. Galway having died. Three other sisters who are dead have left children who would also be entitled to a share of the millions.

Mr. Morrison is a thorough Scotchman and comes of good highland stock on both sides of the house. He was seven years old when his father came out here fifty-nine years ago. They first lived in St. George for twelve years and then in St. Andrews the same space of time. Eventually they came here and for many years Mr. Morrison has been following the ins and outs of St. John shipping prosperity as a stevedore.

Like most Scotchmen Mr. Morrison is domestically inclined and his chief loves are his home and his church. He is a staunch supporter of the Reformed Presbyterians and has a great admiration for their late clergyman, Rev. Mr. MacFarlane. He is a man who has made many friends and he is respected by all for his sterling qualities.

He seems to be quite sanguine of getting the fortune, though he has not let his hopes run away with his prudence. There is much to be done before the fortune can be obtained, if it is obtained.

Mr. Barnhill was asked respecting his belief. He declined to express any opinion as to the surety of getting the money, but said that while not attempting to discourage his client he had advised him not to build up too strong hopes until he had learned something more substantial. One of the provisions in the will shows one phase of "the money lender of Kimberley's" business foresight. He leaves the sum of \$50,000 for legal expenses.

Bequeathed His Pension. Said B. C. Rains, a special pension agent, "I had a peculiar case in Washington County, Tenn. A man named Adams drew a pension for total disability and I was instructed to call and see if the disability was still total. When I reached the house a young man came to the door. I asked: "Is this where John Adams lives?" "It's where he did live, stranger." "Where does he live now?" "He don't live. He's been dead for gain' for five 'yar. I'm his son."

"Then I explained my mission, and he said: "Oh, that's all right. Walk right in and take a check. Pap could write an' he make a will; the pension war the only thing he had to leave, but it's cum in mighty handy." He produced the will, and, sure enough, the pension had been devised to him. I didn't have the heart to tell him it was not valid, but he receives no more pension."

A LETTER OF JOHN WESLEY

Which is Now in Possession of Mount Allison University. That well-known Methodist institution, Mount Allison University, is happy. It now has an autograph letter of John Wesley in its possession—something that a college of any denomination would be glad to own. The letter is particularly valuable because it concerns early work in North American mission fields, and hence is of great historical interest. It was written a hundred and ten years since.

A few years after it was written, Mr. George Tupper, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, got possession of this letter, which he carefully preserved in his family bible. About a year ago Mr. E. C. Foster, of Berwick, whose wife is one of Mr. Tupper's descendants, was on a visit to relatives in Massachusetts, and was surprised to find there the old Tupper bible, and also the letter of John Wesley. He took the letter back with him to Nova Scotia, and has now presented it to Mount Allison. The letter is as follows:

To all whom these presents shall come. John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, sendeth greeting.

Whereas many of the people in the Southern provinces of North America, who desire to continue in the use of the Church of England, are greatly disturbed for want of Ministers to administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to the uses of said Church: And whereas there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with ministers: Know all men, that I John Wesley think myself providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And therefore under the protection of Almighty God and with a single eye to his glory I have this day set apart as a superintendent by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by the ordained ministers) Thomas Coke, Director of Civil Law, Presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I led to be well qualified for this great work. And I do hereby appoint him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the flock of Christ. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four. JOHN WESLEY.

Tested by Time. If a man needs a pilot to help him through a difficult voyage, he will choose a man of experience. The engine of the fast express is guided by an experienced hand. Time, practice, and reliability go hand in hand.

When you choose your tailor, why should not the same rule obtain? The right man has the right goods. Experience is the highway to style and perfection of finish. We have a reputation fifty years old. We'll not risk it. All that goodness means, all cheapness means, with goodness, we offer. Honest value and a fair profit. That's all. GILMOUR, TAILOR.

Beauty More Than Skin Deep. Science says now that beauty is not skin deep. She can tell you that half the charm of a pretty face—at least the expression—is a matter of little muscles and a complex labyrinth of nerves, and that the curves of the lips, the glance of the eyes, the droop of their lids are a matter of the prevalent use of certain small muscles in obedience to a prevalent aspect of the mind. Moreover, that the use of these organs of expression has come down along ancestral lines and that the mold of the features themselves is a question of heredity.

Sage Advice. It is related that many years ago the first time Prince Bismarck went to consult Dr. Schwenninger, he was asked many questions. The iron Chancellor, who was not accustomed to be cross-questioned, got impatient, and said "he came to be cured and not catechized."

"Oh, replied the doctor, coolly; "then you had better go to a veterinary surgeon." He's the only doctor I know of who cures his patients without asking them any questions."

Hilarity. The Boston Transcript quotes one of those inimitable comedians for which the Irishmen are famous.

Patrick was in the drawing room on some errand, and caught sight of his mistress' photograph on the mantle. "Yes, Patrick," said the lady, in response to some exclamation of his, "that is my picture, but it flatters me a little." "And sure, mum, it would have to flatter you a good deal," said Patrick, "to look as well as you do in my eyes, mum."

THE MODEL WIFE and DIAMOND DYES.

A model wife can realize Great benefits from Diamond Dyes; No matter what her family's size, She dillars saves by Diamond Dyes; She happy makes her children's lives, By using often Diamond Dyes; Her home is bright as cloudless skies, Because she uses Diamond Dyes; All other brands she must despise, When she can choose the Diamond Dyes; Her faded dress she deftly tries To renovate with Diamond Dyes; Her husband's coats, vests, pants and ties Are soon renewed with Diamond Dyes; At fair this year she took the prize, For goods dyed with the Diamond Dyes; She causes wonder and surprise, By tinting walls with Diamond Dyes; She with the artist often vies, By coloring maps with Diamond Dyes; She's economical and wise, Comes through using Diamond Dyes; Good-nature sparkles in her eyes, Because she's helped by Diamond Dyes; On these grand colors she relies, She knows the best are Diamond Dyes.

Youthful European Monarchs.

The ascension of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the throne of the Romanoffs will add another youthful monarch to the royal galaxy of Europe. This frail heir of the crown of the autocrat of all the Russias is only twenty-six years old. He will be called to rule 126,000,000 subjects. Thirty-five-year-old Kaiser Wilhelm lords it over 50,000,000 Germans. Over the 5,000,000 people of Portugal reigns King Charles, who is four years younger than William. King Alexander of Servia, with its 2,300,000, was born in 1876. Little Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, first opened her eyes upon her 4,700,000 subjects only 14 years ago, and the babe of all the old world royals, King Alfonso, of Spain, was not born until after his father's death in 1886, and presides at the tender age of 8 years over the destinies of 18,000,000. Thus at the close of the nineteenth century 256,000,000 Europeans find themselves under the crowns of six rulers, whose average years are only 22.

Don't Keep Apples in Barrels.

A correspondent of the National Stockman who cares for a large quantity of apples yearly says: "I have found a cool, moderately damp cellar the best place to keep them. After rejecting all unsound fruit I store immediately in cellar if it is a cool one; if not in an outbuilding constructed of heavy lumber, the object being to keep them cool. They must be cool if expected to keep. Warmth hastens ripening and eventually decay. When there is danger of freezing, remove to the cellar. I have kept them on shelves, in barrels, in small, medium and large boxes. I have succeeded best in using boxes holding about ten bushels, having kept them until May with a loss of only three bushels in 500. In a continued experiment of sixteen years I saved one-third more with the ten-bushel boxes than with barrels. The reason is obvious."

Tattooing Soldiers' Arteries.

It is a pretty well-known fact that most of the deaths which occur on the field of battle result from bleeding to death before surgical aid arrives. The French Government have under consideration a scheme for tattooing the soldiers of the French army with a certain mark over each artery, so that a wounded man would be able to staunch the flow of blood himself, and thus increase his chance of living.

The Queen's "Private Cemetery."

The Queen keeps a special volume, bound in black leather with silver clasps, in which she carefully enters the name, age, date of death, date and place of burial of everyone in any way known to her who passes over to the "great majority." Her granddaughters irreverently call it "grandmamma's private cemetery."

School Teachers

are making money selling Snell's Business Pens and Snell's Ink. Do thou likewise. I will teach you to write 75 words a minute in Simple Shorthand for \$5. Write today. Lessons by mail.

SNELL'S BUS. COLL., - TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE BLUENOSE BUFFALO is the Sleigh you want for the winter. Robe for this country. Made at 240 Union Street. Leathers of all kinds at 240 Union Street. Hides, Skins and Tallow wanted. Wm. FERRIS, St. John. 10-27-11

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. We will furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will pay in the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit for every \$3 worth absolutely sure. Send us today. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 15 Windsor, Ont.

NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER will be without one of our New Patent Rubber Sponges. Sponges a good deal of Rubber in less than 10 minutes. Wonderful seller and money maker for Agents from now till after Christmas. Sample sent by mail, 10c.; 2 for 25c. Terms and Circulars free. Albert O. Specialty Co., 64 Bleecker St., Toronto, Ont.

"VIRGIN" CASTLE SOAP—Lately received four cases of this celebrated soap. Unsurpassed for the nursery, toilet, and bath; excellent for the teeth, 5c. per cake (10c. per dozen). SMITH'S PHARMACY, Jefferys Hill. Telephone 466.

WANTED GOOD AGENTS to handle the New Sewing Machine throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. First-class American Machine. Special prices and circulars on application to M. J. HANNEY, 208 St. Lawrence St., Montreal, P. Q. 9-8-11

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want ANYTHING in Rubber goods? If so send to us, as we have everything known to the trade. Please ask for quotations and you will save money. STANDARD RUBBER CO., St. John.

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of ladies by selling the celebrated "Sole Photographs and Works of Art," throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. PETERSEN, 66 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 9-2-11

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measuring blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent in an express or P. O. Box to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PILGRIM FATS CO., St. John N. B.

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"She took for perfume the rhydes of old rosemary, and burned them." Sir T. Elyot, Castle of Health.

Undoubtedly it she lived to-day she would have gone to her druggist's and purchased one of the new English perfumes prepared by Plesse & Lubin, which retain all the delicate fragrance of the flowers in bloom.

Perfumed from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

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ARE KNOWN AND USED FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC, AND ARE IN GENERAL FAVOR.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Grau Opera Company again visit Saint John and not a little pleasure is anticipated by the musical people of the city in their coming. They open on Monday evening next in "Amorita." In the roster of the company this season the name of Miss Alice Carle is conspicuous by its absence. This young lady is well remembered as the possessor of an exceptionally good alto voice and she became very popular during the stay of the company last season. The Messrs. Grau endeavor to provide for their patrons what is good in the way of talent and doubtless the prima donna contralto of the present company will be of good quality as a vocalist. She must needs be in order to secure a position in the public opinion of this city, equal to that held by her predecessor. The young lady, though perhaps somewhat handicapped in this respect, may be confident of fair treatment.

A notice of the chamber concert of the Oratorio society on Thursday evening last, regret is an impossibility, the affair having occurred so late in the week.

Miss Stockton, daughter of our well known citizen, R.O. Stockton Esq., is a recent and an important addition to the choir of Centenary church. I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing the young lady sing, but she is credited with having a sweet, and perfectly true voice. It is pleasant to know that native talent develops so admirably under tuition and it is an additional pleasure when that talent is utilized at home, as it were.

Tones and Under-tones.

Campanini will reside in London, Eng., and teach.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is again at work in London.

Melba and Scalchi are said to be singing better this season than they ever did before.

Smith and De Koven's new opera "Rob Roy" has been given in London for copyright purposes.

The Carleton Opera company will not be organized this season because of the illness of W. T. Carleton.

Dewolf Hopper, Francis Wilson and Della Fox, are meeting with much success in their operatic ventures of this season.

The libretto of Mascagni's new opera is founded on a novel by Nicholas Miasa. The title of the opera is "Serafino d'Albani."

Buenos Ayres will shortly have an opera house capable of seating 5000 spectators with a stage that will hold nearly 800 persons.

Miss Alice Carle, the contralto, who was such a favorite when the Grau company visited St. John, is with "A Railroad Ticket" company this season.

Rubinstein is reported to be so disgusted with the failure of his opera "Kinder der Haide," which was hissed by the audience, that he will probably write no more.

"Martha" will be given during the forthcoming operatic season in New York, and with an ideal cast including Mesdames Nordica and Scalchi and the De Reszke brothers.

Cesar Thompson, the great Belgian violinist, has sailed for the United States. He left Havre on the "La Touraine" and will make his first public appearance in America on the 30th inst.

"The Sphinx, or a Crisis in Egypt" is the name to be given to a new opera by Lewis S. Thompson, the composer of "Prince of Dem." The book is by William Maynard Browne.

Miss Mary Louise Clary is the name of the young lady selected by the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston, as contralto soloist for the society's production of "The Messiah" on 23rd December next.

Photographs of Della Fox, on handsome plaques were the souvenir tokens given by that star, on the occasion of the 50th, production of "The Little Troopers" by Miss Fox and her Comic Opera Co., on the 18th inst.

The second opera ever produced by a Norwegian composer was recently given at Christiania. It is entitled "From Ancient Jam" and its author is Johannes Haarklof. The first Norwegian opera was performed nearly 60 years ago.

Miss Jennie Mac Spencer, is a Boston alto who is in much demand for church singing in that city. She is said to be a "brunette beauty" and her voice is described as "a clear, round contralto of pleasing quality particularly in the middle register."

Mr. Pol. Piancon, who is one of the greatest basses known to the world, sang in concert with Madame Melba, at Music hall, Boston, Mass., last Tuesday evening. The second part of the programme contained the garden scene from Faust, with Melba in the role of Marguerite and M. Piancon in his great and favorite character of Mephistopheles.

Lady readers of PROGRESS will be interested in learning that Mme. Melba wore a beautiful concert gown of yellow satin, made with a plain trained skirt, at her first appearance this season, Wednesday night,

at the Metropolitan, New York. The body was finished with pleating of chiffon of a lighter shade, with a "baby waist" effect. The sleeves were finished with caps of rose pink velvet, embroidered with gold. Her jewels consisted of a rivière of diamonds worn straight across the corsage and a collar of pearls, with bars of diamonds.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

This week the theatrical entertainment of the citizens who delight in the drama has been furnished by the Harry Leighton company. I saw the company in their opening piece "The Plunger." There is nothing in the play itself to commend it particularly although some of the characters permit of not a little clever work. Of course Mr. Leighton played Dexter Digit and his interpretation of the role stamps him as an actor of experience and talent, and if Hackett's playing of the same role were not so fresh in mind the performance would have been considered very acceptable. Allowance should fairly be made, however, for the fact that the company only arrived here during the afternoon of that day and were necessarily somewhat unfamiliar with the stage, etc. Miss Randolph has a fine part in Nora Clover but in my opinion she failed to do it justice. She should cultivate a tiny bit of brogue—not broad but a refined brogue as it were and be particular to avoid pronunciation—that savors too much of "down East," as it is called. These hints are given in all kindness I may add, and because neglect of them rather than what would otherwise be a nice performance. The company which I understand is en route to St. John's, Newfoundland, is the first to produce the "living pictures" in this city and the popularity of the organization is not lessened by the fact that "the pictures" are divested of anything and everything that could, by any chance, offend. The closing performance of the company will be given this afternoon and evening.

Rhea is playing a boy's part in "Napoleon at school."

In M. B. Curtis company of this season there are five ex-stars.

Mrs. Langtry will sail from England for America today, Oct. 27.

Catherine Lewis will leave Augustin Daly's company next month.

It is said that Daly's Comedy Company was not a success in Philadelphia.

A decree of divorce has been granted in favor of the wife of J. K. Emmet.

Sarah Bernhardt celebrated the 50th anniversary of her birthday on the 22nd inst.

The receipts of Ada Rehan's engagement of a fortnight in Boston recently amounted to \$27,000.

Richard Harding Davis, the short story writer, is at work on his first play. E. H. Sothern will probably stage it.

Miss Bessie Tyree, one of the "Amazons" makes her entrance by vaulting over a gate in "a deliciously reckless" manner.

Mrs. Drew, is still playing Mrs. Malaprop and in some ways, if not in years, is the youngest actress in the profession.

Kate Bateman who once was distinguished in the title role in "Leah the Forsaken" is about to make a reading tour in America.

"The New Woman" is the latest hit of the London season. When it is given in New York Miss Annie Russell will resume her profession.

Charles H. Hoyt has changed the name of the Madison square theatre, New York, to "Hoyt's theatre." He has expended \$16,000 in fitting up its interior decorations etc.

It is said that Daniel Frohman has paid C. Sydney Grundy the author of "Sowing the Wind" \$10,000 for 200 performances of that play. This is a valuable piece of property.

Sarah Bernhardt will shortly appear as Prince Hal, to Coquelin's Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Henry IV," to be produced in Paris. They will visit America with this production.

Rumor says that one of the new plays which Wilson Barrett will produce during his American engagement, is said to deal with the problem of the sexes in a more advanced manner even than "Sowing the Wind."

Mrs. Selden Irwin, who some years since was the most popular actress on the Pacific coast, and who is now a member of "The Cotton King" company, is a Bostonian. She was formerly Maria Rainforth and has played with a great number of stars, such as E. L. Davenport, C. W. Coudock etc.

Harry Davenport is said to be one of the most clever of the younger comedians on the stage today. He inherits his talent. His father, E. L. Davenport, was about the most eminent actor of his time. He was eminent as a tragedian and in the old Lyceum days in this city played a star engagement with the late J. W. Laneragan. Harry Davenport was born 19th January 1866, and first appeared with his father in "Damon and Pythias." He has been twice married.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

ON A CHERRY STONE.

A Talented Convict Carves His Petition for a Pardon.

Geza Berger, the actor and newspaper man, has a specimen of calligraphy that has a remarkable history. It is in size thirty by forty-two inches, and is the work of Joseph Loew, the most noted counterfeiter that the Austrian government ever knew.

