

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IT IS AN EXPERIMENT.

THE LAWYERS WANT A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS, SO THEY DO.

Do Not Know Whether It Is Loaded or Not—Something Novel in the New Brunswick Courts—The Popular Idea About the Case and the Men.

Call it by what name you will, it has been very remarkable case.

It has had several titles, according to the people who have looked at it. It was the newspapers which gave the grim yet not graphic title of the "graveyard insurance case," while the lawyers conspired to give the smooth and less pointed designation of "the conspiracy case." To a good many common people it has been known as the trial of the Weltons.

The Welton brothers are the chief objects of interest to the St. John people. Dr. Randall would be prominent if St. John people knew him as well as they know the Weltons, but they do not, and he stands rather in the background when St. John people talk about the affair. If everybody knew the truth, or if PROGRESS felt liberty to say just what it thinks, Dr. Randall might be the centre of a circle of sympathy, instead of hovering on the outside edge. In many ways he is more to be pitied than either of the Weltons, and there is a general belief that he "did not know it was loaded" when he started.

Rev. Sidney Welton may be free from guilt in the matter that posterity will perpetuate his memory, as a martyr, in monumental brass—it he leaves enough of that mental around the country after he departs hence. He has had plenty of it on hand up to date. By the solemn, oath-bound decision of twenty-four good and lawful men, in batches of a dozen each, Rev. Sidney escapes by what is very near akin to the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

It can be readily understood why, supposing he had been guilty, it would have been difficult to secure the conviction of an acting pastor of a church, where prayerful and conscientious adherents of that church were on the jury. The only thing the outside public cannot understand is why Cephas B. Welton and Dr. Randall should go on record as starting it in a production of "Hamlet" with the title role, in the person of the saintly Sidney, omitted. Why they should be guilty and be innocent is something that may be perfectly clear to the court, the jury and the lawyers, but is not as yet understandable to the people.

In the face of the fact that at least two lawyers are said to have given their tailors orders on the strength of what they expect to make in conducting libel suits against PROGRESS, it is possibly advisable that a great deal less than the recognized truth should be told in discussing the case of Dr. Randall and the Weltons. The essence of the idea may be summed up in the statement that if Rev. Sidney Welton is not guilty, Cephas B. Welton and Dr. Randall, were a plebeian taken, might be found to be quite innocent.

The Messenger and Visitor, which has been silent on the subject up to this week, now calls for the action of the church in regard to the Welton brothers. While voicing its sympathy for the men and their families, it takes the ground that the church owes a duty to itself which is beyond all minor and personal considerations. As foreshadowed by PROGRESS, the Portland church has accepted the Rev. Sidney Welton's resignation.

The most foolish thing that has been done by the friends of C. B. Welton and Dr. Randall up to date, has been the circulation of a petition to be handed to the judge, asking that a jail sentence may be given instead of a term in the penitentiary. If the petitioners can get hold of that document and destroy it it will be well for them to do so.

The lawyers in the case, or at least some of them, say they know nothing about the petition and would have advised against it had they been consulted. They are of the opinion that the Honorable Benjamin Lester Peters has considered the case on its merits, and that any attempt to influence him one way or the other will be useless. Had he a less judicial mind, their course might be reactionary, but it is probable that, under the circumstances, it will be simply viewed as imprudent.

The lawyers are not relying on sympathy and sentiment. They are after law, and they have delved so deep to find it that they have done what was never done before, so far as living memory goes, in the history of this province. They have applied for a writ of error.

In the resources of civilization employed to detract justice of its due in the big state of New York, a writ of error is as common, almost, as a city court summons in St. John. It is, however, a purely British institution, and so ancient that such valuable and versatile writers as the late Messrs. Blackstone and Tidd grow so enthusiastic over its history and possibilities that they have little space to say anything about its practical application. It is a new thing in New Brunswick. In that carefully collated volume of post-prandial philosophy known

as Steven's Digest there are recorded a number of wise sayings by the supreme court of New Brunswick as to writs of error in civil suits, but there is nary a word in the local legal lore as to what they amount to in criminal cases.

Under such circumstances, the only authorities on the subject are such past active jurists as Messrs. Blackstone, Tidd, et alii. They tell a great deal that ought to be done, but which if it were done literally in St. John would place the counsel in the case under the suspicion of mild insanity.

It is a legal experiment, and it pushed to the end may establish a precedent, just as the proceeding for contempt in the Parks Cotton Mill case has done. At the outset all the lawyers confess themselves in delightful ignorance of the matter. This much, at least, is known. The application for a writ on which the writ may issue must be made to the attorney general, and that step has been taken. If the attorney general finds probable cause for the issuance of the writ, it is granted, and then the matter is argued before the judges of the supreme court. In old times, it was laid down that argument must be from the record, and that there must be manifest error on points of law alone. The evidence had nothing to do with the case. How far what was the dictum in the cribbed, cabined and confined British isles is to be adhered to in our breezy and more expansive country remains to be seen. There is a general impression that the attorney general, on the broad principle of giving every accused man the fullest chance of getting justice, will grant the writ. Having thus pressed the button, he will leave the supreme court to do the rest.

Should the fiat be granted, the case will be argued of Hilary term, which begins the last week in January. This will not be a long time for the prisoners to wait, and it will give time enough for the court and the lawyers to find out all there is to be known in regard to the practice and procedure with writs for error in criminal cases.

In the meantime, Cephus B. and Dr. Randall are taking their confinement in jail as philosophically as might be expected. They get their food from outside, and have callers who are ready to stand by them to the last. The number of callers is not so large as it was, but this is not an indication of a falling off in sympathy. Dr. Randall's wife, who came from Albert county, was among the visitors in the holiday season.

STEALING IN A CHURCH.

How Some Industrious but Sacrilegious Thieves Have Operated.

For some time past ladies attending one of the prominent city churches have lost various articles which they took to the church with them and left in the pews while they have gone to consult with the clergy in another part of the edifice. Sometimes the article stolen has been a muff, or if there was a purse in the muff it might be taken and the muff left. On one occasion a purse was stolen while the owner was at the railing for the reception of the Holy Communion. Such a shocking thing led to the matter being talked about a good deal, and several losers of valuables began to compare notes, with the result that there is now a pretty definite suspicion as to the identity of the thieves. It is probable the investigations will be pushed further, and such steps taken as will preclude the repetition of such a sacrilegious crime in the future.

They Reject the Innovation.

The people of Carleton are a neighborly, sociable community as a rule, and are well acquainted with each other. Everybody knows where his friends live, and any stranger from the East side can always find a house by enquiring of any of the west side people whom he meets. That is why the residents see no reason why they should put numbers on their doors, and so incur a needless expense for a Union Act luxury that they do not desire. The city engineer has located all the numbers, but there seems no field for a canvasser to make a living by putting them on. The people have no use for them. They and their forefathers have got along without them since 1783, and they evidently do not propose to be in any hurry about the matter at this late date. That is all there is about it.

It is Almanac Time.

There was a time when everybody in the province felt the year's supplies incomplete without a New Brunswick almanac, and the firms who published editions found money in the work. Of late years there has been a change, largely due to the introduction of free patent medicine almanacs, which are near enough correct to satisfy a good many, who do not wish to pay ten cents for a book when they can get one for nothing. Up to a year or two ago both Barnes and McMillan published local almanacs but the latter firm now has the field to itself. That a good many are bought may be inferred from the fact that our industrious city pedlar disposed of no less than 800 in two days recently, and is still taking orders for more.

A WOMAN LEADS THEM.

THE COMPETITION OF THE NEWSBOYS FOR OVERCOATS.

Mrs. McQueen Heads the List, But Several Others Make a Good Showing—Something About "Progress" and Its Plans For The Year Coming.

Some of the city newsboys have been pretty busy during the last month in trying to win the prizes of cape overcoats given to all who sell 500 or more copies in that period. This is a good many papers, and only the most active of the small army of boys have tried to compete. The result cannot be announced this week, as to-day's sales are to be included in the count, but the indications are that five or six will be warmly and stylishly clad for the rest of the winter. The number fixed at the outset was five, but if more than five come up to the standard, all will be treated on an equal footing.

So, too, in making the offer, the boys only were mentioned, but surprising to say the leader up to date is a woman, Mrs. McQueen, the first female to undertake and make a success of street sales of newspapers. She will receive what is likely to suit her as well as the cape overcoats will suit the boys.

Apart from the bonus, the actual earnings of the sellers from the sale of the paper are worth considering. Every week brings each of them a good round sum for an easy day's work. Some of them wish that Saturday came every day of the week.

PROGRESS is looking forward to the next anniversary of its birth.

It is nearly five years since a good many wise people, in and out of the newspaper business, shook their heads as they prophesied the speedy and total collapse of PROGRESS. It was an enterprising paper, they said, but it was an experiment that could end only in failure. They learned better long ago, and PROGRESS is now recognized far beyond the city of its publication as one of the great, growing and permanent institutions of St. John.

The fifth year will be completed in May, and it is the intention to issue an anniversary number worthy of the rounded period. It is yet too early to announce the special features, but the general plan has been considered, and the edition will be in many respects the most interesting and in every way attractive of the special numbers issued in the paper's history.

The arrangements of PROGRESS for the year now about to begin include a number of features that will be found both novel and popular. The engraver's chisel will be kept even more busy than in the past, and a special attraction will be found in illustrations of local interest.

The great event of the year will be the World's Fair. Everybody will be interested in it, and PROGRESS has perfected arrangements by which everybody who reads what is found in its columns will know almost as much about the Fair as if they were on the spot. The articles will be very fully and finely illustrated.

Additions will be made both to the office staff and contributors. One valued writer, Miss Campbell, who has seen the paper grow from the start, and has done much to brighten its columns by talks on live topics will come to the city next week to render even greater assistance in the office than she has been doing at her home in Moncton.

It has been the experience of PROGRESS that the public appreciate enterprise, and that it pays to spend money on a paper in catering to the wants of the best classes of readers. From time to time in the past, as opportunity offered, this and that feature has been added, and such will be the programme in the future. The aim is not to rest satisfied that things are well enough, but to continually strive to make them better.

It is the carrying out of this idea that has given PROGRESS the largest circulation of any paper published in the maritime provinces. This circulation is steadily growing larger, and with every week, the field the paper covers, is growing larger. While it is strongly local in some of its features, it is yet much more than a local paper. It is read in every part of the civilized world.

The year now closing has been a prosperous one for PROGRESS. It had a phenomenal circulation in January last, but it has very materially increased in the twelve months since that time. There are two presses now where one sufficed to do the work a year ago, and both are kept busy every week.

PROGRESS has every reason to feel confidence that the year to come will be marked by as great and rapid advances as has been the year that is past. And it hopes that its readers will enjoy, as it enjoys, A Happy New Year.

Mr. McLean's Good Luck.

Mr. H. H. McLean has suddenly sprung into prominence as a gentleman of very extraordinary business ability if one may take all Judge Palmer says about him for pure Gospel. The judge in his valedictory, when retiring from the management of the Parks Cotton Mill, took occasion to lift

Mr. McLean from the obscurity of his position as receiver and to place upon his shoulders a reputation for ability that the general public have been giving Judge Palmer credit for. All the city dailies have duly noted the fact and Mr. McLean has thus secured a large amount of free advertising. His own paper the Telegraph, of which he is secretary and boss, gave him a double dose, referring in editorial terms to the remarkable success of his stewardship. Mr. McLean appears to be in luck.

TOLD OF SIR WILLIAM.

Local Reminiscences of the Late Chief Justice Ritchie.

Appropos of some of the recollections of the judges published in the Telegraph last week, of the recently deceased Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of Canada, a gentleman tells PROGRESS the following anecdotes of him which throws some light on his earnestness as an advocate, and his earnestness even on the bench to take a side, and to argue from that position. He was a very earnest speaker, and apparently utterly oblivious to his surroundings when he was addressing a jury. In one case, when Judge Wilnot was on the bench, surrounded by the magistrates of the court, as was the custom at that time, Mr. Ritchie had occasion to comment very severely on the course pursued by Police Magistrate Johnston, who, at the time, was among the magistrates before him. Mr. Johnston became so excited over the remarks applied to him, that he arose in his seat, and called out distinctly, "Mr. Ritchie, that is a lie," but the torrent of words that flowed from the advocate prevented him from paying any attention to the remark, and it was only after repeated attempts on the part of the judge that he took his seat. When he had done so, Mr. Wilnot proceeded to pay his respects to the Police Magistrate, and in his turn gave him such a tongue-lashing as he had never received before. The scene ended by Mr. Johnston apologizing to the court for what he had said.

On another occasion Judge Ritchie was presiding at the trial of a woman accused of abducting. All the evidence pointed to her guilt, and the judge in his charge to the jury seemed to indicate beyond a doubt what their verdict should be. Whether it was the appearance of the woman, or her demeanor, for she was very handsome, and conducted herself in a ladylike manner, or whether the jury thought the facts did not warrant a verdict of "guilty" they returned in a short time with a verdict of "not guilty." Upon hearing it, the judge turned to the prisoner, and in a short, cold, sentence, told her that she was discharged, to which came the startling reply, "No thanks to you, Mr. Judge Ritchie."

Sent Him a Contra Account.

Rev. Godfrey Shore, who obtained leave of absence from the Carleton Presbyterian church, some time ago, has been heard from. He is in Ontario, and writes that his health is much improved. Some of his flock think that, as the climate of Ontario agrees with him so much better than the air of Carleton, he may decide to remain there. His letter was accompanied by a bill for a month's salary allowed on his vacation, but somebody hunted up a bill of \$25 for the expenses of bringing his larder and penates from St. Stephen when he came here, and an account stated has been forwarded to him. Mr. Jarvis Wilson's bill of \$65, which Mr. Shore claims the church should pay was not included, but it is understood that Mr. Wilson will hold the pastor accountable for the amount.

Royal Arch Masonry.

The G. H. P. T. Nisbet Robertson, with officers of the Grand Chapter, will officially visit New Brunswick, Carleton and Union chapters at their regular convocations in January, and install the officers for the ensuing year. All of the chapters show indications of renewed activity this year, and there is every reason to believe that capitolary masonry will flourish in this jurisdiction. During the month of February the chapters on the east and west sides will give a full exemplification of all the degrees, under the auspices of the Grand Chapter and by the direction of the committee on ritual.

Getting the Margin Down Fine.

A boy who is trying to earn a little pocket money by selling almanacs, called on a well-known and well-to-do citizen and canvassed him to purchase one. When the citizen was told that the price was 10 cents, he offered eight, saying that he got an almanac at that price in one of the stores last year. The boy retired without making a sale.

The City Is Healthy.

A well known physician tells PROGRESS that he has been called to attend several cases of "Grippe" already this winter, but that it is of a much milder form than the types of the two preceding winters. While speaking of this he incidentally made the statement that the city was in a more healthy condition than he had ever seen it at this time of year.

PUT HIS HONOR THERE.

JUDGE PALMER OUGHT TO MANAGE THE COTTON MILL.

His Great Success in Unravelling the Tangles—What Would the Equity Court Do Without Him—Men Who Could Be Found to Take His Place.

The wonderful success of Judge Palmer in picking out the tangles around the Parks cotton mill, in lifting an industry out of the ditch, paying its debts and placing it on a paying basis, has been the talk of the town this week. The judge has shown himself one of the ablest and most sagacious business men who have come to the front in the history of the province.

With the recognition of this fact comes the suggestion that he should be retired from the bench of the supreme court and appointed manager of the cotton mill at what would be a phenomenal salary, as salaries go in this part of the world. Somebody suggests ten thousand dollars. That, judging by the record, would be not too much, and Manager Palmer would earn his money.

Then, of course arises the question as to what the equity court would do without him. As one of his now fellow judges used to remark: "Palmer has a great deal of horse sense," and equity court is a fine field for the exercise of that admirable possession.



HIS HONOR JUDGE PALMER.

A court of equity can do pretty much as it pleases, if it takes the notion, and Judge Palmer sometimes does take the notion. He went into the cotton mill affair with a clenched hand, and he did what was needed on the merits of the case. The result was the Christmas present of the mill to the company. So he would be missed as the genius and spirit of the equity side of the supreme court of New Brunswick.

Somebody might take his place, but the question is who that somebody would be. The men who think they know most about equity courts in St. John are on the wrong side of politics, but there are some on the right side, who have claims they might prefer with some chance of success.

The candidate of PROGRESS has always been Mr. Charles A. Palmer, who probably knows more about the equity court than any other lawyer in the province, because he is always retained on one side or the other in any important suit. It has already been pointed out that his elevation from the ranks would throw upon a large and lucrative sphere of practice to many aspiring lawyers who hitherto have had hardly any show at all.

Then, too, something must be done for Zeke McLeod. Mr. McLeod probably realizes that there is some doubt as to his being returned at the next general election, and it is well understood he will be provided for before that day arrives. He has one qualification in common with Judge Palmer. He writes a shockingly bad hand. Our own and only Silas, and the amiable Alfred Augustus might take the equity judgeship, if either of them could get it, but they would have to wait awhile until they could pose as something more than reconstructed grits.

Several other lawyers, who are living in modest retirement, might be mentioned in this connection, and one of them at least has been heavily trumped on by the government when a judgeship was wanted. Now that Sir John Thompson is premier, his chances may be better than they were. The gentleman in question would probably accept the judgeship, if it were offered to him.

Mr. Whelpley Was Not Qualified.

The friends of Mr. F. E. Whelpley of Hampton who has been acting as inspector of schools for some time during the illness of Mr. D. P. Wetmore, are now inclined to make a fuss because upon the resignation of Mr. Wetmore Mr. Steeves of Woodstock has been appointed inspector of schools for that district, which includes the greater part of the counties of Kings and Queens. They seem, however, to forget the fact that although Mr. Whelpley has had two years in which to qualify himself for the position of inspector by taking out a Grammar School license he has not done so, and that whatever may have been his qualifications, or however satisfactory he

may have performed the work in his temporary capacity, the fact that he was not qualified was an objection to his permanent appointment that the department of education could not overlook.

He Wants to Know.

A correspondent sends what he terms "some pertinent questions to be answered at home." Here they are:

Who writes the religious articles for the secular press at Christmas time?

Are not most of them really good practical sermons?

Do the editors, whether they write them or not, realize the vast amount of good these articles do?

How long would it take to bring about the millennium if all newspapers were edited with that object in view?

How can the average woman be induced to read an editorial, without changing the usual form and the usual position of editorials in their respective papers?

They May Learn a Lesson.

It remained for Humphrey Price Webber to beat the attendance record at the St. John Opera House. He and his Company made their first appearance in it Monday afternoon of this week, and in the matinee and evening performances of that day more people saw the show in the Opera House than have ever gained entrance to it before in any two performances. This circumstance may have the effect of convincing the directors of the Opera House of several facts which they have persistently ignored up to the present time.

Will be Able to Find Him.

