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PRICE FIVE CENTS

POLICE ARE VIGILANT.

BUT THEIR VIGILANCE IS ONLY IN CERTAIN QUARTERS.

They "Search out and Prosecute" in Some Cases and Shut Their Eyes in Other Cases—The Widow Bradley Reported Again—How It Was Done.

"It shall be the duty of all policemen, as well as inspectors, to search out and prosecute all offenders against the provisions of this act, by making complaint and prosecuting the same to conviction." So reads section 97 of the Liquor License Act, and a very good provision it is admitted to be. The only trouble about its application in St. John is that it is enforced in a jagged and partial way and in a theory which is best known to Chief Inspector Clark and his policemen. The most regular and notorious offenders ply their trade with little or no molestation, while the smaller places are regularly reported and their proprietors promptly fined. Almost any boy around the streets can name places where an entry during prohibited hours would reveal a flourishing traffic in liquor, and every policeman on the force has an equally good knowledge of such places. So has the chief inspector, and if he did not be would know so little about the city as to be unfit for his position. If he is asked about them, he will probably reply that it is quite possible that these places do regularly violate the law, but that he has no evidence of the fact, and in his alleged raids in the past he has never been able to find any evidence. That is to say, when he and his men go in state to a bar during prohibited hours they find nobody in the place, nor any obvious evidence of liquor having been sold contrary to law.

Admitting that this is the case, neither the public nor PROGRESS could blame the chief and his men for untreasures, were the same rule applied to all other places where liquor is illegally sold, but when the places which sell gallons go free month after month, and those which sell half-pints are reported two or three times, it is evident they are two ways of working, and two wholly distinct interpretations of the law. While the police look away when a crowd is going into one place, they "search out and prosecute" in the fullest sense of the term, some other place where they merely suspect that a violation of the law has taken place.

Not long ago, PROGRESS recorded the fact that 36 persons were counted going into a Lower Cove bar-room between 11 o'clock and noon on Sunday. It may be the policeman on duty did not see or hear of them, or it may be that he did, but was unwilling to make trouble so long as there was no drunkenness or disorder. On another recent Sunday, the chief inspector, being in the office of a hotel, saw three or four men going into the bar, whereupon he is said to have left the place, with the remark that if the law was so openly violated before his face, people must take the consequences. That was the last that was heard of the matter.

Now PROGRESS does not contend that there should be a system of pinging and spying to enforce the law, nor does it believe in following up people who are seen here or there, in order to use them as witnesses. It is opposed to any such method, and to the dogging of any one place which is not notorious as a nuisance. But if a reasonable latitude is allowed to one orderly bar, why should not the same spirit obtain in regard to another orderly bar? A recent instance will show that it does not.

Reference has once before been made to Mrs. Bradley, who has a licensed tavern on the Westmorland road, beyond the Marsh bridge. Mrs. Bradley is a widow with an aged mother and three children dependent on her for support. That is why she stays in the liquor business, as she has been for years. It is her means of livelihood, and she is as much to be respected as the rich proprietor of any pretentious bar-room in the heart of the city. Mrs. Bradley's reputation in every respect is good, and her house is a most orderly one at all times. From the nature of the locality the liquor business done at the best of times is ridiculously small as compared with licensed places up town, and her customers are men of quiet behaviour and respectable character. This is the evidence of good citizens, who have known the place for years.

Mrs. Bradley was reported the other day for the second time this year, admitted her offence and was duly fined. This makes \$50 she has contributed to the revenues of the city within a short time, or in addition to her license fee of \$150, a total of \$200 since the first of May. It means a great deal more to her than \$1,000 would mean to a prosperous up-town publican. In her case the police, failing to find any evidence on the premises have dogged this person and that person around the streets in order to get their evidence in order to found a complaint.

The first information against Mrs. Bradley was made by Sergeant Hastings (or "captain," as the chief calls him) in August last. Hastings went into the house on Sunday afternoon and found two men sitting in the front room. They were not drinking, nor was there anything to show they had been. He went into the bar, which was closed, but there he could find no evidence. He was, however, morally sure that there had been some drinking. Mrs. Bradley lives on a part of the road where men, taking a stroll on Sunday, would be very likely to call to rest and refresh themselves. So on the strength of this deduction the sergeant reported Mrs. Bradley and summoned one of the men as a witness. Mrs. Bradley, rather than to have this man brought into court, admit a violation of the law and was fined.

Last Sunday week Policeman Semple walked into the house between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He found the bar locked, and there were no visitors in the house. He seems to have reasoned out a theory, just as Hastings did, and though he had no evidence of any sort he undertook to hunt up some. This took until Tuesday, and his method consisted of stopping people on the street and asking them if they had been at Mrs. Bradley's on Sunday. Some of them had not, but by dint of diligent questioning he found one man who had been. Thereupon an information was laid against Mrs. Bradley and the witness summoned. As before, she went to court, admitted the offence to save the witness, and was again fined. So small has been her business this year, she had to borrow the money to pay the penalty exacted.

This is the way the police "search out and prosecute" some offenders. It is the meanest kind of a way, and one which the chief inspector himself does not employ. If he did, he would have his hands full. So far as Mrs. Bradley is concerned, PROGRESS is no more interested in her than anybody else, but the methods employed in her case are so strongly at variance with the severe letting alone of notorious offenders in that identical part of the city as to call for comment. Either this system of "searching out" should be applied to all classes, or it should be dropped save in cases of houses of notoriously bad character. There is no reason why it should be made to apply only to widows.

BLACKMAIL IN PICTOU.

The Doings of an Adventurous Pair of Women There and in Halifax.

PICTOU, Nov. 7.—Blackmailing is not confined to Halifax proper or probably to residents of any other one place. We have here a gay and festive widow who has thus victimized people in her own town and has carried on her operations at the capital as well. The story is a long one but briefly told is like this: The widow and her daughter obtain a "pull" on a railway official here. They terrorize him with threats of exposure so that on the quiet he pays them a good round sum. Then mother and daughter come to Halifax. Here they become the subjects of attention from the two members of a commission firm. In due time the widow and her twenty-two year old daughter, who dresses in the attire of a girl of sixteen, threaten one of the members of the firm referred to with legal proceedings unless he pays her a large amount of hush money. The merchant is alarmed, and it does not serve to diminish his terror to know that for the same cause exactly the woman has already blackmailed a Pictou railway official. The money is paid through the intervention of a city lawyer, and the woman's mouth is temporarily closed. Before very long the other member of the firm is attacked by the same couple and a third levy of blackmail is successfully made. In this act the end of her tether is reached in Halifax, and Pictou again becomes the domicile of this dangerous couple.

Return of the Wanderer.

William Cook, the former sexton of the Stone church, who mysteriously disappeared on the 15th of September, returned as mysteriously to his home one evening this week. His explanation was that he had been to England on private business, and it is evident he did not consider it any of the public's business. Mr. Cook had an undoubted right to go when and where he pleased, but when a man starts out of the house without a change of clothes, leaving his pipe and tobacco behind and with only a small amount of money in his pocket, there is good ground for apprehension when he does not return and no trace of him can be found. The trouble with such cases is that when a man really does disappear through misadventure the public are apt to think he has only acted as Cook did, and thus no interest is taken in his fate at a time when prompt action is needed. Mr. Cook, however, is now quite safe to disappear when and how he pleases without the public getting excited over the matter.

FOUGHT OUT THIS CASE.

END OF A SUIT WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN SETTLED.

The Loser Thought He Had Justice on His Side and Refused to Believe the Judge—The Latter All Agreed and Now There Is a Big Bill of Costs.

The daily papers have briefly noticed the termination of the suit of Hepenstall versus Merritt, by the refusal of the supreme court of Canada to disturb the judgment of the supreme court of New Brunswick, which latter court had refused to interfere with a verdict given in the St. John circuit court in April last. The circumstances of the case made it of some importance to the public, not only as showing the liability of owners of teams for the negligence of their employees, but as defining the rights of persons, including children in the roadway between sidewalks where drivers are too often of the impression that they have full control.

In another respect it may also be of importance to others than the man who has to pay the costs in this instance, and it will at least point a moral in respect to the prolonging of litigation when a small amount of money is at stake. A lawyer and his client may conscientiously believe they have justice on their side, and yet find no court to agree with them. In the case of a poor man this fighting out of a principle might be ruinous in the end, but in the present instance it fortunately happens that the loser is well able to afford what the several adverse decisions have cost him, while the winner, whether anything will be left of the amount of his verdict or not, has the highest authority for the belief that he was in the right in seeking redress by the law. He will have at least some satisfaction, and possibly some cash. The amount of the latter will wholly depend on the amount of his lawyer's bill.

The facts of the case are very simple. Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 29th of July, a year ago, Edward Gorman was driving the grocery delivery wagon of his employer, William H. Merritt, along Britain street, when he ran against a child named Hepenstall, who was playing in the middle of the street. He was going at a moderate trot and did not see the child until after the accident occurred. The boy was seriously injured. Gorman had been taking around parcels during the afternoon, but went to his supper before delivering the last one, and was on his way back when the accident took place. This was on Monday, and on Thursday or Friday Mr. Merritt called at the house, but took no steps to assist the parents, who were in poor circumstances. Later, Mr. Hepenstall claimed damages for the loss to which he had been put, and it is understood that he would have been very willing to settle for so small a sum as \$75. Mr. Merritt, on the advice of his attorney, it is said, declined to pay him anything, and thereupon he brought a suit in the supreme court. Mr. J. R. Armstrong acting as his attorney. Mr. C. A. Stockton appeared for Mr. Merritt, and at the last March circuit the case was tried before Judge Vanwart without a jury.

The contention of the plaintiff was that Mr. Merritt was liable for the wrong doing of his driver, who had been guilty of gross negligence. The defendant contested the suit on the ground that the driver having gone to his supper and returning by another way was not acting within the scope of his employment and Mr. Merritt was not liable; it was urged that the accident had not been due to the negligence of the driver, and that there had been contributory negligence on the part of the parents and the child.

The evidence having been heard, Judge Vanwart decided that the driver had been grossly negligent and that Mr. Merritt was liable. It only remained to fix the amount of the damages, and in this an average was struck between Mr. Armstrong's suggestion of \$500 and Mr. Stockton's of \$100. The court awarded \$300, receiving leave to ask the supreme court to rule on certain questions.

Had the amount thus awarded been paid then and there, all the parties except the lawyers would have been better off than they are today. It was, however, carried to the supreme court at Fredericton on the grounds of the improper admission of evidence, excessive damages and contributory negligence. In April last the court at Fredericton heard Mr. Stockton's arguments in support of an application to have the verdict set aside, and without hearing any argument on the other side refused to grant the rule.

In delivering this judgment, Judge Tuck expressed his opinion that the damages were very moderate, while Judge Hanington considered that if there was any cause of complaint, it was that the damages were too small. The rest of the judges concurred in these opinions.

By this time, the suit which could have been settled in the first instance for \$75,

had rolled up a verdict and costs for several hundred dollars, but even then money could have been saved by ending the fight. Mr. Merritt and his counsel, however, seem to have been impressed with the idea that the judges were wrong, and in the face of the very pronounced judgment made an appeal to the supreme court of Canada.

The arguments were heard at Ottawa last week, or rather Mr. Stockton's argument was heard, and then without waiting to hear Mr. Armstrong, the court confirmed the verdict and virtually expressed regret that it was not for a larger amount, affirming that it would have increased the sum had there been a cross appeal filed for that purpose. Having heard Mr. Stockton, Chief Justice Strong asked him what his contention was and was told that it was the amount of the verdict should be reduced to \$250.

"Has any cross appeal been filed by the respondent?" asked the chief justice, and on being told that there had not been he continued: "If there had been, I would certainly have gone for increasing the damages very largely."

It took about an hour for this court to determine a case which has been in litigation the last year or more. Including the costs and verdict, Mr. Merritt will now have to pay a sum which is moderately estimated at one thousand dollars. It may be more if his own lawyer's bill is of reasonable fair length. What share Mr. Hepenstall will get of the \$300 awarded him will also depend on what charges his own attorney has against him. The law is a queer thing, and not always safe to handle.

AS BAD AS ALLEGED.

The Leinster Street School Building in a Pretty Foul State.

At a conference of the school trustees and a committee of citizens, last Monday night, the question of the sanitary condition of the Leinster street school was brought up, and a letter was read from the teachers of the Leinster street church, stating that the sanitary arrangement could be fixed up all right. In the course of the discussion, Mrs. Macmichael said that the premises were not fit for children, and that stables were placed compared with some of the rooms.

A visit to the building shows that this lady may have used strong language if she referred to the class rooms, but that she failed to give an adequate idea of the situation if she had reference to the basement where the alleged sanitary arrangements are located. While the class rooms are over crowded, this is a matter which can be remedied, but it is another matter with the black-holes in the cellar.

Black-hole is the correct term. That in the eastern end of the building is used by 250 boys. It is reached by a stairway so dark that that one coming from the clear light of day can see absolutely nothing in making the descent. At the bottom is a small, malodorous apartment, only partially light at high noon on a bright day, and in a large portion of it as black as night even then. It is foul in every respect, and the only apparent way to remedy matters is to close it up and find the necessary accommodations somewhere else.

The arrangements in the basement at the western end of the building are a trifle better, for there is a little more light, but neither place is fit for the use of a large school.

The trustees may make these blackholes better than they are. They cannot do otherwise if they attempt to do anything, but to make them suitable for the purposes intended in a school of that size is an undertaking not likely to be accomplished. They are not only too dark, but entirely too small.

There appears to be a matter of dispute whether the Leinster street building was put up especially for permanent use by the school trustees, or whether it was merely built to be occupied as long as needed and vacated at pleasure. Mr. John March was secretary of the school trustees at the time, and he was also either secretary or something else for the trustees of the church. The question appears to be what arrangement he made for himself in one capacity with himself in another capacity.

The racket over the changes in the grammar school appears to have subsided by the decision of the trustees to change their plans. The board has kindly condescended to let the public know that it has bought a part of the Chipman field, on Union street, and purposes to put up a new building.

Patrolling Up Fort Howe.

The board of public works, has tried to make the rock over the sidewalk on Main street less liable to tumble down in the winter and spring, by building up bits of wall here and there, held by iron stakes sunk into the rock. The only way to make the place what it should be is to cut down enough of the hill to allow the rock to have a safe slope, instead of being perpendicular. This will have to be done some day, and the sooner the better.

NO SECURITY FOR COSTS.

WHAT JUDGE GRAHAM SO DECIDED IN TREMAINE'S CASE.

He Considers that the Lawyer Already Has Enough of Mrs. Lear's Money to Secure His—The Story Told by "Progress" Makes a Great Sensation in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Nov. 7.—The biggest journalistic sensation of the season in this city, was undoubtedly, the appearance of PROGRESS last Saturday. Everybody who saw the news-boys selling it, or who heard their tell of its principal story for the week—which the urchins lustily did—bought a copy. Many purchasers invested in several copies, not only to supply their own households, but to send to friends. Copies were sent by people in Halifax to friends in the city, who might not have had a chance to buy for themselves, and large numbers were sent away by mail. Business men, professional men, supreme court judges, and even the clergymen read the paper on Saturday, talked about it on Sunday, and are talking about it yet. The great staple of conversation was the Byron-Tremaine suit, the particulars of which were graphically outlined in the published records of the court. The pros and cons of the case were discussed, and predictions made regarding the probable outcome of the action. Everybody seemed to be of one mind regarding PROGRESS' vindication of its course in the blackmailing exposure of a year ago. There was the utmost unanimity on this aspect of the matter. People were equally unanimous in stigmatizing that chapter in the history of Halifax as blackness itself. It seemed impossible to believe that such occurrences had taken place, but there were the documents speaking for themselves in thunder tones; mingled with expressions of reprehension for the blackmailing carried on were some sentiments of sympathy for the poor young men who had paid their money. According to Mrs. Lear's affidavit, and the statement of claim, four young men had paid to Mr. F. J. Tremaine's hands, as trustee for Mrs. Lear, the sum of \$900, to secure immunity from proceedings.

They paid their money expecting it would accomplish its purpose—that they would never be known in the matter. These men, in a sense, fit subjects for sympathy, because, while they paid their money, and secured the immunity from threatened proceedings, yet their names might almost as well have been published in the court records, for they are in nearly everybody's mouth, and a half dozen other names are there as well. PROGRESS' disclosure of what took place in the court in the case of Byron versus Tremaine was only second in point of widespread interest to the disclosures of blackmail made in these columns a year ago.

Another surprise was hurled into the arena in the contest between the defendant and plaintiff's solicitors over the question of security for costs on the part of the plaintiff. The rule is that if a plaintiff resides outside the province, security for the costs of the action must be put up. Failing this security, the case may be thrown out of court without further ado. Tremaine's lawyer applied to the court, asking that such an order be issued by the court for security for costs. Mr. Justice Graham heard the application at Chambers on Tuesday of last week. Ordinarily a decision would have been given offhand granting the order but his lordship reserved judgement in this instance. Day after day passed and the judgement was not filed. On Monday the judge placed on file in the prothonotary's office his decision. His lordship refused Tremaine's application for security. While the rule is that security must be given, his lordship found this case to be an exception to the rule. It cannot be said that this decision came "like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky" to the defendants, for the time taken to consider the case must have half prepared the defense for the result. But it came with some force nevertheless.

Mr. Justice Graham's decision was as follows: BYRON VS. TREMAINE. I think that the evidence before me establishes an express trust in regard to the fund of \$900, paid into the defendants hands for the benefit of the plaintiff. Exhibit A is very clear in respect to one payment of \$300. It is executed by the settlor, and signed by the defendant, (as a witness, it is true, but constituting a good acknowledgment. Lewin on Trust, page 84. Then there is an admission in a letter, of a balance coming to the plaintiff. The defendant says, in his letter of 10th April, 1895: "I assume you know there was a sum of money in my hands, to the benefit of which I considered you morally entitled, subject to certain charges of my own, being costs in suits, etc., including the divorce proceedings, which I thought should be a first charge on any money I held. You received either directly or indirectly, in the shape of paid bills, about \$60, part of which I remitted. Some was sent by Mrs. Lear and Miss Waverell. I am not at present in funds to send you any more money owing to circumstances I cannot detail, but I hope to be able to send something before very long." The plaintiff swears that she has only received \$175, or thereabouts. But, perhaps, she is not making allowance for any sum which may have been paid by the plaintiff to her solicitor for costs in the Divorce Court. Of course Mrs. Tremaine's costs could not come out of the funds, as he could not sue for both parties in the court. Neither could his costs in a

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tion, in which Mr. Lear and not the wife was a party, be payable out of that fund. While there might not be sufficient evidence as to an exact amount to order it at or on into court upon an application for it at purpose, under such cases as London vs. Lord S.C. D. 80; Washin vs. Watson, 35 C. D. 181; here is clear evidence of a larger amount in the plaintiff's hands that would be sufficient to pay any costs that the defendant might ultimately recover against him. That fore at this stage of the case I will not order security for costs to be given notwithstanding that plaintiff is out of the jurisdiction. WALLACE GRAHAM, J.S.C. Halifax, 4 Nov. 1895. Mr. Justice Graham refers particularly in his decision to a "receipt for \$200," which he says is "very clear," and his lordship quotes fully from a letter from Mr. Tremaine to Mrs. Lear, dated April 10, 1895. It is therefore unnecessary to republish the letter, but in order that the judgment may be thoroughly understood by those who may not have read the receipt alluded to as exhibit A, it is republished here as well as a second letter from Mr. Tremaine to Mrs. Lear, dated April 29, 1895. They follow: Know all men by these presents, that I, Percy J. A. Lear, of the city of Halifax, gentleman, having threatened legal proceedings against _____, of said city, merchant, in consequence of certain improper relations existing heretofore between the said _____ and my wife, E. Frances Lear, and whereas, in order to avoid a painful publicity, the said _____ has consented and agreed to pay me the sum of \$200, on my executing a release and discharge to him of all my claims against him in regard to the said above mentioned matter. Now know ye, that I, the said Percy Lear, in consideration of the promises, and of the said sum of \$200, to be paid by the said _____ the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, which sum will by me be paid into the hands of a trustee to be disbursed for the sole benefit of my said wife, against whom I am about to take divorce proceedings, do hereby release and forever quit claim to, and discharge the said _____ all claim and demands now and forever, in respect of and in regard to said improper relations, and any claim I may have now or hereafter, in respect thereof against said _____, in any way or manner however, and I undertake to bring no action, proceeding or suit against said _____ in respect of such matter, in anything connected therewith, as witness my hand and seal this first day of November in the year 1894. Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of etc. PERCY J. LEAR. F. J. TREMAINE. HALIFAX, April 29, 1895. Miss E. Frances Byron Dear Madam, I am today in receipt of your favor of the 28th instant. Perhaps it will simplify matters if you at once hand the matter, and all the particulars, which you refer to your barrister friend. Of one thing, however, I think I should advise you, viz. that you have no legal claim to an accounting by me. I shall today write your former husband enclosing a copy of your letter, and I wait his action. I will certainly, as a matter of favor, let your barrister friend know where every dollar of the money I received is gone, but I cannot consider any claim of right. Yours truly F. J. TREMAINE. The affidavits used on the motion contesting the application for security for costs were ordered by the learned judge to be "impounded;" that is, the documents are to be specially locked up in the prothonotary's office, if Mr. Tremaine does not give notice of appeal the next move will be the filing of the defense which must be done in the course of a few days.

He May Get into Trouble.

Orange Street has always been considered a quiet respectable street in daylight and darkness and some of the handsomest residences and "oldest families" reside on both sides of it. Quite recently however the street has been haunted by an individual who loves to wander in the dusk and look for congenial spirits who have as little regard for morality as he has. There is not much doubt that he would find this search a most difficult one for the "prowler" has figured in the most sensational family court brawl ever aired in this city and the affidavits there gave him a certificate of character that will stick to him for all time. Still he has been so persistent in haunting Orange Street and has made so many mistakes in addressing ladies unknown to him that his proceedings have been brought to the attention of a prominent body in the neighbourhood who will doubtless take prompt action, in indeed they have not done so already, to prevent its lady members from liability to insult from this source.

Will Be Eastern Standard.

The general committee of the council has not yet a chance to consider the time question, and it is just as well that the public should have a good chance to fully consider the matter in advance of any action. The benefit of adopting Atlantic standard would be evident enough, if the railway were also to adopt it, but as it is quite certain they will not do so, the only point is whether to retain the old local time or use the Eastern standard. The latter course is obviously the only one, if uniform time is wanted, and there is a preponderance of feeling that unless the change is to Eastern standard it would be as well to keep the clocks where they are now. As each day finds new accessions to the list of places where Eastern standard is kept, there now seems only one course to be taken, and that is to adopt it.

He Always Sings.

Keefe, the ladies' tailor, has a new advertisement in PROGRESS this week, which merits attention. Mr. Keefe has done work for a large number of well known people and the general verdict appears to be that his garments have all that to commend them.

BOSTON POLICE COURT.

LARSEN REPORTS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THEM.

He Finds that Humor is a Characteristic of Magistrates There as Well as Here—The Probation System and How It Does a Large Amount of Good.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Police magistrates in all parts of the continent have a weakness for getting in jokes at the expense of people who come before them.

Humphrey Gilbert one old time magistrate of St. John had a keen sense of humor and gave readers of our local papers some choice entertainment on days when there was no news. B. Lester Peters, who was as dignified a man as ever sat on a bench anywhere, also had this weakness, and many a time when reporters were half asleep while the evidence in a tiresome case was being put in he would size up a witness, and lead him on until his answers to the questions were of a decidedly amusing character.

Mr. Peters enjoyed a joke, but aside from a twitching of the lips he never allowed the dignity of the court to be impaired. He had the happy faculty of bringing out the funny business of what was looked upon as a very serious matter, in a way that precluded any stopping over, as it were, but enlivened the proceedings and made the case worth printing.

The present police magistrate, Mr. Ritchie, as everyone knows, takes a joke and will have it, so that the St. John police court has always been a fertile field for good newspaper stories.

Without doubt the greatest and most famous judge in this respect was the late Justice Duffy of New York, and he has had his imitators all over the country.

It is hardly fair to say that as anyone who has had any police court experience can readily understand how judges fall into this habit of looking at the humorous side of life. They can't help it. The police court is as different from other courts of justice as a variety show is compared to a Henry Irving production.

Here they have all sorts and conditions of men, women and children—all in a box and anxious to get out of it the easiest way possible; offering the most remarkable excuses, telling the most plausible, or most improbable stories. Men and women who are their own lawyers, questioning the witnesses who testify against them, and nine times out of ten telling the judge a story he has heard every day for a year.

The victims of the police court in the main, are of peculiar make-up. If this were not they would not be there. That expression of injured innocence is all prevailing, and the judge with experience who sees beneath the surface, often gives judgment, and imposes sentences in a way, which to the ordinary mind is surprising—sometimes apparently unjust, and unwarranted, or again, venient past all understanding.

With this knowledge of human nature which develops a keen sense of the ridiculous, the magistrate is prone to go even further than is absolutely necessary.

There are seven or eight judges of the municipal court in Boston, all of whom sit in the big building on Pemberton Square, and hold two criminal sessions at the same time every day. With one or two exceptions, all of these have a keen sense of humor, and gratify it to a greater or less extent.

Judge Hardy is the best story maker of the seven. He is a dignified looking man, with a stern countenance, and deliberateness of speech which seems to expect of those who come before him. He is sarcastic, sometimes to the extent of being cruel, especially when he demands direct answers to direct questions.

