

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

UP THE HILL, AND DOWN.

THE HARBOR MASTER'S CLERK IS NO BETTER OFF.

After a Long Consideration of What Ought to be Done the Council Decides That it Will Have to Consider the Matter Again—What is Proposed.

Some weeks ago PROGRESS called attention to the fact that the harbor master's clerk, Frank Alward, was not being paid according to the amount of work done by him, and showed how the reform committee of the council in trying to reduce the salary of the harbor master had only succeeded in bringing down that of his clerk. The statements were made so clearly that the common council lost little time in taking the matter up, though in a rather remarkable way. First of all, Mr. Alward wrote a letter detailing his grievance, and this letter was considered by the treasury board in the first instance, without going before the council or without the harbor master being called upon to state his side of the case. The board decided to recommend that the harbor master, in future, receive only two per cent. instead of five, and that the remaining three per cent. be given to the clerk, who really does the greater part of the collecting. The report recommended that the clerk be appointed by the city, and not by the harbor master.

The moment this decision was reached, the harbor master had an undoubted grievance, in having been legislated against on purely ex-parte evidence, and he claimed the right to be heard on his own behalf. The council accordingly referred the matter to a special committee, which proceeded to hear the evidence on both sides. This proved to be no easy matter, for the harbor master had one story to tell and his clerk another. On some matters of fact they directly contradicted each other, but enough was learned to show that, admitting the harbor master's side of the case, the clerk was entitled to more than he was getting, and that he should be appointed by the city instead of by the harbor master.

The report of this committee came before the council on Thursday. It recommended that the harbor master should continue to receive a salary of \$1,000 and five per cent commission on collections, but that out of the latter a fixed salary of \$550 to the clerk should be reserved and that the clerk should be appointed by the council. The present clerk, Frank Alward, was named for the position.

Ald. McRobbie was one of the reform committee who had signed the minority report which intended the harbor master's salary to be reduced, but which succeeded in reducing only the salary of the clerk. It was a good deal for him to admit that he and his colleagues had made a mistake, and he did so, and urged that the blunder be rectified. He moved the adoption of the report.

Ald. Purdy had a compromise amendment which proposed to restore the salary of the harbor master to the old figure of \$1200 and give the collection of all the revenues to the clerk at three and a half per cent.

Ald. Christie had an amendment to this, that the report of the committee be changed so that the harbor master should pay the clerk \$400 and the city pay him \$150, making his total salary \$550, and that he be appointed by the council.

This amendment to the amendment did not carry. Neither did the amendment itself, nor did the original motion for the adoption of the report. The latter had a close call, for there was a tie of seven on a side, and the question rested with the mayor. His worship is nothing if not parliamentary, so he decided not to change the existing order of things, and voted in the negative. This left the matter just where it was before the council took the matter up.

Something will be done, however, for the whole question has been referred back to the committee to take all the circumstances into consideration and arrange a settlement they report to the council again.

There seems to be an opinion among some of the aldermen that the most satisfactory way to arrange the matter will be on the basis of Ald. Christie's amendment. This will give the appointment of the clerk to the council, and will secure him a salary of \$550. As the harbor master will pay \$400 of this, he will be no more out of pocket than he has been, and as the clerk will get an extra \$150 from the city, he will secure what he has been wanting.

THEY HAD A JOLLY TIME.

HOWLING SUCCESS OF A CHURCH DANCE AT FAIRVILLE.

The gay season opened great with eclat. The Pastor Declined to Give the Boys a Chance for a Fight—Incidents of the Memorable and Festive Event.

The gay season has begun in Fairville, and if the success of the initial social function is any indication of what is to follow there will be as merry a series of autumn festivities as has been known for a long time. The first dance was held in the church of the Good Shepherd, last Tuesday night and was in every sense of the word a bowling success.

Since the departure of Rev. J. C. Titcombe, a year or two ago, there has been a falling away in the festivities connected with the church and congregation. The latter have been too busy waging a war of high church and low church to have any social events worth mentioning, and on this account, if on no other, many have sighed for the good old days. Mr. Titcombe tried to make his church popular with the city people as well as with his neighbors, and had several very successful functions, including what his critics were unkind to term a Sunday lawn party. It was not one, though it had that kind of a look about it. The occasion was really the solemn observance of the festival of St. John the Baptist, who is said to have been a man deeply interested in freemasonry, and Mr. Titcombe invited the Knight Templars to come over from the city, hear a sermon, and have something to eat, drink and smoke. They did so, and took a brass band with them. As they were a body of gentlemen, no fault could be found with their behaviour on the occasion, and the only ground for criticism by anybody was that they had a banquet at which lager beer and cigars figured with some prominence, and that the unformed body depicted themselves on the lawn as if they thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. There was no dancing.

