

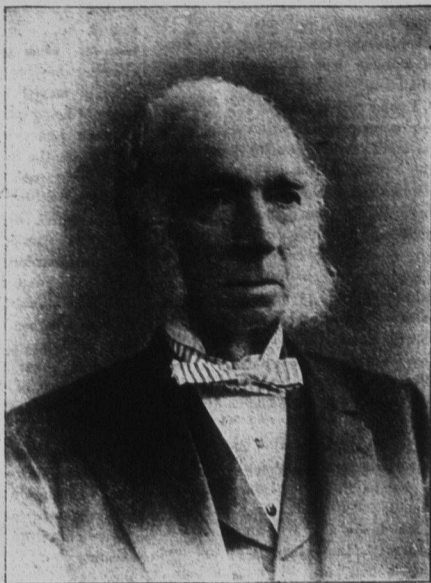
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

AUDITOR GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK, OF FREDERICTON.

Nearly a Quarter of a Century in His Present Responsible Position—What Fredericton was like in Olden Times—A Life of Honorable Usefulness.

A familiar figure on the streets of the Capital City for more than half a century has been the gentleman whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue.

Mr. Beek was appointed Auditor General of the province in November, 1867, four months after the Confederation of Canada.



AUDITOR-GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK.

Mr. James S. Beek is an Irishman by birth, having been born on the first of June, 1814, in Bandon, County of Cork.

As a boy, Mr. Beek attended for a short time the public schools of Fredericton, but most of his education was the result of private study, both before and while he was serving as a merchant's clerk.

For about a dozen years he was an alderman. In 1859 he ran for mayor, defeating the late Mr. Needham by a vote of 353 to 243, and in the two following years was elected unopposed to that position.

Mr. Beek is an Irishman by birth, having been born on the first of June, 1814, in Bandon, County of Cork.

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

DAIS WHEN LANERGAN REIGNED AT THE LYCEUM.

Who Won Popular Favor in Well Known Plays—An Incident at an "Octoroon" Performance—How "East Lynne" Impressed a Jolly Tar.

In speaking of the drama of Leah the Forsaken, in a former letter, I forgot to mention an important fact that may not be generally known, and that is, when the play was first produced at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in 1862, Mr. Lanergan was the original "Father Hermon" in the cast.

A very great favorite at the Lyceum was Jessie Brown's dramatization of the incident in connection with the Relief of Lucknow, during the Hindoo rebellion and the mutiny of the Sepoys, and it was in annual demand.

The Nana Sahib..... W. H. Callings
Randal Mcgregor..... N. T. Davenport
George Mcgregor..... W. H. Davenport
Rev. David Blount..... J. B. Fuller
Sweeney..... W. J. Wiggins
Casidy..... T. H. Burns
Achmet..... F. Beck
Jessie Brown..... Mrs. Lanergan
Amy Campbell..... Mary Sherlock
Alice..... Madeline Hardy
Mary..... Mrs. Brown

At that time the 15th Regiment, under the command of Col. Grierson, was in garrison, and a detachment of troops was always allowed to attend and assist in the production of the piece.

The Octoroon was another strong drama that the Lyceum manager was fond of producing, and it is to the present day one of the best drawing bills that can be offered.

the end of the piece. Mose finally saw him, when the sailor said: "See here, you blubber; you told me there was a good stiff east wind; but I didn't see anything but water—for the tears were in my eyes most of the time!"

This incident Mr. Fiske related to me the last time I saw him in Providence, R. I., in 1885. H. PRICE WEBBER.

A Gross Deception. A lady in this city has a handsome Irish setter, which has never been known to desert its mistress. Last week a lady visitor was staying at the house, and on the day after her arrival was taken by a gentleman friend for a drive. The day being quite raw, she muffled herself up well, and at the suggestion of the hostess donned a fur-lined cloak belonging to the latter. No sooner did she open the door than the setter showed every sign of recognition, and bowed joyfully along in company with the sleigh.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. have just received: BROWN BREAD FLOUR, WHEAT FLAKES, DESSICATED WHEAT, BARLEY GRITS, WESTERN GREY BUCKWHEAT, PURE BROWN HONEY, GOLDEN SYRUP. 32 Charlotte street.

Rector—"I haven't seen you at church lately."
Old Woman—"No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the daytime."—E.

To Robert Burns. Sweet singer, that I love the maid O' my ain, wi' eager haste I smacked my hands over the taste O' himled sang.

For, weel I ken, nae cauld phrase, Nor courtly airs, nor lately ways, Could gar me freer blame, or praise, Or proffer hand, Where "Rantin' Robble" and his lay, Together stand.

And see these hamely lines I send, WT' jinglin' words at lika end, In echo of the songs that wend Frae thee to me Like stammer brooks, wi' mony a bent O' wimplin' glee.

In fancy, as wi' dewy een, I part the clouds about the scene Where thou wast born, and peer'd atween, I see me spot In a' the Highlands o'er the green And unforgot!

I see nae storied castle-hall, WT' banners flauntin' o'er the wall, And serf and page in ready call, See grand to me As ane pair cotter's hut, wi' a' its poverty.

There where the simple daisy grew Sa' bonnie sweet, and modest, too, Thy blin' filled his wee head fu' O' a' grace, It aye is weepin' tears o' dew WT' droopin' face.

Frae where the leather bluebell flung Their sangs o' fragrance to the Spring, To where the lavender soars to sing, Still lives thy strain, For a' the birds are twittering Sangs like thine ain.

And aye, by light o' sun or moon, By banks o' Ayr, or Bonnie Doon, The waters lift nae tender tune But sweeter seems Because they pour'd their humpid rune Through a' thy dreams.

WT' brimmin' lip, and laughin' ee, Thou shoolest even Grief wi' glee, Yet had nae nigard sympathy, When sorrow bowed, But gavest a' thy tears as free As a' thy name.

And see it is we loe thy name To see bleeze up wi' sic a' fame That a' pretentious stars o' fame Mun blink asleest, To see how simple worth may shame Their brightest gleam! James Whitcombe Riley.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. Dear Sir,— This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road. SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons Bros. & Co., and Fenwick, Stoddard & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure. THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is a convincing proof that this For sample packages send three cent stamp to

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

300-THREE-300 BOYS' SUITS.

TWO PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 4 to 8 years. THREE PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 8 to 14 years.

OAK HALL, Cor. King and Germain Streets. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

WOOD AND SLATE MANTEL PIECES.



SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles.

Celery Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Individual Salts and Peppers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, &c. FINE QUALITY, LOW PRICES. T. McAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

This is What the Model Grand has in the way of improvements—Low closet, with reservoir and pipe shelf; the ventilated oven door attachment, high shelf, mantle closet. These improvements are put on ten different varieties of this Stove. It is the talk of the women. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte Street.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S CONFECTIONERY.

Picture Frames. We would say: HAVING secured the services of one of the best tildeis and Moulders in the United States we are prepared to execute all orders in fine Gold, Astoria, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—these frames being made without joined corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen, as well as the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of fine Mats and Mounts. We can give our patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of S. L. GORRELL, Manager GORRELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street, Opera House Block.

FORCED TO EXPLAIN A JOKE.

A Critical Reader Finds Fault With A Correspondent's Quotation. I don't know of a more melancholy task that can fall to the lot of the newspaper man, than to be obliged to explain a joke in merciless black and white, and now, thanks to a gentleman who signs himself first "Polonius," and then scratches it out, and substitutes "Visitor"—this usually supercilious work is forced upon me.

To the Editor of Progress: I would regard it as a special favor if you would kindly inform your Moncton correspondent, that it is the office of Hamlet's step father, and not Hamlet's father's body that is "Rank and Smells Heaven," as per his letter in your issue of the 7th inst. The selection is as ridiculous as the idea is disgusting. VISITOR, Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 10th, 1891.

Now, you know, really, "Visitor," it was not at all nice of you to go and give me away to the editor that way; and at the same time patronize him gently by implying that he knew no more about Shakespeare than I did, and so let the "solocism" get into his paper without ever discovering it. But the fact is that the editor was almost as much amused at your letter as I was myself. So much by way of introduction: now to explain that joke.

There are many of Shakespeare's plays with which I am unfamiliar—in fact I think about 30—but if you wish to puzzle me in either Hamlet, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, or The Merchant of Venice, you will have to—as the boys say—get up very early in the morning. I haven't got my Shakespeare at hand, but if I mistake not, the proper quotation is: "O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven."

And it is the opening line of King Claudius (of Denmark) soliloquy. Well, my little joke—which you are pleased to misquote, saying I spoke of the body of Hamlet's father, instead of his shade—was taken from a burlesque of the play, which I once read, and which pictured the ghost as rising from the lower regions and bringing with it a strong odor of sulphur. The idea seemed ridiculous to me that I used it, fancying all readers of Shakespeare would see the utter, and exquisite, absurdity of the fancy

and little dreaming that anyone would be found to rise up and vindicate the delinquent poet, by solemnly correcting me.

And so you disapprove of Shakespeare's expression, do you "Visitor?" since you say the idea is disgusting. Poor Shakespeare! how fortunate for him that he is dead, and buried, and so can never be wounded by the knowledge of your disapprobation!

Go to! "Visitor," thou art verily the twin brother of the immortal Mr. Barlow, who's talks through the pages of Sanford and Merton instructing and correcting everybody with whom fate brings him in contact. But, of a surety thou hast overreached thyself this time, since I firmly believe that thou, and thou alone, of all my thousands of readers, failed to see through that innocent little joke, which I sent out as a sort of carrier pigeon, and which, alas! was grabbed on the way by a bird of prey and torn in pieces.

Don't Do It Again. "Hulloa, Jack! what are you doing? trying to sew?"

"Can't you see what I am doing? I am trying to darn my socks! and a nice time of it I am having, too."

"Well, I wouldn't use black thread if I were you, it doesn't look well, and it makes a hard lump."

"Why, what do you use? is white thread any better?"

"Oh! I don't use anything of that sort now, there is no necessity."

"You don't mean to say you are married, Jim?"

"Oh, no! I can't afford that until I get a better salary, but I send all my things to Ungar's Steam Laundry now, and they come home all mended and fixed just as well as mother herself could do it. It is a specialty of theirs now, and we fellows save an end of money by it. Just you try them Jack."

"Thank you for telling me about it old fellow. I will."—Adet.

Its Looks were Against it. Policeman—"Where did you get that chain?" Flasher—"I bought it, of course. Did you think I stole it?" Policeman—"It looks like guilt."—Er.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is a convincing proof that this For sample packages send three cent stamp to

IN MUSICAL CHAIRS Now that Lent is upon find anything very startling line to write of. Mrs. J. J. cale, I suppose evoked m week, but it is almost Well, it was a big crush have been quite a sum Tilly's hospital scheme house is most admirably thing of the kind, and I in her power to make the but oh! that programme. not to be described, w the time to be spent in crowded rooms. Half the would have answered ju an quite sure, that it (th the attraction which bro of the large audience. parlor concert on, a la about the worst thing on at, where a lot of peo that as long as they have stoll fee, they are entic note of your song, piano it may be, for a signal to perhaps, but what is wor tracing solo roce whic drive every sane thought er's brain, that is, if she nervous. And the peopl good part of them, at M exception to the rule. A ers they were good, had their services for "sweet they shall not be bad Mrs. Gilchrist sang an cello obligato, very fine Lord is my Shepherd" w Mr. Titus, was also very Carter and Mr. Titus sang "Morning Land," in wh blended beautifully. M suffering with a cold, "Moderation" in a very ner. Mr. Daniel sang "On the Deep," and pleased with the low (D he introduced in the clos fact was really very goo I am beginning to g with the Arion Waltz (I and am waiting patientl the "Emergency" quart new repertoire in sing Hamcock, Miss Young a all sang the numbers a nicely, and the Treble C selection by Sparr. M she "Clet" that a little acceptable; it is rather parts stand now. Th gies with equal force to choir, or at least to the which otherwise went regard to tempo and Goddard substituted a by Carl Boehm, for the by Reinecke, as the acti piano is a little stiff fo number of running pas in the Ballade. Mr. Evely played Gottschea piano duet. It is a found favor with th need not say an Lindsay's solo, as said how well it suits Bowdoin's cello solo w The rest of the program duet, "The Peir Head" R. Armstrong and Mr. son; vocal duet by M Mrs. W. H. Horn, pian Misses Thorne and Al sang Scott-Gatty's "A finely indeed, and Miss lady who gives promi markedly good soprano trained properly—gave Reached my Heart." I zels, but am not sure. I have enlarged more up is almost too old to in performers, than was a where there is absolute out going on, what is or The St. James' church taking a musicale and c hold in their school ro after Easter, and some have consented to tak the affair is to be by in not heard all the parti is to be given in the Presbytery church on street-east and Carran last week of this month Mr. Jas. S. Ford's "Ages," proved a great at St. John's church la and a joke with many congratulations to the c

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Now that Lent is upon us, it is hard to find anything very startling in the musical line to write of. Mrs. John Boyd's musical, I suppose evoked most comment last week, but it is almost old news now. Well, it was a big crush, and there must have been quite a sum realized for Lady Tilley's hospital scheme. Mrs. Boyd's house is most admirably adapted for anything of the kind, and I think she did all in her power to make the affair a success; but oh! that programme. My feelings are not to be described, when I thought of the time to be spent in those warm, crowded rooms. Half the amount of music would have answered just as well, for, I am quite sure, that it (the music) was not the attraction which brought the majority of the large audience. I do think that a parlor concert on a large scale, is just about the worst thing one can find to sing at, where a lot of people seem to think that as long as they have paid their admission fee, they are entitled to take the first note of your song, piano solo, or whatever it may be, for a signal to talk, not aloud perhaps, but what is worse, in that distracting *zotto voce* which is enough to drive every sane thought from the performer's brain, that is, if she or he, be at all nervous. And the people, or at least a good part of them, at Mrs. Boyd's, were no exception to the rule. As for the performers they were good, bad—no! they gave their services for "sweet charity's sake," so they shall not be bad—and indifferent. Mrs. Gilchrist sang an *aria* with very fine effect, very finely. The duet "The Lord is my Shepherd" which she sang with Mr. Titus, was also very effective. Mrs. Carter and Mr. Titus sang a charming duet, "Morning Land," in which their voices blended beautifully. Mr. Titus, although suffering with a cold, gave Cheney's "Meditation" in a very sympathetic manner. Mr. Daniel sang "Love's Fine Song," "Out on the Deep," and I was especially pleased with the low (D. I think) which he introduced in the closing bar. The effect was really very good.

I am beginning to get rather wearied with the *Arlon Waltz* (sweets will clog), and am waiting patiently for the time when the "Emergency" quartette will have their new repertoire in singing shape. Miss Hancock, Miss Young and Miss Quinton all sang the numbers allotted them very nicely, and the Treble Clef gave a pretty selection by Sparr. Might I suggest to the "Clef" that a little less alto would be acceptable; it is rather prominent as the parts stand now. The same remark applies with equal force to the St. David's choir, or at least to the selection they gave, which otherwise went very well, both as regards tempo and expression. Miss Goddard substituted a *Pavane Brillante*, by Carl Boehm, for the *Ballade de l'Alceste*, as the action of Mrs. Boyd's piano is a little stiff for anything with the number of running passages which occur in the *Ballade*. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ewing played Gotschalk's "Radiance" as a piano duet. It is a bright thing, and found favor with the audience. I do not see why anything of Mr. Lindsay's solo, as I have before said how well it suits him. Miss Flossie Bowden's cello solo was neatly executed. The rest of the programme contained vocal duet, "The Peir Head" (Halkah), Mr. J. R. Armstrong and Mr. G. Ladlow; Robin, son; vocal duet by Newman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Horn, piano duet by K. Bela, Misses Thorne and Allison. Mr. Mayes sang Scott-Gatty's "True Till Death" very finely indeed, and Miss Fiddoo—a young lady who gives promise of having a remarkably good soprano voice, if it is trained properly—sang "The Song that Reached my Heart." I think it is by Marjorie, but am not sure. It strikes me that I have enlarged more upon a subject which is almost too old to interest any but the performers, than was at all needful, but where there is absolutely nothing of interest going on, what is one to do? The St. James' church people are meditating a musical and conversational, to be held in their school house on the Friday after Easter, and some of our best talent have consented to take part. I believe the affair is to be by invitation, but have not heard all the particulars. A concert is to be given in the school room of the Presbyterian church on the corner of King street-east and Carmarthen street, in the last week of this month, I think. Mr. Jas. S. Ford's anthem "Rock of Ages," proved a great success when sung at St. John's church last Sunday evening, and I join with many others in tendering congratulations to the composer.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

St. John never was looked upon as a good show town, and since the fire of '77 it has gone backward if anything in this respect. The people have never been "educated up to it," but that they would be apt pupils did somebody come along willing to lose money with hopes of gain in the future, has been plainly shown time and again. But the show must always be of high quality. The longer a good company stays here, the more people will go to see it. This was the case with the McDowell show a year or so ago, and some years ago the Wilson Day company played in the Institute to slim audiences the first week of the engagement, and at the end of six weeks had crowded houses every night. The company was a good one, although the prices were low, and the longer it stayed, the people got better acquainted with the actors, and became interested in them.

Another instance of this is the Bijou, on Charlotte street. As the performance in this case is variety, changes are necessary

Featherbone Corsets

THE long-felt want of Corsets based with a material that is absolutely impossible to break, and which so much of wear will make limp, is overcome by the ingenious invention of Featherbone. Whilst being perfectly unbreakable these Corsets impart the greatest comfort and support to the wearer, are of exquisite design, and give a graceful symmetry to the figure. In the following qualities and colors: Retail Prices. "IMPERIAL," in drab, \$1.00. "EMERALD," in Ecru, \$1.00. "MONTROSE," in white, \$1.00. "PEERESS," in drab, \$1.25. "EXQUISITE," in drab, \$1.50. —AND— "BRIDAL," in White.

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!!! Have you seen the New "Warren Hose Supporter," patent for 1890? A rounded RIB which CANNOT destroy the thinnest hose. The WARREN is the la-!!! test and best in use.

to keep up the interest, but then we have always some of last week's performers mixed in with the new ones, and one is perfectly at home. The boys in the gallery, especially, couldn't be easy unless they had an old friend on the stage. For weeks after the show opened Queenie Hetherington was the favorite, and made the audience feel at ease, as it were, before strangers. And now the boys have settled their affections on that genial Irishman, Jim Curran. He has been here over seven weeks, and the floor is in greater danger of going through to the basement than ever. And both these artists are good ones. In fact we have not seen Queenie Hetherington's equal in her special line, since the Bijou opened, and there is only one Curran. His popularity has not been confined to St. John. Before coming here he was one of a great team, in which his partner was equally as good as himself, doing the New England circuit.

Hayden and Hetherington are at present performing in Austin and Stone's museum in Boston, and James Irvine, who did the trapeze and balancing act at the Bijou some weeks ago, is the leading attraction at that famous museum, and has his name in very much larger type in the Boston papers than was accorded him while in St. John.

Charles Blatt and Miss Wohlforth have proved a wonderful attraction, as was shown Monday evening when the former broke a large Liverpool horse shoe with enough iron in it for half a dozen. It was amusing to hear the comments made while the perspiration was dropping off of the strong man in beads. Some thought the fellow who brought such a horseshoe should "be hanged," and others didn't see why Mr. Blatt should kill himself wrestling with such a monster. One man who sat near me expressed an opinion of St. John people that was not very complimentary and wound up with: "Well, I suppose Blatt's travelled all over the world and had to come to St. John to find people scouring the country for a brute of a horseshoe that he couldn't break." We're very sceptical, sure.

Since the Bijou opened we have seen some first class variety performers, and time and again I have run across their names in the American papers. I have always felt interested in their whereabouts and doings, and no doubt many of the hundreds who now attend the Bijou feel the same. So I will endeavor to keep the run of show people and let you see whether other people think so much or as little of them as we do.

I hear that McCann, who was the originator of the Lyceum, would like to come down here again this season, but is not likely to come. There is all the difference in the world between McCann's Lyceum and the Bijou, and everybody is satisfied. When last heard from, McCann was in Worcester, Mass. Some time ago I saw an article on "Christmas on the Road," with his signature to it, in the Harrisburg Telegram.

Nick Hughes, who was another one of the first, would also like to come down. He is at present filling an engagement at the Grand Theatre, Brooklyn.

It will no doubt be a great disappointment to many of the boys to hear that the Bijou will not be open every night hereafter. It has been very convenient,

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? There may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood purifier? there can be but one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.—Afr.

when we had spare time of an evening, to drop in and see the show. But the crowd is too capricious. If every night was like Monday, the managers would be happy, but unfortunately all the men and boys in town seem to have set aside Monday evenings for the Bijou, and the result has been standing room only on that night. Tuesday night the attendance drops off, and comes up again about Thursday for the rest of the week.

Messrs. Mackay and Blatt have been making arrangements to form a New Brunswick circuit and take the show on the road every other week. While the show is away the Bijou will be closed. The greatest difficulty in forming the circuit was to secure halls in the different towns, but arrangements have been made to show in Fredericton, Woodstock, Calais, St. Stephen and St. Andrews, and the company will start on the road Monday. By offering the performers long engagements, the managers hope to keep down the expenses considerably. As it is now, they can only guarantee a stay of one week, and two weeks "if good," and as the actors have to pay their own travelling expenses, it requires big money to get them to come down here.

Morton, Reno and Mack, the contortionists, are at the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia.

An amusing incident occurred at the second performance of *Hands Across the Sea*, which a good many in the audience enjoyed. The intelligent "super" got in his fine work. In one of the acts he had the pleasure of knocking three or four "supers," dressed like French soldiers, flat on the ground, but in the next act they came near having their revenge. It was in the scene where Robert Stillwood is arrested. One of the company caught hold of him, and so did several "supers." It was only intended that he should be placed in the back ground, but they didn't see it that way, and when Stillwood began to wrestle with them, probably thought he was acting his part to perfection and exerted all their energies to hustle him off the stage. Finally another one of the company told them to let him alone; and they did.

This is the way the *Clipper* chronicles the arrival of one of Lytell's company in New York: John Sutherland returned to this city Feb. 8, from Halifax, N. S., where he had been playing in the Stone Lytell Co. He does not seem very well pleased with his experience.

It's the same old story with change of characters. SPARKLER.

He Was Satisfied.

They were talking politics. Anybody could see that. And they both held different views. There was no doubt about it. It was plain to people a block away. "Give us free trade with the United States," said one, with the wave of the hand. "Everything would be cheaper. We could live on half the money, and be prepared for taxation. Why, look at the clothes you have on, you could save money on them."

"No, I couldn't possibly. I wouldn't want to pay less for clothing than I did for this suit. It wouldn't be safe. And would you want a better cut or make? No, sir. I can get clothing as cheap as I want to buy it, at Wm. J. Fraser's Royal clothing store."

DYSPEPTICURE

THE PAMPHLET

on "Dyspeptiure" gives the results of many years study on Diet and Diseases of Digestion; all interested in these subjects. Chronic Dyspeptics especially, should read this little book; it is wrapped around each bottle of the remedy or will be promptly mailed to any address.

"Dyspeptiure" is sold by all Druggists at 25c. & \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

TENDERS.

TENDERS for a term of one or three years from 1st April next will be received by the Indian and Lancaster Ferry Commissioners for the plying of

A SUITABLE STEAM FERRYBOAT

on the route between Indiantown and Pleasant Point. Said steamer to be of not less passenger accommodation than the W. E. Vroom. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders will close March 2, 1891, same to be addressed to the Indian and Lancaster Ferry Commissioners. D. H. NASE, Sec'y and Treas. St. John, Feb. 2, 1891.

TO LET. THE DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allan, King street (West End).—Apply to ROBT. TURNER, 12 King street, City.