He does not spare the police, and when a new man from one of the suburban stations—where officers do not have the experience of those in the city proper—come before him he is apt to be extremely cynical if they make a slip-up in presenting their cases.

I was in court a few days ago, when an officer from a Back Bay station—about a mile and a half from the courthouse—had a larceny case before him. It was the first case he had had of more importance than an ordinary drunk, and when he began to put on his witnesses the judge asked where the stolen property was.

"It's at the station," said the officer.

"Why, didn't you bring it here?"

"Because I understood the prisoner was going to plead guilty."

"Well, he hasn't pleaded guilty."

"I know your honor, but I might run to the station and get it if necessary."

"How long do you think it would take you to run down to the station?" asked the judge, with emphasis on the "run."

The officer saw the slip he had made, but the judge continued the case until the afternoon, so that he could "run" down to the station and get the stolen articles.

Another day an elderly lady and her daughter were both witnesses in a case, and the former could not restrain herself from talking rapidly when answering the questions put to her, despite the fact that the judge had told her several times to go slowly.

When the daughter took the stand, she also started off at a rapid rate, when the judge interrupted her.

"Don't talk so fast," he said, "we want

to try this case slowly. You see you are talking after your mother.

And so it goes on day after day.

When the vast amount of business transacted by these judges is considered, remembrance of faces and former cases is remarkable. In the first session of the Municipal court, today, for instance there were 107 drunks besides those before the court for other offences.

Every one of these cases was investigated before the prisoners were brought into court, and in these respects Massachusetts, and particularly Boston, has a system different from and far ahead of any on the American continent.

There are seven probation officers, one of whom is a woman, and they have a constant watch over petty offenders. When a man or woman is arrested for drunkenness, for instance they visit them in their cell in the toms, learn their name and address, and look up the prisoner's record. They start out at 6 o'clock in the morning and look up all the addresses given and find out all about the prisoners. When each name is called, the probation officer makes his report on it.

First offenders are discharged. Their names are recorded, however, for future reference. If the officers find that a man does not treat his family right they take him in hand; he is placed on probation and ordered to report to the court at a certain time, and if he does not carry out the promises he made, he will be sent to prison. In cases where the man does not give his wife sufficient to support the family, the probation officers make an arrangement by which she gets a certain sum from his employer, and the man has either to submit to such an arrangement or stand the chance of serving a sentence.

The probation officers accomplish reforms in many ways similar to this, and the extent of their work may be imagined, when I say they have from 600 to 700 people under their care all the time. The police also have an eye on these probationers.

The greatest recommendation a man coming before the Municipal court can have is that he works every day. The judges have no use for idlers and seem to think they may as well spend their time on the Island as anywhere else.

But in Boston a man has every chance in the world to do what is right, so far as the police court judges are concerned.

R. G. LARSEN.

FEVERS PREVALENT.

MUCH SICKNESS AND MANY DEATHS REPORTED.

Important Suggestions as to How Their Ravages May be Checked.

Fevers are unusually prevalent this fall, a great many cases both of slow and typhoid fever being reported in every locality.

Typhoid fever is an infectious disease, and is generally caused by impure water or bad sewerage. It is of course more apt to attack persons in a physically weak condition, and is in such cases doubly dangerous. Slow fever is the result of a greatly debilitated condition of the system.

Obviously the first thing to do is to take sanitary precautions, in regard to securing pure water, and in the cities perfect sewerage. This concerns the citizens as a body.

But the individual needs also to observe the rules of health. The best safeguard against the ravages of fever is to let the system in a state of health and vigor. Let the system get, as we say, "run down," and one falls an easy prey to fever. We see it all around us in the apparent strength men and women who are stricken down.

Are you in a state of perfect health? If not you may be the next victim of the fever. There is no time to lose. Neighbors right around you have found the means of renewed health and vigor in this use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It will restore your system also to its old time condition and give you strength to defy the fevers that lurk about us awaiting a victim.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a great blood and flesh builder and invigorator of nerve and brain. It imparts new energy to the organs of the body enabling them to perform their functions perfectly. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Was a Horn Inventor.

In a recent issue of the Buffalo Commercial, John R. Chapin, now of Buffalo, gives some reminiscences of Walter Hunt, who in the opinion of many, including Mr. Chapin, was the real inventor of the sewing machine. "Let me close," he says, "with an anecdote of his talent in the line of invention. He came into my office on Nassau street one day looking quite downhearted, and to my inquiry, 'What's the matter, Mr. Hunt?' he replied, 'I owe you \$15, don't I, Chapin?' Well I've not got a cent in the world, and don't know where to get one. Upon my assurance that it did not matter he said 'Yes; but I don't know where to get a meal of victuals.' After walking the floor for a few minutes in a brown study he suddenly exclaimed, 'I have it. I'll be in this afternoon and pay you.' He went to his shop, took a piece of brass wire, about eight inches long, sharpened at one end, turned a coil in the center and a loop on the other end, bent it over and made the admirable shielded pin now in common use: took it down into Green street, sold the right for \$400 cash, came in before 4 o'clock, and paid me my \$15, saying, 'There, Chapin, make out the papers for that at once, and your money is ready for you.'

The proprietors of the great wheel at Earl's Court, London, are drawing \$15,000 a day.

FREED FROM A BONDAGE.

THOUSANDS RESCUED FROM THE DRINK AND DRUG HABIT.

What the Murphy Gold Cure Has Done in the Maritime Provinces—The Institute in St. John and Its Facilities for the Care of All Classes of Patients.

About forty thousand persons in Canada have taken the Murphy Gold Cure treatment for morphomania, and dipsomania, and of these about one thousand have been treated at the Institutes in Halifax and St. John.

These are the figures given by Mr. J. L. Hayden, manager of the Institute in this city, and he claims that in ninety-five per cent of these cases there has been a permanent cure of the drug or liquor habit. It is a great record, and one can easily understand that the Murphy Cure comes to stay in every city where it is established.

It is now recognized as a permanent institution in St. John, and has finally been adapted in quarters which are in every way settled in the carrying on of its useful work.

These are in the large and well equipped brick building, generally spoken of as the Cowan house, at the eastern end of Hazen street. The choice of locality is excellent. The premises, while convenient to the business centre of the city, are in a neighborhood which wears the appearance of genteel seclusion, which is the more marked from the surroundings of the carefully kept private grounds of several well known citizens who reside in this vicinity. Prior to its present occupancy, the building was a private residence, thoroughly built in the modern style with every regard to cheerfulness and comfort. The rooms are large, well lighted, and with a wide range of view from the windows; the halls are of generous size, the stairways wide and easy of ascent, while the large rooms and high ceilings ensure an abundance of air at all seasons, and are the direct contradiction of the close, stuffy apartments so often found even in dwellings with many pretensions to style in architecture. The whole interior, with its tastefully furnished reception room, with its piano, works of art and other attractive belongings, to the smallest of the bedrooms, is suggestive of home life rather than of an institution where patients are received to be cured of that most grievous and degrading disease, the mania for stimulants which derange the mind, wreck the body and imperil the immortal soul.

Manager Hayden, who has been in charge for several months, is very enthusiastic in his work, and as he is a good talker, one has no difficulty in finding out just what the Murphy cure means, as well as what it has done and is doing. In conversation with a representative of PROGRESS, the other day, he gave some information which will interest many who may have had this or that erroneous idea of the institution, its system of cure and its results.

"In the first place" said he, "the institution in St. John has been making rapid advances for the last three or four months. People are beginning to know it better than they did and to have a true conception of the way in which the work is carried on. They have seen the satisfactory results in the cases which have been treated, and we are in receipt of many letters speaking in the warmest terms of the good we have accomplished. I want it understood that our work makes no distinction of class or creed, but is for the good of humanity. It is not under the auspices of any church. We do not ask who or what a patient is. All who come here are accorded equal kindness and consideration whether they be rich or poor. They are received on an equal footing, but, of course, can consult their own tastes as to the matter of association after they come here. Our facilities are such that a person can have perfect seclusion if he so desires and be treated in absolute privacy. In the case of ladies—for we have some of them at times, chiefly from the drug habit—there are female attendants and surroundings which ensure every comfort."

"There has been an impression, Mr. Hayden, that there has been a large percentage of relapses from this case. What are the facts?"

"It is not the case, but I am glad you have mentioned it, so that I can explain. There have been relapses in patients from all institutions of this character, and many from other places have been confounded with patients from this institution. If a man has taken a cure and given way to his habits again, there is very likely to be an idea that he has been treated at the Murphy Cure, when we have, in truth,

never heard of him. Out of the one thousand who have been treated by us in the Maritime Provinces since July, 1892 ninety-five per cent have been permanently cured. One relapse out of a large number of cures burts the effect of all. We have not to consider the exceptional instances, but what the average results have been, and I assert that ninety-five per cent is a large average. Where there have been relapses they have been of men in low social condition, without ambition to do better and of deficient mental organization. The gold cure can do much, but it cannot cure if a man is weak in his brain or degraded in his moral status. In such cases we have to contend not only against surroundings and associations, but against antagonistic physical and mental conditions. We cannot hope for much in such cases, but where we can build upon moral stamina and ordinary brain power a permanent cure can be effected."

"Can any bad effects to the system result from the cure? That is, does the treatment ever prove worse than the disease it has cured?"

"On the contrary, it is a wonderful benefit to the physical and mental system. We do not treat a patient merely for the specific trouble, but we build up the whole system and restore the man to such a condition of health as he has not known while addicted to his habit. We make a new man of him, and if he is advanced in years he becomes rejuvenated and enjoys life as he has not enjoyed it for years in the past. Men who have taken this treatment say they never before felt so full of life and energy. One of our treatment is the giving of a tonic which repairs the waste that has been going on, and this has a surprising effect which is of permanent benefit."

"But it has been said that men who have relapsed into drinking habits have been seriously affected in their physical system. Some of them have nearly died. Was this the result of the cure?"

"Not of the Murphy Cure. When a man is cured his system is as if he had never taken liquor, and if he does resort to it again, through folly or willfulness, it becomes a poison to the system. When a man begins to drink, in the first instance, he takes liquor in small quantities, increasing them as his system becomes accustomed to it. But when he has taken a cure and goes to drinking again, his old instincts return, he takes very large quantities and the result is a fearful shock to the system. The best effect of the Murphy Cure on the system is the fact that out of the thousand treated in St. John and Halifax there has not been one death, nor has there in all Canada been a death in one of our institutions, or in any way traceable to the effects of the treatment. On the other hand, thousands of men in all ranks of life have been rescued from premature death, and restored to their proper places in the busy world. It is needless to say that those who would have been mere outcasts on society, have found a trifling cost of the cure repaid to them a hundredfold, while thousands of sad and sorrowing women have been made happy, and the skeleton in the closet in thousands of homes has been relegated to oblivion forever."

That the Murphy Cure has done and is doing a great and noble work is evident to all who have had any acquaintance with the evils caused by liquor and drugs in this part of Canada. It is an institution which not only sets a man on the path to a better life, but it puts him in such a condition of mind and body that he will stay there if he has true manhood in his nature. It places him where he was before he acquired the habit, save that he has the additional safeguard of experience and a realization that intoxicating stimulants are to be shunned as poison. The Cure has freed him from bondage and given him strength to maintain his freedom.

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RESIDENCE at Robbessy for sale or to rent. Pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbessy Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennecott. Call on Rem. evonable. Apply to E. G. FENBY, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-5-95

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Mus

IX MU

The excellent Centenary church last week, is ungrateful but from that Mrs. Spence announced local for own in comparison lady from Mt A abundantly come justly as her voice training and cu

The concert Sunday School fund, on last T the most pleasing concerts I have ing in quite a le an aggregati fore participati and it was all of Mrs. Worden sang with the able character viz: a nice, selection by "Mrs. True" by Tito he was "Good bye Quite a coincid that Mrs. Sp Mater. It is e encore she sa Godard played also gave a pi received that a second selection oughly it critic of the listener. Raff's Cavatina I doubt very m with such nerve interpretation evening. He if any, violinst city who could still who could equally good to there is not apudal mention.

Beginning of music lovers of appreciate a pl treated to a sh opera will be Opera Compan very successful fax. Inquiry Mr. Gilbert who name who in the St. John a few years ago season begins here several friends, who b The "Mikado" the opening w all things com pany will do their stay. I proposed to in of "living pict after that of M a very valuable ahead of the Brackett who i 'hustler' in eve

Tone Mr. Berthol composer of a broken down p is nearly 60 y Rotterdam org and Brussels. successful in I came a teach Joseph Barnby of chief music selected for the pian and was co his pianoforte demption."

In the Emp seventy opera The Boston on the 4th. Bartlett Davis with everything with the Pacific All of which by the San Franci

Alma Dalme has been accep via with success senett.

Miss Alice donna at the has joined (the Helen Bertram

A Malay op Polynesia to L form "Rishi national opera.

And now L soubrette of the denies that al for several year

Miss Minnie donna who ha world, is omm shortly to sing G. H. Heini Humperdinck and Gretel," he

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The excellence of the concert given in Centenary church on Thursday evening of last week, is unanimously conceded. I regret I was unable to be present on the occasion but from competent musicians learn that Mrs. Spencer who is such a pronounced local favorite, more than held her own in comparison with Miss Fanning the lady from Mt. Allison. Miss F's work was abundantly complimented, and no doubt justly as her voice gave evidence of much training and cultivation.

The concert in the Exmouth (St) church Sunday School room, in aid of the piano fund, on last Tuesday evening was one of the most pleasing and really meritorious concerts I have had the pleasure of attending in quite a long time. The talent was an aggregation that has never perhaps before participated in the same programme, and it was all of a very high order too. Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Spencer both sang with that agreeable and noticeable characteristic of both these ladies viz: a nice, clear articulation. The selection by Mrs. Worden was "Tis not true" by Tito Mater, and her encore piece was "Good bye Sweet Day" by Vannah. Quite a coincidence was noticed in the fact that Mrs. Spencer's song was also by Mater. It is entitled "Amo" and for an encore she sang "Call me back". Miss Godard played the accompaniments and also gave a piano solo which was so well received that she was obliged to play a second selection; this lady's playing thoroughly merits as it receives the hearty praise of the listener. Prof. White gave a violin solo Raff's Cavatina, in a masterly manner and I doubt very much if he ever before played with such nerve force and style, finish and interpretation as he played last Tuesday evening. He was in excellent form; few if any, violinists have been heard in this city who could equal his work and talent still who could surpass him. Other talent equally good took part in the concert but there is not space enough for further individual mention.

Beginning on next Monday evening the music lovers of St. John and all others who appreciate a pleasant evening are to be treated to a short season of opera. The operas will be produced by the Gilbert Opera Company which has been playing a very successful season of six weeks in Halifax. Inquiry elicits the information that Mr. Gilbert who is at the head of this company, is not the man of the same name who introduced Miss Carvell to the St. John public as a prima donna a few years ago. The Mr. Gilbert whose season begins on Monday evening, was here several years ago and then made many friends, who know him as "Scotch Jim." The "Mikado" has been decided upon as the opening work and there is little doubt all things considered, but that the company will do satisfactory business during their stay. Incidentally I believe it is proposed to introduce the extra attraction of "living pictures" at each performance after that of Monday. The company has a very valuable and excellent business man ahead of them in the person of Mr. Brackett who is well up in his work and a 'hustler' in every sense.

Tones and Undertones.

Mr. Berthold Tours, the well known composer of Anglican church music, is broken down physically. Mr. Tours, who is nearly 60 years of age, was the son of a Rotterdam organist, and studied at Leipzig and Brussels. In his early days he was successful in Italian opera, and then became a teacher and composer. On Sir Joseph Barnby resigning in 1878 the post of chief musical to Novello, Tours was selected for the post. He is an able musician and was complimented by Gounod on his pianoforte arrangement of "The Redemption."

In the Empire of Germany there are seventy opera houses worthy of the name.

The Bostonians opened in San Francisco on the 4th inst., and of course Jessie Bartlett Davis has expressed her delight with everything in and about or connected with the Pacific coast tour of the company. All of which has been duly chronicled in the San Francisco papers.

Alma Dalma (Mrs. Rudolph Aronson) has been appearing in concert in Scandinavia with success. She was a pupil of Massenet.

Miss Alice Neilson, a popular prima donna at the Tivoli in San Francisco, has joined [the Bostonians to understudy Helen Bertram.

A Malay opera troupe is on its way from Polynesia to London, where it will perform "Rishi Rha Hirsan," described as national opera.

And now Lulu Glasser, the sprightly soubrette of the Francis Wilson company, denies that she contemplates matrimony for several years to come.

Miss Minnie Tracey, an American prima donna who has made her mark in the old world, is coming back to her native land shortly to sing leading soprano roles with Gustave Heinrich's Opera Company.

Humpardnick the composer of "Hansel and Gretel," keeps on turning out nurse

operas. His latest is "The Bronze Horse," just brought out with success at Cassel, the words written by the composer's sister and the plot from "Grimm's Tales."

The following notice of Miss Zeisler, the great pianiste, I believe will be of more than passing interest to the musical people of this city. The lady who is the subject of the notice played in Carnegie Hall on the occasion of her first public appearance after her return to the United States. The notice says: Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the most brilliant of American pianists, made her reappearance after an absence of a few years. Since she played here last she has enjoyed triumphs in Germany and Austria, and that they were well deserved her magnificent performance demonstrated beyond question. She returns to us a finished artist, her technical equipment on a par with contemporary masters of the instrument, and her old fire and fury as fascinating as ever.

She played a terrible test for man, woman or beast, the Schumann concerto, the Rubinstein in D minor and the scherzo from the Liszt concerto in D minor. To cap this, she responded after about half a dozen recalls by giving the Liszt-Schubert Erlking with poetry and passion.

On the side of sober, scholarly repose and rhythmic surety Mme. Zeisler has gained enormously. And with the exception of a few slips—she was extremely nervous—in the Rubinstein work she is almost technically infallible. In velocity, clarity in passage work, limpidity in purely epicato effects this slender girl has but one superior in the land—Raisel Josffy. Temperamentally she has no rivals. She opened our eyes when she tuit up that huge crescendo in the cadenza of the Rubinstein concerto. Dynamic intensity and the most dramatically significant delivery were all there and literally breaths catching. It is this superb intensity and dramatic delivery that places Bloomfield Zeisler on a pianistic peak all her own. She is so warm-blooded, so full of color, that every note is vital. I liked best the first and last movements of the Schumann. She was guarded at the start, and the F major movement of the Russian composer left me untouched.

But she let loose the dogs of war in the closing allegro. It was magnificent, and it was piano playing.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler played the Rubinstein in such style and with such vigorous breath of handling last night that it will be a bold artist that follows her with this composition this season. The Liszt scherzo was sensational to a degree. It was Josffy's pet encore piece at one time. Barbaric in coloring, its piquant theme and fantastic outlines make it a strong card for a pianist with plenty of spirit. Last night it was dazzlingly played.

The American girl enjoyed a genuine ovation, and as there were at least one thousand professional pianists in Carnegie Hall you know what that means! Walter Damrosch accompanied most sympathetically.

Another pianist who is favorably mentioned by the New York critics, is "a pretty, fresh looking girl named Kate Bundy." She is of Philadelphia. She played in Steinway Hall, and she is a pupil of Sternburg the Russian pianist. "She plays extremely well, finished in her technique and her touch and style musical."

Melba drew \$15,000 at two concerts in Chicago.

In the programme of "Billie Taylor" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, Mass., a writer says of a lady well known here. "Miss Edith Mason looked pretty, but she sang badly and her acting was mechanical."

The following is the programme of the concert given by Madame Melba, in Music Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening of this week. She appears with her company in the same place this afternoon.

- Overture, "William Tell"..... Rossini Orchestra.
- Aria, "Salve Dimora," from "Faust".... Gounod Mr. D'Aubigne.
- Aria, from "Marriage of Figaro"..... Mozart Mlle. Baummeister.
- Prologue, "I Pagliacci"..... Leoncavallo Mr. Campanari.
- Aria, "Addio mio sospira"..... Berton Mme. Scalchi.
- Aria, "Ah fors e lui," from "Traviata".... Verdi Mme. Melba.
- Aria, from "L'Attila du Moulin"..... Brasseur (First time in America) Mr. D'Aubigne.
- Waltz Song, "So seran Rose"..... Arditi (By request) Mme. Melba.
- Aria, from "Barber of Seville"..... Rossini Mr. Campanari.
- Cavatina, "Nobil Signor," ("Les Huguenots")..... Meyerbeer Mme. Scalchi.
- Quartette, from "Rigoletto"..... Verdi Madame Melba, Scalchi, Messers. D'Aubigne and Campanari.
- Intermission.
- Overture, "Hansel and Gretel"..... Humpardnick Orchestra.
- The "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." In costume. Lucia, Mme. Melba. (Flute Obligato, Mr. North.)

Verdi's first effort at composition cost him a whipping. He was so enraged at striking a wrong chord that he began thumping the piano to the righteous indignation of his father.

It is proposed, in Boston, to give a concert (with the Boston Symphony orchestra) for the benefit of the former leader of the

double basses, Mr. Goldstein, who has become hopelessly insane.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"The Irish Senator" Company has been playing to poor business during the week. Whatever may be the prevailing opinion of the play itself—it is farce comedy—there appears to be a general belief that the poor business is not a little due to the indelicate language of one of the specialty men on the opening night. "Trilby," with Miss Cecil Lorraine in the title role was put on last evening. This lady in this role gave much satisfaction by her work, when she first appeared here in this part.

Miss Nellie Ganthony, the entertainer, will make her New York reappearance at the Sunday concert at Proctor's Pleasure Palace.

Miss Mary Palmer, who sang in opera in this city last year, is now in the cast of the new comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile."

Miss Adele Ritchie, the young prima donna, was married privately on October 8, at Camden, N. J., to Joseph W. Herbert, the principal comedian of the Lillian Russell company, now playing at the Co-

lumbia Theatre in Chicago. At the time of the wedding Mr. Herbert was playing with the company in Washington and ran up to Camden to get married without any one knowing anything about it. It was not until a day or two ago that the members of the company knew anything about the marriage, and very few of them knew that Mr. Herbert had secured a divorce from his former wife, Marion Lascelles, a short time ago.

Irving's Macbeth is said to be one of the finest of his productions.

A Boston critic says: "There was more fun and laughter in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's dream" as it was played by the Daly Company last week than in a modern farce comedy."

Alexander Salvini plays "Othello" this season. He will be a success if he proves even half as good as his father in that role. The first production of a play entitled "The Lucky Star" will be at the New York Grand Opera House on the 6th inst.

"The Foundling" is the name given to an English farcical Comedy which was put on at the Park theatre, Boston, on Monday last. It was written by Lestock (who wrote "Jane") and E. M. Robson. The

production gives opportunity for "Cissy Fitzgerald" to do some of her specialties.

Evidently "Proscennin" who writes to PROGRESS of stage matters in Boston, is not the only one who disapproves of Irving as an actor. As another one Vance Thompson in the New York Commercial Advertiser says of Irving's Macbeth: "Very humbly and yet very sincerely I would suggest that it is a player's business to play the part set down for him. When I go to see 'Macbeth' I wish to see the thane of Cawdor, who shall be king hereafter; I do not care to see a man—no matter how interesting—dangle his parti-colored personality in front of a panorama. Were it not for the scenery I do not think you could tell whether Irving were playing Mathias or Shylock, Louis XI or Macbeth. It is only by his costume that you can tell the role he is playing. He plays only one part—this strange romantic; grotesque, Hidalgo role of Irving." This reprimand and disapproval may have a deterrent effect on Irving and result in shortening his stay on this continent.

Mary Hampton has purchased a cottage at Rockport, Mass. Her investment confirms her assertion that she likes Boston.

LITTLE TROOPER.

QUICKSTEP.

A. FRENCCELLI.

Tempo di Marcia.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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GIVE US THE LINE.

The delegation to Ottawa in the interests of a subsidy for the Beaver line of steamers between St. John and Liverpool has a mission of no small importance to our citizens, and it is a pity that one of the daily papers has gone out of its way to sneer at it as a political dodge. It seems to be one of the matters which are purely out of the domain of politics and in the interest of the people regardless of party. To decide it is a plot for humbugging the people of St. John to asperse the motives of the delegates is not only purely imaginative writing, but it is in the worst possible taste. The interest such a paper feels in the prosperity of the city seems to be fully expressed in the statement that "no fault can be found with any arrangement that can bring these vessels to St. John."

This does not even amount to a negative advocacy of a measure calculated to advance the best interests of the people. That the Dominion government has not in the past done more for the port of St. John, is no reason why it should be insulted if willing to do something now, and it may be taken for granted the spirit shown by the journal in question is not shared by its readers. The amount asked is small, but sufficient to ensure a fortnightly steamer between this port and Liverpool. That the government will grant it can scarcely be doubted. The provincial government made a grant to the recent exhibition much larger in proportion to its means than the Dominion is now asked to contribute for a permanent and beneficial object.

Success, then, to the delegation, and if its object is accomplished let us recognize the benefit, even though it be no more than should have been given long ago. There should be no further display of bad temper or bad taste by any journal which claims to give expression to the opinion of the people.

ANOTHER MAN MARRIED.