Tuesday night's festivities were of a different style. The congregation had a picnic at Westfield on Monday, and so bountifully were the provisions supplied that a quantity of them remained. The problem of what to do with the surplus provender was solved by the arranging for a dance and supper in the Sunday school room and chapel connected with the church. It took place Tuesday night, and Billy Williams of Carleton attended with his violin to furnish the music. The attendance was large, for the prices had been set to suit the times. The cost of admission was fixed at the very reasonable figure of ten cents, while the dances cost "five cents a corner." The lady who went around the floor and did the collecting had a busy time of it, so many wanted to dance.

The terpsichorean exercises took place in the school room, and supper was served in the chapel. Let it not be supposed there was anything wicked in this, even from a high church point of view, for this chapel does not rank as a church. It has an altar, it is true, and Mr. Titcombe, occasionally had some functions there which are not prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, but nobody regards it as a place of peculiar sanctity, for all that.

There were plenty of cigars supplied, and a keg of generous beer from Ready's establishment. Mr. Ready does not manufacture spruce beer; it is said there was also coffee.

The latter appears to have been unusually strong, for the noise of the dancers grew louder as the evening advanced. The noise did not come from their feet, but from their tongues, which moved as fast as their heels did. Some of the language was loud in more senses than one, and Rector McKiel finally concluded to give a pastoral admonition to a young man who was swearing a little too much. He requested him to be less obtrusive in his demonstrations.

The young man did not take kindly to the advice. He looked at the pastor and remarked that he had paid his money to come there and have a good time and he intended to have it, whether the pastor liked it or not. This sentiment was emphatically endorsed by another young man, and both looked as though they meant business. Under these circumstances the pastor withdrew and left them in possession of the floor.

The pastor's retreat was possibly hastened by the friendly advice of a peace-maker who confidently advised him that a lot of fellows had come there looking for a fight, and that if he was not careful there would be a fight. The pastor, very sensibly, decided not to precipitate such a turn to the festivities.

Everybody did not dance. The dancing days of some were past, and others did not like the look of the crowd. Amusements in plenty were provided for those more sedate ones, in various games. A lady

NOT PARTS OF THE PLAY.

PEOPLE WHO DID NOT WAIT FOR THE END OF THE SHOW.

One of Them Retired by Special Request and the Other Was Ejected by Constable Wiley—Councillor Leonard is on the War-path for Damages.

The opera house has had more performances that were on the bills this week, and apart from anything in the plays, the public who have attended have had the worth of their money.

The first extra-dramatic incident was on Monday night, when the ushers had a shift around and some new men were put there. This did not interest the public so much as what came later in the week.

There was some demonstration by the audience on Monday night, which manager Sawtelle decided should not be permitted at the succeeding performances, and he made a positive announcement to that effect.

The cause of this was that somebody in the gallery had hissed Miss Spaulding the harpist. The audience, as a body, did not do this, and they showed their sentiment by calling out the lady three times. She appeared and bowed her acknowledgments but declined to respond with an encore. Then Manager Sawtelle came to the front.

He was determined there should be no repetition of the disturbance, he declared, and he announced how he proposed to prevent it. It necessary he would limit the number of tickets in the gallery, and would have policemen stationed in the aisles. When there was another interruption of this kind, he would have the curtain rung down, and it would stay down until order was restored, and the conditions were such that the play could proceed.

The newspapers did not say anything about this, and so those who went on other days and evenings had no official notices that they ought to behave like gentlemen.

Among these was a man who went to see "Rosedale," Wednesday afternoon and took a chair in the orchestra, close to the stage.

In one part of the play is a scene where a lady is trying to teach a man to sing. Mr. Sawtelle appears in this scene and he was sitting there when the man in front made an unpleasant remark, suggested by the position of the actors. The remark was loud enough for many of the audiences to hear, and some of them began to laugh. Mr. Sawtelle sat perfectly still, but his eye was fixed on the man in front. He gazed at him for what seemed like a minute or two, and then quietly remarked: "The usual place for a clown is supposed to be on the stage, and he is not a success when among the audience. Ring down the curtain."

There was perfect silence then. The curtain did not come down however, evidently because the order had not been understood.

"Ring down, I say," repeated Mr. Sawtelle, turning to the wings with a voice of authority.

Down came the curtain, and out came Mr. Sawtelle to the front. He apologized to the audience for having to take this course, and announced that the curtain would remain down until the offender left the hall.

"All right, sir," promptly replied the man in front, as he stood up. Then he quietly walked out, followed by a large and mixed crowd, who wanted to find out who he was.