WANTED. BOYS WANTED in every locality in N. B. and N. S., from 12 to 18 years of age. No fortune made, but good wages—for after school hours. Key Chains; sell well. Retail for 25c., send lists, for sample. H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

HAROLD GILBERT, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN CARPETS, FURNITURE, and BEDDING.

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- HEMP CARPETS. FIGURED CARPETS. UNION CARPETS. WOOL CARPETS. THREE-PLY CARPETS. TAPESTRY CARPETS. BRUSSELS CARPETS. WILTON CARPETS. AXMINSTER CARPETS. ART CARPETS. LACE CURTAINS. FURNITURE COVERINGS. BEDSTEADS. MATTRESSES. BUREAUS. BABY CARRIAGES, &c., &c. WASHSTANDS. TABLES. CHAIRS. HAT RACKS. SIDEBOARDS. FOLDING BEDS. BEDROOM SUITES. PARLOR SUITES. MANTLE MIRRORS. WINDOW POLES.

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CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned Plums, Canned Pears, Canned Pineapple (Sliced, Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Blueberries, Canned Peas (French and Canadian), Canned Salmon, Canned Lobster, N. B.—Above goods are all new stock and bought from the factories, and we can give you low price by or dozen.

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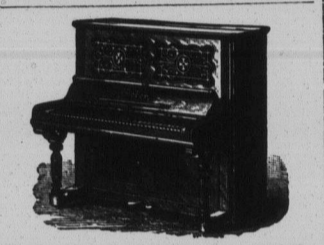
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Late Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, and Professor of History at Queen's College, London.

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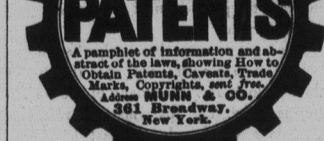
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FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. Oct. 4, 1890.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Until further notice Trains will leave St. John, (East) at 2 p. m. West Side, 2.30 p. m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.50 p. m. Leave St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p. m. Freight received and delivered at Monks', Water street. Eastern Standard Time.

FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. Oct. 4, 1890.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 street, St. John, N. B.

The Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Until March 1st, only old subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st, can renew for the old price—one dollar.

Renewed Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper. Let two weeks pass before you write about it, then be sure to send the name of the Post Office, how the money was sent, and how it was addressed.

Discontinuances.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy up to February 1st, and five cents per copy after that date. In every case be sure and give your Post Office address.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

The Circulation of this paper is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

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

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 21.

A SPLENDID SUCCESS.

We want a little space in this issue to speak of our first sixteen page paper and how splendidly it was received. To say that it was a success does not express the idea we wish to convey. We would have called it a success if the circulation had fallen off 1,000 or more, but when we consider that every copy was disposed of an edition as large as usual, we feel that we have good reason to be gratified.

It is a great satisfaction to know that such a venture has met with the approval of the public. Some of our best friends, more cautious than us, advised us against the step, but while we thanked them then and do still for their kindly interest, still it is pleasing to know that our maritime Canadian brethren are just as loyal in their support of a good newspaper as their upper Canadian brothers or American cousins. We are more than proud of the fact that it was reserved for the maritime provinces to publish the first sixteen page weekly newspaper in Canada. We will always try to make it what some of our contemporaries have been pleased to call it already, "a credit to American journalism."

We will take the liberty in this connection to quote the following extract from a business letter from a well known firm in Upper Canada. "We have also a copy of your sixteen page paper, and it is certainly a splendid turn out and the best value in Canada for the money. This country is flooded with sensational American papers from Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and Utica. Their influence is bad, and we would be glad to see them driven out of the market by such papers as yours."

Encouragement and commendation of a like nature have come to us from every quarter. We thank all our correspondents for their good opinions, suggestions and good wishes.

What follows is perhaps a little more practical and for that reason will be more appreciated by our advertising patrons and some others who like to have the "documents" with every statement. We have the most enterprising newswriters in the country. We say newswriters, though the sale of books and papers is with nine-tenths of them merely a side issue which is frequently attended with more loss than profit. For that very reason we have more occasion to thank them for their generous attention to PROGRESS. Here is what some of them say:

- Messrs. J. & A. McMILLAN, city—All sold out at 9 a. m. Saturday.
D. J. JENNINGS, city—Send me 10 more next week.
MORTON L. HARRISON, city—Sold seven more this week than last.
WATSON & Co., city—All sold out.
W. H. MURRAY, Moncton—Send me 20 more next Saturday.
JOHNIE McCOY, Moncton—All (175) sold out at 12 o'clock. Could have sold 20 more.
G. S. WALL, St. Stephen—Send me 5 more.
O. P. TREAT, Calais—Please double my supply.
W. F. H. FENETY, Fredericton—Sold better than ever. Send me 25 more.
W. H. EVERETT, Woodstock—Send me 10 more.
W. W. PRICE, Petitediac—Had to get 5 from train boy. Send me 8 more.
G. W. HOBEN, North End—All sold out.
A. MCARTHUR, North End—All sold out.
J. H. HAWTHORNE, F'ton.—Send 25 extra.
These are a few of the practical evidences of the success of the sixteen page paper. Our contemporaries in the province are more generous and just than our city neighbors—excepting the Globe. The few notices that we have seen are below and give some idea of the outside impression.

A Credit to St. John and Dominion Journalism.

Progress is just as progressive as its name implies. On Saturday it reached the Beacon office a sixteen-page sheet, and every sheet filled with in-

teresting reading or neatly-set "ads." We must congratulate Progress on its success. It is a credit to St. John and to Dominion Journalism.—St. Andrew Beacon.

It is Good. Progress enlarged comes up to my expectations. Good. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The Order increases at Five Cents. "We did not have enough papers. Better add five more. G. S. WALL." St. Stephen, Feb. 16, 1891.

We Will Excuse You This Time. St. John Progress has been enlarged from eight to sixteen pages. Progress seems to be the motto of the publisher as well as the name of the paper.—Yarmouth Light.

Fine Reading Matter and Illustrations. Progress comes into its enlargement today. It contains sixteen pages of fine reading matter, including a great many illustrations.—Fredericton Gleamer.

A Credit to American Journalism. Progress always was a welcome visitor and in its enlarged form it is a credit to American journalism. It is a handsome, neat, and well edited sheet. It will surely meet the success it deserves.—Fredericton Herald.

"Proof of Popularity and Prosperity." Proof of the popularity and prosperity of Progress is furnished by the fact that it is now a sixteen-page paper. Today's issue contains a very large amount of interesting reading matter, much of it illustrated.—St. John Globe.

Every Line is of Interest. The St. John Progress has been enlarged to 16 pages, and is bubbling over with interesting reading matter. Every line in its pages are of interest, and its circulation should largely increase.—Halifax Recorder.

Short But to the Point. This is what a Fredericton man writes when renewing his subscription to Progress: "Send me Progress of course. I don't want what little hair I have left pulled out. I was not aware my term had expired. Good paper."

"Unique and Indescribable." Progress, St. John, is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, still true to the name, it is going to enlarge to sixteen pages.—Canada.

Everything in Unison. Progress has developed into a sixteen page paper. Its rate of progress in quality of reading matter and circulation keep pace with this enlargement. Progress marked out a special scheme for itself at the beginning and sticks to its own lines.—Woodstock Press.

How Progress Went in Moncton. Progress was a great success on Saturday. I did not have a paper left at 12 o'clock. Everybody wanted one. If they go as well other Saturdays as they did this one, I can easily sell 200 more. Everybody was delighted with it. JOHNIE McCOY. Moncton, Feb. 16, '91.

Progress Believes in Advertising. As the Saturday issue of the Globe has a very large circulation it is a good medium for advertisers. Of this the enterprising publisher of Progress takes advantage.—Saturday's St. John Globe.

The Fredericton Gleamer can tell the same story, for Progress has made arrangements with it to print its announcements in every Friday evening's issue.

More Than the Ladies Look for It. When the enterprising proprietors of St. John Progress started that paper, there were many who considered that a paper giving as it does, special prominence to social matters throughout the province, could not be made a success. But it has become an institution which promises to be permanent, and it has been doubled in size and it now is issued as a sixteen page paper. It is the paper the ladies look for when Saturday comes, and as soon as they get it open their gaze rests upon the social events of the week, and they commence to discuss the dresses worn of which a description is given. We congratulate the publishers on the success they have made Progress, and heartily wish its continuance.—Newcastle Advocate.

Up To Magazine Standard. Tomorrow St. John Progress increases its number of pages from 8 to 16, and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning Progress, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until today it stands in the front rank of maritime province journalism. The society joinings from the numerous centres where Progress has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary value, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper highly is creditable to St. John. We wish the journal every success on its enlargements.—Our Society, (Halifax).

ADVENT OF JOHNNY HAYSEED. The farmer has come into United States politics, and it looks as if he had come to stay. When the farmers' alliance first stepped into the ring and pitched its hat into the corner, a smile of derision covered the countenances of republicans and democrats alike, but his lively sparring in the first round, which took place last November, has changed matters very considerably. The farmer has been sat on. He is about to sit on somebody. And he is a heavy weight and not particularly graceful. Somebody is therefore very likely to get hurt. He has been sat on by the money lenders, who took all his earnings in interest, and he is about to pay them back. He is bound to have free coinage in silver. At this the bankers shout in chorus "You will ruin us"; but the good farmer smiles and says "If an abundance of money will ruin you, it is time you were ruined." He has been sat on by the railways, and he is going to reverse the process, if he can. The railway men see the coming danger and are combining to resist it. JOHNNY HAYSEED says to the railway magnates: "One of us has to own the other. Either the people must own the railways or the railways the people, and I propose it shall be the former."

The great west has only begun to realize its strength; but now that it has done so look out. Not many of the social, business or, for that matter, religious traditions which rule the last have extended beyond the Mississippi, and the

old yardsticks that did to measure events in the last generation are fast becoming useless. Of course it is possible that the farmers may move too fast, it is indeed quite probable that they will. Avalanches always start slowly, but they are apt to acquire a frightful velocity, but, fast or slow, the movement which has been inaugurated in the western states is one of extreme importance, and the advent of JOHNNY HAYSEED will mark a new era in United States politics.

MEN AND THINGS.

Once upon a time, if the geologists are right in their deductions from the rock records, there was an era in the history of this world when frost was unknown, and if we may credit divers and sundry traditions, principally current among the North American Indians, men lived in that age. The fact that the remains of mammoths are found in high northern latitudes frozen solid and without a trace of decay, shows that the cold, when it did come, came suddenly. It, as has been suggested, the story of Job is a poetical account of the beginning of the ice period, we get a fuller idea of what the writer meant when he exclaimed, "Who can withstand this cold."

What a day that must have been when down upon a world teeming with animal life, and glorified with vegetation in its grandest forms, the breath of what the Icelandic Eddas calls the Ice Giants came.

Speaking of cold days, it was a cold day up in Westmorland on the 14th inst, for a very distinguished member of the fourth estate, whose yellow valise—which was not yellow—will no more vex the vision of those gentle children of the north, of whom D. G. SMITH and LEMUEL J. TWEEDE are bright and shining examples.

Speaking further of cold days, think what March 5th will be like to somebody. As to whom that somebody will be, Progress is not expressing any opinion. Ex post facto prophecy is sater than that which anticipates events.

There are prophets and prophets, but we fancy that of all the tribe, those who prophesy that any political party in Canada will throw up their hats for annexation are the furthest off of all. In the first place nobody—that is, nobody worth mentioning—in Canada wants annexation, and in the second place it need not be taken for granted that everybody in the United States wants it.

The addition of Canada to the United States would completely disarrange the political situation there, and while neither the republicans or democrats would refuse an offer from the Dominion, neither of them is in any particular haste to have one made.

Annexation is not necessarily the destiny of Canada, even in the remote future. Of course none of us is so wise as to be able to foresee what will take place fifty years from now, and none of us need trouble ourselves very much about it. The voters of that day will settle its issues in their own way.

Speaking of anticipating the future, recalls certain anticipations regarding North America. The great FRONTENAC dreamed of a day when with a cordon of forts from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi, he would rule the interior of the continent in the name of his christian majesty of France, and as he emphatically, if not very politely expressed it, "Drive the spawn of that puritan CROMWELL into the sea." We tell ourselves that WOLFE ended that game when he scaled the heights of Quebec! But did he? Just cast your eye down from Quebec into New England and the Maritime Provinces, and see how the French are crowding down. In another century they will be fifty millions strong, and they will need a large territory.

The visitor to Quebec must have been struck with the absence of the name of WOLFE in streets, wards, markets and the like. There is a MONTCALM market, and a MONTCALM almost everything, but you do not see much to remind you of the gallant young general who laid down his life on plains of Abraham. Yet when one stands upon the citadel and looks out over the city and the busy river feels that no such honors would do the hero justice, but that there should be inscribed to him some of the lines, which St. Paul's in London bears in memory of its architect, "Sinnoniamus queris, circumspice." If you seek his monument look around you.

What a delightful people our French fellow-Canadians are! There are really none more so anywhere. An educated Quebec gentleman is the embodiment of genial intelligence, an educated Quebec lady is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And how intense their pride of race is! They are the aristocracy of America. Their lineage is almost uncontaminated. In the United States and English Canadian provinces, immigration has so mixed up families that you cannot possibly tell up or what anybody is by descent, but up in Quebec you will not be astray in ninety nine cases out of a hundred if you seek in some humble Jean Baptiste a descendant

of the chivalrous adventurers, who with the blessings of the church and the smile of their sovereign, sets out two centuries ago to conquer the new world for the cross and La France.

The Dominion Illustrated St. John edition is at hand, two months after it was promised and the time the advertisers contracted for. Progress has commented upon this delay several times, and this, together with the absence of "puffs," which the representative of the Illustrated wished to offset by a free portrait of the editor in the edition, does not seem to have disposed of it very favorably toward this paper. The fact that the Illustrated thinks that Progress "does not emulate to be as respectable" as the daily papers, does not worry us. If, like it, we made drafts upon our patrons before the ink was dry on the edition and in some cases, for larger amounts than the contracts called for, we should be a good deal more concerned. In the gratuitous slur hurled at Progress, the Illustrated representative says he was not acquainted with its character when he arrived in the city. If that is so he is not acquainted with the Illustrated, because in back numbers of it he can find some of the most complimentary notices Progress has ever received from any paper.

If the representative did not know the character of this paper when he came to St. John, he was still in ignorance when he left, some months afterward, for one of his last calls was upon the editor of Progress asking again for his portrait. Refused politely a dozen times, the remark was then made "If I had no other reason I would not care to figure in that company. I prefer to stay out and, as you say, Mr. ELLIS is not going in I will keep him company." The "rogues gallery" existed only in the imagination of the Illustrated man. Perhaps, in future, it would be well for the Illustrated to confine its estimates of respectability to its staff, if the boastful fellow sent to St. John is a sample of it.

The "Sunday Reading" department of Progress has won popular favor in one week. It was, perhaps, a surprise to many readers to find such a department conducted on lines differing from the ordinary. We direct their attention this week to the timely reading to be found there. It is not political, and yet politicians might do worse than read what they will find there. A word as to the phenomenal interest taken in our prize Bible questions, the successful competitor in which will be announced next week. At this writing more than 100 answers have been received. The lady who conducts the question departments has this to say to those interested:

I am very much pleased to find so many boys and girls who read Progress also read their Bibles, as these very excellent answers to "The prize Bible questions" testify. I am only sorry that I cannot give a dollar to all, especially to the little boy who wished to send his prize to the "South Bay Zephyr," but hope he will be successful another time. I am surprised to find how many have confused ELIJAH's hiding place and lodging place with his dwelling place. Don't you remember? God told ELIJAH to hide by the brook Cherith. ELIJAH lodged in the cave at Mt. Horeb, but God at once asked him what he was doing there, and sent him back in the path of duty, but God sent him to dwell with the widow at Zarephath, Luke, 4, 25, during which time ANAN had searched every nation and kingdom for him.

And now, if this "Scriptural shield" found by so many boys and girls, will be used by them, how many happy homes will be brightened by these young warriors! For we read, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Proverbs, 16, 32. I will announce the successful competitor a week from today as I announced in last week's issue. NEAN.

Somebody has lately been taking the trouble to inform the world that none of the very rich men of the United States drink intoxicating liquors. It has been generally understood that some of them, especially a small gentleman by the name of GOULD, have a great fondness for water, so much so that they fairly force it upon the public in the shape of stock. There is no particular moral lesson to be drawn from the fact that the ASTORS, the VANDERBILTS and the ROCHEFELLES do not drink wine, and that COLIS T. HUNTINGDON does not even drink coffee. They are business men who, like other business men by thousands, have never acquired the habit of drinking. It speaks something, however, for the progress of our civilization that abstinence from the use of intoxicants is the characteristic of leading business men everywhere.

Thank Heaven there is a deep sentiment of loyalty still in the world, the canker of petty business has not entirely eaten it from the hearts of the people of Canada (chers)—Hon. Geo. E. Foster's Speech in the Mechanics Institute.

"The canker of petty business"! Phew!

Chats with Correspondents. TEMPERANCE, St. John—Your letter will be attended to next week.

FAIR PLAY, Woodstock—Opinions will differ. We do not care to open correspondence on the subject.

F. C. St. John—Your sketch is held for the present. Too busy to give it careful reading just now.

TRUST, St. John—Your letter is sweeping and severe. Can you call at this office any day between 12 and 1 o'clock.

DIARY and ST. ANDREW—Friday morning, too late.

"Progress" as a Premium. Mr. Geo. H. McKay has taken a novel mode of attracting attention to his dry goods store and inducing custom. He proposes to place 50 copies of PROGRESS on his counter every Saturday, and every customer to the extent of 50 cents will be entitled to a copy of the paper.

A LIBERAL ON THE SITUATION.

A Word to the Working Man on the N. P. By a Liberal.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The writer is not an unrestricted reciprocity man and never will be, because the word means "having no limitation." He is a Liberal all the same and will vote for no man who, under such a title, screens his annexation methods. For this is in fact what one of our Liberal candidates would have us do.

But to our facts. The St. John Globe of Monday copied from the Ottawa Free Press an article with the heading "Taxes, Taxes, Taxes: the effect of Sir John Macdonald's Policy." The said article points out the fearful duty that you, the working man, pay at the customs house on everything you wear, while the rich man pays nothing or next to nothing on his silks (30 per cent.) and his broad cloth, etc., which, as higher priced goods, are taxed at the same rate. It is a fact that the rich man pays duty, and will for a long while to come—it may be fifty or a hundred years—before we will reach the state at which such articles can be made in this "great country."

But what I want to call your attention to, and that of Mr. Ellis, is that the National Policy baby is now thirteen years old and has grown to be such a strapping chap that he is well able to take care of himself, and you working men, whom Mr. Ellis is so careful and anxious about, will be astonished when I inform you that you are not taxed a centon what you wear which accounts for the fact that Sir John Macdonald is without much of that revenue derived from the taxes on your goods, because this "great nation, Canada" makes the larger portion of all the goods you and your families use.

Here are the facts for you: Unbleached cottons which, thirteen years ago, were taxed one cent per yard and 15 per cent under the then new national policy are now made in every part of the country and pay no duty whatever. Not only do they pay no duty, but they employ thousands of working men and women who want homes, food, churches, amusements, etc. So you see that Sir John Macdonald's N. P. baby, now thirteen years old, prospers fifteen per cent, and one cent a yard entering his treasury, and is distributed among all classes. There is no duty on raw cotton and as a result we have better cotton today at seven cents per yard than we could have got thirteen years ago for ten and twelve cents per yard. This will apply to all cotton productions, such as white cottons, sheeting, pillow cottons, shirtings, gingham, shakers, cottonades, ticking, etc. Hosiery thirteen years ago paid a large tax; under the National Policy today it is made in all the provinces and is better and vastly lower in price than before the N. P. tax was put on; again the working man and all his family pay no tax.

Thirteen years ago flannels paid 30 per cent duty. To-day they pay nothing, because they are made in the country. Tweeds can be bought from 30 cents to \$1.25, without a cent of duty—it is only the swell or dude who pays for West of England or Scotch makes, and sometimes gets Canadian and is not aware of it. Blankets of white, pure wool can be bought to-day from \$1.50 up to \$10, all long fibre, pure wool, which cannot be equalled in any country in value; for, as yet, our best wools enter into the manufacture of tweeds, flannels, yarns and blankets simply because we have not started to make the classes of dress goods used by ladies. In all countries, such as Great Britain, France and Germany, the makers buy up all the long fibres and best wools of Australia for such uses in the London market.

Let us have free trade with Great Britain and we can hold our own in native goods, and not have to bend our necks to the yoke of the McKinley bill and annexation.

We want no wall let down because it would sweep away every mill in the country with Johnstown-like flood of over-production, which the McKinley bill will in time bring upon us, and further, the goods in the United States are similar in make, purity and finish, to Canadian, while the British cottons are still as in the past, sized with China clay, chalk, sour flour, etc., and would not be bought by our Canadian workingman's wife, one of the most prudent, wise, and careful creatures to be found in any country. Free trade with Britain would give us all we want of the high class goods, for there is none like unto her among the nations of the earth for skill, and diversity of textile fabrics, which places her in the position she holds. It is useless talking bosh about the poor working man, for he is better off today than for the past 50 years. What we want is to work up our timber and native woods into doors, etc., and take them like our Yankee brothers, to London, England, and there display them, as they do in a store in Holburn Viaduct—not in New York, Boston, etc. Millions of boxes are used, but it wants some person of means to tackle this business, because no London firm will contract with any one unless he is able and willing to give worthy guarantees that the stock in London will not give out. Why, of spool wood, cut properly and true, Paisley would consume a small forest itself. We have within this vast 'country untold wealth, and in free-trade England lies our best cash customers, if we have faith in ourselves. Half the dry

goods used in Canada by the working man are made in it, and no duty paid thereon. Mr. Ellis in his Carleton speech as given in the St. John Globe of 17th inst., says:

The taxes are paid by the workman, and not by the rich. To this subject he had given most careful study, he said, and had become convinced from every dollar earned by the poor man the government got a share.

I would only say that Mr. Ellis has no doubt given a vast amount of study, and in his path or street in life may hold no such profound ideas, but it has not been up dry-goods or manufacturer's street his life work has led him, and consequently his ideas have to be taken with a grain of salt. I will take all for granted he may say about a stone cup or a china one, but he knows little of the very largest interest—the dry goods interest, of this city, which requires more money to carry it on, than any other single interest in it. This is true of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.

Under the National Policy the value of property all over the Dominion is diminished. Under a policy of free trade it would expand. Expansion of trade would give employment to the people.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17.

The farm of 450 acres in Amity township, Berks county, Pa., belonging to the late John W. Casselberry, for which twenty years ago \$13,000 was paid, has been sold for \$900. Thus farm lands have depreciated under a high tariff. Whatever else may be said in favor of so-called "protection," one thing is certain, it is a burden upon the farmer.—Delaware County Democrat.

Berks county is the seat of great manufacturing industries. The farmer sows his seed and reaps his harvest in sight and hearing of manufacturing works which have been for nearly a lifetime the nurseries of protection. He has his "protected" home market at his very door. But every year he finds himself growing poorer and the value of his lands shrinking. Is it any wonder that the deluded granger should begin to flock by themselves and seek desperate remedies for the evils that afflict them?—Philadelphia Record, Feb. 16.

Farmers in Canada note the fact and contrast Uncle Sam's higher tariff, not to mention the effect in time to come under the McKinley bill and unrestricted reciprocity.

Prosperity for the workingman means prosperity for everybody. Let the people on the outskirts of the city remember the time when on Courtenay Bay there were many vessels building. What a number of people lived in that vicinity. What a large number of small stores flourished. And these small stores held the larger ones. It is employment that is wanted for the masses.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17th.

