

PROGRESS.

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WOOD VERSUS WILSON.

THE FOUNDER OF THE MAPLE LEAF AND HIS PASTOR.

Charge That the Minister Has Tried to Ridicule Himself at the Expense of the Editor—A Hot Letter From the Brevy Pacific Slope.

Rev. Robert Wilson would be very much interested in a letter addressed to Progress by a former member of his congregation at Albert, were that letter to be published as the writer of it requests. It is withheld, however, not only because of its length but because some of the language is rather too strong for the climate at this season of the year.

The writer of the letter is Mr. Lovett M. Wood, the founder of the Albert Maple Leaf, but now engaged in newspaper work in Seattle, Washington. Mr. Wood was a forcible writer when he was in this part of the world and the breeze of the Pacific have not lulled him into that serenity which the science of using strongjectives is forgotten. He calls his former beloved pastor some pretty hard names.

Mr. Wood started the Maple Leaf at what was then Hopewell Corner, at the close of the year 1879, on a very small scale. The first few issues were about the size of a sheet of large note paper, two columns to a page, and printed a column at a time on a small amateur press. In 1880 quite a complete plant was secured, and the paper was enlarged from time to time, and under the management of Mr. Wood it became one of the brightest and best looking weeklies in the maritime provinces. Mr. Wood went west about five years ago, and has been there ever since.

His pluck and perseverance in starting a paper without any previous experience, and the success in establishing it on a firm basis under circumstances which would have discouraged most young men, are worthy of the fullest recognition. It is because he considers Mr. Wilson has sought to "flick his good name" that he now asks for a hearing.

A short time ago, in the season when peace and good will are supposed to prevail among men, the present publisher of the Maple Leaf issued a Christmas number with a fac-simile of the first issue. Due credit was given to Mr. Wood as the founder of the paper, whereupon Rev. Dr. Wilson wrote to the editor as follows:

Allow me to congratulate you on the handsomely gotten up and well written issue of the Maple Leaf of this week, which I have read with much interest, but permit me to say you are quite in error as to the brain in which the idea of the paper originated. It was not in Mr. Wood's but in mine, and for nearly two years every line of editorial matter that appeared in his pages was written by me. . . . I make this statement in the interests of historical accuracy and for that reason only, and can assure you I am pleased to see my banishing succeed.

Now as Mr. Wood was known as editor, publisher and proprietor of the paper for ten years, he naturally takes exception to Mr. Wilson's claim. He says, indeed, that a more unblushing falsehood could not be penned, even by a certain personage not mentioned to ears polite. He also gives some personal recollections of Mr. Wilson and the early days of the paper, when Mr. Wilson was stationed on the Hopewell circuit. Some of Mr. Wood's statements may now be given in his own words:

"Rev. Robert Wilson, when the matter was mentioned to him, favored it and predicted success, but most emphatically and unqualifiedly he was not the author of the idea. He did, however, suggest the name I adopted. Mr. Wilson also volunteered to write editorial matter for me in exchange for printing, the first work being deeds for the pews of the Alma Methodist church, from which my pious friend derived a pecuniary profit not usually accorded to the cloth. If the present editor will turn back to the early files of the Maple Leaf he will find an editorial stating that Robert Wilson would not contribute further to its columns. The reasons for this are these: Mr. Wilson issued a political fier called the Advocate. He saw that the Maple Leaf would be a success. He desired all the credit without any of the risks. He thought he was a shrewd politician and had an unphilosophical youth to handle. He was, when fairly asked to show his hand, unprepared to assume any financial obligation for an interest in the paper. Frankly, he wished to be the patronizing, profiting politician who lives off the labor of others, whether of more or less ability. He sought his object by early objecting to an article contributed by a gentleman now on the spot, who is at liberty to verify what I say.

"Mr. Wilson said he was anxious to help me in every way, but if he was to have the editorial work he must know who wrote that article. He also desired to editorially attack it. I then and there informed Mr. Wilson that he was not the manager of that paper. I denied his right to demand the name of any correspondent, or dictate the paper's policy, and informed him that thereafter he should contribute no lines to the Maple Leaf, editorially or otherwise. I so announced in the paper."

Mr. Wood further says: "During the first year I wrote many of the editorials, and in the succeeding nine years while in

control wrote the editorials with few exceptions, and was responsible for all of them."

It so happens that a present member of Progress staff was in Albert during the latter part of 1880, after the new outfit was secured, and until July, 1881 he assisted Mr. Wood in every department of the paper from furnishing copy to sticking type and pulling the lever of the Washington press. During that period, certainly, Mr. Wilson did not write the editorials for the Maple Leaf or have anything to do with its policy.

Mr. Wood among other things, asserts that Mr. Wilson so misrepresented matters as to secure from the manager of railways a certain pass as editor of the Maple Leaf, and used it nearly a year after Mr. Wood had repudiated him and his writings in that paper, and that this act of Mr. Wilson's was at the time unknown to Mr. Wood.

If Mr. Wood is not mistaken in this allegation, there is yet a hope that Mr. Wilson may be able to explain how this happened. In any case, however, the weakness of the average clergyman for free passes on account of newspapers should be taken into consideration as a mitigating circumstance. Progress trusts that there is some mistake about the matter, and will be happy to afford Mr. Wilson the opportunity to give his side of the story.

Mr. Wood has a good deal more to say about Mr. Wilson in the abstract, apart from his connection with the Maple Leaf. His remarks might be considered in the light of chatty personals in the columns of a western paper, but they are rather torrid for this side of the continent.

CONFIRMED BY MR. PORTER.

He Admits the Facts in the Case of Mr. Ford and Himself.

The strained relations between Mr. Alfred Porter and Mr. James S. Ford are not a matter of special interest to Progress nor to more than a limited circle of its readers. The statement was made, last week, that Mr. Porter, who is secretary of the Oratorio society, had in his capacity of treasurer of the Church of England Institute, succeeded in getting Mr. Ford ousted from the rooms of the latter organization. Mr. Porter has since written two letters to the Sun in which he admits the animus, and endeavors to justify himself. He has written nothing to Progress, nor has he requested that anything be written.

Mr. Porter, in his letters, makes the assertion that the article in Progress was "inspired" by Mr. Ford, and that he is "responsible" for what he terms the "mis-statements." The extent of the inspiration may be inferred from the fact that after the article appeared Mr. Ford was the first to inform the writer that there was an inaccuracy in the statement that the last bill for rent had been paid. It is quite true that some of the information was obtained from Mr. Ford, but neither he nor anybody else with a grievance can use Progress for their own purposes, or be responsible for its statements.

The whole tenor of the story was to show that Mr. Porter had used the Church of England Institute to carry out certain ends he had in view as the guide, philosopher and friend of the Oratorio society. His own letters amply confirm the view that was taken. Despite the fact that many of Mr. Ford's class are loyal members of the Oratorio, and that Mr. Porter himself was willing to be a non-active member, he considers that class is in direct opposition to the Oratorio. He also disclaims any personal feeling in the matter, despite the fact that the Oratorio board has declined to assume any responsibility for what he has done.

As to the rights or wrongs between these two combative lovers of harmony in the past, Progress offers no opinion. It may be quite true that some of the Oratorio did not like Mr. Ford's manner, just as it is understood that four of them have withdrawn during the last week on account of Mr. Porter's manner. The paper that would espouse the quarrel of any musician must have more space at its disposal than this paper can afford. Musicians, in the abstract, are as quarrelsome as English sparrows, and make relatively as much noise in proportion to the cause of their dispute.

The fact remains, however, that at a thinly attended meeting of the council of the Church of England Institute Treasurer Porter of that body carried the point aimed at by Secretary Porter of the Oratorio. It is further stated, by a clergyman who was present, that the matter was put through in such a way that the significance of the motion was not understood by some of the council.

That is about all it is necessary to say, though much more might be said were the subject worth the space.

What the Hospital Needs.

The ventilation of the General Public hospital in the winter season is about as bad as it can be, and especially in the main wards. This is not the fault of the management, but of the building, which has never been ventilated by a proper system, and when the double windows are on is simply a large but oftentimes exceedingly close box.

MANY PROPHETS SPOKE.

SOME OF THEM SHOT PRETTY FAR FROM THE MARK.

The Loyalty Sentiment Showed Itself in St. John, but the Old Score Gambled on Corbett—Some Citizens Who do not Believe in Prize Fights.

Chief Engineer John Kerr must have felt his mind at ease Thursday night. He was one of the prominent citizens who had been interviewed by a Daily Record reporter as to the prospects of the fight, and his sympathy for Mitchell had been saddened by the fear that if his favorite won there would be a riot.

A number of other citizens gave their opinions in advance, and it is pretty good evidence of the discernment of St. John men that the number of those who predicted a victory for Corbett was in the proportion of four to every three who relied on Mitchell. In view of the fact that the "loyalty" question had some effect in determining preferences, Corbett seems to have been the favorite on the merits of the fight.

Further analysis of the interviews shows that most of the men who have a status in sporting circles favored Corbett. The gentlemen of the Tanyard club, for instance, gave a large majority for the fight.

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Thomas Bain, E. I. Simonds, J. Boyd McMann and Charlie Landers.

Among the St. John citizens who declined to give an opinion as to the result was Dr. R. F. Quigley, whose words have the ring of sound common sense, from the standpoint of those who think the conservation of public morality preferable to the establishing of slugging records. Mr. James A. S. Mott was also interviewed, but said he was so disgusted with the space the newspapers had given to the affair that, if he had an opinion, he would refrain from expressing it. It needs a horse race to get Mr. Mott to speak with an authority that carries the weight of prophecy.

So soon and so quickly did the crowd disperse that the special artist of the Telegraph got no chance to snap his kodak on them, but he amply avenged himself on the too hasty pugilists by the keen sarcasm of the portraits which appeared the next day. The common council held a session after the result of the fight was known, but no resolutions on the subject were offered.



JOHN I. SULLIVAN, The ex-Champion.

John Lawrence Sullivan, E. C., LL. B., as he appears when he is gone on a leg and is sorry for it.

The portraits given herewith show two rather good looking young men, who have a much more intellectual cast of countenance than some of the football heroes in the college matches. A portrait of Mr. Sullivan is also given, as a matter of historic interest. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Mitchell fought to a draw a year or two ago, but the question of their relative pretensions is more definitely settled by Mr. Corbett having put both of them to sleep. Mr. Sullivan has of late given his attention to music and the drama, but he is not the Sullivan who had a hand in getting up "Finalore." That individual is Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has had no record whatever in sporting circles.

It may be added that Mr. Mitchell's portrait does him full justice. He is rather a swell young man when in the capacity of a private citizen, or at least he used to be when he was known to the writer. He is very English, and at times, especially when heated with wine, evinces a decided antipathy to the Irish. During the famous six day go-as-you-please walking match in Madison Square Gardens, in 1884, Mr. Mitchell showed such disapprobation of the success of Mr. Paddy Fitzgerald, who then beat the writer's record, that only the timely interference of friends saved him from a worse pounding than Mr. Corbett gave him Thursday. So far as the writer has been able to size him up, he should take the championship of the world if entered in a match where he could fight with his jaw.

The portrait of Mr. Sullivan does not do that truly great, though vanquished hero full justice. His ears are too aggressively in evidence, for one thing, and the aesthetic Boston smile on his face is not true to the situation when he is discussing his past, present and future, under the inspiration of a properly modulated snifter of nerve stimulant. This picture looks as if John might look after one of his occasions of swearing-off, and before he had begun to reflect what a lot of fun he was bound to miss by his resolution to never touch the accused bottle any more.

Mr. Sullivan would not ordinarily be mistaken for a delegate to a Sunday school convention, should he happen to drop into one by mistake in his nocturnal peregrinations in a strange city. All three of the gentlemen now discussed by the elite of two continents are far removed from the old time conventional idea of a prize fighter. Mr. Sullivan is to some extent informed in classics. On the morning of the day he won his first great triumph by knocking Paddy Ryan stiff, he sat on the piazza of his hotel and testified his admiration of the sea in front of him by a quotation in Hellenistic Greek. Mr. Mitchell does not profess to be a classical scholar, but he is "English, you know," and a son-in-law of Pony Moore, while Mr. Corbett's vocation was originally that of a bank clerk, an "officer of the bank," as he would be called in St. John. This of itself is supposed to be a passport to society circles, and as St. John people know, Mr. Corbett is not the only bank official who is handy with his fists and has made a "record" within the last few months.

HE SAID HE WAS BARON.

THAT WAS QUITE SUFFICIENT TO INSURE HIS CREDIT.

Halifax Has Another Distinguished Man or Whom It regards Some Wealth-Talk of Roodie in the Matter of a Steam Fire Engine.

HALIFAX, Jan. 25.—Some people in this city are not hard to deceive. Several days ago a fakir came to Halifax and registered at the Queen hotel as "Baron von Rabenan." He told a story that was not even plausible but it was accepted as truth by a number of hotel habitués as well as the proprietor of the house. He was allowed quickly to run up a bill of \$60. That amount of money was consumed by copious supplies of wine and frequent visits to the bar. He never paid for a drink but invariably had it charged. Perhaps the reason some people were so ready to accept the "baron's" story was that they were invited to share with him the drinks and cigars. Be that as it may, many there were who drank and smoked at the baron's expense, though as it finally happened, at the hotel's expense and their own. When the little bill had reached the \$60 mark the eyes of the hotel men were opened very quickly. The baron was found to be penniless, and he was arrested. To the credit of the men who were so ready to fraternize with the "baron," and drink his wines, it is stated they did not leave him the moment the police nabbed him. They made up a purse of \$20 to partially satisfy the hotel people, taking a \$1 paste ring and some valueless baggage as security for their money. One of the friends the baron made during his short career was a New Brunswick traveller for a Halifax wholesale grocery house. He, too, chipped in to make up the \$20. What will become of the adventurer is a problem, as he is stranded here without a dollar, and minus even his "paste" ring. Yes, Halifax hotels, and young men who like "barons," are not the hardest people in the world on whom a fakir may hope to impose with success.

WORKING A CITY COUNCIL.

Some Methods Disclosed at the Trial of a Case in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 25.—A suit was brought by J. B. Neily, of this city, against J. D. Ronald of Ontario for remuneration for services in trying to sell to the city the Ronald engine. A decision was given a few days ago by Judge Meagher in which the method of "working" the council was severely condemned by the judge, who hinted broadly that Neily bribed the aldermen with \$200 received from Ronald. The judge coupled Alderman Foster's name with Neily's as making a pair who under the name of "Foster & Co." had the council under their thumb, so that the city would be forced to buy a Ronald engine whether they thought it best in the citizens' interests or not. The decision made a great shaking among the aldermanic dry bones, for not only was Alderman Foster implicated, but other aldermen were "in the soup" as well. Alderman Foster demanded an investigation into the charges made by Neily of what looked like "boodling," as the judge called it. J. B. Neily, at Tuesday evening's council meeting transmitted a letter in which he denied the improper use of money and eulogizes Foster as a high-minded, honest alderman, and taking exception to the judge's way of construing his letters. The mayor remarked that the council should feel elated at Ald. Foster and the other aldermen receiving a certificate of character from J. B. Neily. The letter was filed.

PROF. MURRAY WAS NOT IN IT.

How St. John Was Represented in a Hoax Worked in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 25.—Two Dalhousie students distinguished themselves this week by spreading the report that a professor had been "scragged" by other students. There was nothing in the yarn, but the two youths who worked up the story did so in such an effective way that it found its way into one of the papers as gospel truth. It was a young man of Halifax and a genius of St. John, whose inventive minds matured the story, and whose glib tongues spread its airy details.

The narrative they told was that D. K. Grant, at the expense of Doug Mackintosh and Wm. Ross, had made it hugely uncomfortable for Professor Murray, formerly of New Brunswick. The inventors busied themselves circulating their story that Grant had been at a party, and on his way home had met Mackintosh and Ross. He told them that it would be a good plan to enter the room of a certain fellow student, and pull him out of bed. They consenting, Grant was said to have led the unsuspecting collegians to Murray's room, where in the darkness they made it interesting for the professor till the light was turned on, when he made it interesting for them.

There was not an atom of truth in the report, and now the authorities are threatening to have their innings on the originators of the hoax.

The Halifax hoaxer is an enterprising student, far more of an expert at hockey,

etc., than at his books. Some time ago he appeared at the police court to answer to a charge of having challenged one Carman to fight him with pistols and swords. He was discharged with a caution.

THE COURT HAD IT DE JURE.

But the Woman in the Case Managed to Secure It De Facto.

In a certain North Shore town, a week or so ago, writes a correspondent, the husband of a certain woman patronized a certain hotel, on a Sunday, to the detriment of his sobriety. The woman called at this hotel on the same day and from the unsuspecting proprietor purchased a bottle of liquor. Next day she made a formal complaint to the inspector of licenses, with the result that the man who sold the liquor was notified to appear before the police magistrate, who is reputed to have great powers for consuming "wet goods." On the day appointed, the plaintiff, defendant, the inspector and one spectator were present. After hearing the case the magistrate fined the defendant a small amount and costs. To all appearances this ended the matter.

The plaintiff however had brought the liquor purchased into court as evidence, and was determined to carry it away again. To this the magistrate strongly objected, stating that such evidence came into possession of the court and had to be destroyed. To make the argument stronger he appealed to the inspector for his opinion, which was that the court should have the bottle and contents. While the discussion was going on the woman got hold of the property and marched out of the court, and that ended the argument.

THOUGHT HE WAS LOW CHURCH.

St. Jude's Congregation Did Not Know All About Mr. Hudgell.

It would seem that quite an injustice was unintentionally done the congregation of St. Jude's, Carleton, last week, by the statement that, while they were low churchmen, they had engaged Rev. Mr. Hudgell knowing him to be a ritualist. They assert that they accepted him on his own assurance that he was an evangelical churchman, but when they found he was not they concluded to make the best of it. As a result they lost the grant of the Continental society.

Mr. Hudgell, however, did not make any pretence of being a low or even a broad churchman after he became rector. On the contrary, he actually seemed to glory in wearing the medal of the Anglican Fraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, which low churchmen, when they inquire about it, are taught to consider a very dreadful society that even prays for the dead. It is just to some of the people of St. Jude's to assume that they did not know what the medal meant, and were quite innocent in their admiration of the tastefully designed bit of bronze worn by their rector.

Elected Him Out of Office.

One of the baptist churches in St. John is without the assistance of a well known citizen who has been leader of the choir. There is said to have been some wire-pulling by interested parties in order to reach the result, and it was finally accomplished by the election of the choir master to the music committee. This looked like a reward for his services, but as the rules provide that no member of the music committee shall be a member of the choir, the leader found too late that he had been legislated out of office.

Nearer Than Jacksonville.

Col. W. W. Clark, chief of police, is quoted by the Record as giving an opinion on the merits of Mitchell and Corbett. It would have been a matter of more interest to the citizens if he had given his opinion of the "seraps," that take place with bloody results in an unlicensed resort in the business portion of this city. One of the recent privileged spectators at one of these affairs was an alderman, who probably forgot that he was ex officio a justice of the peace.

Hard Weather for Cook.

Joseph Cook, the blind basket maker, has been having a hard fight to get along this winter, and would have fared badly enough had not some charitable people aided him a little. Mr. Cook does not ask for charity, so long as he can get along by working, but he has a large family and his orders for baskets have not been large. He lives on Peters street, and will be glad to get some new customers.

More Will Be Welcome.

Mrs. McQueen, the elderly newspaper vendor who met with an accident recently, is not likely to be able to get around before spring. In the meantime any further additions to the fund for her relief will be welcome. This week "A Friend" has sent a dollar and "X. Y. Z." 25 cents. Whatever is forwarded to Progress office will be judiciously applied for the benefit of the sufferer.

Caught Just one of Them.

According to the annual report of the chief of police, just one arrest for corner loafing was made in St. John last year. The police have a good chance to improve their opportunities in this respect.



JAMES J. CORBETT.

James Corbett, America's great citizen, whose right hand has won him the championship of the world, enduring fame and \$50,000 in lawful money.

American, only Capt. Wm. Mitchell, Pat McGinn, and Jack Duffy, favoring the Englishman. There was no consensus of opinion secured from the members of the Union club as a corporate body.

Among others whose prophecies proved true in the main, though sometimes wildly astray in the details, were Arthur McHugh, the trainer, Alids James Knox, and R. Radford Barnes, W. J. Pitman, and Charlie Gurney, tonsorial artists, Thos. L. Bourke, Ernest Turnbull, Michael Hogan, Hon. David McLellan, Jack McAllister, Peter Clinch, Walter Lantallum, J. E. E. Dixon, Constable McPherson, Capt. Hastings and Ned Gorman.

Mr. Geo. Carvill was another who favored Corbett, and is quoted as saying that if he were a betting man he would take that



CHARLES MITCHELL.

Poor Charlie Mitchell, the vanquished, whose defeat yields him only the sad consolation of having \$18,000 and the sympathy of a lot of people who bet the wrong way.

side of the game. It is greatly to his credit that he is not a betting man, and refused such a chance to make money.

There were some of the knowing ones, however, who were astray in their predictions. Chief Clark, for instance, asserted that it would be "one of the greatest pugilistic battles ever witnessed," and he had faith in Mitchell. So had Capt. Rawlings, late of the force, who had the same opinion as his former chief for the first time in many months. "If he doesn't knock the stuffing out of him, then, for once, I am radically wrong," said Rawlings, after asserting that he knew a thing or two about prize fighting himself. Capt. Jenkins was also a Mitchell man.

Among other citizens who pinned their faith to the Englishman were Ald. Wilkins, Dave Glesson, Dr. J. Steeves, Charlie Wood, Ald. Kelly, John McLaughlan, Charles Mayall, Morley McLaughlan,

MAKING THEIR RECORD.

THE RAMBLERS CYCLE CLUB HAVE A RATHER HOT SESSION.

President Hoare submits a Report in Plain English to the members of the club in a meeting held last night.

HALIFAX, Jan. 23.—Probably the most exciting athletic meeting ever held in Halifax was that of the Ramblers Cycle Club Friday evening. The meeting was called in response to a petition signed by ten members of the club. It is claimed that the president and executive had violated their trusts in more ways than one.

The petitioners alleged that they were ignorant as to the financial standing of the club, and were of the opinion that a detailed statement of the finances should be furnished at once. They had reasons for believing that the state of affairs called for immediate action. These members wanted to learn why the club had disgraced itself by holding electric light sports and then refusing to award the promised medals to the successful competitors.

The meeting opened with an extraordinary meeting for the president of the club, A. M. Hoare. Some extracts are given:

I must call the attention of the club to the numerous items that have appeared in the Mail, Echo and Recorder newspapers of this city, pretending to give details of private business of the club, and placing it in a most ridiculous light. I must inform you that in not a single instance has a reporter for either of the papers come to the executive for any information, good or bad, in reference to these matters. I must recommend that the club take some action in this matter, as I give an expression of my opinion in regard to the principle of club members giving information, as in this case, or even the truth regarding the private affairs of the club, to newspapers, to the injury of the club and its members individually.

Dec. 23, in the afternoon, the secretary presented me with a petition, calling for a special meeting on Dec. 23. This curious document, which appears more like a valentine than anything else, is laid on the secretary's table to night. It will hardly be necessary to explain to the majority of the club the action of the executive in this matter. But for the sake of those who can not or will not exercise their wits, we will give our reasons for so acting.

In the first place the document is drawn in such a ridiculous way that one can scarcely be expected to treat it seriously, and had it come from any other person than the one who originated it, would have been treated as a joke concocted in very bad taste. As it was not just as it was intended, and attempted to treat it according to the usages of the club.

Had we done the thing on the strict lines of technicality, we would have called the meeting and the only things that could have come before it would have been Mr. Duggan's protest, a consideration as to whether the club would receive a detailed report from the executive committee on certain matters and a consideration of the club's financial standing with nothing to help it along in the way of data and a discussion of the ways and means of getting prizes for the night sports. To do this would have been simply a waste of money and time, for nothing could have been accomplished.

Had we attempted to do what possibly the promoter wanted us to do, it would simply have been to call the annual meeting, the election of officers. To do this in the time (nearly one day) allowed by the petition, that is call a meeting of the executive to prepare reports, financial statements, &c., &c., in fact, prepare the annual meeting, was out of the question, not to speak of getting past cards printed, addressed and distributed in time to notify the members of the club before the hour of meeting.

On the other hand not to call a meeting on a petition of more than five members no matter how frivolous and vexatious the thing might be in and of itself was to establish so dangerous a precedent, that your committee did not dare to do it having in view the future welfare of the club. Only one thing remained to do, and that was to comply with the letter of the law and ignore the spirit of it. This we have done, and it requires no prophet to see that when this annual meeting is over there will be nothing left for any special meeting to discuss.