Rumor has it that Attorney General Blair has located his law offices in the Walker Building on Canterbury street, and that he will settle down for work at the beginning of the New Year. If this is correct the offices selected are about as handsome and convenient, and without doubt more elegantly fitted up than any other in the city. Mr. Blair will be very centrally located, and so conveniently to his political friends and enemies, the Telegraph and Sun, that neither of them will find it very difficult to verify their facts.

Davenport School For Boys.

The Davenport school enters on the new year with greatly increased facility for the education and training of youth. Since Roy P. Owen-Jones became head-master the departments have been brought to a state of high efficiency, and the additions to the staff now made, will make the work of the institution still more complete. As will be seen by the advertisement, the Lent term will begin next Saturday.

His Qualifications Recognized.

Mr. Frank Risteen of Fredericton or rather of New Brunswick, for he spends about as much time in one part of the province as in another, received a mark of favor in being appointed as one of the five Canadian representatives to the World's Fair Stenographers Congress. It is no more than justice, for Mr. Risteen easily holds a foremost position among the stenographers of the maritime provinces.

At Home on New Year's Day.

The Artillery band has issued invitations for its third annual At Home on Monday afternoon, and those who attend will be sure to enjoy themselves. A neat card of invitation has also been issued by Victoria Section, Juvenile Temple of Honor and Temperance, for an At Home on the same afternoon, the day of its tenth anniversary.

Enough to Prove the Idea.

The result of the year's experiment in profit sharing, by T. S. Simms & Co., has shown enough to convince the firm that they are on the right track, and another trial is to be given the idea in the coming year. The showing of this live concern twelve months hence will be awaited with no little interest.

They Go Free.

In reply to "A Subscriber," PROGRESS may state that Canadian newspapers, mailed from the office of publication, go free of postage to the subscribers and news agents in Canada and the United States, but postage must be paid when sent to foreign countries.

For Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever.

A lady sends PROGRESS a cure for diphtheria, which she says "costs only five cents, and is as sure as the sun shine." It consists of 40 grains of sulpho carbolate of soda, dissolved in half a wineglassful of cold water. Dose, one teaspoonful every hour.

It is Forty Years Old.

The Religious Intelligencer has completed 40 years of its existence, and to all appearance is good for 40 more. It is well edited and is an earnest advocate of the views and teaching of the denomination it represents.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "King's Chapel News Stand," Corner of School and Tremont streets.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Atlantic Building, 100 Cornhill street, Boston, Mass. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 31.

TAKING STOCK.

The year is over, or rather it will be by midnight, and very many of the readers of Progress have made or will make a retrospect of their lives for the past twelve months. Such a review, if made in the right spirit, must be healthful. It may perhaps be said that it is necessary, if we seek to make the future more than the past has been as regards our spiritual, moral, social and business lives. The merchant who takes stock of his goods learns where he has done well or ill; and if he be wise, his mistakes in the past are to be valued because of the guidance they will be to him in the future. So ought it to be in the lives of all of us. Our past errors may be worth more than they have cost us, if they serve to guide us aright in the path that lies before us.

The question is how far they really do help us. Few of us can look back on the record of a twelvemonth without finding much that we are sorry for has happened, and which need not have happened had we taken some other course. We can see it all after it has happened, as we could have seen it before if we had but stopped to consider. We make up our minds that if our lives are spared for another year, we will try to have a showing more satisfactory than the showing of the past year has been. Perhaps we have made up our minds in that way more than once in the past.

Nevertheless, though we fail again and again, to make the year fulfil the promise of New Year's day, the retrospect in the right spirit will do us good. Our very desire to do better than we have done is a healthful symptom, and if only a little of that desire remains, something will be accomplished. In trying to do a thing we often succeed better than we think we do. There is a growth that we do not perceive, and we are led to think there is either no growth, or still worse a retrogression. Much depends on one's sensitiveness and the strictness of our self-examination. Some people would view with complacency what would fill others with remorse. It is, however, impossible for any one seeking for a higher goal to look back without discovering an array of sins and mistakes in thought, word and deed, no less than by omission. All these, rightly pondered, should lead to better things in the future.

At such a time too, there comes out in the stock-taking an array of things that we regret, but which were not preventible by any course of conduct on our part. We are creatures of circumstance to such a large extent that for much which shadows our lives from year to year we may be nearly or wholly blameless. We start out on each New Year with the knowledge that much that was with us a year ago is not with us now, and will not be again in this mortal life. It may be one thing, or it may be another. At the best, with all who have passed beyond the season of youth, there is always something gone. It may be in way of bodily health, of hope, of love, or it may be, and so often is, in the way of those whose faces we shall see no more below. With each year of our lives we know of more graves wherein are laid those with whom we mingled, who had earthly hopes and joys, it may be greater than our own, and we grow thoughtful as we consider that some New Year's day—perhaps the next one—our graves shall be among those which are known by others. Just as surely as one station after another tells that at express train is rushing to the end of a journey, so does New Year's day tell us that our life's journey must end. Only this, with the express train end is fixed and determinate, while in life's swift passage it may come at any moment.

There may be graves, too, other than those where earth has been committed to earth, for they are in our hearts and are sacred to ourselves alone. We may have buried much that a year ago seemed very real in our lives. There may have been

hopes and joys that have gone never to come again. These are the dearest spots in our existence. We may lovingly decorate the resting places of friends departed, looking to a reunion with them in the place of refreshment and rest, but no such solace is given to us when the graves are in our hearts, and the hopes and joys have passed beyond us forever. Still, even out of our silent and solitary sorrow, may come a chastening that will mould and purify our lives for the time, and even the eternity to come. There is no lesson of sorrow that need be lost on us, if we will but apply ourselves to profit by its teaching.

It is, however, a poor enough life in which an annual taking of stock will not reveal some gains as well as losses. We may have deserved much more than we have suffered, whether we can be brought to think so or not. Whether we take this view or otherwise, we have had a great deal that ought to be acknowledged with thankfulness. There should be very much more to encourage us on that side of the ledger, than there is to discourage us on the other side.

New Year's resolutions are so notoriously unstable that few care to make them. It is better, no doubt, not to make a pledge of any kind, than to make one and suffer a moral loss by breaking it. The best kind of progress is made by a continual recollection of the things wherein we are deficient, and a steady effort, undiscouraged by failure, to accomplish what seems most needed in our lives. In this way, every day of the year should have the stimulus to higher things that New Year's day alone has for some kinds of people. If we are always aiming at one object, we can scarcely fail to reach it, if we are in earnest in our effort. So it should be that stock taking—self-examination with a desire for amendment—should come oftener than once in a year. It should be so often that the end of the year will be merely making up the great balance sheet from many smaller ones. That may not be the way of the merchant, but it can very well be the way of the ordinary individual, who seeks to make life worth more to him than it has been. By all means let our account of stock be taken often, and always with the care that the task demands.

MR. OLIVER'S BRIGHT IDEA.

The joy which should attend the festive season of Christmas was sadly tempered to the good people of St. Andrews, according to the indignant correspondent of one of the St. John papers. It seems that a certain Mr. JOHN OLIVER was recently fined for a violation of the fishery act, but not having the money to satisfy the demands of justice, was committed to jail. On the day before Christmas a sympathetic resident of the town went round among the neighbors and raised enough money to pay the fine and secure the incarcerated fisherman's release. In the desire to more effectually surprise and gladden Mr. OLIVER, the money was handed to him instead of to the jailer, and nothing, apparently, remained but for him to settle his bill and breathe the clear and frosty air of liberty.

Mr. OLIVER, however, had another way of looking at the matter which had not occurred to the donors of the fund. It had seemed to them that, as the correspondent says "the full enjoyment of that precious liberty which no honest right thinking man would part with for any price," was above all things to be desired by the prisoner. Justice would be satisfied, its treasury replenished, and the prisoner would be free to walk from the St. Croix to the Restigouche if he so desired. Mr. OLIVER had no special desire to satisfy justice by a cash contribution, and he seems not to have been anxious to do any walking at this season of the year. He was aware that for every day he lay in jail the sum of fifty cents was credited on his fine and that by remaining there for twice as many days as he had dollars to pay, the prison doors would be opened to him, and he could go where he listed. Ruminating on this fact, he decided to place the money where it would do the most good, by sending it to his family and remaining in jail until the fine should be paid by effluxion of time. He did so, to the great amazement and intense indignation of the contributors. The correspondent in question voices the wrath of the community by solemnly asserting that "the warm sympathy felt for Mr. OLIVER, when it was first learned that he had been sent to jail because he was too poor to pay his fine, should now be frozen into the coldest contempt."

Supposing that it is a chemical possibility to convert sympathy into contempt by a process of freezing, and admitting that the temperature at Christmas afforded a favourable opportunity for the experiment, it is just a question whether it ought to be done in this case. It is admitted that Mr. OLIVER was too poor to pay his fine, and it may readily be inferred that his family were not likely to be blessed by an abundance at Christmas. Had he paid his fine, as the donors expected, he would have gone home without any money, and neither he nor his family would have enjoyed the day as people ought to enjoy it. By sending the money to those dependent on him, he did them a substantial good by providing them with more ready cash than he might have acquired for weeks had he gone home penniless on Christmas Eve. It may be, as the correspondent

implies, that Mr. OLIVER is not to be numbered among "all right thinking men," but he appears to have acted according to the light that was in him, and PROGRESS is of the opinion he did a very sensible thing. It was not what the contributors expected it is true, but if they will take a broad view of the matter, they may find that the real intention of their hearts has been fulfilled. Their object was to make Mr. OLIVER and his family happy at the glad season of Christmas, and they appear to have done so. The true Christmas gift should not be accompanied by conditions or restrictions, and givers are always the happier in proportion to the pleasure shown by the recipients of their gifts.

It is to be hoped that by the time Mr. OLIVER emerges from prison the weather will have so moderated that the frozen contempt of the community will be thawed back into a semblance of the original sympathy.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

This is an age of sharp contrasts in the matter of religious faith. The most notable heresy of recent years, that of Dr. BRIGGS, has been exciting a wonderful amount of attention, and yet after all not so wonderful when the issues involved are considered. These are the reliability or unreliability of the Bible itself. If what is called the "higher criticism" of Dr. BRIGGS and others of his kind were to be accepted in the place of simple faith in the Word of God, there would be a very different complexion to the religion of the world, for the logical conclusion of such theories means a denial of the Divinity of the SAVIOUR HIMSELF. If CHRIST was misled as to the authenticity of the Old Testament, He must have been no more than a fallible man. A general acceptance of the reasoning of Dr. BRIGGS would mean a revolution in the Christian world.

There is little danger of that. Dr. BRIGGS is by no means the first learned doubter who has made an agitation for a time and disappeared, as the christian faith has broadened its march over the earth. It is a matter of history that the most notorious attempts to unsettle the old beliefs have resulted in more firmly welding together those who held to the faith. If there had been no ARJIS, there would have been no Athanasian creed. The greater the danger of the propagation of error, the clearer has been the voice of the church in affirming "the faith once and for all delivered to the saints."

At this time, when in various quarters there is a tendency to accept human reason in the place of what has so long been accepted as Divine revelation, there is a visible strengthening and growth of the christian bodies, catholic and protestant, throughout the world. As compared with those who are daily added to the churches of Christendom, the number of those whose belief does or can be unsettled by the "higher criticism" or any other form of unbelief is and must be so small as to be scarcely worth considering. The United States, and especially New England, has been the home of a great many "isms," but the human heart, as a rule, is not satisfied by man-made religions, and wants to cling to something more secure. There is a steady movement which shows a desire to live more closely to the ancient and authoritative teaching in preference to the modern ideas evolved out of man's inner consciousness. This movement is not likely to decrease, though its growth may be slow. The leaven of it is in all the churches which accept CHRIST as the Son of God, whatever those churches may call themselves. The assaults of such men as BRIGGS are more likely to develop than retard this growth. So long as the world lasts, there will be faith and unfaith, but the latter will diminish while the former increases. It is not in human nature to accept speculation, however plausible, to the definite teaching which the world has for ages accepted as the Word of God.

Thursday was the anniversary of what must be considered a noteworthy event in English history, the birth of GLADSTONE. The wonderful man enters on his eighty fourth year with a record of sixty years of a very remarkable political life. For fifty eight years of that time he has held office intermitently, and has in the same way held the premiership for twenty six years. Almost every party which has had an existence in England in the last three score years has had him as a member, and he is today a statesman without a peer in popularity among the people not only in his own land but in the lands beyond the seas. He is a man in whom everybody is interested, and must continue to be so long as his life is spared. Friends and foes must alike wish him many returns of his natal day.

While the United States prohibitionists claim to be making great progress, the figures do not give the idea that they have yet begun to achieve political success. It is pointed out that they have conducted six presidential campaigns, but have not yet come anywhere near carrying a single state, nor has the party even elected a representative in congress or a U. S. senator. In the face of these facts, the day when it can carry a presidential election seems a long way off.

Mayor Peters kindly remembered the civic officials and others of his friends by a very tasteful Christmas card bearing his monogram and good wishes.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

Lines Written on a Feather Fan. Cupid, while wandering through a may moon night, one day, a maiden, idly fair, Who in a streamlet eased in pensive mood, Had plucked a rose of color rare, The petals of the rose she stored apart, And scattered one by one upon the stream, Cupid, the lovely cherub, drew a dart And bent his bow to rouse her from her dream, The maiden spied him 'ere his arrow sped And stretched her hands and caught the hurtful toy "Oh wily," she cried and turned her beautiful bow "Art thou so cruel? wilt, lovely boy, Again be riled by his low and shot a dart Which whittled through the air, but all in vain, The maiden grasped it 'ere it reached her heart, Her fingers tingled with a flash like pain, "Oh fe, you naughty boy, they call you Love "Who know not what a mischief you can be, "If I come near you ne'er can soar above For then I'll clip your wings as you will see " Cupid, at this, with rage his bow did twang, And 'gan the golden chord to stretch and pull! It snapped full in his face, the string, cord sprang His eyes with tears were in a moment full! With weeping then, poor Love, he flew away First flinging many an arrow at the maid His mother Venus did his grief assuage And soon his mended bow all rare assayed The maiden, positive, picked up one by one The darts, which Cupid hoped would cause her pain, And placed their points which glinted like the sun Together, then to tie them she did deign, From out her head she pulled a golden hair And tied the cruel darts in true love's knot She spread the feathered tips of beauty rare And held them to her face, and so did bind And back she forth the weapon her lovely toy! And thus it was the first fan had its birth And now 'tis twirled by every maiden coy To hide the sigh of pain or smile of mirth. SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

MERELY ASK, "DO YOU?"

A Simple Method You Can Use to Save Committing Yourself. While the method of answering one question by asking another is perhaps not one to be commended, there are certainly some circumstances under which it is allowable. A young author, whose opinion about people and things in general is considered worth finding out, says he has adopted a method of parrying the disconcerting questions so often put to him by almost total strangers which proves successful in nearly every instance.

"When a woman to whom I have just been introduced at a literary evening asks me if I really like this sort of entertainment, in a confidential tone, I always ask her just as confidentially, 'Do you?' and she seldom makes any further inquiries. "And when a man buttoles me in a secluded corner and says: 'Come, now, as a matter of fact, do you like young Dabstar?' Do you think he will ever do any good work?' I look him right in the eye and say, 'Do you?' and he generally understands what I mean?"

Bobble's Composition on Chickens. Chickens is the result of a hen sticking to one idea long enough to accomplish something. They all look alike when they are first born, but by and by you wouldn't know they ever belonged to the same set. Their ma is their natural parent and protector. Spring chickens is the best because they cost the most. Pa bought a spring chicken the other day, and with coal at \$7.75 cents a ton ma figured that we did not make expenses that day trying to cook that spring chicken done. Pa says you can never tell, until it is too late, what spring the chicken first had pin feathers. Ma says what pa don't know about a good many things would supply a lot of folks with college educations. He said that if she had given those thirteen eggs that she used for angels food to some hen with good intentions and a hatchway we could be living on the top shell this fall. I am of the same opinion as pa now. Last spring I thought ma was O. K. George Brown says they are going to set their clock and raise waterberries. He says their bed ticks, and he has that run down feeling in the morning. Chris Columbus had an egg stand on his head, which had never been done before. Pa said there was money in hens, and he was going into the chicken business when the country went Democratic. A man can't do a big business unless he is protected. Chickens can swallow their food whole and they is to be envied.—Grand Rapids Review.

No Detail Too Small to Interest Her.

The Maine steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be that he was flattered by the fact that an impressive officer in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it, just where the steam went into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"—Ex.

Venetian Ladies Wore Still Shoes.

The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. To combat this the ladies took to high heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse the heels became taller until at length they were half a yard high and as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was the task for the black pages—or for the lovers—who had become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

The Woman Who Sulks.

"Anything," said a worldly matron to a group of friends, "under the sun but a woman who sulks. A good, honest fit of anger, with a burst of heart sunshine to clear away the storm clouds, is generally effective. A man, as a rule, likes the fact one all the better for outspoken sentiments that are free from taunting meanness, but what he cannot tolerate is the consciousness that the little passage at arms is going to be followed by a finishing off process which ends in sulky resentment. This sort of thing is so rasping."

Flies Communicate Cholera.

Flies are a very active medium of communicating cholera, according to the report of the Hamburg Medical Society. Nine flies were captured which had been in contact with infected cholera material, and were placed in flasks containing nutrient gelatine. In six of the nine vessels numerous colonies of comma bacilli were successfully cultivated—of course from the infection conveyed by the flies. The possibility, therefore, of falling a victim to cholera in this way is by no means small.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big as possible, but it is the latest bid to make the biggest bigger than any other woman's it you possibly can. Also, it is pishu (not chio any longer) to put no address on your letter, no date, and no account to punctuate it. It is high style to be misunderstood by all except the woman to whom you write. A Canadian newspaper calls attention to a nursing bottle advertisement which concludes with the words: "When the baby is done drinking it must be uncreased and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

WE WANT YOUR CASH. STAR FLOUR, per barrel, \$4.25. AMERICAN OIL, per gallon, 21c. SPECIAL TEA, English Breakfast and Oblong mixed, 40c. BLACK TEA, 20, 24 and 30c. SUGAR, cheaper than it has been for 3 mos. BEST VALENCIA ORANGES, per doz., 12c. FLORIDA, 18c. CHOICE FIGS, per lb., 12c. DATES, per lb., 8c. NUTS, 10-12c. MIXED CANDY, 6-12, 7, 8c. CREAMS, per lb., 12, 16, 24c. Can you beat these prices? Cash means money for you at Hardsess Clarke's, 512 SYDNEY STREET GROCERY.

The Right Thing to Do.