I would, in reply to the above, simply say that large wooden ships are as dips—things of the past. The world moves ever on. We have got to electric light days, hence iron ships, such as The Majestic, are in touch with the life of the day, and are built in Belfast, Ireland, London and Glasgow; not in the United States under the McKinley bill, but in free Britain, the mother land of many true-born Canadian workmen and their sons.

It is the first duty of every Canadian to make his country prosperous. It is not made prosperous by constant taxation, by squandering the public money, by making the people pay duties on their flour, their beef, their pork, on their clothing. It is the labor of the country that pays these taxes.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17th.

By his introduction of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States Canada would not have a N. P. but a duty called McKinley Bill. If that blessing would not make the working man howl "Taxation, Taxes, Taxation, Taxes." I do not know what would. This country is good enough for the honest farmer to raise beef or pork. Let the young farmers read up on stock raising, etc., put forth one half the energy into his work that is required in all city occupations, and his reward is sure independence.

As for the clothing, we can in our own city put together clothing for workmen as honest and as good as in the United States, because in the U. S. wool is taxed very high, and in Canada wool is free, therefore tweeds, etc., are lower in price than in the U. S. Consequently the working man is benefited and pays no tax. It is only the swell or dude who has his New York or Boston "tailor," and let him pay.

I am proud of being only a St. John lad and of the fact that my province, New Brunswick, can give every good man and true, who is willing and able to work, good returns for honest toil.

ROBERT TURNER.

NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

La Reunion Allemande. Le déparlement allemand de l'école de langues est maintenant sous la direction de M. Busse. Il y a, chaque semaine une réunion des élèves allemands. Celle qui en lieu la semaine passée chez Mme. Paterson était très agréable, le programme se com posant de récitation tirées pour la plupart des meilleurs poètes allemands. Deux des élèves ont récité la jolie petite comédie jouée chez Mme. Cowan.

M. Bober, le premier professeur allemand qui est venu ici, a assisté au meeting, vendredi soir, ce qui a fait un grand plaisir pour ses anciens élèves qui lui garde toujours une place dans leurs cœurs. On s'amuse toujours bien à ces réunions, il y a toujours de la musique et l'on y trouve maintenant une bonne occasion pour se familiariser avec celle de Wagner, ce grand compositeur qui est assez inconnu du monde général.

Dans une grande administration un sous-chef de bureau regarde par la fenêtre. "Etrange! murmure-t-il, voilà deux heures que je contemple ce maçon placé sur l'échafaudage vis-à-vis de mon bureau! Il n'a même pas encore effleuré avec son pinceau le mur qui lui est confié. Parole d'honneur! Je ne serais pas fâché de savoir pour quelle espèce de travail ce paresseux va toucher sa paye à la fin de la semaine!"

Dans un salon. Un artiste amateur vient d'entonner, d'une voix cavernueuse, la romance connue: "Le soir ramène le silence..."

Un voleur agrippé se fait entendre: "Vous savez qu'il est déjà tard! UNE ELVIE."

Why not have long selected Come in your Choice. Inset longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 Union street.

Making glass... LOGAN'S... Indispensable for all Hou... Made only by... 1891... Children's Trays, Brass and Copper Tea Granite and Agate... Which we are offered... SHERATON & SELL... Telephone No. 358... RUBBER... FOR... WE have best qualities of T... specially vulcanized and... Oil Clothing, etc... The finest qualities... BEST QUALITIES... ESTEY & CO... TH... W... Or at lea... (St. John... THOM... 15 C... Made to Or... STILL... Get a pair of scissors, cut this... MITCH... have in BOOTS and SHOES... WILL S... by getting what they use every... MITCHELL B...

Canada by the working man, and no duty paid thereon.

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ROBERT TURNER. LLES FRANCAISES. tionnion Allemande. allemand de l'école de langues est la direction de M. Busso. Il y a, un réunion des élèves allemands. eu la semaine passée chez Mme. es agréable, le programme se com ions tirées pour la plupart des allemands. Deux des élèves ont petite comédie jouée chez Mme. mme professeur allemand qui est à un meeting, vendredi soir, ce qui plaisir pour ses anciens élèves qui ra une place dans leurs coeurs. us jours bien à ces réunions, il y a asque et l'on y trouve maintenant ion pour se familiariser avec celle grand compositeur qui est assez le général.

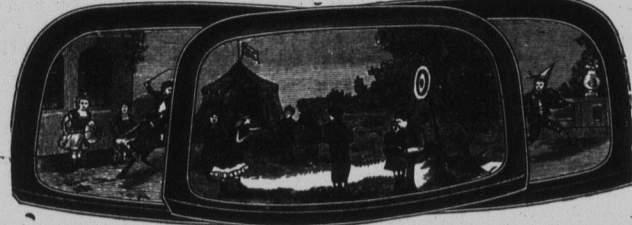
de administration au sous-chef de par la fenêtre. mire-à, voilà deux heures que je on placé sur l'échafaudage vis-à- ! Il n'a même pas encore effleuré le mur qui lui est confié. Parole travail pas fâché de savoir pour travail ce passez-vous à toucher sa semaine!

deur vient d'annoncer, d'une voix omance comue: leur ramène le silence. . . lette se fait entendre: qu'il est déjà tard! UNE ELÈVE. ve long selected Came in your longer, cheaper. Duval, 942



LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all Household and Laundry purposes. Made only by W.M. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N.B.

1891 — NEW YEAR — 1891



Children's Toys, Keystone Whisks, Brass and Copper Tea Kettles, Germain Cake Cutters, Granite and Agate Tea Pots, Butter Squirts, Cake Coolers, Electric Call Bells, Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 358.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. ECONOMICAL. SOLUBLE. EASILY DIGESTED. Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

RUBBER CLOTHING! FOR GENTLEMEN.

FOR LADIES. The finest qualities of CLOTH SURFACE CLOAKS, with Capes, BEST QUALITIES OF AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

ESTEY & CO., 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

TH—EW—OR—LD WAS CLOTHED!

Or at least that part of the world (St. John and vicinity) has its clothes made at

THOMAS YOUNGCLAUS, 15 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Made to Order Suits a Specialty.

STILL LOWER PRICES!

Get a pair of scissors, cut this out and take it to your wife, sister, sweetheart, friend man, woman, or bald headed baby. Tell them to read what

MITCHELL BROTHERS

have in BOOTS and SHOES, and SLIPPERS, and selling at prices to clear out all of their Stock.

WILL SAVE MONEY FOR THEM,

by getting what they use every day of First-class Goods, as they are giving up business. The store is rented to H. Cochrane, and we have Bargains to offer you all.

MITCHELL BROS. - 40 KING STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

St. John—South End. [PROGRESS readers will all admit that it has always had one very capable and careful society correspondent in "The Progress," and for some time we have had regular contributors from the West and North Ends. It is, however, as impossible for the South End as it would be for one writer to cover the ground for a daily paper. We want one or two more correspondents, and will be glad to get sample letters for next week from any ladies who feel inclined to undertake the work—which is easy and pleasant. Further particulars and instructions can be had by applying either by letter or in person to THE EDITOR.]

The At Home given on Saturday last by Mrs. R. Thompson, Sydney street, was very largely attended by the lady friends of Mrs. Thompson, gentlemen not having been included in the cards of invitation. Conversation is always the chief pastime at these afternoon gatherings, and the principal topic at this one was the new and elegant residence under whose roof they were being entertained, and everyone was in raptures over it. Many, I fear, breaking the tenth commandment, when they returned to their own homes. Fires burnt brightly both in the rooms and hall, and the guests were waited on by the following young ladies who dispensed, tea, coffee, ices and cake: Miss Macrae, Miss Tina and Miss Berta Macrae, Miss Katie Smith, and the Misses Dunn. Among the other guests who were present were: Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. Allison Wis-

hart, Mrs. and Miss Warner, Mrs. C. A. McDonald, Miss Perkins, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. Herbert Street, Mrs. Chipman Smith, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. and Miss Leavitt, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. G. Fugley, Mrs. A. Morrissey, Mrs. J. Magee, Mrs. W. H. Scovill, Mrs. Vroom, Mrs. E. G. Sturdee, Mrs. MacLaren, Mrs. J. MacLaren, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Mrs. Jessie, Mrs. Robert Jardine, Miss Ida Nicholson, Mrs. Hanford, Mrs. J. C. Allison, Mrs. F. Allison, Mrs. and Miss King, Miss Eaton, Mrs. and Miss Watters, Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Vassie, Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Mrs. Robert Turner, Mrs. MacIntyre, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Inches. Mr. Leonard Tilley and Mr. Harry Puddington returned home from Halifax this week where they have taken the course of studies at the Law College. They will remain in the city for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bell and daughter, left on Saturday last for Georgia where they will spend a few months for the benefit of Mr. Bell's health.

Mrs. DeCosta, who is visiting her relatives in this city, lost her infant girl last week, her death was caused by inflammation of the lungs.

The children of Mrs. Burton Gandy are ill with whooping cough which is very prevalent in the city.

Miss Edith Robertson left for Toronto last week to attend the Ladies College there.

The death was recorded last week of Mrs. Drury which occurred at Brunswick, Georgia. Mr. Drury was the youngest son of the late LeBaron Drury, Esq., formerly of St. John, and his early death was heard with regret by many friends.

Miss Bessie MacLaren is visiting Mrs. Snowball at Chatham.

Mr. W. Z. Earle arrived from Portland, Oregon, on Monday last and will make a short stay. Mrs. Earle will return with him.

On Tuesday evening a very large gathering met at the Palace rink to witness a game of hockey between a few of the young bankers of St. John and some members of the Saturday Night Hockey Club. The gentlemen who took part were: Mr. Boies DeVeber, of the Halifax Banking Co.; Messrs. A. C. Thomson and J. McDonald, Bank of Montreal; Messrs. Wilson and Armstrong, Bank of Nova Scotia; Messrs. Short and Mackay, Bank of British North America. Against—Messrs. A. W. Adams, R. R. Ritchie, V. R. Vickers, H. Godard, George Jones, H. Drury and Dr. Eason. The rink had been engaged for the match, and a limited number of tickets issued to the friends of the players, who manifested great interest in the game. The bank clerks were badly beaten by the club, among which are some very efficient players, losing the game by a score of 12 to 2. Every allowance, however, should be made for the bankers, who were not in practice as were their opponents. Everyone who was present hope that other matches will come off in the future.

Mr. George Dean returned from Quebec the first of the week, where he spent a few days.

On Wednesday evening the members of the Whist Club, who, with their gentlemen friends, have met every fortnight at each others' houses, varied their recreation by having a very pleasant drive to Rothesay. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. C. H. Fairweather. On arriving at their destination they alighted at the residence of Mr. S. H. Hall and Mr. G. Sydney Smith offers his residence on Peters street for sale, and has purchased the one on Dorchester street, at present occupied by Mr. Wm. Davidson, and built by Mr. John Wright, formerly of this city.

The residence of the late Mr. S. T. King, Germain street, was offered for sale on Saturday last, but was withdrawn in consequence of the price offered being much less than its value.

Mrs. Charles Merritt received the sad intelligence on Saturday last of the death of her sister, Mrs. Nehemiah Merritt, which occurred at Toronto. She succumbed to an attack of Pneumonia. Mrs. Merritt has many friends in St. John, and for some years has spent part of the summer in the city.

Mr. Alex. Macaulay left for England last week to make his spring purchases.

Mrs. Allison Wishart entertained her lady friends at an "at home," on Tuesday afternoon, at her residence, Germain street. A large number of guests were present.

Mrs. Wishart gave a very pleasant little dance on Thursday evening, which was much enjoyed by the young people who were fortunate enough to receive invitations.

Mr. Alfred Mills returned this week from a trip to New York.

Miss Bessie Tilley, of London, Ont., and Miss Todd, St. Stephen, are the guests of Lady Tilley, Carleton House.

Mr. Stuart Fairweather returned home from Halifax this week, having completed his studies at Dalhousie college.

Mr. J. Miller, who has had such a serious illness, was able to be out again this week.

Mr. Arthur Thorne, who has been confined to the house through illness for the last few months, is also convalescent.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Arthur Tippet gave a juvenile party for her children at her residence, Peters street, which was much enjoyed by the young folks.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Annie Rodie entertained about fifty of her young friends at her home, Elliot Row, last Wednesday evening. The young people enjoyed themselves to their hearts content in dancing. Ice cream was served during the evening. Among those present were: Misses Bessie Peters, (Hampton) W. Peters, A. Spencer, Lizzie Hawker, May Rogers, Mand Addy, Nellie Hayward, G. Adam, Era Kerr, Tiny Kelley, Mrs. S. Hawker, Mrs. E. M. Robertson, Clara Williams, Messrs. Albie Jordan, Dr. George Addy, A. Byrne, G. Moore, S. Kerr, Dr. Emery, Oscar Watson, Fred Spencer, Harry Robertson, and E. D. Smith. Some of the ladies' dresses were charming. The company broke up at an early hour in the morning.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding day in a most enjoyable manner by a large gathering of the different members of their family at their residence on Prince street. A delicious supper was thoroughly enjoyed, and, after a very merry evening, the party broke up with many hearty wishes for many more such happy anniversaries.

The concert in the City hall, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the South Bay sufferers, was well attended, and the efforts of its promoters thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. John Dixon and family have returned from Boston, much to the delight of their St. John friends.

Mr. McGuire, Jr., left on Thursday evening last for Vancouver, where he proposes making his home for the future.

Mr. R. McWilliams spent a few days in town last week, prior to his moving here permanently, May 1st.

Miss Clarke has been confined to her bed for more than a fortnight, with a severe illness.

It is with deep feelings of regret that we must part with the Rev. J. O. and Mrs. Crisp very soon. I hear that it is the intention to leave the parish the first of April for Halifax, sailing from there to the Continent.

Miss Nellie White spent last week with friends in the city.

Rev. A. E. McLeod of Sackville, spent Sunday at the West End. He conducted the services for the Rev. Robert Crisp, in his absence at Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Baker returned from a very pleasant trip to New York and Boston the last of this week.

Miss J. Nason of Moncton, who has been visiting at the West End, returned this week.

Miss Maria Beattie has kindly consented to take her place as organist of St. George's church during her absence.

Miss Hickson is suffering from a sprain, received by a fall on the ice last week.

In my notes last week, I spoke of weddings to come off in the spring. Since then, I hear there is to be one next week. More anon. WEST END.

St. John—North End.

Miss Carrie Holly is visiting friends in the States. Miss Marshall returned home from Nova Scotia last week.

Mr. W. Wisely, Mr. Harry Wisely and Miss Bessie Wisely spent a few days in Sackville last week.

Last week the lady pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent were treated to a sleigh drive by Messrs. J. Carritt and W. McCookery. The young ladies enjoyed the drive very much, and showed their appreciation of the kindness shown by singing "Jack is every inch a sailor," etc. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. J. Ritchie and Miss McCookery.

The Holly-Armstrong complimentary ball took place last night at the Mechanics Institute, and was a grand success. There was a large attendance at Tompkins Hall last Friday. The reunion takes place again next Friday.

The Hamilton-Tapley whist party met this week at the Misses Tapley, Holly street, where all were treated to an extra good time. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. J. Brannan, and the booty prizes by Mrs. Geo. Tapley and Mr. Fred Tapley.

Mrs. Wm. Kettle held her whist party on Tuesday evening.

PEANUTS. Mrs. E. J. Armstrong gave a very pleasant whist party on Friday evening, last at her residence, Rockland road. There was a large number of guests present, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

Feb. 18.—Now that Lent is here large parties are out of the question; but there have been numerous small ones during the last week and many more to follow. Snowshoe parties, lunches, and whist, seem to be the correct thing during the penitential weeks.

The Fossil snowshoe party last Thursday evening was a very enjoyable affair. They tramped about two hours, when they returned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen, where a delicious supper was awaiting them, to which they were able to do ample justice; games of various kinds were then indulged in until about midnight, when this pleasant party, like all nice things, came to an end.

Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt entertained a few of her friends to a tea party last Thursday evening; this was also very enjoyable.

Miss Bessie Hunt also entertained a few of her young friends last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Hunt had a small party last Monday evening at her pleasant home on Regent street, when a very pleasant evening was spent.

The Fossils are become very lively since Lent came in. They had another snowshoe party last evening. After two or three hours tramp they returned to the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher, where they had supper and a dance until about 1 a.m.

Capt. and Mrs. Akerley had a very pleasant party last evening.

Mrs. Byron Winslow gave another children's party last evening for her young son and daughter, Carrie and Fraser. There were about 50 present and all enjoyed it thoroughly. The hours were from 7 till 11, and about 10 o'clock a lovely supper was served them.

Mrs. Allen F. Randolph will entertain a number of her lady friends to lunch on Thursday at 1.30.

Mrs. Thomas will give a tea party on Thursday evening.

Miss Mira F. Randolph entertained a few of her friends at Frogmore, on Monday evening last.

Mrs. E. W. Miller will have a small party on Friday evening.

Miss Maggie Allen and Miss Johnston returned home from Toronto on Thursday last. The hosts of friends of these young ladies are delighted to welcome them home again.

Mrs. Fred Richards left for Boston this morning for her health. She has been in very poor health for some months.

Miss Allen, at St. Mary's, fell at her own door and dislocated her hip and knee, from which she is suffering very much.

Mrs. W. B. Fair has been very ill, but is now somewhat better.

Mrs. Sherman's second youngest child is very ill. Mr. Robert Rankine is visiting friends in the celestial city.

Mrs. G. Y. Dibble is going to St. John for two weeks to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles of St. John are visiting friends in this city. They drove through on the ice.

Mrs. Charles Gregory has recovered from her recent illness.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

FIRST SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1891.

We shall, as stated in our advertising space in the St. John daily papers, have Monday, 16th inst. for inspection,

12 CASES OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES of the London and Paris Markets, in Wool Dress Fabrics, Jacket and Mantle Cloths, Sateens, and Cambric Prints.

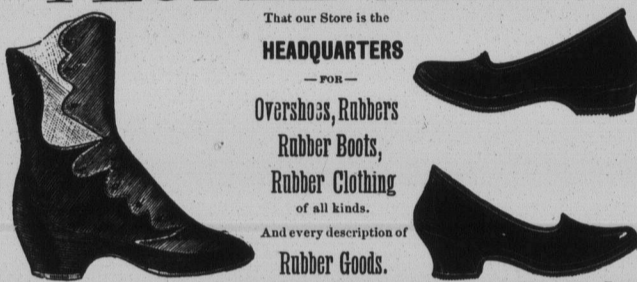
MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

We have just received advices of arrival of 24 Cases of Foreign Goods, for the early Spring Trade. They will be opened during the next few days. Specials:

Wool Dress Stuffs, Prints and Sateens.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail.

PEOPLE KNOW



That our Store is the HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Overshoes, Rubbers

Rubber Boots,

Rubber Clothing

of all kinds.

And every description of Rubber Goods.

Exactly same makes of Best Quality of Rubber Goods as sold in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and all large cities. Warranted to give satisfaction.

Ladies call and examine our new Pure Gum Storm Rubber—the very latest.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, (Headquarters Rubber Goods) 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TURNER & FINLAY.

CLOSING OF THEIR

Dry Goods Establishment, 12 KING STREET.

KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND!

and take advantage of the very low prices you can get first-class Dry Goods.

SPECIAL LINES THIS WEEK:

WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, SHEETINGS.

PURE WOOL FLANNELS, 15c. to 25c. yd.

SPRING MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS.

TABLE LINENS, TOWELS, NAPKINS.

NEW SPRING PRINTS—Elegant designs, and in all the new shades, price 12 1/2c.

CANADIAN ALL-WOOL SHIRTS AND PANTS, 42c. upwards.

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"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Phoenix, St. John.]

When I opened my batch of letters this morning the first one I lighted upon was an exceedingly disagreeable epistle indeed—but then it was not from a girl—bless you, no! the dear little souls nearly always write me such pleasant appreciative letters that to read them is a refreshment of spirit. But this letter was from a man, and he jumped on me with both feet, as the boys say. I don't feel very well this morning, anyway.

I believe I have indigestion or something, and I know I am not feeling at all good-natured, so I read that letter wrathfully, and then—as it did not contain a single question, or anything else but check, I put it in the waste basket, and went on with my work. The next two letters completely restored my good temper; they were so bright, so witty, and so amusing. Here is the first one, which I think the writer meant me to insert, as she modestly requests me to correct all errors. That will be easy, for I have not found any errors yet, and I only wish I could in-jert the other, too, but as some of the questions are of a private nature, I must refrain. Susan, of Wood stock, says:

"In looking over PROGRESS as usual, and after enjoying John's description of Mrs. Smith's party, the thought came to me, what a sad fact it was that out of every brilliant and beautiful assembly a few will always make others blush for them. I have not travelled much, and have only just begun to go to parties, because I am young, but O, Astra! Astra! Tell me O, Astra! where did the fashion of 'cut low' dresses come from? I have seen the picture of 'Good Queen Bess' as she was called, in a high dress, but, then perhaps, she was a skinny Queen! If so let us pray:

God give us a skinny queen! God give all the women in authority scrawny necks. Let the W. C. T. U. and the S. P. C. A. make it a subject of prayer.

Poor girls! Their dear, dear mamma—not my mamma—likes them to freeze and be fashionable. The poet Pope says:

Want of decency is want of sense.

Now, girls, let us be reformers! Let us have some backbone, and let us keep it covered, Astra! I hope I have not been too severe, but really I am afraid some will catch their death, instead of a husband this winter. Married ladies I notice, look better, or as well with their high dresses. I wonder if their husbands tell them how to dress? I would like to hear some man's opinion on the subject—some man—not a silly dude.

Really Susan, you have not left me anything to say! your lever letter clever the whole ground, only this—I know for a positive fact, that most men object strenuously to their wives exposing even a little, of their necks and arms, they like to see others in décolleté dresses apparently, but not their own, and this, I think, is an excellent test of their real opinion of the fashion. Let fashion be tempered with modesty, say I. Suppose we ask some men to give us their ideas on the subject? It ought to be a very interesting one to us all.

L'ANE DE BURIDAN, St. John.—English next time, please, because I know the printers will murder your *nom de guerre* and small blame to them! I enjoyed your bright letter very much.

(1) It would not be necessary for the lady to send her card, in the case you mention, though of course, she could do so if she chose; but it would be proper for the daughter to make her excuses to the hostess, and express her regret at being unable to come.

(2) If you want my candid opinion of that young man, here it is. I think him a mean cad. He throws the entire responsibility upon you, so that whatever may happen he shall be blameless, and perfectly free to choose another—should he please to do so. Then the cool indifference with which he makes his request, is unpardonable, and the injunction to absolute secrecy insulting. It looks as if he were ashamed of you. Have nothing to do with him. Send him about his business at once. At least that is what I should do.

(3) The lady should precede the gentleman of course, unless he is old, and she should show him the respect of standing back, though it is not at all likely he will permit her to follow him, even in that case, for you know a man very rarely cares to be considered old before he is 90.

(4) Well, I don't know why it should be, I am sure, and it is certainly very unkind of Dame Nature to be so unfair with her favors, but still there are remedies. You need not be afraid of my recommending "chemicals or such like cure." Rubbing, or rather massage, is the thing for you, and the "how of it" is this. Rub with vaseline, or better still, sweet oil, for ten or fifteen minutes, every night before going to bed. Rub in a circular direction, and stroke upward. Do not be rough, work very gently. Such treatment has been known to make a difference of two inches in chest measurement, in the short space of

one month. Of course wash the oil off in the morning, with warm water. You need never be afraid of my "giving the girls away by publishing awkward questions. It is impossible to answer the same week that I receive the queries.