When an application is made for a pardon in Austria the red tape policy of that country compels the applicant to address the emperor with all his titles. Emperor Ferdinand had about forty titles. Loew engraved all of these names together with his petition for a pardon, on a cherry stone. The letters were so fine that it required the aid of a powerful microscope to decipher them. One day when the emperor visited the prison Loew in person presented a cherry stone to the emperor and told him what it contained. The emperor made an examination and was so amazed at the work that he gave him an unconditional pardon. Not only did he pardon him, but gave him a position as a detective to trail down counterfeiters. Loew was a well-informed man in all the arts and specialties of counterfeiting, and in less than two years after his pardon he ran to earth almost every counterfeiter in Austria, and died a few years ago covered with detective honors. The picture although made fifty years ago, is in a remarkable state of preservation.

A Theatrical Emperor.

The young German Emperor—who by the way will not be the "young" emperor much longer, he has now passed his thirty-fifth birthday—loves effect, and has a theatrical way of doing even little things. A major of cavalry not long ago succeeded to the colonelcy of his regiment, and according to the custom in such cases he came to Berlin to personally present himself to his sovereign upon his promotion. Appearing before the Kaiser, at his next public reception, he respectfully pronounced the set phrase always used on such occasions. "Your Majesty, I beg to announce myself as colonel of the—regiment," naming his new command. The Emperor looked at him a moment without speaking. Then he said in his sharpest and most incisive tone. "The announcement is false." A dead silence followed. There was a sensation among the spectators, who expected to see the unfortunate officer consigned to a dungeon on some terrible charge. But a minute later the emperor went on. "The announcement is false. I have appointed you colonel of the First Uhlans Regiment of the Guard." And then came a hearty laugh at the discomfiture of the man to whom he had thus given one of the crack commands of the German army.

A Long Time Between Hangings.

The eastern visitor had arrived in the energetic and enterprising south-western town that evening at supper-time, and after he had eaten his vesper meal he was talking with the landlord.

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?" he said.

"We think so," replied the landlord, diplomatically.

"Business seem to be lively."

"Yes, we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what."

"You don't have any lynchings here, do you?"

"No; not like we used to."

"I heard that it was once very bad in that line."

"Well, yes, we used to, have a hanging every now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one."

"Who was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said at last, "but I think it will be two weeks day after tomorrow."

Told of General Logan.

It used to be told of General Logan, who was a member of Congress at the breaking out of the war, that when he saw there was really going to be a fight, he seized a musket, slipped out of Washington, and walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to have a hand in the fray.

He wore a dress coat, but he stood his ground as long as any one. The rout was complete, and the next morning, a good deal out of breath, he was back at the capital, telling some of his fellow congressmen what he had seen.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from Northern New York, as he joined the group.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker was mystified. Apparently he had not heard the news.

"You were there?" he exclaimed. "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

A LUCKY MAN.

Laid up for Months by a Severe Form of Kidney Disease—the Simple Cure he used—He's Well Now.

TREDFORD, Oct. 22.—Some men don't know when they are in luck and some do. Albert Matthers, of this place, is one of the lucky ones who knows of his good fortune and tells about it. He says he was laid up and could do no work for months because of kidney disease. When kidney disease has such a hold on a man as that, he is in a serious condition. Mr. Matthers recognized this and used every remedy he could think of, but without getting any help until he began using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured him, and he is attending to his affairs once more and is as hearty and happy as ever.

Jefferson Invented our Plough.

An exchange with an antiquarian turn of mind declares that Thomas Jefferson invented the modern plough. There were ploughs of course, thousands of years before the time of the age of Monticello, but he first laid down the mathematical principles that underlie the construction of the plough, and so enabled any blacksmith to make one. A plough consists of two wedges, a cutting and a lifting wedge, and Jefferson discovered and enunciated the proportions of each and the relations each bore to the other. Before his day no two smiths made ploughs alike; now they are all made in accordance with a mathematical formula.

This Pin Cushion

FREE.

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This illustration represents a very attractive pocket pin cushion. Ask your grocer for one.

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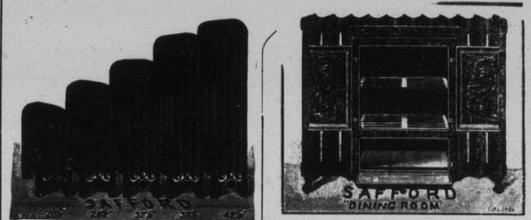
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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 27.

A WORD FOR FOOTBALL.

Today the people of St. John will have a chance to see what a glorious game is Rugby football. There is no game more eminently suitable for putting men in good trim for "holing the sleety dribble" than this corpulent-cheering sport. It brings the brown hue of health to the face that is sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought. It makes men out of weaklings. It is a more effective mind-trainer than the forty-seventh of the first; it is a better preventative of consumption than that just discovered by Dr. VIGUERAT; it is a more potent promoter of manliness than Todd's 'Students' Manual.'

The British Medical Journal has just come out with a long article calling attention to the dangers of football, and urging a modification of its rules in order to insure against "the many serious accidents that each season brings forth." It is amusing to see that all the cases of serious injury that this medical periodical cites have taken place in games played in the United States, a country in which the British Medical Journal has not a very large circulation, and in which football is practically a different game from either the Rugby or the English "association" football. The American game is unknown in England. The St. John team, when contesting for the trophy, acting as a club of the New Brunswick football association, plays the lively but not brutal Rugby game, with a few wise alterations made at the recent association meeting held in St. John. On other occasions St. John players are sometimes guided by English "association" rules, as at one of the matches last week. These also differ materially from those which prevail in the United States.

Perhaps there is no place in Canada where it is more natural for there to be a strong feeling against football than in St. John, as it was a game of football in this city that resulted in the death of an estimable and popular young man. One reads unmoved of fatal accidents that happen to unknown people in unknown places; but when a fatality occurs in one's own place of residence, our indifference vanishes. So that it was perfectly natural that football should go down in St. John for years immediately after that sad event. That such was the case is creditable to the finer feelings of the young man's companions.

But now that the distressing accident is a thing of the past, there seems no reason why the game of football should not be encouraged in St. John. There are very few many sports in which death or serious injury is not liable to occur. The gentle game of cricket has had its fatalities, but even the fact that an heir to the English throne was killed by a cricket ball does not prevent the game's growing in popularity. Baseball has not lacked association with injury and death, and water-sports, even when indulged in by people who are adepts in that line, are far more dangerous than football. If one were to advise youths to abstain from that noble game because of its danger, one would not be consistent in refraining from advising a total abstinence from walking. Even the generally beneficial exercise of breathing has its dangers.

There is no game more conducive to a uniform development of body than football. The man who is a conscientious devotee of the game will be as uniformly strong as the "one-horse shay" which Dr. HOLMES, that genial lover of sport, described so minutely, and is likely to live as long and as useful a life. For football amply compensates for the injury it does to life and limb by the good it does in the same direction. And the number of cases in which a man saves his life or prevents some minor accident by an application of this football training is larger, oftentimes, than he himself thinks.

And moreover, as with other games of applied strength, so with football. It is not the body alone that is benefited. The mind receives a training that the routine of school or office work does not give, a train-

ing that puts it in sympathy with the body, and the body in sympathy with the mind.

It may seem a paradox, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the rough game of football, when rightly played, is a promoter of that gentleness which rests so easily on those who bear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." It is especially pleasing, in this connection, to note the good feeling that exists between the two teams which play today, and whose well-fought battles have made them the better friends. The St. John boys speak of the Mount Allison team, which has been somewhat more successful so far than that of St. John, in words of the most cordial praise: while the Mount Allisonians refer to the match in this city a year ago, in which the St. John team gained a signal victory over them, as the grandest and most satisfactory game they ever played. Both teams consider that their rivals are their friends, and that their antagonists are their helpers, and that when they play together, there will be a fair and sportsmanlike contest.

Mount Allison men in this city—and there are more here than might think—are anxious that as many Mount Allisonians as possible will attend today's game. St. John people should not be behind in inspiring the city's team with their presence. It is beginning to be a recognized fact that a good football team is a splendid advertisement for any college, and also for any city or town.

YOUNGER MEN WANTED.

The agreement with the opinion expressed in this column in the last issue respecting the political status of Messrs. WELDON and ELLIS has been so marked as to excite comment even from the friends of those gentlemen who could not help being acquainted with the facts. There is not much doubt that, apart from a few of the older members who are inclined to the idea that principles rather than men should get the votes, the feeling is quite general in the liberal party in this city and county that Messrs. WELDON and ELLIS should retire in favor of younger and more acceptable men. They have been defeated, and while it would be unfair to them to say that the result would have been otherwise had other men carried the standard of the party, yet it cannot be disguised that Mr. WELDON failed to arouse much, if any, enthusiasm among his supporters while Mr. ELLIS' candidature aroused the ultra loyal element in the constituency. There were other reasons why the liberals failed to rally around them in the style of former days but it is not necessary to refer to them. The question of today appears to be: will the party place itself in the same position again by nominating the same candidates? There can be only one result from such a course. The young men of the party are eager for a fight but they do not desire to go into the contest handicapped by candidates who have known defeat and with whom they are not in sympathy. In order to win they must have young men to rally around, who have no political sins to answer for and whose sole aim will be the best interests of the party.

THE PROVINCE SHOULD ASSIST. Mr. GEORGE U. HAY makes the timely suggestion that a portion of the proposed park should be set apart for an arboretum and points out in a brief way, the advantage of such a feature from an educational standpoint. Mr. HAY'S idea will, we hope, present itself to the very favorable consideration of the Horticultural association. It is a practical idea and is worthy of every encouragement. The greatest wealth of New Brunswick is in her forests and it seems fitting that in this the principal city and commercial center of the province, there should be an arboretum representing at least, the native woods of New Brunswick. Its value from every standpoint is patent. Mr. HAY would not proceed upon an extravagant plan but confine the collection at first to the trees and shrubs indigenous to this province. For such an object the Horticultural association might well ask assistance from the provincial government. The value of the collection would not be confined to this city and it appears to us that a province deriving the major portion of its income from its forests can well afford to assist such a project.

The goose-bone, which has been from time immemorial an eminent authority on the weather, says that the coming winter will be a howler. But the mink-skin, which has long borne the reputation of being equally authoritative on the weather question, predicts a mild and balmy winter. Hence this fluctuation in the clothing market. When the mink skin and the goose-bone disagree, what oracle shall we consult as to whether we shall lay in an extra supply of coal, or hang on to our fall overcoats, now that "OLD PROGS" has passed away? The answer is found in LONG-FELLOW'S "tale of Acadie":

The Indian hunters predicted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

The United States mints are now busily engaged in coining cents. It is said that much of the need for these small coins comes from the modern style of price-fixing, which offers a purchaser something for ninety-nine cents. Ninety-nine cents sounds so very much less than one dollar, somehow. Another explanation of the

marking of goods at the former price has just been made by a comic paper, which represents a merchant as saying that most people hate to lose the difference between ninety-nine cents and a dollar. Bills are more likely to be offered than small change, and the people wait for the cent. While they are waiting they often see something else that they want to buy. Now that the minting of cents goes merrily on in the United States, is a good time to refer to the Boston Traveller's recent remarks upon the "clumsiness" of Canadian cents, and to submit to arbitration the question as to whether the United States cents, small and thick, are not clumsier than the thin and easily handled Canadian ones.

Whenever a St. John man commits burglary in the United States, the papers of that country are very clever in finding out his place of residence. The papers are also very astute in crediting this place with many criminals that come from various parts of the maritime provinces, and in some instances they put a man as hailing from St. John who has never been across the border-line. But when a St. John man does something eminently honorable in the United States, he often is represented as hailing from some part of that country. There are some St. John men, and in the United States who attain success, and are thereafter careful not to let their native place be known. But the majority of St. John men in the States not only attain success, but also are proud to advertise their native city. But the papers of the country are extremely reticent to admit that any good thing can come out of St. John.

The Carleton county jury that heard the case of criminal libel against publisher CROCKETT of the Gleaner failed to agree and the newspaper man went home unharm'd. It is some time since a case of criminal libel against a newspaper man has been tried out and from what can be gathered at this distance his prospects were uncomfortable until the finding was announced. When the members of a jury look at the evidence through their political spectacles it is really wonderful how different it appears.

At a recent meeting of the young liberals club it is understood that there was some increase in the membership. So far as PROGRESS knows there are no grey heads in the club as yet but there is a decided tendency in that direction. The young liberals should be careful or their club may forfeit its right to the adjective that distinguishes it.

The Sun says that Mr. WELDON is a reputable man, CHARLES WESLEY should paste that paragraph in his hat. It was not so very long ago that the same journal suggested his close connection with a \$5,000 draft.

The Toronto Mail says: "It has been decided to abandon the idea of holding a winter carnival in Montreal, but to have instead a week of winter sport." This seems to be a distinction without a difference.

Over Love's Golden Sea. Come sail, sweetheart, with me; Bring with you the bread and butter, Bring the fragrant breakfast tea. If you'd have bright summer sailing, Grant me, love, a bridal wish; Bring the wine and the jelly, And my silver pickle dish.

Over love's golden sea, Harry dear, I'll sing a ballad; Come and sit beside me, also, Don't forget the chicken salad. Don't forget the gay guitar, love, Music loves a summer tent; Bring the last enchanting novel, Also, Harry, next year's rent.

Over love's golden sea, Smooth the path and fair the going; Lots of rice and slippers follow, Happiness is overflowing. Bring, dear, all the Maytime treasures From the attic to the cellar; Golden seas have sometimes rain clouds, Bring the cloak and umbrella.

Over love's golden sea With the gentle zephyrs move; Usen shadows may be falling, Darkest night winds try our love. Don't forget your pledged ten thousand, That's a start at all events; Father failed, you know, last week, dear, Harry screams, "I've just ten cents."

Suppleness and languor meet— Arms that move like lapping billows; Breathe that love would make his oillows, Eyes where vision melts in bliss, Lips that open to a kiss.

Too there is a stern tone of justice and right—not a preaching or a moralizing tone, but a voice of experience and truth. Two poems by Hovey, "The King's Son" and "Laura's Song" illustrate this mood. While in these poems the author teaches a life lesson. As Carman says of him in "The Joys of the Road," Hovey is "No bigot and no reformer, just A calm observer of ought and mast."

In "The King's Son" a mother warns her daughter from marrying a prince simply for houses and lands, honors and genius. She rebukes her child's plea that such gifts will make up for love, in these startling words: "Oh, what care you for a prince's gold, Or the key of a kingdom's till? I had rather see you a harlot bold Than kiss of her own free will."

"Body and soul for a lifetime sell, And the price of the sale shall be That you shall be harlot and slave as well Until death set you free."

VAGABONDIA SONGS.

From the Pens of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

Among the numerous poetical volumes that have lately been published, is an odd looking little book issued by Copeland and Day, Boston, and entitled "Songs from Vagabondia." It is a collection of short poems, quite suggestive of the title, from the pens of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. The critics will not pass this book by, and storms and panegyric may be expected in turn. Whatever the fate of the little volume, it will never, as is often the case with a new book of poetry, be called dull or tame. In fact oddity is the very first thing that attracts the attention as the little brown cover, with its pen and ink portraits of the joint authors, and the designer—Tom B. Metyard—strikes the eye. The designs are peculiar and individual, and while they may prove unattractive to some, cannot fail to impress most with their aesthetic value. But the songs are still more peculiar and individual.

This book brings fresh evidence of the fact that a new and distinctive school of poetry is coming to the front, headed by such gifted writers as Rudyard Kipling, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. These new writers might well be classed as the School of Joy, and "Songs from Vagabondia" is no mean contribution to the new school. The joy here is used to cover the keynotes of buoyancy, hope and freedom that ring out in the poetry of these writers, as a most distinguishing feature. Hovey gives us the characteristic of the book in question, and also of the school we have mentioned in his "Toast."

"Here's the toast that we love most, 'Love and song and joy!'" He strikes this note in his poem Vagabondia," with which the volume opens.

"Here we are free— Free as the wind is, Free as the sea, Free!" "Here we are free To be good or bad, Sane or mad, Merry or grim As the mood may be,— Free as the whine Of a spoon on a spree,—

"What though the dimes be E u live as rhymes be, And Besse, with finger Uplifted, is warning That the alkali next morning (A subject ab'st scoring) Is mighty uncertain? What care we? Linger A moment to kiss— No time's amiss To a vagabond's ardor— Then finish the larier And pull down the curtain.

"Unless are the kiss come, Black Richard or Bliss come Or Tom with a fagon Or Karl with a jag on— Then up and after The joy of the night With the bounds of laughter To follow the fight Of the fox foot hours That double and run Through breaks and bowers Of jolly and fun."

He gives us the same note in "The Buccaneers." "The kings of earth are crowned with care, Their poets wall and sigh; Our music is to do and dare, Our empire is to die. Against the storm we fling our glee And shout, till time abate, The exultation of the sea, The fearful joy of fate."

Carman in the same strain writes his "A Captain of the Press Gang." Here are a few lines: "Let thy cronies of the tavern Keep their kisses bought with gold: On the high seas there are regions Where the heart is never old. "There the open hand will lose not, Nor the loosened tongue betray, Signed, and with our sailing orders, We will clear before the day; "On the shining yards of heaven See a wider dawn unfurled, The eternal slaves of beauty Are the masters of the world."

His "In the House of Idledaily," a most bit of bewitching rhythm, with the refrain: "Oh, but life went gaily, gaily, In the house of Idledaily!" is another illustration of the joy in od.

Besides this rollicking vagabondia strain there is a note of sentiment, of tenderness and sympathy in many of the songs. Here are a few lines of Hovey's called "Isabel."

