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BENJAMIN WENT WEST. AND HE TOOK HIS EMPLOYER'S MONEY WITH HIM.

The Life of a London Street Arab Who Came to St. John—He Was Good on Disappearing, and Telling Pathetic Stories, Some of Which Were True.

About a year ago a stranger arrived in St. John. There was nothing remarkable in this, except that he was very much of a stranger and anybody who wanted information about him had to take his word for it. But he showed no disposition to make himself appear to good advantage. He confessed to being a London street Arab, and of having had all the experiences incidental to such a life, which were much the same as those of Oliver Twist when he made the acquaintance of Fagin the Jew. In his frankness that won him friends, and he had quite a number of them before he had been in St. John many months.

The stranger's name was Benjamin Scovil. He was not a pickpocket when he arrived in St. John. He had given up all his London ways and was a reformed man, connecting himself with the Methodist church soon after his arrival. Some of his friends got him employment in the wholesale department of a large business house, and he was one of the most obliging and industrious workers in the place. His pay was small, but he never complained, and of course nobody thought anything about it.

Scovil was somewhat of a musician, and made his first appearance behind the bass drum of the Citizen's band. That was in the days when they wore plug hats and played a tune of an inquiring nature with special reference to them. He did not give much time to the band, however, but paid considerable attention to church work, and spent some time in the Y. M. C. A. building.

"Ben," as he was familiarly called, could tell a good story of London life, and as adventures, such as he had come through, are always interesting, he found ready listeners. But nobody ever thought that he would have the same experiences over again. It was like listening to the reformed man at the revival meetings—his wrong doings made him interesting, while had they been recited by one still in the business respectable people would not be seen listening to them. But Scovil generally gained the sympathy of his hearers from the fact that he had been born to a life of wickedness, having been thrown upon the world at an early age and left to shift for himself. No one ever distrusted him.

His appearance was in his favor, and it was hard to believe him other than a large, overgrown, good-natured youth. Those who saw him at work could not fail to get this impression.

Everything went along smoothly, and Ben was looked upon as if he had been born and brought up in the establishment where he worked. One Monday morning, however, he did not put in an appearance. Inquiry was made at his boarding house, but nothing could be learned of his whereabouts. About that time it was remembered that he had overdrawn his wages, but not to an extent to cause any alarm. Although the newspapers referred to his disappearance nothing was heard from him for some time.

Everybody knew that something of this kind would happen. At least that is what was said, now that he had gone. Too much confidence had been placed in him, his friends knowingly remarked, especially when all his past experiences were so well known. In fact, Benjamin was abused on all sides. He was ungrateful, deceitful, and every other thing in the criminal catalogue. The fact that no trace of him could be found, in the opinion of many, showed what an accomplished scoundrel he was.

One day a letter was received at the establishment where he had been employed. It was addressed to the boss of the wholesale department, and came from Ben. It was dated St. Stephen, and told a pitiful story. In fact, it was much more effective in exciting the sympathy of all who read it than any of Scovil's verbal efforts in the same line had been. According to the letter, he had led a hard life in St. John, although no one knew anything about it, and now that his circumstances were recalled everybody knew that everything he said was true.

All who read it were silent. Everybody pitied Ben, and those who abused him most when he disappeared were now his best friends. Since reading the letter they could understand everything.

Scovil further stated that he was in employment and intended to pay all he owed in St. John. And he did so. When he arrived here he received a warm welcome and had more friends than ever.

Some time ago Scovil applied to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in this city for a recommendation. He said there was a lady visiting in the city who had promised to get him employment with her husband in Boston, and thought a letter to the Y. M. C. A. in that city would help him along. He got what he wanted, and has made use of it. Benjamin also has a very nice little note about his many good qualities with the name of Mr. Harrison A. McKewen, M. P., at the bottom of it, and probably has a number of other similar documents.

But Scovil did not go to Boston. He secured a position with Messrs. Bowman & Lachur as book-keeper, at a fair salary, and decided to remain in St. John. He remained here until exhibition week, when he again mysteriously disappeared. This time, however, he took something to be remembered by—and his employers are about \$125 poorer than they were the day before he left. Scovil had the combination of the safe, and took all there was in it.

On the night he left the city he told his boarding mistress that he was going to work at the exhibition building, and the next visitors at the house were Benjamin's employers. Nothing was heard from him until a few days ago.

When he was missed the general impression was that he had gone to Boston to make use of his recommendations. Word was sent to the Y. M. C. A. people there to hold any paper presented and have an eye kept on him, but no answer was received. The chief of police was notified, and he also had correspondence with the Boston authorities. But Benjamin had gone in another direction.

A few days ago the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in this city, received word from Detroit, Michigan, that Benjamin was there, and had made use of his recommendations. A despatch was immediately sent to the Detroiters to look out for him, and secure some of the money, if possible.

THE DOINGS OF THE UNIONS.

The Union lacrosse club goes to Moncton Wednesday to play the Springhill team for the Nelson trophy and the championship of the maritime provinces. The Springhill team is said to be composed of heavy weights, some of whom are good for 200 pounds and over. This will make it necessary for the Unions to keep on their feet, and not give their opponents an opportunity to drop on them. The St. John club will have a very good team, but will miss Geo. McLeod, who is at present in England. They have a new man, however, who promises to be a valuable acquisition in more ways than one. He is Arthur Cameron, of Toronto, who is at present working in St. John. Mr. Cameron with his partner, Curran, won the amateur double scull championship of America, and is besides somewhat of an athlete.

The public will have a chance to make his acquaintance at the Union club sports in St. Andrew's rink October 22, when it is probable he will carry off the medal for the high jump. He had heard of the Unions before arriving in St. John and his remark when asked to join the club, was very gratifying to the members. "You represent the Unions," he said to the gentleman who, on learning that he was a lacrosse player, asked him to become a member of the club. "Yes, I intended to join your team as I was told that it was the best in these parts."

The Union club sports promise to be very successful. The medals are already under way and they will be beauties, each one having on it the club crest, an illustration of which has been printed in PROGRESS. An effort will be made to bring some Halifax athletes over, and about this he accomplished there will be a crowd in St. Andrew's rink.

Much Paper and Little Cash.

There is some uneasiness in business circles. The fourth of October has come and gone and the feeling of security has not been increased. One or two crashes in a local way have opened the eyes of many people who supposed everybody was fairly prosperous and easy in a financial way. There are some others that will be heard of in a few days if a quiet compromise is not effected. Much paper is afloat and ready money seems scarcer than it has been for some time. This is the consensus of opinion among those merchants with whom PROGRESS has talked. On the other hand they agree that economical living is much more general, and that the abundant crops are beginning to move and the returns from the country must soon show the effect.

LAW BUT NOT JUSTICE.

HAMPTON PEOPLE AND THE UN-RULY SCOTT ACT.

Mr. Grant, of Sussex, Takes a Hand in the Hampton Trouble—No Sympathy from the Temperance People of that Place—Mr. Frost's Reward for Giving Evidence.

The law abiding and justice loving people of Hampton are having plenty of law this fall, but remarkably little justice. The disclosures made in PROGRESS some weeks ago were printed in good time to give some idea of what was going on in the local magisterial courts and of the strife between the liquor people. The last act in that play was played by Judge Palmer who freed Belyea from prison where he had been committed by Justice Peters. This same official has, since that time, found Belyea guilty of a second offence upon the information of one E. J. Grant, who when spoken of professionally has the handle "Rev." to his name. In this connection it is not necessary to use it.

Mr. Grant is identified with the Scott act party in Sussex—a party that has done its best to keep law and order in the place and has backed up its opinions by a goodly sum in cash for prosecution purposes.

After Mr. Belyea was freed from the county jail he went out of the liquor business, and PROGRESS is informed upon the best authority, does not sell it or keep it for sale. Notwithstanding that fact, the ever zealous Mr. Grant of Sussex was persuaded in some way to lay an information against Mr. Belyea before Magistrate Peters, of Hampton. The offence was not of the present, but of the past, and Belyea was convicted upon the evidence of a colored boy, who has since avowed that he was given a dollar to buy run from Belyea and two dollars more to testify in court that he did so.

It is only fair to Mr. Grant to say that in all probability he was ignorant of this. But the balls were made by the enemies of Belyea in Hampton and Mr. Grant was persuaded to fire them.

It is a curious fact that in doing so he is acting against the wish of the ministers of Hampton and against the expressed desire of the prominent temperance people of the place. They know the circumstances, know the nature of the conspiracy and have no sympathy for the informant, his advisers, or for the evidence. They went to the trial and openly arrayed themselves on the side of Belyea, while the former, Grant, was in consultation with the principal witnesses for his case were passing to and from the Vendome bar during the trial and one of them had such a poor memory that he could not remember having a drink in Scribner's that day, when he knew what transpired in Belyea's in August. There is a deal of feeling in Hampton against Mr. Grant in this matter. He is, in a measure, interfering with what does not concern him and it is asserted using the Scott act funds for the purpose of prosecuting the Hampton offenders. That may be all right and no doubt is if the Sussex contributors say so. But if Mr. Grant wishes to be active in Hampton there is a general feeling that he should act with the ministers and temperance people of Hampton who know all the facts and circumstances of the case.

The "ring" referred to in PROGRESS still continues to flourish and does its best to make anyone who opposes them as unhappy as possible. When Mr. Henry Frost, a carpenter, returned from Sussex after testifying against Scribner in the assault case he found next day that his grocery account with councillor Harry Fowler was sued and still further an old note given nine years ago to a relative of Fowler's was unearthed for the purpose of jailing him. He has been existing at the expense of the county in consequence for the past fortnight.

In the Scott act case against Scribner in Sussex the latter swore that he was not the proprietor of the Vendome. This is one of the things "no fellow can understand." Mr. Scribner is believed to be the proprietor; his hotel literature says he is, and goods for the house go there addressed to him.

Another curious feature of the business is that when Mr. Wallace issued a search warrant to search the Vendome for liquor there was not a constable in Hampton who would execute it. Their bread was not buttered on that side and they knew it.

These are but a few of the incidents which go to show what law and justice are having with one another in Kings county.

What Was It Paid For?

Some people are asking what the municipal council paid Mr. Carman \$100 for. The answer appears to be that he was doing something in connection with the Scott act in the county. No doubt that will satisfy the electors—almost anything passes with them now-a-days, but still the conclusion must be that Mr. Carman is one of those lucky people who is always looking for a fat snap and gets it.

NOT A COMMON NAME.

Why Mr. Rutledge was Interested in the Correction of the Police Reports.

Every little while a paragraph appears in the daily papers to the effect that a certain person mentioned in the police reports is being fined \$4 for drunkenness was not the person of that name who lives on some particular street. Although such a contradiction usually leaves the impression that the man who makes it is in the habit of getting drunk, and wants credit for all the time he is sober, there are many men who would not rest easy until they have satisfied the community as to their temperate condition.

PROGRESS had a visit from a gentleman this week, who had more cause for complaint than the majority of this class of people. It was Mr. John Rutledge of Silver Falls. Mr. Rutledge thinks his is not a common name, and gave this as his reason for making a tour of the newspaper offices, where it was becoming quite familiar.

"It has appeared in the police court three or four times now," said he, "and I want to have it stopped, so being in town to-day, I thought I'd see about it. I've been around to all the newspapers, and they told me they would make the correction, and thought it wasn't fair. Some fellow has been giving my name at the police court and a great many people think it is me."

"Perhaps there is another man in town whose name is the same as yours."

"Mr. Rutledge shook his head incredulously.

"No," said he, "mine isn't a common name, and there are no other persons who are called by it, and besides, it's been John Rutledge every time it has appeared. It had been a name such as John Smith, I would not have bothered about it at all, but you see in my case it is different; so if you'll just make a note of it in your paper I will be very much obliged."

"By the way," he continued, "it will be interesting to know that we've had a good season out our way. All the crops are first class; best we've had for years."

CHRISTMAS CASE.

A Chance for Bright Young Ladies to Earn Money Easily.

PROGRESS has a few amateur society correspondents in this city who send in many interesting items at times, and then are heard of no more for a few weeks. They know what to write about, and are usually concise, careful in their facts and their way of stating them. This is the kind of news PROGRESS is looking after. Its regular correspondents always make an interesting column, but it is impossible for one, two or three persons to get all the news, and "all the news" is wanted.

To encourage these occasional city correspondents who may be called "amateurs," PROGRESS will offer two cash prizes of \$15 and \$10. They will be awarded December 21st—the first day in Christmas week—and will be given to the two ladies who send in the most, acceptable society items between now and December 17. The editor will be the sole judge of the work. The interest of the items will be considered before their length, so that it will be no object for any competitor to indulge in "padding." Any *nom de plume* may be signed to the contributions, but the real name and address of the writer must be enclosed to the editor in confidence. Items may be sent in any time from Monday until Thursday, but not later than Thursday of each week. This contest is not open to those regularly employed by PROGRESS, and all who compete will be paid for the matter they send in at our usual column rates, whether they receive a prize or not.

Any further information will be cheerfully given upon application to the editor. If the prize winner wishes the prize may be awarded to the *nom de plume* she signs to her letters.

The Numbers are Astray.

Mr. McAlpine, the publisher of the city directory, has an idea that the city is not numbered right—an idea that he has tried again and again to impress upon the common council. That astute body, however, is remarkably obtuse about some things and has not given the veteran worker much encouragement. Mr. McAlpine numbered the houses in Halifax after much opposition. He says St. John is in a worse condition, and for examples he goes no farther away than King street. The first number from the Bank of Montreal building is 12. While Mr. A. O. Skinner's store number is 58, that of his next door neighbor is 64. This would show some room for improvement.

The Rink is Popular.

Prof. Skinner closed his engagement at St. Andrew's rink Wednesday evening. The longer he stayed, the larger the attendance, and the last night saw the largest crowd of all. A new show will be put on at this now popular amusement resort, at an early day.

OUT ON THE DOORSTEP.

WHILE THEIR PARENTS SLEPT "THE SLEEP OF THE JUST."

The Experience of Two North End Youngsters, the Children of a School Teacher—Where a Neighbor Found Them Late at Night.

A case of "motherly love and fatherly affection" has been attracting some attention in one part of the North End. When it was learned that the father was a teacher in one of the public schools there was considerable indignation in some quarters, and the question arose as to whether he treated other people's children like his own. If he does the school board should see that there is a vacancy in the staff of male teachers at a very early day.

The teacher is the father of several small children, who are as fond of playing about the streets as most youngsters. In fact, it would appear that the street is the most desirable place for them, as there they are in very little danger of an application of the paternal shingle. When at home they become quite intimate with it. The absence of the youngsters about bed time does not seem to trouble their parents as much as a tardy pupil would an ordinary school ma'am. On the contrary if they are not in the house at bed time, that does not prevent their parents from retiring and enjoying the sweet sleep of the just.

A short time ago one of the school teacher's neighbors happened to be coming home very late one night, and was somewhat surprised to see two little ones crouched together on the doorstep. He spoke to them but they seemed afraid to answer him, but finally said that they had been out playing all evening, and found the door locked when they came home. All the lights in the house were out, and although the neighbor pounded at the door there was no response. The teacher and his wife were sleeping soundly and nothing could rouse them. The man wanted the children to go to his house and stay there for the night, but they were frightened at the idea and refused to move. It was very near morning before those two little ones—a boy and a girl—were tucked safely in bed.

This is a case for the society for the prevention of cruelty. It has already caused considerable unfavorable comment, and as the principals stand well in the community, the story of how they treat their children has been a surprise to many.

She Used Threats.

There was something new in the way of book-agents in town this week. It was a woman, and her methods of canvassing were peculiar, to say the least. She was to all appearance a Jewess, and had a book which she thought must be as interesting to everybody as it was to herself. She went from door to door selling it, and several women who answered her knock were somewhat startled before they got into the house again. She first urged upon them the importance of the book, but when her victim flatly refused to buy it, made all kinds of threats, saying that she possessed the power to bring malaria upon all the members of the household, and a number of other things equally appalling. The result was that the door was usually shut upon her suddenly. She had a number of strings to her bow, however, and one of them was a prospectus of the book, which she sold for a very small sum. As it contained the first pages of the work, she probably counted upon the buyer becoming so interested as to buy the book in order to "finish the story."

Fast Train for Freight.

There is not so much distance between western and eastern Canada in these days of fast transit. The people are used to boarding the C. P. R. at midnight or the I. C. R. late in the afternoon, and stepping upon the Montreal platform next afternoon. But merchants who have been getting goods from the west have discovered a wonderful improvement in the time it takes to get them here. This is especially the case when they come in car lots. PROGRESS had an example of this quite recently. An unexpected run upon its stock of paper for several weeks made it necessary to rush another supply forward. A carload was shipped early in the week from a town several hundred miles west of Toronto, and it arrived here before Saturday. That is fast time. There may not be any preference between the roads, but this time it was the I. C. R.