PERPLEXED, Charlottetown.—You have my sincere sympathy, and the one piece of advice I can give you is the same that I should apply to myself. Never, under any circumstances, marry a man unless you love him with your whole heart, and love only him. Otherwise I see no prospect of happiness before you, and worse than that

A bashful man is nearly always a true good fellow, though his shyness places him at a disadvantage. Note carefully whether your friend is affected in the same manner in the society of other girls, and if not, I think you may fairly conclude that he is in love with you. No, six months is not long enough to enable a really shy man to overcome his timidity; it sometimes lasts all his life, and probably he endures agonies of shyness in your presence, and is furious with himself for lacking courage to speak to you. Can't you give him a little quiet encouragement.

ASTRA.

An Imperial Romance.

The Countess Thun-Koller, whose death at an advanced age took place at Venice a few days ago, was perhaps the most beautiful woman of her time. But in addition to every charm of face and figure, nature had gifted her with vivacity, wit, and conversational powers of a very rare order. Many of the most noted men of her day, princes and monarchs, sought her hand, and there was at one time every probability that the Emperor William would be the favored suitor. State considerations, however, interfered; but in his dying day the aged Kaiser was advised periodically of the Countess' welfare, and among the packet of letters which, by her express

desire, was interred with her, is one of the last epistles which the nonagenarian monarch penned.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kind he Meant.

Dearest—"How do you like my cake, John?"

John—"Excellent, dearest. It reminds me of a cake I had at the best hotel in Bristol."

"O, John! you flatter me. Hotels have such good food, you know."

"Yes, dearest. The particular cake I speak of was a cake of soap, and of the consistency of a piece of brick."—Ex.



STUDY.

's Pills

er of 1864 I was sent to the hospital, suffering with chronic there, I became so re- this could not speak and I write everything I wanted then having some 25 or 30 The doctors ordered a medi- satisfied would be of no I did not take it, but per- to get me some of Dr. out two o'clock in the after- of these pills, and by mid- el better. In the morning again, and after deciding s were more favorable, eggs- medicine, which I did not use, e of the pills instead. The doctors came to see me, and pling nicely, (and so did I), ill a day for a week. At the I considered myself cured Pills had saved my life. I but had no return of the ned in strength as fast as "—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. of Infantry.

e Best

for headaches, and they in relieving any disagree- the stomach after eating? uson, Pullens, Va.

er for years from dys- troubles, and found no until I commenced taking ey have effected a com- george W. Mooney, Walla

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gative Medi- cine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECON- STRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to en- rich the blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WAT- ERY BLOOD, or from VITIALIZED HEMOGLOBIN and also invigorates and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscre- tions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEMS of both men and women, restoring LOSE VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

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should take them. They cure all irregu- larities, which inevitably neglected.

should take these PILLS. They will cure the re- habits, and strengthen the

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love must come to us all, some day, and God help us if it comes after we are married to the wrong man. Esteem is very well, if love is there too, but it is not enough to marry upon. One wants a lot of love to keep the marriage bond from seeming like a fetter, and love of a very high order too.

"Unless you can make in a crowd all day On the absent face that fixed you, Unless you can love as the angels may, With the breadth of heaven betwixt you; Unless you can dream that his faith is fast, Through believing and unbelieving, Unless you can die when the dream is past, Oh, fear to call it loving."

That is the kind of love, I think. I do not believe that our parents have any right to direct our choice in so important a step, unless it may be to protect us from marrying a bad or unsuitable man; and marrying to please one's parents I distinctly believe to be wrong, not only for ourselves, but unjust to the man we marry. Follow the dictates of your own heart, and do not be persuaded to wreck your life's happiness to please anyone else. Do be firm. Say you must think first of your own happiness, and do not trust to the love that comes after marriage, for it does not always come, by any means.

PERPLEXED BETTY, St. John.—If that young man likes you, lose no time in securing him if you can, for, let me tell you a truly bashful man is a *rara avis* in these days when so many of the sterner sex are fairly devoted with conceit, and self sufficiency. "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and I am satisfied I should not be alive today if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—Adet.

Firefly Jewels. The ladies of Chihuahua and Zacetas have a habit of wearing fireflies for jewelry. The legs of the flies are shaped like hooks, and they appear to have been formed expressly in the interest of the ladies. These living diamonds sparkle and shine more than any of the diamonds of Africa or South America, for the fireflies in that part of the world have a rare brilliancy never witnessed in the North. They will almost do for a lantern on a dark night so beautiful and strong is the light they give to the world. The habit of wearing fireflies is indulged in by the ladies of the poorer classes to a large extent, and even the society ladies often pick up the shining brownies and fasten them in the hair just as a girl will gather wild flowers for a similar purpose.

Mad People's Thumbs. A physician in charge of a well-known asylum for the care of the insane recently said to the writer: "There is one infallible test either for the approach or the presence of lunacy. "If the person whose case is to be examined is seen to make no use of his thumb, if he lets it stand out at right angles from the hand, and employs it neither in salutation, writing, nor any other manual exercise, you may set it down as a fact that that person's mental balance is gone. "He or she may converse intelligently, may in every respect be guarding the secret of a mind diseased with the utmost care and cunning, but the tell-tale thumb will infallibly betray the lurking madness concealed behind a plausible demeanor."

A Compliment. Old Bachelor—"Now, Arthur, suppose I should give you this nice red book, what would you say?" Arthur—"I should say you weren't half so stingy as sister said you were."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT. THINK OF IT. In use over 40 YEARS in one family. DR. J. S. JOHNSON & CO.—It is sixty years since I first learned of this now celebrated remedy for the common ills of life—JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT; for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I say (backed by 5000) I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found. Used internal or external, in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure. O. H. INGALLS, Deacon Second Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

SUNDAY SCHOOL METHODS

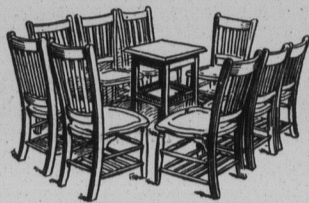
THE REV. DR. MEREDITH INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBES THEM.

How the Largest Sunday School in the Country is Housed—Music, Teachers, the International Lessons and Chinese Pupils Discussed by Competent Authority.

New York, Feb. 20.—The Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith is an authority on the modern Sunday school. Perhaps he is the most generally recognized authority in the country. His commanding influence in Sunday school work dates back from a dozen to fifteen years. In Boston his weekly exposition of the International lessons filled Tremont Temple winter after winter every Sunday afternoon. When he left the Hub two or three years ago for Brooklyn large offers were made to remain and devote himself to that work altogether.

for the teachers ought not to have less than 45 minutes with the older pupils, while 20 or 25 minutes is enough to tire the little ones.

"In my Sunday school we have on one side, off the main floor, one large room for the primary department, which includes what people used to call the infant classes, that is, children who have not yet learned



ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

to read. We throw all these into one great class and teach them together. They have rising seats arranged in concentric semicircles, so that all may see the blackboards. We give them object teaching to interest them and call out their intelligence, and we make great use of large colored cards and pictures.

"At how early an age do you think it profitable for a child to come in."

"Many mothers bring children of three and sit with them. I approve of this because the child's mind thus opens from the first amid the right surroundings. The Sunday school room seems home-like to it and there is a good deal of value to be attached to these first impressions on the consciousness.

"The room above the primary department belongs to the juvenile department. Children are transferred to this as soon as they can read. They remain in it until they are about twelve or thirteen years old. The juvenile department occupies one room only, but it is divided into 35 different classes under as many teachers. It is the aim to keep the classes small so that each pupil may get individual attention. Some classes include as many as twelve children but the most not above nine. For my part, I think eight about the best number.

"The room is furnished with 35 tables, and each class gathers with the teacher about one of these.

"The floor of the main Sunday school hall is given to the intermediate department, broken into 74 classes of young people from twelve to seventeen or eighteen years old. This also is furnished with tables supplied with maps, reference books, etc., and about these sit classes and teachers.

"All the work of the Sunday school library is attended to outside the session. We do not allow any running about of librarians to distract attention.

"One side of the Sunday school hall opens, as I said, upon the ante-rooms, and about the other two sides are the Bible class rooms. There are two stories of



LIFTING THE DOOR OF THE INFANT CLASS ROOM.

these, 28 in all. The rooms vary in size, accommodating from 40 down. Some of the classes are mixed, in others the sexes are separated; this is as circumstances dictate; we have no rule. Some of the classes are taught by men, others by women; the largest mixed class is taught very successfully by a young man.

"The large majority of Sunday school teachers are women?"

"No, a full half of mine are men; I have just about as many men as women right through the school.

"But before we drop Sunday school architecture, let me say that the present general arrangement of Sunday school rooms was originated by a Dutch architect of Akron, Ohio, whose name was Snyder. He planned the first modern Sunday school for Lewis Miller, of the Chautauque Circle, when Miller was settled at Akron about 20 years ago. Snyder's ideas have been greatly developed and modified, and I myself have introduced conveniences never thought of, but for the main outline now followed by all progressive city schools the credit belongs to him.

"Many Sunday school workers do not agree with me, you understand, as to the advisability of keeping the primary department all in one great class or as to having

the little ones present with the older scholars at the opening of the school. Some would divide them for more individual teaching and would have their rooms wholly separated and would almost make of them a separate school with separate administration. But I believe in getting for a short time all pupils together, for the sake of the esprit de corps, and to let the little ones fully realize that they belong to a great body.

"What do you regard as a Sunday school teacher's most essential qualifications?"

"A teacher must have average intelligence and common sense; more than this is desirable but not necessary. The one thing that cannot be dispensed with is the consecration to do something for God. It is not that you do it for your own soul's sake or even that you do it for the good of the children, but that you do it for God. This carries everything else with it; whatever you do for Him you must do well, and so the consecration carries with it the study, the constant effort, the concentration of the powers."

"You do not attach importance, then, to the 'higher education' of Sunday school teachers?"

"I have had in my school at the same time a comparatively uneducated working woman and a brilliant young man fresh from college, and the woman went far beyond the other in the results she obtained, because her heart was warmer to the work; if the college man had had her fervor and had then added to it his education he would, of course, have been more efficient than, as things stood, was either of them.

"You can't stand out for classical scholarship; I've got to have 280 teachers and if I have that number of classical scholars in my congregation I don't know where to lay hands on them.

"But Sunday school teaching is growing all the time more and more intelligent. The Sunday schools have fully purged themselves, I think, of the complaints that used to be lodged, and in some cases with justice, against them. I attribute this largely to the public schools. Such a public school system as that of this country trains a body of clear headed, intelligent citizens.

"The International Lessons, against which so much has been said, have also a good deal to do with it. With all their disadvantages, the lesson sheets give the average teacher far more than she would be in any way likely to get for herself. They do such preliminary work of study and exposition that she has no excuse for going before her class without full, intelligent comprehension.

"The International series has won its way. Not a religious paper in the country would dare ignore it, and the secular press finds itself obliged to give it progressively more and more attention."

"In your Tuesday evening normal class do you mark out courses of reading for teachers in Oriental history and customs?"

"No; some of the teachers do so themselves for their pupils. My aim in popular exposition is to make the Bible practical. It is not worth the paper it is written on except for what it can do for us today. I don't care any more about what happened to Jesus than I do about what happened to Julius Caesar, except so far as Jesus is a living force to enter into our lives now; boys and girls must take him home and have him with them Monday morning."

"What do you think of the present methods of teaching the Chinese in Sunday schools?"

"I cannot say anything about them, except as I have seen them in one city, Boston. There I met for some time familiar with the work of Miss Ester who had a ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it's the teacher's fault. She could have inspired him, and ought to have inspired him, with very different feelings. She needs tact and—years."

"Has there not been a marked advance of late in Sunday school methods?"

"Indeed, yes; off in the wilderness somewhere there may be schools still singing 'Hold the Fort' and other such jingle music matched with nonsense words, but all the new music is of a much higher order. In our school we use the 'Laudes Domini,' teaching the children the same hymns that are sung in church and prayer meeting."

"The Superintendent's position must be becoming, in the larger schools, of more and more importance?"

"In no long time the Superintendent will be engaged at a high salary to give his entire time. There instead of assistant pastors we shall have pastors' assistants. The Superintendent will be such an assistant, and if he is, as he ought to be, the best business man in the parish, \$5,000 or \$6,000 will not be too much to pay him. He will work throughout the week among the congregation for the Sunday-school. The South Church in New Britain, Conn., has a salaried Superintendent, and the practice is sure to be followed. City Sunday-schools are becoming great and complicated organizations."

ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

Deceived. I opened the morning paper, And the first thing that met my eyes Was a picture, the head and shoulders Of a man most wondrous wise, I gazed on his massive forehead, On the well-turned nose and chin; And I said, "Now here's a statesman, And I'm not acquainted with him." So I read his name below the cut— It was Isaac Newton Pitts; He had taken a patent medicine And was cured of falling fits. —Dayton Sunday World.

TWENTY WIVES EACH.

THE PERCH OF PINNIPEDS ON PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS.

First Wearers of the Seal Skin Sack—The Grounds of Contention—How Seals Behave—The Worst Polygamists in the World—The Mormon Habits of Sealing Wives.

The war with England is a war of words to date. Premier Salisbury and Premier Blaine are having it.

"How dare you assault our vessels in Behring Sea?" asks Salisbury.

"We own that sea," replies Blaine, "and your folks must not fish there."



HIS ARISTOCRATIC MOUSTACHE.

"How do you happen to own a sea that is a thousand miles square and a part of the Pacific Ocean?" asks Salisbury, "when you insist that we own only three miles from shore in the Gulf of St. Lawrence?"

"We bought it of Russia," says Blaine, "when we bought Alaska 'with the waters thereof.'"

"Do 'the waters thereof' cover the sea 200 miles from shore under any law or custom that nations have ever recognized?" asks Salisbury; "and did not the United States forty years ago send an ambassador to Russia to protest against the Czar's claim that this very sea belonged exclusively to him?"

"I am not bound by the eccentricities of any predecessors," answers Blaine; "and if a nation can dominate the ocean only three miles from shore, how does it happen that Great Britain commanded the sea for thirty miles around St. Helena when Napoleon was a prisoner there, and now prevents poaching on her pearl reefs of Ceylon that are twenty miles from shore and fifty feet deep?"

"The protection of St. Helena," says Salisbury, "was the concurrent action of the nations; and our right to the pearl fisheries is enforced only against Englishmen."

So the controversy stands and waits, while the Canadians appeal to our Supreme Court. At this there is much wrath, but Salisbury laughs and inquires with good feeling, "What's the matter, Jonathan? Can't you trust your own Supreme Court, if we are willing to?"

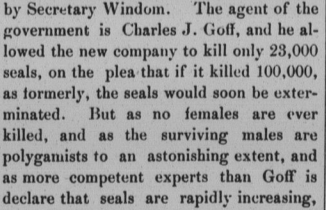
"But," rejoins the sapient Blaine, "will you agree to abide by the finding of the court whose decision you invoke?"

"Well," says Salisbury, "let's try it and see. We can keep up the diplomatic contention, and if your court decides wrong, then will be time enough to enquire about the next step, don't you know?"

For twenty years the exclusive right to kill seals has vested in the Alaska Commercial Company, but last year a new company came to the front and made a better offer for the privilege, which was accepted by Secretary Windom. The agent of the government is Charles J. Goff, and he allowed the new company to kill only 23,000 seals, on the plea that if it killed 100,000, as formerly, the seals would soon be exterminated. But as no females are ever killed, and as the surviving males are polygamists to an astonishing extent, and as more competent experts than Goff is declare that seals are rapidly increasing,

gouged out and a fore flapper torn to ribbons, but yet lording it stubbornly over his harem of 15 or 20 females, huddled admiringly around him. The fighting is mostly done with the mouth. They seize each other with their canine teeth, always leaving ugly, and sometimes fatal wounds.

The male seals arrive from the south first, and are followed by the pretty little females some weeks thereafter. Hon. George Wardman, the treasury agent at the Pribyloff Island, expresses no opinion about the question of *mare clausum*, leaving that to be settled by the secretary of state and the British premier, but he describes this polygamist in a very lively manner: "The matured male seal, when he draws up out of the ocean after a six or eight months' cruise in waters to us unknown, is a magnificent animal. Bold, bad and beautiful, he takes a position in May among the basaltic rocks which are washed by the surf in storms, braces his broad chest upon his fore flippers, stretches his heavily-maned, glossy, undulating neck, throws his tapering head aloft, and roars forth a hoarse bellow of defiance to the world. He closes with a guttural growl that sounds like two quarts of pebbles rattling in his throat, while down the corners of his threatening mouth, stockaded with ivory fangs, droop the long, grey lines of his aristocratic moustache. Here he takes his stand, and here he will meet his expected family or death."



NORTH ROOKERY, PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS.

this opinion and the reason given for reducing the harvest must be taken with a good deal of salt.

Most of the seals are killed on the Pribyloff Islands, but they winter further south and spend much of the year going and coming on the surface of the great intervening ocean. So it is easy for poaching vessels to intercept them and slay them by wholesale, and if all who wish are permitted to club the silky mammals while swimming in Behring Sea to and from their

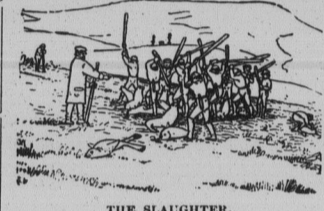
northern breeding-grounds, the whole of the interesting race will soon be exterminated.

Hall of the sealskin saques in the world come from these Pribyloff Islands, lying in Behring's sea, two hundred miles from the main land. The two principal ones are mere islets—St. Paul and St. George—each ten or twelve miles long and half as broad. For two months in the summer of each year, the Aleuts, or natives, kill seals, and skin them; the other ten they lie around in the twilight, never going to bed or taking off their clothes, night or day, gossiping, eating and getting drunk on quass.

They eat ravenously, averaging two pounds of seal meat per day, for every man, woman and child, in addition to vast quantities of other food.

Up to last year they took about 100,000 skins a year, and the United States treasury received three dollars for each skin. The net result is that the government has received from the Commercial Company during the last twenty years, nearly as much as was paid to Russia for the whole of Alaska in 1868. So Seward's purchase is vindicated: it was unquestionably a good bargain to pay \$7,200,000 for this vast peninsula whose sources of wealth are not yet even guessed at, much less developed.

In the beneficent or malevolent economy of nature and commerce there are twice as many females as males in the seal community; so polygamist flourishes. If there ever could be an excuse for plural marriages in human society it would be in New England, where there is a surplus of

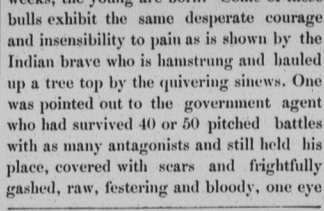


THE SLAUGHTER.

180,000 women; there certainly is none in the middle of the Alkaline plains in Utah, where there are two men to one woman everywhere.

In the Spring the adult seals come swimming back from their mysterious tropical visit, accompanied by a million of the young pups of the previous Summer, and the Pribyloff Islands are very lively once more—lively and reverberant with roars of anger and of friendly greeting.

Mostly roars of anger, for every male seal is the foreordained enemy of all other male seals, and must defend with his strength and often with his life the position he has assumed on the rocks as his particular seraglio. Here he gathers his harem, one by one, and here, in a few weeks, the young are born. Some of these bulls exhibit the same desperate courage and insensibility to pain as is shown by the Indian brave who is hamstring and hauled up a tree top by the quivering sinews. One was pointed out to the government agent who had survived 40 or 50 pitched battles with as many antagonists and still held his place, covered with scars and frightfully gashed, raw, festering and bloody, one eye



DRIVING SEALS TO KILLING GROUND.

gouged out and a fore flapper torn to ribbons, but yet lording it stubbornly over his harem of 15 or 20 females, huddled admiringly around him. The fighting is mostly done with the mouth. They seize each other with their canine teeth, always leaving ugly, and sometimes fatal wounds.

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Awkward, Wasn't it? A Parisian countess paid a visit to Gounod at his villa in St. Cloud. She passed through the dining-room just as the remains of the breakfast were being cleared away.

She saw several cherry stones lying on a plate before the master's chair and took one, carefully concealing it in her glove. Some time after Gounod repaid the visit.

The lady, smiling and blushing, showed him a brooch containing the cherry stone set in brilliant and related the origin of the stone.

"I must tell my servant that," replied Gounod, smilingly. "It will please him highly. Jean loves cherries so much, but I never eat them myself."

The lady never wore the brooch again.—Ex.

In June comes his multitudinous bride. The male fur seal is a huge but symmetrical brownish bulk of six or eight hundred pounds. The female is a meek, modest, submissive looking little creature, averaging about a hundred weight. She creeps up out of the water with a demure, down-cast countenance, the shining hair neatly brushed back from her pretty little head, and—arrayed in a brown sacque, think you? Not at all. She is a Quakerish looking matron in an unpretending steel gray, but sleek and tidy without a wrinkle in her dress.

"There could not," says Mr. Wardman, "be a greater contrast; he, aggressive, fierce and bloodthirsty; she, meek and lowly, but, as rumors go, sly wital, and were she sole mistress of her lord's affections would, no doubt, exhibit a temper of her own. Competition keeps her spirit down, poor thing. The old bulls occupy their pre-emption for weeks without going into the water, awaiting the arrival of the females, sleeping on the ground and neither eating or drinking from week to week. This, however, is but preliminary to the longer vigil and fast, which continues for three months after the arrival of the females. When they depart they are weak and lean."

There are two or three classes of male seals which are deprived of the delights and refining influences of female society. There are young bachelors who have never yet had the courage to go in and fight for a claim, being apparently awed into remaining at a respectful and safe distance from the potent brown and tawny seniors. These young fellows haul out in crowds of thousands close to the water and not far from the seragios. They are from one to four or five years old and they alternate their pastimes between lying on their backs among the rocks (where they fan their heated bodies with a hind flipper if it is a warm day) and getting down into the water in front of the old Turks' summer residences and endeavoring with varying success to draw the females into jolly flirtations. Notwithstanding the fierce jealousy with which these wives are watched and guarded, and contrary to what would be expected from their meek and sanctified appearance, there are breaches of decorum occasionally which no conscientious person would attempt to defend.

In cases of elopement the gay Lothario is generally handled generously according to the custom of the world in such cases and his guilty partner treated with great severity. Her lord and master will gallop through the family, knocking his other wives right and left, bouncing over the babies in his anger, and, overtaking the fugitive female, thrashes her so soundly with his flippers that she puts up her little nose to his, kisses him in token of submission and reformation, and creeps back apparently subdued and penitent.

Although these males abstain from food and water absolutely for three months or more, and must be faint and weak, they are always ready for a fight. They approach with heads averted and furtive eye, as if comically deprecating the row, but when near enough they reach for each other as quick as a flash and utter as they join battle a continuous shrill, piping whistle; their eyes gleam wickedly, their teeth gnash, their hair flies and their blood flows. It is one of the most extraordinary contests in which brutes can indulge.

The breeding season is July; the females bear their first young when three years old, never bringing forth but one pup at a time and the period of gestation is nearly twelve months. The pups cannot swim during the first six weeks, and will drown at once if thrown into the water. They learn to swim deliberately and systematically, as boys do.

A good many of the seals never take but one mate, like certain monogamous birds, but this abstinence generally seems to result from a conscious lack of physical prowess. All that are tough and strong practice polygamy and endure with more or less fortitude and patience, any quantity of mothers-in-law. Senator Sherman insists that the habit which the Mormons have of "sealing" wives originated in L-S-ka—The place of the seal.

W. A. CROFFUT.

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REV. DR. R. R. MEREDITH.

Since he became pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational church, in the city of churches, great audiences of Sunday school workers have gathered every Tuesday evening to hear his discussion of the lesson for the succeeding Sunday. Without regard for denominational lines, people of all creeds and of both sexes fill his enormous normal class, which thus becomes, probably, the most forceful agency in the country for the training of Sunday school teachers; Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists alike finding matter of interest in his clear-cut, luminous and intensely practical Christology. Question and answer fly fast, and persons especially interested in Sunday school work often come long distances, even from other States to attend.