"In her body's perfect sweet 'Suppleness and languor meet— Arms that move like lapping billows; Breathe that love would make his oillows, Eyes where vision melts in bliss, Lips that open to a kiss. Too there is a stern tone of justice and right—not a preaching or a moralizing tone, but a voice of experience and truth. Two poems by Hovey, "The King's Son" and "Laura's Song" illustrate this mood. While in these poems the author teaches a life lesson. As Carman says of him in "The Joys of the Road," Hovey is "No bigot and no reformer, just A calm observer of ought and mast."

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"Body and soul for a lifetime sell, And the price of the sale shall be That you shall be harlot and slave as well Until death set you free."

"Laura's Song," the bitter wail of a ruined woman, is a strong bit of realism, written with dramatic fervor.

But possibly the most beautiful, and representative poem in the whole book is Carman's "The Mendicants." It embraces the points already discussed, and is a true vagabondia poem. Space alone prevents me from giving the poem in full.

"We are mendicants who wait Along the roadside in the sun, Tatters of yesterday and shreds Of morrow cloth us every one. "And some are dotards, who believe And glory in the days of old; While some are dreamers, harping still Upon an unk-own age of gold."

"O foolish ones, put by your care! Where wants are many, joys are few: And at the widing springs of peace, God keeps an open house for you. "But there be others, happier few, The vagabondish sons of God, Who know the by-ways and the flocks, And cares not how the world may frow."

"One I remember kept his coin, And laughing flipped it in the air: And when two scolding pipe-players Came by, he tossed it to the pair. "Spontaneous of joy, his childish heart Danced to their wild outlandish ban. Then supercilious he laid him down That night, and slept beneath the stars."

The volume closes with Hovey's "Comrades," a fitting farewell; the first note of joy was reckless and ardent, the last is manly and strong. "Comrades, give a cheer tonight, For the dyinc is with dawn! Oh, to meet the stars together, With the silence coming on! Greet the one As a friend's friend, When strong men die together."

From the standpoint of workmanship, or literary technique, there is something to criticize, something well worth criticism. Though the authors do not sign their names to the poems, their styles are so marked as to make the songs easily distinguishable. Hovey is more a poet of insight into human purpose and action, Carman a poet of nature. Hovey is dramatic, vigorous and suggestive. Carman is full of lyric power, ideal and fanciful. Hovey paints his picture with words of suggestive power; Carman's words mingle in a melodious flow of forgettable cadence and inevitable phrase.

A few lines taken at random from Carman's songs will show this lingering cadence and charm of phrase that distinguishes all he writes: "From rippled water to dappled swamp, From purple glory to scarlet pomp; "The pallid asters along the wood,— A lyric touch of the solitude. —The Joys of the Road. "Hues of ash and glints of glory In the rag-bag of the world."—Spring Song.

"The swarthy bee is a buccanier, A burly velveted rover, Who loves the booming wind in his ear As he sails the seas of clover. "Out in the day, hap-hazard alone Booms the old vagrant hummer With only his whim to pilot him Through the splendid vast of summer. The More Ancient Mariner.

Or again from "In the House of Idledaily," take these lines.— "There were always throats to sing Down the river banks of spring "Till the poppies without number Bow'd their heads in crimson slumber. "And the twilight came to cover Every unreluctant lover. "Not a night but some brown maiden Bettered all the dusk she strayed in, "While the roses in her hair Bankrupted oblivion there."

Quite different is the melody of Hovey. We fail to find this exquisite lyric touch, but there is often a rich liquid sound to his verse and a subtle handling of phrase and cadence. Take these lines from "Down the Sorgo." "Floating—and all the stillness waits And listens at the ivory gates, Full of a dim uncertain message. Of some strange, undelivered message."

But further in the same poem this cadence is lost, "Trees and a glimpse of sky! And the slow river, quiet as a pool And then and I—and then and I— Kiss me! How soft the air is and how cool."

Here the rhythm is less apparent, and yet we feel the soft flow of the lines, and more receive a vivid picture of the scene, and a delightful feeling of the sensation experienced in floating down some quiet stream.

In a similar vein are the lines: "Moonlight in sweet overflow Poured upon the earth and sea! Forelight with intense glow In the deep of thee and me! Clasp'd hands and silences! Hearts faint and throbbing! The weak wind sighing in the trees! The strong surf sobbing, sobbing— The strong surf sobbing!"

There is a freedom and ring about much of Hovey's verse that is refreshing and delightful. This is noticeable in the quotations already made from "Vagabondia" and "The Buccaneers." It is a quality quite individual to the author. He also has unique use of imagery, as for example in his "Evening on the Potomac"

"Far away The river melts in the unseen. O beautiful Gt-city, how she dips Her feet in the stream With a touch that is half a kiss and half a dream! Her face is very fair, With flowers for smiles and sunlight in her hair."

Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey are among the first of our "new poets," and this last contribution, while it contains

some poems of only mediocre merit, contains others which suggest a new and rich vein in English literature, and are sure to retain a permanent place in letters.

FRED WINSLOW ADAMS.

Do Trees Require Sleep?

In the larger cities where shade trees are few and scattering, electric lights seem to have no visible effect upon their foliage. In the towns and villages, however, many of which have their electric-light systems, the effect is very noticeable, the leaves appearing as though they had been subjected to the blighting breath of a harmanian. The question was recently discussed at a meeting of the eastern arboriculturists, the conclusion being that trees need darkness in order that they may sleep, and that being continually kept awake and active they have been worn out, and made prematurely old by the action of the light. That this is probably the correct solution of the mystery of the drooping leaves may be judged from the fact that similar trees in the neighborhood of those affected (though not exposed to the illumination), still retain their color and seem bright and strong.

A Hint in Window Dressing.

The head of the house had told the new clerk to try his hand at window dressing. "I want you to make every woman on the street look at that window," he said. The clerk went at it. He made a curtain of solid black velvet, and that this is probably the plate glass. "What on earth are you doing?" asked the senior member. "Making a mirror of the window," said the clerk. "If the women won't look at that they won't look at anything." The clerk is a member of the firm now.

Now that we speak so much and so approvingly of the advance in civilization of the Japanese it will sound somewhat strange to record the historic fact, that as recently as 1861 the Japanese minister of Foreign Affairs solemnly disavowed himself in the presence of his retainers because the government refused to adopt his policy regarding foreign residents. For in Japan it was and is still obligatory to commit suicide to escape disgrace.

The Mobile Valet.

"The trouble with this country," said the sorrowful politician, "is the tendency of its people to go to extremes." "In what way?" "One faction of my constituency says it would make it warm for me, and the other vows it will freeze me out."

Modern Law.

Lawyer—"Well, sir, the suit has finally been decided in your favor and the property is now ours." Client—"Mine, eh?" Lawyer—"No, sir, ours. Fees of myself and associate are some two hundred dollars in excess of value of the property, but you can have that, sir; we will allow you that."

The Art of Advertising.

Museum Agent—"What's wrong with our new midget? He doesn't seem to draw." Manager—"Of course not. See what a mess you've made of the advertisements. You've put his height at three feet. Make it thirty-six inches, and people will come with a rush."

A Student of Human Nature.

"Yes," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that woman air the sentimental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've always noticed that when a couple are engaged it is the woman that first thinks of figern' out how they air to live on his salary."

Drawing a Line.

Mrs. De Fashion—"My dear, I have picked out a husband for you." Miss De Fashion—"Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I am going to select the materials myself."

"Was Miss Flimsey pleased with the new minister?" "Oh, dear, yes, I'm sure from what she said." "What was it?" "She thought his sermon was so cute."

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighborhood.

From the note-book of a philosopher: "There are two classes of people whom it is impossible to convince against their will—women and men."

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Men were very long afraid of being natural, from the dread of being taken for ordinary.

"What does 'pas de deux' mean?" "Why, father of twins, of course."

Fortune never changes men. It only brings out what is already in them.

MAUGERVILLE.

Oct. 23.—A very successful entertainment was given by the school children in district No. 1 under the superintendence of Miss Taylor, on Wednesday evening last. After the entertainment a plea for social, quite a large amount being realized for the sale of pies. Miss Dibblee is visiting her brother, Rev. D. D. Dibblee, at the rectory. Miss Nellie Barry, of Fredericton, spent Sunday at her old home here. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Moxon arrived this morning to take their abode here. Mrs. Moxon was formerly Miss Amy Bailey of this place. Miss Anne Magee, who is attending the Normal school, spent Sunday at her home here. The annual harvest services were held on Sunday last by Rev. H. E. Dibblee, at Burton, Oromocto and Maugerville, the churches being very prettily decorated for the occasion.

MAUGERVILLE.

Oct. 22.—Mr. J. A. Balcom, who has been very ill at Oromocto, returned home this week. His friends will be glad to hear that she has quite recovered. Miss Alice Ludgate, of St. George, is spending a few weeks with her grandmother at "Laglewood." Mr. Chapman, of St. John, was at the hotel, Saturday.

Miss Anderson, of St. John, is visiting her father at "Sunbyside." Mr. Geo. Bedell was in the city this week. Mr. C. R. Skinner went to St. John Monday. Mrs. Carman is quite ill at her home here. Miss Emma Anderson visited the city this week. Capt. W. Robinson left here Monday for St. John. He goes to Quebec Friday, where he takes the steamer for Liverpool, England. He expects to be absent some time, much to the regret of his many friends.

only mediocre merit, com- which suggest a new and rich literature, and are sure to find place in letters.

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E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 525. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces. J. S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.

HEATING STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Our assortment of STOVES Larger Than Ever. PRICES VERY LOW. It will pay all who think of buying a STOVE for any purpose to inspect our stock first. SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 33 King St. Telephone 336. P. S. Call and see the "Mayflower."

New Dress Goods. NEW CLOTHS. Newest and Most Fashionable Fall and Winter Designs. LOW PRICES. WOCKS FOR THIS FALL'S BUSINESS. Now Open. There was never any season when we were so well prepared as now to show our customers such a complete stock. Novelties in Dress Trimmings. Our Ladies' GLOVES French Kid at \$1.00 a Pair, are the best Gloves for the price in this city. LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS, Newest styles, Black and Colored. S. C. PORTER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John--South End. Mrs. C. E. MacMichael and Mrs. Charles Hall who have been in Montreal for a few weeks, returned home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jardine and Miss Jardine have returned from Shediac, where they have been spending the summer.

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CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. Diapers forever the most critical and uncertain moments between the Bed and the Breakfast table. Always ready. For sale at the Hardware stores. John R. Carle, 169, Main Street, St. John, Agents wanted everywhere.

DEARBORN & CO'S. SPECIALTIES. Pure Flavoring Extracts. Water - White Vanilla, Apricot, Blood Orange, Banana Cherry, Peach, Pear, Raspberry, Strawberry, Limes, Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Rose, Pineapple, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmeg, Coffee, Wintergreen. ABSOLUTELY PURE HERBS AND SPICES. Sage, Savory, Marjoram, Thyme, Mixed Spice, Pickle Spice, Pure Mustard Flour, Cayenne, Cloves, Ginger, Cinnamon, Allspice. These goods are the best it is possible to produce, we guarantee them as represented; use them if you want the best. Yours for purity, DEARBORN & CO.

TEA. 3 kinds of Formosa Oolong, 35c., 40c., 50c. lb. 5 kinds of Saryune, Congou and English Breakfast, 16, 20, 24, 30, 40. 3 KINDS OF CEYLON BRANDS. Coffee. Java, Mocha, Ceylon, Maracaba and Blends, 35, 40, 45c. lb. Cocoa. Baker's, Fry's, Bendorp's, Epps', Mott's, 11 15, 23, 25, 30 cts. per package.

HARDRESS CLARKE, 73 Sydney Street, near Princess. TOILET WATERS. PERFUMES. Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, Various other Toilet Articles. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, - 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't Forget 75 Charlotte St. the Address (over Warlock's).

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. It's because we have such a large trade with both city and out-of-town buyers that we are able to show the great variety of stuffs in our Dress Goods Department. Write for samples of them. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

Window Dressing. The house had told the new hand at window dressing, make every woman on the street, he said. The

He made a curtain of and hung it close in. "What then are you the senior member. "Mak- of the window." Mak- the women won't look at that anything." The clerk he firm now.

He speak so much and so the advance in civilization it will sound somewhat of the historic fact, that as the Japanese minister of solemnly discomfited him. ce of his retainers because refused to adopt his policy residents. For in Japan obligatory to commit sui-icide.

Mobile Vulgus. with this country," said indignation, "is the tendency to extremes." of my constituency says I warm for me, and the I freeze me out."

Modern Law. ill, sir, the suit has finally your favor and the prop- "Silent--"Mine, eh?" air, ours. Fees of myself some two hundred dollars of the property, but you will allow you that."

of Advertising. "What's wrong with our e doesn't seem to draw. course not. See what a light at engaged. It is a s. and people will make

of Human Nature. Mr. Jason, "I allow that sentimental sex and all I, but I've always noticed ble at engaged. It is a the thinks of figers' out how on his salary."

ing a line. tion--My dear, I have and for you. "Very well; but I want mother; that when it comes dding dress, I am going trials myself.

limsey pleased with the es, I'm sure from what "sermon was so cute." never marry until I so is my direct opposite. ngly--Well, Mr. Duffer, rs of bright, intelligent borhood.

book of a philosopher: ices of people whom it convince against their men."

unner is the last attain- very long afraid of being dread of being taken for

de deux" mean? "twins, of course."

changes men. It only already in them.

BEVILLE. successful entertainment was idren in district No. 1 under Miss Taylor, on Wednesday e entertainment. It is a e amount being realized--Ar-

ing her brother, Rev. Dr. e. of Fredericton, spent Sunday of Monon arrived this morn- le here. Mrs. Monon was illey of this place. who is attending the Normal e her home here. services were held on Sunday bble, at Burton, Oranoco churche being very pre-ccasional.

SQUASH. Balcom, who has been very rood home this week. Her hear that she has quite re- of St. George, is spending a andmother at "Inglewood," St. John, was at the hotel, John, is visiting her father is in the city this week. ent to St. John Monday. ill at her home here. n visited the city this week. left here Monday for St. John. Friday, where he takes the England. He expects to be n to the regret of his many Viva.

MONCTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore, by J. E. B. Jones.] Oct. 24--Mrs. L. Berger, of Summerside, P. E. I., is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. George McWeeney, Main street. Rev. James Morrison, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was in town for a day last week. Mrs. James Flanagan is visiting friends in Chatham. Mrs. W. J. Norfolk, accompanied by Miss Norfolk and Master Jack, left last Friday for Boston, where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Purdy, of Westchester, Nova Scotia, are in the city, visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Weidon, Main street. Mrs. W. J. Hunter is in St. John visiting friends. Mrs. Edward Trueman, of Sackville, was in town last week, the guest of Mrs. John Prince, Church street. Mrs. S. J. Selie is in Halifax visiting relatives. Mr. J. J. McLaren, formerly with Mr. A. Gilvan, is in the city and will spend the winter here. Mr. McLaren has been in St. John for the past year, and his friends will be glad to welcome him back to Moncton. Mr. George Skeffington returned last Friday from Kingston, Ont., where he has been visiting friends. Mrs. John Sutton is in Chatham spending a few weeks with friends. Deputy Sheriff Stewart, of Hopswell Cape, was in town last Friday. Rev. D. H. Lodge, of Hillsboro, spent Saturday in the city. Lady Smith of Dorchester, is in town, the guest of her son, Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, Botsford street. Mrs. Davidson of Petticoat is in town visiting her sister, Mrs. Claude Price, Weldon street. Mrs. F. S. Esman received word on Monday that her father, Mr. Richard Luttrell, of Montreal, is seriously ill. Mrs. Esman left on Tuesday evening. Judge Wells went to Richibucto on Monday to preside at the Kent County court, which opened there on Tuesday morning. Mr. C. W. Robinson left on Saturday night for a week's visit to Quebec and Montreal. Mr. E. G. Evans, manager of the Buctouche and Moncton Railway, was in the city on Monday. Mr. George Irvine, of Buctouche, was in town on Monday. The Misses McLaren and Hasen, who have been visiting Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, Botsford street, left for their homes on Monday afternoon. Mr. D. D. Ward, of the I. C. R. store department west coast on Monday morning on a stock taking trip. Mr. P. S. Archibald returned from St. John, Tuesday morning. Miss Allen, of Fredericton, who has been spending some months with Mr. and Mrs. George C. Allen, Botsford street, returned home on Tuesday. Mrs. A. Bowden has returned from an extended visit to friends in Nova Scotia. Mr. D. Firth, of Campbellton, spent Sunday in town. Mr. Foster Floyd, of Chlocoo Falls, formerly station agent at Falmouth, passed through Moncton on Tuesday morning, to Macaan, N. S., to spend a few weeks with friends. Rev. J. Selie, of Sackville, was in town yesterday en route to St. John, to attend a missionary meeting of the Methodist church. Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Charlottetown, passed through Moncton yesterday to take part in the meeting. Miss Fannie Lyon, who has been visiting her brother Mr. J. M. Lyon, Elizabeth street, has returned to her home in Halifax Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson, returned from Montreal, on Saturday, where they have been spending a few weeks with friends. CORVILLE. GREENWICH. Oct. 25--A social dance was held in McLeod's hall on Wednesday evening last. The young people present were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley, Misses Annie Balmer, Flossie Marley, Edith Whelpley, Annie Whelpley, Blanche Richards, Ada Jones, Grace Fowler, Jennie Holder, and Messrs. George Whelpley, Lon Fowler, J. B. Gilchrist, Millidge Short, Ralph Fowler, Fred Pickett, Harry Postman, Everett Whelpley, Joe Whelpley, Donville Richards, Fred Short and others. Mrs. Purdy and Miss Dorothy will go to St. John this week to spend the winter. The Misses Hay will return to their home in St. John this week after spending the summer here. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Short have returned from their trip to the states thoroughly delighted with their visit. While gone they visited Boston and vicinity, Providence, R. I., and New York. Mr. and Mrs. James Inch are expected to return from their wedding trip next week. Miss Renie Short returned from a pleasant trip to Belleisle on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelpley, who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, have returned to their home in Fredericton. Miss Nellie Whelpley is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. Bogie left last week for a trip up river. Mr. and Mrs. David Whelpley have moved into the parsonage, which they will occupy for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Belyea expect to move up from St. John next week. MARGORY DAW.