The Trespassers Won.

There was a foot race on the cantilever bridge last Sunday. The spectators stood on the suspension bridge and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely. There were five entries and the contest was a spirited one, but the man who looks after the bridge came in last, much to the satisfaction of the other four. Few persons pay any attention to the notice forbidding foot passengers to cross the cantilever and the man who is employed to enforce the law in regard to trespassers finds the sign board of very little assistance.

WHY THEY FEEL OUT.

Two Good Insurance Agents in Halifax are on the War Path.

Alfred Shortt and F. W. Green are two of the best-known insurance agents of Halifax. The former represents the Standard Life Insurance company; the latter the Confederation. Up to about a week ago they were pretty good friends. Just at present they don't speak as they pass by. Both agents, it appears, were after a certain Haligonian's life—they wished to insure him. Mr. Green gave him figures which spoke pretty strongly for his company. Mr. Shortt did some figuring also. He, however, didn't stop with the figures, but did some talking. He alleged that Mr. Green's presentation was false, and what was worse, Mr. Green knew he was misrepresenting the case. The Haligonian who was about to invest in insurance, lied him to Mr. Green and related what had been told him by Mr. Shortt. Mr. Green is not a robust man; he is rather slight, mild mannered, and no one would take him to be a pugilist. But he is plucky, and what he had heard about Mr. Shortt made him very mad. He determined to seek satisfaction—an apology, if not a—lud. He wrote a fiery epistle to Mr. Shortt demanding that he take back his uncomplimentary remarks falling in which (Mr. G.) would fight him at sight. Mr. Shortt is a large man—an Englishman, genial, and to a casual observer would be able to crush his threatened adversary with one blow of his large fist. When he read Mr. Green's brief but business like note, he didn't grow excited. He tore it in pieces and scattered it on the floor. The contents may have troubled him some but he didn't show it. All this happened on Thursday. Up to the hour at which PROGRESS went to press Mr. Shortt and Mr. Green hadn't met to settle the little affair.

Objecting to a Bill.

The city council is objecting to the payment of twelve cents each for placing the street signs. Mr. King, who did the work, thinks the charge moderate and reasonable, and to listen to his experience it would seem so. Notwithstanding the convenience of the signs, there were real estate people who objected to them being placed on their houses. One woman in Lower Cove tried to get a dollar a year for the use of one of the clapboards of her house to nail the sign to. It was removed next day. Some buildings of stone required to be drilled, and the brick buildings were enough trouble for the compensation. Mr. King says it was more trouble to hunt up the owners of the houses for their permission than it was to carry around the ladders and place the signs. There are 585 of them in position in the city.

Coffee Smuggling on the Border.

A young Maine lady whose maiden name was Coffey was married to a New Brunswick gentleman recently. Both lived near the border, and some young men the day of their marriage informed the custom officers that Mr. Blank proposed to smuggle a parcel of coffee across the line that evening. Consequently when the newly married couple drove along, the customs official stopped the carriage, and addressing Mr. Blank said they had information that he was smuggling a parcel of coffee. "Yes," replied Mr. Blank, "that is so. I have 150 pounds right here," and he presented his wife. There is no record of the custom officer's reply.

The Narrow Path is the Best.

"Virtue is its own reward" after all. A well known young man about town whose name has been banded freely from pillar to post recently had the assurance to present himself for a ticket at a select ball shortly afterwards. He could not get one for favor or cash. He was not alone. Another, whose sole office lay in his accepting another man's accepted found that his money was no good when presented for a ticket. Then they say clubs have a nasty fashion now-a-days of noting these things—but "they say" so much.

Hard Lines Though a Small Amount.

It is always a good plan when a man cannot pay a note in full but is able to pay part, to capture the note as soon after as possible. A story comes to PROGRESS that illustrates the folly of doing otherwise. A citizen paid \$20 the day before a note of \$25 was due on the understanding that his paper would be cared for. The merchant failed to keep his promise, and now he is called upon by the bank to pay the full amount of his original obligation.

Money no Object to Them.

"There," said officer Collins, at the I. C. R. depot, the other evening as he picked up a ticket for Torryburn that had just been punched, "that fellow was too lazy, or sulky to stoop to get that pass, and he will have to pay his fare over again when he gets on the train. We have lots of cases of this kind. Some nights I pick up four or five tickets, that were thrown down and left there."

THIRTY YEARS AFTER. ST. JOHN AND ITS PEOPLE A GENERATION AGO.

Changes Which Time Has Wrought in the Public Offices and Local Institutions—Men Who Flourished Then, but Who Are Seen No More.

A good many people, if limited to the choice of a book for an idle hour, would scorn the suggestion of a book number of a city directory. To the student of local history, however, it is a work of more than passing interest, when it happens to bear a date within the memory of thousands now living, and yet far enough removed to show the great changes which a few decades have wrought.

Of such a character is the St. John and Fredericton Business Directory for 1862, published by Hook & Greenough, and printed in Boston. The latter fact would seem to imply that the local offices were not ambitious to undertake the issue of a bound book of 240 pages or so, as such concerns as McMillan, Day and Roger Hunter are among the advertising patrons, which would hardly have been the case had there been any particular objection to the product of American labor coming in, as it then did, free of duty. Indeed, so favorable to the project were the citizens in general, that more than 300 contributed to fill up the 116 pages devoted to St. John advertising. Hook & Greenough appear to have understood their business.

To one who has even a boyish recollection of this city thirty years ago, a glance at this directory seems very much like walking through a graveyard and reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. The changes in the personality of prominent men, in and out of business, have been very much greater than anybody would, at first thought, suppose. The names of houses which are in existence now are found but at rare intervals, while the list of officials and officers of institutions is to a large extent a death-roll.

St. John was prosperous in 1862, though it was not then a part of the Dominion of Canada, nor had it any railroads leading to the world beyond New Brunswick. The city, according to the census, had something over 3,000 more inhabitants than it has now, and it had more than doubled its population in the thirty years preceding that date. People talked less of vast possibilities than they do now, but a good many of them contrived to make money, while the professional "friend of the working man" found no cause to cry blue-ruin because things which were not free had, at the highest, a duty of no more than fifteen per cent.

The men who represented St. John in the legislature, and acted in permitting this state of affairs, were J. W. Cudlip, W. Anglin, John Jordan and C. N. Skinner, for the county, and Hon. S. L. Tilley (provincial secretary) and Hon. Charles Watters (solicitor-general) for the city. The mayor was Thomas McAvity, Hon. R. L. Hazen was recorder, J. H. Ruel chamberlain, and W. R. M. Burtis common clerk, with George E. Fairweather as deputy. Of the eighteen aldermen and councillors nearly every one is dead, the sole survivors, I think, being, Ald. W. C. Dunham, of Guys, and Councillors T. Jones and Bartholomew Conroy, of Kings and Sydney respectively. George Stockford, but as everyone knows, not the present young and blooming George was high constable, while all of the city marshals only Calvin Powers survives, though not in his official capacity. The fire department, a splendid volunteer organization, had Thomas Marter for chief, while among the names familiar to the present generation are those of John Yeats, engineer of Cora Linn, 3; James Reynolds, foreman of No. 5; W. F. Bunting, foreman of Fraugh-Balldagh, 6; W. U. Dunham, foreman, and Samuel L. Brittain, treasurer of Western Star, 7, Carleton. The police, 27 in number, were under the charge of "Captain" George Scoullar, and H. T. Gilbert was the magistrate.

Conservative as the Bank of New Brunswick is, the personnel of its management has changed with the fleeting years. The only names familiar to those who have or want money of recent years are those of J. D. Lewin, T. W. Daniel and Thomas Gilbert. The Commercial Bank has been out of existence for more than a score of years, while the names that appear in connection with the Bank of British North America would, with the exception of that of James J. Kaye, one of the solicitors, be wholly unfamiliar to the young men who pay out its notes today. The Savings Bank was then a local institution, with Robert F. Hazen as president and Daniel Jordan as cashier. Chief Justice Ritchie and John Wishart are the only survivors of the trustees. The St. Stephen Bank was the only outside institution that had an agency here, and it was held by Samuel J. Scoville, whose office was upstairs in a building on the west side of Water street, near the Market square.

St. John had two local fire insurance companies, not an official of which except O. D. Wetmore, who is out of the country, is now living. Nor has a single one of the management of the St. John "Permanents" Building Society survived to know of its condition at the present time. The electric telegraph was but in its youth in the provinces and the operator who could receive by sound was the exception. The American Telegraph company had a lease of the line of the New Brunswick company, and Douglas B. Stevens was the superintendent. A room or two on the second floor of Ritchie's building sufficed for all the business that went over the few wires that were strung. The tariff was arranged on a sliding scale, arranged with reference to distance and connecting lines. The ten-word rate to Fredericton was only thirteen cents, but it was 45 to Chatham, 55 to Halifax and 90 to Yarmouth, though the rate to Boston was only 80 cents. The rate to Ottawa, which was not much of a place then, was \$1.90. If it were that figure now, the political bosses and party organs would need even more than the liberal departmental patronage that they receive every year.

The board of trade was not in existence

then, but there was a staid and respectable body known as the Chamber of Commerce, the members of which transacted its business with a good deal less oratory than their successors at the present day. A list of the officers is of interest:

J. W. Cudlip, president; T. W. Daniel, vice-president; A. Jardine, J. V. Troop, G. H. Fairweather, John Robertson, J. D. W. Spurr, Z. King, Francis Ferguson, councillors; Wm. Thomson, Wm. Wright, Geo. Thomas, T. V. Troop, C. H. Fairweather, Z. King, W. H. Adams, Robert Eed, J. L. Wood, secretary; Wm. Peck, treasurer; Geo. Thomas and John Dunca, board of arbitration; S. D. Berton, secretary and treasurer.

All but four of these representative merchants have gone to their rest. Equally unearring has time been with those who were officers of the Mechanics' Institute, which had not then got into the control of lawyers, etc., and was in a flourishing condition. Here it is:

J. W. Lawrence, president; G. F. Smith and J. C. Woodward, vice-presidents; G. H. Lawrence, W. K. Reynolds, W. F. Smith, E. W. Broad, James Allan, T. E. Doherty, W. P. Doherty, James Paterson, L. L. D. Wm. Cornack, Geo. Hutchinson, Andrew Gilmore and Samuel Ford, directors; Wm. A. Adams, recording secretary; W. F. Bunting, recording secretary; W. L. Avery, treasurer.

Still greater changes are seen in the churches. With the exception of Canon DeVeber, all of the Church of England clergymen have been called from the church militant to be of the church expectant. His lordship, Bishop Sweeney alone survives of the Roman catholic clergy. Rev. James Bennett remains of the presbyterians, Mr. Narraway of the methodists and Mr. Hartley of the baptists. One or two others in the various denominations are yet alive, in other places, but as a rule, the list is a record of the dead.

There was not, in 1861, to daily year the information in the book relates, a weekly newspaper in the city. The papers which issued tri-weekly and weekly editions were the Morning News, G. E. Fenety; New Brunswicker, Till Brothers; Morning Freeman, T. W. Anglin; Morning Globe, Ross Woodrow. The weeklies were the Courier, Chubb & Co.; Temperance Reformer and Telegraph, T. McHenry; the Church Witness, printed by Barnes & Co.; Religious Intelligencer, Rev. E. McLeod; Colonial Presbyterian, Rev. William Elder; Albion, G. W. Day; publisher; Temperance Banner, J. R. & J. C. McCready, publishers; Colonial Empire, T. McHenry, printer; and the Christian Watchman, Rev. E. B. DeMill.

The Carleton ferry was under lease to John McSweeney, with Dennis Coughlan as superintendent. The latest trip made by the boat was 9 o'clock in the summer, while those who were not on hand at 6.30 p. m. in the winter had to find some other way of getting across. The fare for ordinary passengers was four cents. The only animal, except a horse, mentioned in the tariff is an elephant, for which a toll of 25 cents is fixed. Whether it was expected that elephants would be numerous can only be conjectured. It seems certain that a live elephant was meant, for it cannot be supposed that the wildest dreamers of those times contemplated plan the advent of such an "elephant" to the board of works imported to crush stones and sewers a year or so ago.

The E. & N. A. railway extended to Shediac, and the passenger fares were low. It cost only \$2.50 to go to the end of the road, and only \$2.20 to Moncton. The legal hack fare in the city was twenty cents and ten cents for each additional passenger.

It may be news to the "cranks" of today to hear that the St. John base-ball club flourished before some of them were born, with James Reynolds as president and D. C. Perkins as secretary.

The militia organization of that day will be of interest to the volunteers now. Here are some names which may recall a host of reminiscences:

N. B. Regiment of Artillery—Lieut. Col. Stephen K. Foster, major, Chas. J. Melick; adjutant, James Mount; captains, Josiah Adams, Geo. H. Pick, David Peters, John Lanchin, E. Leslie, Peter A. Alex. Rankine; lieutenants, E. B. Soeden, G. E. Thomas, F. G. Lansdowne, Alex. Rankine, James Clarke, Jas. Quinton, M. H. Peters, W. F. Descom, Roger Hunter, M. W. Shannan. Queen's Own Rifles—R. W. Crutshank, jr., captain; A. Magee, 1st lieutenant; G. F. Bousie, 2nd; T. Sullivan, 3rd. St. John Rifles—J. R. Macchane, captain; Thos. Powers, 1st lieutenant; M. W. Maher, 2nd, M. McDonough, ensign. City Guards—C. R. Ray, captain; F. T. O. Burpee, 1st lieutenant; G. F. Thompson, 2nd; J. Smith, ensign. Duke of Edinburgh Rifles—James MacFarlane, captain; A. Rowan, 1st lieutenant; J. B. Kempst, 2nd; J. Edward Boyd, 3rd. Beaver Stevedores, captain; C. N. Skinner, 1st lieutenant; C. W. Dockrill, 2nd; Kerr Ferguson, ensign.

Turning to the directory lists, one sees more clearly the changes that have taken place in all kinds of callings. There were less than 50 lawyers in St. John, as against something more than 80 at the present time, so that while the population of the city has decreased to the extent of 12 1/2 per cent., the legal profession has increased more than thirty per cent. Whether the one fact has any relation to the other is something to be considered by those who have been trying to grapple with the census figures.

The medical profession, on the contrary, shows little if any change in this respect. There were 30 doctors then, and there are about that number now.

Of the lawyers, only 16 are living, and only ten are in the practice of their profession here. These are J. J. Kaye, Charles Doherty, H. W. Frith, G. G. Gilbert, L. J. Almon, C. W. Weldon, C. N. Skinner, G. S. Smith, F. E. Barker, and W. M. Jarvis. Of the doctors, the only ones left are W. Bayard, J. Christie, W. S. Harding, J. C. Hatheway, B. Travers, and J. D. White.

McMillan, Barnes, and Hall remain of the nine booksellers, while S. F. Matthews has lived to see seven competitors of that day go out of the confectionery business. Of 17 insurance agents, not one is in the business today, and all but J. J. Kaye, R. F. Starr and O. D. Wetmore are dead. McMillan, Barnes, Day and Hunter are left of the 13 printers, while though five of the 13 drug stores remain, only those of McArthur and Clarke continue with unaltered names. Hall & Fairweather, Turnbull & Co., Gilbert Bent, W. F. Whiting, and G. S. DeForest have outlasted 38 of their fellow flour dealers. I. & F. Burpee and J. & T. McAvity remain, under altered firm names, of the eight hardware houses. Very few familiar names are to be found in the list of more than 250 retail grocers. The same may be said of the 175 liquor dealers.

A wonderful change has taken place in the dry goods business. T. W. Daniel & Co., (Daniel & Boyd) and Lawton & Vassie, (J. Vassie & Co.) are about all now recognized of the 35 that then flourished.

The traveller who came to St. John then had his choice of fifteen hotels, not one of which survives under its old name. Estey's American House has grown into the Royal, Scammell's Waverley is the Victoria. These with the Stubbs and the Lawrence, on Prince William street, and the St. John, at the head of King street, were the leading houses of those times.

The New Zealander does not yet stand on the ruins of Portland bridge to sketch the ruins of the Institute, but there have been a good many changes in the last thirty years. KILBY.

MR. SPOONER TO MR. GRANT. A Reply to the Letter of the Sussex Pastor.

SUSSEX, Oct. 6.—On my return from camp my attention was called to two articles which appeared in your paper in reference to myself. I feel that I cannot allow the statements of Rev. E. J. Grant to go unchallenged. It is not, however, my wish or intention to enter into a controversy or "hire a hall" to discuss matters with him which can be of no interest to your readers.