Even though the fight between CORRIET and FITZSIMMONS did not take place last week, the people of this continent have not lacked for a live topic of conversation in the marriage of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH and CONSUELO VANDERBILT. The wedding has taken place with all the theatrical effects which money could produce. The display has been magnificent, and being in approved society circles is pronounced to have been in excellent taste. The public have enjoyed a show, and the youthful descendant of the hero of Blenheim has become the husband of the descendant of the toiling, swearing and saving old VANDERBILT.

Honors are even in this instance. The duke, so far as appears, is not like some of the blackguard bankrupts who have hartered their titles for the gold of American girls in the past. He appears to be an ordinary sort of a young man with good title and bad fortune, to whom the five million dollars paid on delivery of his name to the bride, will be a very welcome reviver of his faded finances. The VANDERBILTS might have made a much worse bargain in buying a nobleman, and they doubtless would have been willing to do so had there been a corner in the title market and only some aristocratic lineage been available for the purpose. Congratulations to the bride and her family, on this point, would appear to be eminently in order.

Some of the writers who have been discussing the matter for weeks assert that this was a love match. Perhaps it was. Who can judge the heart of another in such cases. This much is certain, that the heir to an estate which he is too poor to maintain is apt to love money when placed within his reach, while a woman dearly loves a title, and the public loves a show. In these respects, at least, it was an undoubted love match. It is not every day, or every year, that a duke comes to America to be married, and it is little wonder that occasion was made for

plutocracy to make loud proclamation of its alliance with aristocracy. From the moment of the announcement of the projected marriage until now, the affair has been fully advertised in the press, and the world has been treated to the fullest particulars of the matrimonial opera bouffe and its stars. If the people of America do not know what the duke wears, how he dresses and undresses, when and what he eats and drinks and how he cleans his teeth, it is not the fault of an enterprising press which has endeavored to give the fullest data about his daily life in America. He seems to have borne it all as a necessary part of his bargain, but there must have been much to impress him with the difference between a marriage at home and one abroad. Should His Grace ever be reduced to the extremity of having to engage with a dime museum, his recent experience will be of no small value in enabling him to stand the ordeal as an exhibit.

The wedding itself was a show in the fullest sense of the term. It was a performance for the entertainment of a crowd of house, and like any other stage performance it had been fully rehearsed. The New York Sun remarks that "the custom of wedding rehearsals is peculiarly American." It undoubtedly is, and does belong to one of those American customs which is not likely to be imitated in good society in any other country. In this instance the rehearsal took place in the church on the afternoon of the day before the wedding, while policemen guarded the doors against a mob that filled the street outside. To the credit of the prospective bridegroom, he and his groomsmen were not present, but all the rest of the party were, and Mrs. VANDERBILT "bossed the show." The march up the aisle and the tableaux at the altar were rehearsed three times before that lady was satisfied while Bishop LITTLEJOHN stood, his prayer book in hand, and went over the service to show them how the ceremony would be performed. Probably he felt a shamed of himself for lending his episcopal dignity to this peculiarly theatrical expedient, but what was he to do but obey when the rich VANDERBILTS commanded.

The wedding itself was a great show. Even the "household servants" were paraded in pews as part of the exhibit, and in still worse taste was the parade of the "Tutors and governesses who had instructed the bride and her brothers," as if in democratic America the teachers of the children or money makers were but another class of servants. As a show the wedding was a success, and as a precedent it may, unfortunately, be equally a success. Chicago will undoubtedly try to outdo it, whether there is a duke in the programme or not.

The great and material benefit of the wedding has been the putting in circulation of vast sums of money spent in the dresses and decorations. The duke will go back to England some millions of dollars better off than he has ever been, while the bride wears a coronet and becomes mistress of historic Blenheim Castle. She will have "a house with two hundred rooms, an army of servants and 2,700 acres of land." These, with ten million dollars in her own right ought to make her happy, but if she has no source of happiness, save that which wealth and position can buy, the humblest bribe on the land today need not envy her lot.

THE PROBATION SYSTEM.

In another column of this issue will be found a reference in LARSEN'S letter, to the admirable system of probation for minor offenders, which has long been in practice in Boston. The results have been found eminently satisfactory, and it seems singular that the adoption of the system has not become more general among American cities. Apart from the moral good that is accomplished, there is, in the long run, a clear financial gain. That, at least, has been the Boston experience, and it is easy to see why the same rule would apply in every community.

The methods of dealing with petty offenders in St. John, and many other cities is crude, clumsy and expensive from every point of view. The police court is run, in one way with an eye to revenue, but is a steady source of expense. Heavy fines are imposed for ordinary offences, and when they are not paid the persons convicted are sent to jail to be supported. Last year 989 persons were sent to jail from the police court, and only a very small proportion of these were charged with serious offences. The number of days they were supported was more than 12,000, and in some years it has been fifty per cent more. Twelve thousand days are equivalent to thirty eight years of time taken from the earning capacity of the community, and during one year hundreds of men are degraded, encouraged in idleness contaminated by the foul association of jail life, while those dependent on them may in many cases be compelled to suffer for the ordinary comforts of existence. The great majority of the jail prisoners are men who have committed no crime save to show themselves on the street in a state of intoxication, often perfectly able to take care of themselves but made the prey of policemen anxious to get off duty early by making an arrest. These unfortunate are dragged before the court the next

morning unless they can deposit the wholly disproportionate sum of eight dollars, to be forfeited for non-appearance, and when convicted by the court are fined with the alternative of imprisonment in jail. By dint of hard and heavy fining the court lost in about fifteen hundred dollars in cash last year, for ordering fines, while our city was put to the expense of keeping several hundred persons in jail for various terms, with an absolute financial loss, to say nothing of the results from a moral point of view.

The time will come when the absurdity of such a system will be recognized, as it was long ago in Boston. In that city, a man arrested the first time for a minor offence allowed to go, after a careful inquiry is made into the circumstances of his case. This same treatment is accorded to him a second time, but when he becomes a habitual offender he is sent to serve a term at Deer Island, where he finds plenty of work to do.

A good general idea of the aims and efficiency of the probation system is given in the letter referred to. It may be added that for the great city of Boston the entire cost of the bureau is only about \$15,000 a year. The cost of the St. John police force was over \$28,000 last year, but the cost to the people in both a moral and financial sense was much in excess of that sum.

The police officials of St. John may gain a valuable point from the recent ruling of JUDGE FALCONBRIDGE in a case at Toronto, where the question of the right of peace officers to search prisoners was involved. Taking his ground from both English and Canadian cases, the judge holds that the right to search a man who is under arrest is not of general application. It is assumed in cases of felony, and it is reasonable when there are grounds for belief that a prisoner has a weapon with which he may do himself or others an injury. In this connection he adds: "But at the same time it is quite wrong to suppose that any general rule may be applied to such a case. Even when a man is confined for being drunk and disorderly, it is not correct to say that he must submit to the degradation of being searched, as the searching of such a prisoner must depend on all the circumstances of the case." By what rule or law policemen go through the pockets of intoxicated men and take their money from them, is something which would be hard to explain. It would be better for the reputation of the police in general if it was not permitted.

A curious interpretation of the psalmist's words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," is reported from a town in New Jersey. Last Sunday the attendants at a colored baptist meeting house found a placard on the door which read: "There will be no service in our church today, as our most beloved pastor has been suddenly called away." Inquiry revealed the fact that the beloved pastor was under arrest, having been caught the night before in the act of stealing coal for the use of the church. When arrested he was indignantly filling a sack and piously humming a hymn. When brought before the court he pleaded that the church was reduced in finances and that his conscience told him it was no harm to get coal for a place when coal was to be done. He was released on promising never to do it again, and the grateful evangelist, in soliciting orders for the concern he had been so conscientiously robbing, this may seem funny to some readers, but there is a good deal of resorting to queer dodges to keep some of the churches to the front in other places than New Jersey.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Madrigal. Farewell my love farewell, Affection's sacred spell; Once more 'tis sweet to tell. In my soul's sad longing— Memory shall keep Parting vows of breath'd love In the silence deep; Farewell my love farewell Angels guard thy sleep. Adieu my love adieu, With love and love song true; I sing dear heart to you Still will you remember Where we often met, Parting pain and tears love. Adieu my own, sweet love Lingers fondly yet. Good night my love good night, Far over the wild sea white; Fast fades the golden light, Softly o'er the mountains Twilight dies away, All the green woods darken Good night my love sweet slumber Speed the coming day. CYRUS GOLDB. Ery Head West, Oct. 1895.

HOPE. While a steaming empy on the leafless bough, Or while Acadia's streams run glad and free While Swallow's vale is clear, by fruitful plough, Or Mayflowers creep beneath the budding tree; While star or sunset glids the summer sea Washing Chaco's walls, fall lyrically, The robin sings, and a bloom the cherry; thou Forgotten by the country canst not be, O lover, and O singer—'tisd Howe! While proud ships hasten from Britannia's shore, Bearing the pat-rol swiftly to his home; While skaters skim the lake's smooth bosom o'er, Or Micmac rears his wigwag's birchen dome; While baby's sandy shore is swept with foam; While scowls Melville Isles' forbidding brow; While waves ouring; by nam: to mind will come O thou, of eloquent lips, forever dumb— O lover, and O singer—'tisd Howe; PASTOR FELIX.

When April Showers Come Down. When April Showers come down From blossom loving skies, And, peeping thro' the grass brown, Bid sleep o' buds arise, Unto the wind, so sweet, so sweet, Beyond the wall'd town, I turn my feet, O! to meet, When April showers come down. I lift the mossy stone, Arbutus leaves to touch, And whisper to them all alone, "I love you, O! so much." And for a bud I look, I look, Bewitch their shining crown, In every nook, By fence or brook, When April showers come down. One pink anemone, Is first my voice to heed; She lifts her starry eyes to me— Their language I can read, And O! the world is free, I care not for its ire; Do radiant, a sea, The change in me When April showers come down. Unto the fields I go, I climb the brookside steep; I sit where violets used to blow, And at my task I stop, 'Neath dripping boughs I stay, I stay, Still heeding of renewa. "Come, last the weed, 'Till merry May," I sing as showers come down.

Unto my work, at last, I will with lagging feet; For rain-drops will not fall so fast, Their touch will not be sweet, And at my task I stop, All moping cares to drop; Sweet thoughts I'm popping To blossom, When April showers come down. HARRIS MAY. In "Sings from the Woods" Maine.

Afterwards. This evening pleasure wears an older face— I use the temptress asked, "shorn of grace"; The past, the present and the future seem A dream. Some may love wildly, others fiercely hate, And whisper to their hearts, "I'm weary, but I am weary, and what seemeth best Is rest. How have I borne the burden of life's fray, How did I live so madly yesterday, How could I long and strive, and strive again, In vain. One cries to me that he has lost a wife, Another, that he drags a beggar's chain, A third that he, in striving with his name, Earn'd shame. Harvest of gold, Love's loss, and worldly scorn, Have all been mine to welcome and to mourn; But why remember, when what seemeth best— Fall Mail Magazine.

Love's Ways. Does love bring peace? Aye, more, a glad rejoicing, Happier far than sons of merry bird; In language of its own it kind, a roving, Sweeter than any speech the ear hath heard, Clearer than spoken word. Can love endure? Aye, caseless as the ocean's, Firm as a rock o'er which the waves break; There is no limit to its deep devotion, No sacrifice too great for it to make For its dear, cherished sake. Does love change? Aye, the second breath of summer, Whispering low to blossoming flowers 'twined, Is more faithful than this fair new cover; But oh! unlike the sighing, swaying wind, Love leaves a trace behind. Does love die? Aye—then lo, at night untried, A wand and scepter swirls aloft its chain, And chests us of our rest. Forsakes his prison To glide into our dreams and wake the pain We thought forever slain.

THE SHERWOOD GRAY SQUIRREL. Attending Strictly to Business, He Gets the Better of a Wily Hunter. "Of course," said a hunter, "everybody knows that when a man with a gun comes along the gray squirrel goes around on the other side of the tree; he doesn't get killed if he can help it, and he can help himself pretty well. I remember once coming across a gray squirrel up a big oak; he was out on a branch about forty feet from the ground. He saw me as quick as I did him, quicker, I guess, and when I was ready to fire he was around on the other side of the branch. This branch was very small only a mighty little bigger than the squirrel, but he hugged it so close and he was in such perfect line with me that you couldn't see anything of him at all except a little bit of the tip of his tail that was blown out by a strong wind. I blazed away at him and never touched him. Then I went around on the other side of the tree thinking that possibly I could get a shot at him from there, but as I went one way he went the other, and by the time I had got over on the other side he was on the side I

had come from and in just as perfect line with me as he was at first, and just as safe. I tried him again with just the same result. "Then I pulled a stake out of a rail fence near by and planted it in the ground on one side of the tree and hung my coat on it, and went myself over on the other side; I thought that possibly I might make the squirrel think there were two men there, or put him in doubt, long enough to enable me to get a shot at him, but he never paid the slightest attention to the coat. I don't it would have made any difference to him if I'd opened a clothing store there; he knew the man with the gun, and it was the gun that he was looking out for.

"Well, we dodged around that tree for quite a spell longer. There wasn't any other tree near by that the squirrel could go to, and he knew his only safety lay in sticking to the one he was in, and the way he did stick to it and keep around always on the other side of that branch was something wonderful. I fired five or six shots at him altogether and filled the branch under him half full of shot, but never touched him; and when I thought I had wasted time and ammunition I left him."

OLD TIME PLAYBILL. The Drama in St. John as It Was Seen Nearly Three Score Years ago. Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald of Carleton is the possessor of the following old time house bill, yellow with age: THEATRE. By Permission of His Worship the Mayor. M. W. R. DENA. HAS the pleasure of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John and its vicinity, that at the request of his Friends, (who have witnessed and confessed themselves gratified with his Performances in this Theatre,) he will give an ENTERTAINMENT, for One Evening, prior to his departure for England, and he hopes the Selections of Performances he has made, will meet the approbation of the Citizens of St. John;—secundary matters presenting his leaving without soliciting their kind Favours. TUESDAY EVENING. November 13, 1833. PERFORMANCE TO COMMENCE WITH THE CHORUS OF "THE SUN IS UP," (From the Opera of the Masenalle.) By Mr. DERR at AMATEURS, who have kindly volunteered their services. AFTER WHICH The Song, "Calah Queen," by an Amateur. Comic Song, "Billy Barlow," For the first time in this City by Mr. Derr. Song "Ax My Eye," by an Amateur. HERCULEAN FEATS OF STRENGTH! BY THE TURKISH GOLIATH! By Mr. Derr, the Modern Sampson, who will on this occasion sustain FOUR ANVILS!—Mr. Derr will present any Gentleman in the City to select the Anvil; they must not weigh over 200 lbs. each. HIGHLAND FLING. In Character, by Mr. M'Intyre. In the course of the Evening, Mr. DERR will Sing Four NEGRO SONGS, viz: "GUMBA CHAFF," the Mississippi Nigger; "ROLEY BALEY," the Kick Shooter; "THE BACKWOOD HUNT," or "SITTING ON A RAIL;" and "IM CROW," for the first time. SONG, "BEAUTIFUL BOY," by an Amateur. THE CLASSICAL EXHIBITION OF THE SCULPTURED STATUES, By Mr. DERR, who will give a Correct Delineation of the Vatican Statues. 1. Hercules straggling with the Nemean Lion. 6 Positions. 2. Ajax slaying the Lightning. 1 " 3. The African Amazon. 1 " 4. The Student Throwing the Discus or Quoit. 2 " 5. The Boxing Gladiator. 3 " 6. Cicimachus the Roman listening his Souldier. 1 " 7. The Slave Romolus sharpening his Knife, whilst overhauling the Co-spirators. 1 " 8. The Statue of Apollo. 1 " 9. The Fervent Hunter. 1 " 10. Romulus and Remus, (from David's Picture of the Brothers). 2 " 11. Cain killing his brother Abel. 3 " 12. The Fighting and Dying Gladiator. 6 "

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LIGHT SPARRING. Will be introduced in the course of the Evening by Mr. DERR and Amateurs. The whole to conclude with the much admired and popular Negro Song "IM BROW," the high Melodist; by Mr. DERR. Doors open at half past 6 o'clock; Performance to commence precisely at 7. Price of admission to the box 25c; Put 15c. SCHEDULE to be had at the St. John Hotel; Mr. Nelson's Book Store, and J. B. Gannon & Co.'s Store, King Street; and at Mr. Seely's, next door to the Ice.

VI-VAT REGINA! W. L. AVERT, Printer.

COLORING THE PIPE. The Feet is not Hard to do, but Sometimes it is an Expensive Process. "Do I know any mechanical way of coloring a meerschaum? Oh, yes; I have known a man to fix up a small rubber bellows that was kept going by a clock attachment, and so did his smoking for him; but a much more common method is to hire some constant smoker to use your pipe until it gets the tint you want. British officers sometimes distribute their meerschaums among their men for this purpose, and on a long voyage passengers give their pipes in charge of seasoned old sailors.

"Some years ago we had a customer, a rich Peruvian, who had bought a great many pipes from us; he had about fifty pieces of fine meerschaum. Of course he couldn't hope to color all these himself, unless he smoked like a volcano, especially in the twelve months he expected to stay here. So he asked me if I knew anybody who would do it for him. I introduced him to one of our workmen, a young fellow, and the Peruvian turned over his pipes to him, supplying him with a lot of the very best tobacco he could buy. He used to come in often and watch the man at his work. He would sit and admire the slow coloring of those pipes; as an artist would a painting; you know how you feel as you see the beautiful, rich hues come in, don't you? Well, sir, a sort of friendship sprung up between these two. The Peruvian took a personal, or perhaps a proprietary, interest in his pipe-colorer, and started out by sending him to his own barber, to be shaved into more presentable shape. Then he insisted that the man should have his teeth examined, and he paid a \$75 dentist's bill for him. He sent him to a fashionable tailor and gave him a fine outfit; he bought him a Panama hat,

and so on, until we figured that, with \$1-a-pound tobacco—and he kept the fellow smoking all the time—and all the rest of his expenditures on that workman, the coloring of those pipes cost him about \$1,200. Then he went back to Peru, and I heard afterward that he was killed in Antioquia. He ought to have remembered the workman in his will, to make the romance complete; but this is a true story, and I can't say he did. Perhaps he felt himself fully furnished with pipes for this world and the next without any bequests."

"Especially if he smoked the ghost of his own Cavendish in his phantom meerschaum," suggested his listener. "Ye—es," said the other, who could appreciate Jerome too. "But I don't know about that. You see he smoked most of that cut Cavendish by proxy. Long here's another story of meerschaum coloring. The Duke of Castelluccio used to be one of my customers. One Saturday he came in and looked at a fine meerschaum cigar holder. "That's handsome," he said. But I want it colored; can you have it done for me on Monday?" "But, your Grace," I said, "coloring takes time. I couldn't have it done by Monday. A few weeks—" "Bah!" he said. "I will bring it to you on Monday as black as your coat." "And he did. This is how he did it. He went out and bought a hundred long 5-cent cigars, went home and smoked them all day Sunday, one after the other, until they were gone. Sure enough, the holder had a beautiful color, but he had nearly spoiled his teeth, and he admitted that he wouldn't do it again. One hundred 6-cent cigars in one day was too much even for an Italian."—New York Tribune.

Masonic Knights Templar. James B. Nixon of Toronto, will arrive at the Royal Hotel by C. P. R. this afternoon. Mr. Nixon is special deputy to the grand master of the Great Priory of Knights Templar of Canada, and he will leave St. John on Tuesday morning for Charlottetown and will on that evening institute "The Prince Edward Preceptor of Knights Templar. Dr. Roden Maceille the grand master of the grand lodge of Freemasons of P. E. Island will be the chief officer of the new preceptor. Frates of the order, especially those of the Maritime Provinces are cordially invited to be present at Charlottetown on this occasion.

New Costumes. Ladies will soon be thinking of new costumes. There is nothing better than a Cravenette. It is waterproof and dust proof, and yet perfectly porous, so that it is a pleasure to wear it. The Cravenette is made in the following shades; Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Light and medium weight. In addition to all these qualities, the Cravenette is extremely stylish, and makes up with a smart distingue appearance which the ladies much appreciate.

Bridget's Appreciation. A lady employed a very ignorant Irish servant, who would not rise in the morning at a sufficiently early hour. An alarm was therefore bought and presented to the servant with the words: "You know Bridget, that I require the fire eight every morning by 7 o'clock; but I cannot get you to do it; so I have bought you this alarm." Bridget examined it and said: "Thank you murr; it's very pretty. But fancy a thing loike this bein' able to lough a sure. Sure, it's a wonderful invention, murr."—London Household Words.

"FLOSOFF AND FOLLY." The asler to view two valleys from the top of one mountain, that to see both sides of a mountain from the centre of a valley, also is more natural to criticize the actions of others than be the victim of criticism. Better to have loved and lost, than take any divorce court chances. It sometimes takes a greater number to "make up" than it does to start a quarrel. Plenty of mind finds expression in the actions of the individual, while the actions of the individual does not always denote the state of the mind, this latter owing to misconceptions being placed thereon. Phyllogony is N. G. in the case of a Jewel and Hyde existence. There would be fewer church mortgages and copper collections under the one-tenth—our possessions style of Christianity. "Inability" does not depend upon "disability" for an existence. Many a good resolution we meant to materialize in the near future, but we would hardly dare postpone for years, at the time we first held them in the prospect. If you wish to feel that life is not worth living, confine your literature for a while, to the "before" of thousands who found no relief until they tried one of the many wonderfully curative pills, or tonics. Have you ever heard a good reason given, as to why a whole family should be disgusted because of the act of an individual member of it? Reflections cast in the mirror of the soul, do not always show in the face. A policeman is the "spirit" that moves a corner loader. A saucer—answer is good for the goose as the gander. To the end that your cup of joy may never be empty, nor your cup of we never be full, keep your "entrails" up, and never let them get "down." Women and elephants are equally afraid of mice, and some men are scared of all three, else they'd marry one of them. The main reason many people are not afraid of Ghosts, is that they never encountered one. He who has no need of a Doctor or Lawyer is doubly blessed. The graven images as displayed upon coins of the realm, has still many worshippers. Never condemn a man for smoking if you chew, apply this principle to other matters if you chew. He who enjoys good health, the confidence of his friends, and freedom from debt, is, or should consider himself wealthy. The reason a storm in winter resembles a cold in the head, is, it blows it snows. JAY RES.

OUR OWN COOK

As shown in cut above is good for a few days. A full line of all your Heating Stoves. SHE "F"

DEAR

MONA

Robb E

J. S. C

Social and Personal.

St. John. The past week has been a very quiet one in social circles; the chief topic of conversation, of course being the Timmerman-Drinkwater wedding, which took place in Montreal on Wednesday afternoon, at St. Paul's Presbyterian church. The bride, Miss Alice Mande Drinkwater, is well known here, and is a daughter of Chas. Drinkwater, secretary of the C. P. R. Mr. H. P. Timmerman has lived here for several years, and on their return from a southern wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman will live here, so the interest displayed here in the important event is quite natural. The church was crowded with Montreal society people, and church was beautifully decorated for the occasion; excellent music was furnished by the organist of the church; the brides were Messrs. Graham Drinkwater, Peers Davidson, Alister Mitchell, Hammond B. McDonald. The bride who entered the church with her father wore a beautiful gown of ivory satin brocade, elaborately trimmed with chrysanthemum and orange blossoms; her veil was caught with a diamond crescent, the gift of the groom, as was also her beautiful bouquet of white roses and ferns. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Drinkwater, the brides sister, Miss Graham of Ottawa, Miss Mabel Taylor of St. John, both cousins of the bride and Miss Molson; they all looked lovely and graceful in gowns of cream glace silk, brocaded in pink rosebuds, Louis XV. coats, picture hats of chenille, with white satin crowns and feathers; they carried shower bouquets of pink and white roses. The groom's gifts to the maids were initial brooches, set with pearls and turquoise. Among the guests were Mr. Wm. and Lady Van Horne, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. H. Montague Allan, the Baroness Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. G. Shannon, the Hon. Mary Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tall, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. James Ross, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Sir D. and Lady Smith, Mrs. Justice and the Misses Irvine, Qu'bec, Lt. Col. G. R. White, the Misses White, Qu'bec, Miss Gladys White, Qu'bec; Hon. John Haggart, Miss Bessie McDougall, the Rev. Dr. Barclay, Mr. Barclay, Dr. Graham, the Misses Graham, Hall; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison, the Misses Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardiner Taylor, St. John; Dr. K. D. Graham, Hall; Andrew Reford, Miss Reford, Mrs. Camille, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Kingston, the Misses Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Geofrion, Mr. and Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, Miss Burpee, Mr. and Mrs. Tiffin, St. John.

Among the numerous and elegant gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman may be mentioned a solid silver tea service, Mr. H. H. McLean, St. John; solid silver tea service, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Eadie; silver bon dish, Mr. and the Misses Mitchell; silver entrée dishes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardiner Taylor; Russian sable fur, Dr. K. D. Graham, uncle of the bride; diamond ring, Dr. C. S. Graham, uncle of the bride; hams; turkish rug, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Angus; tea caddy, Miss O'Brien; handsome jar, Sir William and Lady Van Horne; pearl opera glasses, Mrs. Waddell; solid silver bowl, Mrs. McLaughlin; silver fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Shaugbly; silver bon dish, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tall; silver tea set, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hamilton; silver coffee set, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graham, Winnipeg; crystal bowl, Mrs. O'Brien; fish knives and forks, Mr. David and Mr. Morrison; French picture, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Patterson; silver jardiniere, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Leonard; silver ladle, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harrison; silver fruit spoon, Miss Burpee; table centre, Miss Bayard; white embroidered sofa cushion, Miss Graham; silver bowl, Mr. John Haggart; diamond crescent, silver salt dishes, Miss Van Horne; crystal forks, Mr. James Barclay; pearl and enamel pendant, Mrs. A. Allan MacKenzie; pearl and enamel brooch, Mrs. M. C. Tier; ostrich feather fan, several checks and many other presents.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. The Original. Try It. TRADE MARK. SOAP. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Our Own COOK HERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING ST.