SUSSEX. [PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. H. White & Co.] Oct. 24--Mrs. J. R. deV. Cowe arrived in Sussex yesterday to spend a few weeks at the home of Rev. Mr. Cowe return to their former home at San Mateo, California. Their many friends here regret that Mr. Cowe's health did not permit them to remain in this Province. Rev. E. J. Grant spent Sunday in St. John. Mr. S. H. White has returned from a pleasant trip in the United States. Mrs. Primrose of Pictou, N. S., and her son are in Sussex for a time--hoping that the change may recipitate Mr. Primrose's health. Dr. and Mrs. Daley spent Sunday in Springfield. Mrs. Walker B. Scovill of Springfield, is the guest of Mrs. D. M. Fairweather. Mr. G. S. Moore has returned from a trip to Halifax. Mrs. C. H. Fairweather's many friends will be pleased to learn she is recovering from her late illness which has confined her to her home for the past few weeks. Mr. Mndley, who has spent a few months in Boston Mass., is at home again. LUDILLA.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.

FREE SHOWS WHICH EVERYBODY WOULD BE SURE TO TAKE IN.

St. John can have them by adopting Boston's Liquor Laws—The Electric Light as an Engine of Reform only equalled by the Doing Away with Barroom Screens.

Boston, Oct. 24.—Somebody once made the remark that one electric light was better than ten policemen. Did you ever consider how near he came to the truth?

The newspapers are the great electric lights of today. The newspapers of a few years ago are as candles compared with them. This is an age of publicity and no matter what cynics may say to the contrary publicity is wholesome.

Temperance advocates realized its effectiveness as an engine of reform some time ago, and here in Boston have put their ideas into practical operation. The results may not have been up to their expectations, but for all that, it was a movement in line with the times.

Boston has enough barrooms for all purposes, and perhaps the best feature about them is that the uninitiated can make a count of the number without the assistance of an experienced friend.

The barrooms are all open, the bars with their mirrors, bottles and fringes are all exposed to view and it is almost impossible to get a drink in a Boston barroom without people seeing you from the street.

There is a law in full operation which requires that the windows of a barroom shall be free from screens, that the bar shall be exposed to the full view of the street, and on some of Boston's streets a night scene would be decidedly interesting to a Sons of Temperance lecturer.

The amount of beer drinking in Boston is amazing and everybody realizes it. There are streets with whole rows of barrooms all exposed to the public view, counter after counter with men tipping off their glasses to the Queen's taste and apparently indifferent as to who sees it. In some sections of the city you can see women sitting at the tables chatting and drinking, indifferent to the peering eyes of the people passing along the street.

It was to try and decrease the beer drinking of this kind that the present law was enacted and it has been successful to a considerable extent. There is not so much beer drinking done by woman in public places as there was before the law was enacted and the publicity given to the bars has decreased the number of females who "rush the growler," but there is nothing to show that there is not as much beer drinking done now as there ever was, although there is less done by woman in public places.

In a city like Boston, a man might drink at an open bar every night and day in the week and the chances are that people who went to the same church or belonged to the same temperance society that he did, would never see him, but what a great engine of reform such a law would be if enforced in a city like St. John!

The law is enforced here with evidence of a desire on the part of the police commissioners to do what is right by all classes in the business, and as a result the bars of the big hotels such as Young's, and the Tremont house are exposed to the street. It does not seem to have had any material effect on the amount of business done, but what would have been the effect if such a law was as strictly enforced in St. John?

Imagine Tim Cronin's without the screens, or the Temple Bar, or Mike Finn's, or any of the other favorite resorts around town. How many people would pass by on the other side as they do in Boston? What a rival Manchester, Robertson and Allison's Christmas windows would have? Or what a rush there would be for the Bellingier institute.

If St. John wants to keep up its end with Boston it is losing a great opportunity, for the next move here will probably be that the barrooms will be compelled to keep a register as the hotels do now and all the names of their customers will be printed in the papers every morning.

Publicity is a great thing!

R. G. LARSEN.

Emperor William's Joke.

A good-natured joke perpetrated by the emperor is (a Berlin correspondent says) related from Kiel. As the Emperor William was stepping on board his yacht, the other day, he was met by a sailor named Joerg, who had in his hand a mug of beer, which he was carrying into the officers' cabin. The emperor was very much amused at the discomfort of the poor fellow, who did not know at first what to do, and who finally saluted the emperor holding the beer mug convulsively against the seam of his breeches. The emperor stepped up to the sailor and addressed him most amiably: "See, Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg." The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate; he held on to his mug and letting him off for three and sixpence.

"EVE OF ALL HALLOWS."

"ASTRA" TELLS OF THE MYSTERIES OF HALLOWEEN.

The Throwing of Hempseed—The Superstitious Charm—The Mirror by Whose Means Maidens Look into Futurity—Other Halloween Charms.

Before PROGRESS is issued again we shall have celebrated the fast which young people for centuries back have persisted in regarding as a feast. The vigil of Hallowmas, or all Saint's day, commonly called "Hallow'en" but properly Hallow-ween. I am afraid very few of us ever connect the Hallow'en of our childhood's days, which only meant apples to be bobbed for, nuts to be burned and eaten and liberty to sit up until the deliciously late hour of nine o'clock with any religious observance. Still less do we see anything particularly sacred about the mysterious charms and death spells we used to try at Hallow'en parties, when we were in our teens; but yet the eve of All Saint's was observed as both a fast and vigil in former times, when the most important feature of the Hallow'en ritual consisted in the lighting of a huge bonfire at nightfall by each household. This ceremony was a revival of the ancient custom of lighting sacred fires at certain seasons, but its more modern object, especially as practised in Scotland, is to ward off the influence of evil spirits who are supposed to have a sort of roving commission on the eve of all Saint's day, and also to protect the inmates of each house against the spells of the fairies, who were also supposed to have an evening out at that time and to be free to play all sorts of pranks upon unwary mortals.

THE ST. JOHN GIRL.

What "Kit" of the Toronto "Mail" Thinks About Her.

"Kit," the celebrated lady writer, who conducts the "Woman's Page" in the Toronto Mail, and was in St. John last week, has this to say of the ladies of St. John:

The St. John ladies are extremely stylish as to sleeves, but rather shy on millinery. I remember once hearing an American say that Canadian girls dressed all right up to their heads. "The Canadian hat," said my Boston friend, "is too much for me. It imbues me at once with melancholy and affright. There is a fantastic dreariness about its composition that is overwhelmingly grotesque. It has no proper limitations. Feathers, flowers, fruit and foliage, all find a resting place upon it. It is without sense of fitness—a melancholy spectacle." Not that this altogether describes the St. John hat. It is a nondescript headgear, either hopelessly plain or suggestive of birds' nests. Yesterday a red-haired girl loped up King street before me. She had on a costume so freakish and ugly that I stopped close behind her to examine it. Her gown was a cross between a wrapper and an aster. It was of sad-colored gray plaid, every check as big as the length and breadth of her back, and was made all in one piece. Two huge folds gathered at the shoulders, and humped across her back, which drooped; thence it fell in crumpled pleats to the ground, where it swept the muddy street. The sleeves of this strange garment were decidedly up to date—more so than we have them in Toronto, except with tailor-mades, which are always properly built. They were large, folded, drooping sleeves, finished with a ruffled edge. Her hat, pressed down on a coil of burnished copper hair, was a large-leaved, low-crowned blue sailor, limp and ludicrous. Other girls, smart as to sleeves, were positively dowdy as to hats. They must have saved all the millinery of St. John the time of the great fire, and have been using it ever since. The girls are pretty though, and carry themselves with a haughty air which somehow makes them look rather conscious of their good looks. Perhaps it's a Boston air. Never having been to the "Hub," I cannot say; but when a St. John girl forgets all about herself, so to speak, she is the most delicious thing imaginable, fresh complexioned as one of her own apples, and quite as tartly sweet, bright-eyed, and altogether good to look at.

THE TIDY TOWN OF MONCTON.

What a Lady Tourist Saw During Her Stay There and at St. John.

This is the description of Moncton given by "Kit" of the Toronto Mail:

A tidy little town is Moncton, N. B. An industrial town filled with railway shops, factories, and sugar refineries. There is no sort of romance about Moncton. You cannot idealize it. It's a practical common sense town, with its eye on the dollar, and with enough enterprise about it to ensure its coming very much to the front in the near future. Yet it has its oddity, too, its interesting feature, which, strangely enough, is a bore. The "bore" comes of the "tantrums" of the Petitcodiac river. This river at high tide is majestic enough, but at low tide it disappears with the exception of some water in the channel, and acres of mud, slippery, and smooth, and nice for pies, stretch before you. Wait though. The tide of the Bay of Fundy, into which the Petitcodiac flows, rising and ascending its narrow estuary, forms a "bore" or tidal wave as high as four or six inches—sometimes it is even six feet in height, and this is one of Moncton's features. It looks awful enough, this "bore" tumbling in here, and one would hardly care to be out in a boat when this phenomenon occurs. Away, later, still on the Intercolonial over a magnificent road, towards St. John, which you reach one soft evening when the lights are a-glow and the lace of the city is new-wash ed with rain, and there is a wild perfume of apples in the air, and the tall masts in the harbor lean to the sky, and mingle with the church steeples, and there is a crispness and sweetness in the night wind that is refreshing. An organ man is chewing tunes out of his instrument, and a hilarious dog-fight is in progress at a street corner. A whiff of the sea flies in to you presently, when you open the big window of your room at the good old Victoria hotel. Your own sea-air—the old Atlantic by which you were born in the blue room we used to call "The Ship." Not Pacific breezes these—but the strong, seawoody, glorious, old brined winds of the gray Atlantic. "O bed with you, or you'll be crying presently!"

What Troubled Him.

The habit potentes have of travelling inoog, frequently causes suffering where it is least expected. It is told of the Emperor Joseph second, that once, while travelling in this fashion, he put up at an inn. After eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, he went to bed. In the morning he paid his bill and departed. A few hours after, several of his suite arrived, and hearing the rank of his guest, the landlord appeared much troubled.

"Phaw, man," said one; "Joseph is accustomed to such adventure, and will think no more of it."

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Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Gaiters. FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

We have the above in NAVY, FAWN, BROWN and BLACK. Ladies' Sizes from No. 2 to 5, in 8-12, 11 and 14 inches, Misses and Children's Sizes from No. 1 to 4, in suitable lengths in Cloth and Stockinette.

Scotch Lamb's Wool Hose.

This most reliable and grand wearing Hosiery we are now showing for Boys, Misses, and Ladies, sizes from 5 in. to 10 in. feet. Heavy Domestic Wool Hose, for Boys. Light and heavyweight Cashmere Hose.

New Ribbons, New Embroidered Chiffons.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

mirror in one hand and lighted candle in the other, and wait patiently until the first stroke of midnight, when she must begin to walk slowly down the stairs going backwards, and gazing steadily into the mirror.

Before the clock has ceased striking she should see the face of her future husband slowly taking form in the mirror and gazing over her shoulder. She will probably be so badly frightened when she sees the apparition that she will drop mirror and lamp and fall the rest of the way downstairs, and if she fails to see it she will be very much disappointed, so there are two evils to choose from, but I feel bound to add that I have tried this on several occasions myself when I was young and foolish but never had the slightest cause for alarm.

Still another Highland charm which is sufficiently weird without being quite as dangerous as the others, calls for an old lime kiln as its scene of action, but as kilns, especially old and deserted ones, are comparatively rare even in the best localities, one's bedroom window will form a very good substitute. The maiden who wishes to consult the oracles must hold a "clew of yarn" in her hand, but a ball of any kind of wool will answer, if yarn is not at hand. She must station herself at an open window, and as the clock begins to strike twelve she must throw the ball out of the window, retaining her hold of the end and begin to wind rapidly. As soon as the thread catches she must pull it gently, and if it is still fast call, without looking out, "What holds?"

The charm is Scotch, so the holder must be addressed in that language. The answer will be the name of her future husband without fail, and if no answer comes, it is supposed to indicate that the luckless maiden will be an old maid.

I tried this spell myself on one memorable occasion, but owing to unexpected complications which arose, the experiment failed, and I was so discouraged that I never repeated it; but I had a very intimate friend who also tried it and assured me that she distinctly heard a name repeated three times, each time sounding farther and farther away. It was not the name she hoped and expected to hear, and no one whom she knew bore it, but it was the name of the man she married all the same, so she is a firm believer in Hallow'en charms to this day.

There are a few minor charms that I have time or space to enumerate, but the most amusing ones are the melting of lead and pouring it through the notches of a key into a basin of water, the fantastic shapes if assumes being supposed to indicate the business or profession of one's future husband. Mine always persisted in going in to crutches and walking canes I remember, and my friends used to tell me I would marry a professional beggar whose crutches were his stock in trade. A very amusing charm is to arrange three shallow dishes close together on the floor, fill one with pure water, another with muddy water, and leave the third empty. The victim is then blindfolded, steered carefully into the vicinity of the dishes and there left to grope around alone. If he first dips his hand into the clean water he will marry a sweet and pretty girl, but if he reaches the muddy water first, his choice will be a widow; should he be unlucky enough to dip his hand into the empty dish first he will surely be an old bachelor, or it is a girl who tries, an old maid.

Another standard charm much in favor in Scotland, is to write the names of the eligible men of one's acquaintance on little slips of paper, enclose each one carefully in a little ball of clay, and put them all into a deep pan of water, on the night of Hallow'en. Whichever has come to the surface in the morning with the name right side up, is certain to be the future husband of the girl who tries it. I don't know what would happen in the case of three or four turning up, but I imagine it would have to be settled by lot.

I really think those are enough charms for one Hallow'en, and the girl who at-

tempts to try even half of them will have her hands more than full, since the brief time between the first and last stroke of midnight plays such an important part in most of them.

SWEET NANCE—I think—No, I have not forgotten you at all, and am glad you still remember me. I don't think it matters very much about the "boys," but I think all sensible men hate a flirt as they hate poison, and they despise her too, which is much worse. It is not wrong for any young girl to enjoy herself, and have friends amongst the other sex, but I don't think a flirt in the real sense of the word, is ever a lady. If she were she would have too much native refinement to cheapen herself in such a fashion. Your writing is not very good, I am afraid, but you could improve it with practice, and it is at least legible, which is more than one can say for many very pretty hands.

The dresses are usually made long, and the hair put up when a girl is eighteen, or earlier if she is well grown, and womanly looking. The gaiters are either too large, or else a bad fit. Thank you for the love. "All love is sweet" you know, given or returned. "Common as light is love, and its familiar voice wears not ever."

SIGNING THE DECLARATION.

Jefferson was fond of telling a story which illustrates in a forcible manner the importance that absurdly insignificant matters may sometimes assume, says the Philadelphia Press. When the deliberative body that gave the world the declaration of independence was in session its proceedings were conducted in a hall close to which was situated a livery stable. The weather was warm, and from the stable came swarms of flies that lighted on the legs of the honorable members, and biting through the thin silk stockings then in fashion, gave infinite annoyance. It was no uncommon sight, said Jefferson, to see a member making a speech with a large handkerchief in hand and pausing at every moment to thrash the flies from his newly-protected calves. The opinion of the livery stable and its inmates there in the Philadelphia Press. When the deliberative body that gave the world the declaration of independence was in session its proceedings were conducted in a hall close to which was situated a livery stable. The weather was warm, and from the stable came swarms of flies that lighted on the legs of the honorable members, and biting through the thin silk stockings then in fashion, gave infinite annoyance. It was no uncommon sight, said Jefferson, to see a member making a speech with a large handkerchief in hand and pausing at every moment to thrash the flies from his newly-protected calves. The opinion of the livery stable and its inmates there in the Philadelphia Press.

As the weather became warmer the flies grew worse, and the flapping of handkerchiefs was heard all over the hall as an accompaniment to the voices of the speakers. In despair, at last some one suggested that matters be hurried so that the body might adjourn and get away from the flies. There were a few mild protests, but no one heeded them, the immortal declaration was hurriedly copied, and, with handkerchief in hand, fighting the flies as they came, the members hastened up to the table to sign the authentic copy and leave the livery stable and its inmates there in telling when the document would have been completed, but it certainly would not have been signed on the Fourth.

Prof. Bell Fatted the Queen's Hand.

Professor Bell, the inventor, first showed the telephone to the Queen at Osborne. He was telling the story the other day. "We all stood about a little table," said he, "upon which was the machine, the Queen opposite, Princess Beatrice on one side, and Her Majesty's secretary on the other. The Queen then told her secretary to ask me to explain the telephone. After doing so, while we stood waiting for connection with Coves, Queen Victoria turned to speak to someone, and as the connection came I turned suddenly, and what do you suppose that I did? You see, my wife is deaf, and I am among deaf people so much that I forgot, and patted her hand to attract her attention. I did—I really did—the Queen of England and Empress of India! Was she indignant? Oh, no! As she put her ear to the telephone she laughed. Whether it was the music over the wires or my little action, I never knew."

An Afflicted Family.

"Please ma'am, would you mind giving a poor man, who has a deal and dumb wife, something to eat?" "Where is your wife?" "She is in the next block soliciting alms for a blind husband and three starving children."

"And where are your children?" "They are in an orphan asylum."

IT DON'T MATTER

Whether you are in mourning or not. Black always looks well, and no matter how faded or worn your old clothes may be, they will dye a good Black. Try your old Dress or Overcoat at UNGAR'S before buying a new one.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS.

St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

Do You Know ???

DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL, With Pancreatine, Hypophosphites and Extract Bechtree Creatine.