To prevent a repetition of this foolish action in the future it will behoove the club to consider well that portion of Mr. Harts motion which refers to this subject so that members who wish to amuse themselves and vent their spite at the expense of the club shall have the added privilege of paying for the room and light to which to do it, while at the same time members who have a real grievance may have this meeting, and the club as a whole will bear the expense.

So far as the question of the pretended information sought after is concerned they could have any of them got it by applying to the officers in the regular and proper manner.

To the man who solemnly asserts that the three mile race of three years ago on the Wanderers track is his idea of a model club meeting, I can only say you are welcome to your opinion and further to the man who is so explicit of all mankind, that he must needs lock his place of business, because no one can be so bold to keep it open and not steal his goods or money, I say to such a man, that we did not expect anything but suspicion, and to assure him that we really haven't stolen a cent of the club's funds from anyone but himself.

I regret exceedingly the necessity of this expressing myself on this, the last of 1893, I will have of officially addressing the club. I need not say that I and in fact, all the members of the executive club, have been really worried in this affair. We are all young men, and I trust honor is young men. Most of us are either in business, or occupying honorable and responsible positions in the community, and have done so for years. Our records stand before the public unquestioned, and yet we are here tonight, to a certain extent as criminals, charged with the meanness of crimes—the violation of a trust and the appropriation, shall I say the embezzlement of funds entrusted to our care by a club of our fellows. Is that harsh? Read the daily papers and see if it is. Does that sort of thing annoy you? No, gentlemen, it hurts. It stings like the very devil himself, and I would not today, for any consideration be placed in this position, could I have foreseen it twelve months ago. But live and learn. We are older than we were, and we know more of man's ingratitude. Time, money and brains we have used. We have our reward, and why are we not satisfied? Do you answer why?

But I may be at in this way by the question, why blame us all for the actions of a few? Because as the whole executive must needs suffer in order to get even with one or two of its members so must the whole club accept the responsibility of such utterances as have been placed in the public print until it shall by a decided vote repudiate those utterances. It is published that the "petitioners and other members of the club" presumably a large number have made these charges. It is published that "From what many members of the Ramblers club say &c." Until that is denied by the vote of the club and the denial given equal publicity, the public are at liberty to draw upon their imaginations and in fact have so drawn for all sorts of possible errors and discrepancies in the management of the club's business.

Respecting the prize for the electric light sports

I may say that but for the unfortunate state of affairs caused by this agitation the prizes would have been awarded some time ago. When the matter took this phase, the executive were barred from doing anything further in the matter than report the amount on hand and leave the club to carry out its own wishes.

We regret that the protest of Mr. Duggan coming in as it did, after the race was finished would not be entertained and while we would feel badly if any injury had been done Mr. Duggan in this matter we know that his name was inadvertently left off the first list and we have further to say that it was placed on the list and he knew that his handicap was in sufficient time for him to have started in the race had he wished to do so.

The question has been asked why we did not purchase the medals from Mr. Cleverdon. We have already explained this matter quite fully. Mr. Cleverdon did not look after his business, while Messrs. Brown & Co. did. Besides, as a matter of fact, it was better in the interest of the community to have that work done and the money left in Halifax, in giving it to Mr. Cleverdon to send to Toronto. Especially in this so in view of Mr. Cleverdon's claim that he did it gratuitously consequently suffering no loss by the work staying here. It is strange, in view of Mr. Cleverdon's claim, that we really got better medals from Messrs. Brown & Co. for less money than Mr. Cleverdon could furnish from the Toronto house with no profit to himself.

But perhaps the worst feature of the whole affair is the fact that to amuse these amateur humorists the club has to lose the services of one of the best secretaries it was ever my lot to associate with, and as while a man as ever mounded a wheel. To him I have only words of praise and thankfulness to utter, and even in the trying moments of the last three months his whole expression has been that of sadness and regret, without a trace of resentment.

To him the club owes about all it has, and his reward has been a travesty on the civilization of our city and club.

W. Cleverdon, one of the members attacked in the above document, is the well known Barrington street jeweller, who figured prominently some time ago in a customs seizure in which Detective Bonness was the principal mover. At the meeting Cleverdon was charged with giving club secrets to the press and also with supplying information which had no foundation in fact. Cleverdon repudiated the charges. He felt that owing to the "unclean fountain from which they flowed" that a sense of decency prompted him to take no action; but as the president had also taken the liberty to refer to his private affairs he felt it his duty to reply to the unwarranted attack. He denounced the President as a man unworthy of his position and in Mr. Cleverdon's opinion the sooner the club relieved him of his duties the better.

George Smith moved that the member who gives the information to the press be expelled. Cleverdon believing that he was the person referred to took a hand and in a lively debate ensued. At one time the excitement reached fever heat. The executive rose in a body and resigned, and refused to offer for re-election. Quietness was restored with difficulty, but only for a time.

R. Duggan, the auctioneer, claimed to have a grievance. He felt that his rights as a member of the club had been ignored in his not being placed as a competitor in the handicap race.

The president thought Duggan needed cooling off. He said Duggan was handicapped in sufficient time to start in the race, of which fact he was well aware. The president could not understand why members supposed to have some brains would formulate complaints without evidence to support such.

The executive refused to state the price paid for the services of the military band, claiming that they had pledged their word with the bandmaster that the terms would not be made public.

The bout ended in favor of the executive, and they alone know what the music furnished on the occasion of the sports cost.

The executive were of the opinion that the electric light sports prizes should not be awarded, as there was no money on hand to purchase them. A member wanted to know what had been done with the cash taken at the sports. The executive stated that a subsequent meeting had eaten up all the receipts.

An entire new set of officers were elected as follows: President, Chas. F. Smith; vice president, A. A. Haliburton; secretary, H. Hill; captain, W. Forbes; first lieutenant, F. O. Creed; second lieutenant, R. Matheson; bugler, C. Kelly.

AS SMART AS CHIEF CLARK.

Wonderful Detective Skill Shown by the St. Petersburg Police.

Not long ago, an English governess in the family of one of the Russian royalties was expressing her disbelief in the wonderful stories told of the St. Petersburg detectives. Her companion was the chief of police, who seemed much amused at her incredulity.

"Very well, madam," the official said; "as you are so sceptical I will prove the powers of our police when I next see you—say this day week."

The lady laughingly agreed, and thought no more of the matter until she met the chief again.

"Now, sir, for your proofs," she said.

"The official consulted a note book, and then said that he could account for every moment of her time since the week before.

"You went to such and such a shop on Monday, for a walk on Tuesday, etc. You have been reading George Meredith's 'Egoist.' You had a letter from your home, and your sister wrote that your mother was unwell. You sent such and such articles to the wash—to Mrs. X—, You have been reading about the Stuarts with your pupil, and so on."

Everything the lady had done or seen the chief of the police told her. Unknown to her, a watch had been kept all the time.

She was convinced against her will. "But how did you know the contents of my letter from home?" she asked. "I did not notice that it had been tampered with."

The official, amused at the lady's amazement, explained the process whereby, with a fine instrument, the top of the envelope containing it had been cut and then re-fastened.

WITH THE STARVING MAJORITY.

Some of the Signs and Scenes in the Wild and Woolley West.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 15.—There has been very little change in the general run of things since I last wrote you, there still remains the starving majority, but I am thankful to say, that the people of Omaha have shown themselves to be very charitably inclined. They are responding very generously to the appeals for relief, and several of our large retail department houses are devoting ten per cent of the sales in certain departments to help swell the poor fund. Of course there are a few black sheep among the many who apply for aid, but supt. Clark of Rescue hall has at last hit upon a scheme for sifting them out. He applied to the city for a number of picks and shovels, and also obtained permission to put his men to work on all ungraded banks and streets within the city limits, so now each man is given a ticket for the amount of work done and he can obtain three square meals a day and a night's lodging.

Since inaugurating this system, there have been five absentees, but that is not very many for such a multitude as daily apply for aid. They are required to work for four hours each day, and their ticket is equivalent to \$1.00. I hear that several of the "low down" saloon men of this city have enquired of superintendent Clarke as to the value of these tickets if the men tender them for drink. It is almost needless to say that in such case they are worthless.

Talking of drink puts me in mind of a little affair that happened on what is known as Sixteenth street, which is barred between five and six in the evening, with people going home from work. I happened to be hurrying along there last Thursday evening, and was just passing the Y. M. C. A. building when I noticed a rather sanctimonious looking young man standing in front of the door and handing out cards. That was nothing strange, but somehow something in his make up caused me to linger and watch him I noticed he did not hand any to the ladies who passed him nor to all the men, one could easily see he was selecting his victims. Presently a man, whose ragged and dusty clothes gave him a decidedly hungry appearance came walking slowly and aimlessly along. He had a dejected look in his eyes that indicated home sickness, an empty stomach and perhaps a longing for a better life. Certainly here was a chance for a little missionary work, for a fitter subject for a prayer meeting and a square meal could hardly be imagined. The young man seemed to realize this, for his sanctimonious countenance assumed an encouraging smile and forward he handed the forlorn stranger a card. The stranger was slow to take it but finally he did, and his forlorn look—changed to one of sorrowful disdain. Still he held on to the card until he reached the corner where there was a bright light, holding it up he saw in plain bold type—

Blank's Little Dairy Saloon. A Big Hot Winger with Every Glass of Beer. From 6 to 10 P. M.

His face brightened up, and he pushed his hand away down in his pocket, pulled out what may have been his last coin, and with one more look at the directions on the card, he started on a stiff heel and toe for the hot winger and glass of beer.

Such is life in the wild and woolley west times are brightening, a little, at least I think so. The weather is all any one could desire, nice balmy days or sunshine all the time. It is a God-send for poor people.

I gave my last copy of PROGRESS to an old Canadian who lives here. You should have seen how delighted he was. He thinks PROGRESS is the only paper and between you and me he is not far wrong. A CANUCK.

ATA CALIFORNIA FAIR.

The Attraction at the Exhibition Which is to Open Today.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 15.—According to the original announcement the Mid Winter Fair nominally opened Jan. 1st, the official opening has been postponed until the 27th inst., to give time for the delayed foreign exhibits to arrive from Chicago.

A good many of the concessional features however have been in full operation since the first. That day was beautiful and could not have been improved upon. Eastern people here for the first time, were delighted over a New Year's Day, so much like a day they could only expect to see at home in April or May. In the Golden Gate Park in which the Fair is situated flowers were blooming in every hand. This a special feature of the fair and a very pleasing one it is.

Among some of the novelties peculiar to this Fair are the Santa Barbara Sea Lions, and Boones wild animal arena. The former, promises to be one of the great drawing cards of the exposition. Did you see Hayenbecks show at Chicago? Well, Boones rivals his in every particular, and surpasses it in many.

The scenic railway does a great business, the crowds who seek its attractions being really more than can be easily accommodated.

An old time stage driver named E. A. Halsey, of Oroville, who has driven his six in hand over the snow capped peaks of the mountains of Eastern California, is arranging to exhibit snowshoes used by his horses

in the snowdrifts and familiar to those visiting Yosemite Valley in winter.

Many visitors consider the account, of snowshoes used by horses as a California fiction. Mr. Halsey will place some stage horses, shod with snow shoes, in the 49 mining camp, where they will be made to run over quicksand to illustrate the use of horse snow shoes.

Taber, the photographer, whose beautiful scenic photographs are well known to those of your readers who have visited California—is the official photographer of the Exposition. One of the most attractive buildings of the group is yet to be erected for his occupancy. In this gallery all of the official picture making in connection with the fair will be carried on.

Two stories high, with a frontage of sixty feet, the building will be handsomely ornamented within and without. A hall thirty feet long will lead from the entrance back into an immense open fire place. Adjoining will be parlors and reception rooms, where ladies may rest after the fatigue of a sight seeing.

Around the hall will run a large gallery, on the walls of which will be hung thousands of Pacific coast views. Every pane of glass will be a transparency of some photographic view. The value of these transparencies alone will be over \$3000.

A very interesting exhibit is the display of all the woods of California. A very fine collection made by Thos. Hatch, of the Columbian exhibition, supplemented by a number of private collections.

A specially fine collection of redwoods, are to be seen here. One very handsome buhl, cut in Humboldt county for a table top is especially attractive.

From the mining counties there is a block of gold quartz weighing 3000 pounds, and a complete outfit of machinery, tools and implements used in mining, all in operation. This noble exhibit is most instructive and interesting. HUGH.

Not a Bad Idea. Johnnie—(in bed for being naughty.) Mamma, I wish I was twins, then when one of me was punished, the other could go out and play.

For breakfast. Get Rolled Wheat Flakes or "Petti Johns Col Breakfast Food" and Evaporated Cream, they are most delicious.

Western Grey Buckwheat for Griddle cakes with Dunn's Ham, or Bacon, are no mean substitutes; you can get those and others from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Bro, Grocers 32 Charlotte St.

3 months (\$25) is enough to complete either course, business or shorthand. A life scholarship for both courses \$40. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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FRAZER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St. Halifax is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZER, Principal. 119

HOUSE WANTED.—To purchase or to rent from May 1st, next a Small Self Contained House. One with Barn attached preferred. Apply to C. S. W. care DAILY RECORD.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 20 samples of cloth, guaranteed self measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Pants \$5 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FLEMING PATTS COY., 38 Mill St. St. John N. B.

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A COTTAGE in centre of Robbsey, seven minutes' walk from station; newly furnished and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. BIRNALL, Hardware Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

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A full assortment of the above Celebrated Corsets in Stock, also Madame Warren's Dress Form Corsets, Madame Dean's Special Supporting Corsets, Dr. Warren's Abdominal Corsets, Nursing Corsets, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Corset Waists, Dr. Gray's Back Supporting Shoulder Braces, etc.

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Here Is a Glorious Chance

to "make hay when the sun shines." Ladies imported wool skirts 70c. Heavy flannelett skirts 50c. Gray flannel skirts all wool 60c. All reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET. HOCKEY SKATE.

MADE specially for Hockey playing and acknowledged to be the best skate in the market for that purpose. The runners are of extra quality welded iron and steel, thoroughly hardened and specially treated by the same process as our No. 7 ACME. Tops of hard brass, which, owing to the heavy strain to which they are subjected, we find to be the only material suitable for the purpose. Each skate is securely attached to the boot by means of 10 screws which we furnish with the skate. Can supply them either nickel plated or polished steel. Also Hockey Sticks and Hockey Tucks.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

We Invite the Attention of BUILDERS AND OTHERS

to our line of WOOD MANTELS SLATE MANTELS, Tiles, Andirons, Fenders, &c. We are HEADQUARTERS for these goods, our Line is Large and our Prices Bottom, and we are always pleased to show them. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

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HAIR GOODS, FOR BOTH LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN, Manufactured and Imported. GENTS WIGS, TOUPEES, FRONTS, SWITCHES, RANGES, Etc., Etc. PERFUMES—As fine an assortment as to be found anywhere. HAIR PINS—Ranging in all styles and prices, from 15c to \$5.00. CURLING TONGS—From 3c. to \$1.50 each.

Miss K. A. HENNESSY, Proprietress, 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel, St. John, N. B.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

Pocket Cutlery, SCISSORS, Table Cutlery, Carvers, from all the leading houses in Sheffield in the latest style of finish. PRICES LOW.

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

THE successful merchant is he who saves a profit for his customers and still makes one himself. We are selling the best Clothing the world knows anything about on the closest margin known to honest trade. Some of our Suits and Ulsters are half price now.

Union Block, Cor. Mill & Union Streets, North End. CENTRAL Clothing Store.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The American Grand English Opera Company is entertaining the opera house patrons this week with a bill of fair measure enough in quantity where the advanced notices are considered, yet of quite good quality. "Il Trovatore" was selected for the opening night and the performance as a whole was highly satisfactory. Miss Delaport, the prima, has a fine stage presence, a pleasing face and a figure not unbecomingly. More to the purpose, she possesses a good voice which, in spite of an evident cold, she uses to marked advantage in all her work, especially that portion of it which makes demand upon the higher register. She has also much dramatic power, as she manifested in the "Miserere or Pisona" scene, in Verdi's great creation. Mr. Tavernier is the tenor of the company, and while his voice is not so young or fresh as it has been, gave a good interpretation of his role. His solo work received merited applause and the same with Anzeca, (Miss Katherine Ross) the gipsy. When "Back to our Mountains" was sung, it was so really well done that its reputation was indicated upon in a very pronounced manner.

The chorus work particularly in the "Aurili chorus" was very uneven, and the choir in the Miserere scene, was both too loud and unbalanced, as well as noticeably out of tune. "Faust" which drew a larger house than the opening night, gave Mr. Tavernier further favorable opportunity. He sang "In a dwelling pure and holy," and "Oh, tender moon" very evenly and well. Mr. Dudley was the "Mephisto," and his interpretation of the role is a good one, and his voice is always in tune. His make up and general work differs materially from that of Lewis Morrison in the drama "Faust," the electric feature not being in the opera—but he is thoroughly capable in the part. By the way, it would be well for this gentleman to change the sword he wears in "Mephisto," because as the villagers protect themselves from him by holding up their cross billed swords, it is somewhat absurd to see him wearing a sword with a bill like this.

It would suggest also to the management, that although photographs of pretty women are nice to look at, they should actually be members of the company they are exhibited to advertise. Neither Fannie Johnston nor Annie Sutherland are members of the company, yet their photographs appear among those shown in the interests of the American Grand English Opera Company.

Mr. Ford's chamber concert in the Stone church school room, last Tuesday night, was a very enjoyable affair, and successful in every way. The room was comfortably filled, with a thoroughly appreciative audience, and the program was so well arranged that an even and pleasant impression was made from first to last. The cello solos of Herr Ernest Doering, of Halifax, showed not only the skill of the artist but the wonderful capacities of the solo when in the hands of a master. His rendering of the cello song, composed by himself, and of the Spanish dance were particularly successful in captivating the audience. Herr Bernhard Walther, of Halifax, did some excellent execution on the violin, though not to the extent of taking the laurels from Herr Carl Walther, with whose thoroughly artistic achievements the people of St. John are familiar. One reason for this, undoubtedly, was that there was a marked difference in the tone of the violin used by Carl Walther last week and that used by Ernest Walther this week. Mr. Ford on his accompaniment to all the numbers showed admirable taste, and at times, as in the last trio, from Beethoven, accomplished more than was evident to the listener. Miss Masie has appeared to better advantage, but she is a pleasing singer and was very heartily applauded. Mr. Lindsay's song, Mendelssohn's "On wings of song I'll bear thee," was deservedly encored.

The Mission church organ has been going from bad to worse lately, and it is a question whether it will be better to tear it down and rebuild, rather than to keep on tinkering at it with such unsatisfactory results.

The Amateur Minstrels have begun the practice of "Piafing," to be given immediately before Lent. The Thursday night concert in connection with St. Paul's church and the German street Baptist church, took place too late in the week for special mention in this column.

Tones and Undertones.

It is said that Miss Marie Tempest will head an opera company of her own next season.

"1492" received its 200th performance at Palmers (N. Y.) theatre last Monday night. The appropriate souvenirs distributed on the occasion were bronze statuettes of Theresa Vaughn as the street singer.

An amusing story of Schumann is told by a veteran critic. The composer once accompanied his wife, who was even then a celebrated pianist, to the palace, when she went to play before the king of Holland, and was gratified by the monarchs compliments of her performance. The composer was somewhat surprised, however, when the king turned to him and courteously inquired: "Are you also musical?"

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," played during last Sunday evening's services at the Grand View Avenue Methodist church, Dubuque, Ia., has caused a split in the congregation. The Rev. Mr. Wheat, the former pastor, arose in meeting and said the temple was profaned with such music. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, announced that he was running the church and advised Mr. Wheat to mind his business. The younger members of the church side with the pastor.

Sir Joseph Barnby, of the Guildhall school of music, recently received at the hands of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha the Coburg order, a cross of arts and science. Sir Joseph may be said to have begun his great musical career at the early age of eight, as a chorister at York Minster. He was born in the latter-named city (in 1838) and educated principally at the choir school there—afterwards studying at the Royal academy of music. In 1875 he succeeded the late Charles Gounod as conductor of the Royal Albert hall choral society.

In modern music contralto is the voice intermediate in quality and range between soprano and tenor, having a usual compass of about two octaves upward from the F below middle C; it is the lowest of the varieties of the female voice. In medieval music, in which the melody was either in a middle voice or passed from one voice to another and utilized only male singers, the upper voice was naturally called alto. As music for mixed voices developed, that female voice which was nearest the alto, and thus contrasted with it, was called contralto and alto.

A short time ago it was hinted that a member of the Royal family had been discussing the musical quality of the concertina. Quoted there followed the statement that the "portable instrument of this year which is the concertina." Apart from its technical merits, there is no reason why this

almost obsolete instrument should not be reintroduced, for it is much maligned. There is a well known conductor and composer for the London stage who has a great command over the concertina, and can produce most exquisite tones from it. In fact, at one time in his early career, he played nightly a solo at a West-end theatre and although everybody admired the sweet music, no one guessed that the unseen instrument was the much despised concertina.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A revival has begun in the theatrical business in the United States, a consequence of an improvement in business generally.

According to the latest British census there are more actresses than actors in England, the former numbering 3,696 and the latter 3,625.

A grand-daughter of Lord Nelson, in the person of Miss Tredway, has become a member of a dramatic company playing in the English Provinces.

Some half-dozen ladies of London, Ont., made their debut on the stage as dancing girls in the third act of Parthianus, recently produced in that town by Robert Mantell.

The dresses in one of the scenes in the Drury Lane pantomime—a procession of all the kings and queens of England since the Norman conquest, with historical events—cost over £3,000.—Ex.

Miss Edith Crane, who will be remembered here as leading lady of Tyrone Power's company has joined the stock company of the Lyceum theatre (N. Y.) playing "Kate Rodney in 'Our Country Cousins.'"

W. Riley Hart, who played here last summer in Rehan's company has been engaged to create the leading male role in "A piece of Steel" a new American drama in four acts, written by J. Reinhardt and A. P. Sealhamer.

The London Post, in its criticism of Mr. Daly's production of "Twelfth Night" at his Leicester Square Theatre, says the Sir Toby Belch of Mr. James Lewis was "extremely effective and played with true Shakespearean drollery."

Leonard Boyne, the English actor, who is making his first season in America, has decided upon a play which he will produce at a Broadway theatre next April. The production will be directed by T. Henry French, and as the principal female role is particularly strong Miss Julia Arthur has been engaged to play it.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, says that when he first taught himself how to write plays, it was his custom to witness the same piece six nights a week in order to learn the "technique." He keeps a stock of characters, plots, scenes, incidents and themes, all lying ready for use, and simulating in a dramatic stock-pot.—Ex.

The marriage of Miss May Nannery, a native of this city, to her manager, Mr. W. R. Dailey, at San Francisco, Cal., on the tenth inst., has been anticipated for some time. Miss Nannery, who is a great favorite on the Pacific Slope, had been playing at Sacramento, Cal., and her father's consent to the marriage having been obtained, she arrived with her future husband on the morning of the tenth, was married quietly at St. Bernard's church in the presence of her relatives and a few friends at two o'clock, and returned to Sacramento in the evening of the same day. A California paper says of Miss Nannery: "The lady carries with her the best wishes of all who know her. She is a truly good woman, who has not only been a comfort to her parents, but a credit to her profession, in which she has won eminence by industry and ability."

Ellen Terry and the Critic.

Miss Ellen Terry, having once received special courtesy from a newspaper critic, offered to introduce him to Mr. Irving; but unfortunately, when the opportunity of doing so presented itself, she had utterly forgotten his name. Naturally, however, she thought it would be a poor compliment to tell him so. Her ready wit did not forsake her in this trying emergency, and she promptly said to him:—

"Do you know that I've made a wager with Mr. Irving, and you can decide it? He says you spell your name one way, and I say another. Write it for me."

All unaware of the trick that was being played on him, the gentleman wrote down his name and handed it to the actress. She glanced at it hastily, laughed, and said gaily:—

"I've won the bet!"

It was such a realistic bit of acting that the newspaper man, although it was his business to criticise plays and players, never detected it.

They Paid for the Voice.

A young gentleman who rather fancied his tenor singing, attended service at church in the North, and in the responses gave rather too free vent to his feelings. But in the midst of one ejaculation he was suddenly brought to a standstill by the verger, who, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a whisper loud enough to be heard all over the church: "Here, young fellow, hold thy noise; we pay men to dew that here!"

How the Piano Was Lowered.

Catalani, a gifted songstress and a lovely woman, was the idol of society and the favourite of fortune. She had neither knowledge nor culture, and her ignorance made her stumble into ludicrous mistakes. Catalani's husband, a handsome Frenchman, was even more uneducated than his wife—he was stupid. Once, having found

the pitch of the piano too high, she said, after a rehearsal, to her husband—

"The piano is too high; will you see that it is made lower before the concert?"