When a man like Rev. E. J. Grant will deliberately write to your paper what he must know, as well as the people of Sussex know, to be false, just to please a patron of his, and whose champion he is, one cannot tell what he would do for a money consideration, and, as this is my opinion of him, it is hardly to be expected that I would care to enter into a controversy or have anything to do with him.

The first article which appeared in your paper was evidently written by some one who entertained a friendly feeling toward me, but who was not familiar enough with the facts to present the case in its best light, though what the article contained is true, and Mr. Grant knows it to be so. He knows perfectly well that the two firms mentioned in the first article are composed of baptists. Mr. J. Trites sings in his choir. Mr. Caleb Davis, the partner, who inspires the firm of W. B. McKay & Co. in matters of this kind also stands in the choir. Mr. W. B. McKay while not a recognized member of any church goes regularly to the F. C. baptist church, so practically and truthfully enough to bear out the statement of the writer of the first article that only baptists have withdrawn their advertisements is clearly proved. Mr. Grant's statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

One other statement in the Rev. Mr. Grant's letter I will touch upon, as being untrue. He says "that on considerable inquiry he cannot learn that any canvass was made against the Record." In proof that he made an untruthful statement, I can refer him to one prominent member of his church who was zealously canvassed but refused to withdraw. Another prominent member of his church, and of the choir as well, told me personally that the reason of the withdrawal of J. S. Trites and W. B. McKay & Co. was on account of the baptism paragraph. So, when we come to sit Mr. Grant's letter, we find that there is not one particle of truth in it, and the conclusion that all intelligent people must have arrived at, is that he himself knew it when he penned it.

So far as any trouble with Mr. Grant is concerned I have none, though I did express my opinion of him in pretty plain language. My trouble is with those who use him as a catspaw.

CLARENCE SPOONER. Editor Record. (Now Mr. Grant and Mr. Spooner, don't you think this has gone far enough. Mr. Spooner will agree with Progress that it is not professional, and Mr. Grant will assert that his course is not exactly ministerial. We have confined Mr. Spooner's letter strictly to the matter under discussion, and omitted what was interesting and forcible but irrelevant. —Ed. Progress.)

A Chance for a Pleasant Holiday. Those who like to take an annual trip to the big cities of the United States, instead of a summer holiday in the country should read the announcement of the International Steamship company in this issue. The excursion rates offered are extremely low, and the route so well known that it is needless to say anything further. From St. John to Boston in the handsome boats of the International company, and from there to New York in the floating palaces of the Fall River line is a trip that no one should miss.

Nearly a Quarter of a Century. The St. John Business College will soon enter upon its 25th year. During that time it has sent forth a large number of pupils who have become very successful in business life, and are found all over the continent. A glance over the college catalogue shows scores of excellent testimonials with the names of men well known throughout the province at the bottom of them.

Adding to its Plant. Among the freight that arrived at the railway depot this week was another press for Progress, not for its newspaper, but for its job department. Other machinery will be added to it in a short time; and, though small, the plant will be made as complete as possible.

A Good Time Promised. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. O. A. will hold a conversation on Thursday evening, October 15th, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The orchestra belonging to this institution will render some of their best music during the evening.

Seen at the Exhibition. Bendorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa, Eagar's Wine of Rennet, Fry's Pure Soluble Cocoa; Manitoba Flour, Baby's Own Soap, and lots of other goods sold by J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each per line in coin or stamp.—H. V. MORAY & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

PHOTO OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size; also, very handsome. Sent by mail for sale in coin or stamp.—H. V. MORAY & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

ENERGETIC CANVASSEES, men or women, wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-4f

WANTED! SMART BOYS everywhere to sell Stamps from our approval sheets, at 35% per cent. commission. Stamps for beginners a specialty. Reference required. Address: HANSON & SAUNDERS, Box 309, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-4f

SEND 15 CENTS scriber and receive by mail a beautiful Patent Apple Corer and Slicer in the market. Best of steel throughout. Address, with two-cent stamp, J. W. MACKENZIE, 7 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, N. S. 10-4f

OYSTERS. OYSTERS. Prince Edward oysters. Island oysters; fresh arrivals daily. Prime Apples always in stock. Cranberries, Peas, etc., at LOWELL & CO'S, Fruit and Produce Exchange, 83 Prince William Street. 9-25-4f

LADIES' NOTE PAPER, Centric Pens, Fountain Pens, etc. Lowest prices. McARTHUR'S Bookstore, 23, 50 King Street.

SERGES.—MY STOCK OF FALL SERGES, both plain and checked Cheviots, is very large; and I can select the quality that is very best in every grade.—A. GRIMOU, Tailor, 72 Gormain Street.

FEMALE STENOGRAPHER WANTS situation. Can take dictation; uses either Calligraph or Remington; city preferred; references given. Address "P." Progress Office, Sept. 11.

ADVERTISING. VERTISE anything, any where, at anytime, write to GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals, giving the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

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

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

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Pens, 7 1/2 octaves; four round corners. Cost \$900.00, only a short time ago; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 101 King Street, New York.

SHORTHAND. FRED DEVINE (Court shorthand) will receive pupils in shorthand and typewriting, at 251 King Street, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. Scoville system. July 19 3m

BLUINE THE GREAT BLEACHING Bluing to be had in bottles, in the most paying and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Sent 45 cents for pretty sample Bureau, descriptive circulars, and testimonials.—A. L. STRACCA, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 19 King Street, St. John, N. B. Dec 27

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. STRACCA, 19 King St., N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parties, Carnivals, Lectures, Concerts, etc., at right prices. Dec 27

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety lamp burning four tapers, is the most paying and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Sent 45 cents for pretty sample Bureau, descriptive circulars, and testimonials.—A. L. STRACCA, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 19 King Street, St. John, N. B. Dec 27

BOARDING. Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney Street. Mrs. McInnis. May 2

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one insertion—\$1 for one week—\$5 for one month—anything to sell that you want, you cannot do better than say so here.

FOUNTAIN PEN. 25c. SOLID RUBBER; writes beautifully; jet ink; log or get out of order; very simple. Sent with filler, on receipt of 25c. in stamps or cash. Agent wanted. H. V. MORAY & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Robtson's Bay, 20 minutes walk from station.—Jet cab, or Lee's stage. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebecs; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barn attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

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

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Norton, Maryville, Chipman, Harry, Vanceboro, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Xylocote Lake, Carleton, Fox, Fairfield, Edmonstone, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work.—Address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress St. John, N. B.

AGENTS. OUR 25th EDITION of the "Story Illustrated," including a complete history of Coal, Coal Mining, etc., and now ready. Agents wanted everywhere. Any intelligent person able to describe this book can sell it. One agent reports 45 orders taken in two days. Another who ordered 400 copies states: "The book only requires to be put in good hands and they will sell it fast." Although only a few places have been canvassed as yet, the sales have exceeded 5,000 copies. Write at once for terms, or send 4c. for copy of the book and agent's prospectus. R. A. H. MORAY, Publisher, 59 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street, Specially invite Visitors to the City during the Exhibition (or at any other time) to call and inspect their Large and Varied Stock, embracing

STOVES OF ALL KINDS; Artistic Mantels IN WOOD AND SLATE; GRATES, TILES, FENDERS, ANDIRONS, And the most complete assortment of

Household Hardware, Kitchen Furnishing Goods and Tinware EVER SHOWN IN THE LOWER PROVINCES. Assortment throughout unequalled; and prices at least as low as the lowest.



CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65-67, and 69 Duct St.

Hey! What About Ulsters? ARE you going to have one this winter? An Ulster's a nice thing to have; does for any kind of weather. We've some fine ones—don't know where you could find a larger assortment or get better fits. We sell Wide Wales at \$6.00, Grey and Brown Kerseys at \$7.00, \$8.50 and \$10.00, Grey and Brown Irish Frieze, \$15.00—both water and frost-proof. Better select now; some very beautiful patterns to choose first from

Scoville, Fraser & Co. 47 AND 51 KING STREET.

New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. Company. 1891. Annual Excursion! 1891. NEW YORK.

Four Grand Excursion Trips will be made by the S. S. "Winthrop" between St. John and New York during the month of October.

THE SEVERAL EXCURSION TRIPS will leave ST. JOHN at 3 p. m. on Tuesdays, October 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th, and Tickets will be valid to return from NEW YORK upon any trip within Three Weeks from date of issue. Steamer will leave New York Fri. 4th E. R. on Saturdays, at 9 p. m.

\$10.00 FARE FOR ROUND TRIP \$10.00 For further information, apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROUP & SON, Agents, St. John. F. H. SMITH & CO., General Managers, 17 and 19 William St., New York.

"ADVANCE." The new and best thing in Rubbers, manufactured by the Woonsocket Rubber Co., Providence, R. I. For sale Wholesale at lowest Boston prices, with duty added, by

L. HIGGINS & CO. MONCTON, N. B. A Full Line of Rubber Footwear always in stock, at lowest Wholesale prices.—L. H. & CO.

ENGLISH CUTLERY. Large Assortment of NEW TABLE CUTLERY received this week. Handled in Ivory, Xylocote, Celluloid, etc. CARVERS in Buckhorn, Ivory and Xylocote Handles.

POCKET KNIVES in hundreds of patterns and styles. Largest Assortment of Cutlery in the City. Finest Quality. Lowest Prices.

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

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MUSIC TALK OF T There is so much of censure, that I well to make my presence of the week at The Corsican Broadway and Tuesday, 4 for Wednesday and evening, and to-night Man is the attraction. Those who saw were better pleased scenic effects were and what little they fairly well done. Every spoiled a by not knowing his be a standing fault the wings waiting for and then often fa annoys the audience and prevents any him to do him or b other prominent fa evident difficulty in one. Frequently, etic part of a dial something in the difficulties are too. Even if he knew his them and with his them he is certainly The only thing performance of it was the appearance in costume that we it was out of place. be prudish, but the patronize the perform house will not be at It is no compliment in it to say that home than I have e The performance smoothly and we were particularly Messrs. Lyons and and Granville and satisfactory. But what shall I its bulls and errors stumbling sentence disgraced music he costumed as a woman by his actions, and street youths were with the boxing glo The most unexpect ance was unexpect way train from which rescued a drugged so badly by hands that it rescued and rescue convulsed with "got a move on" I am not pleased ances in this way. This company app carelessness. The houses and have th the fact. Mr. Granville h ter suited to his work ahead of any Ramsdell is always ough acquaintance Miss Fossette the audience a even work. Mr Brooks take their readiness and adapt of commendation. I understand th tures in After D Thursday evening much more accept To-night the Z bill. It is a pl usually draws. Mary Warner, a d St. John, will be Wednesday and T My suggestion portion of the ord instead of 75 cent part, been adopte long run the d course when we traction for a few vance but for seapri. I think Mr. Ste in his vacation, standing is, why a seen him on the s a member of a house. President Skin York for his usual his eyes open t theatrical way all Joe Murphy in for Fredericton w ways gets great h He will probabl it should be brite Instead of "A gramme Monday "In the Dark," to to show up, bet occurred several nobody, it maked it should be brite Why don't the when the curtain that time? Never

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

school furnished a guard of honor and band. The weather is cool and delightfully fine.

The great attraction for today outside of the exhibition itself was the fine parade of the Knights of Pythias.

The tableaux and musical entertainment given by the parish mission band last evening was a grand success.

Every seat in the open house was filled and a large number obliged to stand.

The tableaux and musical part of the programme under the management of Mrs. E. M. F. Randall and the musical part of the programme under the management of Miss Rainsford and Miss Bailey.

About 50 took part in the entertainment—little girls and young misses, with a very few boys.

This mission band is composed entirely of little girls, none older than 15 years, and many of them much younger.

Miss Kathleen Gordon is the president and Miss M. M. Kingdon, the secretary.

This is the first public entertainment they have given, and every one present was so pleased with it that they are sure of a warm reception for any future entertainment they may give.

Although the admission was only ten cents they cleared \$20.00, which they presented to the conductor Bishop to purchase a font for the Doaktown church.

Some little girls were very handsomely entertained Saturday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Kingdon, at their pleasant home.

They had different kinds of games for amusement, and at 6 o'clock they sat down to a sumptuous supper.

Before the pleasure party broke up each of the little girls was presented with a very pretty little booklet by Dr. Kingdon, and a card by Miss Kingdon.

Major Wright, of Quebec, is among the arrivals at the Davers.

Mr. W. A. Brennan, of the Summerdale Journal, is in town.

Mr. Bent, of Fogwash, the managing owner of the *Mogul*, is in the city.

And now I must apologise to your correspondent "Jack," for usurping his place; but if he do not appear, I'll write a longer letter next time.

DORA.

Miss Powys, of Springhill, is spending a few days with Lady Allen, on King street.

Mrs. Francis of Chatham, is visiting friends here. She is the guest of Mrs. Jack, Waterloo row.

Mr. H. C. Tilley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Street, Charlotte street.

Among the numerous visitors to the Celestial city are Judge King, Judge Jack, Mayor Peters, St. John; Mr. G. R. Ketchum, M. P. P.; Mr. Theriault, M. P. P.

Mr. James Robinson, M. P. P., and Mrs. Robinson, are also in the city.

Mrs. T. R. Jones and Miss Emma Jones, of St. John, are visiting friends here.

Mrs. Gordon left for Boston today, where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Mr. MacD. Snowball, of Chatham, is visiting his friends in this city.

Mrs. Arthur C. Edgecombe is visiting her parents, and will receive her friends Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Richard Estey, on Carleton street.

Miss Jessie Holmer, of Denver, Colo., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Blanch Thompson, Brunswick street.

Mr. Frank B. Ellis, and Miss Ellis are visiting friends here.

The many friends of Mr. Jack Ellis are pleased to see his genial face on the streets of Fredericton once again, if it is only for a few days.

Mr. John O'Brien, M. P. P., and Mrs. O'Brien, of Chatham, are in the city, the guests of Mrs. McPeak, Northumberland street.

Hon. Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Pugsley, of St. John, are visiting Fredericton.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Florence Mitchell are in the city attending the exhibition.

Mr. Augustus Markwardt, banker of New York, is here for a short visit, and is the guest of his brother-in-law, Major Beckwith, St. John street.

Mr. Graham's friends so soon welcomed him home than they were obliged to again bid him farewell, as he has been removed to the St. John branch of the bank of B. N. A.

The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edgecombe in the loss of their beautiful little boy, Freddie. He was taken ill a week ago with meningitis, and died yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Temple, M. P., arrived home from Ottawa Thursday, and left again Friday to join Mrs. Temple, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Forester at Quebec.

Miss Annie Lugin has gone to Boston to nurse her sister, Miss Ida Lugin, who is very ill in that city.

Miss Amelia Moore is in Boston visiting friends. Miss Babbitt is in St. John visiting her sister Mrs. Ellis.

Mr. Fred St. J. Bliss returned from his trip up river on Saturday.

Mr. Lewis Bliss spent a few days in St. John last week.

Rev. Mr. Horace Dibble, of Oromocto, was in the city today.

Mrs. Morgan and her daughter Miss Morgan are here from Brooklyn, N. Y., visiting friends.

Major Gordon arrived from Halifax Saturday to spend a few days with his family. Mrs. Gordon will return to Halifax with him for a short visit.

Mr. J. Fletcher Stevenson, of St. Andrews, is here visiting the exhibition.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Phonograph is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappell's bookstore and by S. Gray.]

Oct. 7.—For the last few weeks I have searched among the society items in *PROGRESS* for some trace of "Jack," but as week after week has passed without one line from his clever pen, I may be forgiven if I make tender enquiries after his welfare.

It is unfair to our city to allow the many social events to pass without being chronicled in the columns of *PROGRESS*, and as "Jack" has always borne our banner faithfully, I hope he may long continue his good work. True, he made a little slip about the "hop" on board *The Canada*, but I take it "there was method in his madness," and he did it in order to call forth the intelligent comments of our ladies on the subject.

Our city is at present in holiday attire, for the exhibition opened yesterday, and Charlottetown is filled with visitors. Our hotel accommodations is limited, and crowds of weary travellers may be seen going from door to door in search of a night's repose. The weather is everything that can be desired, and all goes "merrily as a marriage bell," but I will tell you more after I visit the scene and see the fun.

I hear St. Peter's Church is soon to be the scene of a gay and happy event, when a well-known and popular character will lead one of our popular city ballets to the altar.

The many friends of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will regret to hear of his illness.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross, of Moncton, are visiting the exhibition.

Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, is in the city. Miss Rhodes, of St. John, is a guest at Government House.

Mr. J. Quiley, of Amherst, was a passenger in the *Mogul* yesterday from Fogwash.

Mrs. David Dickson, of Moncton, is visiting friends in the city. She is accompanied by Mrs. W. Newman.

Mr. George McWeeney, of Moncton, is registered at Hotel Davers.

Chief Justice Sullivan left for Summerside on Monday.