Do not fret yourself, so as to do evil in trying to set wrong things right. Do the right thing regardless of consequences, whatever advantage to evil it may seem to give. The one thing impossible in God's world is that evil can help good; that a lie can serve the truth, that untruthness can advance righteousness. In God's order of things these are simply contradictions. However successful the expedient may at first seem to be, however completely its purpose may seem to be accomplished, there is in all evil things some latent seed of ill, that will sooner or later bear disastrous fruit. Better for every good cause that it be left to suffer from evil-doing than that it be rescued by evil-doing. Whatever the disadvantage resulting from right-doing at the first, the advantage will always be with right-doing in the end: I refuse to tell a lie, to practise a deceit, to employ an unfairness, the immediate consequence is disaster; in times of persecution, temporal ruin, imprisonment, massacre, scattered churches; and in ordinary times loss of opportunity, popularity, social influence. But is it all lost? will it be lost in the ultimate issue? Is there no latent power in a martyr spirit, no inspiration of noble feeling in simple fidelity, in patient endurance, in being faithful unto death?—Selected.

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance.

at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style: Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 15th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin.—positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs. Private classes can be formed day or evening. New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 6th, Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices. Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

Mechanics' Institute.

The Daniels' Speciality Company continue to draw large audiences and are engaging some new talent for next week. On New Year's Day there will be two entertainments, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. This company gave an excellent performance all this week and many will be sorry to learn that New Year's Week will be the last week of the Company here. Their business in St. John has been remarkable and only proves that a first class Speciality Company will always get liberal patronage. They intend to make a short visit to neighboring cities and towns.

Kisses Classified.

The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders: 1, the decorous or modest kiss; 2, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; 3, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine; 4, the slave kiss; 5, the kiss infamously—a church penance; 6, the slipper kiss, practical towards tyrants; 7, the judicial kiss; 8, the feudal kiss; 9, the religious kiss (kissing the cross); 10, the academic kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood); 11, the hand kiss; 12, the Judas kiss; 13, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness; 14, the kiss of etiquette; 15, the kiss of love—the only real kiss.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "Wings' Cheap Home Bread."—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

Advertisement for Jewel Stoves and Ranges, Sheraton, Arthur H. English, and W. Alex. Port. Includes illustrations of a stove and a typewriter.

A HOWLING SUCCESS. LOGAN'S STERLING SOAP

OWES ITS REPUTATION AND SUCCESS TO ITS OWN MERITS.
IT IS PURE, UNADULTERATED, AND FOR RAPID CLEANSING POWER HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS INVALUABLE IN KITCHEN & LAUNDRY.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WILLIAM LOGAN
ST. JOHN.

Our Wish

To our Friends and Customers, far and near; A Happy and Prosperous New Year.



SHERATON & KINNEAR,

38 King St., — — St. John, N. B.

For New Year.

A very large assortment of **Fancy Goods** suitable for **Presents**. Prices very low.

C. FLOOD & SONS.

KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

THE "CALIGRAPH." I. "It Stands at the Head."



A Choice Holiday Gift.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO.,
St. John, N. B.

English Grocery Goods

at W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

Two cases Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce; 1 case Pearl Barley; 7 cases Swiss condensed milk; 1 case curled Macaroni and Vermicelli; 1 case and 1 case Keiller's Marmalade; 3 sacks Pearl and Flake Tapioca; 2 cases Portable Table Jellies. Assorted flavors: 20 boxes Fry's Pure Cocoa and Chocolate. Also 60 Pails Cider Jelly.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts., Branch Store cor. Mill and Pond Sts., St. John, N. B.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM BOOKS.

Have you seen the beautiful premium books offered in connection with a subscription to PROGRESS?

Editions of Thackeray, Dickens and Eliot that will adorn any house can be had in this way at genuine premium prices. Here they are. Don't they speak for themselves?

- Dickens and Progress - \$6.50
- Thackeray and Progress - 4.90
- Eliot and Progress - 3.75
- Shakespeare and Progress 2.75
- Hughes and Progress - 2.50
- Webster's Dictionary and Progress - 3.95

Dickens, in 15 vols.
Thackeray, in 10 vols.
Eliot, in 6 vols.
Shakespeare, 1000 pages, illustrated.
Hughes, (Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford, in 2 vols. handsomely bound.)
Webster's Dictionary—a splendid book of 1400 pages, illustrated, with appendix—too heavy for mail, must be sent by express.

EDWARD S. CARTER Publisher, St. John, N. B.



St. John—South End.

The second of the series of assemblies took place at the Pugsley Building on Tuesday evening, and though not quite as large a gathering as the first, it was very enjoyable.

Miss Josie Troop has returned from a visit of some weeks to Boston.

Mr. James Keator, of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, spent Christmas with his family in this city.

Miss Agnes Warner, who has been attending McGill College, Montreal, is home for the vacation.

Mr. J. Hygan arrived from Minneapolis last week to spend a few weeks in the city, and was welcomed by many old friends.

Mr. Hazen Drury spent a few days in St. John this week, the guest of Mrs. James Straton, Hazen street.

Mr. Maule Drury, of the Bank of Montreal, Chatham, also spent Christmas in the city, and was the guest of Mrs. George McLeod, Orange street.

Invitations were issued by Mrs. Robert Thomson for a large afternoon "at home" one day this week, but in consequence of the death of Mrs. Thomson's mother, Mrs. Wm. Donald, which occurred at Staten Island on Saturday last, it has been postponed.

Mrs. Donald's sudden death was a great shock to her many friends in St. John. She having lived in this city for many years during the life time of her husband, Dr. Donald, pastor of St. Andrew's church. Her remains were brought to St. John for interment, the funeral services taking place at St. Andrew's church on Monday last.

Next week promises to be very gay, the young people have not only the ball on Tuesday evening to look forward to, but another on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. John Vasser, Mecklenburg street, which I hear is to be on a very large scale.

This afternoon Lady Tilley has a large "at home" at Carleton House, the guests being invited from 4:30 to 6:30 o'clock. She will be assisted in her duties of hostess by her niece, Miss Toller, of Ottawa, who is spending the winter with her.

Mr. Wm. Cushing, of Indianapolis, is spending the holidays with his relatives in this city. He returns to the west next week when he will be accompanied by his mother and sisters, Mrs. G. B. and the Misses Cushing.

Mr. Arthur P. Tippet has left for England on a business trip, the first of the week.

Mr. W. Malcolm McKay has returned from a trip to England.

The members of the Union club have issued invitations to a large number of their lady and gentlemen friends for an at home on the 11th.

Miss Evelyn Black-Barnes, who has spent the last few months with the Misses Nicholson, leaves today for her home in England. Miss Nicholson accompanies her to Halifax. The many friends she has made while in St. John will wish her bon voyage.

TRANSACTIONS.

Invitations have been issued for a dance to be given Monday evening next at the Pugsley building.

Miss Mabel Hillson was in town on Wednesday, the guest of her friend Miss Milliken.

Mr. Harry Scamell returned from Montreal last week.

Mrs. J. Ross and children, who have been visiting at Mrs. P. Campbell's returned Thursday morning to Moncton.

Mr. Fred Howard was in Chatham for a few days of this week.

Miss Mammie McClearn is in Fredericton, the guest of her friend, Miss Mammie Coleman, at the Barker House.

Miss Grace Orr is spending the holidays at her home in Kent Co.

Miss Maggie Campbell, who has been confined to the house through illness during the past fortnight, is able to go out.

Mr. Frank Holstead has returned to the city, after a few days stay in Moncton.

Miss Nellie McCormick arrived home last week, after an absence of three months in Norton, Mass.

Mrs. Russell and Miss Fannie Russell left Friday week to visit friends in Boston.

Mrs. Fred and Arthur Wetmore returned to the city this week, after spending a few days at their home in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. MacNutt went to Moncton on Monday to visit Mrs. MacNutt's sister, Mrs. Dienstadt.

Mr. H. Sterling left Sunday night for a trip to Montreal.

MEADOWS' SWEEP.

Mrs. McKenzie and her family are here from Pugwash, N. S., on a visit to her father Rev. Dr. Macrae.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hooper, and their children are spending this week with relatives in Fredericton.

Mr. J. Willard Smith, left on Sunday night, for a trip to Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. Walter H. Livingstone, and his daughter Jessie left on Monday night for a visit to New York.

Miss Ethel Smith who has been spending some months with friends at St. Catherine's, and Toronto, has returned home.

Mr. W. Walker Frink has been presented with a very valuable diamond ring, in appreciation of an advertisement by the members of the Salvage Corps, and the Police, on the occasion of his retiring from his position as Captain of his company.

Mr. Charles Lawton, who has been living in Boston for some time has returned home, and will spend the winter here.

Mrs. T. Wilder Daniel has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Schofield, Chipman's Hall, since her own house was damaged by fire, about ten days ago.

Mr. C. D. Jones, spent part of this week in Boston.

Mrs. R. P. Foster of Sackville is now here, on a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. Fred Lawton, King street, East.

Mr. Harry Daly left on Thursday night's train for a pleasure trip to New York.

On Christmas Eve, Dr. Adly, the resident physician at the General Public Hospital, was given a beautiful clock by the nurses, who also presented Miss Hegan, the Matron, with a handsomely bound volume of Burns' poems; and not to be outdone in generosity, the medical staff of the Institution presented the nurses with a handsome Bell piano, which has been placed in the Nurses' Home.

Mr. Fred Stone has returned from College at Worcester, Mass., to spend the holiday season with his parents.

Mrs. Donnelly who was here from California some months ago, on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Charles F. Kimear, has returned with her children to St. John, and intends residing here. She has taken a house on Adelaide Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Armstrong have returned to St. John, from Pennsylvania, and are stopping with his mother, Mrs. George H. Armstrong, Union street.

here for some weeks visiting friends, returned on Wednesday morning to her home in Bridgetown, N. S.

Mr. W. B. Vincent, who has been for some months in the United States, has returned to St. John, and intends passing the winter here.

Mrs. E. W. Cassidy is confined to the house through serious illness.

Mr. Rev. Steven, of St. Stephen, has been spending his holidays with relatives here.

Mr. John S. Currie left on Tuesday evening for a trip to Bangor, and dame ramer says that he will not return alone.

Mr. Joseph O'Shaughnessy, formerly of this city, but who now resides at Missoula, Montana, is now making a visit here to his parents.

The marriage of Mr. E. F. Clark of this city took place in Halifax on Wednesday morning to Miss Mary Emily Harris, daughter of Mr. Herbert Harris. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father and was performed by Rev. Joseph Coffe assisted by Dr. Temple, D. D. and Rev. P. C. L. Harris of British Columbia, brother of the bride. Miss Harris wore a pretty costume of white silk, and lace veil, trimmed with orange blossoms. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for St. John. The presents were very numerous, and included a handsome reclining chair, given by the teachers of the Brunswick street Methodist Sunday school, and an elegant bracelet from the choir of the church.

Mr. Harry Scovil, son of Mr. E. G. Scovil, is now here from Chicago, making a short visit to his parents.

Mr. James W. Hall left on Wednesday night for East Boston, Mass., where he intends residing in future.

Mr. P. N. Sneider, manager of the C. P. R. telegraph office was presented by the staff on Christmas eve with a very handsome banquet lamp, accompanied by an address.

Mr. R. C. Boxall, C. E. of Sackville, has been spending some days with his numerous friends in St. John.

Mr. Thomas Stothart left on Wednesday morning for Kingston, Kent Co., where he will spend his vacation.

Mr. A. W. Macrae left on Thursday morning for a trip to St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Look, who have been visiting friends here, have returned to their home in Boston.

Mr. O. C. Dyer left for Montreal Wednesday night.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

St. John—North.

Miss Betha Shaw left last evening for a few months' visit to Arizona.

Mr. Fred Watson leaves on Sunday evening for Minneapolis, where he will look after the interests of Mr. Fred Green in the coming races with Hagen.

Dr. E. J. Broderick spent Christmas in Fredericton.

Miss Blanche Wisely is home from Sackville for the holidays.

The Hayford-Butcher assembly met last week at the home of Miss Jennie Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keltie spent Christmas up the line.

Miss E. Lynch is home from the Sacred Heart convent for the holidays.

That the children of the Industrial school appreciate the earnest endeavors of Mrs. Stevenson in their behalf is substantially proven by their making her, each Christmas, the happy recipient of some valuable present. This year they presented her with a handsome screen.

Mr. George May is here on a visit from Boston.

Miss Agnes Tounney returned home last week after a few months' visit to Boston.

Mr. Bert Roberts, who is attending the pharmaceutical college in Boston, is spending his Christmas holidays in New York with his brother Samuel.

It has been customary for many years for the Hilliard family to meet at the home of their mother each Christmas. This year there was a very happy reunion, the only thing to mar their pleasure being the absence of one whose bright and cheerful presence on former occasions had always been a twofold source of pleasure. Messrs. Edward, Arthur, Herbert, William and Fred returned from New York, Toronto and Fredericton for the festive occasion.

On Monday the services of that reliable and well photographer, Mr. Climo, were secured and some handsome pictures of the family group taken.

Capt. J. and Mrs. Pratt, of St. Andrews, spent Christmas with Mr. Pratt's parents, Main St.

Miss Nellie Craigie left on Tuesday morning for New York, where she will continue her musical studies.

Mrs. R. Armstrong of St. Andrews, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Patterson, Rockland Road.

Lieut. Col. Bremner of Halifax, is visiting St. John, this week.

Mr. James McMurray of Digby, N. S., is visiting the city.

Miss Grace Robertson has returned to Sussex.

Miss Violet Kinner of Sussex, has been visiting friends here.

Miss Maggie Sutherland of Richibucto, is visiting her parents, Paradise Bow.

Dr. March returned from New York, last week.

Miss Ollie Fairweather of Sussex, is visiting friends here.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 King Street.

DRESS SILKS!

Those who purpose making the purchase of a Black or Colored Silk Dress for a Christmas Present, our stock will be found the best to make selection from. Prices the lowest for qualities. A special make of

BLACK ALL-SILK FAILLE FRANCAISSE,

which is a rich, soft Corded Silk of exquisite finish and warranted perfection in weave at \$1.25, \$1.40 and \$1.65 per yard. All the new season's shades in Faille Francaise Dress Silks at \$1.25. Rich All-Silk Dress Bongalines, in all the new shades, at \$1.25.

Macaulay Brothers & Company.

Happy New Year to All.



Are Your Feet Cold? It is our Business to Sell Overshoes for Cash. Yours Truly,

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte St.

Only Exclusive Rubber Store east of Boston

HOLIDAY PHOTOS.

DISCOUNT 20 PER CENT. ON ALL SIZES.

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

J. H. CONNOLLEY, 75 CHARLOTTE ST. COR. KING.

(OVER D. O. L. WARLOCK'S.)

HAWKER'S TOLU

WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

If Afflicted, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following:

For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. HAWKER'S BALZAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY was recommended to me and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.

PRICE 25c and 50c per BOTTLE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED another lot of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. A New Book from cover to cover. LATEST EDITION.

J. & A. McMillan, Book Sellers, &c.

68 and 100 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Orders by Mail Promptly attended to.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas & New Year's HOLIDAYS.

Excursion tickets will be sold Dec. 23rd to 26th and 30th to Jan. 2nd, to points on line Megantic and East, at one fare for the round trip, and to points on line and connections West of Megantic at fare and one third for round trip. To Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on presentation of proper Certificate from Principal, Excursion tickets will be sold to points in Canada at any time up to Dec. 31st at one fare for the round trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

D. McNeill, C. E. McPherson, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent Montreal. St. John, N. B.

XMAS MEATS!

--- ETC. ---

THOS. DEAN,

13 AND 14 CITY MARKET.

Daniel & Robertson.

Wish to All,

A Very Happy New Year.

As usual, during the month of January while stock taking is going on, we manage to turn what is with most people a dull month, into a very good one.

Odd lines of goods in every department are brought to the front and sold at a price, as we want the room for new stuffs coming in.

Take a look through your stock of Sheet and Pillow Cases and see what you will want for Spring.

DURING JANUARY WE DO NOT CHARGE FOR HEMMING.

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES. Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MORROW & CO., Barrington street; CLIFFORD SNEY, 111 Hollis street; ANDREW REID, Halifax hotel; HAYES & MYLREA, Morris street; CONTROLLERS BOOK STORE, George street; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden road; FOWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. E. depot; G. J. KLINE, 107 Goring street; J. W. DOLBY, 211 Brunswick street; F. J. GIBBINS, 11 Jacob street; F. MASSERBY, 145 Pleasant street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth; CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot; KENNY & CO., Granville street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

It is a long time since Halifax has seen a colder Christmas or a merrier Christmas than this of '92. The weather on Sunday and Monday was fine, clear and keen. There was on the second day very pleasant sleighing, and all the afternoon and evening there was a constant going to and fro of people bound to various hospitable houses to eat their Christmas fare. There were family dinners and parties innumerable, some few of which enlarged their borders and took in strangers. Among these last the two entertainments were those given by Mrs. T. E. Kenny on Sunday evening, and by Mrs. James Morrow on Monday.

The guests at Thornvale were the Lieut. Governor Mrs. and Miss Daly, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kenny, Colonel Ryan, Captain Monteth and Lieut. Enthoven R. E. On the following evening, Mrs. James Morrow gave a large and very pleasant dinner, of about twenty-four people, at her house on Morris street. The table was extremely pretty, being done with a great deal of silver and flowers, and the whole affair was very successful. Among the guests were Sir John and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Daly, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Kenny, Colonel Rolph, Captain Semini, Lieutenants Reginald, Mr. White, A. D. C., Mr. Enthoven, R. E., Captain Farines, R. A. etc.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Thomson had a small supper party in honor of her son, Mr. Arthur Thomson, of the Bank of Montreal, who is spending the present week in Halifax.

On Monday evening Mrs. George Franchlyn gave a family dinner with about a dozen guests. Mr. G. E. Franchlyn Jr., is here from Kingston, on short leave, as also is Mr. Roger Wilby.

Captain and Mrs. Z. Wood and child are the guests of Captain and Mrs. I. Taylor Wood, Mrs. Wood gave a charming child's party on Tuesday for her little grandson.

Mr. Harry Duffus who has been in New York for the past few years is making a short visit to Halifax and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. William Duffus.

The engagement in announced of Mr. W. B. Ferris of the Canada Assurance, and Miss Turner of Hamilton, Ont. It is heard that the wedding is fixed for an early date, and that the future Mrs. Ferris will be a great acquisition to society.

Dr. Darell Harvey, of Providence, R. I., is spending the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey, Park street.

The great social event of the week is the New Year's eve dance to be given to-night at Bellevue. It is only a small dance I hear as regards the invitations issued, but bids fair to be a cheery one. Miss Ross makes a charming hostess, and the floor at Bellevue is quite the best in Halifax.

A veritable sensation in the way of balls approaches with the new year. It is to be of charity, (though for what particular one I have not heard) it is to be a calico and a masked ball! Now what opportunities unfold themselves before the elite of society, for I suppose there will be some sort of "vouchers" required, or else tickets will be procurable only from the ladies of the committee. The ball is to be in the Masonic hall, which is the one and only place to be had. The dining room of the Halifax Hotel would doubtless be more suitable in many ways, but the Masonic hall is not too bad for people bent on dancing. By the way, what of the Red Cap Snowshoe club? They gave a capital ball there some two years ago, last year if I recollect aright, they were more selfishly inclined and had a dinner. Perhaps this year they may be moved to repeat their dance, it is certain they would if they realized how successful it was.