That it is prescribed by physicians because it has no equal.

That it contains more pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion, or so-called extract or Preparation.

That it is ten times more efficacious than plain Cod Liver Oil.

That it is as palatable as cream.

That, containing Pancreatine, it will enable the weakest stomach to retain it.

That it is the best known remedy for Bronchitis (acute or chronic), Chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all wasting diseases, either in young or old.

That when you ask for, see that you get

Dawson's Royal Emulsion

Sold by all Druggists. WALLACE DAWSON, CHEMIST, MONTREAL.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Mr. E. McLeod having resigned the agency of this company and the undersigned having been appointed agents, are now prepared to accept risks, and hope to receive a share of the business of this city.

VROOM & ARNOLD.

SPRINGHILL Beef, Fresh and Pickled Fork, Ham and Bacon, Lamb and Mutton. Pure Leaf Lard "in crocks," Turkeys, Chickens, Geese and Ducks.

Dean's Sausages. A good assortment of Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

THE SALTED MINE.

Several years ago Josiah Bartlett, being anxious to amass great wealth, on hearing marvelous tales of the rich mines in Montana, left his beautiful home in Boston and set forth on a long journey to the far west. He had proved so shrewd a manipulator in eastern enterprises that at 40 he was accounted a successful man, and with this knowledge he made a bold dash into deeper waters, unmindful of the sharks and the big fish that swim therein. Bartlett was a good fellow, as the world goes, and it was not greatly to his credit, perhaps, that he carried his portly, comfortable person with a self-complacent air. He believed to thoroughly and energetically in Josiah Bartlett that mankind generally either gave way to the force or good-humoredly indorsed his opinion; consequently he had faith in the happy issue of his western scheme. He proceeded on his journey without previous incidents or more alarming adventures than a gracious inn, at certain stages of the journey, of female bristling with bustles and bundles, who poked and unbrellaed him in a rush for comfortable quarters, but after an interval the tide of humanity ebbed, the night descended, and in the dim light the empty cushions looked solitary. Few who began the journey, he saw, were likely to conclude it with him.

The landscape seemed now to flatten, and, to increase the dreary aspect, a slow, drizzling rain commenced to fall. Josiah Bartlett stretched his feet out upon the opposite seat, fixed his bundles, and, wrapping his cloak about him, lay down to dream of the gold in the golden future.

The result of all was, he arrived at Butte one beautiful morning in early September. The coach, of the same style as that Wild Bill took through Europe to represent a western stage robbery, deposited him at the door of the only hotel the town at that time afforded. When he had registered he was pleasantly consigned to a room overlooking the principal thoroughfare of what has since that time become one of the largest mining towns in the country, the products of these mines being in a single year \$22,500,000.

After recuperating from his long journey he sauntered forth to view the town and what it contained. He concluded, of all points to comment upon, the manners of the people were most curious. He soon returned to the hotel, where he amused himself by examining specimens of ore that he discovered loosely scattered upon the shelves and tables of the office. The ore was labeled "Galena ore from White Tailed Gulch," "Sulphure ore from Bob Tailed Gulch," "Carbonic ore from the Lost Chance mine," "Hell's Commission and Free Gold Quartz from the Eureka mine."

This last named ore fixed his attention. Only those who have experienced a mining fever can appreciate the passion that may possess a man to acquire a mine of this character. He determined, however, not to allow the fervency of his desires to hurry him into rash speculations. He believed his business relations and dealings with men had taught him to be astute in his judgment of character, nevertheless he determined to fortify himself with a double guard of caution against the lean, hungry speculator, who might approach him with his illegitimate enterprises and, while thus he reasoned, the demon appeared, in a guise so unsuspecting he opened his heart to the tempter. It was a tall, angular individual commonly known as a prospector. He wore a California suit, tucked into a pair of cowhide boots, and a soft Mexican hat, slouched over his bronzed face in such a manner his head resembled a pumpkin in a meal bag. His beard was sunburnt, and his hands were rough and brown, showing the effects of many a hard mountain climb in search of what our friend had come so far to find.

He came into the office in a loose, swinging gait, and, perceiving the stranger's occupation, addressed him with easy indifference in the peculiar vernacular of a Yankee pioneer.

"Hullo, pard! how dye like the look o' thet ar rock?"

Mr. Bartlett, glancing up in surprise to hear any person apply the common term rock to this precious ore, replied accordingly.

"Oh, wall, pard, to tell the truth we poor prospector don't git much more'n the price o' common dirt out o' it."

Mr. Bartlett, never having seen a genuine prospector before, eyed this new phase of animal man with curiosity. He thought here might be an opportunity already presenting itself to get the information he was seeking.

The prospector, not slow to analyze the inquisitive look bestowed upon him, with the mental ejaculation of "tenderfoot!" settled himself loosely in a chair, swinging one heavy boot leg over the other, and emitting several meditative spurts of offensive tobacco juice about him, again opened the conversation.

"Wall, I spose ye cum a long way ter find sun uv thet yaller stuff."

Mr. Bartlett, who was studying from a refined Bostonian standpoint this new manifestation of man, replied pleasantly in the affirmative.

"Wall, I'll tell ye what, squire, thet's plenty uv it here, but yer don't strike it every day. I've been perspecting about here fur a good many years, but I'm allers so hard up when I strike a good thing I don't git nothin' out o' it. We poor prospectors find gold, and you fellows with the cash pocket it. Dy ye see? Now me an' my pards, which are located over thar," swinging his thumb over his shoulders, "in the Tip Top district, hev just struck what we call a mighty fine prospect. We've gone down outer the ledge about twenty-five feet, and found a well defined vein which would carry ore, as near ez we kin reckon, well over \$200 or \$300 a ton; but ter tell the truth square, we hain't got money enough to assay it only in a way we prospectors have, which are to weigh a single chunk, say a pound, pulverize it in a mortar, wash it out in a pan, an' weigh the gold we git from that in a common pair of scales, and uv course we can't git at it very close; but me an' my pards know when we've struck it rich, you bet!"

Mr. Bartlett was getting excited over the prospector's narration, but he did not choose at this point to allow his interest to appear.

Shifting his head, his leg and his squint at the same time, the prospector continued: "I'll tell ye what, squire, of yer round

here lookin' fur mines an' want one cheap ye'd better cum round and look at ourn at Tip Top Gulch."

Although his imagination had taken flame he wished to appear more conservative and to take the matter under consideration. The general bearings of the case were in his favor, he thought. The prospector having found a mine were yet to poor to work it, even to get the ore assayed, and for this reason he hoped that for a few thousand invested gold! gold, gold so hard to get and hard to hold, would roll in upon him by millions. He yearned to rush and about the truth in Nellie's ears, but in those days there was neither telegraph nor telephone in Butte, only a wilderness of wooden shanties and miners' cabins where now are the fine buildings and handsome squares of a beautiful city, spanned by railways and connected by telegraph and telephone with all the great interests of the world.

"Well," replied Mr. Bartlett, "I should indeed like to look at your mine, so if you will come around tomorrow I will get a carriage from the livery and you may pilot me to it."

"All right, stranger! What may I call ye?"

"Josiah Bartlett, Boston, Mass."

"An' mine's Sam Jones, from anywhar I ken find a peg fur my hat. Pard's name is Eph Smith and Jack Horton."

"There are three of you interested—have you fixed upon a price?"

"His eye took a narrower squint as he took off his hat and scratched his head. "Wall, we ask \$20,000, I'll sell my interest for one-third. I s'pose pard'll be willin' enuf ter sell, but we'll hev ter see um tomorrow."

"One should've said," said Mr. Bartlett, complacently, "when I have seen and admired the property."

"All right, stranger! Will ye take sum mountain tanager?"

"Take what, sir?"

"Oh, it's only a perlitte way we hev o' askin' a fellow ter drink."

"Oh, no, thank you, I never drink."

"Sorry fur ye, pard," responded the prospector good-naturedly, as he flung himself on the back of his mountain pony, and loped away at a long swinging gait toward his cabin home.

On should've said in order to fully appreciate the exhilarating effect of a fair, cool September morning in the Rocky mountains.

As Mr. Bartlett walked briskly up the street toward the livery stable, the first golden splendor of the rising sun flashed across the gray tops of the hills.

The sweet air from the pine lands cut into his blood like wine and seemed to change the vital action of his spirit.

He found the livery men astir, even at this early hour. Ordering such a vehicle as he deemed suitable for the rough mountain road he seated himself in a leather-bottomed chair, and hoisted his feet to the foot of the open window of the livery office, as happy as Faddy in sweet contemplation of bacon, while piggie yet squeals in the swill. With a lotter motive he coined the gold that as yet but clicked on the shrewd tongue of the prospector. Peering at this point to regard the principal figure in this auriferous dream, he smiled a little.

"Odd fish!" then as the curious picture of the lank, tobacco-spitting, swearing Yankee presented itself more fully, he laughed outright. "Odd fish, but simple as water!"

"All right, sir!" shouted the waiter.

"What, all ready?" He took the horse from the hand of the groom and drove back to the hotel.

To his surprise he found Jones already awaiting him, for the hour was yet early.

"Good morning," he said cordially, "I was hardly expecting you so early, when it is quite as well, for you see I also am prepared for an early start."

Jones scratched his head, shambled and spit a little before replying. "Facts be, sir, the air up yender is too brainy; it's a feller can't stand it long without a snap at tortoes and treesholes. Why, at the blasted cold weather sets in, it'll morn' freeze the hog fat on a darndy's har, it will actooly purterate a man's inards with icicles."

He passed to tip his hat upon the back of his head, and placing his thumb on one side of his nose, he gave a long, meditative blow. He then sandpapered the red peak of it on the back of his hairy hand, then he scratched his head, then he plucked his beard, holding it firmly between his thumb and forefinger, he would jerk open his mouth by its tassels and chin and then snap his jaws together just like the spring of a rat trap. Not being entirely satisfied with the show, he concluded it by squirting and immense quid of tobacco upon the protruded end of his breeches pockets.

Mr. Bartlett, perceiving that his singular visitor had concluded hostilities with his features, presumed to invite him to breakfast, judging this to be the prelude only to such expectations.

"Wall, thank ye, I dunose I mind a bite, sense bread are the staff o' life, an' a prophet, sir, I believe he said, man's life it is!"

Notwithstanding the gentle hint, Mr. Bartlett ordered a bonetous breakfast without the ardently desired.

"It was 10 o'clock when they started for 'Tip Top Gulch.'"

They rode three hours over the roughest road Mr. Bartlett had ever traveled, before they arrived at an opening among the ridges where upon a little plateau, was lodged the miners' humble cabin.

"Cum right in an' hev sum grub," said Jones, hospitably. "The air you'll find makes razors in man's appetite, an' I reckon as how you'll eat here what you wouldn't look at in Boston."

"No apology is necessary," said Mr. Bartlett, as he followed the prospector into the cabin where he was made acquainted with his partners.

One was engaged in trying bacon, and the other in setting forth the table with tin cups and plates that had been especially washed and scoured to grace the occasion. Both gave him a rough, kindly greeting, and were not bad-looking men, although their eyes, ears and hair, with their rough dress, gave them a somewhat wild and uncivilized appearance.

Jack Horton who was the youngest and most prepossessing of the three, set him a stool at the table, upon which they proceeded to place the dinner, while Mr. Bartlett took a curious survey of his surroundings. On one side were three bunks, while the table, made of rough, hewn boards, occupied the centre of the earth floor in a company of four stools. On the opposite side were rows of shelves, upon which lay littered, in confusion with precious ore, a cosmopolitan mass of dirty pans. On the hearth, or space usually denominated to that purpose, was a rare collection of pots and kettles of nondescript character, half buried in ashes. In one of these the potatoes were being boiled, while a mass of fire, steam and smoke poured up the wide-mouthed flue. When the dinner was set forth, it proved to be potatoes, fried bacon and a dish called, in their common parlance, flapjacks. It was discussed with relish and dispatched with haste.

Mr. Bartlett now informed them he was ready to examine their property, and together the four men started on a hard climb, that consumed an hour before they arrived at the apex of the mountain, the cabin below being in full view.

A cerulean blue, draped in the yellow sunshine, formed the charming background of the gray hills, whose rugged outlines stood forth strong and dark on the eternal canvas, save where the ragged cliffs caught and flung over the cool shadow of some green intervals the golden catch lights of the picture. His vision had been lifted to reach over the magnificent extent of country. The almost awful and imposing character of the scenery about him passed over and transfixed his spirit with a shadow of awe, so that it was with something of a shock he was recalled to the purpose of the expedition.

"Well, pard, here we be!" exclaimed Jones.

"Where?" questioned Mr. Bartlett, looking about bewildered.

"Why, thar!" laughed Jones, pointing to two posts perpendicularly set to support a rude windlass, with nothing more to distinguish it than a quantity of quartz piled about the opening.

"So," responded Mr. Bartlett, "this is what you call a mine?"

"What did yer expect?" queried Horton.

"An immense cavern gut inter by a ladder an' lantern?"

"Well, something like that, to be sure," smiled Mr. Bartlett, examining the spot curiously.

"No, we don't call that yer a mine," corrected Jones, "but we pards hev prospect together a good many years, an' we consider this yer the finest prospect we've ever struck. Ef this property was fully developed yer haint git money enuf in Boston ter buy it."

"Now, Eph, you git sum candles, an' we'll show Mister Bartlett down the shaft."

After making the necessary arrangements and telling Mr. Bartlett to follow him, and mind ye don't lose yer grip," he cautioned, they descended a rude windlass and reached the bottom in half an hour.

As the glimmer of the candle light reflected on the glittering ore, Mr. Bartlett, being unaccustomed to the sight, was staggered by the rich prospect.

The bottom of the shaft was one continuous line of solid quartz, and after a full explanation of the different characters of ore it contained, Mr. Jones, who still made himself the spokesman of the party, pointed out the probabilities and possibilities of a true fissure vein.

After selecting what Mr. Bartlett considered a fair and impartial sack of ore, collected from the different minerals across the vein, they ascended to the fresh air and light of the outer world.

"Six hundred feet wide by 1,500 feet long, which is the original discovery, but we have traced the vein, taking up two extensions which we'll lump in, pervidin' we come ter trade." They now turned their feet downward toward the cabin, talking, by the way, over the trade. He found Smith and Horton determined, as Jones had said, upon \$20,000, this sum to be equally divided between them.

It was useless to think of returning to Butte, as he felt unwilling to risk a ride over the rough road after sunset; so he was forced to accept the rude hospitality of the gold, and entertained him with their wonderful experiences, fortunes and misfortunes of a prospector's life.

Notwithstanding that he occupied that night, for the first time in his life, a hard board for a bed, wrapped only in a miner's blanket, he slept soundly from weariness, and had golden visions.

In the morning the monotony of the frugal fare was varied by Boston beans, boiled and baked in a black pot. He ate them with a keener relish than he could have supposed it to be possible, being cooked and served under such circumstances.

After breakfast Jones brought around the horses, and, shaking hands with the two prospectors, he took leave of them, promising to give them a decision on the following day. Mr. Jones accompanied him over the mountain, and then returned to his partners. Their conversation would have proved highly interesting to Mr. Bartlett, providing he had been privy to their secret council when with their mugs and pipes they were gathered about the cabin table to discuss the situation.

"Odd fish, but simple!" was Mr. Bartlett's mental comment as he parted with Jones to continue his way to the city. Now these sharpers were returning the compliment over their beer and tobacco.

"Knew him fur our flesh soon's I planked my eyes outer him," said Jones, "fat and clean, with clothed in pleasers, a double shirt and a white dicky—" as pleased with his review as Mr. Bartlett had been on a similar occasion, he straightened himself suddenly, snatched his hat from his head, dashed it upon the floor and exploded, showing his teeth and much of his internal machinery in the act.

"I'm continued to his two interested listeners, 'he' peared ter me like a full rigged craft just put out ter sea on her maiden voyage—new, so new I thought I'd huff to an' give him a breeze; an' I tell ye what, boys, he just tuk ter me like a genuine Yankee duck ter a mud puddle."

"I ken do better'that," interrupted Smith, "he was your goose an' you was quack."

"Oh, pooh!" objected Horton, "I wouldn't try unless I could do better. Simk! De ye like to know," he continued, energetically bringing his hand to the table, "he's so inereant an' ingenious I'm half sorry enuf ter let up on him."

"Let up!" snapped Jones and Smith together. "Look a here, Jack Horton, we've summared and wintered together, now mind ye don't play the sneak or the fool," threatened Smith.

"Is this the gratitood a man gits fur haulin' ye out uv this fix? Ye know we sunk thet hole up thar ter ketch sum East-ern tenderfoot."

"I haint objectin' ter nothin'; can't a man express his sentiments without bein' sot on?"

In the meantime Mr. Bartlett proceeded, on arriving in town, to the office of an assayer where he left his ore, requesting them to give him the result of the assay in the evening, which they did, and, to his surprise and pleasure, it proved to be largely in excess of the estimate made by Jones and his partners.

About 9 o'clock the next morning Mr. Jones returned into the office of the hotel and inquired for Mr. Bartlett, whom the landlord informed the anxious prospector that he had been requested by that gentleman to show Mr. Jones to his room.

Jones looked a trifle as he felt, guilty and uneasy, but Mr. Bartlett dismissed his secret fears by his gracious reception. He interrogated him regarding the records of the property, and finding them all right offered to pay the sum of \$18,000, but Jones positively refused, saying, "Ef that mine haint worth one hundred thousand, it haint worth a cent."

Of course Mr. Bartlett, who wanted the mine, finally agreed to pay the sum of \$20,000.

They immediately repaired to the office of Blake & Co. and very shortly the title was transferred from Jones et al. to Josiah Bartlett of Boston, Mass.

The checks were passed over to Mr. Jones in the three-third interests.