As shown in cut above for only \$16.70. This is a First-class Cook Stove in every respect and this offer is good for a few days only. Hundreds of testimonials from far and near are using this stove in the city. A full line of HERATON & WHITTAKER'S now on exhibition. Prices lower than ever this year. Have your Heating Stove fitted up. Only competent workmen employed. Moderate charge.

"Famous" Baseburner. The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America. THE MCCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

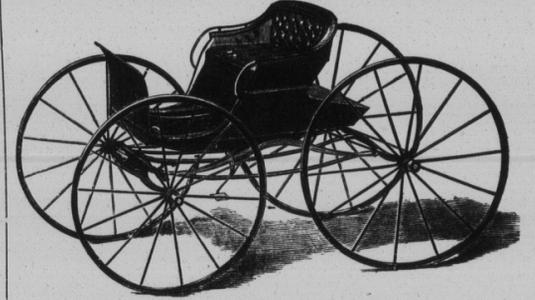
Economical Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. Three teaspoons full will make a good cup of Tea for Six People. DEARBORN & CO. Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.

MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N.S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

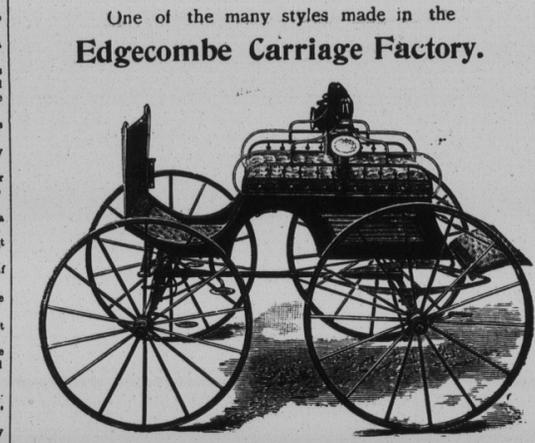
Mr. Wm. A. Murdoch and Miss Murdoch of Halifax were here for a few days recently. Mr. L. E. Higgins of Moncton was in the city for a part of the week. Miss McInerney, who has been visiting her brother in Montreal since September has returned to Kingston. Mr. Harry McLean was in Parvath, N. S. for a few days lately. Mr. M. T. Burns has returned from a pleasant holiday spent with friends. Mr. A. G. Beckwith and Mrs. G. Diddies of Fredericton were here the middle of the week. Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Power of Halifax were among the visitors to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Purdy are spending a short time in Boston. Mrs. A. A. Watson and Miss Clara Watson have arrived home from a visit to Mrs. Watson's son and daughter in New York. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Lockhart of Hartford, Conn. Co. were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mandie, Elliot row last week. Mr. Eben Stockton spent Monday and Tuesday here, returning to his home in Ansgangue on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bolding spent a week in Apohaqui lately. Miss Teasdale is in Berwick, visiting Mrs. J. A. Fenwick. Count deBury spent a day or two of last week in Richibucto. Mr. Barons M. P. P. of Bactuche was here this week for a brief stay. Mrs. Miles spent Sunday in Shediac, a guest of Mrs. McFadden. Miss Maude Corbett of Parraboro, who has been spending a short time here, returned home last week. The marriage of Miss Charlotte Bustin daughter of Mr. H. Thomas Bustin, and Mr. Norman Hutchison was quietly solemnized on Wednesday evening by Rev. J. J. Teasdale. The bride was suitably attired and looked very nice indeed. The young couple were kindly remembered by their friends. They will live on Horstead street. The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church held a very successful social this week. The programme was nicely managed and thoroughly appreciated. Refreshments were served. Among those who took part in the following programme were: Rock drill, by Little Sunbeams; quartet, Jack and Gill; reading, Miss Alberta Fowler; euphonium solo, Mr. Coupe; reading, Mrs. A. J. Heath; quartette, by the choir; reading, Miss M. Armstrong; banjo solo, Mr. Brown; repetition of the hoop drill; national anthem. C. E. MacMichael presided. Another pleasant affair similar to the above was given in the school room of the Exmouth street church on Tuesday evening to help pay the handsome piano lately purchased. The audience was very appreciative and every number was enjoyed; following is the programme: Piano duo, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Higgins; cornet solo, Harold Higgins; vocal solo, Mrs. Worden; piano solo, Miss Godard; vocal solo, Mrs. Spencer; violin solo, Fred White; quartet, Mrs. Worden, Mrs. Spencer, Dr. Marchand and Fred White. Mr. L. E. DeForest met with a severe accident at Torryburn on Tuesday morning. While boarding the train he slipped on the icy platform and fell against a car step breaking his left leg just above the knee. Miss Nellie Clays of Torryburn is here for a visit to her uncle Mr. B. L. Faxon.

A Drink that Cheers and Strengthens. There is Real enjoyment as well as Solid Benefit. In a Cup of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.



AN OPEN BANGOR. A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart, Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. Cheapest, Strongest, Best. MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers to the Trade, Toronto. Sold by all reliable dealers.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAIT BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CANADIAN WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FO AMBROSIAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street...

We have had scarcely any tea this season but now that autumn is here they are in all ways very bright and acceptable they are these cool afternoons...

Mr. and Mrs. Roy of Halifax were in town this week. Mrs. Dillcock of Thornton returned from New York this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lawson celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Thursday evening Nov. 7th.

Mr. H. M. Bradford was in Halifax on Saturday. On Monday evening Mrs. O'Brien entertained a large number of young people in honor of Mr. Ned's birthday.

Major Montell A. S. C. will be much missed when he goes to England in a few weeks.

An interesting Halloween party was given on the evening of the 31st at a well known house.

Halifax has a new engagement to talk about, that of a charming young lady well known here and an equally well known naval man.

Mrs. Walter Doull has cards out for an at home today (Tuesday) from five to seven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have had a very charming at home last week, and had weather notwithstanding, about 30 of our leading society people were present.

Mr. Hector McInnes was among last week's hostesses and a charming one she made at her at home from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

Mrs. John Taylor and her daughter Mrs. Wm. Curry of Windsor, left this week for J. amica to spend the winter with another sister Mrs. Nugent.

The ships, by the way, are going to be much missed this year, and every one will be sorry as well when admiralty house is closed for the season.

Admiral and Mrs. Eskine have done a good deal of the way of entertaining since they came to Halifax and have made many friends.

The flagship has also added to the gaiety of the year, by one of the best dances given during the season.

Mr. E. H. Froggart of Amherst spent a few days in town last week.

Rev. Mr. McKay of Halifax preached in St. Matthew's Presbyterian church on last Sunday week.

Mrs. McMillan of Antigonish visited Mrs. S. P. Borden last week.

A delightful party was given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Norman Dimock, Highfield. It is certainly an ideal house for dancing the large dining room and hall with their polished floors making even the dancers who are only there to look pretty were unable to resist tripping the light fantastic.

Among the ladies looking charming were Mrs. Clarence Dimock in black and yellow brocade. Mrs. Hensley, white silk. Mrs. Lawson, black and white satin.

Mrs. Harvey, grey poplin. Mrs. MacInch, black, with old point lace. Mrs. Harvey, blue green silk. Mrs. McIntosh (Halifax) cream satin. Mrs. Wiggins, white corded silk. Mrs. J. Smith, pink satin brocade. Mrs. Locke, pink muslin veiling. Mrs. Blanchard, white muslin. Mrs. Timlin, black satin. Mrs. Lawson, yellow crepon. Mrs. Paulin, pink crepon. Mrs. F. Ouseley, blue silk. Mrs. G. Ouseley, white cashmere. Mrs. Ashworth, white crepon. Mrs. Black, cream crepon. Mrs. Pratt, white silk.

The hostess was daintily attired in white satin with "russet lace trimmings."

Chilly Mornings

suggest to the good housewife, hot griddle cakes for breakfast. There is nothing so good as

The Ireland Co's.

Delicious Buckwheat Flour,

(Self raising.) Prepared in two minutes according to directions.

You will never regret it if you order a package.

Ready Today at Your Grocers.

(Never sold in Bulk)

TRY IT.

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Mrs. E. F. Wilson, pink silk velvet, bodice brocaded pink satin, and bouffant velvet sleeves.

Mrs. Dunlop, heliotrope crepon, lace and ribbon. Mrs. Miller, Middleton, black net over black striped satin.

Mrs. B. Blanchard, black satin. Mrs. Alley, black silk, applique lace.

Mrs. Somers, white silk. Mrs. A. McCullough, white silk. Mrs. Vernon, black brocaded satin.

Miss McKay, pink silk, full bodice of figured chiffon, trimmings of embroidered silver passementerie, and full sleeves of pink silk.

Miss Sutherland, handsome yellow satin brocade, diamond ornaments. Miss Yull, white crepon, lace and ribbon trimmings.

Miss Tremaine, heliotrope cashmere, white satin sleeves and chiffon. Miss Crowe, pink satin, white down trimmings.

Miss Archibald, green shot silk, sleeves and trimmings of pink velvet. Miss Somerville, blue green crepon.

Miss McKenzie, corn flower blue silk, silver trimmings. Miss Frances Hyde, cream crepon.

Miss DeLinstead, Halifax, pale blue cashmere, black satin ribbons, blue green crepon. Miss McLeod, blue green crepon.

Miss Emma Snook, pink silk, blue green ribbon trimmings. Miss Hattie Snook, pink silk, white moire and lace trimmings.

Miss Bligh, white cashmere, pale blue satin sleeves. Miss Whinnie Bligh, blue India silk.

Miss Prince, heliotrope crepon. Miss Dolly Prince, maize colored crepon, ribbon and lace. Miss Graham, pink cashmere, cream lace trimmings.

Miss Romana, red silk, black net over-dress, red ribbon trimmings. Miss McMillan, cream crepon.

Miss Black, white crepon, pink ribbon and trimmings. Miss Garvie, yellow silk serac, yellow lace trimmings.

Miss Blenkinsop, black silk, trimmings of yellow satin. Miss Wetmore, white serge, white satin trimmings.

Miss Montague, white cashmere, pink velvet sleeves. Miss Ella Montague, yellow crepon, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Bishop, cream chiffon. Miss Black, white crepon, pink ribbon trimmings.

Miss White, white crepon, white bengaline, white satin ribbons. Miss Black, white crepon, cream crepon.

Miss Hill, striped grey silk. Miss Turner, white crepon. Mrs. and Mrs. Lewis Rice have returned home from Boston.

Miss Weston is here from Charlottetown visiting Mrs. N. B. Archibald and other friends.

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Mrs. A. C. Peavey returned last week from a very pleasant visit to friends in North Sydney.

Mrs. A. J. Walker had a very pleasant evening last Thursday evening with a number of friends at a conversation and musical.

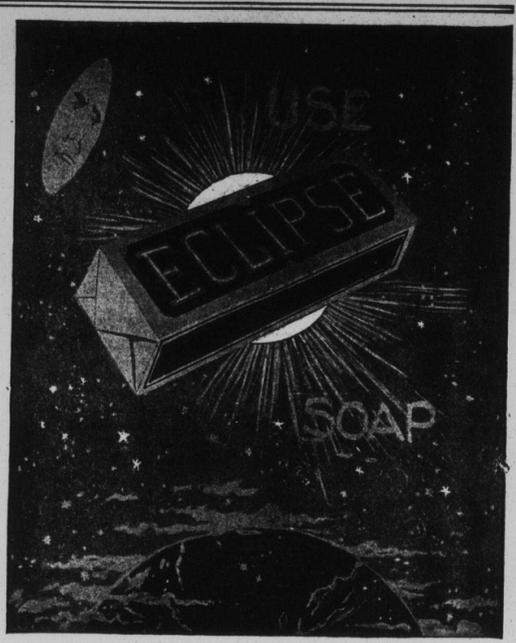
Miss Garvie returned to New Glasgow last Saturday evening.

Mrs. G. S. Miller who was spending a few days of last week in town as a guest of Mrs. Martin Dickie, has returned to Antigonish.

Mrs. Fleming entertained a large number of her daughter's young friends last Thursday evening from seven to ten.

Mr. E. Bigelow arrived home last Saturday from Boston.

Mrs. Hattie Tremaine, Arlington Place, was at home yesterday from four to six. The Misses Kille and Ada Butchart assisted in dispensing a tea. The ladies present were: Mrs. Harry Harding, Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. E. W. Crowe, Mrs. J. C. Crowe, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. J. C. Patterson, Mrs. J. H. Tremaine, Mrs. W. H. Buck, Mrs. Steinfeld, Mrs. Henson, Mrs. A. McCullough, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Taylor.



Nov. 6.—It has been in the promise of diversion it is in place of Mrs. M. A. Freese...

Trusses advertisement by W. C. Rudman Allan, featuring elastic stockings, knee caps, and anklets.

Martin's Cardinal Food advertisement for infants and invalids, highlighting its quality and availability.

Wedding Cakes advertisement by Harry Wessb Toronto, offering various cake options.

Coughing Yet? advertisement for Campbell's Wine of Beech Tree Cresote, claiming to cure coughs.

Sleights and Pungs advertisement for Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co., offering footwear and clothing.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens advertisement by Thos. Dean, 13 and 14 City Market.

Consumption advertisement for Canadian Express Co., offering shipping and forwarding services.

Ayer's Cherry Tooth Paste advertisement, featuring a portrait of a man and text about dental hygiene.

Advertisement for a full line of goods by W. C. Rudman Allan, including stockings and caps.

Advertisement for Baby Wants It, Martin's Cardinal Food, and Oysters.

Advertisement for Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, and Fly Pads.

Advertisement for Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

Advertisement for Consumption, featuring Canadian Express Co.

Advertisement for JUST THE POCKET OF WENDER K. D. PRICE ONLY 35¢ SOLD BY ALL TRY A 5 IT IMMEDIATELY Dismisses Stomach Headache THE NIGHT FOR ALL OTHER INDIGESTION Highest End



A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either by day or night.

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Truro is assisting in the bank here while Mr. McDonald is absent on his annual trip. Mr. B. C. Coxall is suffering from a third attack of paralysis. His recovery is doubtful.

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BE EASY! Use Sunlight Soap. Easiest Soap in the World. It does all the work; you don't have to rub or scrub. Saves your clothes wonderfully too. It's So Pure.

Books for Wrappers. For every 12 wrappers sent to us we will give you a copy of our new book 'Things of Value'.

drove from Eastport on Tuesday and took the afternoon train for Boston. Mrs. King of Boston is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John King.

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BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

DUFFERIN. The popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The location of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it most desirable place for visitors and business men.

Business Purchased. Having purchased the business of the late Mrs. T. A. Vincent, I will pay all debts due the estate, and all persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Pineal Syrup. BOTANICAL REMEDY. Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c. For Sale by all Druggists.

FORMATION. INFORMATION gives weekly, items covering every phase of current thought, life and research. What would in the newspaper take columns of space is here condensed in a brief article, giving the essence of the theme, with the latest and best information obtainable.

Progress Print. FOR QUICK, NEAT AND REASONABLE WORK. The Transatlantic Publishing Company, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.

J. & J. D. HOWE. MANUFACTURERS OF CABINET FURNITURE. Side Boards, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Office Desks, etc. to be made to order.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Pacific Express. Train leaving St. John at 4:00 p. m., standard time week days only, is due in Montreal at 8:30 next a. m.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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WANTED. We pay highest prices for old postage stamps. A. F. HANSMANN & CO., 35 Front Street East, Toronto, Canada.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Mrs. James Bond is spending a short time in Annapolis.

Mrs. I. N. Middlemas of Middleton, N. S., formerly Miss Clara Dorsey of this city, is in the city visiting her friend Miss Edith Coombes St. James street.

Major McLean is absent in Fredericton this week.

Mrs. Street is paying a short visit to out of town friends.

Mrs. C. J. Stammers has been receiving her wedding dress this week; she is wearing a pretty gown of some pale shade with silk trimmings of a darker shade and is assisted by her sister Mrs. F. A. Dykeman.

Mrs. Peters of Hamp on has been in St. Andrews visiting Mrs. Thos. Armstrong.

Mrs. Otendo Brown of Wilson's beach who is here undergoing medical treatment is much improved and hopes soon to be able to return home.

The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, Carleton, on Tuesday night of Mr. Willa D. E. Brittain and Miss Emma P. Craft; the bride and groom were unattended and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Sampson of St. George's church. The young people are both well liked by the bride's family and were suitably remembered by them.

Mrs. Tiffin went to Montreal Tuesday to attend the marriage of Mr. T. M. James and Miss Drinkwater.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. T. Messers of Prince Edward Island were here for a day or two this week.

Mrs. McLeod of Woodstock visited city friends lately.

The funeral of Mrs. William Purvis took place from her late residence, Metcal street on Tuesday afternoon and was very largely attended; the services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Penna and Gordon. Mrs. Purvis was very highly respected by all who knew her.

North End. Miss Nettie Purdy spent last week with her aunt Mrs. D. J. Furdy, Main street.

Mr. George Beverly has been in New York for the past two weeks.

Mrs. E. Lameroux spent last week with her mother Mrs. Gregory Main street.

Miss Nettie Pidgeon has been spending a few weeks with friends in Ficton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have returned from their wedding trip on Tuesday. They will reside on Richmond street.

Mrs. Nash, Douglas avenue, is visiting friends in Hampton this week.

SUSSEX. [Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. B. and S. H. White & Co.]

Nov. 6.—The second of the series of dances was held in the hall on Thursday (Hallow's eve) and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Among those present were: Miss A. Keltie, the Misses Morrison, Miss Maud McKenzie, the Misses McLeod, Miss Ida Fairweather, Miss Lottie Hallett, Miss C. Smith, Clinton, Mass. Miss Rena Colburn, Miss Bertie Sprout, Miss Lillian Brown, the Misses De Boo, Miss Annie Dodge, Miss Jennie Gorham, Miss Minnie Chapman, Miss Lu's Blanche, Miss Dollie Harrison, Miss Hannah Desmond, Miss Eli, Rose, Miss Eva White, the Misses Whalen, Miss Jessie Evans, Mrs. Mary Conroy, Mrs. Ed. Hall, Mrs. Jessie Prescott, Mrs. McKittrick, Miss Vessey, Miss B. W. Byrnes, Miss L. C. MacNicol, McEwan, Murray, Chapman, Cole, Smith, Prescott, O. King, Arnold, P. King, Whalen, Morrison, J. Howe, Smith, Fairweather, Steward and Lamb.

Miss C. Smith, who has been spending several weeks with her cousins, the Misses McLeod, left on Sunday morning for her home in Clinton, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Humphrey returned last week from a pleasant visit to Chicago and other cities of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flewelling of Hampton spent Sunday with relatives here.

Miss Annie Webster of Pettitville is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Bennett Calkins of St. John is visiting Mrs. E. A. Charter.

The many friends of Mrs. S. Partlow will be sorry to hear that she still remains in a critical condition.

Miss Charlson is visiting her friend, Miss Murray. Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison entertained a few of their young friends on Monday evening, at the home of Miss Lizzie Morrison, who left on Tuesday for Boston, Mass., where she expects to remain.

MONCTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.]

Nov. 6.—The flags on all the public buildings are flying at half-mast to day, in token of respect for the memory of the late John A. Humphrey, whose funeral taken place this afternoon. The news of Mr. Humphrey's death which took place Sunday afternoon, was not unexpected, as it was known in town on Saturday that Drs. Bayard and Holden of St. John, who were summoned to Moncton on Friday to consult with Dr. Ross, had given the family little hope, and his illness was likely to terminate fatally; but the tidings that one of Moncton's most public spirited citizens was no more, were received with universal expressions of sorrow. Mr. Humphrey was one of the wealthiest men in Westmorland County as well as one of the most generous and charitable but so unassuming in all his life that it is not as the capitalist the politician or the busy man of affairs that he will be remembered so much as the kindly country gentleman, the warm friend, the good neighbor, and the devoted husband and father, that he will be remembered. Mr. Humphrey left a widow—sister of Messrs. J. L. and C. P. Harris of this city—and four children, Mrs. L. D. Lockhart of Moncton, the Misses Jane and Mary Humphrey, and Mrs. W. F. Humphrey, all of Moncton.

The many friends of Mr. J. J. Taylor will bear with regret that he is prostrated with typhoid fever. Fortunately his case is a mild one, and beyond the tedious confinement incidental to fever, no unpleasant results are anticipated.

Preparations for the ball to which I referred lately, are being carried on; the managing committee have wisely decided to hold the festivity in Esman's hall instead of the Victoria rink, as the latter is too spacious for anything but the largest ball, and the hall combines every requisite for a small and informal dance. The floor is excellent, the dressing rooms convenient and the size ample, without being so drearily large as to give the guests an impression of being lost. I understand that the invitations will be limited to Moncton.

Miss Harper of Shediac is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bell of Church street.

Rev. Mr. Bryant of St. John has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hooper at St. George's Rectory during the past few days. Mr. Bryant preached St. George's on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Borden left town on Thursday for St. John, where Mrs. Borden intends spending a month with relatives.

Miss Whitney, who is attending the girl's school at Bathurst, spent a few days at her home in Moncton last week.

Mrs. McDonald of Truro is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hall of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McKenzie who have been taking a day trip to Montreal returned home on Thursday.

Judge Landry, of Dorchester, accompanied by Mrs. Landry, paid a short-visit to Moncton on Thursday.

Mr. Walter Sumner, formerly of Moncton, is

To the Public.

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We wish to show the great care, as well as the scientific skill, required to produce an "artist's piano," one which will be durable, keep its tone and have beauty of design and finish.

Platte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mr. Loane & Co.]

Nov. 6.—The annual Thanksgiving service was held in St. Luke's church on Sunday, two very appropriate sermons were preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Leves. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion with grain flowers and fruit. The evening anthem in which Mrs. Neales sang the solo was especially good.

Miss Mary Duncan returned on Tuesday from a pleasant visit several weeks in Boston.

Miss Lillie Shea leaves this week for Boston where she will take a course of study in the college.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fleming Hall are the guests of Mrs. James Beardsley at the "Grove."

Mr. Frank Carvell is spending this week in Fredericton.

Mr. Irvine Dibble left on Friday for Fort-Farfield, where he has accepted a position in the store of Palmer and Holmes.

The symphonic recital and gymnastic exhibition given on Thursday evening by Miss Hudson's pupils, assisted by musical talent, was a pronounced success. The culture exercises were a genuine surprise to the audience, such a short time having elapsed since Miss Hudson opened classes here.

The readings given by the Misses Jordan, Leitch, Dibble and Camber, showed decided talent in the performers which, under Miss Hudson's tuition will eventually make them artists in the profession. The pantomime, "Nearer My God to Thee," was beautiful; the young ladies of the senior class gowned in Grecian robes of white were graceful and charming in their posing. The following programme was successfully carried through:

1. Piano duet by Miss Maud Wright and Miss Maud Dibble. 2. Reading, "Lost Tommy," Miss Fay Camber. 3. Vocal duet, "Heart me Norma," Miss Aul Brewer and Miss Dibble. 4. Reading, "Ferry of Galloway," Miss Maud Dibble. 5. Reading, "Kissing Cupa Race," Miss Lily Jordan. 6. Piano solo, "Eloise de Garotte," Miss Jessie Leitch. 7. Hoop and Dumb Bell Tactics, Junior class.

1. Reading, "Tasca," Miss Clara Leigh on. 2. Vocal Duets "Beautiful Moonlight," the Misses Jordan. 3. Solo, "Eloise," Miss Margaret Ross. 4. Reading, "The Lullaby," Miss Emerson (Emerson and Swinburn) Miss Winslow's companion. 5. Pantomime, "Nearer My God to Thee," Mrs. Erwin, to last and accompanist. ELAIN.

BUCTOULE. Nov. 6.—Mrs. J. A. Irvine has returned from a visit in different parts of Nova Scotia. She has been for the past two weeks with typhoid fever, is still quite ill.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mott in the loss of their baby son who died on Saturday last after a painful illness of three weeks. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. It was largely attended by a number of sympathetic friends.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, formerly residents of Campbellton and proprietors of the Lawson and Sons' store, are pleased to have them for a day this week. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have been residing in Florida for some time.

Mrs. B. Falry has returned from a very enjoyable visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Mills and family have arrived from St. John and are now occupying the new and commodious residence on Church Hill.

Mr. A. J. Stewart of Bathurst was in town this week.

Mrs. Wm. West entertained a number of friends to an oyster supper last evening.

Mr. William Montgomery of the shiretown was among the visitors this week.

RICHIBUCTO. [Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodor Frankham.]