The school of Cookery, which Mrs. Courtney, who is certainly one of the most energetic of people is working hard to get established, is on a fair way to success. Most of the principal ladies in the town are taking an interest in it, and the committee I have heard named is the most capable one. The school, at the scheme stands at present, is to offer only demonstration classes, practice lessons being too expensive and involving too great an amount of trouble. Now although the former style of lesson is all very well for a class of experienced pupils, it is not at all the same thing for the complete tyro in cooking. Nothing but a hard course of practice lessons will enable a girl who knows absolutely nothing of roasting and boiling to develop into a cook; unless she has a positive genius for the culinary art.

The above is not my unassisted opinion but that of a number of ladies whom I heard discussing the very excellent idea of having a school of cookery in Halifax. The sum and total of their talk seemed to be that demonstration lessons (which mean I believe that the dist is made by the teacher in a sort of stage, the while she lectures on its construction to a seated audience) while very good in their way, are inadequate for any but knowledgeable people. The meeting, however, which to be held on Wednesday afternoon next, at government house, will doubtless settle this question, as the ladies interested in the scheme are invited, the advocates of practice lessons will be able to air their views.

I hear that the rink committee have had their work cut out in getting together the amount required for the private afternoons. At this time of writing which is unfortunately before the final meeting, it is pretty certain that the rest of the rink has been guaranteed by the number of names received, but that very essential thing for the enjoyment of Halifax skaters who really care for nothing but dancing, the band, is not by any means a certainty! The other adjunct to the comfort of subscribers who do not—the tea—is, I am told, out of the question at this moment.

Among the churches this week St. Luke's, cathedral quite carried away the palm for beauty of decoration. One of the novel bits of work, the idea I understand, of the rector, Mr. Crawford, caused quite a small sensation among the congregation on Christmas morning. This was a realistic Star of Bethlehem, a sort of transparency managed with gas, and was really a very clever and pretty addition to the decorations of the chancel.

St. Paul's church very little was done in the way of decoration, with the exception of the chancel, which had some very pretty palms and plants surrounding the communion rail. The reason for not decorating the body of the church was that next month it is to be redecorated and renovated, a difficult task in a large church like St. Paul's, and one which the congregation hope will not be rashly attempted.

Halifax Notes Continued. On Christmas eve Rev. Anderson Rogers, was presented with a Persian lamb coat by the members of his congregation in Windsor and Eastport. Mrs. Smith and Mr. Smith, Principal of Windsor Academy, entertained the pupils of his department at their home on Chestnut street on Friday evening. M. P.

RED FIGURE SALE. ONE PRICE ONLY. SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE. ONE PRICE CLOTHING.

Our entire stock remarked in red figures at greatly reduced prices to effect a total clearance as we move early in the Spring to our new store on Barrington Street. We have a stock of the following goods to clear: Boys' Overcoats, Boys' Suits, Boys' Reffers, Men's Kid Gloves, Men's Mufflers, Men's Shirts & Drawers, Men's Overcoats, Men's Suits, Men's Reffers, Neck-Wear, Braces, Umbrellas.

When You Want Furniture, Carpets, or any kind of House Furnishings, write us for Prices. We can offer inducements that will be to your advantage, and a postal to us stating requirements will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 BARRINGTON STREET.

Le Bon Marche. Designers, Manufacturers and Importers of fine French Millinery Goods. Orders Solicited. LE BON MARCHE, Halifax, N. S.

The amateur dramatic club has taken the Academy of Music for Wednesday and Thursday of next week and will present three plays. A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing will be the piece de resistance on both evenings, but will be succeeded on Wednesday evening by Naval Engagements, and on Thursday evening by Done on Both Sides. I have before given the names of the clever company which has been got together among the amateurs, and next week will give us an opportunity of seeing what they can do. Of the capabilities of Mr. Jones, Mr. Curry and Captain Yowell there is no doubt, but some of the remainder have to prove their metal for the first time. The dresses are to be particularly pretty and good. The period of history to which the first piece belongs offers particularly good opportunities for costume. The wigs are to come from Boston and are historically correct.

By the way an ancestor of a gentleman now in the Halifax garrison was instrumental in getting rid of that scourge of the time, Jeffers. Colonel North, is, I understand, a direct descendant of Lord Guilford. MORRIS GRANVILLE.

WINDSOR, N. S. Don't catch cold, but if you do, get Munro's Elixir at once. A bottle for a quarter.

Dec. 27.—There was skating at the Rink on Monday evening for the first time this season. The 7th Band was present, and provided an unusually good programme of music.

Mr. David Solomon, principal of Pictou Academy, is spending the vacation at his home in Windsor.

Mr. Reg. Lawson was home to spend Christmas. Miss Molly Gossip who has been in Antigonish for several months is home again.

Mr. Strathie spent a few days in Windsor last week, the guest of Mr. Trappan.

Mr. Robson went to Halifax to spend Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Armstrong, of Middleton, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Henry Dimock.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hart of Halifax, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. William Curry.

Mr. James King is home for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland are visiting in Windsor.

Mr. George Murphy, who is attending Medical College in Halifax, is home for a short time.

Mr. Harry King is home from the Law School, Halifax, for the vacation.

Mrs. Taylor, of Halifax, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William Curry.

Miss Coleman of Waterville, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. George Geldert, for several months, went to her home on Saturday, to be married on Thursday next to Dr. Bath, of North Sydney. Miss Coleman was a great favorite here, and carries with her the good wishes of a host of friends.

Mrs. George Geldert has gone to Waterville, to be present at her sister's marriage.

Mr. Clarence Morris is home from College for the vacation.

On Christmas eve Rev. Anderson Rogers, was presented with a Persian lamb coat by the members of his congregation in Windsor and Eastport.

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Smith, Principal of Windsor Academy, entertained the pupils of his department at their home on Chestnut street on Friday evening. M. P.

Miss Sadie Durkee, who has been attending Acadia College, is home for the holidays.

Mr. Hart Nichols and Frank Morse, are home from the same institution.

Mr. Boyd McNeil, of Weymouth, spent Christmas in Digby.

Master Edgar Dickson, of St. John, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Peters.

Miss Helen Browne is home from Edgehill, Windsor, for the holidays.

There is to be a concert the coming week in Academy Hall, given by the young ladies of Trinity church, assisted by their gentlemen friends. With such talent the affair will certainly be a success.

ANNAPOLIS. Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thomson & Co.

Dec. 28.—Mr. W. B. A. Ritchie spent Christmas with his sister Mrs. De Blois. Mr. Robertson, of Kentville, was also Mrs. De Blois' guest for a few days.

Miss Fanny Goucher is home for the holidays.

Mr. Harry Crowe has been down from Bridgetown for a short visit.

Miss Gladys Robinson gave a Christmas tree to her young friends, on Monday evening. Everyone received a present.

St. John's Day was as usual celebrated by the Free Masons. A few distinguished members of the fraternity came up from Digby. Service was held in St. Luke's church, when the sermon read by Mr. How was that preached to the brethren by the Rev. Roger Veits in 1792. After service the gentlemen repaired to Carder's, where supper was prepared.

Mrs. Troop and Miss Winters who have been at Mrs. Robinson's for some time, returned home on Friday.

Miss Susie Cunningham has gone to Yarmouth for the holidays.

Mrs. Jamieson and Master Will are in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Parker and family are spending some time with Mrs. McLeod.

Mr. Dwight Ruggles is spending Christmas with his parents.

Miss Walcott has returned home after some months in Upper Canada.

Mr. Louis Whitman is home for the holidays.

Miss Filleul returned to Weymouth last week.

Miss Barr leaves shortly for London, England.

BRIDGETOWN. Dec. 28.—St. James Church was very prettily decorated on Sunday for the Christmas services. The anthem, "Behold I bring you good tidings," was sung at both the evening and morning services, and during the offertory, a duet, "refuge" was sung by Mrs. H. Suggles and Mrs. R. D. Taylor.

A Christmas service was also held in the baptist church in the morning, and in the evening a "Christmas praise and promise meeting," was held, a special attraction being a double quartette of coloured singers from Inglewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Freeman spent Christmas here, and were the guests of Mrs. Freeman's mother, Mrs. L. G. de Bois.

Miss Dora Reash returned to her home at Spa Springs, on Saturday.

Miss Bertha Ruggles is spending her holiday with her mother, in Yarmouth.

Mr. Harry Vaughan, who spent the summer here, has returned to St. John.

Mr. Bert Kinney came home last week from Horton Landing.

Miss Florrie Sancton went to Halifax on Saturday, to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Banglister.

Mr. W. Beckwith is home from Sackville, for the holidays.

Mr. Jas. McGivern had a Christmas tree on Monday for the benefit of twenty poor children of the different Sunday schools.

Mr. Ernest Morse came from St. John on Monday to spend his holidays.

Messrs Frank and Arch. Healy are spending Christmas with their parents on Granville street.

Miss O. Donnell of Halifax is also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Healy.

TRURO, N. S. Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.

Dec. 28.—Mrs. W. R. Campbell's dance of Thursday night last was a very great success. Mr. Campbell's new home is admirably adapted for an affair of this kind. The arrangements were all in good taste, and the supper which has now become such a very special feature was of particular excellence. Mrs. Campbell received in a pretty simple toilet of chaline, her sister Miss Josie Turner, whose debut it was, I heard, was the belle of the ball.

Miss Bessie Tupper left on Saturday last for a short visit to her sister Mrs. E. Reynolds in Bangor, Me.

Miss Annie McDonald is enjoying a visit among friends in Boston.

The Christmas-tide music at St. John's on Sunday last though beautiful was not of its usual exquisite order.

At St. Andrew's the choir was augmented by the addition of Mr. B. D. McDougall's beautiful bass voice and Dr. Walker's tenor. At the morning service the quartette "No room in the inn for Jesus" was beautifully rendered by Miss McCully, the Misses Lida and Julia McCully and Mr. C. McCully, the anthem, by Goss, "Gloria to God in the Highest," being sung by the full choir. "Benedictus" in D, being sung by the full choir. The evening service by Miss McCully, Mrs. McDonald, Doctor Walker and Mr. C. McCully, the solo being beautifully interpreted by Dr. Walker. The organ under the skilful manipulation of Mr. E. R. Stuart was never heard to better advantage.

Mr. Frank Dimock, Halifax, spent Christmas and Monday among friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tremaine were here from Amherst among the former's home friends, for Christmas.

Mr. Horneby spent Christmas and Monday in Halifax, returning to bank on Tuesday.

Mr. E. R. Stuart is spending this week among home friends in Matiland.

Miss Cook, of Montreal, French teacher in the Ladies' College, Halifax, is spending the Christmas recess here, a guest of Miss Maggie Ross.

Miss Spike, of St. John, and Mr. C. P. Noble, of New York, are also guests of Miss Ross, Victoria Square.

Messrs. Will McKay and Melvin Cumming are home from Dalhousie, Halifax, for the holidays.

Baby's Croup is Cured by Hackmore.

Plants and Cut Flowers Suitable for HOLIDAY GIFTS promptly despatched by mail or expressed to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Address NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lookman St., Halifax, N. S. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

Children's Corded Waists

Manufactured by us in St. John, thus saving 35 per cent duty on the making which the purchaser reaps the benefit of in the prices. "ECONOMIC" Waists are made from English Satteen Jean, and lined with strong twilled cotton. We guarantee them to have more weight of material, thus giving BETTER SUPPORT TO THE CHILD, and DURABILITY than any other waist sold.

ECONOMIC WAISTS. Perfectly Made, Properly Shaped and Economic in Price. STYLE 7—For Infants 6 to 18 months. Retail price 50 cts. Made in White only. Sizes 19 to 24 inches. STYLE 8—For Children 18 m. to 3 yrs. Retail price 55 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 25 in. STYLE 9—For Boys or Girls 3 to 5 yrs. Retail price 65 cts. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 26 in.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. N. B.—Special Prices to the Trade.

4 1-2 Dollars will buy a pair of the New City "C" Boots, Made of English Waterproof Calf, Calf Lined, Waterproof Tongue; Two Soles from Heel to Toe; Sewed by the Goodyear Process; every Pair warranted to VALUE FOR THE MONEY, COMFORT TO WEARER, A REGULAR CUSTOMER TO THE PARLOR SHOE STORE.

L. Higgins & Co., 83 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

SPECIAL IMPORTATION FOR HOLIDAY TRADE. 110 doz. China Silk Handkerchiefs purchased at a reduction of 40 per cent. from original prices. As all classes of Silk goods are rapidly advancing, this is an exceptional opportunity to secure a profit producing line for the Christmas season.

Chenille Spot Veilings. A full stock of these Stylish and Frilly goods just received. A special lot of country Socks and Mitts. SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods & Millinery, Halifax, N. S. Gold and Silver Plating. All kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new. W. HILLMAN, 87 Germain St., St. John.

ARE YOU WEARING THE LAURANCE GLASS? Read the Following Testimonial: HALIFAX, October 27th, 1892. In July 1892 I purchased of Mr. B. LAURANCE, on his first visit to Halifax, the pair of spectacles I am wearing at the present time. I have not incurred any extra expense in their repair during the time mentioned and the lenses suit me today as well as when purchased thirty days ago. FREDERICK LYON.

MR. J. GODFREY SMITH is Sole Agent for B. LAURANCE'S Genuine Airtight Bubble Spectacles and Eye Glasses. LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis St. Persons residing out of the city can be fitted by applying through post to the agent, J. Godfrey Smith.

POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS. Act Like Magic. REMOVES ALL BLEMISHES FROM THE SKIN. PRICE 25 CENTS. For sale by all Drug stores, or sent on receipt of order, by HATTIE & MYLREA, HALIFAX, CANADA. MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

ST. STEPHEN AND O.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the stores of Messrs. J. L. Thompson and of the book store in Colaba at G. F. Dyer's.

Dec. 28.—The reception given to J. L. Thompson, on the occasion of the anniversary of his marriage, on last, was a most pleasant affair. The supper table, which was a dainty, fairly glistened with the effect being very beautiful. The 75 guests, St. Stephen as well as Colaba represented. The ladies all looked elegant in their rich winter toilets of Mrs. Thompson received her guests in a most charming manner. She was attended by silver gifts, some of which were of the most beautiful. The following is a description of the gifts: Mr. John Murchie, silver jardiniere; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd, silver Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd, silver bouquets.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. James (N. Y.) silver candlesticks.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, silver letter Mr. B. S. Place, half dozen silver Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bradford, (Essex sugar bowl) and spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCoy, silver Mr. and Mrs. Sears, china biscuit Mr. and Mrs. Black, silver framed Mr. and Mrs. John Cox, (Portland, southerly spoon).

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clapp, china set Mr. W. A. Murchie, silver jelly dish Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McAllister, silver Mr. and Mrs. Irving McAllister, silver Mr. Howard Black, belique cream Mrs. Sullivan Hall, silver coffee spoons.

Mrs. Foster, coffee spoons.

Miss McGlueck, pink silk case dress Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, silver and spoon.

Mr. Chas. Lyford, Stanley were cake Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitlock and M. lock, elegant silver fruit dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boardman, silver and spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rideout, silver Mr. A. J. Hall, (Florida) southerly Mr. George Todd, Calais southerly Mr. and Mrs. D. Simpson, silver as bottles.

Dr. and Mrs. Blair, silver perfume Mr. and Mrs. George Lord, silver Mr. and Mrs. (N. J. City) solid silver Case, F. A. Prince, (N. J. City), solid basket.

Messrs F. W. Andrews and Mark M silver fruit dish.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Murchie, silver plate Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Saunders, silver Mr. and Mrs. A. MacNichol, solid spoon.

Mrs. Chas. E. Cook, silver jelly spoon Mr. S. H. Blair, silver coffee spoon.

Miss Mary Abbott, silver orange spoon Miss Haycock, silver salad fork.

Mrs. C. L. Davis, half a dozen spoons.

Mr. N. J. Adams, silver ice cream Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Neill, silver card Mrs. Jesse Gallagher, glass fruit dish Mrs. W. P. Todd, solid silver orange Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cozle, (Portland) silver berry spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham, silver Mr. James Murchie, elegant silver Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter, case of knives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Todd, silver Mr. and Mrs. Edg. Waller, silver Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Goss, case of silver Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gore, (St. And ink stand.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman, half silver spoons.

Lady friends of Calais, handsome Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nichols and Mr. W. H. Cole, bronze statue for clock.

On Monday evening Mrs. Thompson at her residence to some 80 young people drove whist. This party was made for ment of her son, Mr. J. L. Thompson, who returned from college, and his friends very pleasant entertainment and greatly all who were there.

Mr. and Mrs. Copeland's friends were back to Calais again in week.

Mr. J. B. Gillespie, of St. John, has been a few days in town.

Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and Mrs. B. S. a brief visit to St. John on Thursday.

The ladies of the congregational society reception last evening (Tuesday) to their Mr. and Mrs. McCully on the anniversary of their marriage. There were presented with numerous gifts in purse containing a hundred dollars. It was a delightful affair and was most thorough by all who were there.

Miss Kate Washburn gave a Christmas Friday evening last to a number of children greatly enjoyed it, as well as the treat same afterwards.

Mr. George Todd's handsome residence town, was destroyed by fire on Monday. Miss Todd had only been home three days the fire was discovered, having returned John where they spent Christmas day.

Miss Louie Taylor has gone to Sussex play a violin solo at a concert given there. She will also visit Moncton, and will appearance before a Moncton audience evening.

The Knights of Pythias, in Milltown were J. M. Deacon, on the occasion of his marriage a handsome gold headed cane.

Miss Kate Nelson, Miss Dora Rounds Alice Todd, who attend Wellies home for a brief visit.

Mrs. Goucher and her children have C. B. Eaton's guests during the past week. Mr. Henry Maxwell, of Rumford Falls is home for a brief holiday.

Mrs. Charles King, has returned from and has opened her residence on Main street will remain for some time.

Miss Theo Stevens has returned from N. S., and will spend two weeks here.

Hon. Chas. McCulloch leaves for Aug on Monday next.

Mr. L. A. Mills made a brief visit to St on Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Washburn is spending with friends in Colaba, Mass.

Mrs. Henry Nichols, of Colby College, and his friend Mr. Kleihans is his guest of week.

Mr. John McKenzie arrived from Rumford on Sunday morning and will remain days in town.

Messrs. George and Fred MacNichol from Cambridge, Mass., on Thursday last went to St. Andrew on Saturday Christmas day with Mrs. Grimmer's party and Mrs. C. M. Gore.

Miss Lillian Morgan is visiting her aunt J. F. Faldford.

Miss Grace Hinds has gone to New Brunswick to spend the winter.

Miss Kay Carter, left on Friday for Kingston, where she will spend a fortnight. Miss Lizzie MacNichol has returned from after a delightful visit there.