The many friends of Mrs. Bagnall, daughter of the Hon. Peter McNutt, of Malpique, were surprised to hear of her death on Saturday, and sympathize with Dr. Bagnall and her parents in their great affliction.

Mrs. Carvell is visiting friends in New York.

Mrs. Hays has returned from Virginia, and we are all glad to have her with us again.

Mr. J. S. Boyd, of the *Moncton Times*, arrived today and will take in the exhibition to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Matherson, of Campbellton, are visiting the city.

Major Wright, of Quebec, is among the arrivals at the Davers.

Mr. W. A. Brennan, of the *Summerdale Journal*, is in town.

Mr. Bent, of Fogwash, the managing owner of the *Mogul*, is in the city.

And now I must apologise to your correspondent "Jack," for usurping his place; but if he do not appear, I'll write a longer letter next time.

DORA.

The Seasons.

We respectfully solicit the ladies to call and examine our very choice assortment of

French and English Dress Goods, STANLEY COSTUME CLOTHS AND Jacket and Mantle Cloths.

THESE beautiful goods have been carefully selected for the Autumn and Winter trade, and are the latest and most fashionable in colors and designs.

In Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery we have an excellent assortment.

The favorite "MARGUERITE" GLOVES continue to give unbounded satisfaction.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING STREET.



IN THE MEADOWS—HOLLAND.

PICTOU, N. S.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in Pictou by Jas. McLean.]

Oct. 7.—It has been terribly dull here for the last week or two, not a party of any description, and even tennis is being given up lately. The last tea, given two weeks ago by the gentlemen of the club, was a great success, although there were not a great many people present, still those who were, enjoyed it immensely.

Miss Campbell, of Tatamagouche, spent a day or two in Pictou last week, the guest of Mrs. Howard Primrose.

Mr. W. Cook, of Moncton, spent last Sunday in Pictou.

Miss Annie MacDonald, of Pictou, was in Halifax last week, attending school.

Mr. J. Ferguson, of Pictou, spent last week in Charlottetown.

Dr. Helmer and Miss Helmer, of New York, who have been spending the summer with Mrs. Snow of Pictou, left for home last Monday.

Miss Minna MacDonald, of Pictou, spent two or three days in Charlottetown last week.

The farewell social given to Mr. Howard Primrose, by the Y. M. C. A. in their hall last Monday evening, was a grand success. The music which consisted of several pieces from the choir and two or three solos was very good indeed, but the gem of the evening was the solo by Miss Annie MacDonald which was beautifully sung.

GREENWICH, K. C.

Oct. 7.—Mrs. Wm. Whelpley, of Boston, is visiting at Mrs. Wm. Whelpley's, Sr.

Dr. Gilchrist made a short visit to St. John last week.

Mr. Chas. Belyea left for his home in Bat Portage yesterday. As Mr. Belyea is a general favorite, we are all sorry to part with him so soon.

Miss Sadie Strudgale accompanied him as far as St. John.

Mrs. A. L. Bonnell, of Sutton, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Peatman.

Miss Laura Belyea has returned home after a lengthy visit to St. John.

Miss Nellie Whelpley returned from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. McLeod expects her daughter Mrs. Chas. Whelpley, of Fredericton, to visit her this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams left last week, they intend making an extended trip to California, Mexico, and other places before returning home to Victoria, B. C.

Rev. D. W. Pickett returned from Kingston yesterday.

BUCTOUCHE.

Oct. 7. Mr. R. M. Doherty, Miss Doherty and Miss Sorella Doherty, from Milltown, passed through here on Monday on their way to P. E. Island.

Mr. L. A. Mills, of St. John, spent a few days here this week.

Mr. Penman Allen, of Bayfield, is here visiting his friends.

A GOOD FEE.

A Minister who received Raspberry Jam for his services.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipients of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum.

The fees themselves are apt to be slight and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his "wedding expenses," but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which he says lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the "officiating clergyman" was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said, "I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago, Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes; and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; your always have"

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home, to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Where is my fee?" demanded the clergyman. "I bear it has been put in your keeping."

"It's on the dining-room table," faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining-room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labeled respectively, "currant jelly," "chili sauce," "sweet pickles," and last but not least, "raspberry jam."

"We had a good laugh, of course," says Mr. Lathrop, "but we also had some of that 'jelly' the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better."—*Youths' Companion*.

Influence. A man may strive for influence and miss it. But let him grow within himself—in self-control, in conscientiousness, in purity and submission—and then he will not miss it. Every step of inward progress makes us worth more to the world and to every cause with which we may be identified. The road to influence is simply the highway of duty and loyalty. Let a man press nearer to Christ and open his nature more widely to admit the energy of Christ, and whether he knows it or not—it is better, perhaps, if he does not know it—he will certainly be growing in power for God with men and for men with God.

A Great Capitalist. Russell Sage, as a boy, was employed in a village store. His business aptitude bought out his employer. He is one of the largest capitalists in the country, and all his millions have been rolled up by energy and thrift.

SKINNER'S CARPET : WAREROOMS.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE BELLS RING LOOK FOR Skinner's Carpet Delivery Wagon!

A. O. SKINNER.



MORAL - INSURE.

A citizen 14 years ago, on the morning of June 20th, entered an Insurance office and placed \$5,000 on his house. He simply placed the risk—got no policy, paid no premium. In the afternoon there was a heap of ashes where his house stood. He had no house, but the Company paid him \$3,000.

PHENIX OF HARTFORD.

Knowlton & Gilchrist, Agents, 132 Prince William Street.

Advertisement for Ogilvie's Patent Hungarian Flour, featuring a circular logo with 'HIGHEST PATENT' and 'OGILVIE'S BEST' text, and 'MADE IN CANADA' at the bottom.

HALL & FAIRWEATHER

COLLECIATE SCHOOL,



Windsor, N. S. Founded A. D. 1788. HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A.—Classics and Science. Toronto and Victoria Universities, Ont. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON.—Mathematics, German, Provincial Certificate, Province of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. ROBERT SIMPSON.—English and Classics. University of Toronto. FRENCH: CHARLES G. ABBOTT, Esq., B. A., Kings College.

Next term commences September 1st. Circulars giving full information, will be sent on application to THE HEAD MASTER.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, featuring a logo with 'PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU' and 'GERMAN BUILDING' text, and 'DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED' at the bottom.

THIS BOOK



AND PROGRESS One Year for \$8.75.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling

creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." Ed. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." E. C. BROWN, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out

"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. FRIBB MORSE, 29 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 51c per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

TWO YOUTHFUL KINGS.

THE MERRY KING OF SPAIN, AND THE SAD ALEXANDER.

A Six Year Old Monarch Who is Full of Fun—Something About His Daily Life—Alexander of Servia and His Desolate Existence.

A happy life is that of King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, who will be six years old on the seventeenth of May next. He is a remarkable and intelligent child, with a handsome, frank face and silky, golden curls. He has already a very correct knowledge of his power and high station, and knows how to behave in a kingly fashion, and yet obeys in all things his mother, Queen Christina.

The white-haired Madame Tacon, who is the governess of his father, King Alfonso XII., some thirty years ago, has supreme control of the royal nursery; but Raimunda, the gorgeously attired peasant

nurse, is still his most cherished attendant. The little King refused to allow her to be paid off and dismissed at the time when he could have done without her services, and insisted upon her being retained as a member of his household.

Punctually at seven o'clock every morning young Alfonso is awakened by Raimunda, who bathes and dresses him. He then drinks a cup of chocolate, and partakes of fruit and toast. At eight he steps out upon the low, spacious balcony of his nursery, which looks out upon the great square, and listens to the music of a regimental band.

A crowd of children is always assembled under the windows to see him appear. Rich babies, covered with costly furs, and ragged little street urchins all uncover their little heads in an obsequious to their young sovereign, who bows gratefully all around to return their salutation.

When he happens to recognize any of his young subjects among the rows of upturned rosy faces, he leans over the balcony, and, calling them by name, chats joyfully with them until his mother summons him. Then with another bow and a wave of his hand, he leaves the balcony, followed by the enthusiastic hurrahs of his fervent little admirers.

Shortly after nine the king drives out in a beautifully appointed carriage, accompanied by Madame Tacon, and preceded by two outriders in brilliant liveries. After a drive of two hours, during which his childish prattle never ceases, he returns to the palace for luncheon. On his arrival, the palace guard turns out and the bugle sounds, to the great joy of the young sovereign, who dearly loves military display. As he ascends the steps leading to the great hall, the royal halberdiers range themselves in line on each side of the stairs.

When he reaches the top of the stairway he turns to Colonel Loigorri, the chief of the halberdiers, and, in obedience to the instructions which he has received from his mother, doffs his cap and says with great gravity, "Let them retire."

At five o'clock he goes out for another drive, which is attended with the same ceremonies; and after dinner, which he takes with his mother, he plays with his regiment of tin soldiers, or romps with his big dog Cesar in a large gallery filled with all kinds of toys, ranging from the rubber menagerie of babyhood to the miniature railway trains, steamboats, and beautifully painted picture-books, appropriate to his age.

At eight o'clock his mother takes him to his bed-chamber, which communicates with her own, and hears him recite his evening prayers. The queen invariably remains seated by his cot of sculptured ivory, shrouded in curtains of white gauze and silver brocade, holding his hand in hers until he falls asleep.

Alfonso has a little basket-carriage of his own, drawn by two snow-white Spanish donkeys, which he drives with great skill. Wrapped in a sable coat with a sable-lined hood, his little majesty takes his place on the high velvet cushion of his miniature equipage, and with a masterly crack of his whip, starts off the donkeys, who jingle their bells and toss their long ears as if in defiance of the admonitions of the English groom who is in attendance.

While at the sea-side resort of San Sebastian, King Alfonso enjoys more liberty of action than he does at Madrid. Every morning he appears on the sands near the sea escorted by Madame Tacon and the faithful Raimunda, and plays with his sisters and other little children as freely as if he were not his most Catholic Majesty King Alfonso XIII. of Spain.

But in the wildest moments of his enjoyment, the boy remembers that he is the king, to whom all people give homage, crowding to kiss his tiny hand; and he is full of pride and resolution.

At times he is even a little overbearing. One morning in August, when he was four years old, he was running on the long lawn under the gray walls of the old chateau. The roses and orange-trees filled the air with their perfume; and, seated on a low wicker chair, Queen Christina watched the little boy as he

chased some bright butterflies which hovered over the flowers. The Queen had often forbidden him to hurt any living creature. For once, however, he disobeyed, and as a large butterfly settled on a crimson rose close by, Alfonso put out his little hand and caught it by its velvety wings.

At that moment the Queen, who had risen and approached unheeded, put her hand on his arm, and unclosing his fingers, set the prisoner at liberty.

"You have disobeyed me, mein Bubi." This is the pet name by which she always calls him. "You have been cruel," she said sadly, while the little boy was looking ruefully at the brilliant dust left by the butterfly's wings on his pink finger-tips.

His pretty face was flushed with suppressed anger, and he attempted to draw his arm away from his mother's grasp.

"I am the King," he said imperiously, "and I can do as I like!"

"You are the King, my child," answered Queen Christina, softly, "and that is why you must always be good and merciful to all creatures living. You have pained me very much, and I shall not kiss you tonight."

The boy burst into tears, and then kissing the queen's hand he said, sobbing, "I am very sorry, mamma, I beg your pardon—I will do it no more!"

Since then the little fellow has always been very careful to obey his mother, for he knows that, although she loves him tenderly, she never overlooks his faults, and he cannot bear to see her angry.

For a time he was very ill, and during forty-eight hours it was believed that he could not recover. Prayers were offered up for him in all the churches of the kingdom, and his mother, the queen, and the old prime minister Sagasta, on whose knees the boy, when well, loved to sit and listen to stories, never left his bedside until the crisis was over.

Very different is the existence of the young King Alexander of Servia, whose fifteen years of life have been sadly desolate. It is impossible not to sympathize with this poor boy. Well may he envy the lot of King Alfonso, who enjoys a tender mother's love, and who is surrounded by friends and loving subjects.

Since his father, King Milan, abdicated in his favor in March, 1889, the life of young Sacha, as he is called by the servants, has been in constant danger, and several attempts have been made to kill him.

A week after his ascension to the throne five dynamite bombs were thrown through



KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.



KING ALEXANDER OF SERVIA.

the windows of the military riding school near his palace, which he had left but ten minutes before the termination of his daily riding lesson. The force of the explosion was such that all the windows in the neighborhood were shattered; and had Alexander been still in the building, as his would-be assassins supposed, he would have been blown to pieces.

The unfortunate lad, parted from his father and mother, whom domestic and political troubles have separated and driven out of the country, is extremely miserable, and says that his present existence is unendurable. He has not a single intimate friend to whom he can turn for comfort, and he is not allowed to communicate freely with either his father or his mother. He is forced by etiquette to take his meals alone, and never hears a word of genuine affection.

He is a very brave and courageous boy, and remains patient and courteous to all in this melancholy life. He strives to perfect himself in all bodily exercises and manly habits, and seems to think himself quite happy. Truly, the burden of woe which he carries on his youthful shoulders is heavy enough to make him forget the pleasures and light-hearted joys of childhood.

He is a good shot, and is as skilful in the management of a boat as he is on horseback. He can drive three horses harnessed abreast, in Russian fashion, with great skill; he has been well trained in all athletic exercises, and can climb and run and walk long distances without fatigue.

His slender limbs are as strong as steel, and his health is excellent. One of his few pleasures during the fair season is to climb the higher ranges of the Servian hills, his gun strung across his shoulder, or carried in his hand ready to shoot the antelopes or chamois which abound there.

He has a little tent which is set up for his own use on the hills. He knows all the paths through the large, dark forests and pine woods, and feels free and happy only when he reaches the rocky regions, strewn with boulders of granite and barred here and there by huge limestone crags.

When at home in his immense, melancholy palace, the young monarch is unhappy. No one ever hears him complain or sees the tears fill his eyes; but the sense of his loneliness and bereavement never leaves him. Sometimes he lets his grief have its full sway when no one is near—when the night has closed in and he is left to himself.

He studies hard with his tutor, professor Doritch; he learns German, French, English, Russian, Italian, Latin and Greek. Study is a pleasure to him, for he is very ambitious, and strives to become a learned and good man.

Every Fresh Goods. McArthur's, 30 King Street.

CAPE BRETON'S SHORES.

THE SCENERY VARIED BUT PICTURESQUE AND GRAND.

Little Fishing Villages Where the Arrival of the Boat is the Event of the Week—The Ways of the French and Scotch Inhabitants.

It was a lovely afternoon when, after leaving the Intercolonial train which brought us from Halifax to Pictou, we stepped on board the Newcastle City, which leaves every week for the several ports along the north, or Gulf side of Cape Breton. Almost immediately the whistle blew, the captain shouted "All aboard!" and we were off for Inverness County, where lies Margaree, the port to which we were bound. Although a stiff breeze was blowing, it was off the land, and the captain assured us that, outside it would be calm as a mill pond. He proved a true prophet. As we sailed down the harbor, past the lighthouse, and out into the gulf, the sea was delightfully smooth, and continued so during the entire voyage. Passing along the northeast shore of Nova Scotia we sighted Cape Pictou, and in a short time found ourselves amid scenery which is truly pastoral. All day long we sat on deck, and indeed far into the night, admiring the lovely landscape. On one side is the Gulf of St. Lawrence stretching away to the horizon—it looks here like the Atlantic, so vast is it—on the other is the land. Right to the water's edge slope the rich fields of clover, corn and wheat, while in the background are mountains so lofty they seem almost touching the sky. Tiny houses are dotted here and there, sometimes among the fields, again half way up the mountain side.

Towards evening we reach our first station, a small fishing hamlet—if my memory serves me Annapolis is the name. The few inhabitants dock to the wharf, the touching of the steamer being the event of the week; to these simple rustics, it is the arrival of the Teutonic or Majestic. Too overawed to speak, they stand open-mouthed, and stare. As the ship again moves onward we watch them returning up the winding passways to their homes. There is a hazy, misty atmosphere about the scene, and the twilight gradually deepens into calm evening. Bringing our travelling rugs up from the stateroom, we wrap them around us and give ourselves up to the charm of the hour. What can be pleasanter than a lovely summer night at sea? There is a sort of mysterious, unreal sensation, in being borne along through the darkness, on the bosom of the deep. We were all very silent, while the old ship ploughed steadily along, leaving in her train a long line of light, and we sat dreaming and building castles in the air.

By-and-by the moon, rather overcast, but after while the moon, breaking through a rift of cloud, changed all to fairy land; and by the time we reached Port Hood, our second stopping place, the clouds had all dispersed, and we obtained almost as good a view of the land as we could see in daylight. It presents a much more attractive appearance from the water, so we were informed, than when on land.