Nov. 6.—A Hallow's eve party was held in the Masonic hall Thursday night under the patronage of Messrs. Fred Phinney, Bruce Brown and Irving Stevenson, Mrs. C. J. Bayre King chaperon. A very pleasant time was spent until twelve o'clock, dancing was indulged in and much enjoyed to the music furnished by Mr. John Fitzpatrick; the only fault to be found with this social affair was that the ladies were in the minority. The guests were: Mrs. C. J. Bayre, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. N. H. Ferguson, Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson, Miss Bayre, Miss McFarland, the Misses Ferguson, Miss Phinney, Miss McDougall, Miss Vantage, Miss Stevenson and Miss Chrystall and Messrs. W. Brown, R. Phinney, S. B. Paterson, W. D. Carter, B. Brown, F. Phinney, J. D. McKellan, S. Scott, G. Irving, J. Bourque, Moncton, I. Stevenson, J. Bell, W. Hudson and B. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cochrane are occupying the house of Mr. Wm. J. Smith in the south end for the winter.

Quite a matrimonial craze has struck the town this autumn, several wedgings will take place shortly. One of our best bachelors is to be married next. Another which is to be about the middle of this year, the restaurateur being a proprietor of a large manufacturing business here and the young lady is equally well known to the town as an excellent domestic help.

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Mr. Robert O'Leary returned on Thursday last from a trip to Boston.

morning to continue his studies at Dalhousie college.

Mr. Goddard of Elgin visited his brother at the Bay View Hotel.

Mr. Haines of Fredericton is spending a few days in town.

Mr. Barnes M. P. F. has returned from St. John. Messrs. J. D. Irving and Anthony McAlra have returned from a business trip to Quebec.

The ladies of the Methodist church intend holding an apron and fancy sale sometime near Xmas.

Miss Beattie Knwick left last week for Boston. Miss Cora Smith expects to leave on Thursday for Moncton to spend the winter. Miss Smith was organist of the Methodist church and will be much missed.

Mr. W. H. Ainsworth who has been a visiting friend here this summer has returned to his home in the United States.

Mr. J. D. Murray of Red Bank is visiting Mrs. E. C. Murray.

Miss Doherty and Miss Gladys Irving spent a day in Moncton last week.

Mr. Johnson has returned from a very pleasant visit to Kingston and Richibucto.

Miss Iva Roberts is visiting friends in Moncton.

ANAGANOF. Nov. 6.—Miss Estelle Price spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Hawkeville.

Mrs. Byard of Caplan is visiting Mrs. G. B. Jones. Mrs. J. D. Irving is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. McLaughlin.

Mr. Howard McCully was in St. John on business during last week.

Mr. Eben Stockton spent Monday and Tuesday in St. John.

Mr. George Kinross of Boston is spending a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. Susan Kinross, at Postage. Mosquero.

APONAQUI. AONAQUI, Nov. 6.—Miss Fowler and Miss Harper of Caplan are visiting Mrs. G. B. Jones. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Belding, St. John have been spending the past week here.

Mrs. B. McLeod left this morning to visit friends in Anagano.

Mrs. M. H. Patten spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Burgess.

Miss Flora Ellison entertained a number of her friends at a small whist party on Hallow's eve.

Mrs. D. Buchanan made a party for the young folks on the same evening.

Miss Treadwell, St. John is visiting Mrs. J. A. Fenwick at Berwick.

Miss Georgia Knecker spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. H. A. Simons returned on Monday from a two month's trip in the United States.

Miss Bertha Mosher is visiting her aunt, Mrs. James Sprout.

Who'll be Next Premier. To abstruse a question, but this we know that he who uses Windsor Table Salt with his food will be a healthier man than he who uses salt—and lime. A pure salt. Ask for it.

The Date for the Wedding. Mrs. Swayback sighed when her daughter told her that Mr. Trivet had asked her to be his wife and that she had become engaged.

"I suppose I ought not to feel badly about it," Mrs. Swayback added, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron. "It is a woman's destiny to be married. I left the home of my happy girlhood to become Mrs. Swayback, and now you must leave to become Mrs. Trivet. Still I cannot help feeling my loss very deeply. A mother can never lose her daughter with indifference; she can never give her up—not even to the best man in the world—without deep reluctance."

By this time Mrs. Swayback was sobbing violently, and her daughter was trying to comfort her. "I shall come to see you often, mother darling," she said. "Of course you will, but it is a great trial to part with you, my child. You must not mind your old mother's crying a bit over it."

"Dry your eyes, mother, I'm sure you could not desire a finer young man than Mr. Trivet, for a son-in-law, and, of course, expected me to get married some time."

Mrs. Swayback's sobs broke out afresh, and for a time refused to be comforted. Then she applied a handkerchief vigorously to her eyes.

"When is the wedding to be?"

"In about six months, mother dear."

"Six months!" exclaimed Mrs. Swayback. "What on earth does the procrustean mean by putting it off that long?"

Mr. Trivet, who had believed he intended to hold his own on having the wedding come off inside six weeks at the furthest!"—Judge.

WHY HAS "ODOROMA" become so popular in Canada? Because it is impossible to use it, even for a few days, without experiencing its hygienic benefit to the teeth, gums and breath. It is without doubt the best mouth tonic in the world, expert chemists giving it as their opinion that "Odoroma" is the peer over all other tooth powder. Children like using "Odoroma" it is so pleasant and nice.

The Felt Discouraged. "You seem downcast," said Mrs. Hunnime's husband. "I do feel terribly discouraged. The servant is going to leave."

"I do feel like giving up. No sooner do I learn to cook to suit one than another comes, and I have to start all over again."—Washington Star.

PARENTS WHO HAVE EXPERIENCED DIFFICULTY in getting their children to attend to their teeth, now find that they take the greatest pleasure in using "Odoroma" thus forming habits, that ensure them good sound teeth the rest of their lives, for Odoroma preserves the teeth, and is without question, the best mouth tonic in the world—use with moderately oft brush.

Once upon a time a flower bloomed. The sun sooty kissed it and the gentle rain descended upon it, and it was altogether lovely.

"Ah!" sighed the flower, "but one lot for me is fitting. I may well speak the thought of sweet maidenhood."

The sweet maidenhood came and plucked the flower and it was glad, send the flower to a man in jail who had murdered his wife and fourteen children because his

Look at Pearline through the wrong end of the glass, if you will; make all its labor-saving, money-saving qualities appear as small as you like; cut them down one-half;—and still there will be left a place for it in every home and an urgent call for it from every bright, progressive woman. It isn't necessary to exaggerate the virtues of Pearline. Perhaps that couldn't easily be done. But without telling of them all, there's enough to prove it the easiest, quickest, safest and most economical thing you can use, in all washing and cleaning.

Beware of imitations, be honest—send it back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you this is as good as or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

Well Dressed Ladies Now-a-days have their Skirts bound with Corticelli Skirt Protector Shade-1063 4-Yards

Women are usually anxious to make their money go as far as they can, hence the great popularity of the Corticelli Skirt Protector. It is economical and adds to the beauty of a garment as well.

Sold in 4 and 6 yard lengths. The Mohair is in 5 yard lengths. Can be had in same shades as Corticelli Sewing Silk.

Corticelli Silk Co., Manufacturers, St. Johns, Que.

SHARPS BALM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

"77" FOR COLDS GRIPEY COLDS. Colds are epidemic and quite gripey. Mark that nearly every person you meet is coughing, sneezing or wheezing, yet it is so easy to be cold proof by using "77". It acts directly on the mucous membrane—stops the cough, restores the voice, clears the throat and head, dispels the languor, and the cold is gone, not to return if you keep "77" handy. "77" cures Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever. "77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "hangs on."

Dr. J. R. McLean, the eye, ear and throat specialist, makes his headquarters this winter at Amherst, where he can be consulted every day in the week, except Tuesdays, when he visits Truro, and Wednesdays, when he visits New Glasgow.

HUMPHREYS' KEEFE, LADIES' TAILOR. The time is long since past when the mere matter of fitting the body was considered a difficult task. Correct styles, graceful lines, and giving each garment that individual utility which stamp it as emanating from a fine trade establishment, receive the attention of the ladies' garment cutter who knows his business.

MERRITT D. KEEFE. 43 King St., Above Halls Bookstore.

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WANTED. SEVERAL MEN of good character, who can furnish horse and rig, \$25.00 or \$30.00 per month. Apply to the Editor, The Standard Garment Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

HE GOT HIS

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PROGRESS SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

HE GOT HIS MONEY BACK

HOW THE LAW IS ADMINISTERED IN HALIFAX.

Some of the Unpleasant Dose Police-men Have to Swallow—The Hopewell Man Gets a Scoop on the Jack-Pot—A Witness De-poses the Majesty of the Law.

HALIFAX, Nov. 7.—The policeman's lot is not a happy one. The Halifax police force are finding this out somewhat frequently of late. The most recent instance of an unpleasant dose administered to them was the dismissal of prisoner C. M. Johnston, a clerk with Hutchinson & Seston, commission merchants. One night at 11 o'clock the chief of police was telephoned for, to go to the Lorne house. There he found a Mr. Hutchinson, unable to leave the house, and very much worried over the non-appearance of Johnston with \$1,900, which he had collected that day. He wanted the chief to go right out and arrest the clerk. That was out of the question, but Hutchinson was advised to get a warrant next day for Johnston's apprehension. That he did, and Detective Power 24 hours later located his man and landed him in the police station. This was not done without considerable trouble. The sum of \$1,087 £3 was recovered from Johnston.

When Hutchinson had the money in sight his anxiety to proceed against the absconding clerk disappeared. What he wanted most was to get possession of the cash which he feared had been stolen. Recorder MacCoy advised its retention by the police till after proceedings had been taken by the courts. By and by Attorney General Longley was interviewed, with the result that Recorder MacCoy was advised to consent to have the money returned to Hutchinson. It was paid.

Then the coast was clear to get Johnston out of custody. The attorney for the prosecution, stated that he was instructed to take no proceedings against the prisoner. The attorney for Johnston moved for his discharge, and Mr. Johnston was once more made a free man.

Stipendiary Fielding was an angry judge when he saw what had taken place. He said he would acquaint the attorney-general with his views on the matter, and see what excuse there could be for such conduct. The police were not "happy" because they had been used merely to recover Hutchinson's stolen money, and when that was done, their prisoner was allowed to go as if nothing had happened. They had been made Hutchinson's cats-paw to get back the cash, and nothing more.

Some time ago J. T. Brine of this city and one Johnston of Hopewell, found themselves over a game of poker in Peter Ryan's saloon on Water street. After play had continued for a while there came to be the modest sum of \$18 in the "jackpot." When the last card was played the Hopewell man saw that he had lost, but before the winner proposed to scoop in the "jackpot," the enterprising Hopewell citizen, who had lost did so. He pocketed the cash and made for the door. Poor Brine was not quick enough, and his fellow gambler got off with the money in twinkling of an eye.

Brine brought an action in the police court for the recovery of the money. He swore and so did the proprietor of the house, that poker had been the game and \$18 represented the stakes. Stipendiary Fielding did not take long to decide that he had nothing to do with such transactions except perhaps, to fine the keeper of the saloon for allowing gambling on his premises. He took no cognizance of poker and dismissed the case. Inspector Banks had heard of the case, and when Brine was through, he took his hand in. Ryan was summoned to answer the charge of allowing gambling in his saloon. Brine was subpoenaed to testify regarding the game. All he had to do was to re-tell his story of a few days before. He was served with the subpoena all right, but he failed to respond to its mandate. Day after day the case was postponed but no Brine was ever seen. The witness thus defied Stipendiary Fielding and his court. On Monday the magistrate grew tired of further waiting for the recalcitrant witness and the case had to go by the boards. Brine had successfully kept himself in hiding till the patience of everybody concerned was worn out. Stipendiary Fielding may be depended on pretty soon to find a way of getting at the witness who so openly defied his court.

Anonymous threatening letters are generally sent by cowards or practical jokers. The first dare not put their threats into execution, and the second would not if they could. During the last few days Chief O'Sullivan has received three threats by letter. The first asks him why it is that he harrasses certain liquor saloons in the vicinity of the Academy of Music while others go free, and bidding him beware. That region is dangerous, the writer said, especially for the chief and a "punching" would be sure to follow if he did not give the place a wider berth. The third letter was of like tenor. The chief has been heard to say that on

account of such an invitation to keep away, he will, strange to say, be found there more regularly than before. It is not easy to frighten John O'Sullivan, and he comes round often now to see about that "punching." One evening last week, after a temperance meeting in Masonic hall, the chief immediately adjourned to the dangerous locality and thinks he made unsuspected discoveries which will furnish food for reflection and probably for action in the future—whether the "punching" comes or not.

One day last week an Argyle street hotel proprietor imported a cask of German mustard, of a brand which he says has been long appreciated in New Brunswick. The liquor law people or the police saw the cask go into the place and suspecting it contained something else, gleefully anticipated a successful raid. In due time they visited the hotel, searched the premises, with visions of that cask of whiskey in their mind's eye. Soon the cask was found, when lo! they saw it held only mustard.

STYLE IN STATIONERY.

The Latest Idea in Fitting Out a Writing Desk for a Lady.

So much social intercourse is carried on through the medium of pen and paper—a society woman's correspondence being one of the most important features in her daily round of duties—that the fall styles in stationery is quite an important item with those who observe the conventions and desire always to do the proper "thing." Not only the ultra-fashionable, says the Philadelphia Press, however, but all women of refined habit give great care to the ordering of stationery. A letter or a note seems, somehow, a person's representative, and not only in its general wording and sentiments, but in its entire appearance speaks for her and of her.

There are some people who never vary the style of their stationery, but whose letters can be recognized at a glance at any place and at any time. To those who follow the modes, however, it is of interest to know that this year the square-shaped envelope still holds its own, together with the billet and the octavo, which will be very much used for social purposes. The little billet, so handy for the sending of short messages, carries now a tiny sheet, just fitted to the size of the envelope. These little sheets are much more elegant than the correspondence cards, and much more convenient than the sheet which folds once to fit the envelope.

Vellum and linen finish are the proper thing for those who prefer a heavy paper, while bond paper is a light weight which is much in vogue. Any dictum as to make of paper is, however, not imperative, as people consult their own convenience on this head more than on any other in the matter of stationery, a great many conservatives still holding to the old-fashioned thin foreign paper with its invisible blocked rulings.

The tint of one's stationery is a great betrayal of personal taste. Fortunately fashion this year does not present the riotous choice in color which recently existed. The shades shown now by leading Philadelphia stationers are white, cream and blue. In the latter shade there are many variations, though no tone ever approaches the deeper shades used so much a year ago.

As to letter heads there is a decided return to monograms, but in this field the choice is a delightfully bewildering one. The monogram, stamped directly on the plain, open surface of the paper is very pretty, but the thing par excellence is the monogram, illuminated in blended colors, inclosed in different shapes—ovals, circles, lozenges—surmounted in some cases by a bow knot. One of Philadelphia's leading stationers shows the prettiest array of designs in this line that can be imagined, and it is safe to say that the monogram is to be very much in vogue. The old address head is falling out of favor, but in out-of-town stationery there is something very new, copied it seems from our English cousins. In this stationery, in addition to the name of the estate which surmounts the paper, the name of the railway and telegraph station is placed in the upper left-hand corner. This is not only a pretty style, but a very convenient, informative custom for all concerned.

In mourning stationery extremes are no longer considered good taste. The inch-thick border of black is rarely seen, a narrow line of black being in better taste and quite sufficient to indicate the condition of the writer. Visiting cards are as important as stationery. Those engraved in script are still held in favor and mostly used, though there are shown novelties in block and old English text. There is an attempt to introduce a lighter weight card—some cards as thin as paper being ordered by the ultra-fashionable—but the old heavy weight still holds its own. Much can be said in favor of the paper-thin cards, however, not the least being the capacity of one's card case will not be so overtaxed as with the thicker card.

Seals, and hence sealing wax, are gradually creeping back into favor, and every well-stocked desk needs now its little taper and box of waxes. Desk sets, consisting of desk pad, rack for paper, inkstand, stamp box, penholder, rock blotter, pen tray, paper cutter, eraser, pencil and clock, in most costly leather, is quite the

OAK ISLAND TREASURE.

BELIEVERS IN IT ARE AGAIN AT WORK DIGGING.

They Have another Company with Plenty of Capital—The Old Shaft is to Have a Thorough Examination—The Story of this Strange Quest for Gold.

It seems odd that just at the dawn of the twentieth century a regularly incorporated company with a capital of \$60,000 should be working night and day to recover the buried treasures of Capt. Kidd, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. Yet that is what the Oak Island Treasure company is doing at Oak Island in Mahone Bay on the southeast coast of Nova Scotia. A score of men are digging away under the direction of a superintendent. The company does not claim that the treasure it is striving for was buried necessarily by Capt. Kidd, but that it was buried years ago by pirates.

Oak Island is scarcely a mile long and perhaps half a mile wide. It rises gradually from the water's edge until near the centre, at the highest point it is 200 feet above the sea level. There is rather a sparse growth of scrubby oak at the eastern end. The formation of the island is hard clay. The only buildings to be seen are an old farmhouse and a little shanty occupied by the superintendent of the works. The "works" comprise three or four pits and a queer rig suggestive of the Southern cotton gin. A horse walks around in a circle harnessed to a pole. This pole connects with a primitive windlass. Thus are the barrels of dirt and mud, but so far no money, brought from the pits to the surface. Here is the story of the hidden treasure as told by Adam Tupper, the superintendent:

"Much fiction has been written concerning great sums of money and vast quantities of jewels buried by pirates some 200 years ago somewhere along the Atlantic coast. I deal only with facts as stated by a man now living who had a hand in them or as told to them by men now dead. So I claim it can be proved:

"1. That a shaft about thirteen feet in diameter and 100 feet deep was sunk on Oak Island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, before the memory of any now living.

"2. That this shaft was connected by an underground tunnel with the open ocean, about 365 feet distant.

"3. That at the bottom of this shaft were placed large wooden boxes in which were precious metals and jewels.

"4. That many attempts have been made, [without success, to obtain this treasure.

"5. That [it is reasonably certain the treasure is large.

"6. That it is now entirely feasible to thoroughly explore this shaft and recover the treasure still located therein.

"About the close of the century this part of the country was very sparsely populated, and Oak Island was without an inhabitant. In 1795 three men—Smith, McGinnis, and Vaughn—visited the island, and while rambling over the eastern part of it, came to a spot of which the unusual and strange condition at once attracted their attention. Vaughn himself, who was only a lad of 16 at this time, subsequently related these facts to Robert Creelman, who still lives at Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, and who was afterwards the manager of a company formed to recover the treasure. This spot had every appearance of having been cleared many years before. Red clover and other plants altogether foreign to the soil in its natural state were growing. Near the centre stood a large oak tree with marks and figures on its trunk. One of the lower and larger branches of this, the outer end of which had been sawed off, projected directly over the centre of a deep circular depression in the land about thirteen feet in diameter. These and other signs shortly after led the three men named to commence work.

"After digging a few feet, they found that they were working in a well-defined shaft, the walls of which were hard and solid, and it is said that in some places old pick marks were plainly to be seen, while within these walls the earth was so loose that picks were not required. On reaching a depth of ten feet they came to a covering of oak plank. They kept on digging until a depth of thirty feet was reached, finding marks at each ten feet. At this point the work proved to be too heavy for them. Superstitious beliefs were in full force in this part of the country then, and on this account they were unable to get any help to continue the work, and were forced to abandon it.

"After an interval of six or seven years, accounts of the wonderful discoveries had spread over the province, and Dr. Lynde, a young physician of Truro, Nova Scotia, visited the island and interviewed Smith, Vaughn, and McGinnis. On his return to Truro a company was formed for the purpose of continuing the search. Work was at once resumed by the company, and the shaft was excavated to a depth of ninety-five feet. Marks were found every ten feet as before, and an iron bar was frequently used in taking soundings. The ninety-foot



mark was a flat stone about three feet long and sixteen inches wide. On it marks or characters had been cut. Afterward it was placed in the jam of a fire place that Mr. Smith was building in his house, and while there was viewed by many people. Years afterward it was taken out of the chimney and removed to Halifax to have it possible, the characters deciphered. One expert gave his reading of the inscription to be: 'Ten feet below are two million pounds buried.' I give his statement for what it is worth. It is not claimed that this is the correct interpretation, but it has never been disputed. Until the depth of ninety-five feet was reached no water had been encountered, neither had sand or gravel through which water could possibly filter been met. It was Saturday evening when this depth had been reached, and it was at this point that a wooden platform was struck, extending over the entire surface of the shaft, as revealed by the sound-

ing of the auger several splinters of oak, such as might come from the side of an oak stove, and a small quantity of a brown fibrous substance closely resembling the husk of a coconut were brought up. The distance between the upper and lower platforms was found to be six feet.

"Not satisfied with the result of the last boring, another crew, of which James Pitblado was foreman, was sent to make further investigations, with practically the same result as before. John Gammell of Upper Stewiacke, who was present at the boring and who was a large shareholder, stated that he saw Pitblado take something out of the auger, wash and examine it closely, then put it in his pocket. When asked by Gammell to show what it was, he declined, and said he would show it at the meeting of directors on their return, but Pitblado failed to appear at the meeting. It was subsequently reported that Pitblado had made some revelations to the then manager of the Acadia Iron Works at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, which revelations led the manager to make a determined but unsuccessful effort to get possession of that part of the island where the treasure is believed to be. But as he was a few years later called to England, and Pitblado meantime had been accidentally killed in a gold mine, nothing further came of it.

"Work was not resumed until the following summer, 1850, when a new shaft was sunk at the west side of the money pit, and about ten feet from it. This shaft was 100 feet deep, and was through the hardest kind of red clay. A tunnel was driven from the bottom in the direction of the 'money pit.' Just before reaching that point the water burst in and the workmen fled for their lives. In twenty minutes there was forty-five feet of water in the new pit. The sole object in view in sinking this shaft was to increase the bailing facilities, for which preparations had been made, and bailing was resumed in both the new and the old pits, each being equipped with two horse gins. Work was carried on night and day for about a week, but all in vain, the only difference being that with the doubled appliances the water could be kept at a lower level than formerly. About this time the discovery was made that the water was salt, and that it rose and fell in both shafts about eighteen inches, corresponding with the tides.

"It was considered extremely improbable that the flow of water came through a natural channel, and if not through a natural, it must be through an artificial one, having its inlet somewhere on the shore. In support of the theory that the water did not enter the 'money pit' through a natural channel, it was argued that had it done so the original diggers must have struck it, and, if they did, it is certain that the workmen would have been driven from the pit by the great flow of water, and the shaft would necessarily have been abandoned. This evidently was not the case, as there is ample evidence from the fact that the wooden platforms were carefully placed in a position at the bottom of the shaft, as well as the fact that the shaft had been systematically filled up, with marks placed at every ten feet. Acting on this theory, a search was at once begun in order to find such an inlet.

Smith's Cove, on the eastern end of the island and about thirty rods from the 'money pit,' was first examined by reason of its many natural advantages as a starting point for work of this kind, and from the fact that at about the centre of this cove it had always been noticed that at low tide water was running out of the sand. Investigations were begun at this point, and the result of a few minutes' shovelling proved beyond a doubt that they had struck the place they were looking for. After removing the sand and gravel covering the beach, they came to a covering or bed of a brown, fibrous plant, the fibre very much

resembling the husk of a coconut, and when compared with the plant that was bored out of the 'money pit,' no difference in the two could be detected. However, it was subsequently proved to be a tropical plant in former times used as 'dunnage' in stowing ship's cargo. The surface covered by this plant extended 145 feet along the shore line, and from a little above low to high water mark, and about two inches in thickness. Underlying this and to the same extent was about four or five inches of decayed eel grass, and under this was a compact mass of beach rocks free from sand or gravel.

"It was found impracticable to remove these rocks and make further investigation unless the tide was kept back. Accordingly a coffer dam was built around this part of the cove, including the boundaries, but an unusually high tide overflowed the top of the dam, and as it had not been constructed to resist pressure from the inside, when the tide receded it was carried away. Other pits were dug, but they, too, soon filled with water, and for the time the work was given up.

"Not long ago a young man found on the island a copper coin weighing an ounce and a half, dated 1317, on which were various strange devices. Some years ago a boatwain's stove whistle was also found on the island, of a very ancient pattern, but it was accidentally broken by the finder and was thrown away.

"It is perfectly evident that the great mistake thus far has been in attempting to 'bail out' the ocean through the various pits. Our company uses modern appliances for cutting off the flow of water through the tunnel at a point near the shore. We are getting on finely with the work, and from the present outlook it won't be many months before the secret of the 'money pit' is solved.

That is the story of Oak Island—one side of it. There is another side, a story of clairvoyants and givings rods being called in play to locate the mythical treasure. It's a story, too, of ironical smiles, scoffing, mean hints about some men making a good thing out of a hole in the ground, but it's just as well not to tell it. Only it is sad to think that the very people who hold this pessimistic, narrow view are among the old residents of Chester.

Faithful to His Agreement. Harold Twickenham—Mr. Clinger was here last night. Fiddleback—Was he? Say I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me whether he kissed your sister or not. Harold—I can't do it. Fiddleback—Why not? Harold—She gave me a half dollar to keep it quiet.

The strangers who go up the railway to Vesuvius, in spite of the long journey (eight hours there and back) and the high price (\$5) number 10,000 yearly.

"Now, I call that a Stunning Gown."

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, reverses etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

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The Art of Dyeing

has been so thoroughly mastered at UNGARS Laundry and Dye Works that his work is always satisfactory. There are more articles to be dyed and thus renewed and ready for use again than the people have any idea of.

Are there any in your house? Think for a moment and you will find there are. Send them to UNGARS. He makes the old new.

UNGARS LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

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HER LAST PROMOTION.

Handsome Mr. Ormsbee, the proprietor of the mammoth department store was talking over the drug counter to Miss Choate, the perfumery girl. He had his immense business well in hand, and made regular trips through all the departments inquiring how much was sold of this and that.