Mr. W. F. Todd returned from New York on Saturday evening. Mr. Guy Sturche of Harvard University he his holidays at his home in Calais.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Programs in for sale in St. Stephen by Master... Mr. Charles Woods, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the guest... Mr. Roy Maxwell's friends are pleased to see him...

MONCTON.

[Programs in for sale in Moncton at the Moncton... Mr. John F. Grant, now of the Chatham branch... Mr. E. A. Record, of Boston, accompanied by...

HALIFAX.

[Programs in for sale in Halifax by R. D. Boal and... Mr. Charles Woods, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the guest... Mr. Roy Maxwell's friends are pleased to see him...

Dress Goods Greatly Reduced Prices. In the Prices of all Our Dress Goods in order to reduce our Stock as much as possible before Stock Taking. DOUBLE WIDTH DRESS GOODS 20 Cts. per Yard. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte, Street, St. John, N. B.



The Gladstone Sleigh. Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market. JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

MILLER BROTHERS. CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK. PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES. Importers and Dealers for the BEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Windsor, N. S. Founded A. D. 1788. COURSE OF STUDY. I. CLASSICAL—Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, French, German.

OVERFLOWING ORDER FILES. In what we can truthfully say; not that it comes un-expectedly, but it bears out the fact that we are manu-facturing under-standingly, giving our patrons what they have a right to expect and de-mand, and that is, finely made fur, unsurpassed in quality, style and finish.



Measures the Appreciation of absolute work of an incomparable product. At home in Fredericton, where she lived with her daughters until her death. Mrs. Galt was a woman of rare charm, and refinement of manner, keeping up the accomplishments of her youth to a degree rarely met with in a lady of her age.

WELL'S PIMPLE + PILLS. REMOVING ALL... LITTLE & MYLUS, HALIFAX, CANADA.

HACKNOMORE CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. The most effective medicine for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs.

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HOLIDAY SEASON. Dunlop, Cooke & Co., Wholesale and Retail. AMHERST, N. S.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

ST. JOHN.—WEST.

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Rev. Mr. Kempton has gone to his home in Nova Scotia to spend ten days.

Among the students who are home with their parents at this festive season are Miss Shenton and Miss Olive, Messrs Walter Olive, J. K. Scamell and Harry Scamell.

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Mr. E. P. Romeril of Montreal, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bray, spent Christmas with friends in Petticoat, and returned on Tuesday morning.

Miss M. Barnes left on Friday for Salisbury, where she intends spending her Christmas holidays.

Mr. Lewis, Principal of the High School, will be in Moncton for a couple of weeks.

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Consumption often follows colds. Use Murray's Cough Elixir in time.

BIOSHIBUTO.

Dec. 23.—Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, M. P., accompanied by Mrs. McInerney, visited Moncton last week.

Miss Mina Frecker is taking charge of the telegraph office in Bouchette for the present.

Mr. George Atkinson is home from Ontario for a few weeks.

Messrs. Frank and Aubrey Allen returned from the university at Fredericton this Christmas.

Miss Miller had the misfortune to slip on some ice a few evenings ago and hurt her arm quite badly.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamer, of Moncton, spent the holiday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Frecker.

Miss Jessie Ferguson, who is attending the Normal school, is home for the holidays.

Mr. George W. Robertson went to St. John on Saturday last.

Miss Maud Grierson arrived from Dorchester last week to spend the holidays.

Miss Belle Livingston, of Harcourt, is in town.

Mr. Alfred Young, of Harcourt, is in town on Saturday last and will spend the winter here.

Messrs. Lewis, Lewis and Henry O'Leary, are home from St. Joseph's College, Monacaucok.

The ladies of the Methodist church intend holding an entertainment shortly, both here and at Kingston.

Miss Emma Armstrong, who has charge of a school at Pine Ridge, is in town for the holiday season.

Mr. E. L. O'Brien left last Saturday for Bathurst to spend his vacation.

AURORA.

(PROGRAMME IS FOR SALE AT J. S. McDONALD'S STORE AND BY DANIEL A. FRASER.)

Dec. 27.—Mrs. J. A. Irving returned today from her home in St. Nicholas River where (since the fire, she has been residing. Mr. Irving has purchased the Girard and property on Parliament street and there Mr. and Mrs. Irving and Miss Gladys are now living.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Master Willie spent Christmas with friends in Shediac.

Mrs. Doherty and Miss Doherty of Milltown visited friends here this week.

Mr. R. A. Irving visited the Shiretown on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Miss Abbott, Miss Florrie Curran Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Girkin of Kingston spent Christmas here the guests of Mrs. J. C. Rose.

Dr. P. Peel Doherty is making a professional trip here this week.

Miss Curran and Miss Doherty have returned from Mt. Allison for their Christmas vacation and both intend returning next week.

Miss Josie Sutton is spending her vacation at home.

Mr. W. W. McNair has returned home from Dalhousie college, Halifax.

Miss Johnson spent a few days in Kingston last week.

VERMONT.

Misses Winnie Dick, Maud Davis, Bessie O'Brien, Edith Baldwin and Mr. Fred Feeley arrived on Tuesday from St. Martin's seminary.

Rev. O. E. and Mrs. Steeves are spending the holidays with Mr. Steeves' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dykman.

Mr. R. H. Davis returned from Grand Manan last week.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, principal of the grammar school spent Christmas with relatives in St. Stephen.

St. Mark's church is very prettily decorated this year. The music was appropriate to the season on Christmas day. The singing could be much improved if a few male voices were added to the choir.

Mr. Fred Grierson, of Vermont, is visiting his mother.

MAX.

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FRIDELITON.

(PROGRAMME IS FOR SALE IN FRIDELITON AT THE BOOK STORE OF W. T. H. FENNEY AND BY JAMES H. HAYWOOD.)

Dec. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. D. Jordan have returned from their wedding journey and are this week receiving their bridal calls at their home on King St.

Mr. Ernest Jack, of Troy, N. Y., is spending the holidays at his old home here.

Mrs. L. S. Vanant has returned home from a pleasant visit spent in St. Stephen.

Prof. Murray, of Dalhousie college, is visiting his old friends in the city.

Mr. Milton Green spent Christmas in the city, the guest of his mother.

Miss Blanche Thompson has returned home for the winter.

Miss Burchill gave another of her pleasant piano recitals at her home this afternoon.

Mrs. Maggie Dever has issued invitations for a party for Friday evening in honor of her two sons who are home from college for the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. Brown spent Christmas in Sussex, at Mrs. Brown's old home.

Dr. Fletcher of New York spent Christmas here, the guest of his sister Mrs. L. C. McNutt.

Mr. E. W. Smith is spending his holidays at his home in Nova Scotia.

Miss Fannie Palmer will entertain her friends to a party to-morrow evening.

Rev. Mr. McLean of Harvey, is recovering from his recent illness.

Miss Sherman has returned home for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miles of Moncton, arrived here on Saturday to spend Christmas with their friends. Mr. Miles returned home on Monday.

The friends of Mr. Arthur Orr and Mr. Geo. A. Botsford, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, were pleased to welcome them here for the holidays.

Miss Helen Brown has returned home from a lengthy visit spent in St. John.

Mrs. G. Fairweather of Dorchester was from her home to-day, by telegraph, on account of the very serious illness of her father.

The funeral of the late Mr. J. E. Colter took place from his late residence on Christmas Day, and was very largely attended. The sympathy of many friends is extended to his young widow in her sad bereavement.

Among the strangers in town to attend the funeral of Mr. Colter were, Mr. Henry Graham, Collector of Customs, at St. Stephen, and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Colter's sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles of St. John.

Mr. Mrs. E. S. Carter, spent Christmas at Linden Hall, where Mrs. Carter will remain for a few days before returning to St. John. CHUCKEY.

Baby's Croup is Cured by Hackmore.

(PROGRAMME IS FOR SALE IN CAMPBELLTON AT THE STORE OF A. E. ALEXANDER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, FURNITURE, CARPETS AND MACHINERY.)

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WOODSTOCK.

Dec. 27.—Miss Mame Clark arrived home from the N. B. University to spend Christmas.

Mr. Thos. Jones is home from Christmas from Mount Allison college.

Miss Alice C. is home from the U. N. B.

Miss Maimie Duncan is home from Mount Allison Ladies' college.

Mr. Guy B. Manzer is home from Boston dental college.

Miss Edith Porter has gone to Fredericton for the holidays.

Mrs. Newcomb, Andover, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Gardes.

Mrs. B. Harry Smith left for Montreal last week.

Miss Kate Phillips is home from St. Martin's seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Dibble, of Fredericton spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dibble.

Mr. J. C. Lithgow spent Christmas in Halifax.

Mr. Ernest Simonsen is home from King's college, Windsor.

Miss Jordan and Miss Lily are home for the holidays.

Dr. Fred Kerr spent Christmas in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher, of Fredericton, are visiting Mrs. Fisher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Jones.

Miss Gertrude Dibble is home for the holidays.

Miss Miller, Andover, is the guest of Mrs. D. F. Merritt.

Miss Lydia Merritt is visiting Mrs. E. W. Vanwart.

Invitations have been issued by the quadrille assembly for a dance on the 29th.

Mrs. B. Bull and daughters spent Christmas at Centreville with Mrs. Bull's sister, Mrs. Balloch.

The Christmas decorations of St. Luke's church were very beautiful this year. The rector, Mr. Neale, preached two most appropriate sermons and the choir excelled themselves in the rendering of the Christmas music.

ELAND.

(PROGRAMME IS FOR SALE IN BATHURST AT MCGINLEY'S GROCERY STORE.)

Dec. 27.—Dr. Heber Sprout, of Newcastle, was in town during the week.

Mr. C. A. DeBray, who for some years has resided in the western states, is paying a holiday visit to his home people here.

Miss Lizie Keary, from Hotel Dieu convent, Chatham, Misses Lena and George Burns and Miss Mary White, from Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, are spending their vacation at their respective homes.

Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Bishop, and their children, spent Christmas in Newcastle, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Park.

Miss Mary Bishop is spending the holiday time with relatives here.

Miss King, Mullins left on Monday morning for North Sydney, C. B., to take charge for a couple of

We desire to thank our numerous friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and in soliciting a continuance of the same, we wish them the compliments of the season, and beg to draw their attention to our beautiful display of goods from which choice and useful presents for their friends may be selected, during the HOLIDAY SEASON. We are giving special bargains in Dress Goods, Mantle and Ulster Cloths, and our Bargain Counters will be found special centres of attraction.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,
97 King Street, St. John, N. B.

ed and loaded with all kinds of dainties were a credit to the young ladies. The programme which was carried out during the evening was very much enjoyed, especially the quartette "Welcome tonight" sung by the Misses Annie and Carry Delaney and Messrs. Frenette and McDevitt.

LESLIE.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

Dec. 26.—An interesting event took place in the English church last Thursday eve, when Miss Bella E. Blair, only daughter of the late Mr. Robt. Blair, was united in marriage to Clinton H. Fraser, second son of Mr. P. G. Fraser. The bride, one of Grand Falls' most popular young ladies, looked charming in a costume of white velvety, richly trimmed with silk and lace, a tulle veil and wreath, and carried a hand bouquet of white roses. She was attended by Miss Bessie Fraser, who looked very pretty in a neat costume of pale pink velvety and silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Henry Fraser, and Miss Alice Howard presided at the organ.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Carleton, of St. John, are spending the holidays at Mrs. Carleton's father, Mr. T. D. Ryan.

Miss Annie Burpee, of Van Buren, and Miss Edith Tibbitts, of Andover, are the guests of Mrs. C. H. Henderson.

Mrs. Robert Kerston, who has been spending the past three months with her daughter, Mrs. Allard, of Fall River, Mass., arrived home last week. Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Wade on the arrival of a young son.

Miss Mame Howard has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Presque Isle. She was accompanied home by her friend, Miss May Nason.

Miss Annie Burpee, of Van Buren, is visiting in town the guest of Mrs. Wade.

Mr. J. E. Alger, of St. Stephen, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Duffy drove to Van Buren last week and spent the day, the guests of Mrs. Geo. H. West.

Christmas eve Miss Alice Howard was surprised by a visit from the Royal Templars, and presented with a purse of \$20 from the members of the Union church for her willingness and attendance in seeing as organist the past year.

Mr. Geo. Strop entertained a number of friends on Christmas day.

Miss Lizie Manzer, who has occupied the position as teacher of the primary department here, resigned at the closing of last term, and has returned to her home in Andover. Miss Bessie Fraser will take charge of the school after Jan. 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kerston and Master Roy are visiting Mrs. Kerston's parents in Quebec.

Mr. J. T. Porter left today for Woodstock.

Miss Carrie Wilson and her sister Annie left today for a visit in Woodstock and Houlton.

CROP STICKS.

Mr. George V. McInerney, M. P., and Mrs. McInerney tarried at the Eureka for a short time on Thursday, on their return from Richibucto.

Mr. Thomas Stothard, who for many years, was well

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.

HOW IT FEELS TO CROSS THE STRAIT IN ROUGH WEATHER.

A Graphic Description of the Experience a Traveller Gets in Crossing the Channel—The Discomforts Which Cannot be Avoided.

LONDON, Dec 19, 1892.—I pray all of you who are to follow after in European jaunts, never to cross the English channel between Dover and Calais save by day. It has always been my gruesome fortune to make the passage by night and in storm.

It is pleasant surely from the time our train leaves the grim London hostels, all the way in the evening gloaming through the lovely shire of Kent; but the moment the sea is always before you, the great stone quays, the dim lights of the night mail, as we rush in upon quiet old Dover town.

A moment at the station, and then we creep along the docks and come alongside the royal mail steamer; hustled out of our wheeled, half-lighted cells and driven like unwilling cattle down the slippery descent and up over the gangway which seethes with desperate suggestions of danger; and are finally hauled aboard the rocking craft like the faint-hearted land-lubbers we are.

"First class at! second class for'd!" Sorting us like sheep, we are at last huddled aboard the "Foam"—most appropriate name, for even here at the docks the sea is so wild that its spume is dashed over us; the luggage and continental mail are somehow taken on; and, with a great lurch from which the steel-ribbed though diminutive and shell-like craft only recovers to be hurled violently in another direction, our steamer fairly began its ricocheting across the channel.

Behind us, nestled in one of the most charming ravines in all England is another Dover town, with its lights winding away to the westward and blinking from the sides of the cliff; while the great Dover light house flames out upon the channel and brings into weird outlines the stupendous castellated fortifications upon mighty Dover Heights.

You are instantly plunged into the plain, old-fashioned misery of sea-sickness. You do not go in-doors, for all those nice people who must be quite as used to a channel boat as a ferry would surely notice you were becoming ill. On the other hand all the terrors of the deep and of approaching physical helplessness, are resultant from your enforced acrobatic feats upon deck.

Between humiliation and possible death, in sheer desperation you choose disgrace. Your hand is upon the cabin-door but seems palsied. No you will seek the second class cabin, "for'd." They will be less critical there. Its door is but fifty feet away, but where is braver pilgrimage than this? It seems an age until you have been able to throw yourself down the winding stairway into the strange triangular cabin below.

Ugh!—the odor of the place, its subtle dread and subtler qualms will always possess you whenever your crossing of the English channel returns as a hateful blot upon your memory.

Under the stairway, from behind a crescent-shaped bar, two Tom Thumb like tiny old boys, attired like men-of-war's men, are dispensing liquors and ales at a lively rate.

Every male in the cabin is smoking, some at the same time munching food at the sloopy lunch table, where the dishes click and slip with a greasy grind with the lurching of the vessel. Through the noxious vapors, and as if far away and in an oppressive dream you see, at either side of the cabin any in tiers, each beyond and slightly higher than another, in amphetamine form of arrangement, capacious bunks. Each is provided with a leather-encased cushion, a serge-covered pillow and a sunken cuspidor; and nearly all of these bunks are occupied by men and women in every imaginable attitude of human suffering, or of preparation against torturing experience.

Over there is a party of Americans, evidently an entire family. They are cursing everything outside of America, and struggling with each other as their physical convulsions increase. Beyond are several Frenchmen, brown and gray, perhaps from some of the French cloisters beyond Amiens, sober and grave in their rough habit and cowls, bearing their misery with wonderful fortitude. Opposite are stolid commercial travellers, silent Jews and Frenchmen full of antics in their torture, with Frenchwomen, graceful and pretty even in this most remorselessly leveling of all human ills, an English channel sea-sickness.

The horrible air and scenes of this cabin force you with others back upon deck, where the steamer's rail at one side catches you in its banging grip to hurl you to the iron netting embrace of the other. There is no escape. All bravery, resolution and supreme will power are of no avail. You remain in an ecstasy of hopelessness that no steamer was ever lost. With this thought the possibility of relief is abandoned.

The very aspiration and ambition of the sea is away. You grovel and grovel in a strand of cold macaroni upon the night mail steamer's deck; for utter exhaustion has come.

But at last the bracing storm which has whipped the channel into foam pounds new life into you. The salt spray dashes into your face and revives you. You crawl to where the four grim wheelmen are, for in the cutting wind there is a faint odor of the land. The chief wheelman comforts you with, "Don't mind it, mon. The best there be don't be able to stand on their legs hereabout!"

PICKING A PRESIDENT.

THE ACTUAL ELECTION OF ONE IN THE UNITED STATES.

It Did Not Take Place in November, But Will Be in January—How It is Done—Reasons Why the Law Has Been Altered in Recent Years.

On January 9 says the N. Y. Press, the presidential electors in every state in the union will meet at their respective capitals and cast their votes for President and Vice President of the United States. When congress assembles on the second Wednesday in February, 1893, the two houses will meet in the hall of the house of Representatives and proceed to count the votes so cast, and the result will then be "officially" declared for the first time.

The congressional count will be made under the law that was signed by President Cleveland on February 3, 1887. That statute was passed to obviate some of the difficulties which arose as a result of the Hayes-Tilden contested election of 1876.

Under its provisions the president of the senate presides over the joint convention of the two houses. It orders that the electors of each state shall meet in the place prescribed by the legislature on the second Monday in January following the November election and give their votes. The second section is especially designed to do away with contested returns from any state, and to furnish a means for congress to dispose of them if any are made.

It enacts that if any state shall have provided by laws enacted prior to the presidential election for the final determination, by judicial or other tribunals, of any contest concerning its electoral vote, and such determination shall have been made at least six days before the meeting of the electors, that decision shall govern the vote of the state.

But if in spite of this precaution there are contested returns from a state, sections 3 and 4 aim to meet the emergency. They make it the duty of the governor of each state to transmit the result of the election by certificate to the secretary of state at Washington, and to deliver to the electors the same certificate in triplicate, which they are also to send to the secretary of state.

If there shall have been any contested returns settled in the state the governor shall transmit notice thereof to the secretary of state, who shall publish it in any newspaper he may designate, and at the first subsequent meeting of congress he must transmit to the two houses copies of each certificate.