When the evening came, Catalani was annoyed to find that the piano had not been altered. Her husband sent for the carpenter, who declared that he had sawed off two inches from each leg, as he had been ordered to do.

"Surely it can't be too high now, my dear!" said the stupid husband, soothingly.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGERS.

What Their Duties Are and How They Are Carried Out.

Ordinary communication is maintained from day to day between the court of the Queen and the government offices in Whitehall by means of a service of special messengers, of whom there are four, each in receipt of a salary of £300 a year.

The Queen's messengers wear no livery, and when travelling are indistinguishable from ordinary silk-hatted, black-bagged "commercials."

When the Queen is in residence at Windsor, every day there are two journeys to be made to and fro, and two of the messengers, therefore, sleep at Buckingham Palace, while two sleep at Windsor Castle.

In the early morning, a messenger, taking with him the Buckingham Palace despatches, if any, enters his cab, drives rapidly to Whitehall, Marlborough House, York House, and so forth, collecting, (unless he has done so overnight) answers to letters left the day before. When his many commissions have been executed, he drives to the railway station, where he deposits his luggage in the guard's van, the responsibility for the Queen's despatches being thus transferred for the time being to a servant of the railway company. The messenger himself takes his seat, usually in a second-class compartment, like any other traveller, and on reaching Windsor, superintends the transfer of his bags and boxes to a cab, which conveys him to the Quadrangle, where, at a private door by the side of the Queen's entrance, he descends, and proceeds upstairs to render an account of his errands to the Private Secretary.

Ordinary messages are deposited in long boxes, somewhat after the fashion of glove boxes, and every packet is either locked or sealed. A slip label, protruding from the lid, intimates its source and destination. The boxes, when of this size, are placed together into a strong, brown canvas bag, of the material used in the general postal service. But sometimes the bag will be of larger dimensions, and will weigh at least a hundredweight and a half, while on occasion her Majesty will require a new dress, or an article of apparel especially pertaining to a Court pageant, to be brought down from town. There may also be books to exchange or purchase at the libraries for the Princess Beatrice and others. Thus, while on some occasions the messenger has under his charge only a tiny bagful on others the whole interior of the cab, and also the roof of it, will be crowded with baggage of all shapes and sizes.

An orderly is in attendance on the arrival of the messenger to convey to the cavalry barracks any communication that may have arrived from the Horse Guards. During the residence of the Court, in fact, two orderlies keep their mounts in constant readiness in a stable just outside the Castle gates, nominally to be prepared at a moment's notice to summon the Household Cavalry to the Queen's assistance.

Letters may also have arrived for Cumberland Lodge, in which case they are always transmitted by special messenger, and their contents may even be telegraphed or telephoned over the private wires existing between the Castle and the lodge.

The first messenger reaches the Castle at noon. The other, who does not begin the task of collecting in town until after luncheon, arrives at the Castle at half-past five, and takes with him the results of the day's work in the Government offices. The return despatches leave the Castle at half-past four, and again at half-past eight, and her Majesty is frequently engaged in indicating despatches, in reply to the afternoon arrivals, as late as eight o'clock in the evening, when she retires in order to prepare for dinner. Thus, a document from the India Office or the Treasury, submitted for signature on Tuesday, may be dealt with the same evening, and be back in Whitehall on Wednesday morning on the arrival of the departmental chief.

The same number of journeys is made on Sundays, but the time varies to suit the ordinary train service. The messengers

arrive from town at eleven and three, and leave about ten minutes after the hours at which they leave on the other days of the week.

It goes without saying that, besides the State despatches conveyed by this means, there is a vast correspondence that reaches the court through the ordinary postal system. In recent years the volume of the Queen's mail has vastly increased.

It was at one time the practice when the court was in the Highlands, for two of the messengers to reside continuously in the north and two in town. They travelled over one of the railway systems until they reached a half-way station, where they exchanged mails and returned to their starting point. By this means each messenger was able to keep in touch with his own work.

When the Queen leaves the country for a sojourn in the south of Europe, there is only one mail each way per day. The messenger travels to the coast, and places the precious archives in the charge of the commander of a royal yacht, by which they are conveyed across channel to a port where the royal homeward mail from Florence or Grasse is picked up.

While the mails are supposed to arrive and depart at fixed periods, there are occasional occasions of exceptional political activity when the messenger is met at the railway station by an official of the court, who himself takes charge of the despatches just arriving from town, in order to enable the messenger to jump into an outgoing train and rush back to town again, merely to deliver a single letter in Downing street or Whitehall.

The correspondence thus dealt with is under the charge of the private secretary and his assistants, who themselves keep such copies and precis of them as are customary, and make up and seal the several packets. They are conveyed direct into the custody of the messenger by the secretary's duty, and the responsibility of them is thereby strictly defined.

When the Court is in the Highlands, in the Isle of Wight, or on the Continent, despatches are occasionally placed in the hands of a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber. There are four or five such functionaries, each of whom receives £200 a year, but his services are very slight.

For instance, immediately after the Appropriation Bill early in 1893, the fact was communicated to her Majesty, who was then in Florence, by Captain Conway Seymour, who, by-the-by, is seventy years of age.

The documents relating to each of the great departments of State are kept in separate despatch boxes in the Queen's official room. As the papers are dealt with and signed they are placed in a silver salver, whence they are taken by the secretary on duty and arranged in boxes ready for the messenger's arrival. At Balmoral, the correspondence is always done in a sitting-room inside the castle, and during the winter the same rule applies to Windsor. But on summer mornings, both at Windsor and Osborne, the Queen does her work in a summer house in the grounds.

When at Windsor a couple of mounted grooms are kept busy riding between the summer house and the castle with the despatches as they are completed. When on the Continent, the correspondence is frequently done in a tent, erected in a secluded part of the grounds of the house in the temporary occupation of the Queen, there being on such occasions a special detective service to protect her Majesty against unauthorized intrusion.

How They Marry in Germany.

German weddings are conducted on an entirely different plan from English ones. First of all, the engagement is publicly announced. Then the lovers devote a day to driving about among their acquaintances. Cards are sent to all the out-of-town friends of the families. Both the man and the woman wear rings on their left hand, and after marriage on the right. The bride provides all the linen, glass, and furniture, except the appointments of her husband's office or study.

The wedding ceremony is a double affair, the civil contract taking place in the registry office early in the morning, and the religious one several hours later in church.

At the early ceremony the bride wears black, but at the later one she is adorned with all customary bridal finery. There are rarely any bridesmaids. The bride and bridegroom enter the church together, and the guests all wear full evening dress. A wedding breakfast follows the ceremony, but wedding cake is an unknown delicacy.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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

ENGLAND MAY STILL HOPE.

Before this issue of PROGRESS will reach its readers the public will be more fully informed of the causes for the latest humiliation of the British nation of which only the mere fact is known at the time of this writing.

Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL in his laudable desire to add to the glories of England in the Victorian age, met Mr. JAMES CORBETT in an encounter at Jacksonville, Florida, on Thurs. Mr. CORBETT represented the United States, the land of free action, free thought and occasional free fight. This fight was not free, and a large number of people paid more than the price of a good suit of clothes for the privilege of witnessing this event of such national importance.

Mr. MITCHELL has not sustained the prestige of the nation which has given the world a SHAKESPEARE, a TENNYSON and a GLADSTONE, and the flag which has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, in round numbers, is not flaunted today in token of a national victory. The traditional drumbeat which follows the sun around the world falls with a dull sickening thud. Mr. MITCHELL has been knocked out in the third round by "a hot right-hander on the nose."

The terse, cruel words of the telegram told more than enough to those loyal citizens who patiently waited for the news in the chill air of Thursday afternoon. "In their way" they were as epigrammatic as the "veni, vidi, vici" of old, but their message was of defeat and not of triumph.

The expression of unavailing regrets at such a time would be unmanly. It is more healthful in loyal people to doubt the natural tendency to depression, and to feel that "though the field be lost all is not lost." England and her colonies have yet much with which to face the world in honest pride. The advance in literature, art and science has been great in the last half century, and the progress to higher conditions of national life has been very notable. It is well to think of these things at this time, and to feel that though Mr. MITCHELL has been vanquished, the nation has not lost the respect of the civilized world. We have yet much for which to be thankful in the present and to brighten our hopes for the future.

It is not to be expected that the people of the United States will do otherwise than exult over the event which must so advance their credit in the eyes of the world. They are proud to round the prizes of their glory at men and of grand national triumphs. It is their right, if they choose, to link the name of CORBETT with those of WASHINGTON and LONGFELLOW, while England may not couple that of MITCHELL with those of WELLINGTON and TENNYSON. The day may come when England in turn will have the champion slugged.

Critics may differ as to whom is the greatest living poet, but there is no field for argument as to the greatest living shoulder-biter. All the world bows to the name of JAMES CORBETT, the man who knocked out Mitchell with "a hot right hander on the nose."

LESSONS FROM LOWER LIVES. "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer," said the inspired king of Israel, and at another time he admonished the sluggard to "consider her ways and be wise." To a good many, no doubt, these words seem to have little in them to merit deep reflection, or to develop a course of reasoning. To them the ant is simply an insect to be destroyed when it comes in their path, and a consideration of her ways leads to nothing more than a realization of the admitted fact that industry is a duty with all who seek to fulfil the purposes of their existence.

It would seem, however, that there is a good deal more to be learned of the ant than that it is provident and industrious. Many have read of the marvellous ways of

some species of this insect, such as the army ant with its tactics and evolutions, and have wondered how so much that is classed as instinct could so greatly resemble human intelligence. If the theories of modern naturalists are correct, the explanation is more simple, even though the wonder be not less. They claim that ants, in common with other creatures ranking low in the scale of animal life, can not only reason intelligently but have highly developed emotional natures.

This is the theory laid down by Dr. JAMES WEIR, jr., in a recent magazine article, and he asserts that "when we know that these lower animals have receptive ganglia analogous to those possessed by man, analogical deductions force us to the conclusion that these animals should possess mental emotions and functions similar to those of men." Going further he shows an anatomical and physiological similarity of the brain of the ant to the man, and he holds it reasonable to expect evidences of mental operation in the one akin to those in the other.

The evidences he adduces are a number of remarkable incidents for which the authorities are given, leading to the belief that outside of the routine of insect life, special circumstances show ants, spiders, bees, etc., to have emotions and sympathies such as are superior to those of the coarser kinds of humanity, and that mental operations and emotions in some degree are to be looked for wherever there is brain matter. They are not alone the heritage of man and the higher types of domesticated animals, such as the horse, the dog and the cat, in which the existence of such emotions is apparent to all.

If there is so much to admire in these tiny creatures, the brain structure of which can be known only by aid of the microscope, how much more should man regard what he esteems nobler in the animal creation. If children were taught to recognize how much is to be learned from the existence of all of the creatures to which God has given life, how soon would the world become better. As it is, the propensity to destroy is too much encouraged, and thus it is that, with all the intelligence of the age, the destructive and selfish principle prevades human society, and the real humanizing of humanity seems a desideratum that is far distant.

The ambition to kill something seems deeply implanted in the human breast. It is cultivated in boyhood by the pelting and worrying of every unprotected animal that comes in the way, and it is developed in manhood under the name of "sport." It may be a very proper thing, from the popular standpoint, to range the woods for the purpose of slaughtering creatures which are harmless and which the slayer does not require, but after all it is only an exhibition of the savage instinct inherited from barbarian ancestry. That in the interests and for the necessities of man a certain amount of killing is required, does not pertain to the question. Wanton slaughter, persistent persecution of such creatures as the moose, the deer and the partridge, has been carried so far that from time to time laws must be made to prevent total extinction of what should be the pride of our forests. Even then the remedy is only a partial one, and is likely to come too late.

From the humble ant to the kingly moose seems a long step in the animal world, yet in both, and in all the grades of the scale between them, is found something more worthy of the mind of man than is the compassing of their destruction without just cause. There are better lessons in the lives of the lower animals than in their deaths.

WHEARY AND HIS CHANCES.

Nobody has been hanged in York county for the last seventy years, and it would seem that the residents are by no means anxious to have an execution now. The deaf mute EDWARD WHEARY, has been sentenced to death, however, because the court could do nothing else in the face of the fact that he had been declared sane and guilty of wilful murder. Whether he was really sane enough to be responsible for his act is something which a good many people are inclined to doubt, and hence there is no question that the petition for a commutation of his sentence will be signed by a very large number of persons.

If WHEARY was not sane when he committed the murder, that fact should have been placed beyond doubt at the time of his trial. If he was sane there seems no reason why he should be exempt from the consequences of his crime. It was a very brutal murder.

Nobody will be surprised if the sentence is commuted, and probably a great many will be sorry if it is not. Apart from the fact that in this instance the condemned man is ignorant and afflicted by infirmities which have dwarfed his mind, even if he be sane, the popular opinion in this part of the world is opposed to hanging where imprisonment will apparently serve the interests of justice as well. There is no thirst for vengeance in this instance, as there was in the case of BUCK, who was hanged as much because he was a tramp as because he killed a popular policeman. Even BUCK had not been tried anywhere outside Westmorland county, but as nothing else would satisfy the public in that section of the province, he had to suffer. WHEARY confined his operations to his own family circle,

and as there was no wave of popular indignation, the people of York will be fully satisfied if he is imprisoned instead of being hanged.

It is always a safe course to imprison rather than hang when there is any doubt as to how far the accused is really guilty of wilful murder in the fullest sense of the term. In WHEARY's case there seems to be room for a good deal of such doubt.

There is a commotion in American art circles over the design for World's Fair medals prepared for the federal government by AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. The perturbation is due to the fact that on one side of the medal is depicted the nude figure of a youth. This has been a terrible shock to some of the officials at Washington, and they want the design changed so as to be more in accordance with their ideas of what is "proper." ST. GAUDENS, and all others who know anything about art, assert that there is nothing immodest about the device, and from all accounts they are right. The United States abounds with people who have a superfluity of false modesty, but, who consent to, if they do not directly share in, crimes against the divine institution of marriage, which has been given that nation a notoriety no other civilized country would care to share.

A London letter brings the intelligence that an audience at the leading music hall recently expressed its disapprobation of a song having the refrain of, "Come where the booze is cheaper. Come where the pots hold more." It is further stated that the papers are discussing the point whether the audience was hypercritical in the expression of its displeasure. One would hardly think so. Apart from the fact that topical songs have been run beyond their limits, the principle taught in this particular instance is a vicious one. The cheapest booze is not the best but the worst, and the largest pots are usually filled with beer of inferior quality. The best is the cheapest, after all.

An idea of the increasingly cosmopolitan character of PROGRESS is shown this week by letters from its readers not only in all parts of the maritime provinces, but from as far west and south as Nebraska and California, and as far north as Montreal, while the publication of a letter from Washington state is deterred. PROGRESS is not only read by everybody at home, but has a very large constituency abroad.

It is satisfactory to learn that a St. John policeman accused of robbing a drunken prisoner has been fully exonerated. The public are too apt to believe that such things happen, from the fact that some of the force have been so prudent in their expenditures as to be owners of real estate and in some instances retire as capitalists.

A St. John policeman asserts that he saw a ball of fire "about the size of a bushel basket," descending from the sky on a fine afternoon this week, and that after the body had disappeared, "a tail about ten feet long remained in the air for fully five minutes." It looks as though an investigation were in order.

Boston proposes to enlarge its area by annexing all the towns within a radius of ten miles from the gilded dome. St. John has no further ambitions in that line, and would be more inclined to give away some of the territory it already owns—Stanley ward, for instance.

If the man who makes others happy by giving them something to laugh at is a benefactor to the race, the gentleman who is responsible for the illustrations in the Telegraph should feel that he is not without his reward.

An editorial on the demoralizing tendencies of prize fights would be eminently in order this week, but it would not do any good. The evolution of barbarism is a slow process in the human race.

Why should not Chief CLARK be qualified to give an opinion on prize fights, since they are regular events within rifle shot of his office?

Yes the SHATFORD case is really ended. So glad.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The first of the February magazines to make its advent in PROGRESS office is "Worthington's." Of several papers of special interest in it, that by Dr. D. Rollins Brown, on Germs and the Germ Theory of Disease, is of a nature to give a clear idea in a popular way, of a very important subject. In these days of epidemics from Asiatic cholera to the very prevalent grippe, whatever may bear on the causes of disease has a relation to their prevention by knowledge and care, so that Dr. Brown's paper is sure to be carefully read. Among the other contents is an illustrated article on Peasant Life in Picardy. Dr. James Weir, jr., tells some interesting incidents in proof of the theory of the possession of emotions by such apparently insignificant insects as ants, while every lover of the accurate in literature will be interested in W. A. Smith's enumeration of the most common misquotations of passages from famous authors. The various departments, which are a feature of this magazine, are full of things of both value and interest. "Worthington's" gives every promise of making great strides in this its second year.

For this month the publishers offer to send a specimen copy of a recent number for four cents in postage stamps. \$2.00 per year. 25 cents a single number. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

An interesting contribution to the widely-discussed question of Church Unity will appear shortly from the pen of Prof. Charles W. Shields, of Princeton university, author of "Philosophia Ultima." It is entitled "The Historic Episcopate," and is an essay on the four articles of Church Unity proposed by the American House of Bishops and the Lambeth conference. It will be published at an early date by the Scribners. No work on the subject of Church Unity has attracted such wide attention as Prof. Shields' study of "The Historic Episcopate." It has been read, by special invitation, before clerical assemblies, representing the different christian denominations, and is now printed in answer to many requests for its publication. Prof. Shields has given long and careful study to the subject, and his views are important and interesting.

A conversation between James Whitcomb Riley and Hamlin Garland, the poet and the novelist, respectively, of Western farm life, is recorded by Mr. Garland in McClure's Magazine for February. It contains Mr. Riley's own account of his career from the time when he was an unprosperous lad at school, down through episodes of put-out-medicine peddling and "blind" sign-painting, to the present, when the public buys \$30,000 worth of his poetry a year. Another article in the February McClure's is Arthur Warren's character study of Philip D. Armour, exhibiting Mr. Armour not only as one of the greatest business men in the world, but also as one of the greatest philanthropists. The first installment of a new novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, "The Ebb Tide," introduces the reader to a new personality, the "beach-comber," a product of the islands of the South Pacific, and in the department of "Human Document" is an extremely interesting series of portraits of Mr. Stevenson. In this department are also portraits of Hamlin Garland and Mr. Armour. The popular-science article of the number is an account by Ida M. Tarbell, of the construction of the observatory on top of Mt. Blanc, and of the important analysis of the atmosphere of the sun and the planets, since you can, the eminent French astronomer, hopes to make there. An article of special importance, is "Nervousness: the National Disease of America," wherein Edward W. Clegg gives the sun of an interview with the eminent specialist in nervous diseases, Doctor Samuel Weir Mitchell. \$1.00 a year; single copies 15 cents. S. S. McClure, Inc., 713 Broadway, New York.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

The old question as to whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade never seems to get a perfectly satisfactory answer. It works both ways. As the well-known lines put it:

Trade follows the flag where it's unfurled, And the flag follows trade all over the world.

In Africa, that common hunting ground of the nations, all things seem to unite in the effort being made to confer upon the country the untold blessings of civilization. The trader and the missionary are there and both do their parts, but for real, effective work there is nothing like the flag and the maxim gun. Of course, occasionally, the reckless white man finds out that odds of 1 to 100 are rather too great to give even the savages. But the "civilizing" process goes on. The bible and the rifle and the rum and the traders' bales are all there and doing their varied work in civilizing and christianizing the country. Soon the locomotive will be snoring over the land and where it goes the subjection will be complete. Away in Uganda they are even now quite "advanced" and have become civilized enough to have religious feelings of a sort of missionary way. "The protestants were victorious, killing more than thirty, and capturing fifteen hundred men, women and children." So reads a late dispatch. In order to preserve peace the country has been divided into districts, and protestants, catholics and mahometans are to keep each to their own pen. As a farce, what a tragedy is this as a result of missionary work—the preaching of the gospel of peace and good will!

Man is a gregarious as well as an omnivorous animal. He is also bibulous and clubbable. His strong social nature is one of the characteristics which distinguishes him from a great many other animals. He is always forming clubs. Such associations seem "to be a natural and necessary offshoot of men's gregarious and social nature," has said a wise man. From very earliest days there have been clubs and private companies, having various objects in view. Plutarch belonged to a club and among the ancient Greeks clubs abounded. The modern club, however, is more entirely of a social nature. Outside of the great ones there are numerous lesser ones formed upon all sorts of bases. The suicide clubs must be very interesting, especially as one is not allowed to resign from them. This rule prevents the interest from flagging. Each member has to be ready when his turn comes. Then there is the Thirteen club, which held its annual dinner on Jan. 13, in room number 13, at the Holborn restaurant, London. There were thirteen tables, each set for thirteen guests, who all passed under the club ladder on entering the room, which was profusely adorned with peacocks' feathers, and lighted with skull-shaped lamps. Salt was spilled out of coffin-shaped salt cellars and all the knives and forks were crossed. No casualties have been yet reported. Perhaps some of these things acted like antidotes to the others. This shows for what absurd purposes men will band themselves together. However, we have to get through it some way.

The habit or amusement of dancing is one of the things that there always seems to be trouble about. To dance or not to dance, that is the question, and, if one does

dance, how much to dance and who to dance with and what kind of dances. How is all this to be settled? The strictly proper and severely pious person will not countenance "dancing" of any description. That settles the thing for people of that cast. With them sober quadrille, the stately minuet or the weird and wicked "dance du vent" are under one common ban. To the person who admits that dancing can be made a most rational and graceful thing there is always a question as to how far to carry it. It does not do to go too far as a rule. Ordinary dancing is good, but what about the fashionable "skirt dance"? Is it right and proper for nice young ladies to transform themselves into full fledged, or rather "unfledged," ballet-dancers, even for the benefit of a charity "kirkness" or something of the sort? Yet this is what they do in New York and other large cities. And, strangely enough the amateur skirt dancers seem to be good money-getters for church purposes and so forth. They take people love the grace and beauty though war "rages" over the question of the length of their frocks. They might be the means of bringing to an end the long standing quarrel between church and stage, but—the physician is stopping them. He is the only power that could do it. It was of no use to appeal to the pretty dancers in the name of the proprieties, the moralists or any other things. But the doctor one day took one of them aside and whispered in her little pink, shell-like ear "My dear, you will become a dislocated fright in six months unless you stop this thing." And it is being stopped.

What a quiet week this one has been. We shall miss Shatford—Perhaps he will come again. Meantime the St. John gossip when they gather around the firesides, these winter evenings, will have to revert to the old topics of whether A. is going to marry B. or not; who C. is going with now and how many dollars old D. is worth. People have to talk and, as a rule, the less they know the more they can say.

The first of February is very near at hand and something has got to be done about it right away. Shall we give up our house and move this May or not—it does not suit us but can we get a better—shall we rent or board or buy—or what shall we do—perhaps we had better go to the country—the landlord must have an answer right away. Confound these landlords with the tenant. Confound these tenants with the landlord. PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS"

A Reverie.

Sweet, within your cosy, curtained room Where crimson intermingles with the gold, And frolic shadows, throwing past, in gloom, My fancies liv'd, and bade themselves unfold. Heart spoke to heart, of things, so sweet, and strange, And life was music to a dearest strain;— Than all years had lasted, O! the change! The sunlit world, the rapture, since you came. The pleasant walks, in meadows, clover-blent, The dewy nights of silvery woven beads, The sea's deep symphony, the violet-scent, Oh, Love, a night of dreams, a night of dreams!

A Pain Somewhere.

Which has been so long? In my heart there is left no song—No joy in the day. As a fair dream comes in the night, So a sad thought of an eye-sight, I know not which way. In the evening she comes to me, And I sit by the fire and see Her face in the flame. The grey smoke plays in her curls, While the sparks like the dearest of air, I whisper her name. Then, waking, I find it a dream. Red knots that flicker and gleam—A pain somewhere. And still my pipe, I sigh For the days I have watched slip by And those nights on the stair. X. Y. Z.

New Year's Thoughts.

It snowed last night and the whiteness Is spread over field and hill, And the earth lies hush'd beneath it So calm and pure and still. Oh, beautiful snow! how it glistens This Sabbath morn so clear, While the "white of the bells" as we listen Comes softly to our ear. It snowed last night, and the angels Have robed the world in white To welcome the New Year's coming And fill us with delight. Oh, New Year! full of promise! Oh, mill stone on life's way! Another year, another mile, Another New Year's day. Friends, let us be more earnest Than in the years gone by, And strive with all our power To live more worthily. That purer lives and higher aims May mark our record here, So happier memories will surround The dawning of each year. J. H.

Canada Claims the Princess.