Conversation of the placid-faced, spectacled lady who had imparted so much grace to her daughter, for the latter, his soon saw, was but a later copy.

When his food was put in in the kitchen, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left.—N. Y. Sun.

Prevent chronic and dangerous excruciations; put out the burning coals on the floor; arrest the beginnings of evil. Cease to trifle with serious things. On the appearance of the earliest symptoms of disease—nearly always of the digestion—take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and be thankful (as Mr. Underwood was), when you find the poison fruitage nipped in the bud.

SURPRISE Soap Saves

the worker. It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes. the clothes are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white. the hands after the wash are not chapped.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes an image of a bottle and text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'

Advertisement for E.G. Scovil's wine. Text: 'Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E.G. SCOVIL. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.'



RIDDY'S CLOTHES-PIN LEG.

An interesting demonstration concerning Heredity in the Ovipara. 'If there is one thing I despise more than another,' remarked a gentleman the other day, 'it is a man who does not regard the truth with sacred awe. I notice that the local papers are full of big egotism, big pumpkins, and other stories of that sort that have little real merit in them, and I fear that some of them do not even have the redeeming virtue of being true. I believe they are exaggerated. Now I have a story for you that is not only a good one, but it is true. What does a story amount to if it is not true? Any fool can tell a lie. I hate a liar. Here is my story: 'I was down in Indiana county the other day and stopped at a farm house for dinner. After dinner I sat down on the porch to take a smoke. I saw an old hen hobbling about in a very awkward way, and I said to the farmer's wife: 'Madam, what is the matter with that hen? 'That hen,' said she, 'is lame. It has an artificial leg.' 'Oh, it has, has it?' 'Yes. You know there was some very cold weather last winter, and one night the hen froze her leg off. I pitied her. I nursed her and doctored her up, and she finally got well. But she couldn't walk on one leg. So I just stuck a clothes pin on the stump of her leg, tied a string around it to hold it on, and she does very well with it.' 'Well, well,' I said, 'if that isn't strange!' 'Yes,' replied the good lady, with a smile, 'but that isn't the strange part of it.' 'No,' I said, 'indeed! The strange part of it happened afterward, and one would scarcely believe it if one hadn't seen it with one's own eyes. This spring that hen with the clothes-pin leg wanted to hatch. I didn't think she could. First she'd break the egg with her stump. But I kind o' pitied her cause she was a cripple, and I put thirteen eggs under her. She stuck right to her business for three weeks and never broke an egg—hatched out every chicken.' 'Well,' I said, 'that is not so remarkable.' 'No,' replied the woman, 'that was not so very odd, but that isn't it. The funny part of it was that every one of those little chickens had a wooden leg!'—Exchange.

THE OUNCE AND THE STITCH.

The ounce of prevention that is worth a pound of cure; the stitch in time that saves nine.—We all know this wise old saw which recommends them. Yet the baby, sitting alone on the floor, watches with interest, but without fear, the burning coals that have fallen out of the grate, and are just kindling a fire which may scorch the house—and its own silly little life. The baby has never heard of the ounce of prevention, nor of the stitch in time. And that mighty lot of people whom we won't call babies—that have no practical knowledge of the ounce and the stitch; what shall be said of them? People who begin to shed their grey hair before cutting their wisdom teeth? And the principle is so plain and apparently so obvious, too! Why are persons ever caught in the rain without umbrellas? Visitor from a rainless country might be pardoned; but those accustomed to the climate of England? What is the answer? 'Up to the spring of 1892,' says Mr. William Underwood, 'my health had always been good. In fact, I was a strong man. At that time a change came upon me that I couldn't account for. My vigor and ambition seemed to be fading away; I felt languid and indolent; and I was unable to do any kind of labor or exertion. At the pit of my stomach there was a heavy, sinking sensation, and after eating I would be seized with a dreadful pain in my chest which would continue for over an hour. I had, indeed, so much pain, that I could scarcely hobble about. I kept on with my work, but it was with great difficulty. In this condition I went on all through the summer. In August, a lady friend from Birmingham called at my house, and I told her about my trouble. She listened to my account of my symptoms—loss of appetite, sickness, and all my aches and distresses—and then said: 'You are suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia.' 'She concluded by mentioning a medicine which, she said, would cure me. I got a bottle, and after taking it for a few days, all pain left me; my appetite returned, and I felt strong and vigorous again. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. My ailment was nipped in the bud by the remedy the lady introduced me to use.—(Signed) William Underwood, Rosemary Farm, Castle Heddingham, March 30, 1893.'

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skilful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole. 'While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was four and a half feet deep and twenty inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got further from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food. 'At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around, or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunnelling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top, and probably sped away to enjoy his well-earned freedom. His escape was not

Artificial flowers were invented by nuns.

In the Italian convents the altar and chancel were, up to the end of the eighteenth century, decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, and made of paper and parchment.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Sunday Reading.

TAUGHT BY RED GRANITE.

Moral Lessons Derived from a Visit to the Quarries at St. George.

Rev. A. W. Lewis contributes the following to the Presbyterian Witness: Do you wish to see one of the Stone Quarries of St. George? You may reach St. John at 15:50 o'clock; and next morning you can arrive at your destination by the Shore-Line Railway. Until you take no interest in the Queen of Fundy's fog and wish to leave at once, you may go on a bicycle guided by the telegraph line. Perhaps in Macton a man of bearing tells you it is 32 miles from St. John to St. George. After you get across the St. John river, over its famed reversible rapids, a grocery boy says, it is a good deal over 30 miles. When you have "spun" over 10 miles of lovely road a man that knows the road well affirms, it is 40 miles still. Although he is right yet 5 miles further on at Musquash a man living by the roadside gives you a drink of good water and says it is just 16 miles to St. George. The way soon lengthens again to 30 miles; and by the time you get half way, especially if your lantern goes out, you may wish to see the country with its strange distances by daylight next morning.

In the gloom of dim moonlight in an unknown land, how susceptible man is to tremors! Approach yonder cottage door and ask for a drink of water, for it takes a great deal of water to run a bicycle. Never mind that barking of the watch dog. It is inside the door. But listen to that faint, weird voice, "Who's there? There is no water in the house. You may get some at the post office, a mile from here where the doctor lives." Smiles and unaccountable creepings may play hide and seek in your veins as you mount your faithful wheel.

Cobble stones and ruts are bountifully spread over the series of hills that rise and fall continuously for 20 miles or more. Sand is here and there thrown in to complete a cyclist's paradise. But who would mind such trifles when Nature flings down all about him her varied and gorgeous tapestry? What noble hills with rugged brows and wooded shoulders, clothed in rainbow tints! The waters of the bays and lakes and harbors glisten in the sun, and fade with the evening light into molten seas of lead. Autumn walks abroad with his brilliant coat of many colors.

Being a good Presbyterian you had better stop next day at Pennfield, 10 miles from St. George. Mr. McDowell, one of our veteran elders, will give you a hearty welcome and dinner that will put new strength within you. At last as you speed and speed St. George rests before you. Twenty-one miles farther and you would be past St. Patrick and St. David, and be in St. Andrew's. As much farther brings one to St. Stephen and St. Croix. A little north in St. James. Probably never before were you in such a saintly country as Charlotte; but—(1) the roads beware!

A little up the river Maguadavic are the quarries. Pesse be patient with me a moment till I go and have another look at its gorge in the town. It reminds one of the furious Thomson crays, leading to the Fraser. Two carriage bridges mark off the gorge. Let us go along the lower street. Ah, here we are! What zigzag walls of adamant and rounded boulders hem in and guide the waters! Half a dozen cataracts leap downward one below the other, and each in its own direction, as given leave by the rocks. At the head Three Sisters rush ecstatically into each other's arms. High up on either side rise flinty peaks, mantled with bushes and shrubs in autumn styles. Just above and beyond the confiant falls the bridge of the upper steep spans the chasm; and over all the canopy of blue.

Let us back to the Carleton House; and from there as you please, to the quarries. Yonder are the mountains of red granite that help to make New Brunswick famous—and all Canada. What a multiform mass of blocks has been quarried from this one and poured down the hillsides! The lava of a slow-working and cold human volcano! How bright and clean are the blocks! Yet the boulders that lie around unmoved for ages are covered with black mould and moss. They are like many old doctrines, moral and spiritual. They were good and bright once when they left God's quarry, but the disintegrating forces of fallen humanity have during succeeding ages marred their beauty and their worth. Luther had to open a new quarry in the everlasting hills of truth—the Bible. And many today think that it would not hurt to scour off some moss and mould that they see upon that glorious boulder of truth called the Westminster Confession of Faith. Others would open a new quarry and polish up the granite for the times.

Some people are always sitting on truths that were never quarried, perhaps ages ago. They regard comments on the Bible more than the Bible itself. But we better appreciate what we work for. If we cannot quarry enough for our house of belief, we can surely ornament the table and the mantle piece with something of our own

chiseling. How bright and precious are the thoughts of our own thinking! What an inspiration to us are the truths we have ourselves found and fashioned in the Bible! God gave us brains to use in higher things as well as in lower, and His rewards the diligent with inward grace. We are duty bound to be careful not to let others persuade us that their mouldy opinions are fresh from the quarry.

Let us follow up this road along the side of the hill until it bends around to the quarry itself. What a hole, lined with shreds of rock. Nature has rent the mountains with myriads of seams and cracks and crevices. What mighty forces thus bent the stony surface of the earth and splintered it in the bedding. Man works with the splinters. Where these are very large blasting powder is inserted in holes drilled for the purpose, and a block of many tons shudders and falls from its place. Little holes are drilled in a row, and little wedges inserted. A few blows on these split the granite as if it were wood. This process is continued until the blocks are of manageable weight. Perhaps then an almost invisible seam is found running through and splitting what was considered a perfect piece. Men often think their beliefs are solid rock of truth without a seam. Some think their lives are perfect; but others find the flaws. It is well to learn from the quarry that man is not infallible either in belief or in life.

When the blocks are approved and cast down the slope for use, they are rough and angular, like many chips of human granite. They must be cut into the desired forms, smoothed and polished by the stone cutters. Large blocks are sawn into several pieces. A gang-saw without teeth runs horizontally. Small shot of steel are showered into the saw cuts and water pours upon them continually. The shot wears the stone and the saw-teeth working both ways. So families are sometimes sawn asunder by the saws of affliction made severe by the shot of pain and water of tears; but the end is greater usefulness and beauty for the members thus separated. So also some people are bound up in self—a huge block of unserviceable humanity. Happy is his lot if God puts him in the saw room that he may after "terrible sufferings" yield himself to others,—body, money and soul.

The level surfaces are polished. A wheel is turned upon them, heavy and swift. Steel shot again for the grinding work; next comes emery; and last of all felt and putty do their work. The polish is now finished, and the dull surface has become a beautiful mirror. How many chips beneath heavy hammers chip away the stone until the desired forms stand before the sculptor! At last the block out of the quarry is an artistic monument, not so much to the one whose name it bears, as to the stone-cutter who fashioned the design. The Master-sculptor is the Creator and Fashioner of souls. How much of cruel chiseling and polishing is necessary to make us fit for the kingdom of heaven! Shall we murmur against the process of grace? The loving hand of our Father in heaven holds the chisel and aways the hammer. He does not inflict one wound that is not necessary in order to develop the divine idea. Would we not then rather choose to suffer in order that we may as a mirror reflect God's love, and throughout eternity be a beautiful monument of His redeeming power and wisdom?

SCENE IN GETHSEMANE

A Good Type and Parable of the Saviour's Gentle Dealing With Men.

"And one of them smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his ear, and Jesus answered and said: 'Suffer ye thus far.' And he touched his ear and healed him."—Luke xxii., 50-51.

There is no moment in all that memorable night when Jesus was betrayed into the hands of his enemies that is not full charged with the deepest, the most sacred interest. All devout souls should be frequent in their pilgrimages to the Garden of Gethsemane; it is the shrine of divine sorrow. Then, it ever, the words of Isaiah met their sublime fulfillment: "Behold, I have trodden the wine press alone!" It was there, in that sad night, when Kedron's waters echoed the agony of a divine anguish, that Jesus won that crown of all plaintive titles: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The calm poise, the perfect self-mastery of Jesus is worth careful thought. He was never so self-concerned as to be unmindful of others. Even on the cross he had time and calm self-possession enough to think of his mother, and of John, and to pray for his murderers. This scene in the garden, when the indignant disciple drew his sword and cut off the right ear of Malcus, the servant of the high priest, is full of deep suggestiveness. There can be little doubt that the enthusiastic Peter was in real earnest when he came to the defense of his Lord. It was more than he could stand to see those gentle hands bound rudely and perhaps roughly with cords, and what would have been the issue if Jesus had not stayed the impetuous hand of his too zealous follower? It is hard to tell. Malcus, was in a sense but discharging his duty, and Peter's rash act was not in harmony with that spirit of unarmouring submission that marked the whole career of Jesus, and so in pity for Malcus he healed the wound. What a type and parable this of Christ's gentle dealing with men. Healing the wounds that seemed the most deserved, and healing those wounds in the hour when most that enmity was manifesting itself! Was there ever such command of feeling? If we could but catch the spirit of this scene in Gethsemane there would soon be no wounds to heal.

Discipline of the Will.

There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will. There never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjection

to the moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties.— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TEN MILLION TAUGHT.

How the International Committee Makes Selection of Lessons.

Societies, committees, and organizations of every kind abound in the religious world of our day and each has its special circle of God's people who are interested in it and the particular work it has undertaken in Christ's vineyard. It may safely be claimed, however, that no organization is in touch with so large a committee of international Sunday School Lessons. It is estimated that in the Sunday Schools of the United States, Canada and Europe there are gathered every Sunday, scholars, teachers and officers to the number of twenty-three millions. A large and ever increasing proportion of this vast number, study the same part of God's Word on the same day. What that portion should be, is decided by the fifteen men whose work it is to do this. The honor equally with the responsibility of the duty is fully realized on all lands, and we believe that there is no Sunday-school throughout the world that will not be glad to see hear of these as men.

The committee was appointed in 1890 by the international Sunday-school convention which that year met at Pittsburgh, Pa. Three times before that—in 1872, 1878, and 1884, the conventions had appointed committees for the same purpose. That those committees had performed their duty to the satisfaction of the Sunday-school workers may be inferred from the fact that of the fifteen members appointed in 1890, thirteen had served on the previous committee and four—Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. Warren Randolph, Dr. John Hall and Mr. B. F. Jacobs had served on every one of the three committees.

Their duties were defined by the resolution which appointed the first committee in 1872. They were to select a course of bible lessons for a series of years, not exceeding seven, which shall embrace as far as possible a general study of the whole bible alternating between the Old and New Testaments, semi-annually or quarterly, as they may deem best. Later, additional instructions were given as to special lessons such as temperance and foreign missions, and these were carried out. The concurrence of the English Sunday-school Union in the arrangement led to the appointment of a corresponding committee there which has co-operated with the American committee. The plan adopted has been to prepare in outline the plan of lessons for the year and then send it to England for criticism or suggestion. When the report of the English committee arrives another meeting is held, at which various suggestions made are considered and, if approved, embodied in the plan.

Whatever criticism of their work there has been,—and it was inevitable that there would be criticism in a work that affected so large a number of intelligent persons—there is a general unanimity in the approval of the principle adopted. Never has there been a time when young people have had a better idea of the bible as a whole, or have been so conversant with all its parts. Dr. Trumbull, in his Yale lecture, quotes an alumnus of one of the choicest Christian colleges of New England, as saying of a young man then under eighteen years of age that, "he knows more of the bible on entering college than I knew of it when I left the theological seminary, for he had had advantages in bible study such as we knew nothing of in Sunday-school or in the seminary in my day." The advantages to which he referred were those that the system of international lessons has called into existence. When it was realized that the majority of the Sunday-schools in this country and a large number in Europe would on a certain day, study a certain passage of scripture, all the resources of Christian scholarship and all the suggestions of experienced teachers were called forth and concentrated on that passage, with the object of helping the teacher to properly instruct his class. Beside this, there were all the advantages which come from systematic study. It would be impossible to learn history, science or philosophy by the discursive system, or no-system, that formerly prevailed in the Sunday-school; and it was impossible to teach the bible so. After ten years in regular attendance at the Sunday-school a child might have but a very vague idea of the bible as a whole, however familiar he might be with certain parts of it. But, by the system now adopted he is familiarized with the whole book from lid to lid. And in addition to these advantages there is the one which always comes from united effort and the mutual help derived from association in common study.

The system was not inaugurated without difficulty. Mr. B. F. Jacobs said in a recent speech that "no man had any right to special honor in this matter." Probably he would not find any one else with that opinion who knows anything of the matter in question. If Mr. Jacobs and Dr. J. H. Vincent had not labored with untiring energy, and infinite tact and good humor, the adoption of such a system in the international might have been indefinitely postponed. The problem was in many minds but the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The way had been prepared before the convention of 1872, by the American Sunday-school Union's annual series of question books and Dr. Vincent had shown in his "Sunday-school Journal" that it was possible to teach the same lesson with profit in

the primary, intermediate and adult departments; but there were denominational jealousies and there were prejudices in favor of particular systems. All these had to be overcome and a committee nominated in which all had confidence. The victory must have been very gratifying to Mr. Jacobs, for the committee, although composed of representatives of every denomination, has worked harmoniously and the system has won its way into favor by its own merits.

It is due to the committee to say, that during the whole twenty-three years the members have served without remuneration. Their travelling expenses have been defrayed by certain publishers of Lesson Helps but the members have given their time and labor without fee or reward.

Since the inauguration of the system at the beginning of 1873 the schools under the guidance of the successive committees have three courses of the entire bible. Lessons have been based on passages from thirty-four of the thirty-nine Old Testament books and from twenty-three of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament. Thus by the wise Providence of God, the bible itself has been studied thoroughly and systematically in an age of rampant scepticism.— "Christian Herald."

ST. PETER'S LESSON.

A Simple Neapolitan Legend Which Has a Sound Moral Lesson.

Many simple legends are told among the peasants of Southern Europe, illustrating the wisdom of Jesus. Such stories are never without a moral, as the following Neapolitan legend, translated for the literary digest, from the Munich Vaterland, will show:

"Our good Lord Jesus Christ once walked with His disciples across a stony acre, where no tree defended the wanderers against the midday sun. 'If each of you,' said the Lord, 'will take up one of these stones whenever you cross this land, the ground will soon bear rich fruits.' The disciples, anxious to please the Master, picked up the stones, as many as they could carry, and the sweat ran from their brows. St. Peter alone demurred. 'Carry stones on so hot a day? Verily not I!' quoth he; and he picked up a pebble not much larger than a hen's egg. The Lord knew it well, but said nothing. At the end of the acre was a wooden hill, and here by the side of a murmuring spring, the Lord told his disciples to rest. 'Let each place his stones before him.' St. John had carried a large piece of rock, so large that only his love for the Master could give him strength to bear the burden. By the side of this stone St. Peter's pebble looked rather ridiculous, but he did not seem to mind that. He turned to the Savior and said: 'Master, we would cut, but have no bread.' 'Who works will always have bread,' answered the Lord, and he blessed the stones before him. All had bread in plenty, except Peter, whose portion fell out rather small, but he was too proud to beg of St. John. On the way back the disciples, without a reminder from Jesus, again picked up stones, and this time St. Peter carried the largest of them all. At the other end of the acre flowed the Jordan, and Jesus said, 'Let none do good for the sake of reward. Throw your stones into the river.' Thus Peter fasted a whole day and learned much."

Showing a Fine Spirit.

We hear no phrase used with more delicate conclusiveness than the phrase "He shows a fine spirit." Blundering and failure would stand, if it catches behind it all the sense of a right spirit. There are many persons whose success has been wonderful without objective and visible accomplishment to account for it. The most really objective thing about us in the long run is the spirit in which we work, and with which we judge life. The world will put up with a good many lacks in matters of intellect, but it will not long put up with a bad spirit. Hosts of men who have failed have apparently had all the abilities that bring success, but they have never had success. Their great powers stayed by them, but the world has gone away from them. Looking over the field of failure they have doubtless in many cases been unable to find a reasonable cause for it, and have laid it to the injustice of the human heart. But if there is anything that can be trusted in this world, year in and year out, it is the universal heart. Hurry it, and be in too great haste to try conclusions with it, and it will very likely speak wrong; but give it your lifetime to think you over in, and the chances are that it will say about the right thing. No man ever permanently succeeds who does not trust in the heart of mankind.—Sunday School Times.

Cruden's Concordance.

Alexander Cruden died Nov. 1, 1770. One of the most erratic and flighty of men with eccentricities which justified the name of insanity. Cruden compiled a work which demanded the most intense application, and which remains a monument of painstaking genius, in his Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. It is a work which has never been successfully improved upon and yet the author's characteristics were apparently opposed to every particular to such work. Three times he was confined for insanity, but his contemporaries gradually learned to make allowances for a man whose character exhibited so much of the Christian virtue, whose work had placed all Christianity under obligation, whose ne'er infirmity nor neglect could debase; whose sorrows served to interest him in the distresses of others, and who employed his prosperity to relieve those who, in every sense, were ready to perish. Cruden deserves a tribute from all men.

Inspiration for Literature.

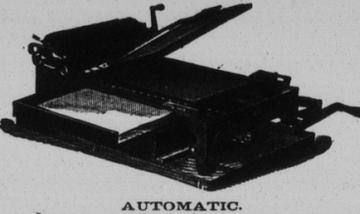
A sacred familiarity with the Divine Mind is the best inspiration for literature. Many an author, dead and forgotten, might have been alive in the world's memory today only for lack of that quickening into greatness which comes of God's breath upon the soul. The world's teachers must

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Ira Cornwall, - General Agent, Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the soap's benefits for skin and fragrance.

First be God's learners. Wisdom does not grow out of books when students lock themselves in shut closets. The cloister must open outward to the world and upward to the heavens. The great wisdom is God's divinity and man's humanity. Who knows this knows most of all; after this, what remains to be learned is little. God first, man next; and the rest are trifles.—Theodore Tilton.

New Life of Christ. A life of Christ is to be published, with colored photographs after James Tissot's pictures, by M. M. Mame, the Catholic publishers of Tours. The first twenty impressions of which will be sold for \$1,000 a copy and the rest of the 1,000 copies at \$300 apiece. The advertisement, with one specimen picture and some sketches in black and white, cost \$12.

When Children Die. Are you offended that it has pleased God to snatch your babes from the infinite contingencies of so perverse an age, in which there is so little temptation to live? Say not they might have gone later to their destiny; 'tis no small happiness to be happy quickly.

Oldest Book in the World. The oldest book in the world is "The Big Veda," which was in existence complete as we have it now, 1,500 years before Christ, and not the so-called Book of the Dead, from Egypt, consisting of disjointed fragments, collected from many sources, the earliest of which may possibly be dated as early as 6,000 B. C.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, featuring an illustration of pine trees and text describing its medicinal properties for coughs and colds.

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATRIFEX TALKS ABOUT SOME BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Some Recent Notable Papers in the Week

—Joseph Howe and other Provincialists as Portrayed by Dr. Bourinot—Poetry that Appeals to the Heart.

The Week, for October 28th, is a "fat" thing, in the most legitimate use of that term, and excels in quantity, as well as quality; having, in addition to the four extra pages, a supplementary pamphlet containing Col. Denison's article reprinted from the Westminster Review, on "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire."

The Week is committed to a most energetic, through-going patriotism,—even at the risk of some misapprehension of one flourishing American neighbor,—must appear from such an editorial as that entitled, "Delenda est Carthago."

One so far away from Ontario as the writer of these notes, must hesitate at so sweeping an indictment as that conveys; which would have to be sustained by a fuller array of evidence in order to any general conviction. It is pleasant to believe the best we can of humankind, as some pleasant poet has suggested,—indeed, it helps our hearts amazingly; and we would prefer to regard the Republic in a less unfavorable light than that of a besely-predetermined and uncompromising foe of England.

Yet in spite of this somewhat strong, and, we think, slightly perverse partisanship, we believe there is no more temperate and reasonable journal in Canada, nor one better calculated to promote the most enduring interests of the Dominion.

To Col. Denison's pamphlet, which the editorial reinforces, a like objection might be urged,—it is not very generous toward our neighbors; yet it is in a many tone, and is likely to be a useful document. Its interpretation in brief would be: "Let Canadians be Canadians; and let Canada be for Canadians. Loyalty to the Empire; and a deaf ear to the siren-song of the Republic." After all, let us shake hands again, and trust a little in God and Destiny.

No Canadian verse-writer, who ranks highly as Frederick George Scott, appears so frequently in the Canadian press, and no one writes in a spirit more loyal and patriotic. Some of his most ringing lyrics appear in The Week; such as "A Song of Triumph," (very reminiscent indeed, of Swinburne, in its jingling assonances and rhymes), and "A Song of the Empire," which seems more like himself.

As grand to be a Briton born, And bear the Briton's name, For side by side our sires have died In battle's smoke and flame:

They fought for England's glory, And with her flag unfurled, Their by and hands have made our lands The glorie of the world.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born, And speak the British tongue, Which loud and clear, like English cheer, From honest hearts have sprung; And over coasts and bays, Which roll since times began, Our deathless speech the world will teach The brotherhood of man.