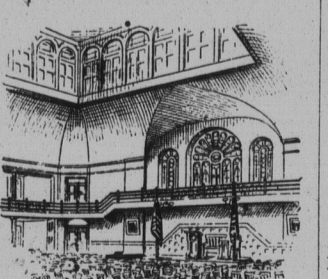
Dr. Meredith's Sunday school connected with the Tompkins Avenue church is one of the largest in the country, numbering over 2,000. With the very large branch school belonging to the Park Avenue church and presided over by an assistant pastor, there is brought under his supervision probably the greatest number of Sunday school pupils influenced by any man in any country.

These circumstances give especial interest to his opinions on Sunday school methods, the more so that the quarters occupied by his Sunday school—the success of the Tompkins Avenue church having compelled it to put up new and imposing buildings—are called the most modern, best arranged and most carefully considered with respect to their uses of any Sunday school rooms in the country; they are, indeed, the last work in Sunday school architecture.

"What is now the approved method," I found opportunity to ask him a few days ago, "of housing a Sunday school? Does experience favor one large room or a considerable number of smaller ones?"

"Both," he answered. "The well regulated modern Sunday school of any size requires the one large room for preliminary assemblage and the smaller rooms for class work in the different departments.

"In our Sunday school we have the large main hall with ante-rooms, and about it on three sides are the class rooms. These are of half the height only of the large room, so that we get two stories of tiers. All the partitions are arranged to shove up and down or to one side, and all are on a line



SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM.

with the eyes of the superintendent, so that when the school opens everything is thrown into one great assembling chamber, without barriers to sight or to hearing. Afterward the partitions are drawn, and each class has full liberty for its own work, and the children can ask their questions aloud instead of whispering.

"This separation is absolutely necessary,

Good Sunday Reading.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

Although this competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, it is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday School. We have entrusted its management to one who is very competent to take charge of the department. In order to make the competition more interesting, the proprietor of PROGRESS will give One Dollar to the person who sends in the first correct answer to all the questions. We believe that this inducement will result not only in increasing the interest in the contest, but also in the acquisition of much information by those who search for the correct answers.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first correct answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the date stamps of the post office at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners, and a non-descript name may be adopted for publication.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 2.

- 1st. Give the name of a city, where the apostles were taken for gods?
2nd. Give the name of the first gentile convert to Christianity?
3rd. How many commandments were broken in order that Ahab might gain possession of Naboth's vineyard?
4th. By whom were each of the following expressions used? and to whom addressed:
"Hast Thou found me, O mine enemy?"
"Thou art the man."
"Thou shalt be as great as I can bear."
"Thou art the man, when it shall be well with thee."
"What is that to us? See thou to that."

"TO-DAY."

By the Rev. John Hunter.

"Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Psalm xcv. 7-8.

1. Today: How related to yesterday and tomorrow. The secret of true living is to be found in making the most of each day. We are putting yesterday to rest and not to curse. It is true, in a way, that each new day may be a new beginning and that there is never a point in life when we may not move on to something better, and yet each new day is the outcome of days before. The new, continues the old, not effaces it. There is no "dead past," the past is living in the present. We cannot get away from these inexorable yesterdays. Their life lives in what we are today: in the fibre and quality of mind and soul; in thought and feeling; in taste, tendency, and habit; in everything that goes to make up what we call character. "God requirereth that which is past." The good and ill we do find out now. Our present character is the Divine judgment upon our past conduct. But today is not only a history of the past; it is also a prophecy of the future. It is by watching to-day we can tell what will be on the morrow. Foresight is truly insight. The power to foresee and forecast is the power to discern the natural and necessary tendency and result of certain principles and habits of life. Life has no sharp epochs. There is no violent break between yesterday and today. The future is not a revolution, but an evolution. To-day is the child and heir of yesterday; tomorrow will be the child and heir of today. It is by a great perversion that so much of our religious teaching directs our thoughts to the life of to-morrow—to what follows death. It is plainly not the will of God that we should think much of the hereafter while we are here. There are seasons and pauses in life when "otherworldness" becomes the most natural and proper mood and habit of the mind, yet frequent and morbid thought about the future is a hindrance and not a help to sound Christian progress. What we are now in life and character in our relations to God and man, is the main thing. The future can hold no promise of good save what is laid up by present faithfulness. In quietness and confidence we may leave what is to happen after death to the Everlasting Father and Redeemer of souls, while we assure ourselves that the only possible preparation for the worthy use of another life is the worthy use of this life. Strictly speaking, there can be no special preparation for the future. The whole of life, and not isolated acts, experience and hours, is the real preparation. It is by living we prepare to live. He who lives faithfully and well to-day with truth and righteousness, love and peace, with honest and earnest labor for God and mankind, has no need or cause to be anxious for the morrow. Whatever happens it must ever in this world and in all the worlds be well with him.

3. The Blessing and Opportunity of a Day.—What a great and royal gift it is, to come to us laden with blessing and promise, full of history and full of prophecy.

perish." To-morrow gives larger and deeper significance to the life of to-day.

Granting, then, as we may, do most readily, that a true and noble life is only possible by bringing to bear upon it the experience of yesterday and the hope of to-morrow, yet this concession does not diminish the value of to-day. We are to live as if to-day stood alone, unrelated and apart; but we are called to live in today and yesterday, in today not in tomorrow. We have to guard against the habit of looking back, and this kind of looking forward, which would tempt us to forget or slight the duties on the fulfillment of which depend the preservation of the best life of the past, and the realization of the best hopes we can cherish for the future. We have to fight against moods and habits of thought and feeling which are indifferent to the present, and contempt for the past and the future, yesterday and tomorrow, are not being wisely used when they are robbing to-day of interest and meaning; when we are so absorbed by memories or expectations that we have not the energy enough to make the most and best of the present opportunity.

Let us be loyal to the life of to-day. Let us not give yesterday more than its due. True life means unceasing movement, aspiration and endeavor. Even the man of many years is but beginning life, and cannot spare much of his life to the past. What we experienced or achieved yesterday is but small compared with what remains. Let us, on the other hand, while cherishing the hope and genius of to-morrow, not sink into mere dreamers. The glory we see and seek cannot be born without our wholehearted co-operation. Let us make of our imaginations inspirations to present activity. The man of faith ought to be the man of works, and the most ideal man the most practical man.

2. Today: Its Importance.—To-day is the supreme and critical moment of life. Our vital concern is over with to-day. Life in today is a clear and impressive feature of Biblical teaching. The emphasis of both testaments is on today. "Today if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts." "We must work while it is called today." "To look back in, in the judgment of the Master of our life, is to forfeit our share in the work of the kingdom of God. To be loyal to the Christian idea and order of life, we must be ready to break with the old for the sake of the new. With absolute vigor Jesus Christ ever insisted upon this heroic renunciation of the past, and this heroic obedience to the present inspiration. "Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou me." "He that saveth his life shall lose it." "Be not anxious for the morrow" is another great gospel saying. It was spoken to raise the troubled heart above all undue care, and with a view to the concentration of thought and energy on the duty of to-day. It is a word perfectly true and wise. It is folly to try to grip too much of life at once. To take the days one by one is a divine wisdom. A day may seem but a small section of time to measure and command, but it holds about as much care and responsibility as our minds can grasp and bear. The only way to save ourselves from a past, the memory of which will be a reproach and a burden, is to care well for each new day before it leaves us to take its place among the irrevocable yesterdays.

The only way to prepare for the morrow is through fidelity to the duty of today. Today found us yesterday left us. There is little need, then, to dwell on the past. It is not behind us. In a very real sense it goes with us. Names pass away but faces abide. We stand today in the connections with all the days of our ever lived. To yesterday and to-day we are bound, or to curse. It is true, in a way, that each new day may be a new beginning and that there is never a point in life when we may not move on to something better, and yet each new day is the outcome of days before. The new, continues the old, not effaces it. There is no "dead past," the past is living in the present. We cannot get away from these inexorable yesterdays. Their life lives in what we are today: in the fibre and quality of mind and soul; in thought and feeling; in taste, tendency, and habit; in everything that goes to make up what we call character. "God requirereth that which is past." The good and ill we do find out now. Our present character is the Divine judgment upon our past conduct. But today is not only a history of the past; it is also a prophecy of the future. It is by watching to-day we can tell what will be on the morrow. Foresight is truly insight. The power to foresee and forecast is the power to discern the natural and necessary tendency and result of certain principles and habits of life. Life has no sharp epochs. There is no violent break between yesterday and today. The future is not a revolution, but an evolution. To-day is the child and heir of yesterday; tomorrow will be the child and heir of today. It is by a great perversion that so much of our religious teaching directs our thoughts to the life of to-morrow—to what follows death. It is plainly not the will of God that we should think much of the hereafter while we are here. There are seasons and pauses in life when "otherworldness" becomes the most natural and proper mood and habit of the mind, yet frequent and morbid thought about the future is a hindrance and not a help to sound Christian progress. What we are now in life and character in our relations to God and man, is the main thing. The future can hold no promise of good save what is laid up by present faithfulness. In quietness and confidence we may leave what is to happen after death to the Everlasting Father and Redeemer of souls, while we assure ourselves that the only possible preparation for the worthy use of another life is the worthy use of this life. Strictly speaking, there can be no special preparation for the future. The whole of life, and not isolated acts, experience and hours, is the real preparation. It is by living we prepare to live. He who lives faithfully and well to-day with truth and righteousness, love and peace, with honest and earnest labor for God and mankind, has no need or cause to be anxious for the morrow. Whatever happens it must ever in this world and in all the worlds be well with him.

"It shall be well with thee, O soul, Though the heavens wither, and the earth, Though sun and moon fail to roll, O soul, it shall be well."

3. The Blessing and Opportunity of a Day.—What a great and royal gift it is, to come to us laden with blessing and promise, full of history and full of prophecy.

It has taken many thousands of years to prepare it for us. In the very fuel that feeds its fires is the vegetation of primeval years. The effort to realize the tremendous daily order and enjoyment of life is baffling even to the imagination. Every day that dawns has countless relations with things far and wide. Ancient Egypt and Israel, Greece and Rome, Scandinavia and primitive Germany, priests and philosophers, prophets and poets, discoverers and inventors, innumerable thinkers and workers, known and unknown, have helped to prepare the materials out of which today's opportunity has been made. We are the heirs of the ages in a most real sense. We inherit the good material wrought out through the experience of many men and many races of men through many centuries. In the life of today are the results of the labor and struggle of all the yesterdays.

"Whatever of true life there was of yore, Along our veins is springing, For us his martyrs die, his prophets soar, His poets still are singing."

No day is poor and commonplace. The judgment of himself and his own way of living. To the prepared soul every day is full of marvel and joy. Life has lost none of its ancient fascination: it is as full as ever of grandeur and loveliness, of wonder and mystery. All things which deep-seated men have seen to be in human life, the poets and the prophets have inspired the finest poetry of the world, are in human life today. Every day has its comedies and tragedies. Genius does not invent; it discovers and interprets. To find examples of heroism we need not turn to classic pages, nor search the annals of martyrdom, nor the legends of the past. Let us make of our imaginations inspirations to present activity. The man of faith ought to be the man of works, and the most ideal man the most practical man.

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"It shall be well with thee, O soul, Though the heavens wither, and the earth, Though sun and moon fail to roll, O soul, it shall be well."

3. The Blessing and Opportunity of a Day.—What a great and royal gift it is, to come to us laden with blessing and promise, full of history and full of prophecy.

for life, not death. Every day we meet God: every day we need to be prepared to meet Him. We prepare for what we suppose to be great days. But every day may be a great day, a divine day. It was on a common day the Saviour of men met Zaccheus on the Jericho road and said to him, "Come down, this day I must abide at thy house." It was on a common day He met the woman of Samaria at the well, and by His conversation made that day a day of revelation for all the ages. Today all good and great things are possible. Let us by our faith and our faithfulness by our obedience to all best visions and impulses turn it into a day of salvation, a day of God, one of the days of the Son of Man, of the days of heaven upon earth.

Something for Mother's to get Their Boys For and Thank Over. The kingdom of God is within you saith the Lord. Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord, and forsake this wretched world, and thy soul shall find rest. Learn to despise outward things, and to give thyself to things inward, and thou shalt perceive the kingdom of God to be come in thee. "I am the kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is not given to the unholy. Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His own consolation, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee. All His glory will be thine when within, and there He delighteth Himself. The inward man is often visited and hath with him sweet discourses, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceeding wonderful. O faithful soul, make ready thy heart for this Bridegroom, that He may come to come unto thee, and to dwell within thee. For this saith He, "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my love will come unto him, and will make our abode with him." Give therefore, admittance unto Christ, and deny entrance to all others. When thou hast Christ, thou art rich, and hast enough. He will be thy faithful and provident helper in all things, so that thou shalt not need to trust in men. For men soon change, and quickly fail: but Christ remaineth forever and standeth by us finally unto the end.

There is no great trust to be put in a frail mortal man, even though he be profitable and dear unto us: neither ought we to be too much grieved, if sometimes he cross and contradict us. They that today take thy part, tomorrow may be against thee; and often do men change like the wind. Put all thy trust in God, let Him be thy fear, and thy love: He shall answer for thee, and will do all things well, and as it is best for thee. Thou hast not here an abiding city, and wheresoever thou mayest be, thou art a stranger and pilgrim; neither shalt thou ever have rest, unless thou be inwardly united unto God. Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy home, and all earthly things are to be looked upon as it were by the way. All things pass away and thou together with them. Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be caught and so perish. Let thy thoughts be on the highest, and thy prayers for mercy directed unto Christ without ceasing.

Christ was also in the world, despised of men, and in His greatest necessity forsaken by His acquaintances. A Prayer of Intercession. Almighty God, the Father of all mankind, who hath commanded us to make intercession for our men, hear us while we pray: That it may please Thee to purge our political life of every evil that may keep back the people from the highest measure of virtue and happiness, to inspire us with calmness and self-restraint, and the endeavor to get Thy will done everywhere upon the earth; That it may please Thee to bless all classes of the people and so to turn the hearts of men toward each other that the spirit of caste may be destroyed, that all unjust and needless inequalities may disappear, and that the fair brotherhood of men, which Thy Son came to establish, may exist among us of a truth; That it may please Thee to regard with Thy favor the commerce of our country, so that men everywhere may be in their transactions, upright and honorable; and that dishonesty and avarice and selfishness may speedily cease; That it may please Thee to guide all those who study the laws of the land, that they may give wise and just advice to men in their dealings with one another; to give grace to those who humbly search out Thy works, and mark the wisdom in which thou hast made them all; and to help all writers of books and newspapers, and all who mould the thoughts and opinions of men, that they may be lovers of that which is pure and good, and use all their powers in the cause of truth and righteousness; That it may please Thee to bless the city in which we live; may our first men be our wisest and best; may knowledge, virtue and religion grow in our midst; and may we all so cultivate the spirit of fairness and charity that our religious views may not bitterly divide us, nor our politics sharply part us, nor our tactics dishonor us, nor our conflicts leave us unkind; That it may please Thee to pity and bless the poor and sick in our workhouses and hospitals; the afflicted in our asylums; the sufferers in their own homes; and to guide through death to a better life all who are appointed to die.

The God of the Living. God of the living, in whose eyes Unveiled Thy whole creation lies, All souls are Thine; we must not say That those are dead who pass away; From this our world of sense set free, Our dead are living unto Thee. Not split like water on the ground, Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound, Not wandering in unknown despair, Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Life, in Thy power, they be Not dead, but living unto Thee. Thy word is true, Thy will is just; To Thee we leave them, Lord, as trust, And thank Thee for the love which gave Thy Son to fill a human grave, And none might fear the worst to see Where all are living unto Thee. O Breather into man of breath, O Holder of the keys of death, O Giver of the life within, Save us from death, the death of sin; That body, soul and spirit be For ever living unto Thee. —J. Ellerton.

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If the \$12,718.13 premiums paid to the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association had been paid for ordinary whole life Level Premium Insurance, \$66,000 only would have been received by the claimants instead of \$164,000, which was paid to them by the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association. A difference of \$98,000. It is not worth while for the people to investigate the advantages offered by THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION and obtain the most insurance for the least money, combined with the greatest security? Liberal terms offered to active and reliable canvassing agents. CHARLES CAMPBELL, SECRETARY. St. John, 14th Jan. 1891.

- FERTILIZERS. -

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE! POTATO PHOSPHATE! BONE MEAL!

Would have had no Crop without It. SHANKLIN, St. John, Co. Sins—I am sending you a few stalks of Buckwheat grown by using your Imperial Superphosphate, also a few stalks grown without it, all taken from the same field and grown within two feet of each other. The soil seed and cultivation was the same with each. You can easily see that without your FERTILIZER would have had no crop. Yours truly, S. J. SHANKLIN.

PROVINCIAL CHEMICAL FERTILIZER CO.

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LADIES INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING LEATHERBONE CORSETS. THEY ARE MORE DURABLE THEY ARE MORE GRACFUL THEY ARE MORE STYLISH. TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY CANADA LEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. THE MOST PERFECT AND PALATABLE PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL ON THE MARKET. CHILDREN WILL TAKE IT WHEN THEY REFUSE ALL OTHERS. THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH RETAINS IT. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS - PRICE 50 CTS.

We arranged it somehow, I promising to send him every month a sum of five pounds as long as he should hold my secrets safe, and keep away from Sea-land.

And then he went, and I breathed more freely, yet even felt a burden hanging over me—the voice of conscience urging me to tell Florence, and let her choose between her pride and me; but I did not, and the months rolled on, bringing us near to our wedding day.

Our wedding day! the day when Florence would be mine forever—when her love would be my sweet possession as long as life should last. I look back to the thought now with tears, with an aching sense of loss and pain that I would ever for ever.

It was about a fortnight to the day fixed for the wedding. I had gone for a long walk up the cliffs, when I became aware of a man following me. I turned, and saw the man whom I most dreaded in the whole world—Jack Saunders.

"You here?" I said, sternly. "What was our agreement, pray?" He looked uneasily down at his boots.

"I heard tell of your grand marriage coming off soon. You'll be rich as rich then, so I just wants you to double the little sum that you gives me every month; it's worth more nor five pounds, and yer know it!"

"I know nothing of the sort," I said, indignantly. "You will keep to the five pounds or have nothing at all."

The man's face darkened, and an evil gleam shot into his eyes. "Well, sir! as you will have it, it will sound nice to your lady-love to hear she was nearly a-goin' to be the daughter-in-law of a murderer; 'praps she'll give me some tin for a warning of her."

The hot blood surged up into my brain. To be at the mercy of this villain! What could I do? I could not think clearly for the anger that burned in my heart. Jack Saunders stood watching me with a sneering smile on his face, and presently he began to speak again:

"An' when you married to that proud, stuck-up Miss yonder, you'll be able to spare me a bit more, I'd say."

The passion leapt up with a mighty bound in my heart, as it was more than I could bear. I stepped forward, and struck him a heavy blow.

With a cry he stumbled, and fell headlong over the cliff, down to the sands far below, and I watched him with an awful horror at my heart, knowing that I had killed him—that I, Cyril St. Dalmas, was a murderer, as well as the son of a murderer!

The sun still shone on, and the waters danced, and the birds sang, and I stood with bowed head and aching heart, looking down where I had seen the body roll.

Presently my senses came back. It was just possible that even now Jack Saunders might be alive—that he had saved himself by clinging to a jutting rock in his descent. I must go and seek for him—go to save him—even if he ruined my chance of happiness for ever!

I clambered down the steep sides of the cliff—clinging by hands and feet—till, with torn and bleeding hands, I stood on the sands below.

There—lying on his face on the shingle, was Saunders. I turned the body gently over, and saw that he was dead—knew that he would never speak or move again. Now I was free from my torment for ever. But I felt no joy, only bitter remorse for the passionate blow I had given him.

And yet I had not meant to kill him, and would have given my own life to see his breath come back to him again.

I stood gazing with horror and remorse at the body.

I thought of Florence, my so nearly wedded wife! and the tears gushed forth as I realized that I must give her up for ever. Never more could I look on the sweetest face that I ever loved. Now all was over; life had lost its sweet hope and brightness for me, and I felt as if I were dead to joy and happiness for evermore.

I could have left the man lying there in his last deep sleep, knowing that his death would be put down to an accident—a "fall from the cliffs." Who would ever suspect me as having been the cause of it?

Or I could push his body into the sea, and the waves would carry him far out, and he could never come back from the sleep of death to tell the story of my sin.

But I could not do it. I could not go on with the burden of another secret on my brain.

I looked on the sweet peaceful scene that lay around me. The soft sands, strewn with the many tinted shells; the waves gently rippling in and out at my feet, and the cry of the gulls as they hovered about the seaweed-covered rocks.

How I had loved it all! this dear Sea-land that I was about to leave forever.

I gave a last, lingering look about me, a mist of tears dimming its clearness, and then turned and went to my house.

The painters and decorators were busy there, making it fresh and pretty for the bride that was so shortly to have come home to it. I felt a thrill of pain as I realized that she now would never come.

I went into my own room, and sat down to write a note to my Florence, only a few words that would show her I loved her the same as ever.

"Dearest Florence,— I must leave you and this country at once—and for ever. Do not seek to know my reason. Only believe that you are as dear to me as ever. My heart breaks at leaving you. Yours ever truly, "CYRIL ST. DALMAS."

Only those few words. What could I say? How explain better the awful necessity upon me?

I put the note, blurred and blotted with my tears, into an envelope, and left it where it would be seen. I then went to my private drawer and took out a roll of bank notes, money that I had lately drawn out for wedding expenses. I should want it for another object now.

Then I went from my home, never to return. Far away, in the backwoods of Australia, I am living on my lonely life.

The old days seem a dream now, an awful nightmare that has passed, leaving me with the horrid memory left. My soul is free from the crime of murder, for I know I had no thought of killing him that awful day, but I am paying dearly for the passion I let so overcome me.

One day, perhaps, this weight of sorrow may lighten, and in the old land I may begin life again.

TWO BOYS' ADVENTURES.

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY OF STANLEY'S FIRST EXPEDITION.

He Was a Mere Boy When He Journeyed Through Asiatic Turkey With Another Lad on a Pair of Old Horses—Dare Devil Adventures on the Road.



It was a mere boy when he tired of the monotonous duties of a ship's clerk, and set sail for Smyrna in quest of adventures. He was accompanied on this Quixotic journey by a lad of the name of Lewis H. Noe, now a respected citizen of Sayville, L. I. Like Ulysses, he travelled far, visited the capitals of many nations, and endured great sufferings on land and sea.

Mr. Noe first made Mr. Stanley's acquaintance in 1864, when the former was a boy of 15 serving as commodore's messenger on board the United States frigate Minnesota. Commodore Joseph Lanman, then lying in Hampton Roads, Stanley had enlisted as a sailor, but by reason of his marked ability and skill as a penman, he had been made ship's clerk. He was, even then, full of aspiration for adventure, and had stored his mind with tales of mystery and marvel. He urged Noe, as soon as they should leave the service, to accompany him in a tour through Southern Europe, a proposal that Noe's somewhat romantic nature made him eager to follow.