The curtain rose again, the play was resumed, and nothing further happened that afternoon.

GRINDING OUT THE COSTS.

The Abell Liquor Case To Be Fought Out In A Review Before A Judge.

In the Abell liquor case, at Fairville, last Saturday, Magistrate Masson fined the defendant \$50 for selling liquor without license. The court held the charge proved, or rather License Inspector Vincent, in his dual capacity of complainant and legal advisor of the court, insisted that it should be so held. The conviction was on the unsupported testimony of a common informer Riggs, who had an interest in securing it, and despite the sworn denial of the defendant and Mrs. Abell. How the conviction was warranted is not a matter for discussion, as the case is to be brought up on review.

It can be shown that Abell has been violating the law as charged, Mr. Vincent cannot be charged with doing other than his duty in prosecuting, though there can be no excuse for his employment of Riggs in this and other cases. If Abell has been delaying the law and this conviction will prevent his doing so in future, the costs will not be altogether thrown away, though they must amount to considerably more than the fine, even if the latter is ever collected.

Just what Mr. Vincent's costs will be does not yet appear. There is as yet no regulation of the municipal council on this point. Last year Mr. Vincent asked that some rate of compensation be fixed for his attendance at hearings of such cases, but the committee did not report, nor has it yet done so. Mr. Vincent's charges in the accounts for 1894 are not excessive, being \$5 for each attendance in a justice's court. That is presumably what he is charging this year.

In the Abell case, he has attended eight times, PROGRESS understands, and there is a charge of \$40, for this item alone, to say nothing of magistrates and constable's expenses. As Mr. Vincent drives his own team, it may be there will be no heavy item for horse hire. The costs on review have yet to be determined. In any event, there will be no money for the county in the Abell case, even if the conviction is affirmed.

In the Nugent cases at St. Martins, last year, the municipality had to pay costs to the extent of about \$212, all but \$38 of which went to Mr. Vincent for fees and expenses. Nothing was got from the defendants.

The Abell case may, in the end, prove to be worth what it will cost the municipality, or it may not be. In the meantime it is understood there are houses in the country where any corner can get a drink at all hours of the day and night, Sundays included. These are not the kind of houses on which Informer Riggs was hired to work.

Taking Their Time About It.

The position of the clerk to the department of public works has been vacant since the last of July, and there is no indication that it is likely to be filled soon, though there are a number of applicants for it. The statement is made that there is no reason for action, as the heavy work of making the water assessment has been completed. For all that, the special men put in the office by the director still seem fit plenty to do. The delay in making any definite appointment has a tendency to make the public think there is some kind of a deal on foot.

Fall Millinery Opening.

The fall millinery opening of Messrs. C. K. Cameron & Co., will be on September 20th, 21st and 23rd, and then those who wish to purchase stylish and dainty millinery will have a chance to inspect it in this well known establishment. The variety of Mr. Cameron's stock has never been greater than it will be this year, and those in and out of the city will do well to bear the opening dates in mind.

INTEREST IN THE YACHT RACE.

St John People and How They Liked the Result of the Contest.

There was a good deal of feeling shown here over the result of the yacht race in New York and the unsatisfactory way it ended disappointed thousands who would have liked to see the races sailed under the fairest conditions. After all the sympathies of St. John people were with the Englishman and not the American.

The crowds that gathered about the telegraph offices had few Defender backers and bulletins were eagerly scanned as they were placed upon the board. In this respect at least there is considerable generosity on the part of the telegraph companies though it must be at the expense of the newspapers. The daily papers get a press service which cost them a good sum of money in the course of a year and yet the telegraph companies give the bulletins of that service away to thousands for nothing. If any big event takes place the telegraph companies advertise themselves at the expense of their customers—the newspapers. The latter have themselves to blame however because they united and objected the companies would no doubt consider the advisability of being piratical in a bulletin sense.

There was no betting to speak of though the few wagers that were made seemed to be on even terms. When the news that the Valkyrie had won the second race reached here there was a great deal of satisfaction though much regret that there had been any accident but the next day's decision giving the race to Defender on her protest was condemned on all sides. There was not much surprise at Danravan's decision not to pick his way through a fleet of hostile excursion boats in the third race. It was felt here that he stood a chance of winning it even one of those excursion boats wanted to prevent it. The press reports received here give the American side of the story, varnished in favor of the Defender and only by the most careful and judicious editing are they fit to place before Canadian newspaper readers.

St. John is interested in yachting and its citizens can appreciate an international event of this nature better than those of an inland town where yachts and yachting have no place. In Halifax, this is true in a greater degree even and there is every reason why the result of the series of races was keenly disappointing to the people.