To the Editor of PROGRESS:—I quote from your issue of the 6th: "Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Massachusetts poetess, is the daughter of a Mohawk chieftain. Now pardon me but you have made an unfortunate error; it is true she is a Mohawk princess, and is as proud of her blood as I am of being a Canadian, but she is not of Massachusetts. The Indian reserve in Brantford, Ont., is her birth place and the bank of the Grand river her playground. She has always been and is still a resident of Brantford, but may have been visiting in Boston. We Canadians have little enough to be proud of and should not allow one whose name has become famous to be claimed by another. Whittier said a few years ago, that there was a sweetness in her poetry of rare charm, and in his estimation she was worthy to be placed in the front rank of America's poetesses. I am on the editorial staff of the Morning Herald here, and of course take an interest in the rising school of Canadian writers, especially of one whom I claim as a warm personal friend. I. C. FRENCH O'HARA.

Not True to Life.

She—The play was excellent except for one thing. He—And what was that? She—The time extends over three years, and it shouldn't be more than three months. He—'d like to know why? She—Why! Because the same servant girl stays through it all.

HOW HE KNEW IT.

The Simple Process of Braces That Caught the Right Man.

"Last Sunday," said the clergyman to his congregation, "someone put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I shall expect the same member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm." After church a well-to-do but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.

"I—er," he began, hesitatingly, must apologize, sir, for the—er—button incident which I happened to have the button in my waistcoat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the coin and gravely handing him the button. "By the bye, sir," said the man, "I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the—er—much to be regretted mistake."

"I didn't know," replied the clergyman. "Didn't know! But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation would have done so."

"Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals would have put one button in the bag; is it, now?" asked the clergyman, with a bland smile. It was so much easier for the button-contributor to say "good-day" than to answer this puzzling question that he made his bow at once.

In the Czar's Family.

Of the Czar's three giant brothers, Grand Duke Vladimir is the eldest, and by his great height and military bearing we immediately recognize a Romanoff. He is graceful as well as warlike, and in this family of Titans he is the artist. President of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, a lover of literature and music, he is interested in every artistic movement, besides which he has a great fancy for purchasing antique furniture. The Grand Duke Alexis is the second brother of the Czar, and one of the handsomest men in Russia; very tall, broad-shouldered, with blonde beard, light blue eyes, a deep voice and musical laugh. Owing to an unhappy love affair many years ago the Grand Duke has registered a vow never to marry. He is Admiral of the Russian fleet, while Vladimir is Aide-de-camp General of the Czar. The least sympathetic of the Czar's brothers is the Grand Duke Serge, who married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Although very intelligent, Grand Duke Serge is said to be extremely jealous, and the sufferings of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth have been beyond expression. Not long ago she embraced the orthodox religion, and to recompense his brother for her conversion, the Czar made him Governor-General of Moscow.

A Famous and Enduring Name.

The name that ever will endure Is Harvard bronchial syrup, pure; In Canada it's fame doth ring, 'Tis the only preparation that can give entire satisfaction in curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, throat irritation and bronchial affections, is Harvard bronchial syrup. Mr. Stuart Hunter, of Belleville, Ont., says:—"Having used your Harvard bronchial syrup, I found it all that could be desired as a remedy for throat affections. I have recommended it to others, and am pleased to say that people who have, upon my recommendation, used Harvard bronchial syrup have informed me that they have received great benefit from its use."

Getting "Face-Tired."

A well-known caricaturist says that he frequently gets "face-tired." "As I draw," he explains, "unconsciously my face assumes the expression of the people I am trying to represent in a distorted way, and as a result, at the end of a couple of hours I find myself compelled to rest, not my eyes or my hands, but my face. I do this either by lying down or going out into the street with the determination of spending my time in looking at things and not at people, for I find I study their faces at the expense of my own. I take delight in my work, and that is the reason, I suppose, that I am so sympathetic with it."

Keeping to His Promise.

A bad boy recently attacked another whose character for goodness was established. Had boy (striking)—There, take that! Good boy (holding his arms with a saintly expression)—No, Tommy, I will not hit you back, because I promised my mother never to strike a playmate, but (kicking him severely on the shin) how do you like that?

Sure to Do Right.

Mrs. Bicker (postantly)—Oh, it's all very well to talk, but you'd be glad if I were dead! Mr. Bicker (blandly)—Whatever you do, dear, is sure to be the right thing.

In These Latter Days.

Prunella—I wanted to go bicycle riding today. Priscilla—Can't you go? Prunella—No, I had to send my trousers to be pressed.

MAUNSELLVILLE.

JAN. 23.—The ladies of Christ church held a very successful social and amusements' supper in the temperance hall, on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst. The proceeds amounted to forty dollars, which goes to repair the rectory. The Sheffield literary society met at the residence of C. B. Harrison last Friday evening. After the usual amount of reading was gone through the friends enjoyed a very pleasant drive and then returned and had luncheon. Those present from Mansfield were Misses Stanger, Harrison and Bent, and Mrs. Ashley Harrison. Mrs. Leonard Bent died at the residence of her brother, F. W. Miles, last evening. Also Mrs. Banks died at her son's residence, G. F. Banks, on Monday morning. Mrs. McFadden is visiting her mother at Lincoln. LUTIA LEAFY.

GRAND MANAN.

JAN. 22.—Miss Julia Covert leaves today for Windsor, where she will attend the church school for girls. Mrs. Covert accompanies her daughter to St. John. Mrs. Pettes is suffering from an attack of grippe. Dr. Price returned home on Wednesday. A social club was formed and met at the rectory on Tuesday last. Mr. N. F. Perkins was elected president; Mrs. G. F. Newton, treasurer; Dr. Jack, secretary. An enjoyable evening was spent. W. E. Tutton and Mr. P. Russell spent last week in St. Andrews. SAA-WHEED.

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Large Lot Nice Stewing Prunes, 6c. lb. APPLES HIGH.

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TOMORROW IS SUNDAY, And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have. Come and see us.

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Social and Personal.

St. John—South End.
The end news reached here on Saturday last of the death of Mr. Robert R. Stone, which occurred on Friday last at Philadelphia. His death was the result of an operation for the removal of a tumor. Mr. Stone had resided in Philadelphia for some years, but at one time was one of the best known young men in this city. He was formerly a prominent member of Trinity church choir, was an officer in the artillery corps, and a great enthusiast in all kinds of sport. For his aged mother and sister, who reside in this city, much sympathy is felt.

Miss Bullock, who has been quite ill at her residence, German street, is convalescent.

Mr. Robert Campbell, accountant in the bank of Montreal in this city, has been promoted to the constantship at Toronto. Mr. R. Stanley Richey, formerly of this city, now stationed at Lindsay, Ontario, will take his place in the St. John office. Mr. and Mrs. Richey will arrive here in a week or two, and both be warmly welcomed by their many friends.

Mrs. Richey was formerly Miss Fanny King. Mr. Harris Allen, whom it was reported had broken his leg, only received a slight injury. His friends will be glad to hear that the statement in last week's issue was untrue.

Mrs. Hutchford, who was seized with a slight paralytic stroke, a week or so since, at her residence King square, is, I am glad to hear, recovering.

Miss Jennie Hall went to Woodstock last week, to attend the funeral of her father.

On Thursday last, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jardine, gave a most enjoyable evening at the residence of Mrs. Turner, King street, east.

The guests returned to their residence, Craigie Leitch to supper.

Friday last, Mrs. James Robertson, Paradise Row, gave a delightful dance for the young friends of her son, Master Harold, about thirty or forty were present, and a most enjoyable evening was given this season. The house is well adapted for entertaining, and the dancing room on either side of the hall, both of which were so handsomely furnished. A handsome supper was provided, and dancing was kept up towards a late hour.

Mr. Quigley, gave a drive to a number of his friends on Friday evening, which was greatly enjoyed.

The president and members of the St. John bicycle club issued cards of invitation for a grand ball to be given at the Institute assembly rooms on Tuesday, Jan. 30th. Under the management of the following committee this ball cannot fail to be a successful affair. The committee consists of Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. David McMillan, Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. J. de Witt Spence, Mrs. J. D. Hazen, Mrs. J. B. Armstrong and Mrs. F. E. Sayer.

On Wednesday evening the members of the Browns club together with a number of their friends were entertained at a dance at the residence of Mrs. Turner, King street, east.

On Thursday evening Miss C. E. L. Jarvis gave a small but enjoyable party at her residence, Elliot Row.

Mr. Ira Cornwall has been confined to his residence, Orange street, this week with an attack of grippe.

On Sunday evening Mr. J. D. Stafford, three children and Miss Florence Stafford left for Chicago via New York.

Miss Mary Robertson, Rochey, is visiting Lady Ritchie at Ottawa.

Miss Christina Leslie, of Annapolis is visiting St. John.

The members of the Electric reading club were entertained on Thursday evening very recently by Mrs. John McMillan at her residence, German street.

Dr. Robertson has been appointed to take charge of the sanitary department at the General Public Hospital.

The many friends here of Mrs. Medley, (widow of the late Metropolitan), will regret to learn that she is in very ill health.

Miss Louise Jack, who has been for some time the guest of Mrs. E. Millidge, Rockland Road, left on Saturday to resume her studies at "Edgemoor", Windsor, N. B.

Mr. J. A. Tuba, Jr., who has been confined to the house for ten days with an attack of grippe, is now able to be out again.

The death of Mr. LeBaron Vaughan occurred very suddenly last evening at his residence, Mecklenburg street, the result of an apoplexy. He was a son of the late Mr. Henry Vaughan of this city, and was a highly respected member of this community. He was fifty years of age at the time of his death, and leaves a widow and ten children, for whom much sympathy is expressed in their bereavement here.

Miss Payne of Bathurst, has been making a stay here with friends lately en route to St. Martin, where she intends spending the remainder of the winter.

Mr. J. Greenham Aiken has been confined to the house for the past week, with the effects of a severe cold.

Mrs. Thomas Walker of Princess street, entertained a number of young people at a most enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening last week.

Mr. Richard F. Quigley spent part of this week in Halifax.

Miss Ashton Fletcher has returned from a stay of some weeks in Montreal.

Intelligence has been received here of the death of Mr. Alexander Irving, a former well known citizen of St. John, but who has been residing for some years at Portland, Oregon, where he died on the 4th inst. at the age of sixty-three years.

Dr. J. H. Gray of Fairville, has recently removed to his new house on St. James street.

Mr. Walter Christie is at home again after a sojourn in the West Indies.

Mrs. James Harding, who has been so ill lately at her residence, Waterloo street, is now recovering.

Mr. Walter Adams of Carleton, spent part of last week at St. Stephen.

Mr. George K. Leonard returned home on Sunday from a trip to Boston.

Captain E. G. Ekin has returned home from a visit to Bathurst, N. B.

The members of the "young men's musical club" entertained a number of their friends at a social gathering, held in the assembly rooms of the Mechanics Institute on Thursday evening.

The death in Montreal of Mrs. Maria Peavry White (wife of Dr. J. D. White), which occurred on Wednesday at Carleton, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Winslow, will congratulate them on the recent appointment of Mr. Winslow as manager of the bank of Montreal at Almonte, Ontario.

On Tuesday evening a party of young ladies and gentlemen drove out to Hothey and back returning to Mr. George Harton's on St. James' street, where they spent the evening in the most enjoyable manner.

Mr. William Irvine, of Fairville, who has been seriously ill for some time is slowly recovering.

Miss Alice Raymond left last week for Montreal where she will spend the rest of the winter.

Mr. J. Edgar Edgett, of this city has received intelligence of the death of his brother, John, on Friday last, of his brother Mr. Samuel J. Edgett, in the fiftieth year of his age. Mr. Edgett was a native of this city, and at one time a business partner of the late Mr. Edwin Frost. He married a daughter of Captain Cooper, and has been for the last fifteen years a resident of Boston.

The members of the hat hour reading club held a delightful reunion at the residence of Mr. Manning, on Wednesday evening at the bank of Montreal.

Mr. J. Gillis Jones, accompanied by Mr. T. W. Wright, left a few days ago for Portland, Me., whence they will take the afternoon train for Cape Town, Africa, where Mr. Jones intends making his home in future.

Previous to the marriage of Mr. William Clarke, he was entertained by a number of his friends at a supper last Saturday evening, and presented, through Mr. E. J. Wilkins, with a handsome silver tea service, accompanied by a congratulatory address.

A number of young people enjoyed a pleasant sleigh drive last Friday night, and on their return to town dined at the evening with a dance given at the residence of Mr. Wilfrid Campbell, Leinster street.

Mrs. James Jack returned home from a stay with her relatives in Halifax.

Rev. James Bennett has been confined to his house, King street east, lately, with a severe attack of grippe.

Mrs. A. J. Simonds is making a visit to relatives in Nova Scotia.

Rev. Gregory O'Brien, B. J., of Montreal, has been here this week giving a retreat to the pupils of the convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Pleasant.

Miss Fanny Hayden has been confined to the house lately in consequence of burns received while engaged in domestic occupations.

Mr. John McGregor, of Gaspe, Queen's county, arrived here a few days ago in order to take a course of study at the business college.

The death of Miss Annie L. Belyea, youngest daughter of Mr. J. A. Belyea, occurred last Monday at her father's residence, Princess street, much to the regret of a large circle of friends.

Mr. Frederick C. Jones accompanied his sisters to the theatre.

Miss Mary Hutchinson, who has been in charge of the "Salver" Home here, is leaving St. John shortly and will assume the care of her brother's family at the north.

Capt. Ed Lewis arrived from Baltimore last week and is making a stay with friends in this city.

Dr. Thomas D. Walker has returned home from Montreal where he went lately as the guest of Mr. Drunkwater, of the C. P. R.

Mr. C. C. C. has been laid up through illness for some time at her residence, King street.

The boys' association of St. Mark's parish were treated to a delightful social dinner, by Rev. John Brown, at a restaurant, the party deriving as far as the collegiate school, hockey, and on their return to town were entertained at a banquet in the Sunday school house of the same church.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, has been suffering from the effects of the prevailing epidemic.

Miss Jennie Hall is the guest of her friend, Miss Clara Carr, Woodstock.

John McCallister, M. P., returned to Campbellton on Monday, after spending Sunday in the city.

Mr. Mandley Davis, of Woodstock, was in the city last week en route for St. Martin, where he will be a student at the seminary for the coming term.

The friends of Miss Emma Godard will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. J. DeVeber Neales, of Moncton, spent Monday in the city.

Mr. William Goddard left on Sunday evening for a visit to New York and other American cities.

Mr. F. MacCallister has returned from his trip to the upper provinces.

Judge King, Mrs. and Miss King, left for Ottawa on Monday evening.

Miss Pullen left on Tuesday evening for Philadelphia, where she will visit her sister, Mr. J. Harry Pope.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman returned on Monday from his trip to Montreal.

Rev. L. G. MacNeill is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. J. J. Howard, who has been in the city for some few days, has returned to his home in Montreal.

Messrs. M. N. Cockburn and W. M. Magre, of St. Andrew, were among the visitors to the city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Little left for Montreal on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, of Fredericton, returned home on Tuesday, after spending several days in the city.

Dr. Roberts, of the North End, left on Tuesday, for a trip to Montreal.

Dr. Porter, of Vancouver, spent a few days this week, with friends in the city.

Rev. Charles W. Wilson, of Springfield, N. S., is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. W. L. Waring, who has been in Ottawa for a short time, has returned to the city.

Capt. Geo. H. Whitney, of St. Martin, but who has been in San Francisco for the last seven years, was in the city this week, renewing his acquaintance with old friends.

Mr. Herbert McLean has returned from Boston, where he has been for some time.

Rev. Albin Hochland has returned to the city after spending some time at St. Mary's, Kent county.

Mr. J. Gillis Jones left on Monday for South Africa, where he will make his future home.

Miss Jennie Knowles has returned home after spending a short time with friends at Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. John Roach, of Sussex, spent last week with friends in the city.

Mr. A. W. Wainwright, of Montreal, was among the visitors to the city on Monday.

Miss Calver, spent last week in Sussex, the guest of her brother, Mr. W. H. Culbert.

Mr. McNeill has returned to the city after spending a few days in Sussex.

Mr. Thomas Wright, who has been visiting relatives in the city, left on Monday for Cape Town, South Africa.

Colonel Downville left on Sunday evening for a trip to New York.

Mr. Frank H. McClure left for Boston last week, where he intends remaining until spring.

Mr. Theodore Noble, of Boston, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Isaac Noble, of the west end.

Mr. E. R. Chapman has returned from a visit to Albert.

Mr. Charles C. Adams, of New York, was among the visitors to the city on Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Hendley, of Sussex, spent Tuesday with friends in the city.

Miss Mary Crabbe, who has been in the city for some months, left on Wednesday for Campbellton, where she will take charge of a school.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton, spent Wednesday in the city.

Mr. Hugh Davis, of Woodstock, passed through the city on Monday last, on her way to St. Martin, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. William Smith.

A very pleasant afternoon and evening was spent on Tuesday, by the pupils of the Leinster street school; their teachers giving them a sleigh drive to the harbor, and meeting them at supper upon their return to the city.

Miss Grace Ingram, who has been visiting relatives in Canterbury, has returned to the city.

Messrs. Joseph Rainie and Percy Thornton are making a visit to Boston.

Mr. Wm. Saugster, who has been in Boston for some time, spent this week in the city.

Mr. M. S. Beach, of New York, spent a few days in our city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller have come to Florida, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. Robert Miligan, who has been visiting his relatives in this city, left on Wednesday for his home in New York.

Mr. J. J. O'Leary, formerly of this city, but who has been in Boston for some time past, is visiting his old friends here.

Mr. N. C. McKelvie spent this week in Halifax.

Dr. DeBorja, of New York, is in the city, and will make an extended visit to his friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Turnbull, of Winchester, are the guests of Mr. John E. Turnbull, St. James street.

Miss Joie N. Jones, of this city, will leave next Friday for Christians, Norway, to take part in an important event. Her brother, O. V. Jones will accompany her as far as Halifax.

Mr. Wellington Hatch has removed from Union street, and for the remainder of the winter will reside at Mrs. Collins', Dorchester street.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick went to Fredericton on Wednesday, being called there in consequence of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Gilbert, and Mr. James Gibson, being injured by being thrown from their sleigh. They are, however, not seriously injured.

Mr. Edward Birney, of Andover, was in the city on Wednesday, en route for St. Martin, where he will take a course of study at the academy.

Mr. William Howard returned to Halifax on Thursday.

Rev. J. Dienstadt, of Moncton, spent a few days this week with friends in the city.

The end of the winter club met on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. F. C. Beatty. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. R. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. F. Scamell, and Mrs. A. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. O'Reilly, Misses Jennie Clarke, Fannie Scorbria, Minnie Beattie, Annie Tilson, Maude Drie, and Miss C. B. Allen, E. Drie, E. R. Taylor and H. Peters.

On Thursday evening the residence of Mrs. Stillwell, Crown St., was filled with young people in the way of a surprise party, to extend their congratulations to her son, Walter, on his 17th birthday anniversary. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Mr. Stillwell was very popular among his associates and this is not the first time in which they have shown their good feeling towards him.

The friends of Miss Minnie Corey, daughter of the late Rev. William Allan Corey, and Mr. Fred Cain took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Hayes, Leinster street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. M. W. Carey in the presence of about sixty guests. The bride was supported by Miss Maude Sprague, while Mr. W. F. Nobles acted as groomsmen. Dr. E. N. Davis gave the bride away. At the close of the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Cain drove to 210 Princess street, where they will reside until spring.

St. John—North End.
Miss Annie Murphy returned to the Sacred Heart convent on Monday last.

Miss Jennie Stevenson, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. R. Stevenson this week.

Mrs. W. Smith, Douglas avenue, who has been confined to the house with an attack of grippe, is able to be around again.

(Continued on eighth page.)

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It certainly does if by protection you mean one of our fine Nap Cloth Overcoats. Prices: \$22, \$24, \$25, \$27, \$30.00, \$35.00 and 20% discount for cash during Jan. and Feb.

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OWING TO THE DEATH of our senior partner Mr. HENRY MORGAN, and the consequent re-arrangement of the firm, we intend making an extraordinary effort during the month of January to reduce our stock to the lowest possible point, that everything may be in good shape for starting the new business in February. To accomplish this, we have decided to make even greater sacrifices than has been our custom in the Annual January Sale. These sacrifices will be in the form of discounts, and will commence Tuesday Morning, 2nd January, and continue till the end of the month.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Harrison, of Seckville, was the guest of Count and Countess De-Bary this week. Miss Lizette Devit returned to Seckville on Monday.

At about six o'clock the party given by Miss Beattie Forbes on Friday evening last. Everything passed off delightfully.

The North End ladies club organized again this winter and met on Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Forbes.

At the second of the series of assemblies took place last Wednesday evening, and was most enjoyable than the first. A large number of strangers were present and most of the dresses were new and very handsome.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke wore a very handsome dress of black silk, with trimmings of pale blue chiffon. Mrs. C. J. Butcher, a most becoming gown of black velvet and pink satin.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson looked very handsome in violet velvet and court train. Mrs. C. A. Murray wore a charming dress of black lace, trimmed with buttercup yellow silk.

Mrs. F. S. Archibald looked queenly in a dress of black silk, trimmed with steel ornaments. Mrs. G. M. Blair, crimson and ruby silk with pink ostrich feather trimming.

Mrs. T. E. Henderson, black silk and jet. Mrs. C. F. Hasington a lovely dress of pale pink chaille, trimmed with green and green ribbons. Mrs. Patterson, black velvet with court train, and cream trimmings.

Mrs. J. P. McLennan, very pretty dress of black lace. Miss Alice McEwen, olive green cashmere, trimmed with lavender velvet.

Miss Blair, of Chatham, wore a dress of cream crepon, trimmed with green velvet, which set off her bright brunette charms to perfection. Miss Mabley, black lace skirt, with bodice of pale blue silk.

Miss Minnie McDonald blue silk, with white lace. Miss Peters, white silk, with chiton trimmings. Miss Greta Peters, cream cashmere, with silk trimmings.

\$100.00 ONE DOLLAR BILL FOR 50 CENTS OR 25 CENTS.

NO, NEW PRICES AND COLORS. In new and Handsome Designs and at Very Moderate prices. All FAST COLORS.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Mr. B. A. Trice, Montreal, is in town this week. Messrs. G. W. Fowler, A. M. McLarty, Douglas Fairweather, and F. L. Fairweather, were in Newcastle this week.

Mr. James Lamb returned on Saturday night from Chicago, after an absence of six months. A party of ladies and gentlemen drove to Mt. Allison on Monday night to attend the anniversary service at St. Agnes' church there, Monday being the fifth anniversary of its opening.

Mr. W. B. McEwen and Miss White spent Tuesday in Norton. Mrs. Leonard Allison is visiting her parents in Penobscot. Mrs. Keirstead and Miss Grace Robertson spent Wednesday at St. John.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

1894. SPRING STOCK ARRIVING. 1894. I HAVE OPENED ANOTHER LOT OF Brussels Carpets, Borders, Match,

AT \$1.10 PER YARD. This is the quality that was so successful last spring. It is the best value ever offered in this market. Beautiful Colors. New Designs. Carpets selected can be stored till needed.

A. O. SKINNER.

Richibucto. [Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Thee. P. Graham.]

Miss Allen has gone to Seckville for six months to take lessons in painting. Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson has been very ill for the past week, but is now reported better.

Mrs. F. J. White, of Seckville, who has been in town for the past week as a witness in the Coogan shooting case, left for home yesterday. Mrs. Hall, of Petite Roche, is the guest of Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Allen at the parsonage.

Mrs. Dan Woods, of the I. C. R. is visiting his home. Messrs. J. McLean, of St. John and John Richmond, of Seckville, were in town yesterday.

The marriage of Mr. Basil J. Johnson, collector of customs, to Miss D. Richard, of St. Louis, was solemnized there yesterday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson arrived in town last evening and have started on the rugged path of life. They are residing on Pagan street, in the south part of the city.

Mr. Maude Murray was the guest of Mrs. A. O'Brien last week. Mrs. John Trice has returned from a lengthy visit to Hillsboro.

Mrs. W. B. Chandler spent Tuesday in Moncton. Mr. M. G. Teed is confined to his house with a gripe. Mrs. Doherty spent Saturday and Sunday in Miramouche.

Mr. Fred Rainie of Seckville was in town Monday. Mr. B. B. Teed of Seckville was in town Sunday. Mr. Harry Godsoe arrived home last evening from St. John.

Dr. Gaudet of Memramouche was in town Wednesday. Miss Clara Corcoran was in Moncton Saturday. Miss Phiney of Seckville is visiting her sister here.

Miss Clara Barnes of Fredericton spent a few days this week with her friends here. Miss Hickey and Miss Bradshaw of Amherst are visiting Mrs. Frank McEwen.