The period of final discharge being yet a long way off, the youths became impatient, and Noe says that Stanley planned their desertion when the Minnesota put in for repairs at Portsmouth, N. H. This, he adds, was done by merely affixing the commodore's name, in excellent fac simile, to a pass by which the pair were permitted to leave through the navy yard gate. They went directly to New York, and Noe visited his home on Long Island, intending thereafter to return to the ship. But on his way back he met the wicked Stanley in New York, who dissuaded him from returning by picturing the disgrace and punishment that awaited him. He suggested, however, as an alternative and means of raising the wind, a frolicsome experiment in the then popular pastime of bounty-jumping. But Noe's neck and his feelings were alike tender, and conscience, quickened by the vision of a halter and a youth dangling at the end of it, literally made his flesh creep. He declined the suggestion, and leaving New York, found work with Joshua Hubbs, a farmer at Hockville, L. I. But recollection of his wrong-doing still troubled him, and at the end of a week he came again to the metropolis and enlisted as a private under the name of Lewis Morton in the Eighth New York Mounted Volunteers, Colonel Pope commanding. He continued in the service till the close of the war. Stanley, who is believed to have found employment, meantime, in a New York law office, finally



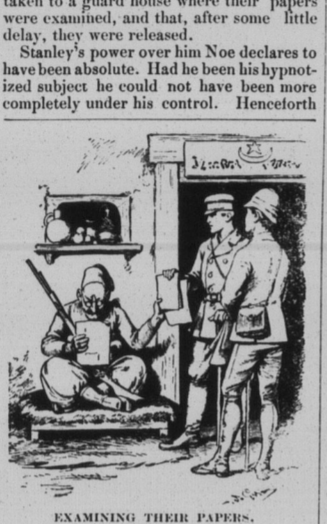
KHAN BAHADUR, ALIAS STANLEY, IN ABBYSSINIA.

learned his whereabouts and began a correspondence with him in which he opened up a scheme of travel to the Rocky Mountains. As Noe could have joined him in the journey only by again becoming a deserter, the proposal was declined, and Stanley went to Colorado alone. He remained there until the spring of 1866, continuing correspondence with his friend, and stimulating the interest in foreign travel with which he had imbued him early in their intimacy. The war had ended, and having received an honorable discharge from the army, Noe had returned to the home of his parents when Stanley came back to New York. The latter lost no time in visiting Sayville, and besought the father and mother of Noe to allow their son to accompany him on a journey into Asia. They were inclined, from the statements made to them, to look upon Stanley's previous conduct in deserting as a pardonable indiscretion, and were unimpressed by his later efforts to graduate their son as a bounty-jumper. His representations, too, of the possibilities of wealth that offered in the east had their influence upon the worthy couple, and when, in connection with these, they considered the apparently disinterested character of the proposal, they gave their consent. Thus it came to pass that about the first of July, 1866, the young globe trotters left Sayville with a faithful Abraham's, solely in his ignorance of whither they went. In New York they met a gentleman named Cook whose acquaintance Stanley had made in the Rocky Mountains, and who was to accompany them on their journey. The trio then proceeded to Boston where, about

the middle of July, they embarked on the E. H. Yarrington, a vessel bound for Smyrna. Contrary to his expectation Noe was obliged to work his passage, Stanley, very early in the expedition, having met with financial reverses. But he was assured that all his expectations would be more than realized on arriving in the East. Stanley had a project in view that could not fail, which would result in fabulous wealth to them all. When after a 60 days' voyage, however, Smyrna was reached, it became evident that the exchequer stood in no likelihood of being immediately replenished, and its condition was one of extreme exhaustion. But Stanley was undismayed. There was no doubt of success further on; but where and by what means were secrets he studiously kept to himself. With the assurance of one possessed of unlimited resources he negotiated with a guide at Smyrna to accompany his party into the interior, offering him a sum equivalent to \$60 a month and his expenses. Fortunately for himself, the guide declined the offer, and the three travellers proceeded without one.

"On our second day from Smyrna," Mr. Noe continues, "while we were at rest and Mr. Cook was seated by a bunch of bushes half asleep, in boyish sport I set fire to the bushes to give him a scare. I succeeded, and Stanley and I had a good laugh at his expense. But, unfortunately, the flames spread further than I intended. They caught upon a briar hedge and soon destroyed it. The inhabitants of the neighborhood became much excited in consequence, and four or five men, evidently invested with some kind of police authority, came up and, after some resistance on the part of Stanley and Cook, arrested them. During the struggle I escaped and made my way to Smyrna, a distance of ten or twelve miles. That afternoon Stanley came back to Smyrna in search of me, and stated that after I left, he and Mr. Cook had been taken to a guard house where their papers were examined, and that, after some little delay, they were released.

Stanley's power over him Noe declares to have been absolute. Had he been hypnotized subject he could not have been more completely under his control. Henceforth Stanley required of him unquestioning obedience, and soon after their departure from Smyrna said to him in severest tones: "Remember, you are to do my bidding. If I tell you to cut a man's throat you do it." An act of apparent insubordination soon after brought to the youths such punishment as left no ground for mistaking the significance of these words. Without notice of his intention Stanley led him into a pomegranate forest, a short distance from the traveled road. He then seized him, tied his hands, stripped off his clothing and gave him a sound whipping with a whip previously cut from one of the trees. The lashes were administered at intervals during which Stanley recalled facts in their past intercourse when his victim had offended him; and at the end of the chastigation said condescendingly: "Now, I think you're a good boy, and I had I want for a companion. We will let the matter drop for I am satisfied." "Two or three days afterwards," Noe adds, "he asked me if I recollected that he had told me on our voyage from Boston to Smyrna that he was going to give me a severe trial, and one which would convince him whether I was the companion he wanted or not? I told him I did. He added, you now see what I meant. It is the way you stood that whipping that has convinced me I made a correct choice."

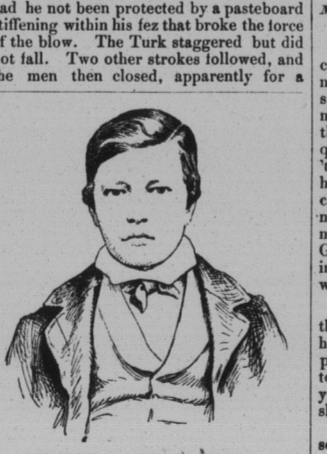


EXAMINING THEIR PAPERS.

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It was only a day or two after this that Stanley and Noe overtook a Turk who was riding one horse and leading another. Leisurely as was his pace it was with difficulty that the sorry animals on which they rode kept up with them. Stanley, who had learned a little Turkish from a phrase book, engaged the Turk in conversation, and soon the latter, switching with a companion he was riding, dismounted from his horse and rushed toward Noe with the evident intention of assaulting him. Stanley, following, raised his sabre and dealt him a stroke that would have killed him had he not been protected by a pasteboard stiffening within his hat that broke the force of the blow. The Turk staggered but did not fall. Two other strokes followed, and the men then closed, apparently for a

death struggle. The Turk fought desperately and with a drawn dagger tried to reach his antagonist's heart. Stanley, finding he could not free himself, called out to Noe: "Shoot him, Lewis; shoot him, or he'll kill me!" Noe raised his gun, levelled it at the Turk's breast and pulled the trigger. But the rifle did not go off. That morning, Stanley, after shooting at



STANLEY AS A BOY OF ELEVEN.

death struggle. The Turk fought desperately and with a drawn dagger tried to reach his antagonist's heart. Stanley, finding he could not free himself, called out to Noe: "Shoot him, Lewis; shoot him, or he'll kill me!" Noe raised his gun, levelled it at the Turk's breast and pulled the trigger. But the rifle did not go off. That morning, Stanley, after shooting at

a mark, had failed to reload it. As an only resort, Noe clubbed the Turk with the butt end of his musket, and with such effect that he let go his grasp of Stanley. The Turk retreated about in the direction whence he came. Stanley fired two shots after him from a revolver taken from his saddle-bags, and mounting one of the Turk's horses and telling Noe to mount the other, he led off at a gallop, crying out to Mr. Cook, who just then came in sight. "Each day the mountaineers draw up over the kept their horses going at full speed for a distance of fifteen miles, when they and the riders were alike exhausted and obliged to encamp for the night.

"Meantime," continues Mr. Noe, "the Turk had not been idle. He collected a force of eight or ten men and started in hot pursuit, and just before dark when Stanley thought that all was safe, we were started by the yells of our pursuers, who captured us, bound us with lariats, conveyed us to Chibissar, and there held us prisoners for four or five days, during which we were subjected to cruel torture.

"The first night of our imprisonment I was treated in a shocking manner. I was tired of torturing us to no purpose the hand took us to Afium-Kara Hissar, a city about four hours travel from Chibissar, where we were again imprisoned and a charge of highway robbery was preferred against us before a tribunal.

"But, fortunately, the excesses of our captors in committing outrages upon us and robbing us of what little we had—our arms, our passports and blankets and our few extra garments—opened an avenue of escape and Stanley's genius was quick to take advantage of it. He, himself, contrived a scheme by which we got out of this scrape and I'll get you out of it. He did it most ingeniously and ably. When we were accused of robbery, with leonine assurance, he made a counter accusation, declaring that we not only had not robbed, but had been robbed, and that the truth of his statement might be verified by searching the persons of our accusers. There, sure enough, underneath their garments were found our papers and such portions of our property as they had been able thus to conceal. The Cadi was hence convinced that Stanley's story was true, and our accusers were at once placed under arrest and sent to the prison. Stanley was equal once more to the emergency. He appealed to the Hon. E. Joy Morris, their American Minister to Turkey, and so enlisted that gentleman's sympathy that he obtained from him a sum equal to several hundred dollars, which he made good after their escape. Stanley, who treated me with the utmost kindness, while he made a trip into Wales, where he was born, and where he lived until he was 15 years old, when he went to America. From his relations I learned his early history, and that he had possessed the same characteristics as a boy, that he has since exhibited as a man."

Stanley's real name was John Rowland, and he was so addressed by his aunt and uncle in Noe's presence. It was after his arrival in New Orleans, having secured employment from a rich old merchant named Stanley, who treated me with the utmost kindness, while he made a trip into Wales, where he was born, and where he lived until he was 15 years old, when he went to America. From his relations I learned his early history, and that he had possessed the same characteristics as a boy, that he has since exhibited as a man."

Such was his phenomenal will-power and self-possession that Noe cannot recall a moment in which he weakened in determination or exhibited fear. "The most desirable, in others. He had such a suit among his effects, but as it had unfortunately lost the buttons he procured a set of Turkish ones, on which the crescent was plainly discernible, as seen in a photograph remaining in Mr. Noe's possession.

Mr. Gladstone watched the house of commons pretty closely. He is a determined "stayer" and no amount of proxy speculating will drive him home. He remains at his post to the end, even though the session be an all-night one. Very frequently he falls asleep in his chair—in fact "is no unusual sight to see one-third of the house dozing placidly while orators are exchanging platitudes on the subject of Armenia or "our foreign relations." But the most inspiring spectacle of all is to see Mr. Gladstone yawn—he performs that refreshing office so earnestly, so deliberately, and with such apparent relief.

Prince Bismarck was one day passing through the Royal Palace at Berlin, when he entered a room in which the young princes were merrily romping and dancing to the music of a barrel organ. The youngsters insisted that Prince Bismarck should stay and dance with them.

"I am too old," said the stiff and stately septuagenarian, "and really I cannot dance, but if the Crown Prince will dance I will grind the organ." The bargain was at once struck.

The Crown Prince joined his two brothers, and Prince Bismarck ground away merrily at the organ while the children danced on in high glee. In the midst of their mirth the door opened and the young Kaiser entered. He smiled to see the redoubtable Reichskanzler grinding the barrel organ, and, after a word of

greeting to his sons, he observed in mock displeasure, to Prince Bismarck, "You begin in good time to make the heir-apparent dance to your piping. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns to whom you devote yourself!"

John Burns, the leader of the London dockmen, is a demagogue of the best type. He has more than once had the chance of enriching himself at the people's expense, but he lives on the salary of a low bank clerk, in a little dingy back house rented above the means of laborer in regular work. His life is Spartan in its simplicity. He rises in the small hours, and has often done four hours' solid reading in philosophy or political economy before breakfast-time. He neither smokes nor drinks, and has, in fact, been a total abstainer from tobacco and alcohol all through his life. He has a splendid physique despite his little stature; is as strong as an ox, and can box like a "pug." His dark complexion, black eyes, and jet-black hair and beard give him a foreign air, but there is a vigorous Saxon ring in the rough generalities of his speech, and not a trace of affectation in his manner. He is a good fellow to the back-bone. He has a young and pretty wife (whose features are not unlike those of a well known lady of title and fashion) who has a limitless admiration for him, and to whom he is the best of husbands. His moral courage matches his physical. Witness his public attack upon Stanley not long since, though he and Stanley are and have been on the best of terms. He has been offered £20 for the straw hat which he wore during the dockers' strike.

Tallyrand served eight known masters without counting the great number of others who were said to have had him secretly in their pay. He was president of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution. He went to London on a secret mission with a passport from Danton. He was minister of foreign affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under Louis XVIII., and under Louis Philippe. He was a profligate priest, who owed his start in life to an ill-favored joke about the immorality of Paris, made in the drawing-room of Madame du Barry. He was a Bishop, who pleaded that he had been grossly maligned by the statement that he had won a fortune at play—he had not won more than thirty thousand francs. While in office under the Directory, he thwarted their measures and plotted for the *compétent* of Napoleon. While in office under Napoleon, he intrigued with the Emperors of Russia and Austria to defeat his plans, and plotted for the return of the Bourbons. While in office under Louis XVIII., he plotted for that King's overthrow, and the accession of Louis Philippe. At the end he had a king at his bedside, and a Cardinal of Paris to bless him as he breathed his last.—Daily News.

Dining in England with a very straight-laced set of people, who, he fancied, considered him as something little short of an orge, Sir Richard Burton met several very young ladies, and he made up his mind to horrify them. He commenced giving a narrative of an imaginary shipwreck on the Red Sea, or the Blue Nile, remote from all human habitation or help. After describing how they all suffered from the pangs of hunger, and the wolfish glances they began to cast on each other from time to time, as the days wore on, and no relief came; dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, almost under his breath, he added: "The cabin-boy was young and fat, and looked very tender, and on him, more than on any other, such looks were cast, until—"

Here he paused, looked around at the strained and startled faces of his auditors, in which horror was depicted, and then abruptly concluded, as though dismissing a disagreeable memory—"But these are not stories to be told at a cheerful dinner party, in a Christian country, and I had best say no more. Let us turn to some more cheerful subject."

Of course he was pressed to continue, and complete his story, but stubbornly refused; leaving his hearers in a most unsatisfactory state of mind as the denouement of the unfinished narrative.

Burton told me he was thoroughly convinced, by the startled looks cast upon him by the younger ladies, that they believed that he and his tougher comrades in the shipwreck had roasted and eaten that cabin-boy whose tenderness he had so eulogised. They seemed to have no doubt that he really was a cannibal, in fact as well as in intention.—Edwin de Leon.

The black veil of final and absolute retirement from and renunciation of the world and its pleasures has been taken by Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress to \$7,000,000. In complying with its requirements Sister Mary Catherine not only gave herself a bride to the church, but promised to devote her mental talents and her vast wealth to the education and amelioration of the condition of the Indians and negroes. It may be six months before Miss Drexel issues forth with her little band of workers. According to Mother Neri, of Mercy Convent, Sister Catherine, as superior of the new Order, will retain control of her immense income, which she will in reality hold in trust for the benefit of the Order.

A Great Compensation. Visitor—Are you going to be a great man when you grow up, Willie? Willie—You bet! I'm going to be an arctic explorer.

"An arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie." "Yes'm. But I can stand 'em, I reckon." "I like your spirit, my-boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind."

"Yes'm. And you don't never have to wash your face."—Chicago Tribune.

Only Once. It was a pitiful mistake. An error sad and grim; I waited for the railway train, The light was low and dim.

It came at last and from the car Three stepped a daisy-dand; And looking up at back-place, She straight unto me came.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!" Then looked again, and frightened cried "On what a bad mistake!"

I said "Forgive me, maiden fair That I am not your Jack, And as regards the kiss you gave, But, ma'am, I don't need no 'nometers."

And since that night I have often stood On the platform lighted dim; But only once in a man's whole life Do things come to him.—Boston Courier.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Week, which does not entertain all Mr. Goldwin Smith's theories, but nevertheless admires him, says of his late address on loyalty, given before the Young Men's Liberal Club:

Probably few readers . . . would conclude it without finding sentiments from which they would very cordially dissent . . . But the charm of the style, the moderation of the language, the breadth and tolerance of spirit, and the lucidity and dispassionateness of the reasoning, all mark it as the production of the hand of a master in the science and art of oratory. . . . None of us are bound to adopt Mr. Goldwin Smith's political views, and not many of us are likely to do so in all respects, but none of us can, without singular ingratitude, forget the great services he has rendered, and is rendering to Canadian literature.

If a too liberal disposition to praise—somewhere denominated as daubing with "critical taffy"—is indicated in some current comments on Canadian literary products, it is a fault easily forgiven, except by such as are without sympathy and are of fastidious tastes. Such motives as those of servility, truckling, or self-seeking, need not be ascribed, nor need it be assumed the makers of such comments are devoid of discernment and are without discrimination. The character in this respect attributed by Macaulay to Dryden may be applicable in other quarters:

His literary creed was catholic, even to latitudinarianism; not from any want of acuteness but from a disposition to be easily satisfied. He was quick to discern the smallest glimpse of merit; he was indulgent even to gross improprieties, when accompanied by any redeeming talent. When he said a severe thing, it was to serve a temporary purpose, to support an argument or to tease a rival. Never was so able a critic so free from fastidiousness. He loved the old poets, especially Shakespeare. He admired the ingenuity which Donne and Cowley had so wittily abused. He did justice, amid the general silence, to the memory of Milton. He praised to the skies the school-boy lines of Addison. Always looking on the fair side of every object, he admired extravagance on account of the invention which he supposed it to indicate; he excused affectation in favor of wit; he tolerated even tameness for the sake of the correctness which was its concomitant.

The fourth prize story of The Week's series is "Winona's Tryst," by Jessie M. Freeland, of Brockville, Ont. The incidents in this pathetic little tale, quite cleverly told, connect themselves with the rebellion of 1837. Winona is a Huron maiden, whose devotion to the fiery young Hugh Gordon is even to the death. The Week might well advertise another series. In the same issue appear a vividly picturesque account of "Indian life in British Columbia," by Susan Louisa Allison; a delicate bit of Weirs' verse; and a reprint of "A Canadian People," from the Fortnightly Review, the author of which is George Baden Powell. The editor takes note of two important works recently issued in London and New York: "Royal Edinburgh: her saints, kings, prophets and poets," by Mrs. Oliphant; and certain volumes containing graphic portraits of ladies of the French court (from Marie Antoinette to Marie Louise), translated from M. Imbert St. Amant by Thomas Sergeant Perry. Both of these works are doubtless literary treasures, of substantial and permanent value.

Some notes on recent Canadian books are thus mentioned. From the subjects they must needs be of peculiar interest to such a lover of our country's history as Mrs. Curzon: I have just gone through a little book that pleases me very much. It is "Hemlock, a tale of 1812," by Robert Sellar, Huntington, Que. The story itself is a pretty one, and is well told; and the history involved is correct and careful. The scene lies near the field of the battle of Chateaugay, but is shifted to the Upper Ottawa, among the Oka Indians, to an American camp, and to several interesting but more domestic localities, which have each some sentiment worth round it. D. B. Reed's "Life of Brock" is ready for press, but I have not heard who the publisher will be.

Another book, dealing with our past, is promised, but I must only mention the subject, which is the Negro in Canada. The Proctor cowardice controversy is not quite ended. Historians has challenged Charles Mair by name to show proof of the correctness of his characterization in Tecumseh. And there is no doubt but Mr. Mair will take up the gauntlet as soon as he is aware of the challenge. Rev. Principal Grant avows that, as an advocate of Imperial Federation, it "does not interest him if its advantages were simply to put money into the purses of the Canadian people, advantage means the best development and progress of the nation. It is not so much the acquisition of wealth as the better performance of duties, the development of political life, and the safety of the commonwealth." Whatever practicable condition of things will secure these results,—obtain us that condition. But just here is the question; and what sage without experience can answer?

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., read an able paper on "Canadian Art of today" at the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st., in which he spoke warmly of the growing national sentiment of Canadians, as being one of the most hopeful signs for the advance of art in our country.

Prof. Lloyd delivered the third of the Trinity College series of Saturday afternoon lectures at the College Hall on the 31st ult., on the subject, "The Japanese Language and Thought." The Japanese lecturer showed that he was quite at home, with his subject, and his lectures were able, interesting and instructive.—The Week.

A late practical beatitude is a temporary home for brain-worn work-wearies authors to be established in Brooklyn, N. Y. The

scheme is substantially supported by Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and others the good Samaritans of the age. The plan contemplated is a good one, and we trust it will not fall for lack of support.

I have thought sometimes that a collection of such records as eminent writers of great impressibility have left of their preferences, and especially of the effect of certain natural objects and influences upon them, would be highly interesting. Of course in verse, and in a general or inferential way, we have an abundance of such passages in English verse from Chaucer to Tennyson, such as Chaucer's partiality for the daisy, which he shares with several other poets. But I mean chiefly such passages in prose as that of Burns in his celebrated biographical epistle to Dr. Moore, familiar to the reader, in which he refers to the effect produced on him by an autumnal wind shaking the tops of some hillside grove by which he happened to be wandering, as well as that other letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in which he descants after this manner:

This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skied noon, sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning, and calm, sunny day, about the end of autumn; these time out of mind have been with me a kind of holiday. . . . We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-briar rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accidents? Or do these workings within us argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of woe or beyond death and the grave.

Have we got so far beyond this in our philosophy of to-day?

A "man and brother," who has struggled into some measure of power and influence against almost every obstacle that fate or fortune can oppose, writes to us of his hopes and aims:

I thank you very much for your . . . kindly feeling toward one of the least and feeblest of Canada's sons. Circumstances have not permitted me to myself and partly over which I have had no control, have put me in this position, else had I brought to my beloved country an offering more worthy than a harvest of withered leaves. . . . Yet, if I can say one word that will be remembered for the benefit of my native land or the human race, I shall not consider my life life lost. Courage and good cheer, my goodly-meaning friend—the future is an unsworn field. Like dust from scornful fingers cast, And scattered on the oblivious blast, Let not this unpropitious part, Oppress the soul! If now we run, we may at last Attain the goal.

The correspondent mentioned above informs us that he has "a poetical friend in Kingsclear, N. B., who has written, printed and bound, himself, several poetical productions which are above the average standard. . . . He is intensely religious and deeply imbued with the 'Identification' doctrine, of which Hines is the apostle, viz.: the identification of the British nation with the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel." We own ourself curious to see some of this work.

When the best literature abounds to all—words of beauty, words of power, the literature of "sweetness and light"—poetry, history, biography, science, religion, elevating fiction and romance—why, O why will so many still feed on garbage, and prefer a book which it did not require sense or genius to write, and which would disgust and revolt a wholesome taste if touched, and which is printed with the slatternness of a slop-rag? Reader, stop! Ask, is this well written? Was it worth writing? Ought it to be placed with such a thing? Will it not hurt and disgrace me to read it?

Note.—The name of Mr. J. F. Herbin was inadvertently omitted from the review of his poems in last week's issue. He is himself who is alumnus of Acadia College, rather than Mr. Anslow, his printer.

Edgar's Presence of Mind. "Edgar!" There were italics in her voice that sent a thrill of apprehension through him. "What is it?" he cried. "A hair on your coat lapel!" "It can't be my one's but yours." "Do not think to deceive me. My hair is brown; this is blonde, very blonde." Edgar was silent for several heart-beats, and then, with a sigh of relief, said: "Yes, my dearest. But this is an old coat. When I last wore it to see you blond hair was the fashion."—Washington Post.

A Japanese Wife Seeker. Here is a translation of an advertisement found in a Japanese newspaper of recent date, under the heading "Wanted—a Wife"; if she is pretty she need not be clever. If she is rich she need not be perfect. If she is clever, she need not be perfect in form (provided always that she be not conceited). Her station in life is no object; neither is the remoteness of her place of abode, whether in country or town. She ought to be in the neighborhood of 30 years of age, more or less. The would-be bridegroom is an artist of Osaka, occupying a medium position in society.—Ex.