Wicked Son of a Good Man.

HALIFAX, Sept. 12.—The last evidence of the epidemic of stealing which was upon us some time ago came on Saturday night, when a boy was arrested for stealing letters from the office of the Y. M. C. A. in this city. Articles had been missed for some time and suspicion pointed rather to some one connected with the institution than to an outsider. Detective Powers' services were obtained, a watch was set, and soon the truth came out. A boy came into the office from the street when he thought no one was looking, went to the office desk, and picked up a letter which looked as if it contained money. Then he made his exit. Chase was given and the boy captured. He was not more than twelve years of age. What makes this case the sadder is that the youth is the son of a member of the association who is particularly devoted to the evangelistic work.

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By Rev. D. P. Clark, Charles
Herrick to Alice Mauds McClain.
By Rev. Archdeacon Neales
Drey to Hope A. Kibbourne.
By N. S. Aug. 28, 57 Rev. A. T. Hig-
gins W. Clark, to May Bishop.
By Rev. C. T. Phillips, Wil-
liamston to Margaret M. G. G.
By Aug. 28, by Rev. T. A. H.
Clark to Mary Adelaide Bishop.
By Aug. 14, by Rev. J. D. Fre-
derick to B. Seelye to Minnie M.
By N. S. Aug. 21, by Rev. F. J.
D. S. O'Sullivan; to Emma M.

DIED.
John Telf.
23, Adam Roy, 63.
23, Walter Dubson.
Andrew Murray, 41.
7, Jessie Chandler, 17.
16, Mrs. James Hains.
20, Edward A. Neal, 25.
3, Samuel Douglas, 54.
25, W. Walter Richards, 24.
23, John Lawrence, 25.
5, Charlotte Carter, 25.
3, Daniel McTiernan, 25.
Aug. 21, Eunice Gayton.
2, Frank McCullough, 26.
25, W. Walter Richards, 24.
13, Seth Kendrick, 91.
Aug. 7, John Doon, 50.
26, Frank McCullough, 26.
3, Walter G. Hamilton, 43.
14, Mrs. Françoise Mis-
ser, 13, Seth Kendrick, 91.
10, Hugh McLean M. D. 54.
19, Mary A. Acheson, 90.
4, Ethel Bryan, 18 months.
25, John H. Lonsbury, 42.
23, George F. Harlow, 20.
19, James L. McLean, 25.
Aug. 21, Daniel Barca'y, 57.
28, Charles T. Potter, 60.
Lila H. wife of Fred Hartt.
2, Mrs. Margaret Niles, 65.
3, Lillian May Irvine, 8 months.
S. Aug. 16, John N. Smith, 7.
19, Mrs. George Eggleston, 70.
19, Minnie, wife of W. H. Price, 36.
24, James Wesley Dickson, 54.
10, Althea, wife of Edas Piggot, 51.
19, James L. McLean, 25.
S. Aug. 21, Walker Stonehouse,
Charlotte, wife of John Redmond,
26, Mrs. J. Bratcher of N. S.,
20, Martha, wife of Calvin Rogers
23, McBurne E. Marshall of N.
Gladys Louise Davidson, 5.
Julia E. wife of Munson J. Wat-
son, 22, Grace, child of Philip Mel-
Margaret, widow of John Flea-
26, Philip Neville, formerly of
Aug. 10, John Ross of Pictou,
Margaret E. wife of John W.
Aug. 19, Melissa, wife of Charles
Aug. 12, Annie E. wife of Louis
Aug. 10, John McFarlane of St.
8, Lottie, daughter of William and
Aug. 22, Sarah, wife of Gage
Aug. 19, Mary C. wife of Capt.
Sept. 1, Jane, widow of Heze-
Jean, child of Frank and Mary
Albert C. child of Albert and
Charles, third son of Thomas and
Aug. 6, Archibald McFarlane of
N. B.
Eva A. child of Joseph and Fran-
20, Annie A. Elliot, daughter of
V. Troop.
19, Elsie Farnsworth, widow
of W. S. 75.
Mrs. Ellen Haggarty, wife of
J. Haggarty, 82.
Emma, daughter of Mary and
Ed Burchill, 10.
S. Aug. 19, Margaret, only child
of Elizabeth Baxter.
Elizabeth Gladys, child of Henry
Walker, 5 months.
Della M. infant daughter of C.
McDonald, 15 months.
Aug. 24, Thimock, son of Thomas
McKen, 15 months.
Martha E. infant daughter of
G. Gentry, 4 months.
27, William Bruce, son of Rev.
W. Crawford, 13 months.