The individual check, amounting to \$6,666, made three tricky fellows happy. Shaking hands with the man he believed he had duped, Jones made his way to a neighboring saloon, where he divided the proceeds of his rascality with Smith and Horton. The partnership being dissolved, each decided on a trip east, where they had left friends.

When it was noised abroad that Josiah Bartlett, of Boston, had purchased the Eureka hole he was prostered with dozens of prospectors with property to sell, some whom he honestly expressed their conviction that the Eureka would bottom up, not being anything but a "salted hole," or a pocket. But the "duped man," as he was regarded, threw all objections and the objectors mentally overboard, and proceeded to develop the property already in his hand.

He engaged practical miners, who with the necessary appliances commenced sinking shafts, running tunnels and bringing up the ore. The vein instead of "pinching out" had widened at the depth of 200 feet from the surface, and in a few months the most practical miners in Butte estimated there were 100,000 tons of ore on the dump. This justified him in erecting a mill on the property. In the meantime he wrote cheerful letters to his wife: "This is no place for you and the baby, Nellie, but just as soon as possible I shall settle up my business in Montana and return to Boston, which happened in the course of a year, he being able to sell out to an English syndicate for \$1,000,000.

On his homeward journey he stopped at Omaha to survey the town, and upon arriving at the station to proceed on his journey, he passed, hurriedly, a man standing upon the platform whose familiar face so impressed him he paused, and turned to scrutinize him more closely.

Judge of his surprise when he recognized the gaunt loose-jointed figure of Jones. His hands were pushed into his pockets, and he looked moody, miserable and poorly dressed. Remembering him as the author of his good fortune, Mr. Bartlett accosted him with a hearty good nature. "How do you, Mr. Jones! glad to see you, sir! How are you prospering?"

Jones answered by a melancholy shake of the head that confessed volumes of bad luck. He had, he said, after the manner of the reckless prospector, squandered the entire amount realized from the sale of the Eureka mine, and was without a dime to purchase a meal. Mr. Bartlett took in the situation at a glance, and, hastily drawing from his pocket-book five \$100 bills, he pressed them into the hand of the astounded man, saying, "That will furnish you with a new outfit for prospecting, Mr. Jones."

"Why," said Jones, staring at the man he had planned to swindle, "what's this mean?"

"It means," responded Mr. Bartlett, "that the prospect hole you and your pards sold me developed into a mine, the richest in Montana, and I have just realized \$1,000,000 for the entire property."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, snio Bartlett, wringing Jones heartily by the hand, "but I tell you what, old fellow, you're a lucky prospector, and if you strike another mine just let me know, will you? Remember, Josiah Bartlett, Boston, Mass."

The train moved, the engine whistled, Jones awoke from his lethargy.

"Remember him!" he almost shrieked after the now flying train. He looked at the money and scratched his head, "furgit him!—the ways uv Providence must be beyond all mortal calculation when Sam Jones swindles another feller inter a fortune, thet's it exactly—swindled inter a fortune, I be dummed!"

General Gordon and Cecil Rhodes.

During Mr. Cecil Rhodes' association with General Gordon there arose a somewhat war discussion between these two remarkable men over a proposition that the soldier had made. In the course of the dispute Gordon remarked, "You are one of these men who never approve of anything but the best of your own side." Rhodes reflected for an instant. "I'm inclined to think you're right," he said then, and, indeed, Gordon's phrase was a good characterization of this original, self-reliant, forceful leader of men.

"I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Rev. Wm. Brown."

"I was cured of a bad case of sarache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. S. KAULBACH."

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

STEAMER GLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

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STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock.

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olive, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 8 a. m.

Sunday Reading.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

Two gentlemen stood in the portico of the fashionable hotel. The great city, never asleep, having spent the evening, was apparently meditating as to how it would spend the night.

"There," said the gentleman bowed to, "goes the black sheep of the Good family."

"How so?" replied his friend.

"In the first place he never made any money. He is especially hard up, gets very shabby at times. His people are steady, make money, marry well, settle down. That fellow will never be anybody. These are, however, one good thing about him. He never outrides himself; but he's a black sheep all the same."

"Did it ever occur to you," said the second speaker, coming for the moment out of the shadow of his correctness, and half ashamed of himself for so doing, "that the black sheep of one family might be the angel of light to another?"

"But, my God! Look there!"

"The man with the lame leg took his vacant seat and smiled a deep, significant smile."

THE WORLD'S BIBLES.

There are Seven Bibles as well as Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitakes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitakes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "king" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further than the eleventh century before our era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ.

Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was given to the world in the fourteenth century.

WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

The fifteen Methodist churches of Detroit, with 4,886 members, paid into their church treasuries last year \$184,058, an average of \$28.68 per man, woman and child; over \$50 per family.

It is suggested in Queensland that agriculture should form one of the branches of study in the schools, for that under a system of daily teaching children will acquire a love for and a practical knowledge of agriculture which will best fit them for the world.

Efforts for better Sunday observance in England are progressing. Sir John Burns, the managing director of the Cunard Steamship Co., has given directions that no ship of that company in the Mediterranean shall work cargo on Sunday in ports abroad any more than they would at home.

The adult Bible class in the Summit Hill chapel, Birmingham, England, during the past year has increased from two hundred members to over one thousand. This is a result of its social scheme and home-visitations, which have also added large numbers to the congregation.

According to the Presbyterian Journal, "In Mongolia the missionary is often asked to perform impossible and ridiculous cures. One man said he made fat, another to be made clever, another wishes to be cured of hunger, while almost everybody would like to have his skin made white, like the foreigner."

THE HEART OF THE CREEDS.

There are 100,864 pupils in the 1,150 Methodist Sunday-schools of Michigan.

Southern Presbyterian churches added 14,098 members to the list of communicants, making the grand total of 199,157.

into christian worship by St. Jerome, some time about the year A. D. 390.

A society in Germany devoted to the distribution of printed sermons gave away last year 7,500,000. The society spends 15,000 marks annually for postage.

The Chinese Recorder reproduces from another journal the incident of a gentleman in Shantung who obtained a New Testament, and was so fascinated that he read it three times.

"Remember what I tell you," he said as he pulled the bell to get off, pulling the cash register's bell by mistake, thus taking five cents out of the conductor's pocket.

"Remember what I tell you, men are heartlessly careless of the feelings of others, and it makes my heart ache to think upon the selfishness of mankind," and he left the car from the opposite side tearing the fat woman's dress, treading on a meek man's corns, and crushing a baby so that it cried itself blue.

The man with a lame leg took his vacant seat and smiled a deep, significant smile.

HOME SLAVES.

From Early Morn Till Late at Night.

Work, Worry and Bustle.

Results: Nervousness! Sleeplessness! Headache! Dyspepsia and Run Down Constitution!

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IT GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH AND A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

The home slaves of our country—thousands of wives and mothers who toil from early morn till late at night—deserve comfort, cheering and encouragement.

The daily toil, worry and bustle in the management of home and children is so severe on the vast majority of mothers, that they become prematurely aged and broken down in body. Thousands are nervous, sleepless, dyspeptic, despondent and melancholic.

Unless some effort, some means of rescue be devised for saving these devoted and slaves of home life, the dark grave will greedily engulf many wearied and worn-out mothers, leaving mourning husbands and helpless little ones behind.

"Tis a fearful picture, but nevertheless true as heaven's sun shines on earth. It is well to know the truth. It is our duty to utter warnings in tones that cannot be misunderstood.

Our weary, nervous, faint, weak and broken-down wives and mothers must follow the example of a multitude of their sisters who have renewed and changed their lives by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true and infallible invigorator and strengthener.

Oh ye overworked, burdened mothers, your duty is clear. Your husband and dear ones need your presence in the home for years to come. Lay hold of that great health builder, Paine's Celery Compound, at once; it will give you new life, vigor, strength and long-lived years. Husbands, you have a duty to perform; a true devotion to wife and children will compel its performance. See that your devoted wives are supplied with the medicine that is so well adapted for their condition. Nothing but Paine's Celery Compound can bring back the glow of health to the fading and pallid cheeks; nothing else can make your weak and despondent wives bright, vigorous and happy.

Saved and cured women in all parts of Canada have sent in telling testimony regarding the life-giving effects of Paine's Celery Compound; the following from Mrs. Joseph Lloyd, Gananoque, Ont., will be interesting to all women:—

"I feel it my duty to tell you what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was always a sufferer from nervous debility and very bad headache, and found it impossible to obtain regular sleep and rest.

Two years ago I read of your Paine's Celery Compound, and bought a bottle of it. After I had used it I found I could rest and quiet. I have used altogether seven bottles and find myself completely cured.

Your medicine purifies the blood and regulates the system, and I would not be without it in the house if I could buy a dollar.

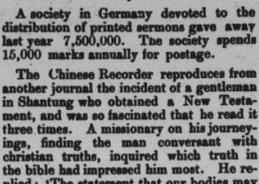
Before using Paine's Celery Compound my weight was only 100 pounds; now I weigh 141 pounds. Is this not sufficient reason for me to praise the Compound highly?"

Before I knew of your wonderful medicine I was treated by the doctors, but never received any good. Five of my friends are now using your valuable medicine since they have seen what it has done for me.

I wish you to use my statements as they may be of encouragement to others.

The Human and Divine Life. Alone with the intense philanthropy of the church today there goes—in the world without—as challenging all her love and faith and hope, a despair of life, a moral skepticism which looks askance at whatever is generous and brave and pure, a falling faith in human nature, a regretful but desperate mockery of right and truth and good. Men doubt the possibilities of the righteous life. Perfect honor, perfect

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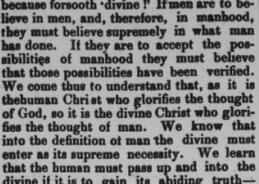
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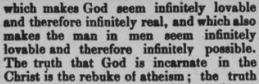
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Advertisement for Dr. Clifton's Blood Purifier, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

THE GREAT MESSAGE.

Then Samuel Answered, Speak for thy Servant Hearth.

Patience listeners: And the Lord came and stood and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, for thy servant hearth," I. Samuel, 13: 10.

There are no more simple or romantic stories to be found in all the wide realm of literature than are contained in the Old Testament scriptures. Historic fact and such beautiful pictures of life that once grazed upon they will never be forgotten.

This simple scene in the old sanctuary of Shiloh is one of the beautiful, suggestive episodes that the world will cherish to the very end of time. Everything in the story is simple, but the lessons are sublime.

It might chance to be of costly metal or of simple wood; but it God breathes through them they will be filled with tuneful breath. God's message spoken by a child is as mighty as if thundered by the noisiest of orators.

The message God spoke through Samuel was God's, not Samuel's. John the Baptist was the voice of one crying in the wilderness of old Judea; Samuel, the son of praying Hannah, was the voice of one crying in the early morning, crying of doom and darkness to the house of Eli the priest.

God walks all paths when and as he chooses. Through the wide-open gateways of our senses, or along the mystic pathway of our dreams. To those who listen and wait he comes with messages almost divine. There is such a condition of mind as that in which we seem to be almost entirely automatic. Like the maiden at the fountain—

"We hear and not hear, And the plainer overflows!"

There is a wide difference between hearing and listening. God's great messages are spoken to listening hearts. We sometimes wish God would speak—the truth is God is always speaking, and we miss many a message of heavenly meaning because we do not listen, prayerfully, patiently, attentively.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." So says John Milton. Yes, but it must be with uplifted eye and listening ear, as when all is gone, or the service will have little worth or meaning.

ABSTRACT OF A SAINT.

A Story From a Comic Paper, Which Teaches a Serious Lesson.

"It is strange how little regard people have for the comfort of others," said The-man-fond-of-his-own-voice in the street car.

"It is strange how little we are willing to do for a brother's or sister's convenience," he said as he retained the end seat while a fat woman with a canary bird, two valises, and an umbrella crowded past him.

"Oh, this is a pretty fair sort of a world," said his companion, a man with a lame leg, as he got up and gave the fat woman his seat and stood up on the leg that was not lame.

"Ah, my friend, it's an awful selfish world, and my heart is pained every day of my life," said The-man-fond-of-his-own-voice, as he puffed his cigar smoke into the face of a woman with a sick child in the seat behind him.

"I haven't found it so," said the man with the lame leg.

"Oh, but it is so," said The-man-fond-of-his-own-voice, and he stretched out his legs for a woman with four bundles and a

THE MIND AND THE BODY

THEIR INTERACTIONS TOLD BY DR. BAYARD.

The Address on Medicine Delivered by Dr. Bayard at the Meeting of the Canadian Medical Association in St. John—The Effect of Thought on the Body.

Having been requested, and having promised to deliver the address on Medicine before the present meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, I am reminded of the story of a trapper in the far west, who, when relating his adventure with a beaver, declared that he had chased the animal so hard that he ran up a tree. When told that beavers did not run up trees, he scratched his head, thought a little, and made answer that he guessed the beaver had got to do it that time. Now, having promised, I am very much in the position of that beaver—I have to get up that tree. Should I climb ungracefully or "stumble by the way," I hope due allowance will be made for one who is not much accustomed to tree climbing.

I have chosen for my subject, "The influence of the mind upon the body," not with a view of placing before you anything new, but in the hope of reminding you of "a power for good and for evil," which I think, does not receive at the hands of the profession the consideration which it deserves. I am supported in the statement by Sir B. W. Richardson, who says, "It is remarkable how very little the question of the origin of physical diseases from mental shock or influence has been studied."

In commencing this inquiry, I need only to remind you that the foundation of the "nervous system" occupies and fills the skull and the spinal canal, namely, the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata and the spinal cord. The cerebrum and cerebellum are divided into two hemispheres, and proceeding from them for about an inch in length we have the medulla oblongata, and from it the spinal cord. Each portion is made up of two kinds of nervous matter, one distinctly white, the other distinctly gray. In the brain the gray is all on the outside, the white matter being enclosed within it, while in the spinal cord the gray is in the centre, and the white outside. All are enclosed in three membranes—the dura mater, the pia mater, and the arachnoid.

In relation to the nerves, some go directly from the brain, the nerves of special sense, to the eye, the ear and the nose. Those which issue from the spinal cord pass off from it in pairs, on each side of the cord—thirty-one pairs, each having two origins, one from the back segment, the other from the front segment of the cord, and dividing into two roots at their start, but soon uniting into common or compound nerves, and with the others from the brain, not destined to go to the organs of sense, are distributed to the fleshy parts, accompanying, ramifying with, and controlling the vascular system.

The cerebro-spinal is one nervous system. There is a second one—the ganglionic—a double chain of nervous matter passing from the brain through the neck and along the front of the spinal column, the masses of which in each chain are twenty-eight in number, the largest the size of an almond. Springing from these central masses, a set of nerves pass off in four directions, many communicating with the nerves of the cerebro-spinal system. In addition to this chain of ganglia, there are other ganglia and plexuses of sympathetic nerves connected with the heart and all the vital organs; and one great ganglion, the "semilunar," receiving branches from the cerebro-spinal system, and which sends off radiating branches to the stomach, liver, diaphragm, kidneys and intestines.

Whenever an external vibrating impression is made on a part of the great terminal surface—as a picture to the eye, a sound to the ear or a friction to the skin—the vibration is conveyed directly away to the communicating centre, telling it, as it were, what has occurred. Or we shall see some indication of will made in a centre, and conveyed from thence to the nervous termination, bidding it to set in motion muscular fibres, and creating for a time motion of body and limb.

All kinds of motor connections from the centre pass through the front columns of the spinal cord, while all counter impressions from the extremities of the nerves to the commanding centres pass through the posterior columns of the spinal cord.

Thus in the cerebro-spinal system we notice the connections between will and the actions of will; the mode by which the special impressions of the outer world are impressed upon the inner man to inspire him while he lives with the life of the outer world, and the mode by which he responds to or reflects back those inspirations.

Should the great centres of the cerebro-spinal system be injured, they cannot receive external impressions, deliver commands in response, or reflect back what they have received, in due time or order.

By a sudden blow or mental impulse of surprise or emotion, the centres of this second nervous system, being for a moment overpowered, the blush of red blood on the cheeks and over the surface of the body will declare that the control over the

vessels have been checked as far as to termination of the nervous fibre, while the glands that may be involved in the same shock, and for the same reason, left uncontrolled, will weep and pour out their secretions in copious streams. Should the shock be so extreme as to communicate a vibration from the centres, the nervous fibres will be irritated so decidedly as to close the arterial terminals, and shut off the blood stream in the vital arena. Then sudden and deathlike pallor will seize the surface of the body; the brain cells, un supplied, will fail to yield consciousness; a lead of blood cast on the struggling heart, the first organ to be robbed by the shock of its arterial blood supply, will sink in its beat, and all the powers prostrate, there will be primary death, syncope or faint.

Fursing this subject further, we have the "sensory system," specially adapted for bringing the nervous organization into communication with the external world, as exhibited by the "organs of sight," for condensing and focusing light, for receiving a picture on the nervous screen, and for conveying that picture to the brain; the "organs of hearing," for collecting atmospheric waves which cause sound, for receiving the impression so collected on a nervous expanse, and for transmitting those impressions to the brain; the "organs of smell," a nervous surface for receiving the impulses which odorous particles impart to the nervous sense; the "organ of touch" at the tips of the fingers, a small nervous body containing a little gray matter and surrounding a filament of a nerve for receiving the special impressions conveyed by the delicate pressure of an external object; and lastly, we have the "organ of taste," a nervous expanse in a portion of the tongue and palate for the reception of impressions conveyed by foods, drinks or other substances which may enter the mouth.

Anatomy teaches that in every instance the design is carried out on the same principle, though differing in detail. This is in all instances a collecting part of the organs for bringing together the vibrations that have to be absorbed; a receiving nervous surface for taking up the impressions; a special nerve originating in the nervous receiving surface and going to the brain; for conveying the impression; and a receiving part within the brain itself, by which the impression is finally brought into the physical domain of thought and consciousness.