Let us suppose the two houses assembled in the hall of the house of representatives with Vice President Morton presiding. There are two tellers for the senate and two for the House. Mr. Morton begins calling the roll of the states in alphabetical order, and opens the certificates of the electoral vote of each, handing them to the tellers, who make a list of the votes as they appear from the certificates, and deliver the result to Mr. Morton, who announces the vote. This announcement is deemed sufficient declaration of the election of president and vice president.

So far all is smooth sailing, but what if there are contested returns from any state or objections are raised to the reception of a certificate? That is where section 4 comes in. Under it one senator and one representative may state their case against a single certificate, whereupon the two houses will separate and each in its own chamber will consider the objection; but no votes from any state which have been lawfully certified shall be rejected unless the two houses, acting concurrently, shall agree that such votes have not been regularly given by electors whose appointment has been properly certified.

In case of contested returns from any state, the two houses, acting separately, must concur as to which shall be counted as having been adjudged valid by the state tribunals, and in case there shall have been no decision by state authority the two houses must concur in counting or rejecting the disputed returns. But if the two houses shall disagree in respect to the counting of such votes, then the consent of both houses of congress is required to throw out any return. This policy was adapted in view of the conflict which arose when the count of the election of 1876 came to be made.

The republicans claimed the election of Mr. Hayes, the democrats that of Mr. Tilden. The issue hinged upon the electoral votes of Louisiana and Florida and one in Oregon. The democrats did not claim that the republicans had not carried the latter state; but that one of their candidates for elector was ineligible. Both parties contested the other two states.

Here occurred the perilous question of who was entitled to count the electoral votes and declare the result. Conflicting sets of returns had been sent from Florida and Louisiana, and the democratic Governor of Oregon had certified to the election of Cronin, one of the democratic candidates for elector. The republicans argued that the President of the Senate, a republican, had the sole authority to open the returns and declare the count, while the democrats maintained that only the joint body of the

CONCERNING MEN'S DRESS.

Facts and Philanthropic Observations that Instruct and Entertain.

The winter fashions for men are only ultra in their form, and it is an evidence of the keen perception that governs the launching of the various topcoats and undercoats that their greater length is the one dominant touch which is remarkably manifest. The counter-balancing taking care to ward off, in any and every manner, embellishment of detail from the vogue, and absolutely keep in subjugation the slightest decoration, even in stitching, does much to lessen the accentuation which these garments would take on therewith, and thus afford the conservatives a chance for cavil.

The votaries of fashion's shrine recognize the sufficiency as an innovation of the various new shapes, involving as they do an exact construction that cannot fail to adduce the admiration of all well-dressing men. As an instance of this adept quelling of all garbishment, upon the new single-breasted, long-tailed frock there is not a button visible on the coat—it being fly-front to the waist line, and having crossed feet at the junction of the tails with the waist line at the back, and the usual buttons absent from the coat sleeve.

The long-tailed frock generally adopted by the American gentleman has none of the characteristic length of the pronounced English garment. It is below the knee, and the native prototype has more snap to it than the English model.

There was a time when all-linen shirts were generally worn by the rich men of the town, and there are a number of the old guard, and many of the younger men of the town, that pay so much as \$12 each, or \$14 per dozen, for their all fine white linen shirts. These are with and without collars and cuffs. The laundry men do not get a chance at them. Some old-fashioned retainers handles them tenderly, and gets the homelike dull finish on the starched shirt front. It is a curious fact that the men of middle age that will pay willingly the high price for all linen shirts will seek to strike an average on his outlay by going into some dry goods store and purchasing an assortment of fifty-cent neck scarves.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Thousands of Lilies. In a little village in Sussex, England, there is a veritable milky way of lilies, where thousands of white blossoms shed their perfume, and where women gardeners tend and pack and ship the fragrant product. Twenty-five years ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs. Bates a farmer's daughter, who tended the gift with the devotion women bestow on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs had resulted from the original one, and Mrs. Bates, finding that her children, as she called them, had outgrown the sunny window where they grew, she planted them in the corner of the garden.

Ten years ago a daughter of Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise of the time, sent some blossoms to the London Market, and now in the association with her sisters, has made the Bates lilies famous for their beauty and perfection. The daughters are keen business women, interviewing their buyers at the 6 o'clock market, selling without the interference of agents to private customers, florists, and commission merchants. The average product is 600 dozens a week, which are packed by women in the gardens. Women are taking up floriculture to a considerable extent in England, and at the Horticultural College landscape and kitchen gardening are taught by lectures, demonstrations, and practical work. It is an interesting fact that applications are received at the college later than when can be trained.

"Shall" and "Will." There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the use of "shall" and "will." The teaching of the grammarians is that "shall" in the first and "will" in the second and third persons are to be regarded as simple declarations, and that both in all other cases convey a threat. The same idea is conveyed in the following old verse:

In the first person simply shall foretells; In will a threat or else a promise deems; Shall in the second or third does threat; Will simply then foretells the future time.

Johnny said his mother, "do you know who ate those cookies I left in the pantry?" "I do, mamma," replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears, "but it would not be manly for me to tell. And that is how it came that Johnny's brother received two undeserved spankings—one for the cakes he did not steal, and another for his truthful denial."

Good Night. There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart, Good Night! The little one leaps up as gowned in white, with shining face and hands and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish: parents and children; friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

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Bengaline Silks, Faille Francais Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Flushes, Velvets and Velvetens. Latest Evening Tints and Combinations.

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Get Your BOY a Suit. \$4.00.



Get a good one, Scovil, Fraser & Co., Corner King and Cermain Streets.

HE WAS TOO WITTY. A Grocer Who Lost a Customer by His Wit and Imprudence.

It is not profitable for a merchant to be too witty; at any rate, he should not try to be witty on every occasion. Not long ago, in a country town where there are two groceries in the same street, a very green tow headed, timid looking young countryman came into one of them one afternoon, at a time when half a dozen villagers were grouped around the stove. The storekeeper was waiting upon some one, and paid no attention to the new comer.

Presently the timid young man said, in a half frightened voice: "Do—you—keep—sweet potatoes?" "No," said the storekeeper; "we don't keep 'em. We sell 'em just as fast as we can!" Then he winked at the company around the stove, who snickered appreciatively. The green young man said, "Oh! I went up to the stove and spread out the palms of his hands. The storekeeper went on waiting on his other customer, and used up about fifteen minutes in doing so.

Then he stepped toward the green young man, who was still warming his hands at the stove, and said, brusquely: "Did you say you wanted to buy some sweet potatoes?" The young man turned slowly about and answered, "I—didn't—say—I wanted to buy—none; I jest—ast—ye—if ye keep 'em." He then warmed his hands a few minutes longer. Then he walked slowly out of the store, remarking as he went, "I—guess—I'll—go—down the street—an—buy—me—some—sweet potatoes!" The laugh around the stove was not at the expense of the greenhorn this time.—Youth's Companion.

Fortunes in Europe. The average of European fortunes is below that of England and this country. Prince Schwartzberg, the richest man in Austria, with 170 square miles of territory, was said to have left \$55,000,000 when he died a few years ago. There are now two or three noblemen in Germany who own over 100 square miles, but the largest German income is Herr Krupp's, of \$1,090,500, and the next, a little smaller, is the income of the Berlin Rothschild. The Orleans family is said to have a fortune of \$150,000,000. If the Orleans were poorer, the chance of seeing one of them on the throne would be better. The Duke of Galliera, a Franco-Italian railway magnate, left \$55,000,000 in France and \$15,000,000 in Italy in the past decade, and this is by far the largest personal fortune mentioned in Latin Europe. Ten years ago M. Leroy Beaulieu, a high authority, estimated that in Paris, with its 2,500,000 people, only 3,000 persons spent over \$10,000 a year. There are probably twice this number in New York.

Significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barks of life set sail and go onward into the darkness; and we asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unslipping vigilance watches over us, but it is the vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same in meaning. "Goodby" is only "God be with you." "Good night" is really "God night" or "God-guard the night." It would be a curious household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say "Good night."—Halifax Bazar.

Sweet Evening. "Mamma," said little Willie, "I don't like that Jesus boy. His voice at me awfully this afternoon. Oh, he said terrible things." "And you came right away and left him, didn't you, Willie dear?" "Yes, mamma; but I hit him with half a brick first."

HOW SOCIETY CAN LIE.

INSTANCES OF PREPARATION IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

What Gentle Women Sometimes say in the Way of Polite Society—Cases in Which Utrush is the Rule—The Society Man Also Lies Sometimes.

If it be true that the recording angel regards white lies, as very black ones, I cannot help wondering how he looks upon the average every day society lie which we all tell so glibly, with such an air of sincerity, and with such an inward pride in our performance.

Indeed I doubt if our education can be regarded as beyond the elementary stage from a society point of view until we have taken the degree of P. M. O. S. F.—Perfect Mistress of Society Fiction—and as soon as we are entitled to wear those letters, invisible but potent, after our names we may consider ourselves eligible or a position in the front rank of thoroughly agreeable, and polished men, or women of the world.

The society dame arrays herself in rich garments, and stepping into her carriage, sallies forth to make a round of calls, and as she tucks her cap case into her muff, she glances skyward, and murmurs piously "what a perfect day! Thank goodness everyone who has sent a reception day will be certain to be out."

And then she calls at the house of Mrs. T. Jefferson Ashburton, leaves a card with the trim maid who informs her almost too glibly that Mrs. Ashburton is out, murmurs regretfully "I am so sorry" and steps back into the carriage, with a devout sigh of "Well that's over how fortunate I was!"

While Mrs. T. Jefferson Ashburton, who is engaged watching her visitor from behind the sewing room curtains, exclaims cheerfully to her sister, who is spending the afternoon with her "How lucky it was that I told Maria to say I was out, I never could bear that woman, and she is such a talker that she would have kept me for at least half an hour, my dress could never have been fitted."

Nevertheless the next time these ladies meet they shake hands rapturously if they do not kiss each other, "I was so sorry to miss you the other day your visits are always such a treat and I see you so seldom lately!"

ward shudder; pokes the proud father in the ribs, and says "By Jove old man you ought to be the happiest fellow in the world" and then he goes forth into the wicked bachelor world of which he is an ornament, and confides in his particular friend that he would not change places with that poor devil Wilson for all he ever saw.

"A living death my boy! By George a living death, dancing around after that gaping wet mouthed kid of his, and staying home every evening with his wife. Thank fortune I never married!"

Oh yes, I think the angel whose business it is to take note of the ways of polite society in the "upper suckles" has a hard and a heavy task.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TWO WAYS OF TIPPING.

Britons Do It with a Grace that the Americans Cannot Imitate.

There is a great distinction between British "tipping" and American "tipping" in great Britain. Your true Briton "tips" with something like unconscious kindness.

We Americans who travel in Europe bestow our gratuities largely, loosely, loudly, as though we were either deifying criticism or resenting petty brigandage.

Quite as striking a difference will be found in the disposition of all British serving people in their acceptance of "tips" from Briton or foreigner. They often seem bullicious to us, because our manner arouses their antagonism or cupidity, or both.

I have seen the English side of this fact illustrated on countless occasions. Only recently while waiting for a London train at the great Rugby station, a handsome, portly, venerable gentleman alighted from the carriage of a train from Coventry.

A porter hastened to his assistance and conducted him to a comfortable seat near the door where I stood. Then he struggled with the luggage. There were altogether sixteen parcels. Four were huge leather hand-bags, each of the size and weight of a marketable Limerick pig.

They were all finally piled alongside the distinguished traveller. The latter's hand went into his pocket where there was apparently much coin, and surely, I thought, it will reappear with at least a shilling, possibly with a half crown. I could not help seeing it was only a ha'penny.

"I'm P. W. Y. es the Earl of— An' a werry fine man he ee is sir." "What an excellent courier he would make?" I could not help thinking and saying.

"Doan't know as to that, sir," replied the porter admiringly; "but ee's a werry fine man, sir, werry good un to ee's people."

—Edgar L. Wakeman.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A CHILD SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

An Extraordinary Experience by a St. John Family—Some Facts That Read Like a Page of Fiction—Particulars of a Story That Many Remember.

The following, from the St. John New Dominion, of May 1st, 1875, has been handed to PROGRESS with a request that it be republished. It will be found a readable story:

On the 27th June, 1855, a little girl two years of age, belonging to Andrew S. Condrad, living at 314 Orange street, in this city, was missed from the front door step, where she had been left by her mother, for a few moments, while engaged with some household duties within.

Returning to the door, after the lapse of not more than three minutes, the child was missing and nowhere to be found. As the shades of evening drew on apace, the anxiety of the parents became painfully intense.

The houses of friends and relatives were enquired at, but no tidings of the missing darling—the pet of the household. During the entire night the most diligent search was instituted by numerous friends of the family in every section of the city and suburbs, but without success.

On the 16th of November following the disappearance of the child, it will be remembered by very many, how that word was brought to the coroner that the mutilated body of a child had been discovered among Wilson's fishing wharves at Courtenay Bay.

Twenty years have passed away, and though the bleeding hearts of the bereaved parents have recovered from the wound inflicted by the melancholy and untimely death of Nettie, yet memory will steal back to those golden days, when the chirp prattle of the little lost one was as sweetest music to the ear, as she glided on tiny feet, from room to room, and chirped the ever dear name "mama."

On the register of the Victoria Hotel, April, 29th, 1875 (Thursday last), appeared the names "Martin Maniton and lady, and servant." Mr. Maniton is a tall, well proportioned gentleman, of swarthy complexion, betokening southern birth.

During the day Mr. Maniton made several mysterious enquiries of the clerks and waiters of the hotel, and of Sirriff Harding to whom he was introduced on the street by Mr. Edwards. We infer that these inquiries elicited the information of which he appeared to be in search; for, about 8 o'clock that evening, soon after the coaches drove up to the door of the humble residence of Mr. Condrad, and after letting out the occupants, a gentleman and lady, drove off.

After the visitors were seated, and the usual salutations regarding the weather, etc., were discussed, Mrs. Maniton began a change of conversation by enquiring of Mrs. Condrad regarding the loss of her little girl so many long years ago, whereupon the lady repeated for her edification the "old, old story" told so often, and with heavy heart.

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HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

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

BE SURE and send your parcels to Urean's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, M. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 80 to 79, Barington street. They will be done right, if done at.

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

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HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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LIST OF PRINCIPAL DISEASES... 1-Fevers, Congestive, Inflammations... 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... 3-Teething, Colds, Crying, Wakefulness... 4-Dyspepsia, of Children, Adults... 5-Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis... 6-Neuritis, Toothache, Faceache... 7-Headaches, Sick, Indigestive, Vertigo... 8-Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation... 9-Suppressed or Painful Periods... 10-Whitens, 100 Profuse Periods... 11-Croup, La Grippe, Hoarseness... 12-Scarlatina, Erysipelas, Eruptions... 13-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 14-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague... 15-Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head... 16-Whooping Cough... 17-Honey Sickness... 18-Nervous Debility... 19-Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed... HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL, The Sile Oil... Sold by Druggists, or sent postage free on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS, 144 pages, mailed free. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS, 111 & 113 WILSON ST., NEW YORK.



Many a home has been made pleasant, this week, by the exchange of Christmas Greetings.



Around many a Christmas fire, has gathered, the family party of perhaps three or four generations, to live over again the happy events of five, ten, or twenty Christmases.

Many otherwise happy homes have been made still happier from the fact that the family washing was sent to Ungar's from whence it will return today in better shape than it has been since purchased.

TRY the experiment next week—New Year's—yourself. Telephone 58.

BE SURE and send your parcels to Urean's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, M. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 80 to 79, Barington street. They will be done right, if done at.

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Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

WHERE A... Suitable anecdote place than in ser... carry a happily in... him from church... reference to the... fitted, who might... a single word of... Of all sermon... least stands in... his sermons are... selves—scenes, so... a central idea, t... gorgeous epicy... splendid and ma... sermons and dev... with fables and st... and fabled or ap... on the whole, a... apologue to whic... never recur with... Jeremy Taylor. "When Abrah... according to his... tain visitors, he... and learning on... The old man told... hundred years of... kindly, washed his... caused him to sit... the old man ate... for a blessing on... why he did not w... The old man told... the fire only, and... God; at which an... zealously angry... out of his tent, and... evils of the night... tion. When the... called to Abraham... the stranger was... him away because... God answered his... these hundred year... ed Me, and could... one night when he... Upon this (satir... fetched him back... entertainment and... thou and do like... be rewarded by the... No unworthy pe... of Moses and the... in an essay contri... had to the New... "Our wise ancestor... was attending Je... erness a lamb str... es endeavored to... much faster than... fountain, where it... a draught of water... creature," said Mo... didst run away. H... on my shoulders w... to the fountain to... come, little innoc... ignorance. Thou... alter so long a jour... farther." He imme... creature into his ar... to the flock; the... Mercies. He who... drops of pity and... heart, approved of... ly voice was heard... nevolent Moses! I... excite thy compass... the children of men... for thine own beth... though salt be shep... and then teach them... Lord is good to all... are over all His wo... Before passing to... should be quoted as... very happy use of... writings, his illustr... and defiant, and... quality of grim hum... mons he speaks of... enlightened on spirit... obstinately their own... "It is recorded,"... that upon a visit... Paradise he had an... to conduct him upw... winged horses, and... he refused them all... heaven upon nothing... clination of Mahom... tor, "as singular as... taken up by a gre... Christians." Here i... ity:—"An old mis... daw, that used to... and hide them in... observing, asked, "w... those round shining... make no use of?"... my master has a... makes no more use... has a table of a was... in it, which hardly... wishes to convey bet... and hatred of his spe... a wisp of reaping... honey, that was hun... thus! "Why thou... mad to go into the... many hundreds of yo... you?" The reproach... wisp, but not from... folly that you will... your own. If after... into this vital, and... should then but resen... The Sabbath... In a work entitled... Christ; its condition... by the Rt. Rev. T. I... Manchester, is show... ul revolution was br... teaching in regard to... According to the te... the collection of Jewi...

SUNDAY READING

WHERE ANECDOTES TELL.

Some instances of Their Effect When Used in Sermons.

Suitable anecdote is never in better place than in sermons. Many a man will carry a happily introduced story away with him from church, and moralise it with reference to the discourse into which it is fitted, who might not otherwise remember a single word of the preacher's counsel.

Of all sermon-writers Jeremy Taylor least stands in need of such settings, for his sermons are perfect pictures in themselves—scenes, so to speak, containing a central idea, to whose illumination a gorgeous fancy contributes a thousand splendid and magnificent hues.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain visitors, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven.

Before passing to recent authors, Swift should be quoted as a writer who has made very happy use of anecdote; but, like his writings, his illustrations are usually fierce and defiant, and rarely wanting a certain quality of grim humor.

The color for Monday and Wednesday, the octaves of St. Stephen and the Holy Innocents, respectively, is red, with two lights.