Mr. H. H. Hogue, Boston, after an absence of nine years, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bogue. The very sudden death on Thursday night last, of Mrs. Alfred Mealy, after a few days' illness, was a severe blow to her family and a great shock to her many friends.

The funeral took place on Sunday. By request of her mother a short service was held at the house, conducted by Rev. H. E. S. Maider. The remains were then taken to St. Mark's church, where the burial service was read and an address made by the rector, Rev. R. E. Smith.

Mr. Clark, who is in town today, is a member of the St. John's choir. A merry party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a sleigh ride to Beaver Harbor on Monday night. The C. E. society of the Presbyterian church had a sleigh ride to Bonny river on the same evening.

Mr. John McLeod went to St. Stephen on Tuesday. Mr. James Chase and bride (nee Miss Bessie McLean) have returned home. Manuel Levesque was a passenger on Tuesday's train for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Douglas entertained a large party of friends on Tuesday evening in honor of the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Music, dancing and games enjoyed. Light refreshments with hot tea and coffee were served during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas received many gifts.

Miss Fannie Smith, who has been a guest at the rectory, left for St. John on Wednesday. Mr. M. T. Glenn is spending this week in Moncton.

Mrs. James McDermott, and Miss Gertrude, returned from Seckville on Friday. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Saulnier, on the arrival of a little stranger at their home.

Mr. L. M. Dunn, who has been confined to her room for the past few months, was able to be moved to her mother's last week. Mr. Charles Atkinson, who has been spending some days at Mortimer, left for Charlottetown, Monday.

Mr. David Allison, Jr., who has been clerk for Mr. Edward Walker, at Bass River, has gone to Seckville. Mr. Harry Smith, of Richibucto, takes his place.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured. It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with Erysipelas.

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more, and took them during the summer, was able to do my household work.

Walk Two Miles which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my Erysipelas. I think it the best blood purifier known. Mrs. H. D. West, Church Street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver illa, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, etc.

DALHOUSIE.

Mr. E. L. Wedderburn leaves for Ottawa and Toronto this evening. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whittaker spent Wednesday with friends here.

A number of the Thelike ciders are spending the day and evening here, the guests of the Hampton club. They are C. W. H. Duffell, D. A. Malcolm, W. K. May, J. Kennedy, J. K. Dunlap and J. W. Wetmore.

SALIBURY. JAN. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. John Gillis gave a delightful party last Friday evening. The evening was pleasantly spent with cards, music and conversation, until half past eleven, when coffee, sand-wiches, cake and fruit were served. Those invited were Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Gaylor, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McKie, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Trice, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, Mr. W. J. Naughton, Miss Fannie Gray, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. J. Trice and Messrs. R. McMurray and A. McNaughton.

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Exhibition Association.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Exhibition Association of the City of St. John, will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, in the City of St. John, on Tuesday, the 30th inst., at 8 o'clock, p. m.

Particular attention to Boarding and stable horses. Hack at all times and always. Telephone No. 11, 131 Union St., St. John, N. B. (Lever floor, to let of every description.)

A large party, 4 horse sleigh, built expressly for the purpose, for sale at 3 years for their patronage and ask to be continued. J. B. HAMM.

MATEUR Photographers and all who would like to take Pictures, but are afraid to try, should consult us. Instruction free and success guaranteed. The Robertson Photo Studio, 94 German St., St. John 127-114.

PROFESSIONAL Photographers. Plates, Papers, Chemicals, Mounts, etc., etc. of best makes, at as low or lower prices as in Montreal or Toronto. Try us. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 German St., St. John. 127-114.

TAMPS of every description for Hand Printing, Merchants, Manufacturers, Banks and Railways furnished with Stamps, Seals and Stationery. Catalogue on request. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 German St., St. John 127-114.

Mrs. Byron and her daughter, Magarete, are home again after a prolonged visit to Boston and vicinity. Miss Edna Brown of the "Ledge," St. Stephen, is in town.

Miss Adelaide of Deer Island, has been engaged for the school at Seckville. Miss Jennie Kelly, who is teaching at Wilcox Beach, has the school at New River, N. B.

Mrs. Wm. Ludlow, of Wilcox's Beach, was at the Biglow farm on Sunday. Mr. E. H. Teed of St. Stephen, was on the Island on Monday. 15coarro.

PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather. JAN. 22.—Mrs. DeWolfe Spurr, of St. John, returned home on Friday.

Miss Winslow, of Bathurst, who has been visiting Mrs. W. G. Chandler at Maplehurst, returned to Windsor on Saturday. Mrs. Esteroob, of Seckville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Oulton.

Mrs. Heales, from Shelburne, is in town. Miss Constance Chandler returned to school at Windsor on Saturday. Mr. B. Teed has been spending a few days here. The many friends of Dr. Church, will be glad to hear he is improving.

After a short illness Judge Oulton passed away on Saturday morning. His kind and generous and affable manner, made him a friend to all. Many sympathies go out to Mrs. Oulton in her sad bereavement. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. E. Roy, of St. John, came up to attend the funeral of their brother, the late Judge Oulton.

Mr. Purvis, of Pictou, spent Monday in Dorchester. Mr. W. Wood, M. P., was in town yesterday. Mr. F. M. Allison, of Seckville, spent Monday in Dorchester. Mrs. H. D. West, of Cornwallis, is in town.

Mr. A. J. Clark, in a few words suitable for the occasion, made the presentation, Mr. Street responded in kind, and Mr. Street, also, in a few well chosen words, thanked the donors, in behalf of his better half. At the close of the festival, the National Anthem was sung, followed by three cheers and a "tiger" for Mr. and Mrs. Street.

PROGRESS is for sale in Seckville at Chas. Moore's Bookstore. In Middle Seckville, by E. M. Merrill. JAN. 24.—Mr. Mitchell Fulton has gone to Boston for a week's visit.

Miss Nellie Carter, of Point de Bute, is spending the winter in Seckville. Mrs. Josiah Wood and Mrs. H. Humphrey went to Fort Edin on Tuesday to attend the W. G. T. U. convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Fulton, of Truro, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. M. Fulton. Quite a number of Seckville people went to Dorchester, on Monday, to attend the funeral of the late Judge Oulton. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Oulton, who was Miss Kate Esteroob, of Seckville, who was Miss Kate Esteroob, of Seckville.

When the room, dressed of the times, I pride for which cred them—to Bedford student of a christ. When they were asked to eyes. Twenty to their homes. They preferred for such degrees depending on was out decid. They went up and that lady manner from to were too proud people, they reasoned. She gave the over, placed there are women who were at the scale as the su

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

DO NOT WANT CHARITY.

WORK IS WHAT THE UNEMPLOYED OF BOSTON ARE AFTER.

Some Frequent Ways in Which Relief is Granted in the City of Culture—Hard Trials for Women Who Have Had a Fringe in Their Life.

Boston, Jan. 23.—Although business men say trade is a little livelier than it has been, there are very few evidences of a change to the casual observer.

The labor unions are passing resolutions nightly, the city relief committee is calling for more funds, the churches and charitable societies are as busy as ever; the agitators who engineered the big meetings of the unemployed in Faneuil hall, are preparing for a mammoth out-door demonstration, and there seems little doubt that the mob of unemployed will make things very lively in Boston.

The agitators and social reformers are making the best of the present crisis, in the way of educating the people. The speeches at all the demonstrations are radically socialistic, and the foreign element cheers the speakers after every sentence.

But the believers in socialism are not confined to the foreigners. In fact, socialism is rife in Boston, and people of all kinds and classes know what it means, while thousands believe in it.

The members of the labor unions are nearly all socialists, 364 days in the year, and Democrats or Republicans the other and most important day. The majority of Boston's intellectual lights are socialists or reformers in the same line, and they talk it from the pulpit and platform. Some of them are two enthusiastic over it in the pulpit, and in the Back Bay districts one congregation at least, dwindled down under its teachings to such an extent that the pastor was forced to resign. His talk was too plain for the congregation.

When William Clarke, of England, was here a short time ago, he created quite a sensation by his lectures on socialism. He was a man of standing in England, an able man, a deep thinker, and a good talker. He was such a man, that the "cultured" set of Boston would have turned out by thousands to hear him, had he lectured on any other subject; but as it was he had good sized audiences of a very different character compared with the mob who listen to the same doctrine in Faneuil hall and stuffy ward rooms.

The result of this is the great cry which goes up daily, "We don't want charity, give us work." At every meeting resolutions are passed calling upon the city, state and national governments to furnish work for the unemployed, and plans are put forward to show how it can be done. Charity is hissed and jeered at, and if the leaders of the meetings had their way it would be taken out of the dictionary.

The city is doing all it can with a relief fund of \$60,000, or so, and some of the methods now in operation are a disgrace to Boston.

Down on Bedford street there is a large room, opened by the relief committee and in which 400 or 500 women are at work every day, earning 80 cents a day making rag mats and a lot of other things which Back Bay people are buying as mementoes of the hard times.

In that big room are hundreds of women, women of all classes, women from the slums, and women who a year ago were living in comfortable circumstances; poor, hardworking, but independent, and who were careful in selecting associates.

They spent all their savings—if they had any—during the first months of the depression; sought for work in vain; were hungry, unable to get food or fuel, at last anxious to get work of any kind. They would not take charity.

What does the city do? It herds these women up with the raffish of the city, put them on exhibition in a big room, which for nearly a week had neither curtain or blind to shield them from the gaze of passers by—made them advertised objects of charity.

When the rooms were first opened thirty women, dressmakers, seamstresses, victims of the times, but with that self respect and pride for which right thinking people honored them—these women were sent down to Bedford street, by the lady superintendent of a christian association.

When they saw the place in which they were asked to work tears came in their eyes. Twenty-six of the thirty returned to their homes.

They preferred to starve rather than suffer such degradation. But they had others depending on them, and before the day was out decided to make another trial. They went again to the superintendent, and that lady received them in a different manner from that of the first call. If they were too proud to work with other poor people, they should go without work she reasoned.

She gave the matter more thought, however, placed herself in their place—for there are women in want in Boston today who were at one time as high in the social scale as the superintendent of any christian

association—her coldness turned to sympathy. The women said they would go there rather than suffer from want, but implored her to try to find something else for them to do. And she did try.

But the women on Bedford street! They are there yet, working three days a week for a miserable \$2.40—supporting families on that.

Some day, times will be better, the Bedford street work room will be no more. Five hundred women will resume the position in life they occupied a year ago.

What then? Some day the girl from the north end or the south cove will meet the self-respecting dressmaker on the street or in a street car. "There's one of the Bedford street girls," she will say.

Everybody in the car will know what that means. Perhaps some of them will have rag mat mementoes at home; and if they did not visit Bedford street to make the purchase and see the objects of their charity they will be curious to see one of them then.

The Bedford street room is a disgrace to the city and many are realizing this fact. Ministers and others have been urging business men to give employment to all the people they can, but what have the big firms done.

The large dry good stores have discharged hundreds of employes, and nothing has been said about it.

The proprietors give from \$100 to \$1000 to the relief fund and the fact is painted in all the papers in big black letters.

What an amount of material these agitators and social reformers have to work on!

The latest thing in scarf pins is very much alive. Scores of gay young Bostonians are going about these days with real live lizards crawling all over their neckties. The office boys and elevator boys, in fact all the boys, and the novelty loving young men have them, and stories are going the rounds everywhere of hysterical best girls and old women.

The new scarf pins are chameleons, and look like miniature alligators. They change color about once a minute and live about two hours after anybody buys them. A neat little chain around the neck keeps the chameleon from walking off the neckties, if it happens to live long enough to walk that distance.

The chameleons have caught on, just as everything else catches on that has any novelty about it, for the people want novelties, something to startle their friends. It doesn't matter what it is, or how much it costs.

I saw a fakir on Tremont street today and he was the central figure in a crowd of fifty or sixty people. He had a pack of five or six playing cards, and "by simply blowing on them" he could change the colors as often as he wanted.

After amusing the crowd for five minutes or so he placed the cards in an envelope, pointed to the directions printed on it, then drew two other cards from the bag.

They were transparencies, and before saying anything about them, the fakir felt obliged to ask the ladies in his audience to withdraw. They did so with blushes. Then he harangued the crowd, and his insinuations in regard to the cards were disgusting.

He hadn't finished before a dozen hands were fishing for nickels with which to invest. The cards were perfectly proper, because the law does not allow fakirs or anybody else to sell improper ones, and the fakir knew it.

The crowd wanted novelty, and it got it—"in the neck," as the boys say.

A recent report says there are 44 New Brunswickers, 57 Nova-Scotians, and 19 P. E. Islanders at Harvard college.

Mr. Montague Chamberlain, a former St. John man, is mentioned among the candidates for the secretaryship of Harvard.

R. G. LARSEN.

Funerals and Fireworks.

A Chinese funeral never proceeds straight from the house of mourning to the graveyard. The devil is always on the lookout for funerals, and follows them to seize upon the soul of the dead man, so, in order to outwit the evil one, the bearers take up the body, start with it on a brisk trot, while packs of fireworks and pyrotechnics emitting a dense smoke and vile smell are set off just as the procession starts. Having thus deceived Old Nick as to the direction taken by the bearers, they run as fast as they can with the body, then suddenly turn a corner and stop while more fire works are burned. The devil cannot turn a corner easily, and so if really in pursuit, he shoots on by, and by means of a good deal of sudden turning and stoppings and a lavish expenditure of fireworks, the funeral procession generally gets to the grave in safety, while the Old Boy, confused by their movements and half intoxicated by the fireworks, is still wandering about in the city. The Chinaman who dies in the country is not in such good luck, for there is less chance to outwit the enemy, but by many devices it can very often be done.

MONTREAL IN A WHIRL.

CIVIC POLITICS AND HOW THEY EXCITE THE CITIZENS.

The Race Cry With Jimmie McShane and His Opponent—Lots of Fun in The Fight for Aldermans Seats—The Way Certain Wives are Falled.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21.—As I write, candidates for the mayoralty and aldermanic seats are preparing their nomination papers, as tomorrow is the day fixed for filing these important documents. Until tomorrow has passed we shall not know who are in the field for aldermen, but all the gentlemen who aspire to the mayoralty are up. Hon. James McShane took the field early and has "stayed with it" and proposes to see the contest through. He claims that he was counted out last election, and there are people who agree with him, but I have heard no particulars. He claims that the French Canadians are with him in masses, that he will get the Protestant vote, and that the Irish Catholics will poll for him to a man.

If the people's Jimmie gets all this body of support—or over half of it—he will be elected. There is not a single newspaper supporting him; nor was there last year when he came very near being elected; and yet he is as confident of victory as if he was already elected. There is no disputing the fact that he is a hard man to beat. His opponent is Mr. Villeneuve, M. P., and in his behalf the race cry is being raised, it being claimed that it is the turn of a French-Canadian, although the outgoing mayor is French. If it is anybody's "turn" in particular it is the turn of an English protestant, Mr. McShane having been mayor in 1891 and 1892 and Mr. Desjardins in 1893; but on the ground that he was defrauded of his election last year Mr. McShane is again to the front, with a large body of sympathizers among French, Irish and English; and those who are opposed to him admit that only a French-Canadian thoroughly backed by the French-Canadian vote can beat him.

It is rather an interesting struggle and the attitude of the press towards the candidates makes it still more interesting. The conservative Gazette has consistently and persistently opposed "Jimmie"—now and always—under all circumstances and regardless of consequences. The Herald, although liberal in politics as "Jimmie" is, also opposes him. The Star opposes him, although "Jimmie" has fought the bootlers as vigorously as the Star itself. The Witness does not favor him, although it is also down on Villeneuve, who has made a fortune in whiskey, and it thinks that though "Jimmie" has the support of the liquor men he may be the least harmful of the two candidates. For the Witness there is practically only Hobson's choice; and the temperance electors will be puzzled as to how to vote. It is understood that Villeneuve has a "bar" and that it will be on tap. This is what the ward heelers want. Villeneuve's money will fly, whether he gets there or not. Meantime "Jimmie" walks the streets asking everybody if they have heard of any one who is going to vote against him; and he is generally told that no such person had yet been discovered. All the same his enemies will down him if they can. That McShane is a good hearted man, true to his friends, liberal in his treatment of all classes, is generally admitted; and many a ballot will go into the boxes from people to whom he has done a good turn. It is not safe to predict the outcome, and it is too soon to bet.

As regards the aldermanic contests, there are lots of fun. Candidates appear and disappear with amazing suddenness at least in the press. The Star and Witness have made a dead hit on Alderman Clendinning, the proprietor of a great iron foundry here, who is credited with the possession of any amount of brains but having weaknesses which more than offset his acknowledged ability. The plainness of speech in which the newspapers indulge when speaking of him is something awful. At this present writing they predict his withdrawal. In this same ward Mr. Peter Lyall is a candidate, and the vocabulary he has been exhausted in describing Mr. Lyall's uprightness, his vast integrity, his eminent fitness for the aldermanic position, when, suddenly a correspondent of the Witness asks why this ward should elect a man who belongs to a Free Thought Club and is a director of the Sunday Morning News! This is enough for electors who read the Witness. In another ward Mr. E. Goff Penny is up for election. The Star has been booming him at a great rate; and to judge from what one reads in the evening papers the city is to be saved by E. Goff Penny; but when the president of the board of trade, W. W. Ogilvie, a gentleman who knows Montreal and its people very intimately, is interviewed as to his opinion of the eminent qualifications of Mr. Penny for the position, he asks: "Who is Mr. Penny? I don't know the man."

The Volunteer Electoral League is tak-

FOUR LEADERS IN LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS.

- 1 White Cotton Nightgown, full size, trimmed Lace Edging, with a cluster of 10 lace tucks on each side of frill. Sale Price..... 50c.
2 White Cotton Nightgown in three sizes: Slender, Women's and Outsize, trimmed cluster of tucks and single wide cotton frill with bolter collar or clusters of tucks, narrow frill and centre piece of Hamburg insertion with either standing or sailor collar. Good strong cottons, full lengths..... 65c.
3 Made of English Longcloth in three sizes, 14, 15 and 16 in. neck, full length and perfect shaped Gown. Back gathered full on yoke; sleeves cut full with raised shoulders; trimmed frill of embroidery around neck and down front to waist, a cluster of five tucks, frill of embroidery and second cluster of four tucks on each side of frill. Frill of embroidery around wrists. This is without exception the best value in Canada and would be cheap at \$1.00. We have purchased a large quantity and marked them for this sale at..... 87c.
4 Too many varieties to enumerate. TEN DIFFERENT DESIGNS in Embroidery and Lace trimmed Nightgowns. Three sizes, Slender, Women's and Outsize. Good strong cottons with useful and pretty trimmings. Perfect shapes, full size and length. All marked at..... \$1.

These garments are actually cheaper than they can be made up for in your own homes, not taking into consideration the worry and trouble to select materials, trimmings, etc.

REMEMBER, 500 SAMPLES at 25c. to \$4.50. All less than Regular Prices.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

ing an active part in the aldermanic contests but is confining its efforts to two or three English speaking wards. It has worked up a considerable amount of interest in the fight and has done good work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists. It has probably come too late on the field to make much impression this year, but the men leading it are earnest and are moving in a business-like way which promises well for the future. Of course they are opposed to every ward or "old hands" who "know the ward" and are up to all the tricks of the trade. The real estate association is also taking a hand in, and a Citizens' League was heard from until it nominated for mayor its own president, Mr. Dahamel, who was obliged to decline the proffered honor; and then the league subsided. It is safe to say that the leading aldermen—the real old, able stagers—who lay the plans for putting through the city council the most obnoxious measures of one kind and another, will nearly all get back. Fearing that they may, by some unforeseen accident, fail of a re-election, they are devoting the last days of the council to efforts to force through several schemes which are suspected of containing boodles; but it is thought they cannot succeed.

I may add that the reduction by the legislature of the ward representation to two members, instead of three as formerly, is leading to some coolness among aldermen representing the same ward who had been fast friends and co-partners in municipal iniquity. The honest men among us consider this a point gained, as it may lead to the exclusion of some members who are said to have profited by their position. They tell of one alderman who has made \$60,000 by civic politics, or rather by their abuse; and he wasn't much of an alderman either. This was in hard cash. Others are said to have profited largely in other ways,—by speculating in land, helping in expropriations, selling material to corporations, etc., etc. If the newspapers and many of the citizens are to be believed, the city council is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah were, since it does not contain a single righteous man. And yet, I can count up a dozen members at least, whom no one will venture to name and say "there's a boodler."

It is a great question whether this lumping of alderman for indiscriminate abuse does not do as much harm as the boodling element itself, since it deters really honest and conscientious men from presenting themselves for election.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

Many Past Seventy Yet Still Ruling With the Power of Youth.

The Almanach de Gotha for 1894 has buried in its numerous finely printed pages some interesting facts as to the ages of European sovereigns. The oldest of all is the Pope, who is in his 84th year. Next comes the Grand Duke of little Luxemburg who is 76. The king of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar are 75; Queen Victoria and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 74. There are six other sovereigns who are older than 70; eleven who are between 60 and 70; and five who are between 50 and 60. Eleven are between 40 and 50, two between 30 and 40, and two more between 20 and 30. The youngest three sovereigns are King Alexander of Servia, 17; Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, 13, and King Alfonso XIII of Spain 7 1/2.

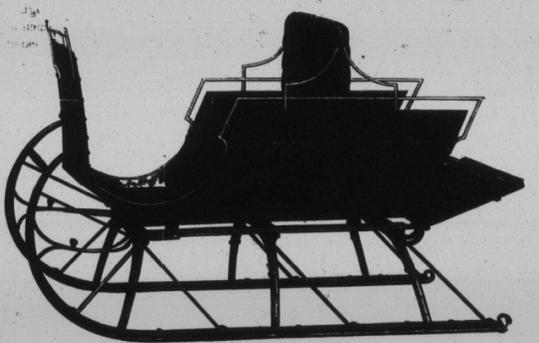
Queen Victoria has had the longest reign—66 1/2 years. Emperor Franz Josef has reigned 45 years; the Grand Duke of Baden, 41 years; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and of Saxe-Altenburg, 40 years each. Fourteen of the sovereigns of Europe have reigned fewer than ten years. During 1893 three new sovereigns ascended the throne. They are Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince-Frederick of Waldeck, and Duke Alfred of Coburg, better known as the Duke of Edinburgh.

Which Accounted For It.

Mamma—Aren't you home from school earlier than usual today? Bobby—Yes, mamma, I wasn't kept in today.

PLACE A CAKE of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree. The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better. Beware of Imitations. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale. 3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Mr. Charl's colt, 4 years old, bay, hind and good; a colt of 78 brand new carriage to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concord, Piano boxes, Corsets, top buggies. A 1 different style of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE. POSITIVE PAINLESS PERFECT CURE SAFE SURE SIMPLE. EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLIC IN THE HEAD, CATARRH OF HEAD, ACHE IN DEAR'S EARS, INFLUENZA, ETC. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. Mfg. by T. H. & W. M. MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

He Loved But Lost. A romance in a lie. The crushed hopes of many an ardent lover are due not to sickle fortune, but to the fact that he neglected to apply early in the day until Catarrh fastened its vice grip upon him, causing even love to turn her head in scorn from him. A change is possible. Hawker's Catarrh Cure is a certain cure for this offensive and debilitating disease, restoring the sense of smell and making the breath sweet and pure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents. Manufactured by The Hawker Medicine Company, St. John, N. B. A Sure Cough Cure—Hawker's Tonic and Whooping Cough Cure.

Sunday Reading.

IN THE TIME OF NOAH.

Lessons to be learned from the story of the Great Flood.

God never abandoned his purpose in the creation of man. Adam and Eve had sinned, Abel's life had been cut short, Cain had become hardened and a reprobate; but even in the seed of Seth, who was born in Adam's likeness and not in God's, our heavenly Father had a people. "A remnant according to the election of grace." There was an Enoch who "walked with God," to whom God could, even in those early times, confide his first communication regarding the future coming of our Lord. When the light of Enoch's life shone no more on earth, God raised up another witness, Noah, who like Enoch "walked with God," or in a manner exactly contrary to the popular opinion of his day. It was an age of materialism: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," was the order of Noah's day; these earthly things, "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage" absorbed men; they lived for nothing else, self-will reigned supreme; they ignored all accountability to God, and "took their wives of all which they choose," even those amongst them who were called the sons of God, "who called upon the name of the Lord," or called themselves by the name of the Lord! God had his witnesses, but men in Noah's time shut their eyes to the light as they do now, and God was reduced to the necessity of bringing matters to a crisis. It was an awful moment for that generation when it was determined in the councils of the Most High: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Up to that time, God's spirit had striven; Enoch and Noah were the fruits of his striving; now God would be no longer mocked; man would not have God, and God would cease to force himself upon man. Yet God was in no hurry to destroy; and one hundred and twenty years he waited in the awful dignity of his patient love, while the one only man in that generation who understood him gave time, and strength, and money to the preparation of the ark; indisputable witness to the faith of Noah, in his constant declaration that God's judgments were coming upon the earth. It was only to a man whose real acquaintance with God was such that he could have had the courage to hold on his separate walk with God; willing to be misunderstood, despised, scorned—that God could confide his purposes or make known his covenant. To be great with man is at the price of living at a distance from God, to be in the secrets of the Lord is at the price of being "despised and rejected of men" as our Lord himself was. It must have been an awful revelation to Noah when God opened his heart to him, and let him see with his eyes the heart of man only evil continually and the earth corrupt before God,—for "all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth"—and to carry in his own heart as a reality that which his generation refused to believe, that they, and the very earth they lived for, were daily approaching nearer to destruction! And then that he should so enter into the thoughts of his God that he could see there was no other way for the glory of God or for the redemption of the human race, but death.