The sun gleaming through the port-hole awakened me next morning. I was quickly on deck, and found we were entering the spacious and handsome harbor of the town. By-and-by Monsieur le Curé came down to greet the captain; as he passed along, holding up his long cassaque the men touched their hats respectfully. All filled me with admiration; the picturesque groups on the wharf, behind their luggage, the freight discharged, and the bell-ringing in the early morning mists, and the ships with their snow-white sails, reminded me of a scene in another land, and I could almost imagine myself transported again to the shores of Brittany. The passengers, having departed with their baggage, the freight discharged, and the bell-ringing in the early morning mists, and the ships with their snow-white sails, reminded me of a scene in another land, and I could almost imagine myself transported again to the shores of Brittany.

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The passengers, having departed with their baggage, the freight discharged, and the bell-ringing in the early morning mists, and the ships with their snow-white sails, reminded me of a scene in another land, and I could almost imagine myself transported again to the shores of Brittany.

DO YOU WANT HEALTH? THEN USE PEPTONIZED BEEF ALE AND BEEF PEPSINE. Cures all forms of Indigestion. Price 25 Cents, in Pint Bottles. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

farmers, beyond hay, corn and wheat they raise nothing else; no gardens, rich with the season's vegetables, or orchards laden down with all sorts of fruit, such as may be seen all through the Annapolis valley, are here to be met with. A day or two afterwards we took a drive from Margaree in the other direction, and there we found more enterprise, but the people dwelling on the interval, as it is called, are hardly working Frenchmen, differing in every respect from the stolid Scotchman who inhabits this district, and who, provided he has his oat cake and glass of whiskey, is happy.

Arriving at the brow of a high hill, we caught our first glimpse of Chimney Corner, and a few minutes more brought us to our destination. We had no sooner alighted than we became highly interested. We saw before us the broad, far-stretching Gulf of St. Lawrence, sparkling bluer than ever. We saw also, stretching east and west, natural laws and fields of purest green, groves of most delicious shade, and a beach matchless for its snow-white sands, a full quarter of a mile in extent, towards which the big waves were heaving with incessant pursuit of each other. The beach is in the shape of a horse-shoe; great cliffs at each end jut out into the sea; that one over toward the west looking like a huge hippopotamus. The cliffs shelter the beach from all the cold winds, and the air which reached us was, though full of brine, devoid of that chilliness which is always more or less experienced on the Atlantic coast beaches of Nova Scotia.

Ascending this western cliff by jutting pieces of sandstone which formed a natural staircase, we obtained the sea-breeze in all its wild freshness and looked over at Margaree island opposite, and down towards our left upon Broad Cove. Descending, we sauntered along the sands, and up to the small cottage built but a few yards from the beach, where we found excellent accommodation, rustic of course but comfortable. Our repast, to which we did full justice, consisted of delicious trout, freshly caught in the little crystal stream flowing past the door, fine raspberries and cream, with the auxiliaries of good tea, coffee, bread and excellent butter. After dinner we again strolled forth and spent the afternoon drinking in the surrounding beauties. It was one of those superb afternoons in August when the country always looks its best. The odor of brine and sweet hay mingled, the sky was cloudless, and the trees threw their long shadows seaward to the grass. Oh, what a magnificent spot for an hotel! I exclaimed, sitting down on a broken mast of some stranded ship which had drifted to shore.

After sunset a breeze arose, and when about dark we again walked upon the sands, the waves were rolling in with tremendous force. We found difficulty in keeping on our hats, and soon took refuge within doors. We sat until quite late in the little old fashioned parlor, chatting and spinning yarn, and, as the wind swept around the house and rattled at the window panes, I was reminded of that verse of Longfellow—

We sat within the farmhouse old, Whose windows looking o'er the bay Gave to the sea breeze damp and cold An easy entrance night and day.

We left Chimney Corner in the grey of the early morning, when I say we, I include myself and one other of our party. The others, hearing of the fine shooting to be obtained here had sent for their guns and game bags and taken up their quarters at the little farmhouse. As we drove towards Margaree and passed through the deep glen, lying at the entrance to Chimney Corner, great coveys of partridge whirred past us into the deep bush, and we presaged much good sport for our friends. The driver informed us, pointing with his whip to a long strip of pasture land about a quarter of a mile away, that there, in the early September mornings, the ground is literally covered with golden plover. When other tourists rave about the Bras d'Or Lakes we shall never regret having chosen that our holiday should be spent among scenes which, though perhaps less frequented, were none the less lovely.

LENA.

IN DISHONORED GRAVES.

Men who were Buried in the Jail Graveyard at Oromocto, Sanbury Co.

About two miles below Oromocto village stand the Sanbury county court house and jail. The people of the county are a peaceful law-abiding people, and the jail is generally tenanted by prisoners. The judges have scarcely anything to try at the various terms of court, except a few civil cases. A much more humane system prevails towards the few prisoners confined here from time to time than obtains in most of the other jails in the province and they are treated more like human beings; never being forced to the regulation diet of bread and water as in like institutions. The reason for this, chiefly is because there are no real criminals confined here, the officials of the county are more humane, and the jailer, Mr Frank Haley, while performing his duty as a faithful officer, doesn't see the necessity of treating men like brutes, because they happen to be unfortunate. But this has nothing to do with my story.

In the jail yard enclosure I was shown three graves, which have a sad and painful history. They are now covered with a rich growth of luscious cherries, and the occupants sleep as peacefully regardless of "the tides that go ebbing and flowing betwixt them as if they had never been the victims of man's (or woman's) inhumanity to man.

The first is that of poor Jack Chambers, the only one ever executed here; who on the evidence of an abandoned girl was accused of an assault on her person, which in those days was punishable with death. It was a cruel conspiracy, and he being a foreigner and without friends or counsel was tried, found guilty and hanged.

The next is that of old Sam Moore, an ex-British soldier, over eighty years of age, who in his declining years received the usual reward given by the British government to its sturdy defenders—that of a pauper. In the house where he was living were some very mischievous girls, and whether through malice or pure cussedness, they used to almost torment the life out of the old man. Becoming exasperated beyond endurance, one day when they were treating him worse than usual, he plunged a knife into one of them, inflicting an ugly wound, and for this was arrested and lodged in jail. There would in all likelihood not have been much done with him, as the girl was not seriously injured, but fearing the worst one day in a fit of mental depression he hanged himself with his handkerchief.

The last on the list was old Charley Johnson, whose married life was anything but happy. His wife and he were continually fighting, and having one day blacked both her eyes and administered several kicks and blows which "laid her on the shelf," he was arrested and confined in jail to await the sitting of the court. On court day he was brought out, and his wife was there ready to give evidence. He was told to wash and fix up, (a thing he had not done since he came there), so as to be in a presentable condition before the gentleman. He was offered a basin but preferred, he said, to go to the river, whither he was accompanied by the jailer. Wading out he made a feint of washing his hands and face, still getting out deeper, and finally made a plunge and sank beneath the waters to rise no more. The astonished jailer went to his assistance, but before they could reach him the vital spark had fled and he was beyond the reach of the law, and his scolding wife. When the news was broken to her she clasped her hands and exclaimed: "Thank God, we'll have some peace now." Thus it is, and thus it will ever be: "Whenever there is any mischief a woman is sure to be at the bottom of it."—Butler's Journal.

Postage Stamps.

Few people, perhaps, realize of how recent origin is the postage stamp. It was first issued by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil was the first nation to follow the example, which they did in 1843, and in 1847 the United States began the use of postage stamps. There are now 211 stamp issuing countries. It is estimated now that every year some 50,000,000 letters are posted in the world. America leads with over 25,000,000, 000 and England follows with 700,000,000. Japan now mails annually 95,000,000 letters and the cancelled stamps on these letters are worth an average of one cent each. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address on them. 1,600 of these gold coin and money were inclosed. The cancelled postage stamps of many countries are worth quite as much as unused specimens, and many are issued solely for collections, the revenue being an important item. Monaco was the latest to issue stamps; but Stockholm, with its "fifty houses and three stores," is probably the most insignificant, even more so than Heligoland or the Virgin Islands.

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LADD'S CHANGE OF HEART.

The cats, the dogs, the cattle and the chickens instinctively shunned Farmer Jacob Ladd. He was harsh with his hard-working wife, had been unkind to his only son, and a bitter, unreasoning hatred rankled in his heart against many men.

His wife, a gentle and timid woman, was beloved by people who feared and hated her husband.

In the little shed-room, back of the room where her husband sat in the doorway, she was busily at work mending a quilt. Another woman was in the room—a neighbor who, for the sake of seeing Mrs. Ladd, had braved the chance of encountering Jacob.

Mrs. Ladd paused in her work, and said with a sigh:

"Did yer see ther pore critters, Miss Landsey? They passed right along by our gate. I tried to keep from lookin' at 'em, 'cause I couldn't bear to see his sufferin'. The idea o' Foke Baker, he is a sheriff, drivin' a pore boy long the big road, just as if he was a yearlin' calf, 'fore he's been proved guilty o' the murder! It's a shame!"

"Yes," the other admitted, "they ought to treat 'im human; but I reckon the's no doubt 'nuder the sun 'at he killed Squire Broadenax. He laid all night close by the Broadenaxes, an' when they cotch 'im in Spring Place he had two hundred dollars in 'is pocket. I reckon he did the killin', fer how could a pore tramp like 'im, 'thout a whole rag to 'is back, have so much money?"

Mrs. Ladd sighed again, and her motherly face grew more serious. She let the quilt glide to the floor.

"It looks mighty bad," she said.

"They'll likely find 'im guilty an' hang 'im for it, pore boy! He passed as nigh to me as that bedpost, an' 'is made me think o' my Tobe. Who knows whar on earth my boy is today? I haint hardly been able to close my eyes for the last month, for thinkin' about 'im. I'm afeared he's dead; Texas is mighty onhealthy."

"I haint had a letter from him in more than two months," she went on presently. "It's been two year sence he let his father's boss drown, and Jacob driv' 'im off."

She told again the sad story, familiar to her guest; how Tobe had driven the horse into the river, ignorant that the water had risen; how the animal had become entangled in the harness, and had drowned in spite of the boy's efforts to save him; and how his father had driven him away, and forbidden him to return until he could bring back the money that the horse had cost.

"I believe he's dead," Mrs. Ladd sighed. She wiped her eyes on her needle-punctured fingers, and went slowly over to a wooden box in a corner. Raising the lid she lifted out a black coat and waistcoat, a pair of trousers of light color, and a pair of calfskin boots with high heels and red tops.

"His Sunday clothes," she explained, huskily. "Tobe was mighty proud o' 'em, but he wouldn't take 'em with 'im. He said he wanted to rough it—that he didn't want to put on style; he said I could save 'em till he got back. But he 'lowed if he never did git back, for me to give 'em to some feller that needed 'em."

Jacob Ladd still sat in the doorway. The dusk was falling over the hushed earth, when a man under a slouched hat rode up.

"Hello, Jake!" he called out, pausing at the gate.

Ladd rose quickly and went to him.

"I've seed 'em all," said the man, in a whisper. "We'll meet at the store to-night at eleven. Morgan is in for it, heart an' soul. He 'lows hangin' is too good for such a cold-blooded rascal."

"All right," said Ladd, "I'll be thar. We'll save the county the expense of a long trial. It'll be that much in the pockets o' the tax-payers."

It was late in the night at the cross-road's store. Peter Morgan, the store-keeper, had closed and locked the door, and stood leaning against it. Some twenty rough men were sitting and standing about in whispering groups. The last two to arrive were Jacob Ladd and a burly black man.

"You fetched like I see," remarked Morgan, as he cautiously admitted them.

"Of course!" grunted Ladd. "Who else kin climb a tree like him? You know he's afeared to give us away, an' he is fond o' sech amusements."

The negro smiled grimly.

"Well, we are all here, I believe," said Morgan, "and I'm able to see 'ere're all of one mind. But to make shore, I'll put it to a vote. All in favor hold up the right hand."

Every hand in the room was raised.

The storekeeper handed out a coil of new rope.

"That's the stuff," said Ladd, taking it in his hand, and handing it to the negro.

"Make yore knot, Ike, or I'll have t'other end for yore neck."

Ike smiled good humoredly, tied the knot quickly, and passed the rope to the group of men nearest him. They nodded as if satisfied, and handed it back, some of them refusing to touch it.

Ladd took a lantern and led the silent band from the store and down the little shaded forest road to the village, where the jail stood.

Ladd rapped upon the jail door with the head of his walking-stick, and his fellows moved up close behind.

"Hello! Who's thar?" sounded in gruff tones from the room occupied by the jailer and his wife.

"Git up an' see, Nelse Murray!" answered Ladd.

The men pressed nearer together. Some of them drew their revolvers and pulled their hats down over their eyes. Ladd's face was entirely hidden.

A chain rattled on the door and a pale, bearded face appeared in a slight opening.

"What's it you want?" asked the jailer in an unsteady voice.

"Jest yore prisoner, Murray, that's all," replied Ladd, in a guttural, unrecognizable voice. The others crowded about him.

"Turn over yore keys an' go back ter bed; we'll do the rest."

"Boys," exclaimed the jailer, "this aint right. The prisoner haint been proved guilty. Go off, an' let me do my duty."

Murray was trembling so violently that the rattling of the chain on the door could be heard. Ladd coolly cocked his revolver. A dozen other weapons clicked.

"Hold on! Give 'im a minute!" exclaimed Ladd. The jailer's hand suddenly came out into the moonlight. A bunch of keys rattled in his fingers and fell jingling upon a stone step.

"I wash my hands uv ye," the jailer faltered.

Ladd unlocked the door, and the men entered. They gathered around a large cage of iron in the middle of the room, in which they saw, by the light of the lantern, a handsome man about twenty-two years old.

"I see what you want," said the young prisoner, "but I'll swar I'm not guilty! I didn't kill that man—I don't know any thing about it. Give me a chance to prove it!"

"Tell that to some other gang o' 'white caps,'" said Ladd, coolly unlocking the cage and leading the man out. "You needn't bother to spend yore wind—you'll need it atter awhile. Fix 'is hands, Ike, an' put the rope 'roun' 'is neck."

Most of the band were awed by the prisoner's cool deportment. A sudden look of angry fearlessness seemed to sweep over his young face. As the negro approached him, he voluntarily crossed his hands behind his back for them to be tied.

"All right," he said, in a tone of resignation, mixed with contempt. "I'll show yer how an honest man kin die when he's overpowered by a mob o' cowards. Lead the way!"

Ladd preceded the prisoner and Ike down the stairs; the others brought up the rear. Silently they crossed the shaded courtyard, passed out into the open moonlight in the street, and entered the woods.

"What time is it?" asked Jacob Ladd, of a man by his side.

"I dunno," was the reply, and the speaker shuddered at the sound of his own voice.

"It's about quarter after two," said the prisoner, very calm. "I heard the clock strike twice jest 'fore you fellers knocked on the door."

Every man that heard the voice seemed to feel a cold hand upon his heart. Presently Ike stopped the prisoner beneath a huge oak, and looked around with a question in his gleaming eyes.

"This one'll do," said Ladd, in an uneven voice. Then, at his command, Ike hung the rope over the lowest limb of the tree.

"If yer hev any prayer ter pray, say it 'fore I give the order," said Ladd.

"My prayers are said, thank yer," said the young man; "but I've got a straight request to leave behind me, if there's one among yer that 'ud like to see justice done."

"Out with it, then," said Ladd. As he spoke he let the rope fall slack.

"I've done said I'm innocent, so I won't go over that. But I've tramped it all the way from Texas to do somethin' for a dyin' man, an' this hangin' will prevent it. That money, two hundred dollars, 'at the sheriff took from me, an' which he intends to hand over to the dead man's wife, don't long ter her, and never was in the possession of the man that was killed."

"Ye all 'low I'm guilty, 'cause I had that money, an' couldn't tell the man's name I was fetchin' it to. Now I was away out on the prairie in North Texas, twenty miles from a white man's house, when I run acrost a young man by 'isself in a cabin, jest about to die with a fever. Thar wasn't nobody in reach, so I couldn't get help. Jest 'fore he died he give me that money, an' made me promise to take it to his father."

"He said he owed it to 'im for a boss he drowned, an' he promised to pay her. He hed jest told me that his father lived in this county, an' started to tell his name, when he tuk a fit o' coughin', and died 'thout makin' 'is name know."

"I buried 'im thar, an' tramped all the way here, 'cause I had no money o' my own. But so many young fellers has gone West 'at I couldn't find the father o' this one."

"All I want to ax is thet some o' you will try to see thet justice is done, in case anythin' turns up ter prove me innocent atter I'm gone. Now I'm ready."

Every eye in the group was directed toward Jacob Ladd. He was leaning against a young tree, as pale as death.