In a work entitled "The teaching of Christ; its condition, secret and results," by the Rev. F. J. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, is shown how mighty a spiritual revolution was brought about by Christ's teaching in regard to the Sabbath.

planations of scripture, the Sabbath was kept with the most rigid strictness. As it was necessary to avoid any approach to a breach of the law, the question was discussed what a man might do on the evening before the Sabbath. The principle established was that he might begin no work or that evening which could not be finished before the Sabbath began, and the application of this principle was pushed into details so minute as to be ridiculous.

The fear of God turns other fears out of doors; there is no room for them where this great fear is; and being greater than all, yet it disturbs not as they do; yea, it brings all much quiet as they brought trouble.—Leighton.

Evils cannot be removed unless they appear. All evil which does not appear kindles itself, and is like fire in wood under ashes, or like corruption in an unopened wound. Hence every one should carefully explore himself, and, when he discovers them, shun and combat them, imploring the help of the Lord.—Swedenborg.

When the average human mind becomes imbued with a ruling consciousness that God is love, and that He is our life, that He is not a distant, but an ever-present God, then sin, selfishness, and even bodily infirmities, which hold the world in bondage, will be overcome.

In the late Church Congress at Folkestone, England, one of the clergymen said that the clergy could only fully understand the wants of the working classes by living among them, living as they did, eating the same food, and surrounded by the same influences.

A remarkable and interesting New York missionary is Yevovskak. He is a Russ, a Hebrew-Christian. He was driven away from his kindred, stripped of his property, even of his wardrobe, forced away from his wife and children by his own people, because he had found and believed the great truth that Jesus is the Messiah.

During the last ten years, Ernest Jackson of the American Bible Society, New York, has distributed over a million bibles, chiefly among immigrants arriving at this port.

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NEWS AND NOTABILLA.

The Episcopal Church of the United States has 72 bishops, 8,865 ministers, and 649,250 church members.

The original manuscript of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is said to be in the possession of a family named Bates, living in Lawrence county, Ill.

Mrs. Charles, whose Schonberg-Cotta family has chafed much, and will keep on charming for generations to come, is living in the vicinity of London.

Solemn high mass was celebrated Christmas day at the church of the Redeemer, at Park avenue on eighty-second street, New York, for the first time in its history.

In the belfry of the Unitarian church at Plymouth, Mass., which was burned to the ground a few nights ago, a bell cast by Paul Revere in 1801 and which rang the curfew for many years, was destroyed.

The directors of the Canada Revue, which was banned by Archbishop Fabre for its attacks on Catholic clergy, have determined to take proceedings in civil courts against the Archbishop and ecclesiastical authorities for damages.

Tennyson and a friend were walking in his garden when his friend asked him what he thought of Christ. The poet walked on without reply until they came to a beautiful flower, when he said: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul."

Bishop Hurst says the ninety-two acres bought in Washington for a site for the proposed Methodist University have increased in value until they are worth half a million. He reports also that subscriptions to the ten million dollar fund continue to come in.

Dr. Pentecost, the American preacher, who is to succeed the late Dr. Donald Fraser as minister of Marylebone Presbyterian church, is to be paid £1,500 per year by the congregation, who have also agreed to provide him with a good house, of which they will pay the rent and taxes.

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Prayer Without Effort

At a school near London, one of the pupils was remarked for repeating her lessons well; a schoolfellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other: "then I'll pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task.

Adam's Footprint. Mount Samanala, or Adam's Peak one of the highest mountains on the island of Ceylon, is the scene of a remarkable geological formation and the spot around which many curious legends and superstitions cluster.

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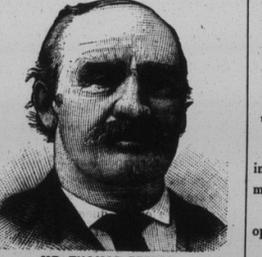
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STYLES OF THE SEASON.

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS PERTAINING TO CHRISTMAS.

Pretty Bodies to Engage the Attention of Fair Readers—For as it is found in New Forms—Seal the Favorite—Evening Gowns Again.

Surely, we wouldn't think of fashions at such a time as this. Why, it's Christmas, the time we forget ourselves and think of others! We haven't any time to bother with styles and petty differences of fashion and trifling advance on the mode of a month ago.

No? Well, then let me tell you of what a thoughtful parent has purchased for his pretty daughter. That will interest you, I know. It is one of the daintiest bodies you ever saw, and she is going to wear it tonight at the family gathering—just to

of white chiffon across the pointed bodice and a high crush belt of the brocade. But there's another subject we may discuss even in Christmastic, and that is fur. It's a warm, comfortable subject, and seems to suit the glowing fire and family gathering, particularly the most comfortable and popular form of it—seal. Seal still reigns queen of all furs; no other has conquered it, although its overthrow has often been prophesied and threatened.

But though it is still supreme it has assumed a new guise. We see it no longer in severity of form, in straight, plain garment almost devoid of shape. It has dropped the old conservatism and taken unto itself many new notions. We see it now plaited and gathered in many fanciful ways, in long Watteau folds, in gathered capes, in short plaited collars, and the effect is not so ungraceful as one might suppose.



EXQUISITE EVENING BODICES.

please him, you know. It is a Josephine bodice, made of peau de soie, in a deep rich red draped softly across the front with rose-colored mousseline de soie, caught up by a big cameo. Then there is a very high belt of the same cameos, and one catching up each short sleeve puff of the mousseline. Her hair is so very dark and her skin so purely olive that she is delighted with the thought of the result.

Now, have I succeeded in getting you interested, and can I not persuade you to listen for a little space while I discourse upon several more bodies almost as pretty as the one this favorite daughter will wear? Hearken, then, to this description of one of mauve velvet, close-fitting and with a bolero formed above by gold and mauve embroidery, from which falls a deep flounce of lace, long in the front, gradually shortening over the hips and at the back until it is caught up with a chow of ribbon and long streamers. In the front, also, there

for the fur easily adapts itself to the change and appears none the worse for it, either. It looks prettiest, perhaps, in the long military cape falling free from the collar, edged with other fur, generally Russian sable; or, perhaps, with a close row of Russian sable tails laid around on the seal, not hanging below it.

In the short fur garments—the little capes and the Eton and Bolero jackets—however, other fur is just as popular. One always finds the mink, and there are also the gray krimmer, the Persian lamb or the moire Persian. Of course, the military cape is the latest, and often forms the only outer garment, even on cold days. But it is very deceptive, and while it looks warm and protecting, hanging far below the hips, the wind has a quiet way of working up under it and sending little chills through the person who was rash enough to come out so fine.

Much more sensible are the small sleeve-



EVENING GOWNS AND A FUR-LINED CAPE.

are chow where the lace and embroidery join. The short sleeves are full lace flounces falling beneath embroidered epaulettes. Another one with loosely falling lace effect is of serpent-green silk, shot with roses. The low cut corsage is bordered with pink feather trimming shading off into green, and from this the lace flouncing falls. This time it is at the back that the lace hangs long into a deep slender point. Batterflies of lace are poised on the shoulders.

Two more are there—one of pink bengaline, the other of yellow brocade. The bengaline has a dull pink feather trimming and steel passementerie bands for adornment; the yellow brocade has a flouncing

less fur jackets over the cloth coats. These are Eton, generally, of round cut, reaching to the waist line, or Bolero, still shorter. But possibly we're disposed to be more economical and deny ourselves one of the beautiful fur garments which cost anywhere from \$100 to \$1,000, or even more, for one can easily pay \$1,500 for a coat in that most expensive of fur, Russian sable. And if we are disposed to practice economy we shall content ourselves with fur in trimming only, either on dress, cloak or hat. For dresses, the narrower it is the better, when it appears in bands. For girdles it may be broader, and for sleeves it is allowed to be broader. A cloth dress looks very handsome with such an addition of fur, and possibly a sleeveless jacket as well.

Then there are the fur collars, running down into a long point in front, even as far

as the belt; or the high rolling collars, with short plaited flounces added; or the head and tail boss. These last appear very modern, and yes, I saw one the other day of Russian sable make.

Muffs are a little higher this year, and the round ones are still popular. One sees plenty of the flat, fancy ones in velvet and fur, but there is no present danger of their taking the round mull's place. The most conspicuous muff is the one that has a tiny spring concealed at the top, which flies open when pressed and reveals a deep satin-lined pocket so handy to hold handkerchiefs, purse, card case, and a dozen other things women must carry with them, pocket or no pocket.

But the fur has another vocation. It is sometimes content to hide itself beneath beautiful brocade or pale-colored cloth evening cloaks. The white Mongolian is often found here, and only peeps out a little way at the edge. That's the way I saw it in a beautiful military cape, worn by a most magnificent woman, tall and queenly, with wonderful black hair. The cape was of black velvet, full three-quarter length, and lined and bordered down the front with pure white ermine. The lower edge was bordered with wide white passementerie. It looked more startling, possibly, because it fell over a white satin gown that had a black velvet bodice. The bodice was close fitting and low cut, and narrowed off at the sides into straight bands that fell over the skirt almost to the feet. The white fringe, that edged them brought the trimming down to the bottom of the dress, the fringe falling over white chiffon cascades that were looped on the skirt beneath.

The regal woman talked to another, but the second was more simply gowned. Her toilet cost no less, I feel sure; it only appeared simpler, less ostentatious, because it was pure Empire, in pure gold, with gold embroideries; and over, a lovely lace drapery in white, embroidered in innumerable pale colors, hung loosely, back and front, draped just enough to make it fall softly. The girl looked beautiful; she, too, was dark and the veil floated away from the gold beneath whenever a tiny breeze came in from the open window where the two stood.

As I looked the other day through a most fashionable establishment, I wondered what the crowd of women at the end were doing. There seemed to be more ex-



IN SEAL AND RUSSIAN SABLE. The appointment than was usual in the great place. So I pushed my way through, and discovered that they were buying, as fast as they could, dress lengths of the loveliest fine French cambric, in dainty colors. It didn't matter that the day was a bitterly cold one; all that the women knew then was that those goods were to be had at a wonderful bargain, and that this was the time to get them.

And after watching them for some time, listening while they discussed the designs that would probably be fashionable next summer, I felt so interested and so sympathetic that I bought one myself. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

NEW THINGS IN JEWELRY.

Some Late Parisian Ideas of Unusual Brilliance of Design.

Hollow wares in silver for table use are made in an onion or gourd shape and rest on fowl claws or projecting pieces of celery, says the Paris correspondent of the Jeweler's Circular.

The are appropriately adorned with vegetables or fowl for the dinner service and with fruits for the dessert service.

A vegetable dish is decorated in three different ways. In the first instance the body of the dish is divided into several panels of a regular or irregular shape, as the general outlines may allow; and on the panels, hollowed by the aquafortis process, come out chased trophies formed of celery, carrots, turnips, onions, beans, etc.

In the second instance, the bowl of the dish is adorned with chased vegetables gracefully arranged from the base upward, or gathered into a garland circling the piece. The cover is decorated in the same style.

In the third instance, the body of the dish exhibits scenes showing plump and chubby infants carrying or playing with vegetables. On the cover stands a goddess of vegetables so to speak.

This appetizing female is crowned with cabbage leaves arranged in a denticulated helmet. She wears a very light garment, consisting of potato leaves and similar foliage, tied with bean and pea stalks, and she holds a branch of celery as a scepter.

In the field of jewelry, flowers are quite seasonable, and though in point of shape they resemble natural flowers as nearly as possible, they admit of an unlimited fancy as regards arrangement and colors.

It is an artistic jeweler decides that it shall be so, poppies are made of a dazzling whiteness, and daisies of a glowing red, etc.

A pretty train is formed of diamond roses with green enamelled gold leaves and a green gold stalk with yellow thorns. A dainty bracelet is a wreath of diamond flowers, with green leaves dividing the flowers crosswise.

Drooping convolvuli made of brilliants are tastefully arranged on the side of the hair, the green color of the leaves setting off the sparkling flowers and vice versa.

Bonnets exhibiting a large velvet bow-knot in front show on each side of the knot, half buried between the tucked-up ends, a rosebud formed of finely faceted diamond

or straps, partly sunk in a notched green cup. Bracelets with a watch on the clasp are still fashionable. They are chiefly worn at afternoon concerts or parties. One of the most original watches so placed reproduces an open eye in enamelled gold, the dial being the pupil of the eye.

Large turquoise flatly set are introduced into elaborate necklaces, forming in front a fancy network made of diamonds. A turquoise occupies the centre of each open space; the milky blue stone is surrounded with diamonds of brilliant; turquoise may be replaced by aquamarines with faintly marked facets.

An elegant piece of jewelry to be worn slightly on the side of a low-necked bodice is a nuttree branch. Nutshells are half broken, so that the fruit, a pink or white pearl, is seen framed by a leafy wrapper consisting of brilliant. The stalk is made of green gold, and the leaves are in green enamel, closely powdered with diamond dust.

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In the TYPEWRITER WE HAVE AN INSTRUMENT AT ONCE CONVENIENT AND AVAILABLE in the schoolroom, and nearly approaching the printer's case in usefulness as an aid in what I may call the constructive use of languages." MARSHALL F. HILL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H.

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Teach your Children to Spell, Punctuate and Compose. They do not properly learn these arts at school, because the methods in vogue there excite no real interest in the subject. Mere memory stuffing will not do. Object lessons alone are successful. For the lack of them bad spelling and worse punctuation are universal. Hence obscure writing, involving loss of time, temper and money. Adults may be incorrigible, but they can easily put the children on the right road. Do you ask how a man who is deficient is to teach others? A Suggestion from the Old Granite State. "I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and formation of sentences. The necessity imposed upon the compositor to carefully construct words and sentences, letter by letter, according to correct copy (or in case of poor manuscript, to exercise his own knowledge of language), and afterwards to correct his own errors in the type from the proof-sheet, constitutes an admirable drill, to be had only at the printer's case. In the TYPEWRITER WE HAVE AN INSTRUMENT AT ONCE CONVENIENT AND AVAILABLE in the schoolroom, and nearly approaching the printer's case in usefulness as an aid in what I may call the constructive use of languages." MARSHALL F. HILL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H. Mr. Hill has solved the problem. To be an instructor in the use of the English language, at home and at school, is one of the great functions of the typewriter. And among all the instruments now extant the New Yost Writing Machine is conspicuous for its complete adaptation to the purpose. The following are some of the points in which it is superior to its competitors:—CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL PRINT DIRECT FROM THE TYPE; wonderful center-guide alignment; keyboard containing every needed letter and character in open sight; no shift keys; automatic inking system—no ink ribbons; solid and scientific construction; ease of operation. A New Yost in a home will prove itself one of the most entertaining of educators. We send free an interesting descriptive catalogue on request. Address— IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. Can be seen at Knowles' Bookstore, FRANK B. CARTER, Agent for Halifax. Second-hand Remington's, Calligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale Cheap.

"ASTRA" Correspondent's report on the... B. L. VAN I do not know... whether this is a... I only use the... welcome guest... you look for it... always a week... I am not surpris... gossip old time... home, it brings... No, it is not at... she is engaged if... not think I would... you suggest, but... firmly that as I... to accept any in... gentlemen. If... against that—well... and let them sett... macy between th... all about him, an... have shown him... him feel that he... little return, she... the box of candy... greater value. (I... is always correct... question), and ve... it is needless to... glad to hear again... of the Golden We... write. SALT, St. John... think he is a mean... ashamed of himsel... youth that wicked... sinful—have he... Paris left poor (E... half as nice, or as... that matter. He... he deserves to be... have anything mor... he asks you why, t... his mind, choose v... "stick" to her. child, but I don't... BUTTERFLY, St... not deserve the st... should speak to him... know any better... think, just about... gum chewing, and... Suppose the next t... him with. "A stro... best Canadian im... can assume, curl y... much you know be... coming, and gaze... the one which you... bacco, log disgust... indignant and if he... I am sure that will... see. Write again... glad to hear from y... BUD, St. John—... that I have not hea... dances are a little... have been so busy... heard very little of... rather an odd idea... lightful one for tho... have not yet bloss... roses. Who gives t... is it to be held? P... long now, that I ha... coming "out" afresh... invitation to the dan... a grand opportunity... make a second entr... fashion and be on... debutante! Are you... hope you will have... girl should come out... that is the usual ag... enter society. Danc... asks you until, you... a certain sense the h... heroine of the evenin... must not monopolize... your own house and... your guests are sittin... her own coming out... many of the obligati... upon her later on, she... herself than she will... subsequent parties giv... will have to think al... guests enjoyment inste... it is far better for h... tion amongst the gen... to allow herself to b... or three. Of course... this advice applies to... own house for the pur... you into society, but... will answer equally we... nothing can be in wor... for a whole evening... partners, and thereby... not only conspicuous... for ridicule. STAR, St. John—So... and probably some... star too, just as I am... the practical Geoff ne... romantic manner. Ye... letter very well, but... and it was very foolish... mother was right, mo... particular about their... when they are so you... judge from the letter I... would not be a particu... panion for anyone. I... they were silly, if there... I thought there was but... you do not lose anyth... the other. Thank you.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The first Sunday paper appeared in London in 1788.

Processes for printing colored calicoes were invented in 1764.

Rum is made from the refuse of sugar. The best comes from the West Indies.

There are 782 government offices vacant in Italy and 40,000 applicants for them.

The United States maintains lights on 9,359 miles of coast and river navigation.

A pair of George Washington's breeches were lately sold at auction in Philadelphia for \$340.

The French war office has provided for the enrollment of between 6,000 and 7,000 bicyclists in France.

One hundred and sixty-five Confederate army generals yet survive. Twenty-nine have died this year.

The Egyptians and the Phœnicians are joint claimants for the honor of the invention of water craft.

There are seventy-two places called St. Etienne in France and thirty towns called Washington in America.

Only eight of the 69,000 Frenchmen who fought under Napoleon at Waterloo are now alive and in France.

Men attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever or influenza.

The original sea water placed in the aquarium at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, in 1854 is still used.

Both Greek and Roman ladies painted their faces, for white using white lead, for red the juice of an unknown herb.

The value of the honey and wax produced in the United States during the past year has been estimated at 20,000,000.

A very extensive industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the number of 30,000,000 annually.

Of the whole length of the Suez Canal, 68 miles are cuttings, 14 were made by dredging through the lakes and 8 miles required no labor.

According to the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission a railway passenger stands one chance in 10,823,153 to be killed while travelling.

The Swiss "wine of blood" is so called from the battle of Birs, fought on the vineyard; 1,600 Swiss opposed 30,000 French and were all killed but sixteen.

An inmate of an Armenian convent has recently died after being there ninety-eight years without once going outside the convent walls. Her recorded age was 115 years.

The profits of the Paris Post Office, which last year amounted to \$10,000,000, have moved the post office clerks to consider what steps they should take for getting their salaries raised.

A man in Maine has found a petition to Parliament written in 1643. It is written in ink on handsome paper, and the brass pin stuck into the paper is, doubtless, older than the petition.

The proposed underground electric railway in London, if sanctioned, will be sixteen feet under the Thames, sixty-eight feet beneath Regent's Park and eighty-five feet below Oxford street.