Quietly and solemnly the work of preparation went on in the councils of heaven and in the obedience of the man of faith on earth. At last all was ready, and while some were gathered at a banquet and some at a marriage feast, while they were saying: "Peace and safety," sudden destruction came upon them unawares, and they did not escape. So shall it be in the coming day of the Son of Man. Noah had prepared an ark to the saving of his house, and he, his wife, his three sons and their wives, rose nearer heaven with every mighty overflow of the fountains of the great deep, which swept the despairing, shrieking multitude to their awful, hopeless doom. And Noah, who knew the long suffering of God which had waited a hundred and twenty years, could not ask him to reverse his sentence, he said there was no other way. That generation would not be saved consistently with God's holiness, they must abide by their decision and perish! Oh the madness of men who persist in ignoring God! "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Noah's was indeed a life of separation, carried in the ark over the rivers of a buried earth to be the father of a generation of men upon a cleansed earth, he lived between the dead and the living, having no place to plant his foot upon the judged earth, and as yet no ground to stand upon in the new order of things. But in the will of his God, he found in the ark, with his only opening upward on the God side, a possibility of existence. Many who are looking for the coming of the Lord find themselves in a somewhat similar position, severed from the past crucified with Christ, the world knows them not; citizens of heaven, their only window is above, from whence they look for a Saviour, yet in the will of God they are at rest. Altogether Noah was nearly a year in the ark without seeing either land or water; then he removed the covering of the ark, and saw that the earth was dry; but he waited for God's direction before he ventured forth with his strange ship's company, and the first thing he did on the cleansed earth was to take possession of it for God; he raised a memorial for God by building an altar and offering sacrifices. And this he did, not meanly, but of every clean breast, and fowl Noah gave one in sacrifice. These the tokens, were the order under the law, but Noah gave a seventh, not a tenth to the Lord. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor, and

the Lord said in his heart: "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake." And he renewed to Noah the blessing which he had pronounced upon Adam in his state of innocence, and added the gift of animal food, saying: "Every moving thing that breatheth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." But from the beginning blood, which is the life of all flesh, was forbidden, and the righteous law of God, was instituted: "Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man." The regicide, the homicide, the suicide, is guilty of sin against the image of God; it is sacrifice in the highest sense.

God having prepared the way, drew near to Noah; his original thought to unite man to himself still uppermost he spoke unto Noah, and now to his sons with him, saying: "And I, behold I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you. And God did not even stop at the sons of Noah but would draw near to him in covenant even the very animal world in the likeness of his grace and love. "I will establish my covenant with you," he said, "neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood." This is God's covenant with everything that breathes: whatever there may be, a repetition of the flood can never be, for God hath said it and bound himself by promise. In his heart he had already said, and some way communicated to man. "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." Terrible troubles shall come, but no second flood.

And God said: "This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you for perpetual generations: I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." We read in (Rev. 4: 3) that there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald, and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne were the four living creatures. An the four faces of the Cherubim make one living creature so the variegated colors of the rainbow make one circle of glory round about the throne.

Evidence of the Deluge. There is testimony outside of the Bible of such a catastrophe as the Deluge having taken place. Traditions of a great flood have been found among the Persians, Hindus, Chinese and other Asiatic nations. They appear, too, in early Greek literature in the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Geo. Smith found it also, in a form closely resembling the Bible narrative, inscribed on the tablets in the Library of Ashurbanabal, king of Assyria. That account represents Isdubar, his family and servants and flocks and herds being saved from a flood in a ship, which he had been instructed to build of wood and line with pitch. From its window, after the ship was aground, Isdubar sends out a raven, a dove and a swallow, and finally emerges himself, and finds that all the human race had been drowned. But there is this radical difference between the two accounts, that while the Assyrian represents the catastrophe as the result of a quarrel among the gods, the Bible, true to its ethical purpose, describes it as God's punishment of a wicked world. There are no means of ascertaining the approximate date of the Deluge. The standard chronology sets it 1656 years after the Creation, but the whole system is manifestly unreliable. The scene, according to general belief, was in the Euphrates basin, and Hugh Miller, the great geologist, had a theory that it was caused by a subsidence of the land, which permitted the waters of the Persian Gulf, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean to inundate the country. In confirmation of his theory, he pointed to the fact that the Dead Sea is still 1,900 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The Origin of Earrings. There is a strange tradition among the Arabians, that earrings came into use in the following way: When Pharaoh summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister), Abraham prayed for the king and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents and among others an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, whom he called Ishmael. But Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead, she demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbedded in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear earrings.

Heaven. The lesson hour was nearly past When I asked of my scholars seven, "Now tell me each one please, in turn What sort of place is heaven?" "Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!" Cried poor little North-street Kitty; While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes, Was sure 'twas "a great big city."

Kitty, it seemed, had never thought Of the home beyond the stars; She simply took each perfect gift And treated the loving giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair— Her voice was clear and ringing, And led in the Easter anthem choir— "In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs, "The place for 'out-door playing,'" But Edith drew her thin shawl close, For "warmth and food," she was praying.

The deak-bell rang. But one child left, "Why robst thoughtful Florry," "Why leavest just soon to me a place— A place—where you're never sorry."

—Sunday School Times.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

The Story of Their Virtuous Habits Told in Simple Language.

As we stand around the window looking out at the beautiful snow-clad earth, little Robert claps his hands and screams with delight as Menthos—a handsome St. Bernard dog—dashes around sniffing the snow and then rolling over and over again, shaking his shaggy coat, only to bound off, making the snow fly in every direction. For a short time little Robert watches him with delight, and then with a wise look on his face says:

"Mamma, why do they call him a St. Bernard?"

So mamma told how the noble dogs derived their name from the Hospice of St. Bernard. The Hospice of St. Bernard is the highest habitation in Europe and is a famous mountain pass in the Pennine Alps, between Piedmont and the Valais. The pass attains an elevation of more than 8000 feet above the sea level, and almost on its very crest, on the edge of a small lake which is frozen nine months out of the twelve, stands the hospice, founded in 962 by Bernard de Menthos, a Savoyard nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims to Rome, and now largely taken advantage of by travellers across the Alps.

The hospice is occupied by St. Augustine monks who with their noble dogs of St. Bernard breed and rescue many homeless travellers from death by exposure to cold or burial in the snow, which in winter ranges from 10 to 40 feet in depth. The St. Bernard dog is remarkable for great size, strength and sagacity. The dogs not only accompany the monks and servants of the hospice in the benevolent excursions which they regularly take through the most dangerous parts of the pass, but are sent out by themselves to search for travellers who may have wandered, and this their extremely acute scent enables them to do. They soon learn what places are most proper to be searched and when the weather assumes a threatening aspect some of them show great alertness, as if desirous to be at work. They carry a small flask of wine or brandy attached to their necks, of which the traveller may avail himself. When they find a traveller is too much exhausted to proceed by their guidance to the hospice or if they cannot by their own efforts dig away the snow which has covered him, they run and give the alarm by signs that are once understood. One famous dog, Harry, was said to be instrumental in saving the lives of forty human beings. His most memorable achievement was the rescue of a little boy whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, and whom he induced to mount his back, and so carried him safely to the hospice. The origin of this valuable race of dogs is not well ascertained, although they are supposed to have sprung from a progeny of a Danish dog left at the hospice by a traveller, and of the Alpine sheep-dogs. Another account represents an English mastiff as one of their progenitors. There are two sub-varieties however, one with rough hair like that of the Newfoundland, the other with close, short hair.—[Portland Transcript.

Self-Deaf in Little Things. The art of going without, says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, may be slowly, but it can be brightly learned. It needs due patience, some pluck, and, doubtless, the proper share of christian grace and resignation. But it needs something else, if I may say so, just as important and more apt to be overlooked. It needs the more worldly qualities of good spirits, a good sense, and inventive ability. It is not enough to give up one's trip. One prefers to do it gracefully, graciously, and even with a disposition to be jolly about it. It is not enough distinctly to buy no new clothes, or to go without fur, or substitute corn-beef for sirloin. It is worth while to see "the fun" in it, and what it has got to do. It is not enough to cut down the open fire, and curtail the egg bills, and wear the overcoat shiny in the seams, or even to resign from the club and read the magazine at the public library. Rather make an interesting game of deprivation and play for the stakes of sweet temper, and a merry courage, and the class of values which are to be had by going without another class.

The Inner Voice. "I saw a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, 'clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice."

To Keep the Congregation Awake. A document is kept in a church in Haarlem, Holland, which tells that in the year 1625 a certain Hans Zink was engaged, for a sum equaling a little over a shilling a week, to wake up all those in the congregation who went to sleep during the sermon on Sunday. Zink was a human alarm for twenty years, but at the end of that time was dismissed, because he had been caught napping himself while preaching was going on.

When the Angelus Was Instituted. Pope John XXII., in 1327, ordered that the faithful should recite three Ave Marias when the bells rang on the eve of festivals; that the Council of Lavaur, 1368, ordered the bells to be rung on sunrise; and either Calixtus II., 1126, or Leo IX., of France, 1072, ordered the bells to be rung at noon and the aves to be recited.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. A NERVE FOOD AND TONIC. The most effective yet discovered.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, ye, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Psalms, 84, 1-2.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." Jeremiah, 49, 11.

"He that plucketh the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Psalms, 94, 9.

"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. . . . And I lay down my life for the sheep." John, 10, 14-16.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. . . . God will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor., 10, 12, 13.

"Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." J. Cor., 1, 4.

"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Ephesians, 6, 11.

An optimist is a man who looks on the bright side of everything, so long as everything goes his own way.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman.—Sir P. Steele.

Hope is the feeling that makes a man believe that something will happen which he knows will not.

Be honest, dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are a curse.

Be generous means to make enemies and breeds distrust.

"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my feet. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become festering sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong.—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you.

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4—Diarrhoea, Cholera, Cholera Infantum.	25
5—Croup, Croup, Croup.	25
6—Nervous, Toothache, Pain.	25
7—Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo.	25
8—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation.	25
9—Suppression of Urinary Periods.	25
10—Whitish, Too Profuse Periods.	25
11—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.	25
12—Salt Rheum, Eruptions.	25
13—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.	25
14—Measles, Chills, Fever and Ague.	25
15—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	25
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19—Urinary Weakness, Urinary Do.	.25
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Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes. Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room. Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Prints on flat surface. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered. Writing always in sight. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Corrections and insertions easily made. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies.

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HOW A TRUE POET FEELS WHEN HE IS HELD IN A PRISON.

An Unrequited Penitence—Prison Life—Tolerable—Features of York Castle—Montgomery's Life and Work in Sheffield—Characteristics of His Poetry.

And now we have to relate some chastening incidents that fell into our poet's life, and take note of scenes of humiliation and pain through which he had passed;—indications which, though undeserved, from any criminal point of view, doubtless made his manhood richer and his poetical gift more mellow and fruitful. That James Montgomery should have become the subject of legal prosecution, from a seemingly accidental cause, and at the very outset of his career, excited at the first our surprise. If the iron hand of power had been laid on Ebenezer Elliott, and had thrust him into a dungeon, that would have been the thing one might have expected. He was a cruiser in the sacred cause of humanity, and with the wrath of a man convulsing his wintry features, he beat with horny fist against all the gates of tyrannical power, till he excited a hundred furies. But this gentler poet, in the very spirit of his Master, held that "The wrath of a man worketh not the righteousness of God;" and it was not in his nature to use violence, or to blaspheme or assail any man, but rather, to glory in and uphold a just cause, peacefully; and, instead of giving a history of the devil, to recount the deeds of holy and consecrated men. Yet, somehow, the saintly character is in the present world as certain a lure to the persecution as the steel rod thrust to the cloud is to lightning. It is to an unworthy or self-devoted nature a necessary heaven-appointed regimen. How would these Iris-splendours glow so finely without the inky background of the cloud? How would a just man seem so rare, and God so kind, if injustice and cruelty did not sometimes environ? Is it not true that

Who go of man to man but make the love of God more plain?

The poet might wonder for a moment, what he had done, that he must vainly gaze through a narrow opening in the walls of York castle, after the delight of lost liberty, so dear to all wild creatures, and as dear to lovers of the music, but he, who had been instructed in the certain blessedness of persecution for righteousness sake, would not wonder long. After all, there are worse places than a jail, if you are not guilty.

Minds innocent and quiet take that for a hermitage.

In 1792, Montgomery, who had found a temporary residence at Wath, removed to Sheffield—that busiest and least poetic-seeming of towns, with which his life was hereafter to be associated,—and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a newspaper, "in which popular politics were advocated with great zeal and ability." In this journal he appeared as essayist and poet, but never as the active or violent political partisan: it was poetry into which he put his heart, and he was, in truth, rather languid and indifferent in his other pursuits, by comparison. But he is soon to be editor and manager, himself. Manager of a wild elephant, which is ready to tread him down. This Mr. Gales, wittingly, or not, has prudently with-drawn from Sheffield, and from England. But this is a Blue-Beard's castle which he has the freedom of, in which there is a peril-chamber, and we read,—the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor, soon fell upon him." He was prosecuted and convicted of libel, and sentenced to imprisonment;—a punishment incurred by the publication, "at the request of a stranger, whom he had never seen before, of a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, nine months before the war (then waging between Great Britain and France) began! This fact was admitted in the court; and though the name of this country (Britain) did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment of any kind whatever affixed to the original words, which were composed at the time, and in censure of the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation and march to Paris, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after an hour's deliberation, was 'guilty of publishing.' This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song. Another hour's deliberation produced the general verdict of 'guilty.' This transaction requires no comment.—Surely it requires none!

This was the first blow upon the inoffensive cheek. His smart had a maiden keenness. What! said this fluttering heart in a creature of the wild wood. Is the cage for me? To him who loves the "trouting burn's meander," and would not think it far to follow the roving winds to their cave, the loss of liberty means the loss of every earthly good. But the other cheek is also smitten. No sooner has he gone home and taken up his newspaper task again, than the legal hawks are pouncing and plucking their prey. "A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the

wrath of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper. The details were deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds." This was not in the day of a press unsmuzzled; and a poet who handled a newspaper carelessly might as well carry live coals into a powder magazine. The rights of utterance and publication have advanced a trifle; and now, Tennyson informs us, Britain is an island wherein "a man may speak the thing he will."

He was not able, like the elegant and accomplished Hunt,—the victim of a similar persecution,—to create his cell into a bower and call the spirits of taste and wealth to adorn his rude walls, disguising the hard fact with a fairy garb. Silver and gold he had not, nor literary nor "lirk'd associates, to lighten the scene. But the dungeon was not so dark to him as to Lovelace and Wither; and there he learned the lessons of fortitude and cheerfulness. The jailor was far from harshness and enmity, and he had a fair window prospect, and opportunity for study and elegant amusement. He could look out to the wandering Ouse,—dear Cooper's river, as sweet in song as it is sluggish in fact,—fancying himself walking under its spreading elms. Then he could weave his prison web of song, for the Muse he loved was there to comfort him, and the true poetry that was rooted in his heart blossomed like trail flowers out of rocky crevices, to fill the air with subtle fragrance. Robin red-breast, who came to his prison widow, was innocently snared in a web of silken rhyme; to the "Captive Nightingale" he lent a complaint out of his own wounded bosom; the "Water-Wagtail, on the walls of York Castle," soliloquized in his fancy, and through his grateful senses glimmered the moonlight, and peeped the evening star.

Truth to tell, a jail has made a good study. The glamor of romance hangs about Raleigh's cell, and the dignity of history walks there. And that jail on Bedford bridge,—what a university, in which to kindle a dormant genius, was that! A hard, maybe, and rude fare, and something of human loneliness;—but ah! much more, if the wonderful retinue of a hallow imagination had not come forth to walk the grim solitude before him, and make all the world of human thought more wealthy and populous than before. The exile's Patmos, and the exile's heaven,—how fruitful are they of celestial vision! Do you think that all a man knows is by the drill of the brain and the impa. of science? Verily the heart has eye and voice, and the soul her wonderful intuitions; and never a prophet stands upon the housetop, who has not first been sent into the wilderness, to hear the eagle make shatter the silence among the iron hills, and then to listen to the "still small voice."

In August, forty-eight years ago, William Howitt visited York castle, for the purpose of seeing the room in which Montgomery was confined many years before, and where he wrote the "Prison Amusements." "The room," he occupied," the poet had informed him, "is upstairs, and is distinguished by a round window between two Ionic pillars, at the end of the building nearest the city and Clifford's tower, and facing the court house." To his amusement and surprise, Howitt was by the turn-key shown the corresponding room at the opposite end of the building; and this had been mistakenly shown to visitors as Montgomery's room for near upon fifty years! He had hard work to convince turnkey and gate-keeper, but the evidence was overwhelming, and they yielded. "I told them," said Howitt, "that Montgomery said he could see the meadows along the Ouse from his window; and that such intense longing for liberty did the sight of people taking their walks there daily give him, that the moment he was liberated he hurried out of the court, descended to the Ouse, and perambulated its banks just where he had seen the people so often walking. This was a poet. It was only from the window described by Montgomery that any such view could be obtained. . . . So the lords of locks and bolts gave up the point and said, "Well, it was very odd that everybody should have been wrong for fifty years, and that the room should be wrong—but how could it have got wrong?" It is rather hard when we are compelled to admit that the bit of knowledge on which we prided ourselves is mainly misinformation.

"The castle is a spacious affair. It consists of buildings of different dates and styles, and an ample court. No part of it is old except a large round tower, called Clifford's tower, which stands on a mound just within the walls. The rest consists of four buildings. One is the court house, in which the county assizes are held, parallel with the River Ouse, from which it is but a few hundred yards distant. Opposite to this is what was once the felons' and crown-prisoners' prison; a building with several Ionic columns in the centre, and two at the end. This is now occupied by a turn key's family, and the female prisoners. The large area between these buildings is closed at one end by the debtors' prison, and at the other by Clifford's tower. Between the tower and the turnkey's house just mentioned, stands the new felon's prison. This, as well as the outer court walls and entrance gate, is built of solid stone in castellated style. The room occupied by Montgomery is now in the turnkey's house, and is the bedroom of the servant.

"The felons' prison is much in the shape of a fan, forming alternate ranges of cells and court yards, where the prisoners walk in the day time. The assizes being just over, there were scarcely any prisoners in the jail excepting those convicted and awaiting their punishments, of which none were capital, but most of them transportation. These men were all clothed in the convict's dress, a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth, of broad green and yellow check. They were mostly basking in the sun in groups, on the pavement of their respective court-yards, and appeared any thing but sad. The whole prison seemed as if hewed out of solid stone; and everywhere were gates of iron, closing with a clang and twank of the lock behind you, which must sound anything but cheering to a prisoner just conducted in. The openings into the different court-yards were filled with masonry iron railings; and the pavements, walls, everything else, was one mass of solid stone. Many of the stones in the wall were nine feet long, and

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Mr. John Barrand, tailor, of Barrie, Ont., whose portrait appears above, is another man who had implicit confidence in Paine's celery compound. His hopes and expectations were fully realized, and to-day there is no stronger advocate for "nature's health restorer" in the province of Ontario.

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Mr. Barrand, after a judicious and persistent use of Paine's celery compound,

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Now, dear sufferer, just a word of warning and encouragement for your benefit. We have given you the chief points of the wonderful restoration of a gentleman to whom you may write for information; he is willing to confirm all we have said, and can give you fuller particulars. The medicine that cured Mr. Barrand, of Barrie, will do the same for you if you only make use of it. Its power is not limited to certain individuals or certain localities; it is suited for all who suffer.

We are pleased to be able to give Mr. Barrand's own words of testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. To add strength to the testimonial, the Rev. W. M. Magrath, rector of Christ Church, Barrie, confirms every statement made. Mr. Barrand says:

"Just a year ago I was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, which totally incapacitated me from pursuing my trade—that of a tailor—or, in fact, from doing work even of the very highest kind, as every nerve in my body was affected. I was in this distressing condition for more than seven months, when I commenced to use Paine's celery compound. I soon began to realize the beneficial effects of the medicine; but my case was an obstinate one, and required the persistent use of the compound for some months before I was able to move about. I am thankful to say I am so far recovered that I have commenced work again; and I am very hopeful that by continuing to use the compound a little longer, I shall, please God, be restored to my wonted health and strength again. Surely the medicine which has done so much for me will prove an equal blessing to others similarly afflicted; and to such I say, 'Give Paine's celery compound a fair trial.' For what your medicine has done for me you have my most grateful thanks."

had been perpetrated! "There are iron bluegones terminated with knobs of lead, to conceal under coats; and crowbars bent at the end, to force open doors. These with the casts of the heads of some of the most noted murderers, form a sufficiently horrible spectacle." The whole list can only be equalled by Burns' in the blue light of 'Tam O'Shanter. No wonder it, "escaping from this exhibition," the visitor did not take "a stout glass of brandy to rid him of his queerness," but after the manner of Montgomery, upon his release, "went walking along the footpath by the Ouse, under the noble elms which he had so often seen waving in their greenness from his cell."

Getting Rid of Them. The late Prussian General, Bonin, was not blessed with any superfluity of wealth, but this was hardly the case in regard to his many marriageable daughters.

One day the Turkish Ambassador unexpectedly called upon him, and to the General's surprise said that it was his most ardent hope to become his son-in-law, and he had come to ask if there was any possibility of his wish being realized.

"I accept the proposal with pleasure," replied Bonin, with a look of supreme delight. "How many do you want?" The Ambassador, seeing that the General had conceived the idea that he was a Mussulman, replied, with some trepidation, that he was a Christian, and only wanted one.

"What a nuisance!" grumbled the disappointed General. "Well, take whichever you like!"

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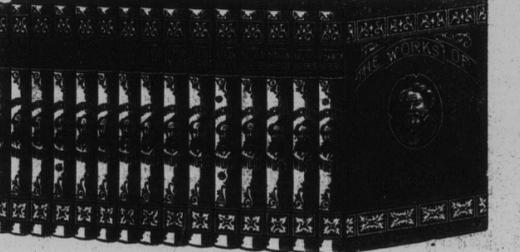
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The following week seems common sense solicitude for ones who Saviour's deep impressions I have now tioned and to do so for decided to herself, as much in case she speaks in a spirit of cism, it wo nameless gr there is not purpose of stah of th finder has for the imp cized, but i by honest little child suggestion

Now, I have everything of these people really do mother's cap asphalt floor mother in might be, w the greater the mere fac the range of tutes a cru deprived of the window in cr joys of child little creature they spend ment. My c chard when flowers, and ness in orde dated rag do and cuddled slept with a better than w's ever pla I free from I do not fe that the should not h think that ev no be made, interest, an should have I agree with ability of tu flat into a ph orphan asylu wealthy ipiti out of the pe make the req be better to add some other pl eary change expansion. Little children their lives as ored pinhead of than mud col

Dear Anna, Orphan's instiution? If what you think in what I write in a few vis, mendable, yet improved. A noticeable room. When as room, it is oonee dearsy and like books, and the cheerful room,—where many h spent. The pleasant conducted in d in reality a hom led by wino head! Cold bryon with prints was some kind of centre of the room furnace, I did n there! One long lovers of happy here the little aprons were sup of brightness wa pretty things. I dntle me, and m dled glittering at let attracted the crowded about u bright spot!

We tried to say room, but the w am afraid there away and went u room, with the ing was supposed to be a remedy. After stitution the atten say, "That fat a capital plan is once set aside a all the toys, with and game, and books. These th generous friends,

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The following letter which I received last week seems to me to contain so much good common sense, as well as so much honest solicitude for the happiness of those little ones who were always so near our blessed Saviour's heart, that it has made a very deep impression upon me. I confess that I have never visited the institution mentioned and as it may not be in my power to do so for some months to come, I have decided to let my correspondent speak for herself, as she seems not only to be very much in earnest but also to know whereof she speaks. If her letter had been written in a spirit of fault finding, or useless criticism, it would most assuredly have found a nameless grave in the waste basket because there is nothing in the world easier than purposeless fault finding with an existing state of things especially when the fault finder has no practical suggestion to make for the improvement of the matter criticized, but Mignonette is not only actuated by honest anxiety for the welfare of the little children, but makes a very feasible suggestion for brightening their lives.