"What was the boy's name?" he gasped, staring the prisoner in the face.

"I tol' yer I didn't know," replied the other.

"Did he have red hair an' blue eyes?"

"Yes, an' a blood-red birthmark on his cheek."

Ladd was quivering in every limb and feature. The men had dropped the rope as if it had stung their hands. The whole forest seemed hushed in suspense.

The prisoner began to look around him in astonishment, but he could meet nobody's eyes.

"O my boy!" burst from Ladd's lips, and he staggered toward the bound man; "is he dead?"

"Who?"

"The boy that give you the money."

"Yes, an' under the ground. I buried 'im in the best I could. Do you know anythin' about 'im?"

"He was my son!"

Almost without a word the young man was released. The mob gradually dispersed, and Ladd was left alone with him.

"Come along with me," said Ladd. "I'll see you clear with the sheriff. I want you to tell the boy's mother about it."

By and by they reached Ladd's cottage. The light from a kitchen fire shone through the window.

"She's up a'ready," said Ladd. "You wait here till I go and sorter break it to her."

He leaned wearily against the fence, and Ladd staggered across the potato patch and entered the door. The stranger listened, expecting to hear some sound of grief from the house, but it did not come. In a few moments Ladd emerged from the house and came slowly toward him.

"She takes it mighty quiet," he said, "an' haint a word to say 'bout our treatment o' you. But that'll come after she's over o' other shock. She said to bring you in; come on."

Mrs. Ladd was standing in front of the fire when they entered. She went across the creaking floor to get a chair, which she placed near the hearth for the visitor. A

THE NEW MONTE CARLO.

WHERE THE FAMOUS GAMBLING CASINO WILL BE LOCATED.

Driven From Its Old Home, It Will Flourish in Future in Ignorant and Scolded Andorra—How the Right to Gamble Will Be Obtained.

The downfall of the world-famed gambling casino at Monte Carlo has created a sensation in all the European capitals. The Prince of Monaco has refused to renew the concession under which the casino is operated, and which expires next year. With Monte Carlo gone, there will not remain a public gaming table in Europe operated with the authority of the law.

The alarm of the sporting fraternity has been diminished by the news that although Monte Carlo must go, the gambling establishment will simply change its locale. In the quiet little republic of Andorra, nestling among the highest and wildest reaches of the Pyrenees, it has found a home, and there a new Cercle des Etrangers, a new casino will begin a new history of shame, of lawless pleasure born of mad excitement, of fabulous profits garnered from the wreck of lives and the ruin of fortunes.

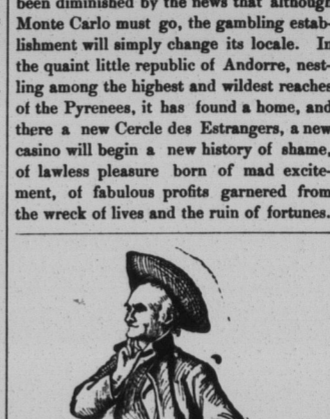
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The three magnates of Monte Carlo have formed a new incorporation, under the title of the Cercle des Etrangers d'Andorre (Strangers' Club of Andorra). They have capitalized it at fifty millions of francs, and it is said that all they offered for general subscription, 20,000,000 of francs, was gobbled up at a premium in a few days by Parisian rastaquoueres and fast speculators on the Bourse.

The plans contemplate the erection of a Casino with theatre and all other buildings as at Monte Carlo, and in addition a mammoth hotel. They are to be located at Escaldes, a hot sulphur bath in the Andorran territory near Andorra, the principal village and seat of government. The construction of from 50 to 100 miles of post road is an immediate necessity, and an extensive last diligence service must be established. A railway is ultimately contemplated from Foix or some other convenient point now reached by rail, to the village of Andorra, a distance of probably 40 miles.

The State, like Monaco, owes a feudal allegiance to the government of France, which is shared, however, by the bishop of Urgel in Spain. The sovereignty of the two powers is joint and equal in every way, and in the Casino matter the bishop, who is one of the poorest prelates in existence, is relied upon to uphold the gamblers against the influence of France. It will be worth his while to do this for the sake of the enormous income he will derive from his share of the profits, for he is counted very much in the deal. All he gets from his sovereignty at present is some 450 francs a year, while the tribute to France is about 950 francs.

The territory of Andorra is about 160 square miles and cannot, therefore, be much over twelve miles in length and breadth. It is rather on the French side of the Pyrenees.

It remains almost unknown to the rest of the world and is ignorant of the world to an incredible degree. The people are of the same race as the Catalans, and their language is of the same family.

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A step—a word—and you have Surprise Soap in the home. Simply ask your Grocer to send Surprise Soap when next you need soap—its peculiar qualities for the easy washing of rough or fine clothing, laces, cottons, linens, flannels, make it of great value for use on wash day. Demand Surprise and insist on getting the genuine.

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SURPRISE SOAP is Economical. * READ The Directions on the Wrapper

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IF NOT, IT'S TIME YOU HAD!

Most everybody is sending all or part of their wash to us. Those who do find it a most satisfactory way.

For some we do our rough dry way—we wash thoroughly and dry ready for ironing; for others we do it all, wash and iron. It's cheaper than having your clothes rubbed to death over a board. Our process does not rot or wear out clothes; shirts, collars and cuffs wear a long time when we have the washing of them.

Winter's coming on, and washing will be getting cold, cheerless work. Better let us try it for you!

WILL YOU?

BE SURE and send your laundry to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 85. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at

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WHERE ARE YOU GOING TONIGHT?

TO KERR'S! WHAT KERR'S?

KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS, ON KING STREET,

HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.

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NGAR'S.

TONIGHT? KING STREET, CREAM SODA.

Furs, GENTS, Etc. 03 KING ST. SERVED RNS, antles; RRET.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

MORNING. Repeat ye; for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand. I will arise, and go to my father and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

O merciful God, who has made all men, and hasteth nothing that Thou hast made, nor wouldst the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

Better a day Thy courts within, Than thousands in the tents of sin; How base the noblest pleasures there! How great this weakest child of Thine! His meaneast task is all divine, And kings and priests Thy servants are.

Lesson xx. St. John I. The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

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HEALTH AND HOLINESS.

By Ven. F. W. FAIRALL, D. D., F. R. S., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER. Preached in Westminster Abbey to the delegates to the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography. I have been speaking for the last two Sundays of the moral law of God in all its stern and inexorable beneficence, and I should naturally have pursued that subject this afternoon, but the place in which we have met has stood for centuries in the very centre of the great stream of English life and English history.

doing good." He fed the hungry. He healed the sick. He chose the prototypes of His universal mercy, the hated and heretical Samaritan, the wounded sufferer whom priests and Levites on the way to their functions and formalities had left to perish on the roadside. If the church of the future is to continue to be the church of Christ her eulogy will not be multiplied services, or elaborate ceremonies, or curiously articulated creeds, but "I know thy works, and thy faith, and thy patience and thy labor, and thy works, and the last to be more than the first." How are we to know whether the church to which we belong is a true church or not? The answer is not by haughty assertions, not by unprogressive devotion to the obsolete, not by organization, not by formalism which may only speak of the decrepitude and unrealism of religion—but "by her fruits ye shall know her."

Religious Because Humanitarian. I need, then, no apology for officially interrupting the course on which I was engaged, to speak of a work eminently religious, because eminently humanitarian. The work of the Congress which has met this week is a work which every minister of the Gospel should, with all his heart, encourage. The formation of the Congress seven years ago, its annual meetings in one of the great capitals of Europe, at the President of one of its sections has said, is a hopeful sign, a happy proof, an omen that religious selfishness is being replaced by a more social, a more beneficent, a more nobly altruistic view of life and its duties.

God's Three Great Ideas. I claim, then, the work of all these busy and eager minds devoted to the illustration of natural phenomena and social laws, as work which the church of God most heartily blesses and approves. They are studying with exemplary reverence God's three great Ideas—of Nature, of history, and of experience—their work for the good of humanity is a work in the service of Christ. It is founded on the conviction that the apparent indifference of Nature merely means the beneficent fixity of the laws of God. Every triumph of science, which for the good of mankind the present congress has met to promote, has only been rendered possible by the blessed invariableness of law, and how long has been the progress, how glorious has been the triumphs of science—triumphs not only of beauty and wonder, but also of beneficence and power! It is not only that science has expanded the horizons of our human life by showing us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds, infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences, infinite realms beneath us as above us, invisible, but covered with delicate life and iridescent loveliness; but also she has been a great archangel of mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. Her votaries have labored not to increase the power of despots, or to add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to extinguish human pain, to blind and half-naked, in the mouth of the furnaces to mix the iron, she now substitutes mechanical action; she teaches the poor miner to work with perfect safety even amid the fire damp; she has seized the lightning flash by its ring of power and made it a tool of serene work and light to our homes, to turn the wheels

THANKS to the many thousands of our KID GLOVE CUSTOMERS (strangers and citizens), who bought our Gloves during Exhibition week. The presents, like hot buns at picnics, went over our counters in double quick time. If you did not get a copy of our Book, "How to put on a Kid Glove," send your address on a post card and we will mail it to you promptly. W. H. FAIRALL, Kid Glove Agency, 18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

BARGAINS GREATER THAN EVER AT THE Trustees' Sale TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK, 12 KING STREET. THE ENTIRE STOCK AT VERY LOW PRICES

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SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ARISEED. With patient step thy path of duty run; God nothing does or suffers to be done But thou thyself wouldst do, couldst thou see The end of all events as well as He.

HYMN. The golden palace of my God Towering above the clouds I see; Beyond the cherub's bright abode, Higher than angel's thoughts can be: How can I in those courts appear Without a wedding garment on? Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there— Conduct me to Thy glorious throne! And clothe me with Thy robes of light, And lead me through sin's darksome night, My Saviour and my God!

A Prayer. Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Collect. Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee that the course of this world may be so peacefully ordered by Thy government, that Thy church may joyfully serve Thee in godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN. Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down, Now be Thy love, yes, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

Benediction. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT. Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

Bad men hate sin through fear of punishment. Good men hate sin through very love of virtue.—Guevale.



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ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR, FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER WITH JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store, No 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woollen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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SWELLS IN THE SADDLE.

WHAT THEY WEAR AS THEY AMBLE ALONG.

Or When They Go Out to Hunt the Thimble and Innocent Fox—It's to be the Greatest Season for Riding That the Country Ever Saw.

It is a great delight to us who humbly love the saddle, to reflect that our favorite sport is sanctioned by the haughty and the high. There are more of us now than ever before, and we are beginning to seek the support that is in union, through the method of forming clubs. If the cultivation of our tastes permit, we would wish to dress as appropriately as our betters. Of course, not every pocket has a silver lining, and there may be limitations to our indulgence; but at least we may buy what is correct when we buy at all.

The styles show little variation, the only changes being due to the modifications of street wear. Watch a member of the riding club and learn the



RIDING TANDEM.

proper thing. In the morning he will appear in a brown sack coat, waistcoat and breeches with box cloth leggings, or jack boots if the weather be muggy. The coat will be made of whipcord, velvet cord, or Khartoum. This last material will come into favor this fall. It is a cloth that gets its name from the first use that was made of it seven years ago or so, when the English army went to the Soudan. They were clad in a brown that was supposed to match the desert lands, and save them from the observation of their enemies.

The sack coat is cut a little shorter than would be correct for street wear. The breeches may be reinforced with chambrise or buckskin. They are knee strapped, with leather continuations and strings. A Derby hat and a colored scarf go with this dress, as do also the jack spurs. The whip, crop or cane may be carried. The thing most in favor now is a short cane.

Variations in taste find expression principally in shades. Sometimes these variations occur very often in the man with a long pocket; and some of our swell riders have as many outfits as would start a fair sized club. Riding outfits come high. One may pay thirty or forty dollars for a pair of breeches and not be cheated very much.

When it comes to afternoon dress there is less variety. The correct thing is a blue or black, three-button cutaway coat, made like a "morning" coat for street wear, except that the tails are shorter; a waistcoat of the same material, and blue trousers with military mohair braid at the sides, and footstraps. A silk hat, a white scarf, tan colored gloves, patent leather shoes and box spurs complete the outfit. This costume is worn in class riding.

For magnificence there is nothing like the hunting costume. Here the swell finds his best opportunity, for though the coat



THE DRESS FOR CROSS COUNTRY RIDING.

and breeches are prescribed, the waistcoat permits almost any eccentricity. The only real necessity in this matter is that the cloth should come from England. But this is the same with all riding goods. A well bred horse will shy if domestic cloth gets on his back. Fancy waistcoats are in checks and stripes of all descriptions. In looking over a vast line of such goods I could see no common principle except that all produced a light effect of color.

The scarlet coat makes the hunt more gaudy. When the Rockaway Hunt Club goes out to scare two or three poor little foxes out of their wits—scare them so badly that they won't run on any provocation, but sit on their hind legs and weep—why in that case we get the scarlet coat, the gaudy waistcoat, the white trousers of Bedford cord, deerskin or buckskin; and all the rest of it to perfection.

For the hunt ball, which bears importation if the hunting doesn't, the gentlemen must wear a coat cut just like that for ordinary evening dress, but of scarlet cloth, a white embroidered waistcoat, and the customary black pantaloons.

A novelty in color was introduced last spring by the Richmond County Hunt Club. This organization voted in favor of pink costumes, and men and women turned out on hunting days with the club's color in full blossom.

The children of New York's four hundred—fully as exclusive and scarcely more numerous than their parents—make a great sport of riding. They wear box coats, breeches and leggings; or for their pony

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INCIDENTS THAT MAKE MORE FUN THAN THE COMEDIAN.

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The circumstance recalls to memory many unheeded performances which have provoked the laughter of an audience. Many years ago when Wagner's opera of *Tannhauser* was first produced at the Covent Garden opera house of London the immense stage was occupied with a full set of the third act representing the interior of the Landgraf's palace. The throne was near the footlights and towards the centre of the stage with the Landgrave and Landgravin seated on it and nearly 500 people were on the stage representing courtiers, soldiers, court ladies and so forth, altogether a scene of great magnificence. Now the fates willed it that the large door at the rear of the stage used for taking in scenery, was open, it being a hot night and a crowded stage, and it further pleased the mischievous weaver of the web to decree that a vegetable cart drawn by a donkey should be coming from the market.

A stimulating blow from the driver's stick sent the poor donkey at a gallop, not down the street, but through the stage door. On he went, hoe-having and scattering the stage lords and ladies in all directions. The dignified Landgraf seeing that in another moment the donkey would be over the footlights and into the orchestra, jumped from his throne, royal robes and all, to seize the bridle while the Landgravin bolted into the wings in terror, leaving her crown behind. The poor donkey, the most terrified of all at his unusual position, kicked the cart to pieces, sending the carrots and onions flying in all directions, while the curtain was hastily rung down on the spectacle of a king with his crown and sceptre playing the game of "pull d—l, pull baker" with a jackass.

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Many years ago a manager had a fancy for a ball room scene full of large and real mirrors. He forgot, however, the nature of the mirror to reflect everything at the angle of incidence, and accordingly when the curtain went up, what was intended for a grand scene showed in addition, mixed up with it, the machinery of the theatre and the carpenters in their shirt sleeves and all the paraphernalia usually so industriously concealed.

Quite recently I witnessed a performance of *Galba* in New York. In the arena scene after one of the gladiators was killed, a portion of the arena with painted spectators on it gave way and toppled over on to the dead gladiator, who immediately wriggled from under the canvas, got up and helped to put the scenery up, which being done, he calmly laid down again as a dead gladiator! SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

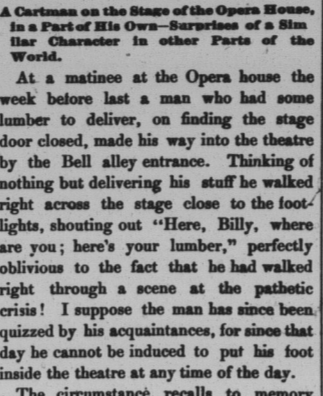
Kisses the All Around.

Martin Butler was in town exhibition week, as is evident from this month's *Journal*. In his account of the sights seen in St. John he says: "Arriving at Portland or the North End, it being two o'clock, we began to feel as though we could stow away some 'grub,' and accordingly entered a small restaurant where we ordered a lunch a piece. There were four small girls in charge who were of a very jovial disposition. Being an old man, I did not have much to say, and 'Ganger' was too bashful but 'Napoleon' had enough to say for the whole of us, and kissed them all around before we left. We spent the remainder of the afternoon on Fort Howe.

Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy if we cast our self-ov behind us in order to say or do them.—George Eliot.

THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

THE "Phonographic World" of New York last week said that there are 90,000 Remingtons in use, which is doubtless a fair estimate of all the other high priced machines put together. Remingtons should not forget this fact when dealing on the type-writer they will adopt. The Remington was the first effective writing machine. For nearly 20 yrs. it has been the standard and now represents the highest achievement of inventive and mechanical skill.



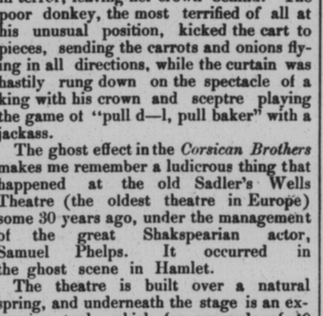
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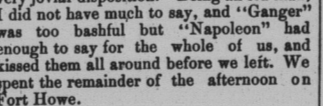
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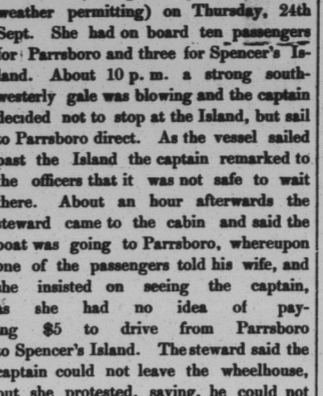


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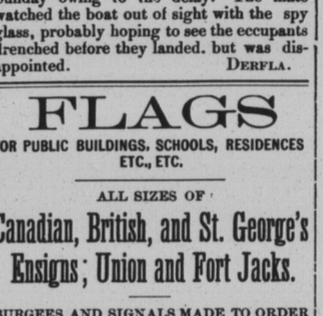
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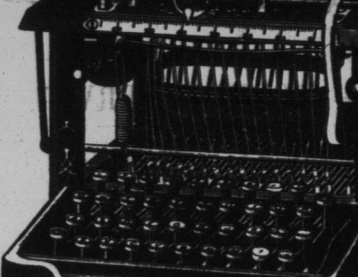
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The theatre is built over a natural spring, and underneath the stage is an extensive tank, which for upwards of 40 years was used for water effects in dramas. Well, one night an Irish actor was playing the part of the ghost, who for greater effect, vanished up stage through several gauze doors, and then went into the cellar through a trap to utter with sepulchral effect the final conjuration to Hamlet to "swear." On the night in question the ghost disappeared through the sepulchral gauze doors, not heard, and Phelps, as Hamlet, was "stuck" upon the stage waiting for the cue. No cue came, and the prompter impatiently cried loud enough to be heard, "Why don't you swear?" The answer came back with a rich Irish brogue and with more real sweating than the lines call for. "How can a man swear when he is up to his neck in wather!" Phelps, thinking to quell the laughter, went on with his lines, but it only increased the roar as he solemnly replied to the prompter, "rest, perturbed spirit."

These unheeded effects happen often from sheer accident, but often from *malice prepense*. Edwin Forrest, whose temper was choleric, had offended a super who determined to get even. One night Forrest, playing in *Matamoros*, came upon the stage and addressing two of the characters (one of whom was the offended super) speaking the line, "which of you two has lived too long?" The super replied, pointing to the leader of the orchestra, "Don't shoot us, shoot that old buster there, he's lived too long." He then bolted with Forrest after him full speed.

Many years ago a manager had a fancy for a ball room scene full of large and real mirrors. He forgot, however, the nature of the mirror to reflect everything at the angle of incidence, and accordingly when the curtain went up, what was intended for a grand scene showed in addition, mixed up with it, the machinery of the theatre and the carpenters in their shirt sleeves and all the paraphernalia usually so industriously concealed.

Quite recently I witnessed a performance of *Galba* in New York. In the arena scene after one of the gladiators was killed, a portion of the arena with painted spectators on it gave way and toppled over on to the dead gladiator, who immediately wriggled from under the canvas, got up and helped to put the scenery up, which being done, he calmly laid down again as a dead gladiator! SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

Kisses the All Around.

Martin Butler was in town exhibition week, as is evident from this month's *Journal*. In his account of the sights seen in St. John he says: "Arriving at Portland or the North End, it being two o'clock, we began to feel as though we could stow away some 'grub,' and accordingly entered a small restaurant where we ordered a lunch a piece. There were four small girls in charge who were of a very jovial disposition. Being an old man, I did not have much to say, and 'Ganger' was too bashful but 'Napoleon' had enough to say for the whole of us, and kissed them all around before we left. We spent the remainder of the afternoon on Fort Howe.

Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy if we cast our self-ov behind us in order to say or do them.—George Eliot.

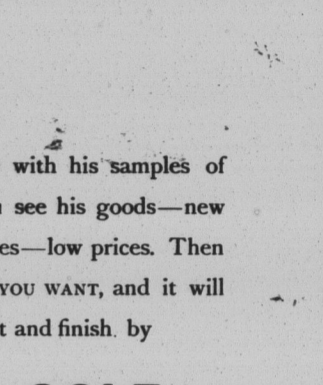
FASHIONS IN

NOTES JOTTED BY ELLEN

Two New and Gorgeous Hats with a Huge E. Blaque and the Fashion.

I saw something almost inclined me to task of talking to you one of the largest of a young girl was looking at her dress had cost money; by this I mean that any observer that is emptying her pockets appearance without success. She had the look of a girl who worked hard there was a certain in her rich gray Bedford

silver passementeries of manner and of tone the impression of having and more graceful and woman's wardrobe. "These are \$2.50," holding up a pair of blue with broad stripes of gold. The girl in gray looked so good a deal. "Oh, well, if you wish this with an unpleasant I can show you our 87. "I'm going out to the gray. "For a week's chance I've had to get thought—would it be there that—" "Why, of course," who seemed to have a sense with the girl. "Good style. "Now, I'll up silk stockings; we have; those I spoil very fairly good stock enough better to be than few cents difference." The girl in gray said her breath about the man, of the necessity the stockings and also for which she paid \$4. few worn bills it had spoils day to earn, weary of life for such men, of the necessity her wealthier neighbor. When I talk to you in the shops it is never making you live for the

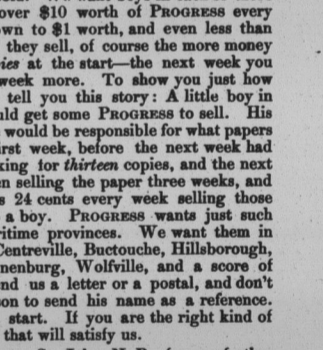


AN AUTUMN

THE CAPES AND THE

both than they are part, and I know of greater nuisance than. There is no object in I have so great an adterborn, but I should having the Matterhorn my back yard. I must tell you of I saw this week. One of pale green broad pointed point, the back pointed train. There white tulle, bordered flounce and caught w top of the low bodice more tulle. The design and indeed the design and not espe broad, for example more soft and heavy often seen. The design white plumes; it is tied with a silver r knot shines out some a diamond. A second evening ored silk embroidered skirt is all one mag yellow metal, and back and front over guipure. There an gleure which open short draped sleeves

Now that the city



THE CAPES AND THE

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

It takes twelve men six years to paint the Brooklyn bridge.

There are over 1,000,000 railroad cars and 83,000 locomotives in the United States.

The gauge of the Roman chariots 2,000 years ago was four feet eight and one-half inches, same as standard railroad gauge of today.

An expert electrician asserts that an electric train making 125 miles an hour would require 7,000 feet in which to come to a standstill.

The United States have an area of 3,025,000 square miles, exclusive of Alaska; with Alaska, 3,602,990. The area of Canada is 3,470,227 square miles.

In New York State 116 labor organizations, comprising 31,191 members employed in different occupations, reported a reduction in the hours of labor during the year 1890.

"Dead as a door nail" originates from the fact that the door nail is the nail upon which the door knocker beats, and constant beating was supposed to have killed the nail pretty thoroughly. Shakespeare uses the saying, but it is much older than his time.

The donkey or ass has the reputation of being stupid. The Romans had proverbs about asses—stupid persons. Christie finds similar proverbs in the Dutch, Italian, French, Russian, German and Spanish. The Greeks do not seem to have had such proverbs. It is a traditional jibe on the ass.

The rule for finding the day of the week of any given date is as follows: Divide the year number by four, discarding any remainder; to the dividend and quotient add the number of the day in the year, and divide the sum by 7. If there is no remainder, the date came on a Saturday. If there is a remainder, it represents the day of the week numerically. In leap years, from Jan. 1 to Feb. 29, supply an extra day; after Feb. 29 take no account of the extra day. Now for an example: Dividing 1876 by 4 gives 469; 1876 plus 469 plus 24 (Sept. 1 is the 24th day of the year) gives 2589; dividing by 7 gives 369, with 6 remainder; therefore the day is Friday.

During the fiscal year 1889-1890 there were in the public schools of the United States elementary and secondary grade 12,686,973 pupils, as against 9,867,605 in 1880. The enrollment formed 20.27 per cent. of the population of 1890. The average daily attendance of pupils on each school day in 1890 was 8,144,938. The total amount expended during the first fiscal year for public school purposes was \$140,277,484, as against \$78,094,687 in 1888. The expenditure per capita of population in 1880 was \$1.56 and in 1890 it was \$2.24. The total value of grounds, buildings and apparatus of educational institutions in 1891 was \$72,894,729.

The right to the throne of England is not strictly hereditary, but by parliamentary authority. William I. had no right; at the time of his invasion Harold was the heir. William II. had no right, his elder brother Robert was the heir; and the same lack of right is noticed in the cases of Henry I., Stephen, John, Henry II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III. and Henry VII. William and Mary were, in the law of heredity, usurpers; so were Anne and George I. In most of these cases the preference of parliament decided the question, and the crown passed from head to head, not on the ground of relationship, but by act of parliament. The parliament of Great Britain can, if it chooses, set aside the Prince of Wales and place one of his brothers or any other person on the throne.

The Bank of England, which is the great depository of bullion in the realm, holds at ordinary times in its vaults \$125,000,000. The Bank of Germany holds \$200,000,000 of bullion in gold and silver. The Bank of France usually holds \$475,000,000. The United States holds in the treasury and in the various national banks somewhere about \$700,000,000 in gold and silver. The increasing wealth of the various nations is somewhat remarkable. During the last ten years the Bank of France has more than doubled its reserves. The Bank of Germany in 1881 held about \$140,000,000; in 1889 it held \$180,000,000. In June, 1873, the amount of gold coin and bullion in the United States treasury was only \$75,000,000; in 1889 it had risen to over \$300,000,000. In the various national banks it stood at \$3,000,000; it has risen to \$80,000,000. In silver there is a still more remarkable increase.

Venice was called the "Bride of the Sea," from the ancient annual ceremony of throwing a ring into the sea by the doge. In the year 1177 it is said that the Pope of Rome presented to the Doge of Venice a ring, saying: "Take this as a pledge of authority over the sea, and marry her every year, you and your successor forever, in order that all may know she is under your jurisdiction and that I have placed her under your dominion as a wife under the dominion of her husband." Hence arose the strange custom of "wedding the Adriatic." When the yearly wedding day came round, Venice kept the anniversary in the most festive robes. All her officers and wealthy citizens might be seen in their gondolas, each boat

and its occupant striving to outdo all others in wealth of adornment. The gondolas formed in procession, the doge leading, and at a certain part of the procession a well-known and oft-repeated formula was recited, claiming for Venice authority over the sea; the emblematic ring was then dropped into its depths and the marriage was considered complete. The Venice of the doges is a thing of the past, and the custom has long been obsolete.

BEECHER'S FIRST SERMON.

How He Held the Attention of a Congregation of Country People.

I was with an aunt in Northbridge, Massachusetts, resting after a long session of teaching, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. Beecher came there during this visit to teach for the first time through a vacation. And here, where he taught his first school, he also preached his first sermon. Evening service was being held in the little, old school-house



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS.

where he taught, and the villagers had requested Mr. Beecher to take charge of it for that evening. At first he was surprised, but he quickly collected himself and consented to preach. How well I remember the look of surprise—almost scorn—on some faces, when he—this last of seventeen—rose to address them. Some thought it a farce, until he began to speak. Then attention came levelled at him, and for nearly an hour scarcely one in that audience moved in his seat. The sermon was an earnest one, simple yet eloquent. Not once did he hesitate for a single word. Sentence followed sentence as smoothly as if they were uttered by a minister of long experience. Never did he in Plymouth pulpit, or on any other platform, hold an audience more fully under his control, so thoroughly spell-bound—than in this, his first effort. I do not mean that he never preached better or more eloquently in later years—that would be a foolish assertion. But this was a simple, quiet country village, where, doubtless, good sound doctrine was given to the people, but with little of the earnestness or eloquence which so quickly touches people who have never been accustomed to that mode of preaching. He preached in the little old schoolhouse until his school closed, and I think the people who heard him then, and some of whom still remain, have never forgotten or ceased to love the young man who came to them so young, and labored for them so earnestly.

the chin, the hoop representing the nimbus and the plaits of hair the beams of light.

Another design is to part the hair on each side of the head, build into three pyramids on frames of grass mat, and then bend the three tips over to join an arch. The elaborate devices take several hours to build, and a clever artist is always in demand, the toilet generally being performed in the open air, with a crowd of admiring and suggesting spectators. Once dressed, it has to last for several weeks, and is protected from damp, etc., by neatly arranged palm leaves fastened into place with thorns in place of hairpins.

Onions for Diphtheria.

"Why don't they use onions! For goodness sake, why don't they use onions! Where do they live? I will go up there today and tell them to use onions!" Such were the exclamations of our mother, says the editor of the Danvers Mirror, when we reported one day at dinner that a child of Mr. G. W. Dudley was dead and the whole family, including himself, alarmingly sick with diphtheria. Mother was moved to a firm belief that she knew several lives saved by the use of onions in diphtheria, one of them being our sister. In these cases raw onions were placed in a bandage and beaten into a pulp, the cloths, containing onions, juice and all, being then bound about the throat and well up over the ears. Renewals may be made as often as the mass becomes dry.

after that to overstep the line thus imposed on me."

A few days later at Alborgo, certain Generals of Division, and among them Augereau, a vulgar, heroic old soldier, vain of his tall figure and his courage, arrived at headquarters not well disposed toward the little *parcens* sent to them from Paris.

Recalling the description which had been given to them, Augereau was abusive and insubordinate beforehand, saying:—"One of Barras's favorites. The Vendemiaire guard! A street general! Never in action! Hasn't a friend! Looks like a bear because he always thinks for himself! He is said to be a mathematician and a driver. An insignificant figure!"

They enter, and Napoleon keeps them waiting. At last he appears with his sword and belt on, explains the disposition of the forces, gives them their orders and dismisses them. Augereau is thunderstruck. Only when he gets out of doors does he recover himself and fall back on his accustomed oaths. He agrees with M. seena.

"That little fiend of a general frightened him!"

He cannot comprehend the ascendancy which overawes him at the first glance!

The fact that stern and proud men freely confessed that they could not understand and the terrible personal magnetism of Bonaparte is not the least remarkable testimony to his force. They seem to have accepted him as so immeasurably superior to other mortals that there could be no shame in their mental prostration before him.

COLPUPS OF BARRAS WOMEN

Attending Weddings and Funerals Their Principal Amusement.

In Lons-le-Saunoy, on the western coast of Africa, dwell a race of people called the Balondo tribes. The women are a very lively class, doing little or no work, and spending the bulk of their time in attending weddings, funerals and similar amusements. Their wonderful flow of spirit is phenomenal in a latitude where the intense heat superinduces languor and rest; and it has been explained in some measure by the fact that their religion is intense fatalism—they believe in fate and accept what comes as inevitable. If they cannot get civilized fabrics to wear, they prefer to go nude, and will give the most extravagant prices for calico and other stuffs. They are "all face," as they say, and the weather does not affect them, so that they even sleep in the same condition, lighting great fires, which they call their "clothing." Like all tribes who pay little attention to clothes, they decorate their heads in the most elaborate manner.

The "buffalo horn" is a favorite design, and is formed by curling the back hair into small, long ringlets, and shaping the front into two rolls laid upon curved shells, producing the appearance of buffalo horns. The most singular method resembles the nimbus surrounding the heads of saints in church windows, by the hair being made into small plaits drawn upwards and outwards from the head, and held in that position by a light hoop of wood which encircles the whole face, coming round under

MEN COVERED BEFORE HIM.

The Wonderful Magnetism of the First Napoleon.

Taine, in his "Modern Regime," ascribes the peculiarities of the French of today largely to the First Napoleon. He laughed at and stimulated their passion for equality. He took advantage of their little regard for liberty as understood by English-speaking peoples, and lessened it. He encouraged them in all their natural and theatrical airs of the nation and its public and literary men, the readiness with which the popular imagination responds to fantastic proposals for establishing French power in the Orient, and all Napoleonic. The personal ascendancy of Bonaparte over the generation with which he came into contact and from which France inherits its present way of thinking, is shown by numerous anecdotes.