But the article of choice that gives the current its most delicious flavor is the first of a series on the eminent men of Canada by Dr. Bourinot, who has had opportunity of receiving many impressions of the characteristics which he is so competent to convey in racy English. Dr. Bourinot cannot employ his pen too frequently for the interest and pleasure of his readers, for he fails not to set forth the right thing in the most agreeable manner. Accordingly, in the present article we have such portraits as many must recognize of the old conservative chiefs of Nova Scotia politics. James William Johnston and that popular and beloved tribune of the people, whose name could once act like magic—Joseph Howe. The old "Province Building," with its assembly chamber is depicted; and the imagination easily conjures that remarkable group which once gave dignity and lustre to the political life of the times. Such characterization as those of Johnston and Howe are too good to be overlooked or forgotten.

The portrait that recalls his memory in the Common's House of Nova Scotia where he was long an honored leader, delineates a face of great intellectual power, with its finely etched features, as if chiselled out of clear Carrara marble; his prominent brow, over which some scanty, white hairs fall; his earnest thoughtful expression, and his bending form, which tells of unwearying application to many responsible and arduous duties that devolved upon him in the course of a busy life as lawyer and politician.

The portrait presents him in his later life when age had accentuated all the forces of his character and the care of his life, in the very expression and lineaments of his visage. He was, during his life the chosen friend and adviser of governors, during the most critical period of the history of responsible government. He was a Tory and an aristocrat by education and inclination, but the annals of the legislature show he was not an obstinate opponent of reform. A great lawyer in every sense of the term, an impassioned orator at times, a master of invective, a man of strong and earnest conviction, he exercised necessarily a large power in the political councils, and did much to mould the legislation of the province. His speeches, however, were to often the labored efforts of the lawyer, determined to exhaust the argument on his side, and he had none of the ease of Joseph Howe, whose eloquence had more of nature and of the people. He had no deep sense of humor or ability to amuse an assembly—qualities indispensable for a great, popular leader, especially on the platform. At rare times, however, he forgot the lawyer, and gave full scope to the pent-up fires of a man in whose veins flowed the hot blood of the tropics, for he was not a Nova Scotian, but a West Indian by birth.

As I recall the portraits of the most famous Nova Scotian of his time—honored for the brilliancy of his eloquence and his wild popularity in the provinces where he struggled successfully for the people's rights—I can still see, in my mind's eye the face and figure of Joseph Howe, as he stood by the Clerk's table in the session of 1860, answering Dr. Tupper. * * * Then, as always, when excited, he had thrown his coat back on his shoulders and denounced his opponents with his forefinger pointed at them individually, and with all that scornful scorn which his voice could assume on momentous occasions. He was a very ready and versatile debater, but his greatest and most readable speeches were the results of careful study and preparation. He did not speak entirely for the present but for future generations. Indeed he had a sense of humor and a capacity for wit which has never been equalled by any public man I have ever met in public life. Among his contemporaries, at a dinner or supper table, this humor was at times a little robust, and the expressive phrase given me by a former Governor General of Canada. He was like Sir John Macdonald in this particular, though far superior to him in originality of wit and power to tell a good story. Howe's sense of humor and his personal magnetism, and his contempt for all pretensions, his sympathy for human weakness and frailties, deservedly won for him a place in the people's hearts, never held before or after him by a public man in Nova Scotia. He was the most successful man I have ever heard of on the public platform in the Dominion; he could sway thousands by his lights of eloquence, and lead them to follow him as if he were the shepherd of a flock of political sheep. Even his opponents would listen to him in his palmy days in a province where there has been always a great deal of political bitterness. In the homes of the people he was always welcome; the children loved to hear his stories, and the girls never objected to be kissed. He was vain of his popularity, but his vanity was that peculiar to all great men, and was never offensively displayed—it was the vanity that spurs men to make the best use of their abilities.

A better or completer summary of these two men, their appearance, and the causes of their influence and popularity, it would not be easy to find.

His disclosures concerning the creator of "Sam Slick," Sir William Young, Sir Adams Archibald, Williams of Kara, General Hastings Doyle, Sir John Macdonald, and others, will doubtless be eagerly welcomed.

Occasionally one gets hold of a book of poetry the contents of which seem to have come prominently from the writer's heart. It has the throbbing glow of emotion at first hand, and quickens your own pulse or draws a tear before your eyes are well aware. To the order we rather hint than describe belongs the volume we have now in hand, for brief notice; as well as some others, of which we have on occasion expressed our appreciation,—notably "Drift," by Mrs. T. U. Nealis, and "Franklin and Myrrh," by the late Mrs. M. J. K. Lawson. These "Songs from the Woods of Maine," artless and clear as note of brook or bird, are quite irresistible in their heartsome appeals, and eloquent with the language of sympathy and affection. The love of nature is exhibited, without any affectation of elaborate portrayal; she is represented in her most familiar moods and forms, and with her charms are mingled human companionship and human joy and sorrow,—those hallowing influences which consecrate so sacredly earth's lowliest spot. What carols of the rustic muse will more surely carry ear and heart with them, than "When April Showers Come Down," "A Summer Song," "Beyond the Pines," "Dreaming," "The Hills of Strong," "O Wanderers of Maine," "When Leaves Are Lying Low," etc. They are of that lyric brood that come to the gentle, unresisting muse and insist on being sung. Who could put away such persuasion? Here is one, as brief as such:

Oh Life! How short thou art! Short, though so sweet! Short is the backward path Trod by my feet; Short is the path ahead, Swiftly I go; Whither my steps have led! Soon shall I know; Soon shall we know, dear heart! Life! Oh, how short thou art!

Oh, Life! How short thou art! Let me look back! Tear drops 'y need not start! What do I lack? Short is the road I've tried, Hill tops I see, Ove the other side Soon I shall be; Soon shall we be, dear heart! Life! Oh, how short thou art!

There is an undertone of sorrow, a burden so genuine and pathetic that the one who pauses to listen feels constrained to sympathize. A full score of these poems record a close sisterly companionship and affection, now broken by death, and the loneliness and yearning grief imposed on the survivor. Perhaps we could select no one example more expressive of all contained in the rest, than that entitled "Gone."

She has gone—my life, my light; Under the clover she lies. The sun is no more at morning bright, Nor the moon of the evening skies; The days are long and drear, And the nights no sweetness bring; And the year has lost its spring,— The year has lost its spring, And the summer forgot its June, And the harp of my heart In its sweetest part, Is forever out of tune.

Ah! the sky has lost its blue, And the stars their twinkling ray; And the garden has lost its fragrant breath, Since my rose was stolen away; The sky has lost its blue, The woods their nightingale, And my heart has lost a love so true, That the springs of its river fall; Yes, the river has lost its June, And the summer forgot its June, And the harp of my heart, In its sweetest part, Is forever out of tune.

The rainbow has left the sky; The south winds do not blow;

A shadow is passing slowly by, Wherever my footsteps go, Sweet summer! I loved you once, But the beauty of everything, And the glory and sweetness have passed away, Since my year has lost its spring. Yes, the year has lost its June, And the summer forgot its June, And the harp of my heart, In its sweetest part, Is forever out of tune.

The postess, in a letter, deprecates the idea that she is melancholy and inconsolable, and says that when she becomes sorrowful she sings herself glad.

Miss Julia Harris May, is a native of Strong, Maine, though, at times she resides in Brunswick, Farmington, and Auburn. Her father was a clergyman, and she and her sister had an academic education, graduating at Mount Holyoke Seminary. After teaching in the South for some years, the sisters returned, and in 1888, opened a private school at Strong, where they lived on their ancestral acres. We get several glimpses of this life in the poems, but one of the most quotable is the sonnet, entitled.

Possession.

Thy neighbor's meadow just across the way Is more than my humble hillside field; More golden grain or barley can yield, But does it wear a brighter green to day? At morn Aurora's life-reviving ray Tips all my rugged lands with fiery gold, And only it shines upon my neighbor's hay, Or warms the lambs within his ample fold. And through his lofty elms and willow trees Are grand to him and to the passer-by. Far more it does my ample nature please, To see the sun and moon and stars in view. My neighbor thinks his pasture is fine; I like my orchard better—it is mine.

The school established by the May sisters became popular and profitable, and, continued through the subsequent years, still exists. The elder sister, though greatly shaken by the death of the younger, a few years since, has kept the path of song and duty, and has shown how the chastened heart, so far from all the joys of which it was once the partaker has only learned from its afflictions how to "breathe sweetness out of woe." This collection of Miss May's verse is issued, in a very attractive form, by G. B. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

ALMOST DEAD.

PITIFUL CONDITION OF A YOUNG GIRL IN TORONTO.

A Mysterious Illness—Doctors Were Unable to Give Her Any Relief—Her Uncle's Story of the Case.

(From the Toronto News.)

The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents in the neighborhood of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue. As it was expressed by one of her neighbors, "she was all but dead," when suddenly she came to her senses, and in a short time was out on the street with the color restored to her cheeks and the brightness to her eye.

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Kussay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived almost since infancy. On learning that his visitor was a reporter he was somewhat loth to speak of the case.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "but I would rather not suffer all about it, but I would rather give a brief account of the girl's miraculous restoration. He said:

"My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west and to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She laid in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctors' prescriptions, for she sickened at taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my shop. I picked it up and I read an exact description of the illness with which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions, and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills and later the same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box and is now as bright and well as ever she was.

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsey. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself.

Mr. Ramsey is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's

condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any skeptic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsey will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

HE SAVED HIS BOOTS.

The Constant Watchfulness of a Rhode Island man on a Sleeping Car.

When the midnight mail train for New York left the Union D pot one night last week one of the passengers was a long, lean man, with an abundant growth of chin whiskers, a smooth upper lip, and an air of suspicion. He was evidently from the back districts, and it was apparent by his manner that he had never before travelled in a sleeping car.

Although the Providence sleeper was waiting on a siding, where he could easily have reached it and retired for the night long before the train started, he either did not know this, or else thought that by some mischance the railroad men might forget to attach the sleeper.

"I ain't goin' to take no chances," he said. "I've got ter be in N' York to-morrow, or else ye wouldn't see me givin' up no such sumes they charged me fer passin' on this train. I missed her boat. Didn't get here in time."

There he sat on one of the settees in the corner, dozing off at intervals, and waking up to make a frantic grab at his bag, held securely between his feet for fear that some one might steal it. At last the train came from Boston, the sleeper was attached, and, after getting on the wrong car, he finally reached his berth.

After leaving Providence the lights in the car were turned down, and the porter started to collect the shoes of the passengers for the purpose of blacking them. The old man had evidently been warned of the dangers of travelling, and he was on the lookout for confidence men and sneak thieves of all kinds. Nothing could be heard in the car except the rumble of the train and the snores of the sleepers, but when the porter reached under the old man's berth and pulled out a pair of boots much in need of cleaning there was an awakening. A head was thrust out of the curtain and the porter was greeted with:

"Put them right down, now. Put them boots back. I was watchin' ye and jist waitin' ter see ef yer would try ter steal 'em. Ye put them boots back, right away. I knew these fellers on the sleepin' cars was a gang of robbers, but I didn't think they'd steal a man's boots."

The porter was wise and he put the boots back, thinking that the old man would go to sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the car, and after working away for some time, thought then the coast was clear and made a second attempt to get the boots. Just as he got his hand on them the head came out again, accompanied by a muscular arm, which made demonstrations in front of the porter's face.

"What'd I tell ye about them boots?" demanded the old man. "I warned ye once, and I've had my eye on ye all the time. The next time ye come around here, tryin' ter get them boots, I'll give ye one on 'em over the head."

The porter retired discomfited, and when the train reached "N' York" there was one passenger whose boots still showed the marks of Rhode Island mud.—Providence Journal.

What Becomes of the Lead Pencils.

"I don't know that anybody ever gave a satisfactory answer to the question 'What becomes of all the pins?' but I think," said a father, "that if anybody should ask what becomes of all the lead pencils, I could tell 'em. My two younger children have reached that age when they go to school and carry pencil boxes. A part of the equipment of the pencil box is a pencil sharpener, which can be bought now for the marvellously low price of one cent. Armed with this pencil sharpener, the temptation to sharpen the pencil is, of course, great. When they first get the sharpeners the children used to turn off little saucers full of the fragrant cedar shavings just to look at and smell, and now at the least blunting or breaking off, of the point the pencil is carefully turned down again. And that's what becomes of the pencils; my children turn 'em into shavings."

Only a Starter.

Some newly married men are very bashful in paying the minister his fee. One bridegroom, who was put through the service here the other day, hesitated a good deal over it. At last he handed the minister a \$10 bill with the remark: "I wish

"I AM AS WELL AS I WISH TO BE."

Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., after Using Paine's Celery Compound, is a Picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty.

A Story for All Who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.

Miss Isabella Blake of 303 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the ambitious city. To-day, she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares, "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman" she does not wish it to be understood that she has entered the ranks, and adopted the fads of those light-brained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of altering the plans of an all-wise providence, and turning the world upside down. A no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply when she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that fronts the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-in-hand tie, straight high collar, stiff derby hat, who walks out on our streets care in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman" is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experiences. In the past, lions have stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what sore afflictions are, owing to the rough grasp of disease; and at times, the evil touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's health was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not overdrawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly vouch for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and its alone under God's blessing was the agent that saved life at a critical juncture. The following, letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hard-hearted unbeliever:—

"For years I suffered greatly, and I was under the care of doctors who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to eat or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system run-down and little life left in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used in all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."

It were more, sir; I'll see that it is next time."

The bride gave her new husband a queer look, but said nothing, and he walked off with her, utterly unconscious of the slip he had made.—Washington Post.

CHRONIC HEADACHE.

The Change in My Mother's Condition Marvelous.

Scott's Saraparilla is a Balm.

MONTREAL, August 29th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN:—There is such a change in my mother's health that I cannot refrain myself from writing to you. She suffered for years past with a chronic headache, accompanied with a disordered stomach. She was weak and irritable, and we thought she was going into a decline. For three weeks she has been taking a course of Scott's Saraparilla, which was recommended to her by Mr. McGale, Druggist, Montreal. Her headache is now but a memory, her appetite is good, and she has gained five pounds in weight in twelve days. She is a different woman, and I feel that you, in God's hands, have been the means of restoring her to health. I shall always recommend Scott's Saraparilla to sufferers from head or digestive troubles. Thanking you again, I close.

Yours sincerely,

Hortense G. Villiere.

Scott's Saraparilla is a concentrated extract, pleasant to the taste, and is taken in small doses. It is the finest remedy for disorders of the stomach and liver, palpitation, scrofulous sores, eczema and skin diseases arising from impurities of the blood. It builds up the weak, the strong it maintains in health. \$1 of all druggists.

Smuggling in Balloons Solved.

While a man who patronizes street cars, theatres, etc., may not see the use of the big sleeves which take up so much room and destroys a woman's beauty, yet the girls themselves find them very convenient. The girl who shops finds she can store an immense amount of small bundles in her sleeves, and one woman declares that when she traveled this summer she packed each sleeve full of small articles, and thus saved carrying an extra grip. But the worst case of sleeves which had come to the Pickings man's knowledge was when these

THE TERM

full blown man Rubens are familiarly called "the stout" or "the portly," or "the portly."

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FAKE CYCLE RIDERS.

How They Make Trips Around the World With Plenty of Rest on the Way.

A traveller just back from Japan says that the passengers on the Pacific Mail and Canadian Pacific steamships get much amusement from seeing the marvellous exploits of the daring men and women who are now making their perilous ways around the world on bicycles in great numbers. Every ship takes several of these heroes and heroines. On the way to Asia the passengers do not know the heroes, or even suspect them. As the wheels are stored in the cabin baggage room, it is impossible for the rest of the passengers, looking on at a pallid boy who turns ill at the smell of a cigar, or a girl who lies next to death's door in her stateroom, to dream that these are the people who are going to write home to the papers that they have been chased by Persian bandits and lunched with Kafir kings as they anticipated Puck's record round the globe. When the ship stops at Yokohama out come the wheels, and the heroes ride the full length of the Bund—a commercial street about a mile long. The rest of Yokohama is on a hill too steep for wheeling. At Koba and Nagasaki the town sites are more nearly level, and the heroes ride perhaps two miles, having their wheels lifted back aboard the steamer as the voyages are about to place. Having done Japan by going ashore at three points, they forge fearlessly ahead on the steamship, yearning to brave the terrors of China on their flying tires.

China they discover to be one of the finest fields for this phase of reckless deviltry in all the world. The ship takes them to Shanghai, where the Bund is nearly two miles long and all lined with churches, clubs, tanks and brokers' and shipping offices—as safe and accidental as Broadway. They hear that they can ride five miles on the Maloo and the Bubbling Well road before they come to the muddy towpaths that form the actual roads of that part of China, along which no wheelman can ride. With their hearts in their throats fancying every poor devil of a coolie they meet to be a murderer fresh from sacking a missionary's house, they pedal onward. When they come to the tea gardens, whose gateways swarm with Chinese, they all but faint, and could the Chinese denbies and courtesans at these gates read what the bicyclists afterwards report of their experiences at the time, they would find themselves described as an undisciplined mob of soldiers and lawless retainers in front of a mandarin's palace, with this additional statement: "They scowled so fiercely and made such threatening gestures that only the swiftness of my wheel prevented another massacre being added to the list of crimes against foreigners in China."

Back to the ship the wheeling hero lies and writes notes to his hairdresser escapes in central China until the vessel passes Woosung and begins to rock him back into seasickness. Hong Kong is the next place at which the bicycle is taken out—a British possession no more to be regarded as dangerous to a foreign lady of the most timid temperament to wait about alone than is the European republic of Shanghai or that haunt of mountain desperadoes in New Jersey called Tuxedo. So the journey around the world continues—aboard ship with the historic wheel safe in the baggage room and only an occasional chance occurring to take it out in places like Singapore, Aden, Port Said, Alexandria, and the rest of the desperate lurking places of European merchants on the way to Europe. Terrible moments are experienced and recorded on the way. For instance, on the Red Sea notes are kept of the ferocious character of the inhabitants of the dark continent. On the Mediterranean the ship passes Greece, with its pirates and Italy with its banditti, each of which savage and relentless bodys of people is worked into the wheelman's or wheelgirl's diary in such an effective way as to almost make the diarist turn pale as he or she reads over what has been written.

Finally comes Southampton or Liverpool or Havre, and there the now world-famous wheel makes its last spin—so that its owner can truthfully say that it has "done Europe"—before being hoisted aboard a steamer homeward bound for New York.

A Novelist's Blunder. A great master of the art of throwing off stories by daily installments was Ponson du Terrail. When he was in the height of his vogue he kept three running at the same time in different papers. His fertile imagination was never at a loss, but his memory frequently was. He was apt to forget today what he did with a hero or heroine yesterday. To help his memory he at first noted down briefly in copybooks what happened to his men and women, but, finding that often he could not read his own writing, he invented a new system. He procured little leaded figures on which he gummed the names of his characters as they were born. Supposing there were three stories running, there were three sets of figures in different drawers. When a character was settled off, the little man or woman in lead was taken away from its companion and laid aside.

One day, when Ponson du Terrail was all behind in his work, he set himself to his task without examining the lead. His bad memory led him into a terrible blunder. He had forgotten that he had killed Rocambole—the still famous Rocambole—in the previous feuilleton, and to the surprise of the reader he made him talk again as if nothing out of common had befallen him. This resurrection of Rocambole is one of the most curious things in the history of the romans-feuilleton.—Boston Transcript.

The marigold goes to sleep with the sun, and remains quiescent until sunrise.

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THE GREAT LAKES DRYING UP.

But Millions of Years Will Elapse Before the Water is All Gone.

The professors of natural sciences and the editors of the various technical journals, true to the axiom which says that such persons are the last to grasp an important idea or to let slip an exploded theory, are just awakening to the fact that the amount of water on the earth's surface is fast diminishing in quantity.

Within a fortnight the great Wiggins, he of the "advanced school of astronomical weather prophets," has made the very surprising discovery (?) that the region adjacent to the great lakes is becoming as arid as the plains of Westra Kansas and Nebraska, and that that the water surface of the lakes themselves is lowering very rapidly, owing to evaporation and deficiency in supply. We sincerely congratulate Professor Wiggins. These congratulations are not extended on account of his late revelations concerning the arid conditions of the lake regions and our planet in general, nor because of his being an advanced astronomical meteorologist. We bestow our compliments solely because his drying-up-of-the-lakes announcement bears evidence of the fact that the professor has been spending the early days of the "sere and yellow leaf" in looking over the black files of the secular newspapers. Our only proof of the foregoing lies in the fact that Wiggins has never before advanced the theory that the earth is drying up, whereas it is a well-known fact that the great daily and weekly newspapers have been sounding the alarm for the past ten or fifteen years.

Over 200 years ago the great Sir Isaac Newton first set forth the theory that the earth would eventually become as dry and as lifeless as the moon is now supposed to be; in 1820 Laplace read an article before the Paris Academy of Sciences in which he gave many proofs in support of the opinion that the old age of the earth would be spent in cycles of extreme aridity. Newton's ideas on that score were so far in advance of the scientific knowledge of the time, in which he lived that he never attempted to give reasons for his opinion on that subject. Laplace's proofs and explanations are so burdened with technicalities that they are bewildering to the average intellect.

Years ago, perhaps even further in the past than the date set above, the wide-awake, daily press seized upon the drying up theory as a unique and interesting subject for editorial discussion. Before Wiggins had ever bethought himself to gain notoriety by posing as an astronomical weather prophet the great dailies of this city, Chicago, and New York contained periodic editorials under such heads as "The Earth Drying Up," "Our Arid Planet," "Better Save Water," etc. In January, 1882, more than a year before "Professor E. Stone Wiggins" first made himself prominent by predicting a cyclone of sufficient breadth and power to smooth all he wrinkles out of the topography of the North American continent, (Richard A. Proctor, the brainy English astronomer lecturer gave proof that the waters of the earth are diminishing at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year. In view of the above references to the "drying-up theory," it is not plain that Wiggins should be congratulated and complimented because of his late discoveries in that line?

Fourteen years ago the Republic, then the Missouri Republican, used the following language in an editorial on this subject: "The geologists tell us that the water surface of the whole earth is being rapidly lowered. . . . The level of the great lakes is falling year by year." We quote the passage in order to draw the attention of the scientists of the present decade in the fact that years ago somebody knew that the great lakes were slowly drying up.

We advance no theory of our own in explanation of this idea that the earth is losing its water supply. We will say, however that Professor Proctor the great astronomer quoted above, was of the opinion that as the earth's interior fires die out it becomes porous and the waters sink entirely out of reach of surface inhabitants. At the rate it is now disappearing, Proctor said that it will take 15,000,000 years to obliterate every trace of water from our planet. If the above figures had the cipher cut off we should be a little careful about wasting water; as it is we shall not use a smaller glass for drinking purposes or forego the luxury of a bath for several years to come.—St. Louis Republic.

To Treat a Sprain.

Most successful treatment is use of hot foot baths for fifteen minutes three times a day; following each bath with massage for fifteen minutes, then apply snugly a rubber bandage from the toes up as high as ankle and have patient walk. Ballet dancers use this method with such success that they are seldom incapacitated for work longer than a week.—Medical Record.

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BEATS THE MONTON BOSS.

The Forty Foot Tide Wave which Sweeps Up a River in China.

Some time this month one of the wonders of the world, according to Chinese ideas, will be visible on the eastern coast of the province of Chekiang, some forty miles south of Shanghai.

Twice a year—at each equinox—the famous tides of the Tien Tang River, that flows from the borders of Kiangsi, Fukkien and Chekiang to Hang-Chow Bay, attain their greatest height, and a bore of sometimes over forty feet in height sweeps irresistibly up its shallow and funnel-shaped estuary, often producing tremendous havoc to the surrounding country—hence its name "money-dyke," from the sum expended in successive centuries on its embankments.

It is seen at its best at Hang-Chow, the perfect city not far from its mouth. Twelve or fourteen minutes before it is visible a dull, distant roar is heard, momentarily swelling, until the wall of muddy water, tall as the bulwark of the biggest liner, as overwhelming as a glacier, sweeps into sight around the bend a mile away.

Not a boat is to be seen on the lately crowded river; all are hauled up on to the huge embankment, and moored fore and aft with a dozen rattan cables, for none but ocean-going steamers could stem the current, and even they would need skillful navigation.

As the esgros nears the rock becomes deafening as a storm at sea drowning the excited shouts of the thousands who line the walls, until finally it foams past in turbid majesty, hurrying toward the heart of China.

The Chinese annals tell of a thousand years ago, Prince Wu Shu made 500 "daring" archers shoot half a dozen arrows each at the advancing flood, and then, after praying to Wu T'zei (the tutelary deity of the stream and originally an upright minister, whose body was cast into the river after Wu had committed suicide) put the key of the dyke water gate into an envelope, and threw it into the stream, whereupon the waters retired!

But, as by that time they would have flowed back in any case, even the Chinese did not regard the experiment as very miraculous. A couple of hundred years later the Emperor Kan Tsung had ten iron plates, each weighing about 150 pounds, sunk in the river by way of propitiating the spirits, but the water promptly carried away both charms and embankments.

Only last century a Hang-Chow tea merchant leaped into the river, like another Marcus Curtius, to avert the annual disaster.—London Black and White.