Now, I have not the least doubt that everything possible is done for the comfort of these poor little waifs and that they really do receive, as far as possible, a mother's care, but the fact remains that a basement room with brick walls and an asphalt floor is not the sort of place any mother in the land, however poor she might be, would wish her child to spend the greater portion of its existence in, and the mere fact that the windows are above the range of a child's vision almost constitutes a cruelty. The child who is deprived of the pleasures of looking out of a window is cut off from one of the dearest joys of childhood, and I cannot believe the little creatures can be healthy or happy, if they spend much of their time in a basement. My correspondent touches the right chord when she says children are like flowers, and need sunshine and brightness in order to thrive, while one dilapidated rag doll of its very own, to be loved and cuddled, dressed and undressed and slept with at night, is a thousand times better than the best collection of toys that was ever placed behind glass doors to keep it free from dust.

I do not for a moment mean to suggest that the matron and her assistants should not have pleasant rooms, but I do think that even this little sacrifice has to be made. Some economy of room for storage of domestic uses, the children should have a cheerful playroom, and while I agree with Mignonette as to the advisability of turning the unpurged upper flat into a playroom, I am well aware that orphan asylums are usually far from being wealthy institutions and it might be quite out of the power of those in authority, to make the required alterations, so it would be better to concentrate their efforts upon some other plan, and try to effect the necessary change by condensation, instead of expansion. But by all means let the poor little children have as much brightness in their lives as possible, even to bright colored pinafiores which do not cost any more than mud colored ones!

DEAR ASTRAS:—Are you interested in the P. orphan asylum? Have you ever been through the institution? If so I would like very much to know what you think of it, and if you agree with me in what I write. I have only been an occasional visitor, having very little time at my disposal, but in a few visits, while seeing much that is commendable, yet I have seen, much that might be improved.

A noticeable defect is the want of a suitable playroom. When asked if I would like to see the playroom, I at once said "Yes." I love little children dearly and like to see them with their toys and books, and the word "playroom" called to mind a cheerful room, full of toys and bright with pictures—where many happy days of my childhood were spent.

The pleasant young woman in attendance then conducted us down stairs into a basement room lighted by windows far above the tallest child's head! Cold brick walls papered, by way of decoration with prints from old illustrated papers. There was some kind of a brick arrangement through the centre of the room—perhaps a chimney, perhaps a furnace, I did not notice it particularly, only it was there! One long, dingy bench, and shade of the lovers of happy childhood! An asphalt floor! And here the little children with their mud-colored aprons were supposed to be playing! Not a gleam of brightness was there and children do so love pretty things. Although the friend who accompanied me, and myself were in dark clothing, some little glittering about our dress, a button or a bracelet attracted the little ones' attention, and they crowded about us, to look at, and timidly touch the "bright spot!"

We tried to say some word of praise about the room, but the words died away on our lips, and I am afraid there were tears in our eyes as we turned away and went up stairs to the pleasant reception room, with the impression that although the building was supposed to be a home for orphans it was in reality a home for the Matron and her two assistants, while the orphans were in the background, and we felt like echoing the words of the aged minister: "Those poor orphans! Those poor orphans!"

It has been said that the matron and her assistants have the best and pleasantest rooms. This I do not know, and my object is not to find fault with the matron or her helpers. But to improve the condition of the children. "But," some may say "They have plenty of toys. Yes, they have; stored away in an inner room in book-cases and on tables. Into that outer room, I think no child ever enters, and the toys and books are allowed out 'sometimes.'"

Now having pointed out the grievance, I suggest a remedy. After conducting us through the institution the attendant pointed to a flight of stairs saying, "That flat has never been furnished." Was a capital plan it would be for the directors to at once set aside a large playroom, and in that collect all the toys, with low tables for the picture books and games, and bookcases easily reached for the books. These things have all been contributed by generous friends, not I am sure to be shut up in

bookcases. I know there is more enjoyment in one little toy that one can really play with, than in a dozen, only to look at. Vividly to my mind comes the memory of a grand doll that because it was so grand, I kept for a long time, almost afraid to touch it. At length it got a little shabby, and then how I loved it!

I know some people who are keeping toys to give to the asylum, and they will keep them until a suitable place is set apart for their enjoyment. It would not, of course do, to allow the children to be in this room without oversight, but one of the ladies connected with the establishment could surely be in the room all the time, to prevent unnecessary injury to the toys, assisted perhaps, by some of the older girls, who could have their sewing or knitting and at the same time watch the children. The sewing machine could stand in that room, and the presence of the operator on that, would be a check on any rudeness or careless treatment of the contents of the room.

There is another point to be considered. Although the children are well cared for and have almost a mother's care from the venerable matron, yet a close observer of their ill faces will detect a dull, lifeless look. I could not account for this until I read somewhere that poor children who were raised in basements were not nearly as bright and intelligent as those living in more elevated homes however humble. As a flower in a cellar grows pale and delicate, but removed to a sunny room in a short time puts out strong green leaves and beautiful buds. Children are human flowers and need all the brightness and sunshine they can get. Our asylum stands on a beautiful spot and, if I mistake not, from the flat I speak of there is a fine view of part of the harbor. Every child loves to look out of the window and I am sure more brightness would come into the little lives if my suggestion were carried out.

I will say nothing of the pinafiores, only this, children have a keen sense of beauty, and when cottons are so cheap and pretty, surely our little waifs should have a share of the prettiness.

Soon they must leave the asylum's sheltering walls—soon life's burden will fall upon them; till then give them what childhood craves—brightness, happiness and love, and the God of the fatherless will bless our orphanage.

Now is the time when the far sighted maid or matron buys her furs, and after getting a good wear out of them for the rest of the winter she has them "to the good" for next year, and almost as fresh and new as if you had waited until next autumn and paid one third more for the very same garment, all furriers dislike carrying goods over from one season to another, and sooner than do so, and run the risk of moth and rust and the numerous other drawbacks to the care of furs in summer, the trouble of packing, and the risk of fashions changing they would prefer to sell their goods at little more than cost price after the month of January. It really pays to invest in furs now because fur garments are usually made just a little in advance of the fashion to prevent them from getting out of style too soon, so one may safely purchase either a jacket, cape, or cloak of this winter's cut, and feel reasonably sure of being in the fashion for next year.

This rule applies almost as well to the later importations of cloth jackets and mantles, because though the more extreme styles, such as the Russian coats, and the triple capes, will probably not last another season, the heavy tailor made coat of either rough cheviot, or heavy hopsacking, cut three quarter length and with flaring English collar, and no capes will most likely hold its own and is newer than the others and also less out of style.

The same may be said of dress goods; certain lines such as chevots, broad cloths, and serges are never out of style provided plain sell colors are chosen, and the woman who intends having a dark cloth costume next winter, and possesses a moth proof closet, cannot do better than invest in one now, as she will get it for almost half price, and can therefore afford to indulge in some piece of finery such as a new evening dress, or some long coveted extravagance, not hitherto within her means. It is by the exercise of such forethought that many women of moderate means are enabled to dress as well as their more affluent sisters, on little more than half the money.

Speaking of economical dressing reminds me that the time has once more arrived when the girl who is economical either from necessity or choice, and who possesses a little taste withal, can turn two partly worn, or out-of-style dresses, into one new and stylish one, with satisfaction to herself and profit to her parents and natural guardians. A lovely model which is as pretty as it is odd, consists of brown velvet for half the depth of the skirt, met by a deep flounce of brown moire in the same shade, and the joining hidden by a band of golden beaver fur: the upper part of the bodice, was of the velvet, and the lower part of the moire in soft supple like folds, the velvet part was embroidered elaborately in jet and steel, and was made with a deep cape, or epaulette falling over the sleeves which were made with a puff of the moire to the elbow, and long close cuffs of the velvet.

By the way moire antique is the fashionable material for trimming this winter, and anyone who happens to have a moire antique gown lying by, is in luck.

Many bodices have the skirt fastening over them, which is not very pretty I think, as it gives the figure a cut off look. Others have the bodice cut off just a shade below the waist line, and a rippled skirt added.

For evening dresses, accordion plaited fabrics are in great demand, black spotted nets thus treated are charming and nothing can be prettier than a black net, spotted with either cream, gold or scarlet accordion plaited and made up over a

black satin skirt. Colored satin is frequently used also, and a favorite model for such a dress is a plain skirt of black plaited net, with white spots draped over a pink satin skirt, which was trimmed at the foot with a flounce of the net, put on in Vandikes. The bodice was of the satin with a full baby waist of the net and a "frill" of the same at the neck. For a very young girl a gown of white net, is always, with double skirt, the upper one reaching to the knees, a plain baby waist and a sash of white watered ribbon, tied in a large bow behind. The sleeves were cut up to the shoulder in a deep scallop, and on each shoulder was a standing bow. The foundation of the dress was white China silk. Silk gauzes, silk muslin crepe lisse, and all silk tissues are much worn, but, as I have said before, they are expensive and do not wear well.

A very pretty way of making an evening dress for a tall graceful girl is the combination of wateau, and empire styles which has the wateau back, and the empire drape of lace or net extending from the low neck, to the foot of the skirt in straight folds. Of course such a drape would be out of the question for a short or a stout woman.

There is a new evening material called changeable white silk which looks quite white when seen in certain lights but when draped or folded shows the faintest and loveliest tints of purple, green or pink. Imagine a dress of this lovely material made up with a foot trimming of violets sewed on without the foliage, the skirt further trimmed with bunches of violets trailing down each side of the front breath; the bodice slightly draped with silk muslin, in palest shade of green, large puffed sleeves and low neck finished with a border of the violets! Lovely, is it not?

Lent will soon be here, however, and the good people will have to turn their attention from evening gowns to spring fabrics, for it seems to be a time honored custom, to spend the penitential season in planning out ones summer wardrobe, and preparing generally for the spring campaign.

Early as it is, and absurd as it seems to be thinking about spring garments with the thermometer at zero, and the ground covered with snow, the shelves of the principal dry goods shops are already laden with spring and summer goods, some of which are very new both in design and coloring, while others are so very old-fashioned, that they will seem new to the present generation. Amongst these are the genuine "sprigged" muslins, lawns and chambrays dear to the hearts of our grandmothers and some of these are shown in the old fashioned colors which make them seem like the product of the looms of 1830. Fancy a lawn with a white ground over which struggles a pattern of parsley leaves in real parsley green.

Another equally old-fashioned but prettier pattern has a pure white ground thickly strewn with lovely blue forget-me-nots, and their small pale green leaves. P.rinted dimities and printed jaconet muslins are also shown, and barred organdies, the bars being of a saten texture on a very thin back ground, with perhaps a sprig of some small flower. These goods are all so old fashioned as to be almost forgotten, and therefore come out now as the greatest novelties, and they are exact copies of the old time fashions, having been reproduced from the old patterns.

These fabrics are to be made up with double or triple skirts edged with lace, and not too fully gathered, while the bodices will be in either yoke or spencer style.

A ST. JOHN GIRL.—I am very sorry that I shall not be able to help you, but don't you see how utterly unlikely it is that a busy newspaper woman, whose days are spent in the office, should know much about the houses which are to let in the city? Such things are very much out of my line, and if I wanted a house or a flat for myself



INFLUENZA,
Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

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Prompt to act, sure to cure

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Russian farmers hold an average of twenty-seven acres to each family.

There were 315 suicides in New York last year, against 241 in 1892.

It is calculated that 27,000 widowers re-marry as against 18,500 widows.

Business worries are said to be the cause of twelve per cent. of the cases of insanity.

Japan, according to a new census just completed, shows a population of 41,089,940.

Brandy contains more alcohol than any other spirits or wines—namely, 54 per cent.

Eighty of the towns in Great Britain supply the names of one hundred towns in America.

Wheat that is grown in northern latitudes produces much more seed than grain grown further south.

The old churchyards in the city of London contain, it is estimated, over 36,000 tons of human remains.

France now has 448,000 places for the sale of liquor, an increase of nearly ninety thousand in twenty years.

The death rate throughout the world has been estimated at 57 per minute; and the births number about 70 per minute.

Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabic tongues. The nobility of the island speak Italian.

New York has the biggest gas tank in the world. It towers high above the buildings in West 5th street and holds 4,000,000 feet.

The railway mileage of Europe, Asia and Africa now aggregate 158,655 miles. The railways of the United States reach 168,597 miles.

Postage stamps in the form of stamped envelopes were first used by M. DeVolayer, who owned a private post in the city of Paris in the reign of Louis XIV.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Piny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

When the ostrich is to be divested of its plumage, a long hook is placed on its head and it is then confined in a raised enclosure about three feet square. The birds rarely show fight.

The word alderman was originally written "ealderman," signifying "elder man," which was used in the earlier parts of the Saxon period as a name of dignity, unconnected with office.

In 1835 the rate of wages in Europe was very low. Day laborers in Italy received 8 cents per day; in Russia, 12 cents; in Holland, 18 cents; in France, 30; in England, 40; in the United States, 84 cents.

The Czar of Russia receives no salary. His income arises from 1,000,000 square miles of land that he owns, comprising farms, forests, mines and other resources. He is estimated to be worth \$12,000,000 a year.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watch-maker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth.

There are 1,930 breweries and 4,791 distilleries in the United States. The Empire State of New York leads in the number of both, Pennsylvania being second. In breweries Wisconsin stands third on the list, and California fourth. Illinois is third in distilleries and California fourth.

If a train, moving at the speed of twenty-miles an hour, were suddenly stopped, the passengers would experience a shock equal to that of falling from a second-floor window; at thirty miles an hour, they might as well fall from a height of three pairs of stairs, and an express train would, in point of fact, make them fall from a fourth storey.

London requires 600,000 cows to supply it with the products of the dairy, 84,000 being needed for milk alone. Nearly 15,000 of these "milk machines" spend their lives in sheds, and hardly ever see daylight, so to speak; 4,000 horses are engaged in delivering the products, and rather more than 30,000 hands are engaged permanently in the traffic.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph company, whose system extends from England to India, and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use.

A piece of string makes a simple barometer. Take a piece of string about 15in. longer saturate it in a strong solution of salt and water, let it dry, and then tie a light weight on one end and hang it up against a wall, and mark where the weight reaches to. The weight rises for wet weather, and falls for fine. The string should be placed where the outside air can freely get to it.

Coffee has been in use from the earliest times in Abyssinia and Arabia, but it was not brought into Europe, at Constantinople, until the sixteenth century, and not into England until the seventeenth. The year 1652 is given as the date when this beverage was introduced in London, but to-day Europe consumes more than 6,000,000 bags a year, and the consumption constantly grows.

The first needles that were made in England were manufactured in Cheapside, in the time of Queen Mary, by a negro from Spain, but as he would not impart the secret, it was lost at his death, and not recovered again till 1566, in the reign of Elizabeth, when Elias Gowse, a German, taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the highest degree of perfection.

It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but opinions still differ as to how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer has made observations on the subject, and he declares it impossible for thunder to be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to 130 seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give a distance of twenty-seven miles.

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Annapolis, N. S., Dec. 20, 1893. The Grocer Co. Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to add my testimonial to the many you have received. I was suffering from Dyspepsia and everything that I ate distressed me. I tried many remedies without getting any relief. At last I was advised to try your syrup, and, after using two bottles was entirely cured and have gained fourteen pounds. I consider it my duty to heartily recommend your syrup to all who suffer as I did. Truly yours, S. A. DYER.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN DENTISTRY. TEETH filed and extracted absolutely without pain by the famous HALE METHOD. No extra charge. I have the exclusive right for all time to use the method in this city. DR. J. D. MAHER, City Building, North End. Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces. Communication invited.

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ROUGH ON THE DOCTORS.

A Ghost Story that is supposed to have a Moral for Everybody.

In one of the towns in Spain there was a certain man who was gifted with a very peculiar kind of second sight. Whenever he passed a doctor's he could see outside the door the ghosts of all those patients who had died during the time they had been attended by the doctor.

It came to pass that he himself fell ill, and it was necessary that he should seek the assistance of a physician, so he started out to find the best one he could. He went to the houses of all the medical men who were considered the cleverest in the place, but he found the doorways so crowded with ghosts that he feared to go in.

After traversing the principal streets and not discovering a single doctor worthy, as he thought, of confidence, he at last turned into an alley, and there, outside the house of a seemingly insignificant doctor, he saw a solitary little white ghost glimmering.

Thinking that he must be a very clever doctor who had only killed one person, he went into the house and was attended to by the doctor whom he had thus discovered. As he was departing, the doctor said to him—

"My good sir, I cannot think who could have recommended you to come to an insignificant man like myself, for during the whole time you have practiced I have only had one patient, and I am sure that he could not possibly have told you."

DOUBT BY ELECTRICITY. Where a Waterfall Does the Cooking as Well as the Work.

Great Falls, Montana, appears fairly entitled to the distinction of being called the electric city. At Black Eagle Falls, three miles above the town, an immense dam has been thrown across the Missouri. Not only are the street cars propelled and lighted by electricity from the power-house, but they are heated as well by electric radiators placed in each car.

Elevators, printing presses, cranes and all kinds of machinery are operated by the ubiquitous force. There are automatic excavators, electric pumps and electric rock crushers, not to mention eight that the street is a mortar-mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole.

The restaurants cook by electricity, the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, the grocer to grind his coffee and the tailor to beat his goose. The subtle fluid is a welcome blessing in every home; the housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flatirons by electricity; they bake their cakes in wooden electric ovens, that can be set away on a shelf like pasteboard boxes. They have electric broilers and teakettles.

What a singular anomaly when one passes to think of the broiling steaks and heating flatirons through the instrumentality of a waterfall!

Why Oysters are Brain Food. Urging the use of oysters as food, an exchange says: "Speaking roughly, a quart of oysters contains, on the average, about the same quantity of actual nutritive substance as a quart of milk or a pound of very lean beef, or a pound and a half of fresh cod-fish, or two-thirds of a pound of bread. But while the weight of actual nutrient in the different quantities of food material named is very nearly the same, the quality is widely different. That of the very lean meat or codfish, consists mostly of what are called in chemical language protein compounds, or 'flesh formers'—the substances which make blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain and other nitrogenous tissues. That of the bread contains but little of these, and consists chiefly of starch, with a little of these and other compounds, which serve the body as fuel, and supply it with heat and muscular power. The nutritive substance of oysters contain considerable of both the flesh-forming and the more especially heat and force-giving ingredients.

Dudes in the Crab Family. Some species array themselves elaborately by gathering bits of seaweed, chewing the ends, and sticking them on the shell, so that they look like stones covered with weed. They spend hours, with the utmost perseverance, in making these pieces adhere, by trying the same piece over and over again till they succeed. These crabs have a fine sense of symmetry, too, and always put a red piece on one limb to match the red piece on the other, and a green piece to match a green piece, though how they know red from green in the dark pools where they live is hard to say, unless it is by taste or smell. When once their dress is completed, it improves the older it becomes, as the weed actually grows on them.

Date of the First Newspaper. The first newspaper was the Gazette, published in Nuremberg in 1457 and thereafter at intervals. In 1634 appeared in the same city the first Neue Zeitung, an Hispanian and Italian, and at a date between these two appeared the Cologne Chronicle. These early newspapers are not contained in any library, so far as Hudson indicates; the earliest printed newspaper in existence is called the Gazzetta di Venice, is dated 1570, and is represented by a few copies in Venice, in the Magliabechian Library.

He Took all the Shoes. A certain dog's master trained him to bring his shoes to him every day. One day the gentleman went with his dog to a hotel where almost every one put his shoes outside his door to be blacked. In the morning no one had shoes. The dog had carried every pair into his master's room and piled them beside his bed.

Have You Asthma? Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail free a trial package of "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure" free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

His Sad Duty. Mrs. Justwed—How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays home in the evening. Her friend (weepily)—I never thought he was very fond of pleasure.

Throwing a kiss is something like dining in imagination on the rich bill of fare you sometimes see printed in the newspaper.

GOOD Food - Digestion - Complexion

are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright housekeeper use



The New Vegetable Shortening and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow."

COTTOLENE is clean, delicate, healthful and popular. Try it. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

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HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

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ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

NEW AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

No German is a closer student of America than Bismarck.

Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston eight-five years ago, Friday, the 19th.

Irland claims the oldest twins in existence—Richard and John McGriff, aged ninety.

Princess May was named Louise, not after the Princess Louise, but after the Queen of Denmark, who is the first cousin of the Duchess of Teck.

Dr. Ernest Hart, of the British Medical Journal, estimates that cholera will be unknown 30 years hence, so rapid has been the advance of sanitary science.

There are few larger tea growers in Ceylon than F. A. Mackwood, an American. He is prominent in public life there as well as a leading man in the business world.

Many a child's heart has been gladdened by the Sunday school stories by "A. L. O. O." These letters stood for "A Lady of England," Miss Charlotte Mario Tucker, who died recently.

A few days ago there died in Christiana, at the age of a twenty-four, Dr. Henry Rink, a man who, besides other explorations, passed sixteen winters and twenty-two summers in Greenland.

"Never get tired of journalism," says Sir Edwin Arnold, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last thirty years Sir Edwin himself has written, probably, more than 10,000 leading articles.

Under the direction of the Italian Folklore Society, the Queen of Italy devoted much time during the summer to the collecting of old folk-tales from the people in the Monte-Rosa valleys, where she spent a great part of her holidays.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to pay her servants extravagant wages and to treat them with great courtesy. They are allowed to have company and if there is a vacant attic or storeroom they may use it for dancing. They are required to attend some church.

John Byrnes is undoubtedly the oldest street-car driver in the world. He is employed on the Somerville avenue line, Boston, where he has driven cars for forty years, travelling in that time a distance equal to twenty-five times around the earth.

Among French journalists who have fought duels is M. Henri Rochetot, who on one occasion, so it is said, challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, a rival editor and noted duellist, to an encounter with pistols at ten paces, one weapon only to be loaded. These conditions were refused.

A woman calling herself Mrs. Kitty Parnell, and claiming to be the widow of the dead Irish leader, has been victimizing confiding people in Kansas. She is described as being gentle as a kitten in getting into the good graces of the susceptible, and as spry as a cat in escaping the clutches of the law.

Mrs. Langtry is completing her reminiscences, in the form of a novel, having been at work upon it, periodically, for four years. She will publish, circulate and advertise the volume herself, and there will be no division of the profits. She is not in the habit of sharing money which falls in her direction.

Judge Stephen J. Field is 76 years of age. He has been a judge in the U. S. supreme court for thirty years. No other supreme court judge has served more than sixteen. Judge Field is the only Californian who has ever been honored with an important position in the federal government, executive judiciary, cabinet or military.

Justin H. McCarthy has translated nearly 150 of the poems of Hafiz, and his work has been published in England under the title of "Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz." Hafiz was one who could sing most sweetly of his beloved's and of the worship of the grape, and Mr. McCarthy has most feelingly and with much grace rendered him into musical metrical prose.

Queen Mary of Hanover is probably the only Royal personage who enjoyed the luxury of reading her own obituary. While European papers were indulging in lamentations over her decease, she was walking about Kington in excellent health, and was greatly perturbed by the receipt of countless telegrams to her lady-in-waiting asking about her last moments.

A pen picture of Labouchere—a man of the world—keen, unbelieving, hard as nails; a mocker at everything, including himself—a "faneur" of the "faneurs," a boulevardier of the boulevardiers—with a sauntering gait, a slow, drawing and wearied voice and an eternal cigarette. His laziness is only physical and superficial. Mentally he is the most active, persistent, tireless of men.

Jan. 13, was the birthday anniversary of Samuel Woodworth (who was born Jan. 13, 1785), author of the "Old Oaken Bucket." The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, and all the rest, including the old well and its pure sweet water remain the same as when he immortalized them in 1817. The place is in the village of Greenbush, in Schuette, Mass., and is still in the poet's family.

One of Prince Bismarck's hobbies has been the collecting of thermometers. Hardly a window in his house is without one, and altogether he has fully thirty of improved make about the place. The prince has all his life had a great fondness for the dumb creation. In the forest about his castle, there are numerous squirrel boxes and bird houses, the occupants of which have been so well treated that they come down from the trees to receive the caresses of visitors.

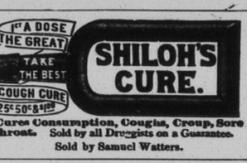
Harry Kennedy, sailor, ventriloquist and song-writer, who died recently, was the author of several of our best-known comic and pathetic songs. Among his musical compositions are: "Cradle's Empty—Baby's Gone," his first great success, "The Old-Fashioned Photograph," "A Flower from Mother's Grave," "America's Emblem, the Violet," "Molly and the Baby," "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," "The Maid in P" "I had Fifteen Dollars in my Inside Pocket," "McNulty, You're a Daisy," "When Peggie and I are Wed," "Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-Bye," "Patsy Brannigan," "Hush, Don't Wake the Baby," "Grandmother's Birthday," and "Little Empty Stockings by the Fire."