A Simpler Method. Anxious Mother: "I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would use the thermometer so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature." Susan: "Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am; I don't need no 'nometers." If the little 'un turns red, the water's too hot! if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it."

CARRIE CARELESS TALK.

INITIATES THE GIRLS INTO THE MYSTERIES OF BACHELORHOOD.

A Peep Into a Den of Single Blessedness—The Lap Dog Craze—Carmenita Mad and Minnie Hawk in a Rut—Why Madame Sara Bernhardt Changed her Hotel.

ACHELORS have perfect times these nineteenth century days, when all the world of women, landlords and janitors are conspiring to make bachelorhood abodes the most charming and convenient spots on earth!

This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skyed noon, sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning, and calm, sunny day, about the end of autumn: three times out of mind have been with me a kind of holiday.

A "man and brother," who has struggled into some measure of power and influence against almost every obstacle that fate or fortune can oppose, writes to us of his hopes and aims:

Let him, for example, take a suite in any of the newest bachelor apartment houses, and what does he get. Or, more conveniently speaking, what does he not get? For it is easier to mention the things omitted, than those which he has.

In the sleeping room where Jack lays his tired form to rest, a peaceful neatness reigns. Brushes are put away, toilet articles nicely arranged, combs hidden, night shirt secreted and no trousers visible.

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kindles a glowing fire upon the hearth in the parlor. It is a pity that great artists in any profession should permit themselves to become the victims of every day passions such as rule the breast of ordinary mortals.

Yet there is Carmenita! The press lauds her to the skies and by the column as a wonderful danseuse and contortionist.

Dog parties are popular, but only one dog figure at a time. He is beautifully ribboned and scented; and, if his size will permit, he is passed round from lap to lap to be loved, petted, kissed and admired.

A certain society swell who was present at a lap dog party was heard to exclaim: "I'm glad I'm not a goose, and I don't want to be an ape, nor an ass, nor a chump, don't you know? But b' George, I'd like more than deuced well to be a puppy."

Flowers fall at her feet—a bloom for each pirouette—and yet—and yet—and yet she is not happy. She does not feel restfully sure of her plaudits.

So great is now the passion for live stock as pets that hotel proprietors are being obliged to declare that none of the four-footed tribe shall be permitted within their walls.

The reefer, with its brass buttons and trimmings of gold braid is the jauntiest thing worn by the half-grown girl, the favorite color seems to be the sailor blue, relieved sometimes by a gay scarlet collar and wide cuffs.

Bernhardt, too, had trouble at her hostelry and partly on account of her pets, though in this case, they were of the finny tribe.

The hotel, however, threw open its portals wide, and thither Madame Sara went with her suite, including the snake family, the little dog Chonette and the big dog Myrtha.

Never were New Yorkers more delighted than with Bernhardt's La Tosca. She drove them wild with fear, delight and with her coquettishness, and set them mad with her passion, all in one brief play.

Very nice people do very odd things at times, if the fact takes them. Lap dog parties are the delight of the nicest women of fashion during the Lenten season, when piety forbids out-and-out dissipation.

ice which is laid in small plates; they are allowed to flow when they reach the waist, falling in Fedora style over the belt. Faked bodices are among the prettiest of children's styles, the yokes being generally of velvet or in an all-over braiding or embroidery pattern.

top of each sleeve; below this is a puffed sleeve with a pointed cuff of velvet; a guimpe of white India silk fully shirred and with a Pompadour ruff at the neck appears beneath décolleté bodices.

Hand-knit skirts have the waist and skirt in one, and the less expensive women ones are made in the same manner; they cling more closely than the ordinary flannel skirt and are much less apt to shrink in the wash.

Under-vests of a mixture of wool and silk are less liable to shrinkage than those of fine linen, or of white or colored India; the sleeves are sometimes made quite short, the full skirt sleeves appearing beneath.

Another comfortable fashion for small boys are the leggings; they may be of cloth to match the suit, or of wash-leather or calf; they are of ooze-kind or Russian tan and by far the most stylish, and are buttoned the entire length of the leg.

The bath-sachet is usually thrown into baby's bath tub; it is compounded of bran, almond meal, castile soap and orris, and imparts a delicious perfume to the water, taking the place of soap.

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Finishing of country houses. For christening gifts silver is the usual offering. In lieu of the candle cup, which once was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on the anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen years, he or she is in possession of just as many spoons.

The Joker Suffers by His Joking. "Do you really think it injures a man to be known as a joker?"

forehead, perched a little to the left, was a great yellow rosette, like a huge daffodil. Bernhardt makes a protegee of rather an interesting young girl who was in the actress' parlors this noon with her hair—Bernhardt's maid arranged it—in a long, low loop, that is popular, and, for young faces, becoming.

During the performance of the "Gottedammerung" the other evening my eyes wandered to a dimpled girl in pink, whose hair was very pretty. She had waved it loosely in front, or it had waved itself, for there is hair whose ripples are not artificial, as there is a strand of hair left astrakhan.

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WARM WEATHER WEAR.

SPRING FASHIONS BRIGHTEN THE SHOP WINDOWS.

In Lent We Rest and Watch the Curling Tresses—What One Sees at Concerts, at Quiet Little Dinners and on the Side-walks—New Coiffures.

New York, Feb. 20.—In Lent we sleep late and rise to comb our hair. We comb it in many fashions as we sit about, those of us who are unhappy enough to have no more pressing occupation, yawning listlessly, pinning and unpinning many times. Now with languid interest we observe the

effect of a new twist or turn or lock that seems to change the shape of the forehead, and now, in reverent worship of our sacred locks, we revive some old fashion.

I was watching this morning a girl with a long, rather pointed face that might catch some artist's vagrant fancy as lazily she parted the whole of her short, thick, dull brown hair in the middle and, not with woven paces, but with slowly waving hands, arranged it differently on the two sides.

One mass she combed down and back and twisted it, and at the nape of the neck she turned it under. The other she twisted up from back to front, and at the top of her head she coaxed into loose shapeliness three thick curls. She let a pointed lock fall half curled over her left temple.

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HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN.

Points for Those Who Have Little Ones to Dress.

New York, Feb. 20.—The fashion of dressing children who can scarcely toddle in cumbersome long-skirted gowns is even more to be deprecated than that of the trailing skirts so much in vogue amongst women who will be swelled at the expense of both comfort and cleanliness.

It would be absurdly funny, were there not an element of pathos about the little ones who promenade the fashionable thoroughfares vainly endeavoring to grasp their skirts in their chubby fingers in order to avoid stumbling over them.

After the child has attained beyond the fifth year, her costume seems to be almost a reproduction in miniature of that of her mama. For an out-of-doory wrap she dons a paletot, which completely covers her dress, in either golden brown, tan, blue or dark red cloth or camel's hair; some of them are turned back with revers of fur or have a braiding or an applique pattern down the front.

The reefer, with its brass buttons and trimmings of gold braid is the jauntiest thing worn by the half-grown girl, the favorite color seems to be the sailor blue, relieved sometimes by a gay scarlet collar and wide cuffs.

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ice which is laid in small plates; they are allowed to flow when they reach the waist, falling in Fedora style over the belt. Faked bodices are among the prettiest of children's styles, the yokes being generally of velvet or in an all-over braiding or embroidery pattern.

A charming gown, brought from abroad by a youthful heiress is of Edison blue camel's hair; the waist is round, low-cut and shirred in curved lines on the shoulders, leaving a standing ruffle as a finish at the

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OUT FOR AN AIRING.



AT HOME.



AFTER THE DRIVE.



LENTE COIFFURES.



INDIA SILK AND CHALLIE.

THEATRE CAPIER OF VIOLET CLOTH.

with short pannes and passementerie bands on the left side. The sleeves were laid in close plaits or tucks from the elbows down; from the shoulders to the elbows they hung in loose puffs, finished with ribbon twists about the armholes.

Another frock privately exhibited was a faintly pink challie figured with rose-hued rhododendrons. This had a long, narrow bodice, on the fifteenth century lines now so strongly accentuated, cut off just below the waist to allow the sewing on of jacket skirts of plain material.

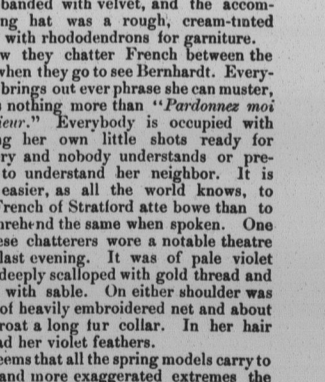
How they chatter French between the acts when they go to see Bernhardt. Everybody brings out ever phrase she can muster, if it is nothing more than "Ferdinand moi Monsieur." Everybody is occupied with getting her own little shots ready for delivery and nobody understands or pretends to understand her neighbor.

It seems that all the spring models carry to more and more exaggerated extremes the Holbein bodices, with their waist lines half way down over the hips and their peculiar and unlovely contractions just about the corset tops under the arms. These new old costumes suit artists; they are excellent to paint but heaven preserve us from spending many days in them.

A bright spring toque is made of three twists of pink ribbon with a bunch of rhododendrons behind. Up through the open meshes flutters the hair. A theatre hat for the demi-season is a fat model of gray straw, pointed over the forehead and edged with a wreath of violets without foliage.

A handsome model is a large black straw, with three yellow daffodils at the back, and long black velvet ribbon streamers. The only trimming in front is a yellow and black butterfly. The lace hats on wired foundations are most fantastic. One of the prettiest is in black, with no garniture but a bunch of dandelion "blow-aways."

ELLEN OSBORN.



LENTE COIFFURES.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

COLLECTED AND CONDENSED FROM MANY RELIABLE SOURCES.

Short Bits of Condensed Information for the Busy Merchant, the Tired Employee, the Eager Student—The Habits of Men and People, and Some Curious Customs.

There are just 3,600 lighthouses in the world.

An infant grows eight inches during the first year.

The piano manufacturers of Germany turn out over 2,000 pianos a week.

Two thousand two hundred trains leave London ordinarily every 24 hours.

The motto of Portugal is—"In hoc signo vinces"—by this sign shalt thou conquer.

Ensilage or the use of "silos" is increasing, the returns for 1889 showing 2820 in the United Kingdom.

The Chinese and Tibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water, feathers and earth.

In the month of August, 1843, nearly 75,000 persons in London took the teetotal pledge from Father Mathew.

According to the last census of Calcutta, the capital of India is inhabited by 30,400 Christians of all nationalities.

The underground system of telegraphs of the German empire has a total length of 3,600 miles, and has cost £2,100,000.

The national gallery began with the purchase by government of the Angerstein collection of pictures (38) for £57,000.

China has 136 telegraph stations. The system is mainly controlled by the government, and the operators are all Danes.

The railways of Russia represent a total length of 17,690 miles, of which 5,093 belong to the state, and 12,597 to companies.

The "last heir," in Scotch law, means the sovereign, who takes the property of persons deceased who have no legal heir.

As early as 969, A. D. the Chinese fastened rockets to their arrows, that the latter might be thrown to a greater distance.

Of 600,000 foreigners in the Argentine Republic, there are said to be 280,000 Italians, 150,000 French, 100,000 Spaniards, 40,000 English, and 20,000 Germans.

The world's largest gold mine, for which \$15,000,000 has been refused, is located in Alaska. It is lighted by electricity, and worked day and night.

The cuttlefish, which amongst other strange things always walks with its head downwards, does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard.

The cochineal insect was one of the earliest articles of commerce brought from Mexico by the Spaniards. It takes 70,000 insects to make one pound of cochineal.

A horse will live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water; 17 days without either eating or drinking; and only 5 days when eating solid food without drinking.

The largest theatre in the world is the new Opera-house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground, its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet, and it cost 100,000,000 francs.

The dollar did not originate with the Spanish, but was first coined at Joachimthal, a mining town in Bohemia; and hence called "Joachim's thaler," or simply thaler, or dollar.

The whole of the blood in the body passes through the heart in 32 beats; in a man of 70 years of age, about 675,920 tons of blood will have passed through his heart during his life.

Honey soap does not contain honey, nor is honey in any way employed in making it. It is a mixture of soap, palm-oil, and olive-oil, each one part, with three parts of curd-soap or yellow-soap-scented.

The value of timber consumed yearly in Europe is £190,250,000, in the United States £77,400,000; and the quantity per inhabitant in Europe 41 cubic feet, and in the United States 58 cubic feet per year.

The Prince of Wales is said to possess a hoof of the charger that bore Nelson to his death at Balacava. It is surmounted with a small silver statue of the captain carrying the fatal order for the advance of the Light Brigade.

The "knot," or nautical mile, equals 1,102 statute miles. The nautical and geographical mile are the same, being the 160th part of a degree on the earth's circumference. There are in a degree 60' statute miles.

The population of the United Kingdom at the census of 1881 was: England, 24,613,926; Wales, 1,360,513; Ireland, 5,174,886; Scotland, 3,735,373; Isle of Man and Channel Islands, 141,200; army, navy, and merchant seamen abroad, 215,374; total, 35,241,482.

"Laver's Conspiracy" was a plot formed by a barrister named Henry Laver, and others, with the object of seizing George I., the Prince of Wales, and the principal officers of State, and placing the Pretender on the throne. Laver was hanged at Tyburn, May 17, 1723.

The crocus derives its name from Crocus a young man who, as heathen mythology informs us, pined away into a flower, which has since borne his name. This flower, as affording saffron, is mentioned in Scripture, in Solomon's Song, iv. 14, and was much esteemed as a medicine and as an aromatic, and entered largely into the cookery of our forefathers.

Cannons were first used at the battle of Cressy in the year 1345; they were, however, of a small kind. Great guns were first used in England at the siege of Berwick in 1405. Muskets were not invented till the year 1521. Cannons were first made of wood, bound with iron. The earliest cannon-balls were of stone. Brass cannon were first cast in England by John Owen in 1585. Iron cannon were first cast in 1543, in Sussex.

No more than one couple in 10,000 live to celebrate their diamond wedding—the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

There are nearly 5,000 dialects and about 900 languages. The Bible, or the New Testament, is published in nearly 250 languages and dialects.

Bismarck doesn't care to see his own image in marble or bronze. He says he doesn't know what kind of expression to assume when he finds himself "by the side of his fossilized self."

Ice one inch and a half thick will support a man; four inches thick will support horses; five inches thick will support an 84-lb. cannon; ten inches thick will support a multitude; eighteen inches thick will support a railroad train.

It has been calculated that there are at least some 20,000 proverbs circulating among European nations alone; but proverbs, it may safely be asserted, abound in every part of the world, and perhaps nowhere more than in the east.

The Queen visited Dublin in 1849. The Times, remarking on the event, said: "No ovation of olden Rome, enriched with the spoils of conquered nations, and illustrated by the wealth of captured kings, was so glorious as the triumphant entry of Queen Victoria into Dublin."

Marshal Saxe has left it on record that there was no article of a soldier's dress more important than his boots; and that battles were won by legs. The Duke of Wellington, on being asked what was the best requisite for a soldier, replied, "A good pair of shoes!" "What next?" "A spare pair of good shoes!" "What next?" "A spare pair of soles!"

An increase of 2776 acres in the vineyards of Victoria in a single year is notable. Of the produce 233,564 cwt. of grapes are made into 1,378,590 gallons of wine and 5282 gallons of brandy, leaving 59,428 cwt. for other purposes. Compared with the year before last year's quantities, these figures show increases of 369,148 gallons of wine and 2291 of brandy. The number of growers last year was 1452.

Of all the islands on the Lower Lake of Killarney, Innisfallen is the most beautiful. The island is about twenty-one acres in extent, and commands the most varied and lovely views of the Lower Lake, its shores, and circumjacent mountain scenery. The Abbey, whose ruins are scattered about the island, is believed to have been founded in 600 by St. Finian. In this Abbey the celebrated "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 200,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000. The building which contains these treasures is situated on the Rue Richelieu. Its length is 540 feet, its breadth 130 feet.

The average length of a day in an Atlantic liner going east is, in round numbers, 23 hours, 20 minutes, and 24 hours, 40 minutes going west, consequently the average run per day would be about 25 miles longer on the outward than on the homeward voyage, or there would be a clear gain of 150 miles in six days. No wonder, then, that the westward passage seems to be performed more quickly than the eastward one, notwithstanding any small advantage which the Gulf Stream may give to the latter.

A polished and shod hoof, mounted so as to serve as a snuff-box, the property of the Guards' Club, bears the inscription: "Hoof of Marengo, rare charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and lately at Waterloo;" while on the margin of the silver shoe is read: "Marengo was wounded in the hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles."

The guillotine takes its name from one Dr. Guillotine, who first introduced it into France, where it was adopted as an instrument for inflicting capital punishment by a decree of the 20th of March, 1792. It is an instrument for beheading, constructed on the same principle as the guillotine that was anciently used in Scotland, and was called a "Maiden"; it was introduced by the Regent, James, Earl of Morton, who, it seems, had met with it in his travels, and who, by a singular coincidence, was the first person whose head it severed.

Sunday comes from the Anglo-Saxon "Sunnandæg," day of the sun; Monday from Anglo-Saxon "Monandæg," day of the moon; Tuesday from Anglo-Saxon "Tiwesdag," from Tiew, the god of war; Wednesday from Anglo-Saxon "Wodnesdag," from Odin, the god of storms; Thursday from Anglo-Saxon "Thursdag," day of Thor, the god of thunder; Friday from Anglo-Saxon "Frigedæg," day of Freya, goddess of marriage; Saturday from Anglo-Saxon "Saterdæg," and Latin "Dies Saturnus," day of Saturn, the god of time.

The pottery manufacture—the making of bricks out of clay—is one of the very oldest in the world. It existed among the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Hebrews many centuries before the Christian era. The Egyptians not only made the ordinary kinds of pottery or earthenware, they also made a kind of porcelain, by fusing fine sand and covering it with a silicious or flinty glaze of various colors. The Assyrians were the first to mix coloring material with the clay. Porcelain differs from pottery in being made of finer materials.

Statistics show that in the reign of Henry VIII. no less than 72,000 criminals were executed. In the ten years between 1820 and 1830, 797 were executed in England alone. As the laws became less severe the number decreased. In the three years ending 1820 the executions in England and Wales amounted to 312; in the three years ending 1830 there were 178; in the three years ending 1840 they were 62 in number; in 1850 only 6 were executed in England; in 1860, 13; in 1870, 8; in 1880, 17; in 1885, 15; in 1886, 19; in 1887, 24, including 2 in London; and in 1888, 17, including 1 in London.

It is estimated that over one hundred millions of people now speak the English language; over forty-one millions the French; sixty millions German; thirty millions Italian; forty-one millions Spanish; thirteen millions Portuguese; and sixty-seven millions Russian.

The words that are said at the "Angelus" service in Catholic countries are taken from the 1st chapter of St. Luke, part of the 28th verse, and part of the following verses to end of 35th verse, and part of 38th verse. And then the 1st chapter of St. John, part of the 14th verse, followed by the Collect for the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary from the Book of Common Prayer.

The body of the Independents or Congregationalists arose about the latter part of the sixteenth century. They are so called from their avowing and maintaining that every congregation of Christians has, within itself, all that is necessary for its own government, and so should not be subject to other churches or their deputies; hence their steady opposition for so many years to all hierarchies and legislative church councils. The first Congregational church in England is said to have been established by a Mr. Jacob in the year 1616. They now number over 3,000 churches in the United Kingdom, besides several thousand village chapels and out-stations, over 600 in the colonies, besides about 200 on the continent. They have over 3,000 ministers, with about an equal number in America.

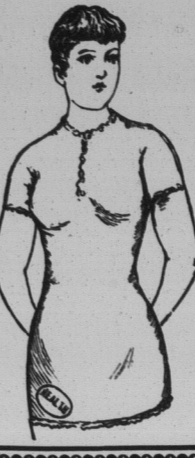
The custom of "toasting" our favorites appears to have had its rise in the reign of Charles II. Dr. Johnson observes that the meaning of the word at its first use was "a celebrated woman whose health is often drunk;" and the reason of her being so termed may be found in the *Titler*, which says: "It happened that on a public day a celebrated beauty of these times (King Charles II.) was in the Cross Bath, at Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one had stood, and drank her health; the company of a single toast was fixed in a loophole in the wall and allowed to burn itself out, that succeeding darkness might fall more heavily upon the sufferer's soul. By the red glare of these torches many inscriptions were written, which yet remain, expressing the wild misery and dark despair of those who scratched their heads on the stone with the point of a nail. Here is a cell more gloomy and horrible, if possible, than its neighbors; for he who entered knew he bade good-bye to life and hope, realized that the other day dawned and died he should be numbered among the dead. Its very atmosphere seemed still impregnated with terror and grief, yet harbouring the agony and despair of men made mad by suffering. Through a square aperture in the wall food was handed; and here towards midnight some wretched wretch and the coward confessor, who heard the whispered sobs of the doomed, and spoke such consolation as might be given before the prisoner was led into a narrow passage, lighted with the smoky flames of flambeaux, to be strangled by the executioner—pale and ghastly prototype of Death himself. Close by is the black and sombre water-gate, where those tortured out of life, strangled, or beheaded, in the names of justice, peace, and humanity, were carried; their bodies, encased in sacks, being placed in those black boats with many spectators, here dark as shadows and silent as spectres, bore them away as to a lower world, to fling them into the Canal Orfano, where, on penalty of death, no fisher's net was thrown."

In the palace of the Venetian Doges the dark and noisome dungeons still remain, where the inmates heard neither the blithe voice of their fellow-man passing in his boat outside, nor the sound of waters gurgling against the massive and slimy steps; where the light of day never shone, but where once in 24 hours a single torch was fixed in a loophole in the wall and allowed to burn itself out, that succeeding darkness might fall more heavily upon the sufferer's soul. By the red glare of these torches many inscriptions were written, which yet remain, expressing the wild misery and dark despair of those who scratched their heads on the stone with the point of a nail. Here is a cell more gloomy and horrible, if possible, than its neighbors; for he who entered knew he bade good-bye to life and hope, realized that the other day dawned and died he should be numbered among the dead. Its very atmosphere seemed still impregnated with terror and grief, yet harbouring the agony and despair of men made mad by suffering. Through a square aperture in the wall food was handed; and here towards midnight some wretched wretch and the coward confessor, who heard the whispered sobs of the doomed, and spoke such consolation as might be given before the prisoner was led into a narrow passage, lighted with the smoky flames of flambeaux, to be strangled by the executioner—pale and ghastly prototype of Death himself. Close by is the black and sombre water-gate, where those tortured out of life, strangled, or beheaded, in the names of justice, peace, and humanity, were carried; their bodies, encased in sacks, being placed in those black boats with many spectators, here dark as shadows and silent as spectres, bore them away as to a lower world, to fling them into the Canal Orfano, where, on penalty of death, no fisher's net was thrown."

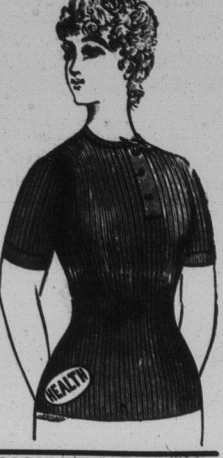
Something Worth Trying for! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to persons sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00, to the person sending in an equal number of number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c. for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A. ap18.