When we reflect upon this wonderful mechanism of which I have given you a very superficial glance, we can readily understand the influence the mind can exercise over the functions of the body. And our experience teaches us that the effect of an emotion varies with the impression or shock producing it. There are divergent theories regarding the seat of the emotions. Without discussing that point, I shall use the word as expressing the result of impressions upon the brain.

An emotion may, and often does, act upon all the sensations, upon the voluntary and the involuntary muscles, and upon the organic functions. It would lead me into a discussion beyond the scope of this paper, were I to enumerate the many and various disorders that may and do originate in emotion. It is sufficient to say that it does not directly cause pain, but it often arrests it; that its influence upon the voluntary muscles is seen in joy, fear, grief, anger, etc., and upon the involuntary muscles by its action upon the heart, the circulation, the skin, the uterus, the bladder and the ureters. It may, and often does, excite, modify, or suspend the organic functions, causing changes in nutrition, secretion and excretion.

"Pain" is believed to be the result of stimuli applied to the sensory nerves, and its varieties are as manifold as its degrees, depending upon the nerve supply to the part and the excitability of the individual. No satisfactory account has yet been given as to the molecular changes accompanying it, consequently its essence cannot be defined. Emotional excitement often prevents the perception of pain and occasionally banishes it. Persons have been wounded in battle without being aware of injury until the excitement of contest was over. The severest injuries have been inflicted upon lunatics without their exhibiting the slightest expression of pain.

As an illustration, I may mention the fact of an insane woman who deliberately held her hand in a pot of boiling soft soap, destroying it so as to require its removal. She laughed, sang and talked nonsense during the operation. I need not say that this was prior to the days of anaesthetics. In another instance, when removing the eye of a lunatic, he did not exhibit the slightest expression of pain. In these cases the mental pre-occupation must have been such as to prevent the sensory nerves from conveying the impression to the brain.

Many years ago I experienced the effect of the mind upon pain when driving from Sussex on a bright, moonlight night. I was suffering from an attack of lumbago. The pain was so severe that I was compelled to walk my horse. While doing so, three men approached me, demanding money. I declined to give any, and having a heavy hunting whip with a brass hammer on its end, I would the lash round my hand and started my horse. One of the men seized the rein; his act brought him within reach of my whip. I struck him, he fell, and I thought I had killed him. From that moment the pain left me; the man did not die, nor did the pain return.

Most of us are familiar with the effect of mind upon pain when approaching the dentist's chair. The action of the heart may be increased, become irregular in its beat, or be suspended, under emotional influence or excitement. Weber showed that by irritating the vagus nerve the action of the heart was suddenly arrested; when the irritation was suspended the action became normal. Hunter used to say, "My life is at the mercy of any scoundrel who chooses to put me in a passion." Singularly enough, he died from that cause. It is claimed that a change in the constituents of the blood has been caused by emotional excitement creating an increase in the number of the white globules and a deficiency in the number of red corpuscles and their hemoglobin, thereby preventing the oxygenation of the tissues.

Very shortly after I commenced practice I had an unpleasant experience of emotional syncope. A medical friend asked me to

assist him in amputating a leg. The moment he saw the blood flow he fell in a faint on the floor, his hands in his eyes. There was no person in the room with us but very intelligent young woman, and no time to seek assistance. I desired her to do exactly as I told her and all would go well; a better assistant I never had. But when all was over she fell on the floor in a faint. Here her will power supported her; when the responsibility was over, her heart failed her.

We are all familiar with the effect of an emotion upon the "stomach," suspending appetite, causing vomiting, etc.; upon the "skin," causing blush, pallor, perspiration, etc.; upon the "kidneys," causing change in the constituents of the urine, dropsy, diabetes, etc.; upon the "uterus," causing abortion, suppression of the catamenia, etc.; upon the "mammary secretion," an example of which came under my observation. A young mother of a child three months old had a brutal husband. Each time she nursed her infant after the abuse the child had an epileptic fit. This occurred four times. When the child was removed from her for twenty-four hours after the row, the trouble ceased. Fear or fright has checked the secretion.

It is claimed that gout, chorea, arthralgia, angina pectoris, Graves disease, cancer, pernicious anemia, alopecia, etc., have been caused by emotional excitement. While the observation of sanitary laws and the improvements in medicine and surgery have lessened the general mortality and prolonged the span of individual life, still we find a large increase of nervous disorder and paralysis is more common, and is met with at an earlier age, by workers furnishing thirty-eight per cent. Professor T. R. Glynn informs us that insanity appears to be on the increase in Europe and America. Dr. Quain reports that diseases of the heart are largely on the increase. From Dr. Farr's statistics we learn that suicide and morbid conditions of the brain are increasing at a uniform rate; and our consulting room teaches us that neurasthenia, with its army of troubles, is daily presented for our consideration.

Is this not largely caused by the age of the child when he enters the world? The horse may be taken as the symbol of former days, the locomotive that of the present. Everywhere there is energy, haste, competition and worry, compulsory education, sensational novels and newspapers, and speculation and unrest represent the business of the day. All rush for the fortune looming in the distance, few achieving it and many disappointed. The middle-aged man of the present day has seen more, done more, and suffered greater vicissitudes than the old man of a former generation. Hence the senses are kept in a state of constant tension. Add to these circumstances the abuse of tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol, we have ample cause for nervous exhaustion.

We all like the stimulating cup of tea or coffee with the morning paper. Professor Glynn informs us that the tea and coffee paper appeared in company, for in the *Mercurius Politicus* for September 30th, 1638, there appeared the following advertisement: "An excellent Chinese drink, which is recommended by all physicians, and which, when taken in the morning, does other people, 'the' or 'the,' is sold in London at the Sultan's Head, near the Exchange." Physicians do recommend tea at this day, but not as it is too often used—at all times in the day, and upon an empty stomach.

Tobacco acts upon the spinal and sympathetic nervous system, producing a variety of effects injurious to health. The abuse of alcoholic drinks carries with it so many evils that to name them will require more space than my paper or your time will afford. Another evil of the present day is found in the migration from country to town. Laborers in every field seeking higher wages and social enjoyment, enter the towns, often to engage in a fierce struggle for existence. The depressing effect of failure, together with the injurious hygienic conditions of town life, predispose them to organic diseases of the nervous system. Dr. Glynn says that in London such afflictions are five times more frequent than in all England. Tubercular disease of the lungs is more common than three times more frequent, and tubercular meningitis is six or four per cent. more common. The same rule holds regarding town and country life the world over.

Our educational system is largely responsible for the nervous exhaustion so prevalent in the present day. It is characterized by the same rush, competition and mental strain that accompany the work of older heads in this high-pressure age.

The child commences at an age when the "Kindergarten" is the proper place for him. The school hours are too long, the mental pre-occupation too great, and the number of the more advanced young, the number and the character of the subjects they are required to study imposes a tax upon the immature brain that, if continued, must sooner or later lead to exhaustion of both body and mind. Herbert Spencer declares, "When we examine the merciless school drill, in which any child who is subjected, the wonder is not that it does great injury, but that they can bear it at all."

To have a healthy brain, you must have a healthy body; draw upon either too heavily, and nature, always conservative, will certainly balance the account. When the mind is exercised, the blood supply to the brain is increased, the vessels become more or less distended; continue the distention, and like a piece of India rubber constantly stretched, they lose their elasticity, and hypæmia of the brain with its train of evils is the result.

The secret of a thorough education lies in the uniform development of all the powers. One should not be developed at the expense of others. Anatomy and physiology teach us that the brains of children under seven or eight years of age are imperfectly developed. As a rule they learn from observation and memory, not from understanding. Their bodies are not required frequent change, consequently they cannot perform long and continued tasks without injury. It has been justly said that a task or lesson of fifteen minutes' duration is long enough for a child between the ages of five and seven years, and twenty minutes for those between seven and ten years.

Daily experience and observation teach us the injurious effects of long-continued and excessive mental strain upon fully developed brains. If such injury is produced, and I think few will dispute it, then how much more injurious must be the effect

upon brains, the anatomical structure of which is in no way fitted for the work.

The rule in schools requiring or exacting all to accomplish a certain amount of work, regardless of the mental or physical ability to perform it, is highly wrong. Indeed, it is cruel to require a feeble and ill-nourished brain to compete with a healthy one. And while a system of rank and reward based upon the possession of an arbitrary standard of acquirements, may be desirable as having a stimulating influence upon boys, I think it highly injurious for girls. The eagerness for success, the apprehension of failure, and the dread of disgrace in these, are so much more acute than in boys that they are more easily injured by appeals to these emotions. Well may they sing the song of the school, the last verse of which reads as follows:

Learn, learn, learn,
For those for whom we play,
And what is the gain? a lot of marks
And a public prize, they say.
Is the school with its polished floor,
A noble lord in the chair,
Who presides my shadow falls,
'Twill be scarcely visible there.

Let me again quote Herbert Spencer, who says that "physical degeneracy is a consequence of excessive study; how grave is the condemnation to be passed upon this cramming system. It is a terrible mistake from whatever point of view regarded. It is a mistake in so far as the acquirement of knowledge is concerned, for it is notorious that the mind, like the body, cannot assimilate beyond a certain rate, and if you ply it with facts faster than it can assimilate them, they are very soon rejected again; they do not become permanently built into the intellectual fabric, but fall out of the recollection after passing the examination for which they were got up."

Again, I think the health of the teachers, who are largely composed of females, is an element for consideration. It is well known that a large proportion of them fall from a condition of health and energy into invalidism, accompanied by all the symptoms of nervous exhaustion and too often followed by tuberculosis. Many cases aid in producing this condition—impure air in school-rooms, teaching by day, studying by night, the "worry, worrying and wearying duty of going over hundreds of grading sheets," etc., haunted by fear of failure and loss of employment, with the knowledge that they are too often judged not by their work, but by the verbal memory of the pupil.

From a health standpoint, the half-time system, such as is adopted in some parts of England, is worthy of consideration. It consists in sending the children to school for three hours each day, and employing them at other pursuits, such as learning different trades for the rest of the working hours, six in all. "It has been found generally that children so employed make as good progress in study as those who attend school for six hours each day."

Sir Crichton Brown states that "the results of over-pressure in schools may be altogether unnoted, but may induce so unstable a condition of the nervous system that some trivial ailment may lead to the genesis of so terrible a disease as dementia." A perfectly healthy man should not be conscious of mental fatigue. He should sleep well and rise in the morning invigorated. Not so with the "neurasthenic." At the end of the day's toil or care he is tired, depressed, dyspeptic, and deficient in energy. When he goes to bed his mind dwells upon his cares. After sleep, which is disturbed by dreams, he wakes, dejected, unrefreshed and filled with dark forebodings. This trouble does not end here, for he is harassed by consequent depression. Levillain says that "if one parent is neurasthenic the affection may be lost or attenuated in the descendants. If both parents are neurasthenic, or one neurasthenic and the other hysterical, and if the series of alliances between neurasthenic subjects is continued, the gravest nervous disorders are developed and the family comes to an end in utter mental and physical degeneracy and dies out."

Herbert Spencer declares that "on old and young the pressure of modern life puts increasing strain," and that "the parents bequeath their damaged constitutions to their children." If it is true that the mind exercises a powerful influence upon the body in health and in disease; if it is true that the "mental strain," consequent upon the railroad pace at which we are moving, is the cause of the large increase of nervous diseases which often result in physical and mental exhaustion, disease of the heart, insanity, suicide, etc.; and if it is true that our "educational system" tends to produce mental and physical disease in the rising generation, particularly those who are to be the mothers of our future race; if I say these are facts, and I think few who have studied the subject will dispute them, then my subject is a national one, and as custodians of the public health, is it not our duty to study it, and if possible, to point out a remedy?

Our task, I conceive, will be a hard one. We cannot eradicate the unnecessary work for better things. If we tell a man that he must not exhaust his brain to amass a fortune, he will not obey us, declaring that he must work to keep up his corner in the social circle. If we tell him that his brain requires as much rest as the muscles of his arm or his leg, that if he draws too heavily upon either, nature will rebel, he will make answer that the competition is so great he cannot afford to rest. If we tell him that the "nervous exhaustion" under which his daughter is laboring has been caused by excessive mental work at school, that the lateral curvature of her spine is in consequence of the sad neglect of that muscular exercise which nature demands, coupled with long continued and careless sitting posture when studying, and that the myopic state of her eyes is the result of overwork of these organs, in a stooping position and in bad light, he will probably make answer that Smith's or Brown's daughters were at the same school and they were not so affected. Ask him if her mother was nervous or neurasthenic? It is likely he will answer, troubled a little with both. You will naturally exclaim, what can we do under such circumstances? All I can say is, to persevere, peg away at his brain; place before him illustrations of the mischief that is being done, and like the work of the sanitation, good will be the ultimate result.

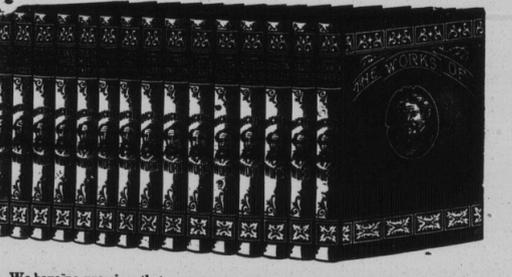
I wish it to be understood that I do not oppose education; it is one of the blessings of the age. A healthy exercise of the mind is beneficial; it is necessary for the well-being of the individual. But I do not wish to see the body sacrificed to the mind, which is too often done in females. Mamma

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. EVERY WOMAN Should Have It In the House. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact, that any pain anywhere, every lameness everywhere, is penetrated, relieved or cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises, for backache, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sores, in fact every ache. For colds, croup, whooping cough, for colic, rheumatism, for cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lame back, shoulder. For pains in chest, chest, stomach, use this great vital and muscle restorer. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

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who wish to make their daughters attractive should be advised by Herbert Spencer, who says, "Men care comparatively little for erudition in women, but very much for beauty, good nature and sound sense. How many conquests does the blue stocking make through her knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? But rosy cheeks and laughing eyes are great attractions. A finely rounded figure draws admiring glances. The liveliest and good humor that overflowing health produces go a great way towards establishing attachments." In the able work of Dr. D. Hack Take we find many illustrations of the effect of the mind upon the body in health and in disease. These, coupled with our own observations and those of Dr. Dale and Robertson, should carry conviction to our minds that such power exists. Then the question for our consideration is, how can this knowledge be practically applied for therapeutic purposes?

Nerves. REGULATE and CONTROL the Brain, the Stomach, the Heart, the Lungs, the Muscles, the Intestines, the Liver and Kidneys. WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG BY HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC. It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs. All Druggists sell it. 50c. a Bottle. \$5. for \$2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N.B.

The system of "suggestion," as practiced by Professor Bernheim, of Nancy, and which he does not wish to be associated with hypnotism, has produced in his hands some remarkable results. "He asks his patients to prepare to go to sleep, and in a persuasive but confident tone he suggests the symptoms of sleep. In a few minutes the majority of patients get into a somnolent state, not so deep as ordinary sleep, in which they answer questions, but appear to have less will power and independence than in the waking state. When in this state, Professor Bernheim asserts, with some persistence it need be, that the pain or other affection has gone, and almost invariably the patient accepts the suggestion, and awakens free from all symptoms." By this "psychotherapeutic" means he claims to have cured very many diseases. Most of us have recognized the effect of suggestion upon the action of the bowels. The "will" of the individual possesses an influence; it is asserted that it has prevented impending hydrophobia after the bite of a rabid animal, hysteria, etc. Undoubted recoveries have taken place under the use of Perkins' metallic tractors, hypnotism, mesmerism, homeopathy, religious relics, music, etc. But these results may be referred to the influence upon the mind. And while we must acknowledge this influence, we need not ignore the power of nature, for no one will deny that recoveries have taken place in cases where neither art nor the mind could have exercised an influence. Very many of the recoveries under the use of nostrums, so unblushingly vaunted in the present day, should be attributed to the influence upon the mind and the power of nature.

Worth A Trial. Hundreds of business men in this city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do to a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it. Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result. Try it.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Mother Fashion has not been neglecting the younger branches of her large family this autumn. In fact I think she has bestowed more attention on them than usual, and the result is that the small boys and girls look like little pictures cut out of

of unnecessary work on the mothers, but gives the children the appearance of walking dolls, and makes them vain before their time.

I once knew a clever young mother who had just one little girl and the child was

"It is a pretty dress, I know," she said, "But I am not sure that Polly won't look like a little circus girl when she gets it on!" I would never had thought of such a thing, but once she suggested the idea I could not help agreeing with her, to a certain extent. I never forgot her remark, and somehow whenever I see an overdressed child the little circus girl centering around the ring on her small pony, with flowing hair, and spangled skirts, rises up in my mind.

To return to the babies who are not circus girls however; the little dresses and coats worn by ladies of three and four years old, are quite handsome enough for their mothers. They are trimmed with the richest lace, with fur, embroidery, and velvet, or satin, and they are made long enough to entirely cover the dress beneath.

One dainty little garment shown is a New York shop and considered a very plain coat indeed, was of baby blue bengaline, trimmed with bands of golden beaver fur. The collar which was of the silk was cut back and front in two deep Vandyke points outlined by bands of the fur. The sleeves were huge puffs gathered into cuffs which were trimmed with two bands of the fur; over the shoulders was a draping of the silk, which was not exactly a frill but which showed a lining of tan silk. The whole garment was lined with tan silk. With the coat was a little bonnet of blue bengaline trimmed with frill of cream lace and beaver tails.

Less showy but quite as expensive coats for girls from four to seven years old, are tailor made jackets with strapped seams and long coats of fashionable woolen cloths in a variety of colors, tan, blue, red, French gray, and even cream. For older girls

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IF you have not already, you will soon be buying your winter FOOTWEAR. See our stock before doing so. We are showing the most desirable of Felt Slippers, Felt Buskins, Felt Button Boots, Felt Balmorals, Warm Lined Skating Boots, Leggings, Cloth Gaiters, etc.