When Napoleon, at twenty-six years of age, was appointed as commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, Admiral Decres, who had known him well in Paris, learned that he was to pass through Toulon. Decres wrote long afterward:

"I at once proposed to my comrades to introduce them, venturing to do so on the ground of my previous acquaintance with him. Full of eagerness and joy we started off. The door opened and I was about to step forward, when the attitude, the look, and the tone of voice sufficed to arrest me. And yet there was nothing offensive about him. Still this was enough. I never tried

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Bosche's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Bosche's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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Woodstock. Term Five Years; Interest 6 per cent payable half yearly; Insurance \$2000. Annual rent \$400. Building cost over \$2500—bought within two years. Full information concerning this Loan will be furnished upon application.
J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Solicitor.
Woodstock, Aug. 18, '91. aug2-1m.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKERS

The Duchess of Fife is frequenting the streets of Brighton with her Victoria Duff, actually in her ar...

Melbourne, who is running the west, gets \$5,000 per show he brought down three in of week, the fall trade may be quite brisk.

The Queen of Saxony maintains the same old duty to the ailments of the suffering queen pays the physicians out private purse.

While the Prince of Wales is on the banjo, his brother, the Duke, might be described as a drum, which he really plays skill than the Duke of Edinburgh violin.

Mr. Grover Cleveland was president who was married in House, and Mrs. Cleveland has the friendship of many brilliant White House who had president's wife.

Simultaneously with the new Empress of Austria is showing approaching insanity comes the fact that she smokes 40 Turkish a day. It does not need an expert to trace cause and effect.

To win a bet of \$1,000, Be Side, a young French nobleman as a common sailor on the eight-day clock. Around the miniature railway track, and tiny locomotive moves every five minutes.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand Austria has just received a cut from a tourist agency in Palestine bagful of earth taken from the Archduke's coffin when he died from this sacred spot is believed to be mortal remains with buried. The gift will be de use which the giver designed.

Twenty-five years ago C. Kellogg was America's most popular. Her day of lyric glory and she lives in the memory of and happy past. With one of the greatest of her kind, she has retired with a fortune sufficient to her to round out her remaining days in comfort. Some time ago Carl Strakosch, much her husband, she will always be known as the American prima-donna.

Lillian Russell is as shrewd matters as the pretty speculator "Parisian Romance." In the years her savings have averaged year, and besides this she is proprietor of the apartment house she lives. Like all impulsive she lives. Like all impulsive she is the mainstay of her sisters, and contributes willingly if not lavishly to innumerable the relief of unfortunate artists stars.

There are a dozen men in who might be mistaken for a genial humorist, who has of part of New York's life, has his face or head. He wears a hat, he is one man who can truthfully the newspaper features of his likeliness. Nye is as funny day life as he in print. He is admirably, and, better still, a listener. He has begun to write paper work. His weekly let \$10,000 a year, and he makes 000 by his lectures. In his

E. A. Sothern, the actor, best dressed men in New York first went on the stage he much promise, until Mana took him in hand. Frohman him \$100 a week for the first his management, \$250 a week year, \$350 a week the fourth \$500 a week and 10 per cent receipts the fifth year. So making a great deal of money saving it, too. Some day he man. In manner he is quiet and in a mixed company he will know he is as shy as a cat.

All the ladies of the Vaudeville are thirty and business-like; these traits, and they are children to follow their example each keep a bank account, own purchases, and employ their own servants. They education of their children kitchen now and then, and being excellent cooks. Their being taught the important too. Though the wives of them are worth many millions of are not too busy with society, and in a mixed company they can cook and sew as well as they were compelled to do for

Mrs. Alice Lincoln, of E voted the past twelve years periments in the management houses, and has proved that by tenants in the most unbusiness more than sufficient to with well lighted, well ventilated rooms. She person of the most unhealthily established the new regime stamped out the weeds of fe lowered the rents, and still such a splendid investment way, its revenue so generous not being willing to receive votes the surplus to the tenants in times of misfortune condemned old house is no name of the Good Luck Ho

Canada Refining Co. Hair Switches. Insurance. For Sale.

NEW AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duchess of Fife is frequently seen in the streets of Brighton with her baby, Lady Victoria Duff, actually in her arms.

Melbourne, who is running a rainery in the west, gets \$5,000 per shower, and in the best brought down three in one day last week, the fall trade may be said to be quite brisk.

The Queen of Saxony maintains three physicians, whose sole duty it is to attend to the ailments of the suffering poor. The queen pays the physicians out of her own private purse.

While the Prince of Wales is an adept on the banjo, his brother, the Duke of Connaught, may be described as a virtuoso of the drum, which he really plays with more skill than the Duke of Edinburgh plays the violin.

Mr. Grover Cleveland was the only president who was married in the White House, and Mrs. Cleveland, in her twenty-third year, was the youngest lady of the White House who had presided as a president's wife.

Simultaneously with the news that the Empress of Austria is showing signs of approaching insanity comes the information that she smokes 40 Turkish cigarettes a day. It does not need an expert neurologist to trace cause and effect in this case.

To win a bet of \$1,000, Baron Paul de Sade, a young French nobleman, shipped as a common sailor on the Red Star steamer Nordland, during her last trip from Antwerp to New York. He says he wouldn't try it again for ten times the sum, as he was very severely worked during the voyage.

The Crown Princess of Denmark, only daughter of the late King Charles the Ninth of Sweden, is a superb woman. Her wit and intelligence have won for her the friendship of many brilliant men, while her striking beauty is the admiration of Denmark. She and the Queen of Portugal are the two tallest princesses in Europe.

Probably the smallest locomotive ever constructed has just been made by William Jacobs, a machinist of Mecklenburg township, Pa. It weighs but one and one-quarter pounds, and is a portion of an eight-day clock. Around the dial is a miniature railway track, and on this the tiny locomotive moves every five minutes.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria has just received a curious present from a tourist agency in Palestine. It is a bagful of earth taken from the Mount of Olives, and is meant to be placed in the Archduke's coffin when he dies. Earth from this sacred spot is believed to preserve mortal remains with which it is buried. The gift will be devoted to the use which the giver designed.

Twenty-five years ago Clara Louise Kellogg was America's most popular prima donna. Her day of lyric glory has passed, and she lives in the memory of a successful and happy past. With one or two exceptions she is the only great prima donna who has retired with a fortune sufficient to enable her to round out her remaining years in comfort. Some time ago she married Carl Strakosch, much her junior in years. But she will always be known as Kellogg, the American prima-donna.

Lillian Russell is as shrewd about money matters as the prettiest speculator in the "Parisian Romance." In the last three years her savings have averaged \$10,000 a year, and besides this she is the sole proprietor of the apartment house in which she lives. Like all impulsive people, Miss Russell is generous to a fault. She is the mainstay of her mother and sisters, and contributes willingly and speedily to the relief of unfortunate artists or waning stars.

There are a dozen men in New York who might be mistaken for Bill Nye. The genial humorist, who has of late become part of New York's life, hasn't a hair on his face or head. He wears spectacles, and is one man who can truthfully say that the newspaper features of his are faithful likenesses. Nye is as funny in his everyday life as he is in print. He can tell a story admirably, and, better still, he is a good listener. He has begun to write plays and hopes to succeed as well as in his newspaper work. His weekly letter pays him \$10,000 a year, and he makes quite \$40,000 by his lectures. In his case fun pays.

E. A. Sothern, the actor, is one of the best dressed men in New York. When he first went on the stage he did not give much promise, until Manager Frohman took him in hand. Frohman finally offered him \$100 a week for the first year under his management, \$250 a week the second year, \$350 a week the fourth year, and \$500 a week and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts the fifth year. Sothern is now making a great deal of money, and he is saving it, too. Some day he will be a rich man. In manner he is quiet and reserved, and in a mixed company where he is not well known he is as shy as a school girl.

All the ladies of the Vanderbilt family are thrifty and business-like. They inherit these traits, and they are bringing up their children to follow their example. They each keep a bank account, make all their own purchases, and employ and discharge their own servants. They also help in the education of their children, go into the kitchen now and then, and are noted for being excellent cooks. Their daughters are being taught the important art of cookery, too. Though the wives of the Vanderbilts are worth many millions of dollars, they are not too busy with society, or too dignified to do all kinds of household work. They can cook and sew as well as if they were compelled to do it for a living.

Mrs. Alice Lincoln, of Boston, has devoted the past twelve years to practical experiments in the management of tenement houses, and has proved that the prices paid by tenants in the most unhealthy tenements are more than sufficient to furnish them with well lighted, well ventilated and comfortable rooms. She personally rented one of the most unhealthy of these houses, established the new regime of cleanliness, stamped out the seeds of fever and disease, lowered the rents, and still finds the house such a splendid investment in a business way, its revenue so generous, that she has not been willing to receive it all, and devotes the surplus to the needs of the tenants in times of misfortune. The once condemned old house is now known by the name of the Good Luck House.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Extenuating Circumstances—"Perhaps I don't look very cheerful," remarked the coal hole. "But consider how often I am patched into."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mamma—"Now, Elsie, give the principal parts of the verb to break." Elsie (who has not looked at her lesson, brightly)—"Bric-a-brac, broke."—New York Herald.

"Yes; John was for ever asking me if I still loved him," said the widow; "if he had only lived to see how I mourn for his death he would have been satisfied, I guess."

Confectionery and Ice Cream Man—"We'll lose ten of our best customers next week. Assistant—We will? Are they going to Oklahoma? No; they're going to get married."

Young Man—I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter. Father—Will you have patience, young man? Young Man—No, sir. That ain't the one I want. It's Mabel.

Talkative drummer (to stranger on train)—"What's your line? Stranger—Brains. Drummer (sarcastically)—Indeed! How do you sell 'em? Stranger—By the case; I'm a lawyer."

Visitor (viewing the new baby)—"Do you think he is going to resemble his father?" The Mother—"I should not be surprised. He keeps me up every night."—Boston Gazette.

It was after a lesson, says an exchange, and the teacher asked: "Now, Harry, can you tell me why it was that Ben Adhem's name led all the rest?" "I don't know, ma'am," answered Harry, but I suppose the names were arranged alphabetically."

He—"You have a beautiful collection of pressed flowers." She—"Yes, but I lack one variety." He—"What is that, pray?" Perhaps I can secure it for you." She—"Orange blossoms."—New York Herald.

Waiter—Guests usually remember the waiter here, sir. Uncle Si—Do they? Waiter—I'll take a good look at ye. You ain't got no marks, but I guess I'll know ye again when I see ye.

Brooklyn girl—"That fellow is too precious." Boston maid—"Don't use that expression. You should say, 'That man was born before the world's civilization was ready for him.'"—New York Journal.

"It is a queer world," said the deacon. "What leads you to make the observation?" asked the elder. "Why, since I have got a fast horse my neighbors criticize me; when I had only a slow one they laughed at me."

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us?" He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot." "Called you a freckled idiot—how absurd! Why you are not freckled!"—London Fun.

The horse runs off and pitches the rider into a neighboring lot. Proprietor of the property comes up indignantly: "And was not the road, sir, wide enough to fall in without you having to drop in my wheat field?"—Pittsburg Blatter.

"I'm glad Mortimer is to marry a wife with no false pride and with some practical knowledge of housekeeping." "Has Miss Van Duckets any of that?" "Why, yes. This paper says she looked very handsome sweeping up the avenue yesterday."—New York Herald.

"Do you remember how I was troubled with sick headache three months ago?" "Certainly. It was when I bought you that silk dress."—Just think of it. I have had the same pains today—only not as intense as the last time!" "Well, I suppose that means a cotton dress!"

"How long has he been preaching?" asked the stranger, as he came in during the sermon and took a seat in a back pew. "Thirty or forty years, I think," replied the old member, "but I don't know exactly." "I'll stay then. He must be nearly done."—N. Y. Sun.

They were Very Loud—English Tourist (wild eyed and frantic)—"Hi, there guard! I've lost me box—me luggage! Cawn't find it anywhar! American Railroad Official—Any trussers in like the pair you've got on?" "Yes." "Then why don't you go into the baggage room and listen?"

A young Scotchman was once halting between two loves, one possessed of beauty and the other of a cow. In despair of arriving at a decision, he applied for advice to a canny patriot, who delivered him the self thus: "Marry the lass that has the cow, for there's no deferences of a cow's value in any twa weemin in Christendom."

Singleton—I'm sorry to hear that you have trouble with your wife. What's the matter? Benedict—It's her way of talking. She says the most cutting, ironical things to me on every occasion. Never misses a chance to spring some of her horrid sarcasms on me. It's dreadful. I tell you. Single-castic—Well, you know her long enough before you were married to learn of the trait. Benedict—Oh, I did, but I took it for wit then.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily. "And why," he asked tenderly at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "Oh!" she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen years."—Pilgrim's Progress.

Aunt Julia (who has not seen her nephew in ten years)—"You must come up and visit me, Henry. Henry (whose recollections of the old homestead involve early hours and strict puritanism)—"I'd like to exceedingly, but I'm very busy just now." Aunt Julia—"I'm sorry. Your Aunt Martha and I opened a young ladies' boarding school a year ago, and the term opens on the first." Henry—"Come to think of it, I shall have a little time on my hands about the second. Will it be convenient then?"—Judge.

The editor of a college paper says that a famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year. "It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest freshman class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

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THINGS OF VALUE.

Those are the best christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.—Fuller. Fellows Dyspepsia Bitters it not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is first a hero in faith.—Jacobi. The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fellows Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

No man or woman ever had a friend that they could depend on under all circumstances. Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made of stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The longer a man has been dead the less positive his friends are that he is with the angels. If you would save your wife trouble and enjoy a cheap but delicious dinner take home a package Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables.

How much the men admire a woman who does not expect a man to be better than men can be. The good used to die young; but since the invention of Putner's Emulsion wise parents give it to their children, and prolong their useful lives. Only 50 cents a bottle.

There is no greater misfortune than can befall a woman than to let a man marry her believing she is an angel. Attention? If you desire a fine head of hair of a natural hue and free from dandruff, Halls Hair Renewer is the best and safest preparation to accomplish it.

Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind trouble enough; in his own fortune, evil enough, without being curious after the affairs of others. Headache, dizziness, ringing noises in ears, hawking spitting are sure symptoms of catarrh. There is no case Nasal Balm will not cure if given a fair trial. Beware of imitations.

Influence is to an individual what flavor is to fruit, or fragrance to the flower; and no one can define the limit of that influence which constantly and imperceptibly escapes from our daily lives. I have drunk a small quantity of the Wilcox Spa Waters, during a few weeks and an greatly relieved of dyspepsia for which I believe it a specific it persevered in.

Public spirit, a genuine spirit in all questions of national or social importance, is as essential a part of true womanhood as of true manhood.—Author of "The Schonberg Family." Mothers have pity on your pale and suffering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected the consequences may be fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring back their rosy cheeks and health and strength.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are, whether it be richer or greater or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture. This is to certify that I suffered many years from Salt rheum. I applied the mud of the Wilcox Spa Springs for two weeks and although several years have elapsed I have had no return of the trouble.

There is no moral disease without a cure. The law of the soul and of the universe is one law. Antidotes grow beside the poisons in the moral world, always.—Rev. Samuel Johnson. It makes your pots and pans shine like a mirror. It makes baths and sinks clean and bright. For the general wash it is just what women have been hungering and thirsting for. Makes the water delightfully soft. Does not injure the hands. Cleanses the clothes a lovely pure whiteness. Phenix that's the name. Your grocer keeps it. There's not a woman in Canada, should be without it in the kitchen.

You must be sure of two things. You must love your work, and not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin; and the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else. TESTIMONY OF WM. CUMMINGS, ESQ., senior partner of the firm of Wm Cummings & Sons, Wholesale dry goods merchants, Truro, Nova Scotia. It is with pleasure that I give you the following testimonial of the wonderful cure that has been effected in me by the use of K. D. C. Three months ago my life was a burden to me. My food would not digest. I had sour stomach and heavy headache. I was vomited upon my wife to try K. D. C. After taking it a short time I found myself growing much better. To day dyspepsia is all gone and I cannot describe the change any better than by saying that there has been a new creation in my digestive organs. Four packages made an efficient cure.

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At the Door. I thought myself indeed secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! he toddling comes to lure My parent ear with tinorous knock. My heart were stone could it withstand The seductive hum of my baby's bleat, That tinorous baby, knocked and "Please let me in, it's only me." I threw aside the fastened door, Regardless of its leaping charms, And opening wide the door, I saw My laughing darling in my arms. Who knows but in sternity The most trusted thief, shall wait The glories of a life to be Beyond that of my Father's gate? And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's suppliant cry? "Thy I, O Father! Only I!"

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