W. T. STANDEX, of the Actuary Society of America, a distinguished Consulting Actuary of eminence and experience, in his report, says of the North American Life: "The large gain shown in every department, ranging from ten to eighty per cent, makes a record unequalled by that of any other company." Mr. STANDEX, further states: "As a matter of great interest for the North American Policy Holders, an examination will show that the percentage of increase in surplus as compared with the Assets is 6.12 for the past year, as against less than four per cent for the average of other leading companies doing business in Canada, as shown by their last report. There is only a small part of the conclusive proof that can be furnished to intending insurers, to show that it is to their own individual interest to take out policies in the North American, in preference to any other company. To this statement, it may also be worth while to append the following, to be found among the many reasons that can be given: During the present year, the first series of the Company's Ten-year Investment Policies matures. The consulting Actuary has allocated to these policies, profits, in excess of the Company's Semi-Tontine estimates, which will be paid on the due date of each policy, and which have been very satisfactory to those whose policies have already matured. This Company was the first Canadian institution to adopt this form of Insurance, and it has become so popular, that nearly all the other Canadian Companies several of them after denouncing in former years—now issue policies upon it, in one form or another."



THESE ARE TWO AWFULLY JOLLY GIRLS They are both, also awfully jolly comfortable, for they wear the celebrated HEALTH BRAND undervests. Comfort and luxury combined. Recommended by all the leading Doctors in Canada. For sale by every first-class Dry Goods House in THE DOMINION.



WHAT DOES THE MICROBE KILLER DO? It is a Specific for SORE and ULCERATED THROAT, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, ETC. The microbes of these diseases are destroyed immediately upon application. They need be no longer feared; they are conquered by MICROBE KILLER. STOMACH TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE are generally caused by fermentation, which shows itself in a sour stomach, wind in stomach, heartburn or water-brash. As MICROBE KILLER always destroys and prevents fermentation, these troubles are always cured, and sometimes immediately relieved. KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER and HEART are acted upon by MICROBE KILLER in a manner to thoroughly renovate and restore them to their normal condition. People who have doctored for years with no apparent results are perfectly and permanently cured by using MICROBE KILLER. ASTHMA and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are relieved and cured by the medicine, as many can testify. CONSUMPTION and LUNG DISEASE find the MICROBE KILLER the only medicine that can successfully cope with them. The disease is arrested at once, so that it makes no progress. The remaining work is to destroy and throw off the microbes already in the system. This takes time, but meantime the patient is made more comfortable and gains in strength and appetite. One patient, after trying all other remedies, remarked: "MICROBE KILLER" is the only medicine a consumptive can tie to. CATARRH is one of the most common and most obstinate of all diseases. It can only be cured by treating locally and through the blood. Ordinary cases yield readily to MICROBE KILLER. Chronic cases take longer time, but are effectually cured by faithful treatment. RHEUMATISM and kindred complaints have a mortal enemy in MICROBE KILLER. One physician writes us: "I believe that RHEUMATISM can be cured almost always." Sometimes it is aggravated at first, for the medicine attacks the disease vigorously. Continued use will cure. MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER, and ALL FEVERS, are positively and absolutely cured by MICROBE KILLER. Acute cases speedily, chronic more slowly, but all with certainty. FEMALE COMPLAINTS of all kinds, PRIVATE DISEASES, SKIN DISEASES, and all BLOOD DISEASES are more speedily and effectually cured by MICROBE KILLER than by any other known medicine. It is, in short, A Perfect Blood Remedy.

THE PRICE IS \$3.00 PER WINE GALLON. C. H. PENDLETON, General Agent for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island, ADELAIDE ROAD, NORTH END, ST. JOHN, N. B. HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM McCABE, L. L. B., F. I. A., MANAGING DIRECTOR.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY MAKES A RECORD UNEXCELLED BY THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY. EXTRACTS FROM THE Annual Statement 1890. A gain in the Surplus over that of the preceding year of Eighty per cent. The Cash Interest Income shows an increase of forty-three per cent, and was more than sufficient to pay the Death Losses of the year. Profits to Policy-Holders in matured Policies in EXCESS of the Company's Semi-Tontine Estimates. Large INCREASE in Assets. Large INCREASE in Premium Income. Large INCREASE in Insurance in Force. DECREASE in Losses. DECREASE in Expenses. DECREASE in the Average of Terminations. W. T. STANDEX, of the Actuary Society of America, a distinguished Consulting Actuary of eminence and experience, in his report, says of the North American Life: "The large gain shown in every department, ranging from ten to eighty per cent, makes a record unequalled by that of any other company." Mr. STANDEX, further states: "As a matter of great interest for the North American Policy Holders, an examination will show that the percentage of increase in surplus as compared with the Assets is 6.12 for the past year, as against less than four per cent for the average of other leading companies doing business in Canada, as shown by their last report. There is only a small part of the conclusive proof that can be furnished to intending insurers, to show that it is to their own individual interest to take out policies in the North American, in preference to any other company. To this statement, it may also be worth while to append the following, to be found among the many reasons that can be given: During the present year, the first series of the Company's Ten-year Investment Policies matures. The consulting Actuary has allocated to these policies, profits, in excess of the Company's Semi-Tontine estimates, which will be paid on the due date of each policy, and which have been very satisfactory to those whose policies have already matured. This Company was the first Canadian institution to adopt this form of Insurance, and it has become so popular, that nearly all the other Canadian Companies several of them after denouncing in former years—now issue policies upon it, in one form or another."

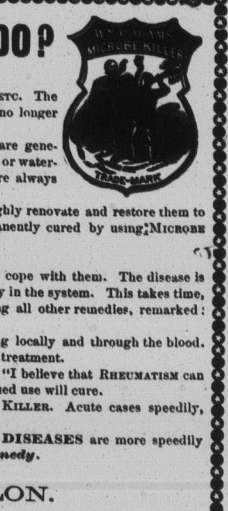
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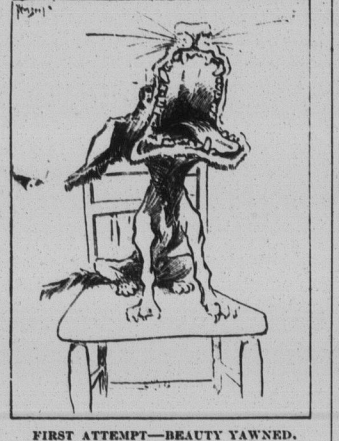
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For only \$3.25. FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain... year for \$3.25.

BEAUTY WAS MUGGED.

SNAP SHOTS AT A CANDIDATE FOR BENEVOLENT SOCIETY HONORS. A Heavy Explosion of Flash Powder Breaks up Mr. Fielding and the Peace of His Family—Some Interesting Experiences of an Amateur Photographer.



First Attempt—Beauty Yawned. Jack brought some sort of an appliance for lighting the powder in an artistic manner.

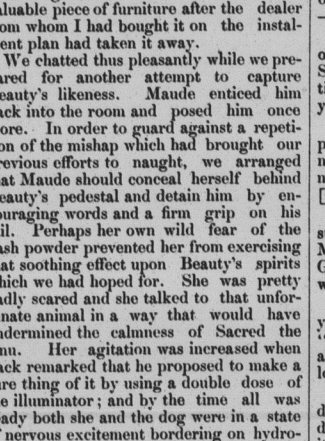
Consolation in the Cellar. Now, Jack was in error regarding that paper, and he discovered the truth about it just at the moment when he was looking at the photograph.

Flash-light Picture. We decided to try the flash-light. Maude posed Beauty in a big chair, and she bestowed an amount of painstaking attention upon him equal to that which she would have given to her own toilet.



Painting Pictures by the Yard. Oil paintings are manufactured in London by the yard. The proprietor of a well-known factory is a German, with four sons, and a dealer who orders pictures from them tells how it is done.

PROGRESS PICKINGS. "Did the fishman have Frog's legs, Bridget?" "Sure I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."—Life.



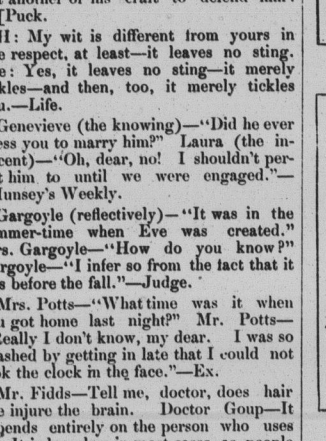
Miss Gargyle (the knowing). "Did he ever press you to marry him?" Laura (the innocent). "Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't permit him to until we were engaged."

Tommy's sister. "Come, Tommy, you must take your cod liver oil. It will make a little man of you." Tommy. "Well, if I've got to be a little man like Mr. Sappy, and to marry a girl like you, then I'd rather stay a boy."

Equity Sale. IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY Between JOHN C. PATTERSON, Plaintiff; and MARIA CROFT DUNCAN, CHARLES H. C. DUNCAN, ROBERT W. H. DUNCAN, HARRIET J. DUNCAN, SUSAN S. N. DUNCAN, and WALTER W. T. DUNCAN, Defendants.

Performing Dogs. Many, though not all, of the experts in dogs are firm in the belief that thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels. Nearly all the dogs exhibited on the stage are cross breeds and dogs of low lineage.

My dear," said young Mrs. Fitts at the play, "it is humiliating confession for me to make, but I am positively nervous for want of a piece of gum."



Wine had been freely partaken of, and with one of the strange caprices of intoxication, there was philosophy at the bottom of the glasses. The Mahometan religion was the subject of argument.

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Almost everybody has studied more or less history. Much of it has vanished with their school days and questions which sometime ago could be easily answered are somewhat puzzling today. We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. We have secured the services of a gentleman well qualified to conduct the question department. The questions will be given every week and the publisher of PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition" care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION NO. 1.

- 1. In what year were the Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia?
2. What American poet has immortalised that expulsion, and what is the name of the poem?
3. In what city within the Dominion of Canada and year did the first General Legislative assembly meet?
4. Give the names of the British settlers who first established a trading station on the harbor of St. John, and state the year?

A REVIEW OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

The adventurous expedition of the explorer Stanley for the relief of Emin Pasha was not the least noteworthy event of recent history. It drew the attention of the world to Africa as it was never drawn before, and brought it permanently, it may be said, into the politics of Europe. Stanley's latest work, "Darkest Africa, or the Quest, Rescue, Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria," preserves in a voluminous and interesting manner the records of a series of most "moving incidents by flood and field," or rather by river, forest, plain, in savage wilderness, among savage men. Looking at the expedition in our view, it was a mistake, as Emin did not want to be rescued (at least, not by Stanley), but, in another, it was a great achievement, throwing light on the internal condition of a continent which, if it excites the greed of the unscrupulous trader, may, on the other hand, arouse the zeal of the earnest missionary. There may be some, even now, who do not know why Stanley went on the quest of Emin "Pasha," who was lieutenant-governor of the provinces of the Lower Nile, Equatoria, under General Gordon. When Khartoum was taken by the followers of the "false prophet," El Maddhi, there was a rumor that the "Pasha" had found himself in a very awkward position, to say the least, when the news of these events became known to his soldiers. One battalion of regulars mutinied and deserted; another battalion, with about 3000 irregulars maintained a somewhat doubtful loyalty. Thus he was exposed to be attacked by the Maddhists aided by the revolted soldiery, and his ammunition was failing. When his position became known in Europe, a large sum of money was raised by private subscription in England to purchase the necessary supplies, and Stanley was appointed head of the relief expedition. At that time Egypt had determined to abandon the equatorial provinces, and Stanley bore a "high order" from the Khedive informing him of that fact, but leaving him free to act as he chose, either to leave or remain, on the distinct understanding, if he stayed, it must be on his own responsibility and charges, as he and his officers and men would no longer be in the pay of his government. Emin was under no compulsion to be rescued, or to leave the provinces for Egypt.

When the expedition started, Stanley was in a perilous condition, and that it was urgent on him to press forward with all alacrity. In choosing his route, he concluded that "the longest way around was the nearest way home," that he would more certainly accomplish his purpose by taking the Congo river, (though he had to circumnavigate the continent to reach it) than any of the eastern direct ways. He argued that the Congo route would be freer from native hostility, and offer less opportunity of desertion to his Soudanese, Somali, Zanzibarez soldiers and carriers than any other.

Stanley arrived at the mouth of the Congo on the 17th of March, 1887. He calculated it would take 18 months to reach the Pasha at the Albert Nyanza, and arrive at Zanzibar. The time taken—from March 1887 to December 1889—was about 33 months. His experience verified the truth of the poet's dictum, "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang a-gley." But it is the unexpected that happens. Stanley had no provision of the losses and delays which he would encounter on the way, from deserts, famine, death, the failure of officers, etc. The greatest disaster that befell it may be traced to that cause. Stanley had received promises of 600 additional carriers from an old wily, deceitful, vindictive Arab ivory trader, Tippu Tib by name, but resolved to push forward with part of his force, leaving an officer to bring up the rest with Tippu's contingent. At Yambuya, on the Upper Congo, he divided that force into an advanced column

of 389 men, 357 rifles, under himself, Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, Mr. Jephson, Dr. Parke, leaving a party of 129 men under Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson at Yambuya, and another of 131 men under Messrs. Troop, Ward, Bonny, af Bolobo, forming the rear column, over which so much controversy has lately arisen. Major Barttelot was instructed to press for the additional carriers, but if it became apparent that Tippu Tib did not mean to furnish them, he was to follow after the advance column. If he could not carry forward all the stuff at once, he could make short and return marches, and have it brought on by double relays. It was better to move, though slowly, than waste away in inaction.

The old Arab fox played with the young impulsive major, put him off from time to time, kept him and Jamieson going back and forward between Banalya where the rear column was and Stanley station, until they seem to have lost all sense of their responsibility or power to break loose from the meshes Tippu Tib was weaving around them. They lingered and lingered, while from the effects of bad diet (ill prepared manioc) the men of the rear column sickened, dying off rapidly. When in August, 1888, Stanley returned to Banalya, he was staggered by the report that Barttelot had been shot, that Jamieson was dead, that the other officers, save Bonny, were invalided home, and he was driven half mad by the horrors of disease he witnessed within the pesthole. Of the 260 men about 60 were left fit for service.

But full of hope, all unthinking of the calamity that would befall the rear column, Stanley and his party pressed forward to battle with the horrors of the savage forest. From Leopoldville to Yambuya they had steamed a stretch of 1,100 miles without rapids, enjoying at ease delightful views of calm, shining waters, with green woods; but their work commenced in earnest when, on the 28th of June, 1887, the trumpets blew the signal "move on," into the unknown wilderness.

How describe in a sentence the details of such a march! They advanced on foot and by boat—frequent rapids demanding painful portages. For 176 days they traversed the twilight gloom of the forest, hemmed in by millions of gigantic trees, whose meeting branches formed a canopy overhead, on a narrow track set with poisoned skewers; obstructed by enormous, dangerous windfalls; intersected by morasses, bogs and streams; a place full of dangers by day and terrors by night; that yielded nothing but mud and weed beans; on such diet the strength of the strongest dwindled. Famine stricken, his party failing from sickness, attacked by cannibal warriors, beaten down by tempests of rain, himself torn with anxieties, pained by continual losses, desertions and deaths, Stanley was forced to confess that in all his former African experience he had met nothing quite so bad. The worst time of all was in October, when Capt. Nelson, himself disabled by ulcers on his feet, was left in charge of the sick at a place at the confluence of the Hurri and Iruri rivers, fitly named "Starvation camp."

On the 10th of November, from the height of "Mount Pisgah," they had a view of the "promised land," and on the 4th of December emerged from the gloom of the primeval forest upon "a rolling plain, green as an English lawn, into broadest, sweetest daylight and warm and glorious sunshine, to inhale the pure air with an uncontrollable rapture." They literally ran and shouted with joy. But though the scene was peaceful they had entered on a region of battle, and had many a skirmish with the warriors of Mazamboni and Gambia ere they reached the plateau that looked down on the east end of Albert Nyanza—December 13, 1887.

But unaccountably, Emin was not there to meet Stanley, though he had been apprised that the relief expedition would be at Kavallia point about that date. The country before him was a waste and barren. Stanley was compelled to lead his party back again through the dismal forest, and camp at Bodo, at West Iuri, where they remained recruiting their energies until April, 1888. On the way back through the forest to the Albert, a party of Wambuti dwarfs there captured a tribe of pygmies, the oldest and smallest people on the face of the earth, mentioned by Herodotus, "father of history,—an untameable, warlike, pre-dacious, little folk, wandering about the regions of the mountains of the moon." One of the captives was a little, quite un-dandy, of chocolate color, with big goggle eyes, of prepossessing appearance, and accustomed to admiration.

The Albert Nyanza was again reached, on the 18th of April, 1888, and on the 29th, Emin, with M. Casati walked into Stanley's camp. Emin did not come up to Stanley's preconceived idea. He was neither so tall or military looking as he expected; he was too amiable and easy in temper; too engrossed in scientific work, to be fit governor of a province in mutiny. Stanley was practical, mapped out his plans, counted stern, and at a pinch, had a man to encourage the others; but Emin seemed to be the slave of circumstances, was said to be the victim of his own sentimentality, and could never screw up his mind to form a resolution to take a decided step. Never, it may be inferred, were "comrades" worse matched. Emin like Hamlet was perpetually soliloquizing, "to leave or not to leave"—Stanley was perpetually fuming, probably swearing at the Pasha's inability to make up his mind.

While at Naabe, south shore of "the Albert," five miles from his camp, Stanley, on the morning of the 24th of May, had a glorious view of the "mountains of the moon," of the snow-capped Ruzenwori, the "cloud king," 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. This was the great discovery of the expedition, and justified it. It was strange that the grand, impressive view of the white square, snow-capped crests of this monarch, rising proudly above the cones and peaks of neighboring mountains, had escaped the sight of Sir Samuel Baker and other travellers. As Ruzenwori usually hides itself under a pall of dark clouds, and as Emin was extremely shortsighted, and especially fond of grubbing after insects and stuffing birds, it is not, perhaps, surprising that he did not discover Montes Lunae.

On the 1st of June Stanley went in quest of his rear column, and on the 17th of August, at Banalya, 90 miles from Yambuya, was horror-stricken at beholding the frightful condition of its few survivors, as already mentioned. For a third

time his party set out for the east, bearing the remainder of the ammunition, etc. for Emin, and the 29th of January, 1889, reached the Albert Nyanza for the third time. Stanley found Equatoria in a state of frightful confusion—Emin and Mr. Jephson prisoners. The Egyptian officers denounced the Khedive's "high order" as a forgery; bound to the provinces by strong ties, they were loth to leave. But in the end Emin was released, and gave his assent to the march to the sea, though more than once, in the course of the toilsome and dangerous journey, he regretted to Stanley the step he had taken.

The retreat was sounded on May 8th, 1889, the "caravan" numbered 1,150, of which total Stanley and the expedition made 230, having lost 476, the Pasutia and his people, 600. Three possible routes were proposed. The route via Anukori and Karage, though longer than that by way of Uganda, being considered safer, was chosen. It took the "caravan" in which were many weakly women and children, over plains, over lofty mountain ranges, through deep defiles and gloomy gorges, past native villages swarming with savage spearmen. As fore-runners of welcome, Baron Von Gavenreuth and 100 German soldiers, and the correspondent of the New York Herald appeared at Msua.

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Locally, PROGRESS will be brighter and better than ever. Fearlessness and impartiality will continue to characterize its comments upon local affairs. It will always aim to give timely attention to the methods of civic politicians and wire-pullers. It will not be hampered by any political preferences or tongue-tied by any advertising sop. Above all, it will aim to make this portion of the paper even more entertaining and popular than it has ever been.

Society, The large demand upon our space by this department has been one of the levers that forced the enlargement. This is an popularity and interest. SOCIAL and PERSONAL will be made even more complete and more entertaining than usual. To do this we want the help of the people. It is a mistake to suppose that this department is what is called "select." It may be true that the news supplied by this or by that correspondent comes under the head "select," but the columns of PROGRESS are open to all the people, and not simply to a part of the people. All accounts of social gatherings are gladly welcomed and printed by PROGRESS, provided they are accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

Illustrations, The very best illustrations that money can procure will illumine the pages of PROGRESS each week. They will be both general and particular in their character. Arrangements have already been made to publish regularly the portraits of men prominent in the maritime provinces. These will be accompanied by admirably written sketches, which will add to their value from an historical standpoint. The general illustrations will be the best production of famous painters, which will go very far toward enhancing the appearance of the paper.

Sunday Reading, That there may be nothing in PROGRESS unfit to read on Sunday or any other day will be one of the cares of the editor, who at the same time, however, is well aware of the fact that there is a large class of people who lay aside the purely secular newspaper on Sunday. PROGRESS "SUNDAY READING" department will be selected with the greatest care; it will endeavor at all times to obtain the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers for its readers, and the men who preach pure gospel, who are broad in their views, simple and plain in their presentation of the Christian religion, will find a place in its columns.

Fashions, The large addition to its space, will allow particular attention to the WORLD OF FASHION. We have made arrangements that cannot fail to make this department one of the most interesting and entertaining in the paper. Beside two regular fashion letters from New York

—which are specially written and beautifully illustrated for PROGRESS, and which will show the very latest whims in dress, there will be something of a more elastic and entertaining vein, also attractively illustrated, which will show the gay side of life. Local contributions by bright people, will make this department unusually complete.

Humorous, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The fact that this is a chestnut does not detract anything from its truth. The best anecdotes, the brightest sayings, laughable sketches, original and selected cartoons on every phase of life will add every week to the variety and spice of the paper. This department will permit no "blues." It will be as funny as pen, scissors and engravers can make it.

Musical, Theatrical, Literary, These columns have already been interestingly and ably conducted in PROGRESS. Each of them is in hands well competent to do honest, impartial work. The writers have no instructions except to give their best opinion of what they hear, see and read. They are not hampered by the "counting room"—advertisement or no advertisement their opinions are not affected. They give them for what they are worth. That they are appreciated is shown by the popularity of the departments.

Fiction, One of the most popular features of a paper with many of its readers is a good story—either a long complete one—in fact a short novel—or an interesting serial. PROGRESS will have one or both of these features. They will be written for the most part, by authors who have won popular favor by good work. Complete stories by FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "CARMEN SYLVA" and "THE DUCHESS" have been engaged exclusively for publication in PROGRESS in Canada. "They come high, but we must have them."

Opinions, Every effort will be put forth to make the editorial page of PROGRESS as timely and strong as possible. The ablest writers in the province have been engaged to contribute to this department from time to time. Party politics will find no place in it, though the right to support, oppose or criticize any political move of importance is, of course, reserved. PROGRESS proposes to get, when it can, the best opinion on every subject, local and general, in which the people are interested. This will mean money, but we believe it will pay.

Prize Dollar Contests, Every Boy and Girl who is going to day school or to Sunday-school or in fact any person, young or old, who is interested in the study of History or in the Bible will find two interesting Prize Questions departments in each PROGRESS, the full particulars and conditions of which will be announced in the first Sixteen Page Paper. It is enough to say here that the one who sends in the first correct answer to the questions in either department will receive a bright new dollar bill in return for his or her trouble. These prizes will be awarded every week. They are given with two ideas—first, giving even children a keen interest in the paper and second that the search for correct answer will result in practical benefit to many readers.

Specials, From its start, PROGRESS has tried to obtain the best special contributors that could be had. It has not been able to offer flattering inducements in every case, but it has done the best it could, and can count more special contributors than all the city papers. The bright work of "Geoffrey, Cuthbert Strange," "Bildad," "Jimmy Smith," "Astra," "Johnny Mulcahey," Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis, "Pastor Felix," "Casey Tap," and many others, whose non de plumes are familiar to PROGRESS readers, have added much to the interest of the paper. These have been supplemented by others, whose work will speak for itself.

General, So many features and departments have been omitted in the foregoing incomplete summary that, after a hasty reading of it, before it goes to the printer, it seems to convey but a faint idea of what the enlarged paper will really consist of. So much is omitted that it will be useless to attempt to include the forgotten in this paragraph. They will all be found in the paper, for which we ask an honest impartial trial. If results can speak, we have satisfied the people with an eight page one dollar paper. We will be content to allow results to speak for the 16 page two dollar paper.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Publisher.

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