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This is wrong—TAKE THE Yolk from the Egg, TAKE THE Oil from the Olive, What is left? A Residue. So with COCOA. In comparison, COCOA is Skimmed Milk, CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

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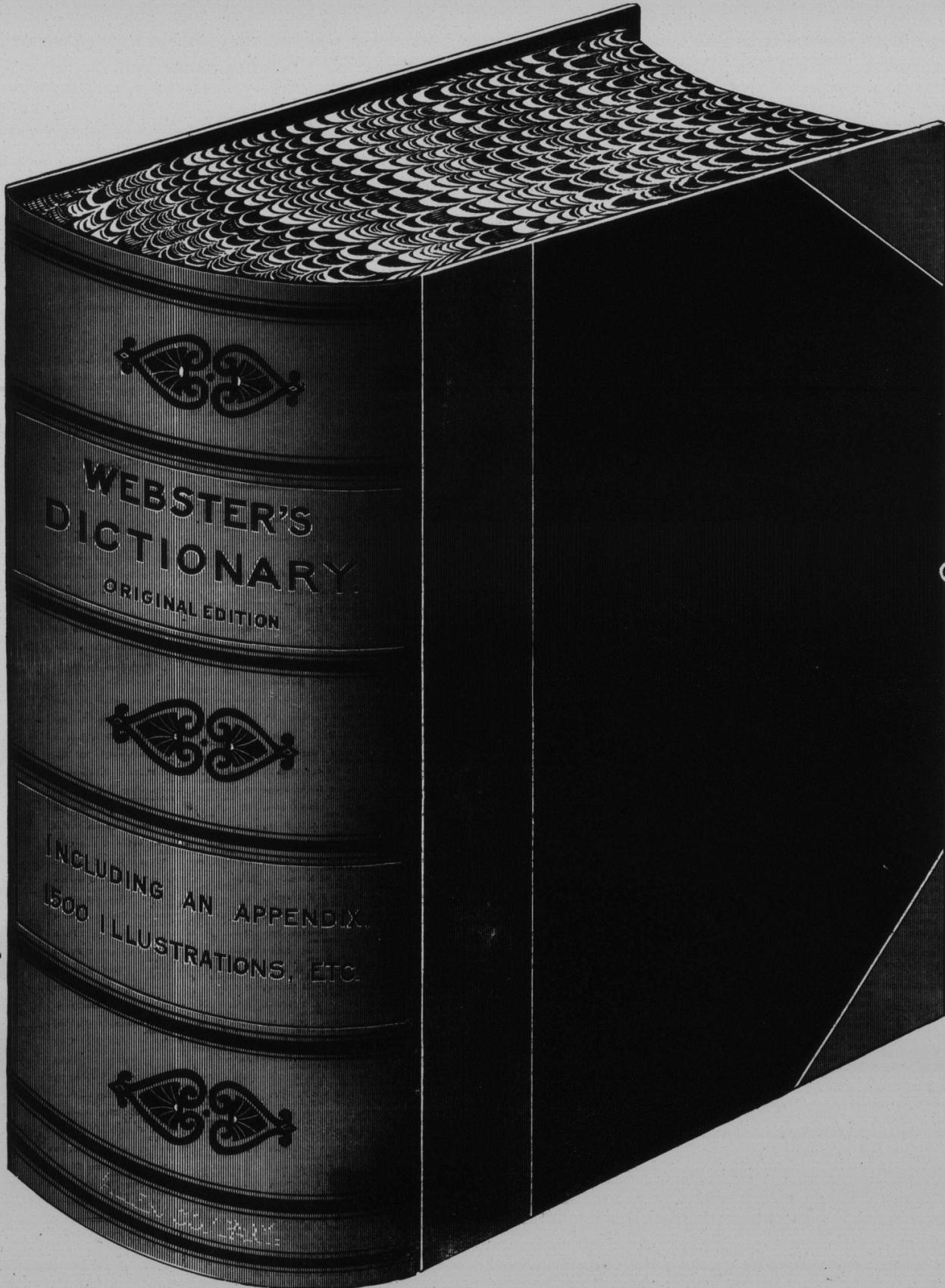
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WAS SHE INNOCENT?

It is a year and a day ago, and an end has come to the story. At one time it seemed as if the cruel shadow would never lift. It had blotted out love, and hope, and joy; all except life—which was left, a worthless thing.

A year and a day ago, and I was standing with Eugene Conway in the fair old garden of Bridgeta Towers, and the dusk had thickened as Eugene told me that his father raised no barrier, and that in a little while we should be man and wife.

"Just a minute, Myrie," he said, "I want to shut the side gate. The people are coming this way. Let them take the centre path."

When he was gone voices from behind came to my ear. "What a fool you must be to send me this," said one, "I can lend you money until our little job comes off, and then as we go shares, I shan't think you want it."

"Confound it! Did you get that letter? Then I was a fool and no mistake," was the answer, "I wrote down the latest arrangements."

At that stage the voice was too distant to follow. It seemed oddly familiar to me, but I should have thought no more of the circumstance first or last if it had not been for the blow which crushed my shy girlish happiness like a house of cards.

It was half an hour later. The great house was given up to gaiety. A costume ball was in progress. I stood on a staircase smiling at Eugene, who was in a ridiculous make-up as a gallant of Elizabeth's time. Something was wrong with his ruff, and he surreptitiously sought my assistance.

A door opened at the end of the corridor and it seemed that we were caught. But quite a group appeared, and as I recovered from a first moment of confusion, I saw that the policemen's uniforms were not intended for disguise. The two officers had a prisoner between them, and Colonel Conway was behind, looking stern and angry.

"I warned my wife to have a care of her jewels, for when the mummy was in full swing you couldn't say what dishonest person might take advantage of it."

He was speaking to Inspector Insole at the turn close to my elbow. I was watching the prisoner, a woman. Her face came on a level with my own, and a keen agony went to my heart.

"Mother! what does this mean?" I cried. And then all I knew was that we two faced each other, an end made of fictitious character on both sides. The men and gaping domestics were round us. Eugene stood a trifle back, with a face flooded with bewilderment; and his father crossed and said something to him in an undertone. I felt that it was an adverse judgment. I did not hear the words or wish to.

My mother had trodden the boards before she married Francis Mirrell, who was Colonel Conway's first cousin. It was no trouble to her to hide her identity, and to night she was a swarthy southern woman, while I went as a peasant of Normandy. But when my cry rang out she answered—

"Myrie, I am innocent," she said. "Yes, yes; I am sure of it." I returned with rising indignation. "What shameful thing is this, Colonel Conway?"

Of Eugene I hardly thought in these minutes of strange crisis. It was sheer impulse from beginning to end. The colonel grimly nodded to Inspector Insole. His own features had grown stony, and his keen gray eyes had the cold light which I had seen there before, and which made me think that Eugene would never win him to let our romance have its way. Yet it was otherwise and I had been invited to Bridgeta Towers as if there were no family feud and as if we were not reduced gentlewomen.

The inspector knew how to be brief, and he had a kind heart and put harsh things gently.

"We heard a whisper that Mrs. Conway's jewels might be in danger during the festivities," he said; "acting on that we watched. There have been many robberies lately in this part. And one of my men suspected a guest whose nobody seemed to know. She was lost sight of and then found again. But when we found this lady it was unfortunately in suspicious circumstances. She was in Mrs. Conway's dressing room, and she seemed to be nervous, and unable to account for having a valuable necklace in her sleeve. It was not carefully hidden, and may have been placed there in a moment of fright at hearing the door ring."

Yet I could see that he did not believe the defence he was suggesting. "Taken in the act," was his own verdict.

"It is my mother; and she must be released," said a new speaker. "The genus are my property and I was within an ace of losing them." I cannot end here. Mrs. Mirrell has been taken into custody on good grounds and she must give such account of her business here today as she can in the proper place. I had no idea that it was Mrs. Mirrell.

"Nor I, Charlotte," said Colonel Conway moodily, supporting his wife.

My mother's pallor was increasing, and her hand went to her heart. New tremors shook me, for I knew there was a maiesty seated there. She and Mrs. Conway exchanged glances. Dislike which had lost its guard was confronted by a proud disdain. Afterwards I heard that Colonel Conway had been my father's rival, and though Mrs. Conway lured her lover back she had not forgotten the episode.

"Won't you tell them all how it happened, mother? Then they will believe—they must!"

I stamped my foot, and was beside myself with resentment, shame, and terror.

Still that strange, unbalanced, haughty look was on my mother's face. She did not answer me. I saw the second constable make a grimace to Inspector Insole. Their opinions coincided.

"Come away, Myrie. You are not quite yourself. And that is no wonder. But you can do no good here, and you shall hear all. I pledge my word to you for that. I am sure Mrs. Mirrell would wish it. Eugene had a marvellous power of persuasion when he pleased to use it freely. Without it he would not have borne down material opposition to his suit. At the present moment, I groaned and yielded.

We avoided the noise and frolic of the night. The dancers did not dream of the drama so near—the drama that was to be a tragedy to-morrow. We went into the library, and I knew that I was a frenzied and wailing woman, and that Eugene joined tenderness to firmness in a way that proved

him every inch a man and worthy of loyal affection.

"But I took back my promise from him. I insisted that however dark the surroundings of the case there could be no real doubt of the complete innocence of the accused. In my bitter pain I demanded that Eugene should go my length. To this he demurred."

"I hope fervently it may be so," he said. "But the whole affair is exceedingly puzzling. Did you expect to see your mother here to-night?"

"No; but she may have had good reasons and honorable ones."

"There was no expectation that Mrs. Mirrell would honour our ball with her presence. She was not very willing for you to come, I think you said?"

My lips were obstinately shut.

"In spite of all this she does come and does not make herself known. Even you are in ignorance of the fact that she is here. And then the catastrophe happens. I cannot say that anything is quite certain, Myrie. There are such things as unaccountable, overmastering impulses to singular behaviour. But I say again that I hope it will all be cleared up. There shall be no prosecution if I can help it. You must not take notice of these stormy scenes."

"And my mother is in custody now? Do not call me Myrie I beg, Mr. Conway. As long as you believe what you do, there is nothing between us to give you the right."

He bowed. I had struck a spark from the rock.

"Parson me, Miss Mirrell," he said, "I only put in some detail the colonel's question: 'Can she be wholly innocent?' Is there a possibility of it? I shall be glad to think there is."

A night that will always linger in my memory as absolutely the most miserable I ever spent succeeded these stormy scenes. Greatly against my will I remained at Bridgeta Towers.

With the early streaks of the spring dawn I heard carriage rattle over the gravel. The guests were leaving. What a farce the bright gathering, to which I had cast longing forward looks of pleasure, had been to me! I wore my fiery tint, and it sickened me.

The more so when a message came. I was waiting at the station-house at Dorchester. Eugene was on the box-seat of the fly. I noticed it, though not a word passed between us.

And thus the grey morning found me a traveller also. "Tragedy was at my journey's end. My mother would never meet and confound her accusers. The blow had gone with shattering force against weak bulwarks. Disease leaped up and in an hour from the attack all was over. The doctor met me on the threshold, and I read will never in his eyes. He began to speak and I broke in.

"Too late! Do not tell me so!"

"Then I turned to Eugene Conway. "This is Mrs. Conway's work," I said; "and as you are here I repeat that there was nothing—nothing in the wicked charge. I know it. It could not be. And you will never see anyone my friend who will not say what I now say about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I think I understand. Good-bye, Miss Mirrell. It was Eugene and Colonel Conway nevertheless who lifted the load of sad and painful business from my shoulders. My small inheritance was secured and I escaped to Devonshire. I heard later that Eugene went abroad."

It is a year and a day ago and an end has come to the story. This morning I met Eugene Conway on Brixham Beach. I was startled and and angry with the sudden sense of a great want gratified. As if love survived!

"Myrie, my own girl," he said boldly, with an accent that robbed me of power to rebel. "Shall we begin again where we left off?—I was not generous—not kind—when I repeated my father's question, 'Can she be innocent?' Now I have ventured to bring the answer. There is no doubt remaining Mrs. Mirrell was innocent."

"You have found it out at last."

"Yes; on the other side of the Atlantic. A man saved my life in the Rockies. After that he fell ill with fever. I nursed him, but he died. He was a newcomer, too; and he knew me. He confessed. His name was Elliot Narraway, and he was your half-brother. You knew nothing, I believe, of your mother's first marriage. And this youth was a wild son always."

"Ah! That was he, who came to the house sometimes, and whom I heard talking in the garden that evening. I remembered the voice."

And I interposed with the incident.

"That corroborates Elliot Narraway's story. He meant to rob Bridgeta Towers. It was a plot. And he actually had the jewels in his possession. But he had sent your mother a wrong letter, and given due to his intentions. To save him and prevent the crime she attempted a perilous stroke, and the consequences were terrible. She dared not divulge anything, but she met Narraway in his moment of success and forced him to resign the spoil. She was the restorer and not the thief. Now am I forgiven, Myrie?"

He insisted; and I have said that Eugene had a wonderful way of persuasion.

His Collar Was Not Loaded.

At Beaver Falls, Pa., the other night, a Pole with an unpronounceable name had put on a new celluloid collar and was preparing to spend the evening in society, but before he finished making his toilet he was seized by a sudden attack of toothache, stooping close to an open grate with his mouth open, in order to heal the aching tooth, he remained for several minutes, but all at once there was a flash of fire, and in a twinkling the celluloid collar was converted into a ring of fire around his neck. It was entirely consumed before he could realize what was the matter, burning the flesh on his neck almost to a crisp.

Her Fearful Phoebe.

She—If you attempt to kiss me, I'll call mamma.

He—And what will happen then?

She—Oh, nothing, for mamma isn't at home.

SEE WAS A FRENCH SPY.

The Queen Crown of an Adventurer of Worldwide Notoriety.

The career of Mme. Millescamp, the woman recently convicted of espionage by the criminal court of Paris, would furnish abundant material for a sensational romance. Her maiden name was Marie Foret. She worked at dressmaking and gave lessons in music. She was a well-educated and handsome young woman. In 1863 she married one Gennot, a rich and stupid man, who for many years remained completely under her control. Shortly after her marriage she determined to see the world, and turned her husband into a traveller. With him she went to Philadelphia and lived there for a couple of years. Then she came to New York and remained here for some time, engaged in business. Next she turned up in Buenos Ayres. It became known that she had proceeded at once to Berlin, where she led a gay life and moved for a time in high society. From Berlin she went to live in London, and continued there her old style of life.

At last her husband got tired of her and thought it was high time for him to go to California or to South America. After this he himself beyond the reach of his fast and extravagant better half. This he did, and Mme. Gennot was good enough not to take the thing too much to heart. She reported that he was dead, and in 1880 returned to Paris, where she married M. Millescamp, a well-to-do business man. It was the death of her husband that kept her busy, but somehow or other she managed to get well off again. Just where her funds came from remained a mystery. On coming down somewhat in funds again she started a store in the Rue de Bretagne, where she sold religious books, pictures and statuettes. As she was remarkable for her piety, good Christians patronized her, and for three years the business flourished. In 1884 M. Millescamp died suddenly, and some of the pious widow's neighbors were left under the impression that she facilitated his departure for a better world. This suspicion, however, did not materialize. After the death of her husband she carried on the business on her own account. In the evenings she received company. Her little salon was frequented by a cosmopolitan group. She was a linguist, a conversationalist, and an accomplished musician.

But, in addition to her religious establishment, she opened a matrimonial bureau and also a table-turning tabernacle, at which she was always the leading spirit. In the art of teaching the tables how to dance and talk with their legs she had no equal in Paris. Wonderful stories are told of her interviews with the departed, and of her seeing many spirits, including Lord Lytton, the "Owen Meredith," often consulted her.

After a time she abandoned the spirits and devoted herself to the more profitable business of espionage. According to a prominent man on the Paris police, women are at present in France the most numerous and the most active agents in the city. The police has its eye on a number of them, but they are hard to catch. Mme. Millescamp's nature was too bold and incautious to fit her for a long career in her new profession. She took large contracts and great risks, and was "pinched" at last. The evidence against her was conclusive, and she was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Emerson Gave a Good Local.

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was on his way to California several years ago, he fell in with a man who was altogether so socially and chatty that an otherwise toilsome journey was rendered as cheerful as possible.

This man's name was Sackett, and he told Mr. Emerson that he resided in San Francisco. Mr. Sackett indicated all the points of interest along the route, retailed a lot of amusing anecdotes, and best of all was an attentive listener.

The natural consequence was that Mr. Emerson came to the conclusion that Mr. Sackett was as charming a man as he had ever met, and it was with this positive conviction that he accepted Mr. Sackett's invitation to dine with him immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco.

The next morning Mr. Emerson was well-to-do and cheerful as usual. He read this startling notice—

Professor Ralph Waldo Emerson the eminent philosopher, scholar, and poet, is in our city as the guest of Mr. J. Sackett, the well-known proprietor of the Bush Street Dime Museum. Matinees every half-hour; admission only ten cents. The double-headed calf and the dog-faced boy this week.

Some years ago the mint authorities of a certain city noticed that a small amount of gold was missing every day after the closing operations. They watched and set traps of every description, but no thief was detected, and after the loss had continued with regularity for some months, they set it down to an extra amount of unavoidable waste, and thought no more about it.

Two or three years afterwards, two brothers, who were working there, left and set up a public house together on money which they said had been left them by an uncle. As they had both good characters, it was not until one of them told a mint foreman on the understanding that anything was known of the following trick—

Both the brothers used to grease their hands before working at the machines, and whenever they noticed some gold dust sticking to their hair, care was used that enough was not taken to show; though, when they washed their hair at home each night, the few grains meant several extra shillings, which ultimately enabled them to retire and live comfortably.

When There Was the Most Talk.

Tutor—When did Christopher Columbus discover America?

Pupil (readily)—In 1492, Sir.

Tutor (testily)—What stupidity! Don't you know it was in 1492.

Pupil—Excuse me, sir. I thought you meant the last time he discovered America.

Why He Keeps Them.

Harduppy tells me he never destroys a receipted bill.

No; he's more likely to have them framed, and hung up in his parlour as curiosities.

BORN.

Midgie, Jan. 11, to the wife of George Beal, a son.

Hallax, Jan. 14, to the wife of W. Wheatley, a son.

St. John, Jan. 15, to the wife of H. S. Pheny, a son.

Hallax, Jan. 5, to the wife of William Grant, a son.

St. John, Jan. 1, to the wife of Harry H. Miller, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 19, to the wife of S. G. Nickerson, a son.

Port Elgin, Jan. 11, to the wife of C. E. Manro, a son.

Parsons, Jan. 15, to the wife of Andrew Sears, two sons.

St. John, Jan. 13, to the wife of P. S. McNatt, a son.

Sackville, Jan. 18, to the wife of R. A. Tucker, a son.

Harlowe, Jan. 21, to the wife of Dr. Lehr, a son.

Mont Pleasant, Jan. 14, to the wife of J. F. Daley, a daughter.

Avondale, Jan. 5, to the wife of Philip Crowell, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Jan. 13, to the wife of Ulysses Selig, a daughter.

Port Hood, Jan. 1, to the wife of D. F. McLean, a daughter.

Hallax, Jan. 17, to the wife of H. S. Blackadar, a daughter.

Parsons, Jan. 6, to the wife of Charles Foley, a daughter.

Amherst, Jan. 10, to the wife of George Spears, a daughter.

North Sydney, Jan. 12, to the wife of Robert Jackson, a son.

Lunenburg, Jan. 12, to the wife of Percy Seaboyer, a daughter.

Blanford, N. S., Jan. 8, to the wife of Rev. E. Roy, a daughter.

Avondale, Dec. 20, to the wife of George Benedict, a daughter.

Cape Island, Jan. 16, to the wife of Clarence F. Cook, a daughter.

Plymouth, Jan. 6, to the wife of Capt. H. E. Warner, a daughter.

Central Chebogue, Jan. 1, to the wife of S. A. Cook, two sons.

Fredericton, Jan. 8, to the wife of Albert W. Elcombe, a daughter.

Norton Station, Jan. 11, to the wife of Dr. J. J. Lawson, a daughter.

Economy, N. S., Dec. 20, to the wife of Rev. Andrew Gray, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, Jan. 9, George H. Porter to Mamie Johnson.

Plymouth, Jan. 8, John Melancon to Ada Peters.

Burton, N. S., Jan. 4, A. W. Brooks to Ida Amers.

Pictou, Jan. 1, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Lewis Bryson to M. Hunt.

Moncton, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Robert Sands to Jess Stewart.

St. John, Jan. 2, by Rev. T. Casey, P. Crowley to Sarah J. McCullough.

Bridgewater, Jan. 9, by Rev. Geo. D. Harris, Robert Logan to Emma Sealy.

St. John, Jan. 15, by Rev. Father Casey, John Walsh to Katie Brophy.

Hallax, Jan. 4, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Gabriel Halpin to Lydia Halpin.

Westville, Jan. 10, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Robert Purvis to Jennina Moore.

Newcastle, Dec. 20, by Rev. S. L. Johnson, Frank Graham to Elizabeth Brown.

Lunenburg, Jan. 14, by Rev. George A. Leck, David Backman to Martha Cook.

Hallax, Jan. 4, by Rev. Father Simpson, M. D. Logan to Louise Stephens.

St. John, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. A. Casey, Peter F. Thorpe to Sarah Gallagher.

BORN.

Hallax, Jan. 11, Angus McLean, 15.

Hallax, Jan. 15, Mrs. A. Nichols, 34.

St. John, Jan. 14, John O'Brien, 67.

Kentville, Jan. 15, William Green, 55.

St. John, Jan. 10, Samuel Phillips, 61.

Sackville, Dec. 31, Blossom Ogden, 84.

St. John, Jan. 15, John Allingham, 50.

Amherst, Jan. 16, Mrs. Robert Baskin.

Basswood, Jan. 15, Hugh McLeod, 73.

Hallax, Jan. 14, Elizabeth Cassidy, 48.

Casco, Jan. 14, Abram N. Whitman, 79.

Shelburne, Jan. 4, Martin A. Miller, 63.

Hampton, Jan. 17, Solomon Calvia, 65.

Hampton, Jan. 15, John Robertson, 73.

St. John, Jan. 15, Mrs. John Brown, 72.

Hillmore, Jan. 16, Humphrey Duffy, 61.

Hallax, Jan. 17, Joseph Pabliover, 62.

Dartmouth, Jan. 13, William McOle, 74.

Hallax, Jan. 18, Michael F. Murphy, 37.

Port Medway, Jan. 4, George Smith, 64.

Tanook, N. S., Jan. 2, Peter Mason, 82.

Maryville, Jan. 1, Gilbert McCurdy, 31.

Springhill, Jan. 15, Dorothy McHenry, 42.

Nackawic, Jan. 2, Mrs. Miss Black, 21.

Springhill, Jan. 15, Alexander McOle, 47.

Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 9, Charles E. Andrew, 52.

Springhill, Jan. 16, Mary A. McCreary, 27.

Hopewell Hill, Jan. 17, James Rodgers, 82.

Belleisle, Jan. 11, Henry Thomas Luxton, 59.

Gondola Point, Jan. 14, Hamilton Cochran, 45.

East Mountain, Jan. 12, Robert J. Carlyle, 84.

Rockville, N. S., Jan. 15, William Weston, 94.

Dartmouth, Jan. 16, George A. MacKenzie, 73.

Fredericton, Jan. 13, Mrs. Sarah Ashfield, 96.

Basswood Ridge, Jan. 11, Daniel McLeod, 85.

Moncton, Jan. 16, Isabella, wife of Samuel DeVenne.

Casco, Jan. 19, widow of the late S. Samuel Pike, 85.

Rockville, N. S., Jan. 9, Charles E. Andrew, 52.

Belleisle, Jan. 8, of a gripple, Joseph O'Singer, 50.

Liverpool, N. S., Jan. 11, Mrs. Emily Martin, 59.

Hallax, Jan. 15, Rev. Charles of G. L. Flawn, 2.

Boston, Jan. 10, Joseph B. Sillip, of St. John, N. B., 82.

St. John, Jan. 19, Mary Alice, wife of Joseph Pilling.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL

Excursion tickets, St. John, N. B., to Quebec or Montreal and return, will be on sale at the following rates:

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ON JAN. 29TH, 30TH OR 31ST.

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WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

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Express for Halifax, 12.30

Express for Sussex, 16.30

Express for Pictou, Pictou and Camp, 16.46

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Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping Cars at