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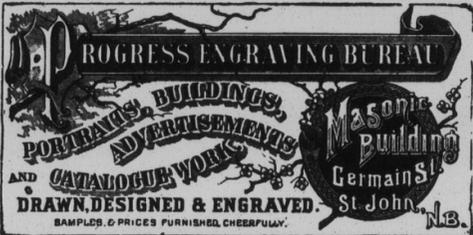
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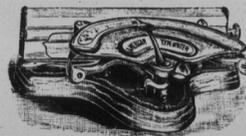


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AGENTS WANTED.



ELEGANT CHEVIOT FALL COSTUMES.

The figure on the left shows a gown of hair line cheviot, black and gray, trimmed with castle braid ending under buttons. The coat is of gray covert cloth with velvet inset in the back and front. The bertha is formed of wide black velvet ribbon, ending in long flots. The center figure shows Havana cheviot, buttoned diagonally on the skirt and with rosettes on the waist. The figure at the right shows a diagonal cheviot trimmed with castle braid in fancy pattern. The waist and sleeves are of green faille.

fashion plates, when they are dressed to go down town with mamma. The pity is that they won't stay looking that way for any length of time.

Wee boys under six years old wear funny little suits consisting either of kilts, or ridiculously brief trousers and full baggy blouse waists, with frilled fronts, wide frilled sailor collars, and frilled cuffs turned over their little Eton jackets, which show a general allowance of the blouse all around them. These little shirt waists will be worn in the house all winter, and for out door wear there are miniature reefers with many pockets, and brass buttons enough to delight the heart of any small boy. For cold weather the reefers often display fur collars and cuffs, and there are, of course, long overcoats, which are more comfortable for the depth of winter.

Mothers who have both boys and girls, say it is so much easier to dress the boys, because there is very little variety in the

both her idol and her plaything; no baby ever had more beautiful clothes, or more dainty belongings. The mother had plenty of money of her very own, and she lavished it on the baby to her heart's content. The finest embroideries, the most delicate laces and the daintiest of silks surrounded that lucky infant from her birth, and when she grew older it was just the same. The child was always so exquisitely dressed that she never seemed to give her clothes a thought or know that she was better clothed than other children. She wore her tiny ring, her little gold bangles and her small locket and chain just as other little ones wear a string of glass beads, and she seemed happy, but somehow she never wanted to go out after a rain and paddle about in the little pools of water in the back yard, or make mud pies on the front doorstep; she was unnaturally proper and unnaturally sedate. Before she was four years old she had two silk dresses, one



ATTRACTIVE FALL NOVELTIES.

At the top is an elegant basque coat of bird's-eye moire, with ribbon bow at the neck, half covered with lace. Below is a muff made of white chiffon with two maroon dove brown rosettes. At the left is a point lace pelerine collar, with a white chiffon vest front and draped collar and choux.

here has been very little change from the fashions of the spring and summer—the garments are developed in different materials, that is all, and the colors are very bright, the trimmings very pretty, and the entire effect very jaunty and trim. Little Figaro jackets are much worn, over blouse waists, and the leg of mutton sleeves are simply the counterpart of those worn by their mothers, only on a smaller scale.

A pretty and practical dress for a girl of ten or eleven years, and which may be made up in any of the new autumn goods, and in the latest shades, such as corn-flower blue, any of the new shades of cream and amber which are so much worn now, violet or purple; has a blouse waist which

Have your druggist give you five cents' worth of gum benzoin, over which is poured five cents' worth of alcohol—the ready-made tincture of benzoin will not do. Let this mixture stand over night. Then pour into a four or five ounce bottle about a quarter inch of your solution, and fill with clear rainwater. The result will be a milky fluid, with a pleasant odor. Try it discreetly on your cheeks with a soft cloth. If it stings unkindly more water may be added; if it burns gently suffer its disciplinary offices—they will do you good. This lotion is perfectly harmless, inexpensive, leaves no powdery residuum on the skin, and, in the hands of persevering maidens, will positively remove tan and freckles. ASTRA.



FAYETTA, BROCADE AND SILK MUSLIN GOWNS.

The party dress on the left is of pale blue silk muslin, striped with white, made with three skirts trimmed with plaited ruffles. The sleeves and waist are of plain silk muslin trimmed with flowers. The center dress, for an elderly lady, is of purple brocade trimmed with ribbon and gipure lace. The gown on the right is of ivory fayetta, demi train, with narrow self ruffles. The sleeves are of embroidered silk muslin and the waist is of fayetta.

fashion of boys' clothes, and they do not need so many to keep them going, but I cannot understand it myself, and I am certain I would rather dress two girls, than one boy. I must confess though, that there is a decided tendency to overdress little girls, just now, and that the custom is a mistake, since it not only entails a great deal

pink, and trimmed with white lace, and the other male; blue, with trimmings of white silk embroidery all worked by hand, and of a special pattern. Her mother was showing me the latter dress when it was finished, and I was exclaiming at its beauty, but the little mother looked rather dubiously at the shining folds of silk.



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NEWTON'S "BIG KILLING."

An Event in the Early Days of a Tough Kansas Town

"The toughest, cussedest wild West town I ever knew," said Buffalo Bill once, "was Newton, Kan., as it was in the early seventies. Dodge City and Macon Junction used to figure in the newspapers as the typical tough towns on the border, but Newton could give them cards and spades on wholesale depravity and recklessness."

Newton today is wide awake, enterprising, and peaceable, and the citizens know only by tradition of the scenes of blood of the early days. It has a handsome opera house, costly and imposing county buildings hundreds of pretty homes, wide avenues or residences, long commercial streets, and prosperous wholesale and manufacturing concerns.

In the spring of 1871 the terminus of the Santa Fe Railroad was at Emporia. It was determined to build to a point twenty-five miles further west. The object was to catch the Texas cattle trade. Two men went and camped on the spot in April, 1871. There was not a foot of lumber then in what is now Harvey county, Kan.

These men were the pioneers of the town that Capt. John Sebastian afterward named Newton. Six weeks later there was a population of nearly 2,000. The history of the town for the first eight months is a story of lawlessness and bloodshed that has probably never been equaled on this continent, although other places, mining camps and cattle towns, have kept up the music of the pistol a greater length of time.

For months it was a never-ending battle between these lawbreakers on the one side and the men who knew no law on the other. From first to last thirty-six persons were killed with their boots on. At last a dozen gambling houses were run on the main street and the doors were kept open day and night, including Sunday. One of them, the "Gold Room," was capable of holding 500 or 600 people. Every known kind of gambling was practiced. A scene occurred in this place one Sunday night that is not often witnessed. A Methodist preacher went to the boss of the place, "Doc" Thayer, and requested permission to hold divine service. It was granted, and with every gambling table running and the bar sending out its liquid hell, the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hahn, stood up and told the story of the man of Nazareth. Before he had finished his sermon a quarrel arose at one of the card tables. A man was shot. It is not intended to give a detailed account of the murders. If a gang of cowboys rode into town, the smallest provocation would set their guns going, and going to kill. A bond election was held. Several special constables were appointed for election day. One of them was a Texan named Martin. At the polls there was a quarrel between him and a big Irishman, who called himself McCluskey, but whose real name was Arthur Delaney. The result of that quarrel was the death of eight men and one woman and the wounding of an equal number. After the election was over McCluskey and Martin met in the Lone Star saloon and renewed the quarrel. A proposition was made and accepted to go out on the street and settle it with the fist. Both men laid off their belts and started for the street. Martin had a gun hidden in his boot, and just after the door was reached he went down after it, intending to kill the Irishman. McCluskey was too quick for him, and, taking the gun away from Martin, shot him dead. McCluskey gave himself up and was acquitted.

Martin had a host of friends, and they vowed vengeance on his slayer. His death led to what has always been known as the "big killing" in Newton. There were three dance halls across the railroad train in what was known as "Hyde Park." In one of them the "big killing" occurred. McCluskey was a hanger on at one of them. Martin's friends swore they would kill him and all who took his part. The engagement took place according to programme. McCluskey was killed early in the fray. He had two holes through his neck and enough lead was scattered about through his body to make any one who discovered his grave imagine that he has struck a paying lead mine. A man on the McCluskey side shot nine of the long-horn crowd, and did it in a novel way. Knowing that the fight would occur, this man, Riley by name, went prepared to make himself felt. He had four six-shooters on him. At the first pop of a gun he deliberately walked up to a Texan and shot him in the eye, then running his two arms between the arms and body of the dead man he made a human barricade and shot at will from a safe ambush. After the fight he went out, mounted a horse, and left. The dead at the big killing were speedily disposed of, and the wounded taken care of.

Mike Fitzpatrick kept a dive that he called the "Side Track." The unlucky fellow who got in there found himself sidetracked until his money was gone. Some of the decent people were bold enough to protest against his robberies, among others a prominent merchant. Mike did not like any interference with his business, and one morning he primed himself with more of his vile whiskey than usual and started out to kill. The merchant was sought, but he happened to be out of his store. Mike went up the street threatening everybody and walked into a saloon. There he saw the city's police judge, George Halliday, and, without the slightest provocation or warning, he shot him through the heart. The marshal, Jack Johnson rested his Winchester rifle on a well curb and shot him down. This was Newton's last killing. An hour afterwards the citizens had formed a league and the suspicious characters were notified to leave. They left.

Tom Carson, a nephew of old Kit Carson, was sent for at one time and came to take the marshalship of the town. He stayed three weeks. The toughs had it in for him, and to serve his life he shipped. "Wild Bill" (J. H. Hickox) tried to be marshal. He couldn't do it. Marshal King was killed in the discharge of his duties.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES' ORATOR.

A Description of His Study by a Famous Canadian.

The following extract introduces a "real conversation" between A. Conan Doyle, the versatile English author, and Robert Barr, the versatile Canadian author. Mr. Barr is responsible for this description of Conan Doyle's study:

Conan Doyle's study, workshop, and smoking-room is a nice place in a down-pour, and I can recommend the novelist's brand of cigarettes. Show me the room in which a man works, and I'll show you how to smoke his cigarettes. The work-bench stands in the corner—one of those flat-topped desks so prevalent in England. The English author does not seem to take kindly to the haughty, roller-top American desk, covered by transparent varnish and twenty three patents.

There is a bookcase, filled with solid historical volumes for the most part. The most remarkable feature of the room is a series of water-color drawings done by Conan Doyle's father. The Doyle family has always been famous of artists, and the celebrated cover of "Funch" is, as everybody knows, the work of Dicky Doyle. The drawings by Mr. Doyle's father are most weird and imaginative, being in art something like what Edgar Allan Poe's stories are in fiction.

On the wall, or on the wall, for Doyle has been a whale-father in his time, and has the skull of a polar bear and the stuffed body of an Iceland falcon to show that his aim was accurate. There are but two other Iceland falcons in England. The novelist came nearer to the North Pole than New York to Chicago, and it has always struck me as strange that he did not take a sleeping-car and go through to the Pole and spend a night there. But he was young and led opportunities slip. He spent his twenty-first birthday within the Arctic Circle.

Conan Doyle is not a man who goes to extremes, but it seems to me that he did in the matter of his voyaging. He came home from the Arctic circle, took his degree at Edinburgh, and at once shipped for the west African coast. On the bookcase in the study there stands a bust of a man with a keen, shrewd face. "Who is the statesman?" I asked. "Oh, that is Sherlock Holmes," said Doyle. "A young sculptor named Wilkins, from Birmingham, sent it to me. Isn't it good?" By the way, is Sherlock Holmes really dead? "Yes; I shall never write another Holmes story."

Dr. Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school the teacher called the boy up before him and said solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something to you that you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

The making of an historical novel involves much hard reading. The results of this hard reading, Doyle sets down in a notebook. Some times all he gets out of several volumes is represented by a couple of pages in this book. In turning over the most recent pages I saw much about Napoleon, and I knew that some marvelous good short stories which Doyle has recently written, are set in the stormy period of Napoleon's time.

The Seven Wonders of Corea. Corea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated, they are as follows:—First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shanton, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious. The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities—when one is in the water it always empties; and notwithstanding the fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold wave cave—a cavern from which a strong wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind is such that a man standing in it cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly, like the phoenix from the ashes. The fifth is the most wonderful of all. No matter what "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides; but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope pass it under the stone without any obstacle when one is in the water. There are no trees or flowers in the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

A Mossey Duke. The late Duke of Somerset devoted practically the whole of his long life to the art of driving. He and the Duke of Beaufort were the finest amateur whips of their day. Such an enthusiast was he that at one time he used to drive the "Age" from London to Oxford, dine at Mitre, and then drive the Gloucester night mail back to London. This day's work, undertaken voluntarily, only allowed two hours in the twenty-four for sleep. Of late years he kept the horse bazaar at Plymouth, letting out teams to the officers of the garrison and giving them instruction in his favorite art. It is his boast that throughout his career he had never had the slightest accident. The duke wrote a great many interesting treatises on horses.

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NAPOLEON'S LOVE-STORY.

The Girl he Loved Afterwards Became Queen of Sweden.

In April, 1795, Napoleon received orders to join the Army of the West. When he reached Paris he found that it was the infantry to which he was signed. Such a change was considered a disgrace to the army. He refused to go. It was the collapse of what seemed to be a career, the shutting of the gate he had worked so feverishly to open. He must begin again, and he did not see how.

A sort of despair settled over him. "He declaimed against fate," the Duchesse d'Abantes. "I was idle and discontented," he says of himself. He went to the theatre and sat sullen and inattentive through the gayest of plays. "He had moments of fierce hilarity," says Bourrienne. "If I could have that house," he said one day to Bourrienne, pointing to an empty house near by, "with my friends and a cabriolet, I should be the happiest of men." He clung to his friends with a sort of desperation, and his letters to Joseph are touching in the extreme.

Love as well as failure caused his melancholy. All about him, indeed, turned his thoughts to marriage. Joseph was now married, and his happiness made him envious. "What a lucky fellow Joseph is!" he said. Junot, madly in love with Faulline, was with him. The two young men wandered through the alley of the Jardin des Plantes and discussed Junot's passion. In listening to his friend, Napoleon thought of himself. He had been touched by Desiree Clary, Joseph's sister-law; a charming girl, with beautiful eyes and a sweet smile, though absurdly romantic. Why not try to win her? And he began to demand news of her from Joseph. Desiree has asked for his portrait, and he writes: "I shall have it taken for her; you give it to her, if she still wants it; if not, keep it yourself." He is across when he does not have news of her, accuses Joseph of purposely omitting her name from his letters and Desiree herself of forgetting him. At last he consults Joseph: "If I remain here it is just possible that I might feel inclined to commit the folly of marrying. I should be glad of a line from you on the subject. You might perhaps speak to Eugenie's (Desiree's) brother and let me know what he says, and then it will be settled." He waits the answer to his brother to arrange things to commit the folly of marrying. I should be glad of a line from you on the subject. You might perhaps speak to Eugenie's (Desiree's) brother and let me know what he says, and then it will be settled. "With impatience" urges his brother to arrange things so that nothing "may prevent that which I long for." But Desiree was obstinate. Later she married Bernadotte and became Queen of Sweden.

Yet in all these varying moods she was never idle. As three years before he and Bourrienne indulged in financial speculations; he tried to persuade Joseph to invest his wife's dot in the property of the empires, and he pushed his brothers as if he had no personal ambition. One of his plans for himself was to go to Turkey. For two or three years, in fact, Napoleon had thought of the Orient as a possible field for his genius, and his mother had often worried lest he should go.

HE GOT THE PLUME. But He was Not as Happy Afterwards as He Had Been. A ludicrous incident occurred in one of the prominent churches in this city on a recent Sunday which is liable to cool the churchgoing ardor of the young man in the case and be a feature in the experience of the young lady that she will not soon forget.

The young man, immaculate in a long coat, light creased trousers and spotless linen, was ushered to a seat directly in front of a bewitching and stylishly dressed young lady on whose curly head reposed an elaborate and expensive model of milliner's art, the principal feature of which was a very large and beautiful plume.

When the good dominie commenced his long prayer the young man's thoughts were evidently on his fair neighbor, and consequently he neglected to assume an attitude of reverence. Not so with the young lady. She immediately bowed her head on the back of the seat in front, and the plume of her hat brushed the back of the young man's neck. Thinking it a pity, he tried to scare it away with his hand; but, like the cat, it "came back" with the persistence of a book agent, and after several vain attempts to keep it off his neck visions of centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas and other poisonous monsters filled his agonized mind.

With desperation born of despair, he made one grand grab, secured the troublesome object, gave a quick, strong jerk and landed the gorgeous plume in his lap. Of course the young lady was surprised and indignant, and the young man was so embarrassed that he forgot to apologize at the close of the service.

NAPOLEON AND JUNOT. The Coolness of the Young Sergeant His Passport to Success. The circumstances which brought Junot and Napoleon together at Toulon were especially heroic. Some one was needed to carry an order to an exposed point. Napoleon asked for an under officer, audacious and intelligent. Junot, then a sergeant, was sent. "Take off your uniform and carry this order there," said Napoleon, indicating the point. Junot blushed and his eyes flashed. "I am not a spy," he answered, "find some one beside me to execute such an order." "I am ready to obey," answered Junot, "but I will go in my uniform or not at all. It is honor enough then for these Englishmen." The officer smiled and let him go, but he took pains to find out his name.

A few days later Napoleon called for some one in the ranks who wrote a fine hand, and sat down close to the battery to write the letter. He had scarcely finished when a bomb thrown by the English burst near by and covered him and his letter with earth. "Good," said Junot, laughing. "I shall not need any sand to dry my ink." Bonaparte looked at the young man, who had not even trembled at the danger. From that time the young sergeant remained with the commander of artillery.

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