Sin is Pink, Not Scarlet. Among the most interesting of the scientific men who have made Philadelphia their home is Dr. Elmer Gates. Dr. Gates was formerly connected with the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

Not the least startling of Dr. Gate's conclusions is that one reached through experiment to demonstrate that scarlet is not the distinctive color of sin, and that the Bible expression, "though your sins be as scarlet," is simply a rhetorical exaggeration. Dr. Gates has found in his study of the brain that each definite emotion produces chemical products in the secretions and excretions which are characteristic of those emotions.

The evil emotions produce, for example, a poisonous product, while happy emotions produce life-promoting compounds. In other words, every emotional experience creates brain structure, the refunctioning of which reproduces its characteristic good and bad chemical products. The perpetration for example, he found to contain different relative organic compounds under the influence of different emotions. These products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration of an individual.

Dr. Gates has discovered more than forty of the bad acts as many of the good. Of the chemical products which Dr. Gates has found that of guilt is the worst. If a small quantity of the perspiration of a person suffering from conscious guilt be placed in a glass tube and exposed to contact with selenic acid it will turn pink. No other poison, similarly generated, exhibits the same phenomenon. Accordingly, pink is apparently the characteristic color of sin, not scarlet.—Philadelphia Press.

The Texas Pecary.

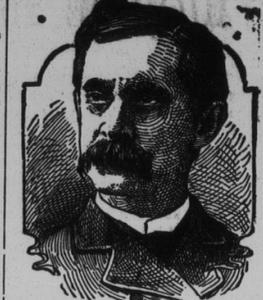
Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect the collared pecary is one. Although he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the Wild West, he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker, of the Washington "Zoo," points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas pecary can do when he is very angry. This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red River of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas he is no longer abundant, save in the low, jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves like the white-lipped pecary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but, like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear man and his deadly firearms.—St. Nicholas.

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SOME LONG

OBSERVED FROM

THE "Penny Bus" and "The Cocks and Hens"

There is no bet than to survey it in bus," writes Mary O'Connell—contests for these lumbering hard day's work as rejuvenation by me and securing the chat with the driver stretch of road before have to "mind the

The driver is all polite—the kindest nothing so delightful appeal to his sup-wears, frequently, most melancholy of secured from some four-in-hand, which are an ingenuis of moon with the who aristocratic noble his shoes are beautiful

The English ad- throws Barnum in of the railway s placards ad-poster ing specimens of graphs, and even cases have not yet the "penny bus," b most bewildering m- icles ever bore. To accommodate them below, they are an- tion. When I first "penny bus" it was don streets and eve- names, and I could if Walham Green was bread, and Glutina might be worth ac- Yester day, having Green was a locality Square and rode we splendidly aspha-teo- turesque and inter- From my perch I see walls into the level London blouers, to- End.

At the Chelsea W- ciant crones were old graveyard in the weather-beaten stor- they might have don- sides. They wore c- dinant, white apron- cape of what they spr- in England it was afternoon, and they least depressed by t- them, and which they must shortly cover t-

That is one strikin- don; nowhere else is terms with death. T- and cathedral are pa- and in the grassy wa- together that one co- tween them. The w- the hospitals look do- burying ground—sur- prospect to a patient- pendent upon cheer-

We passed the square tower redde- "Tom Tiddler's Grou- Head Inn," and E- crooked, narrow lan- tages, with tiled ro- and smoke-blacken- ed old inn the rose- came out and handed flagon of beer, which- relish. Here, too, w- other jobs, who sai- them's some "oeses y- of no use to attempt- it is quite as impossi- master its difficulties- to do negro dialect- him attempt many ti- in London, and never-

By this time the st- and crowded with th- sands of people, bu- poured out of the sh- a surging throng, th- never seen. There ar- street, Dearborn an- hours, but anything- army that overflows- ments in every direc- miles, is without a pa-

There was, in the- and despair—hope for- vigorous, who might f- despair for the lost a- whom there were thou- that lamentation of E-

mind: O God I that breat- And flesh and blood-

The street singers of- peculiar to themselves- take Sunday for their- labor, and it is condu- peace and quiet. Am- able-bodied men. Th- yesterday singing fo- union, over and over- melancholy tune, whic- heard in the Tower. I-

SOME LONDON SIGHTS.

OBSERVED FROM THE TOP OF THE FAMOUS PENNY BUS.

The "Flotam and Jotam" of the (Greatest of Cities—Ways of Advertising—Wages of Women—The Condition of the English Cooks and Housemaids.

There is no better way to see London than to survey it from the top of a "penny bus," writes Mary K. Krout in the Inter-Ocean—I contest to a very plebeian love for these lumbering vehicles [and] after a hard day's work seek mental and spiritual rejuvenation by mounting the spiral steps and securing the front seat, where I can chat with the driver when he has a straight stretch of road before him, and need not have to "mind the 'osses."

The driver is always urbane and most polite—the kindest soul in the world, and nothing so delights him as to have a "lady" appeal to his superior intelligence. He wears, frequently, shabby old clothes, the most melancholy of silk hats, but he has secured from somewhere, always, a silk four-in-hand, which may be almost regarded as an insignia of office. Then, in common with the whole race, from the most aristocratic noble lord to the street beggar his shoes are beautifully polished.

The English advertise to an extent that throws Barnum in the shade. The walls of the railway stations are a mass of placards and posters, with glass cases holding specimens of bread and cake, photographs, and even lingerie. The glass cases have not yet been introduced into the "penny bus," but they roll along the most bewildering mass of signs that vehicles ever bore. The tops are widened to accommodate them, so that, above [and below, they are] amazingly out of proportion.

When I first began to cultivate the "penny bus" it was really confusing; London streets and every terminus have queer names, and I could not make up my mind if Walham Green was a nourishing sort of bread, and Glutina a remote locality that might be worth seeing, or the reverse. Yesterday, having found that Walham Green was a locality, I started from Sloane Square and rode west along Knife road—splendidly asphalted and crowded with picturesque and intensely interesting life. From my perch I could look down over the walls into the level gardens with which London blooms, throughout the whole West End.

At the Chelsea Workhouse, scores of ancient crones were walking about the quiet old graveyard in the rear, sitting on the weather-beaten stones and gossiping as they might have done by their own firesides. They wore clean gowns of pale blue denim, white aprons and little transparent caps of what they still call "book muslin" in England. It was a lovely, warm, sunny afternoon, and they did not seem in the least depressed by the graves all about them, and which they could not but know must shortly cover them, one and all.

That is one striking peculiarity of London; nowhere else is life upon such friendly terms with death. The floors of the church and cathedral are paved with grave stones, and in the grassy yards they stand so close together that one could scarcely walk between them. The west windows of one of the hospitals look down into such a crowd-burying ground—surely not a reassuring prospect to a patient whose recovery is dependent upon cheerful surroundings.

We passed the Chelsea Church, its square tower reddening in the sunset, and "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and the "King's Head Inn," and 'Ebenzer House. Up crooked, narrow lanes were ancient cottages, with tiled roofs, lattice windows, and smoke-blackened chimney-stacks. At an old inn the rosy-cheeked "Buttons" came out and handed the driver a foaming flagon of beer, which she swallowed with a relish. Here, too, we were joined by another job, who said: "I say, Teddy, them's foun' 'osses yer drivin'." But it is of no use to attempt to transcribe Cockney; it is quite as impossible for an American to master its difficulties as it is for a Cockney to do negro dialect, which I have heard him attempt many times since I have been in London, and never once successfully.

By this time the streets were all lighted and crowded with thousands upon thousands of people, hurrying home. They poured out of the shops, courts, and alleys, a surging throng, the like of which I have never seen. There are crowds along State street, Dearborn and Clark, at stated hours, but anything like this stupendous army that overflows the London pavements in every direction, for miles upon miles, is without a parallel.

There was, in the spectacle, both hope and despair—hope for the young and the vigorous, who might find happier fortunes; despair for the lost and the defeated, of whom there were thousands. As I looked, that lamentation of Hood came into my mind:

O God! that bread should be so dear, And flesh and blood so cheap.

The street singers of London are a class peculiar to themselves. They generally take Sunday for their day of most vigorous labor, and it is conducive to any thing but peace and quiet. Among them are many able-bodied men. Two passed this way yesterday singing four or five bars, in unison, over and over and over again, of a melancholy tune, which might have been heard in the Tower. Pennies were tossed

to them from the windows as they passed and I was told that they were largely supported by laborers who earned not more than a pound a week.

There are many blind men led about by little girls, who treat the householders to the most lugubrious of duets. My special portage, however, is a boy with the most phenomenal voice I have ever heard—full, resonant, perfect in every register, the richest contralto. No human being with a heart of flesh and blood could resist either the voice or the poetical face of the singer.

As I write this new voices float up through my open window—a blind man, a child, and a woman,—all three singing tragically, to the notes of a huge concertino, which the woman carries with difficulty, resting against her bosom.

I saw yesterday a man, evidently a German, decently dressed, his linen scrupulously clean, and his shoes well polished. He stood in the gutter, his hands folded across his chest, and sang in his native tongue, in a tenor voice, that would have been an acquisition to any music-hall. He had the most anguished-stricken countenance I have ever beheld. He may have been a clever impostor, but he did not look like it.

I have been told that many of the street singers could secure regular employment in the music halls, but that they earn much larger sums in the streets, and enjoy the sweets of liberty beside.

Another sad company are the flotsam and jetsam of humanity who march in procession in the gutters, carrying theater advertisements in heavy upright iron frames upon their shoulders. There are among them some who are so stupid and degraded that they seem incapable of feeling, but there are many others with intelligent faces, whose patched garments have been carefully mended, and these walk with averted eyes, conscious of the stigma that poverty has put upon them in the sight of their prosperous fellow men.

There is one class of street fakirs for whom I cannot work up any sympathy, and these are the terrible creature that rend the heavens with their stentorian cries and make the quietest thoroughfare a pandemonium.

There is the cat's meat man," who bawls "ca-a-a-t-smeat-smeat-smeat-smeat-smeat," running the words together with a hiss that makes it sound like some sort of incantation; the chimney-sweep, with his "so-weep-so-weep," the first syllable prolonged into a deep bass chant, with an array of costers, their donkey carts heaped with onions or stale vegetables, which they vend to people in the poorer quarters.

Late at night there rings out an unearthly yell that is the embodiment of all the melancholy of which life is capable; this is the "hot potato man," whose cart furnishes the very poor their chief article of diet.

All this is to be seen and heard, not in the East End, but in a quarter of the town with mansions two blocks away where champagne flows like water and oysters at 4 shillings a dozen are as common as the thin bread and unsalted butter that go with them.

I have been very much interested in the wage question as it affects domestic and kindred branches of service. There is in this house, where I have lived for nearly two months, a cook who receives 7 shillings a week. She has been in her mistress' employ for eight years and, in addition to her regular work of preparing three substantial meals, with tea at 5 o'clock daily, she scrubs the front steps, "turn out and loose over" the dining-room, and as no scullery maid is kept, carries coal, builds fires, and—an important matter in all English kitchens—sits the ashes. The daily dinner consists of soup, fish, one entree, a joint, a fowl, a pudding, and a tart or other sweets, varied with game. There has never come upon the table one poorly-cooked dish; the daily menu is as unvarying in its excellence as it is the work of an automaton.

The housemaid receives considerable less per day, averaging 5 shillings, out of which she must pay for her pretty caps and aprons, without which no English servant is ever seen. She "does up" the bedrooms putting them in order; in the morning and again at night; she waits at table, cleans the silver, washes windows, answers the bell, and, where a boy is not kept, blacks the boots and shoes of the entire household which are set upon the mat outside the door when one retires for the night.

Cook and housemaid are allowed each alternate Sunday out, and they are faithful, good-natured, and respectful to a degree. If the servant wishes to leave, the law requires her to give a month's warning or lose what wages may be owing her before the time of notification and her departure. A mistress is also required to give a month's warning, or, if the servant is sent away summarily, she must pay a month's wages. This provision of the law tends to cultivate forbearance on both sides. I have, however, seen the worm turn with a vengeance. This was after "she had given warning." The game was in her own hands, and the repressed sense of a year's being "put upon" found vent. The dinner was late, and the head of the house remonstrated. It was then that the young woman hitherto so quiet and deferential, retorted fiercely in the midst of a deathly silence on the part of the paralyzed guests: "Well, 'an 'ow can I 'elp it? I don't cook the dinner, do I?"

Discretion was the better part of valor and the discussion ended there. As to wages of women in other callings allied to housework, they are proportionally low. Shop girls receive almost nothing and must be well-dressed. There are hundreds of governesses in England who teach, beside the common branches, modern languages, music, and drawing, and receive but \$20 a little less than \$100 a year. The life is hard, with ceaseless and exacting work, and few holidays.

BENEATH THE DEEP SEA.

STRANGE THINGS THAT DO NOT COME IN WITH THE TIDE.

Great Average Depth of the Ocean—Much Has Been Learned of It Within Recent Years—The Story of What the Deep Sea Soundings Reveal.

It was in the year 1874 that the English ship Challenger, under Capt. Nares, during an exploring cruise around the world, found, when a day's sail north of the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, water 23,250 feet deep—nearly 4½ miles—while the bottom of the Sea of Japan in one place was more than five miles from the surface. It was in the same year that Capt. Belknap (the present Admiral), in the Tuscarora, while sounding in the Pacific, say 300 miles northeast of Yokohama, Japan, found a valley of the sea that lay 4,655 fathoms below the surface, or considerable over five miles, and no greater depth of water was found anywhere until the present year, when commander Belfour of the British navy, in a cast of the lead made about 1,900 miles east of Brisbane, Australia, lost his plummet after 4,900 fathoms of line had run out; the line broke, and the weather prevented a new cast, but it is certain that the water there was deeper than the 1,900 fathoms, and that depth is 300 feet more than 5½ miles. Mean-time Commander Brownson of the American navy, while in command of the Blake, made a cast to the north of the island of Porto Rico in the west Indies, where he found bottom at 4,561 fathoms, or 5 1-6 miles.

So much for the greatest depth thus far measured. Whether still deeper valleys exist is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it is by no means improbable that holes, if not wide valleys, will be found that lie a mile or so deeper than any yet explored, even though the general form of the sea bottom is that of a level plain rather than that of alternate valleys and mountains. Scientists have not yet determined the heights of all the mountains definitely, and much less will one be able to say where the plummet will find its lowest resting place. There is no part of the earth on which scientists and travellers would rather gaze with unobstructed eyes than on the bottoms of these deep valleys of the sea, deserts though they would seem to be, could the covering water be lighted up and made habitable for human beings.

There is one fact about the depths of the sea that is pretty well fitted in the popular mind, and that is that the greatest depth is somewhere near the greatest height of the mountains, and it is often assumed that no valley of the sea will ever be found much deeper than the highest peak. This may probably prove to be the fact, but when one comes to compare the average depth of the sea, one may find reason by inference for expecting to find valleys very much deeper than the mountains are high.

Capt. A. S. Barker of the Enterprise, while on his way from Porto Praya to Cape Town, when six days out from the latter port, dropped the plummet one morning at 4 o'clock (south latitude 32° 41' 54", east longitude 41° 01') and found the water 2,492 fathoms deep. At 1:30 P. M. another cast was made. The result was startling. A depth of only 731 fathoms was found, or two statute miles less than the last cast." So says the record.

It was almost as if a man while travelling along a plain had been suddenly and by unseen influences lifted two miles into the air. Admiral Belknap in the Tuscarora when surveying eastward from the Japanese islands had somewhat similar experiences. On one occasion he sounded from 200 fathoms off into 1,800, the grade down the mountain side being 250 feet to the mile. On another occasion [he found soundings in 44 fathoms on one day, a run of ten hours to the east brought him to the remarkable depth of 3,359 fathoms—a drop of more than three miles down into the sea in less than half a day's run.

In these instances related by Barker and Belknap the mountains were wholly [under the sea, and not, as in the case of the volcanic range between the Azores and Iceland, partly above water. There are, as almost every one knows, submarine volcanic ranges in various parts of the world. The straits of Sunda region in the East Indies being undoubtedly the most interesting. It was the good fortune of Capt. Barker of the Enterprise to arrive in this region just after the tremendous convulsions and submarine explosions that resulted in the submerging of some islands, the upheaval of new ones, the closing of old passages, and the destruction of thousands of human lives—a cataclysm known as the earthquake of Krakatoa. There was the building of a group of submarine mountains by a power so great that its shock was felt over millions of square miles of the earth's surface, and whose dust was seen clear across the world, even in a' sovieties the city of New York. Not only did the Captain see an unseen land at the bottom of the Indian Ocean, but he arrived at just the right time to find debris from the building of new ranges; there, floating over miles of the surface of the sea. It was like a vision of the time when the earth was without form, and void and darkness reigned over the face of the deep. "The sea at this time was covered with a floating pumice stone, in size from pulverized dust

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to blocks of large size. Extensive patches of driftwood, trees of large size, and heavy limos stripped bare, apparently recently broken off, were also floating with the current. We were streaming through this drift all day, and frequently were obliged to change the course to avoid running into the larger trees.

Occasionally nude bodies of white men and women were seen floating in the water, and here and there the swollen carcass of a drowned animal.

So says the record, and these facts are worth keeping in mind in connection with what will be said further on concerning the character of the surface of the unseen land beneath the sea. It is by a consideration of such convulsions as this one that the explorer of the unseen land may obtain an idea of what happened in the North Atlantic during those ancient days when the bottom of the sea was split open between the Azores and Iceland, and the mighty peaks at the ends of this range were built up by the molten lava that spouted up in such volumes that even the ocean itself could not congeal the gushing torrent before it had heaped itself up above the waves. The mind is staggered by a contemplation of the mighty power of the force within that opened up the rent and of that which was created by the sudden contact of the water with the fiery mass that came pouring out of the rent.

There is another submarine landscape found by the explorers which, though less impressive, is no less wonderful than the ranges of submarine volcanoes. There are hills, ridges, and peaks a-plenty beneath the tropical seas that, though reared by the silent, imperceptible power of a tiny polyp, are much greater in extent than those thrown up by volcanic gases.

The crests of these coral mountains that reach the surface of the sea have been made familiar to all readers by the tales of travellers, including that of Darwin himself, but not until recent years has the course of the curious crater-shaped top to be found on some of them been known. Darwin thought that the atoll, as the cup is called, was formed because the coral insect began building a barrier around some volcanic peak that was slowly subsiding. The peak went down in the centre as the ridge grew up. But it is now asserted that the hollow in the crest of the coral mountain is due to "the solvent action of the water, which tends to take up and carry away the slimy materials with which it comes in contact." The rounded crest of a mountain is melted down by the current of sea water that sweeps over it, while the direct impact of the waves breaks off the scraggly bits of coral formation just under the surface, and builds up a wall on all sides except the leeward. The growth of these coral submarine mountains is, as said, one of the wonders the under-water explorers built, and long, irregular crests sometimes appear at the surface of the sea in consequence. The reef in the Caribbean Sea called Roncador, on which the Hon. Warner Miller and a party of capitalists and engineers were wrecked some years ago, is an instance. In fact, where coral polyps are found at work along the shore, as about the lower end of Florida, they commonly build ridges that lie parallel with the beach.

It happens, however, that deep gulches and ravines are often found in the coral mountain ranges, and these gulches are formed somewhat after the fashion of the gulches of the mountains in the air. They are cut out by currents of water, not exactly as mountain torrents wear away the sides of mountains—not by striking it away by dissolving the coral and carrying it away to deposit it where the current slackens its speed. There are under-sea deltas of coral-reefs just as there is

a delta of Missouri and Illinois mud at the mouth of the Mississippi, and a bar off the mouth of New York harbor.

For the ordinary traveller a consideration of the loftiest submarine peaks and the deepest of the submarine valleys would have a much greater interest than any other part of the unseen world. It is the Garden of the Gods, or the Grand Canon, or the Yosemite that the personally conducted tourist excursions go on, but there is an appreciative remnant capable of fad-ing an intense interest in the barless plain of Nebraska or the Llano Estacado of New Mexico. The enthusiastic orators of the West speak of these plains as the "boundless prairies"—plains that are crossed in a day or so by an ordinary overland flier. That a stretch of land should be found so nearly level that a railroad forty miles long has neither grade nor curve in it is a matter of wonder.

But what are these "boundless prairies" to the mighty beds of the sea? Though the whole length and breadth of the United States were reduced to the level of a Dakota wheat field, and its surface lifted in one vast sod, many places at the bottom of the sea could be found where this sod could be spread without a wrinkle or a change of level perceptible to the eye of one who might cross it on a railroad train. Zigzag grades and even tunnels would indeed be necessary, could the imagination lay railroads from port to port under the sea, but there would be divisions thousands of miles long where a single plough furrow to mark the route would serve for all the grading needed.

When Darwin had returned from his journey around the world in the Beagle, and was ready to write the story he had gathered, he said that of all he had seen nothing had made so deep an impression on his mind as the desert plain of Patagonia. An I Patagonia was once a part of the bottom of the sea. Contradictory as it may seem, there is not a single range of true mountains in this deep seas. One has to have the scientist's definition of a mountain to appreciate this. For a mountain is properly speaking, a ridge, caused by a folding, a creasing of the earth's surface, and not a heaped up mass of lava, or the self-made tombstone of a submarine animal. Just why the earth's crust never folded under the sea, as it did where the crust was dry and along shore, is nowhere explained by the naturalist, but the unlearned reader might guess that after the original formation of the vast receptacles which now form the ocean's beds, and the filling of them with the water now found there the weight of water was sufficient to hold in place the crust of the earth, that was elsewhere doubled and bent and cracked open, save in those few localities where the internal fires created gases that burst up in volcanic forms.

Now, while it is literally true that the great submarine world is and must remain unseen, the explorer may yet take in his hand certain particles of the surface of this land, and, what is of still greater interest, may have and examine at his leisure the fauna to be found there. It is in connection with these minute particles from the bottom of the sea that the character of the debris found afloat by the steamer Enterprise in the straits of Sunda region after the cataclysm there becomes interesting. The explorers of the unseen land are provided with machines which will bring to the deck of their ship samples of the earth over which the ship is floating. No matter whether the ship lies above a mountain peak that rises three miles above the plane of the sea floor, or over a valley that lies five miles below the surface, the little cylinder of the soil, two inches or so in diameter, may be had. Many thousands of these samples of the unseen world have been gathered and preserved, and to the student of nature they are of only less interest than a sample of the moon's surface would be. And yet a cursory glance at the tabulated reports of these exhibits shows an astonishingly brief statement of the driest facts. For instance in the trip of Capt. Barker in the Enterprise from New Zealand to the straits of Magellan, a distance of more than 7,000 miles, the tabulated characteristics of the soil brought up were gravel, mud, coarse sand, shells, specks, and stones.

These matters were further described by their colors—black, brown, blue, dark gray, white, and so on, and further by their condition—broken, hard, and soft, &c. That a two inch ball of soft grey mud could be of extraordinary interest seems incredible at first thought, and yet under the microscope and in the hands of one who knows nature the bit of clay becomes just that—becomes extraordinarily interesting. With that in hand the man who knows can read in it the story or the mighty upheaval that created the volcanic range existing a thousand miles away far he finds in it the pumice stone like that the Enterprise saw floating on the surface of the sea after the submarine explosion at the straits of Sunda. He might possibly make a reasonable accurate guess as to the date of this cataclysm, for according to one writer on this subject the deposits on the bottom of the deep sea aggregate something like an inch in a thousand years. If the pumice stone dust were found a half inch below the surface of the sample of soil brought up, then the eruption shook the earth 500 years before the sounding was made.

Elsewhere the scientist is able to declare the story of the lives of millions of insects under tropical waves the story of a journey from the frozen north, and under the icebergs of the cape of Greenland may find the skeletons of beings born in the shade of the mango apple tree. Even the trade winds leave a trail that is unmistakable at the bottom of the sea.

The labels on the tiny specimens brought from the depths to say nothing but "white coral," "green mud," "grey specks," and so on, but the trained eye can read under the labels of the building of a world.

An exploration of the unseen world that did not consider the works of human art to be found there would be lacking in one of the most interesting features possible to such an adventure. How many thousands of ships have gone down to the unseen haven that lies along the bottom of the North Atlantic? Prof. Shaler guesses there may have been 30,000, and he estimates that the area of the ground whereupon they lie is 3,000,000 square. But sailors know that the wrecks are not scattered evenly over the path between Sandy Hook and Liverpool. They are huddled in some places. There is the "stormy forties" region off the banks of Newfoundland, for instance. Could the sea be cleared away the spectator would find, not one every ten miles there, but more likely a half a dozen on one mile—possibly wreck upon wreck. A gruesome landscape that would be, were only the thin layer of sea dust to be found on them, but in truth only the skins of those most recently sunk would be visible to the eye. The genius of Clark Russell in one of his tales of the sea brings a part of the bottom of the ocean up in the shape of an island, and there his characters, who are wrecked, find the bulk of an old-time galleon covered over with barnacles and shell growths. And the story accurately enough gives the facts. The old wooden bulks, however, would scarcely retain their forms for any such period as Mr. Russell's bulk was supposed to have done. There are animals there that would bore their way through and through the timbers, and through the bones of the drowned as well, so that in a period infinitely brief for a world that takes an account of time the mightiest floating wall of oak becomes a rounded mound of the shape of a human grave.

It is not quite so with the iron ships, for they can only be dissolved by the chemical action of the water, but, after all, what does a century or two matter down there? Nature laughs when she observes that men speak of their works of art as enduring, and from the depth of the sea reminds them that if over a time comes when eyes shall search for human relics along the North Atlantic trail, there will be found nothing but the rusted metal bars and shrouds overboard.—N. Y. Sun.