Stenography was first used in the French Parliament about the year 1830, and one of the few official stenographers of that period still surviving is M. Lagache, who is now a Senator of France.

In 1600 Elizabeth's robe according to the official list, contained 99 robes, 102 French gowns, 67 round gowns, 100 loose gowns, 126 kirtles, 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 96 cloaks 31 safeguards, 43 lipons, 85 doublets, 18 lap mantles, 9 pantioles and 27 fans.

The patentee of rubber tips for lead pencils realized two hundred thousand dollars for his invention; metal plates to protect shoe heels brought the inventor two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the roller-skate patentee received over one million dollars for his genius.

The origin of the word exchequer dates from the reign of Henry the First of England, over 800 years ago. His court, in its capacity as a financial body, took the name of Court of Exchequer from the chequered table, much like a chess board, at which it sat and over which accounts were rendered.

A table composed of pieces of wood from the yoke of which the Liberty Bell hung, from the house in which the first American flag was made, from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, from the old ship Constitution, and from a pillar in Independence hall, may be seen at Chicago next year.

One of the attractions at an industrial exhibition recently held in Metz was the chaise in which Napoleon travelled from Paris to Moscow in 1812. It was bequeathed to Baron de Hunolstein, who sold it to a man in Metz upon the consideration that it should never be considered as an article of commerce.

In the peninsula of Abcheron, formerly belonging to Persia, but now a part of Russia, there is a perpetual, or rather what the natives call an eternal sacred fire, which is known to have been burning continually for more than 2,000 years. It rises from an irregular orifice of about twelve feet in depth and 120 feet square. The flames which are constant, rise to a height of from 6 to 8 feet, unaccompanied with smoke or disagreeable smell, waving back and forth with the wind like a field of golden grain.

A curious phenomenon occurs in "Dark-est Africa" where runs a small water course which the chemistry of nature has turned into a stream of real ink. The formation is obtained by the union of two small rivulets, of which one is strongly impregnated

with iron to a high percentage, while the second brook, percolating through a peat marsh, absorbs gallic acid. Nature knows no waste—nor man either, when he is pressed to it—hence letters are comfortably written with this singular ink of Mother earth.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"What kind of a life does Miggs lead?" Dalton—He doesn't lead any kind; he is married.

Teacher—What is a citizen? Voice from the rear—Please, mum, it's a policeman with his clothes off.

Dashaway—What do you think of my new pepper and salt suit? Jagway—It makes me thirsty to look at it.

She—Am I older than you think I am, or younger? He—Well, you look older than I think you are, but you are older than you look.

She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age? He—Well, I should say so. He was hunched three times after he was seventy.

Bunker—Nice hat of yours.—Hill.—Yes. That hat cost me \$8. Bunker—I thought you won it on the election. Hill—Did I bet with my wife.

Jack—I may be a little previous, but I came to ask you to be my wife.—Jessie—Hush; the previous question is never debatable; I vote aye.

It was a Connecticut girl who married a telegraph operator, "so that when he died it wouldn't cost anything to telegraph the news to her uncle's folks in Ohio."

"Ward is engaged to Mamie Eccles." "Why, he has only known her a week." "He invited her to go to the theatre last evening, and she didn't keep him waiting."

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

"Hello, Dinwiddie!" exclaimed Shingiss, when the two met on Fifth avenue. "I haven't seen you in an age. What do you do for a living now?" "I breathe," replied Dinwiddie, languidly.

The voice from the telephone—Is this Mr. Titters? Titters—Yes; who are you?—The voice from the telephone (sweetly)—Your fiancée, love. Titters—Er—can't you be a little more explicit?

"I want to rise promptly at five in the morning," said Taddells to his wife. "Then I'll give you a spoonful of powder I have in the kitchen." "What kind of powder is it?" "Baking powder."

"I should think the police would not have any trouble in arresting the pugilists at a prize fight." "Why, what makes you think so?" "Because, you see, they are already roped in."

"Miss De Trop had on the longest gloves last night that I ever saw. She buttoned them from her wrist to her elbow."

"That's nothing. My girl buttons hers all the way from home to the theatre."

Husband—Will you go to the theatre with me to-night, Mary? Wife—Thank you; no. H.—Why not? W.—You know very well that I haven't a theatre hat. All my hats are little low crowned things.

Mrs. Hicks—Why, Mrs. Dix, how pale you look! Mrs. Dix—Yes, I've been having lots of trouble lately with a boil. Mrs. Hicks—I'm so sorry! Was it on your neck? Mrs. Dix—No, it was on my husband.

Hicks—"Your wife, of course, is a lover of the beautiful." Wicks—"Generally speaking, yes; but she doesn't particularly care for the women I consider beautiful. At least, I gather as much from her conversation."

Mistress—Did you tell those ladies I was out Bridget? Bridget—Yis, mum. "Did they say anything?" "Yis, one of them said to the other, 'I didn't astrapose we wud find her in.' She's on the strapes most av the toime."

City niece—Uncle, there is the most beautiful transformation scene at the end of the last act; you must wait for the close. Uncle from the country—Editha, I've waited pretty nigh an hour and hain't seen noth'ing worth speakin' of yet.

Romance vs. Reality. He—"Miss Hyson—Margaretta, I may call you Margaretta, mayn't I? Margaretta! That name so full of love and romance! So—" Female voice from above—"Mag! You M-a-s-g! Tell that young man that it is time to go."

In a company of novel writers the conversation turned upon Z—, a brother novelist. "A very decent fellow," said one of the party. "I never heard him say a bad word about any one." "Parbleu!" replied Z—"He never talks about anybody but himself."

A—Have you ever noticed how few pickpockets are arrested in winter? B—Well, there is nothing strange about that. Their season does not open until May. In this climate the weather is so cold people don't take their hands out of their pockets before May.

"Say, didn't you tell me when you sold me that dog that he was a bird dog?" "Yes, that's what I said." "Well, you swindled me. That dog won't hunt." "I didn't say he would hunt. He's a bird dog." "Cook the birds for him. That's the way he likes them best."

A clerk in the employ of the East India Company once penned the following lines to his official superior—"Honored sir, I humbly beg you will excuse my non-attendance at office this date, cause I got a boil as per margin." In the margin of the letter a sketch of the boil was drawn out, and the writer went on to say, "The breadth of paper being short, I have planned the boil small, but it is double the size."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mr. Gladstone has decided not to appoint any successor to Tennyson as poet laureate.

The Kaiser has taken to smoking the long stemmed clay pipes known as "church warden."

Boston people are fond of saying that Parkman, the historian, is the handsomest literary man in America.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has probably over a score of pictures of her husband—paintings, photographs and crayons.

The Emperor William has ordered a model of the church erected in memory of the Empress Augusta to be sent to the Chicago exhibition.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge suffers the usual penalty of being famous. She receives about eight letters daily requesting autographs or sketches of her life.

James Payn, the noted novelist and editor, is probably the worst writer in the British kingdom. A letter from him is nothing more than an interesting study in hieroglyphics.

In the almost lost art of letter writing Octave Thuret especially excels. She is called the witless letter writer among women who really are wise in French, and she lives in Davenport, Ia.

The proposal is seriously made that the head of Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers of the World's Fair, should adorn the silver dollars to be coined during the Exposition year.

Le Caron is so well pleased with the success of his book, "The Reminiscences of a Spy," for the manuscript of which he received \$5,000, that he proposes to start a weekly political paper in London.

Captain Iline, whose death has just been reported from Russia, commanded "the terrible battery" which made such havoc at Sebastopol. Tostoi has immortalized this battery in his work on the operations in that siege.

Capt. Revard, who for many years has been studying aerial navigation, has raised his probably Mrs. Eva Wilder McGlasson, who is still nearer 20 than 25, and who has written a remarkable story called "An Earthly Paragon."

The youngest woman who ever came out of the West and won fame in the East is probably Mrs. Eva Wilder McGlasson, who is still nearer 20 than 25, and who has written a remarkable story called "An Earthly Paragon."

Swinburne and Morris are said to be out of the race for the poet laureateship, on account of political views. Lewis Morris is the favorite of the Prince of Wales, while Sir Theodore Martin is said to be the personal choice of the Queen.

Mrs. J. W. Delano of San Francisco still preserved a piece of the blood stained white silk dress worn by Laura Keane on the night of President Lincoln's assassination. The actress assisted in caring for the wounded man until help could be summoned.

Elizabeth Taylor started alone from Winnipeg last summer, made the trips alone as far as the most northern posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and stands on record as the first woman explorer to venture into the Polar regions on her own account.

An excited correspondence, inspired by the liquor party, has been going on in a Bristol, Eng., paper, showing that Lady Henry Somerset, the advocate of temperance, and friend of Miss Frances Willard, is herself the owner of no fewer than fourteen public houses, the profits of which she receives.

Oliver Wendell Holmes suffers somewhat from asthma, and it is noticeable in his voice, but otherwise he seems to be in excellent health. He is a great walker, and is often seen in Beacon street, in Boston, taking his "constitutional." He always wears a nicely polished silk hat and carries a large cane.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson's death draws attention to two facts. Her unmarried daughter's beautiful devotion to her blind parent; these many years, and the undisturbed condition of Mr. Emerson's study since his death. In fact, the whole house and its furnishings have undergone little change in a decade.

Among the foremost realistic novelists of Spain is Senora Emilia Pardo Bazan, who not only writes powerful fiction, but is distinguished for her erudition and scholarship. Her life of St. Francis of Assisi has received the approbation of the Pope, as well as the Cardinals of her own country, and she also speaks before the Academy.

Ex-Gov. John P. St. John writes the following to a Kansas newspaper:—"In the midst of all that is being published against Jay Gould, please allow me space to say that in 1880, when settlers in western Kansas were penniless and threatened with starvation, I wrote to this much-abused man about it. He promptly sent me \$5,000, which was invested in bread and meat for their relief."

The Empress Frederick of Germany has celebrated her fifty-second birthday, for she was born at Buckingham Palace on November 21, 1840. During the years since her husband's death she has been busy giving in marriage. Three of her daughters have married during that period. After the wedding of Princess Margaret there will be no more weddings in the Prussian Royal Family for many years. Princess Margaret is the only one of her daughters who will live near the Empress—the Schloss Rumpelheim, which is to be her bridal home, being not far from the Empress's Schloss of Friedrichshof on the Kronberg.

Huldah Friedrichs has the honor of being the first lady taken on the regular staff of a London paper. Although of German nationality, she can both write and speak English fluently, and knows both Russian and French sufficiently well to act as special correspondent in St. Petersburg or Paris at need. Miss Friedrichs joined the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette when Mr. Stead was its editor, and has been a valued member ever since, leading quite as busy a life as any of her male colleagues. It was she who introduced Sister Rosa Gertrude to the public. She also acted as special correspondent to Heligoland when the island was given over to Germany, and was at Berlin at the time of Prince Bismarck's resignation.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—J. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the prostrations frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking confidently recommended this medicine,"—Francis Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

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And will be pleased to forward the same to any address on application.

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OVERWORKED BRAINS.

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St. John, N. B., Aug. 18, 1892.

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OVERCOATING, SUITINGS AND T

BLINDED MISS BAXTER

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of the heavy linen, the opalescent glare of glass ware and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile, the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful scenes of the evening before came surging back.

She left half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring—his ring—while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining car breakfasts were not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well known features gradually took definite shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however rigidly she shut her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after—after last night?" Miss Baxter asked, with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson; you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—read the time table backwards—hence the clothes. But now, see here, small girl," Woodson went on with great deliberateness, shaking out of his napkin into his lap, and gazing into the blurred, blue depth of Miss Baxter's glasses. "See here, now, do you suppose just because a girl jilts me—"

Miss Baxter here interposed a deprecating gesture—"yes, I repeat it. Do you suppose, just because a girl jilts me, and I have reason to believe is going to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York uninhabitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamchatka or wherever it is you are going. Now, what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good plan to continue my outdoor work."

"Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now—and stay."

"But I forbid you doing any such foolish thing."

"To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time—of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it before."

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me that I might go into sheep or cattle or something like that."

"At Manitou?"

"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow."

"Harry, you're a trifle."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow—if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one she was making a sad mess of.

that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had proceeded them, smoked a trifle faster than usual and grunted out now and then, "Put in your loore pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of luminists. Woodson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business—a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top-boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely, and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch—to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming!" Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance, over the mesa. They set out for it the next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that."

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes, in truly artistic intentness.

"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painful muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed petulantly, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked, with serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and purple.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he—well he sees things that way because some fellows over there in Paris do, but I don't believe in it. There, now I've said it, come."

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed.

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!" Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half dry creek. "But some one ought to have told. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's 40, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute!"

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up he started toward the creek.

When he got there he could see no signs of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket, and

he came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called. "Why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began groping about and feeling aimlessly with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him.

"Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl; you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed tightly around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses!" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Contess, now you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eyes."

But still she held back at arm's length really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead: "You'll get my glasses if I promise?"

He nodded. Suddenly throwing her arm around his neck she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added seriously. "But—this needn't interfere, need it?"

"Interfere! Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into paint."

G. Melville Upton.

GOOD COFFEE AND TEA.

Some Plain Directions by Which Both May Be Secured. Emma P. Ewing tells the readers of the N. Y. Press how to make good tea and coffee. She says: If a pot with a cloth bag or strainer be used, it is only necessary to place the bag in the pot, put the desired quantity of finely ground coffee in the bag, pour over it the proper quantity of boiling water, cover the pot closely and let stand till the water has slowly trickled through the bag. The pot should be heated with boiling water, which should be emptied from it before the bag is put in place, and in pouring the water over the coffee it should be poured slowly and around the bag, so as to saturate all the coffee thoroughly and extract the strength from it. I have used one of these pots and sacks for several years, and should be emphatic in recommending this method of making coffee to any other.

But as delicious coffee as one need care to drink can be made in a common tin pot in this manner: Mix the ground coffee with the white of an egg and a little cold water, stirring them well together; then pour in one-third of the amount of cold water wanted and set the pot on the stove where it will heat up gradually. As soon as the water begins to boil add another third of cold water, and when it again reaches the boiling point add the balance of the cold water. After the entire quantity of cold water has been added let it again come to the boiling point, then remove the pot from the stove and let stand for a few minutes to settle. It will settle quickly if a little cold water is dashed into the pot before removing it from the stove. Boiling water can be used instead of cold water in making coffee by this method; but cold water makes a stronger infusion than the stove method, and the strength of the coffee is carried off in steam or lost by evaporation when steeped in cold water, and the aroma appears to be extracted better by cold than by hot water.

There are so many varieties of coffee and such a difference in tastes that it is useless to offer any opinion as to the special variety to select, and the same holds true as to the quantity of coffee to be used in making the beverage. There is such a diversity of opinion on these points that perhaps the taste of the drinker is the best guide. Some authorities recommend three, some two, and some one and a half table-spoonfuls of ground coffee to each pint of water used. Personally I prefer a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha, and use two table-spoonfuls or about an ounce of ground coffee to each pint of water, and think this makes coffee that suits the average taste. If coffee be made strong it is easily weakened by the addition of water or milk; but if it be made weak it is rather difficult to strengthen it. To make it too strong is therefore safer than to make it too weak.

Tea should always be made with freshly boiled water. The gases that are driven off and give an agreeable flavor are driven off by boiling, and when water has been boiled for any length of time it loses most of its gas and will not make tea of a fine flavor. And if water that has boiled a long time, or that has stood in the kettle after boiling and been reboiled is used for making tea, the tea will have a flat, smoky, or greasy taste. If freshly boiled water be used delicious tea can be made by following this method: Heat the pot by rinsing it well with boiling water. Put the tea in the pot. Allow one tea-spoonful of green or two tea-spoonfuls of black tea to each cup of water. Pour on enough of water to thoroughly saturate the tea. Set the pot on the stove where it will keep hot but not boil, and let the tea steep from five to ten minutes, then pour on the quantity of water needed, and the tea is ready for use; or pour on all the water at once when you put the tea in the pot and let it steep. Some teas require longer steeping than others to extract their strength, but the exact length of time can only be ascertained by testing them.

She Had Said Too Much. A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through the conservatory, and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants and flowers. Among the visitors was a middle-aged lady who, at every description on the part of the lecturer, volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite equal to anything exhibited at the Botanical Gardens. Just as they were passing the giant cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary; I

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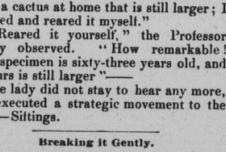
So pleasant to taste that patients want to drink it like cream. This Emulsion SEPARATES IN TWO LAYERS, like cream rising on milk, and readily reunites on shaking. Beware of IMITATIONS which do NOT SEPARATE! 50 cts. per Bottle. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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WILL GIVE AWAY FREE \$100.00 WORTH of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and a variety of Novelties on the first day of March, 1893. To give you a chance of getting a portion of the \$100.00 we invite you to come to our New Store opposite the Golden Ball Corner and allow us to place your name and address on our register. The street cars pass our door every five minutes, so that many can ride for a five-cent fare. If you cannot find it convenient to come, drop us a postal card with your name and address written plainly and we will register it on our Book, and send you a list of the articles to be given away free with our plan of distribution. We cannot accept more than one name on each letter or postal card. Remember it will cost you nothing. The gifts are free.

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, Opposite Golden Ball Corner. R. W. LEETCH, Prop., St. John, N. B.



have a cactus at home that is still larger; I planted and reared it myself."

"Reared it yourself," the Professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is sixty-three years old, and if yours is still larger."

"The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.—Sittings.

Breaking It Gently. Quarryman (commissioned to break news gently)—"Did you hear that foine blast, mum?"

Woman—"Indade I did. It froightened me."

"Would Oi had been near ye to protect ye, mum. It's just such a foine-lookin' woman as you'd loik to protect, mum. It's me ye ought to marry."

"It's you ought to be kilt entirely fer talkin' that way an' me married to a foine man like Mickie Finnegan."

"Och, ye naden't moind about him, mum. He was kilt by the blast."

What He Was Waiting For. "Young man," said the stern parent, with the accent on the young, "do you intend to stay here all night holding my daughter's hand and looking her in the face like a sick calf?"

"No, sir."

"What do you intend to do then?"

"Well, I had thought when you did us the kindness to retire I would put my arm round her waist, and if she did not object too forcibly I might risk a kiss."



WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. Science MEDICAL SCIENCE has achieved great triumph in the production of BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Stomach Disorders, Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disturbed Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health. Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd, Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

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RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Halifax, 10:30; for Sussex, 10:30; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 10:55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:25; from Quebec and Montreal, (Monday excepted), 10:25; from Point du Chene, 10:25; from Halifax, 10:00; from Halifax, 10:00.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED Tourist Sleeping Cars West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. to CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. to Seattle, Wash. and Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents: D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arriving at Weymouth 4.22 p. m. LEAVE ANnapolis—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m. LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.25 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of way, at Digby with Steamer City of Montserrat to St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BARNES, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S. W.

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STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON. [UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard. Retaining, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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