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They are FORTIER'S "CREME DE LA CREME" (10c) and "LA FAYETTE" (5c) CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There is just now a positive dearth of musical matters in our city. A reaction will doubtless come in due season and when it does set in, there will be the usual feast that follows famine. The period when musical entertainment is annually provided is not far in the future, and there is no reason to suppose that the supply will be less than that of previous years. Songs of joyous and triumphal character have been arising from thousands of throats on either side of the ocean as fortune favors one of the international contesting yachts or the other, this week. It may be questioned whether there is anything connected with yachting racing that partakes of a musical character, but to the ardent yachtsman there is music in the wind as it whistles through the rigging, the rippling of the waves against the vessels side is full of melody.

Tones and Undertones.

Adelaide Randall, well known and equally well liked by St. John opera goers has joined the Grau Comic opera company.

Dr. Hans Richter will take part in the Bayreuth Musical festival next year.

The salary to be paid Alvarez the tenor who has been engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to sing for three years during the two months and a half of the London season, is \$4,800, for the first year; \$6,000 for the second and \$7,000 for the third year.

When Patti appeared on a London stage recently she wore diamonds that the daily press estimated to be worth \$359,000. Nicolini says that these gems are worth a round million dollars and perhaps more. They comprise 3,700 stones, not one of which weighs less than six carats.

Miss Nita Carrite, is with the Carl Rosa opera company in England. She is singing "Carmen."

Robert Carlton who is singing in light opera in the United States is a son of the well known W. T. Carlton, the celebrated baritone.

The death of Harrison Millard the well-known composer and song writer, is just announced. Among the songs he wrote are "Before," "After," "Waiting." His works were and are quite popular.

Kumor has it that Madame Judic is contemplating a visit to America. A recent Boston paper noting this, remarks "Take our advice and don't come." Time makes a great difference in a comic opera singers welcome.

Camille D'Arville, and her opera company, is at the Hollis theatre Boston this week. "Madelaine, or the Magic Kiss" is the piece put on. In the title role, Miss D'Arville is said to be seen and heard at her best.

Dussan Pasha, the pianist of the court of Turkey is paid \$3000 per year for his services. If at any time his playing displeases the Sultan he is suspended.

A young contralto named Anns Bruce has been engaged to create the role of Rosalind in a musical farce called "The Newest Woman."

Messrs. Burnet and Chadwick are collaborating in a new comic opera which they expect will be produced during the coming season.

Marcus Mayer will manage the Imperial grand opera company in a tour of the English provinces this season.

Miss Amateur—Are you musical, Prof. Bisten. Prof. Bisten—Yes, but if you were going to play anything, don't mind my feelings.

The mystery of voice placing never ends. Jean de Reszke and Sims Reeves first appeared in barytones and Mario as a bass. Mme. Calve who is a pupil of Mme. Laborde, and not of the Paris Conservatoire, was at first thought to be a contralto.

Stephen W. Leach, the actor, singer, and composer, whose death in his seventy-

fifth year at Oakland, Cal., has been reported, was a man of remarkable ability as a musician having a natural gift in this respect, and was entirely self-taught. He was present at the first performance of the oratorio, "Elijah," conducted by Mendelssohn himself, and afterward was one of sixteen singers who assembled at Alfred Novello's house in London to sing to Mendelssohn some of the madrigals and four-part songs of old English composers. Mendelssohn wrote for that evening a part song, and complimented the singers on their ready reading. Mr. Leach came to America under engagement to Harry Meiggs, the reckless financier, then president of a musical society in New York. The purpose of the engagement of Mr. Leach and other prominent English singers was to give a season of oratorio. Mr. Leach was the first man to sing the role of "Elijah" in America. He was also the first in America to sing the role of Plunkett in "Martha." Mme. Arns Bishop was the prima donna. He sang also with Jenny Lind, and with Patti, when the diva was a child, and stood on a table to sing. Leach first went to California with an opera company about 1861, and decided to make San Francisco his home. From opera to drama was an easy change for one so thoroughly equipped, and from the opening of the old California Theatre until the days of its decadence, Leach remained a member of that company of players. While there he wrote the incidental music for many plays. He supplied John McCullough with music for "King John," "Coriolanus," and "Richard III," and wrote for Adelaide Neilson the music she always used for the play of "Cymbeline."

Marie Tempest is now travelling on the continent.

Anton Seil is to have on his programmes this season Henry Schoenfeld's "Suite Characteristique."

Talk of the Theatre.

Sawtelle's dramatic organization began a fortnight's engagement at the Opera House last Monday evening playing to an immense business. The opening piece was "Rose-dale" the well known English play, and notwithstanding some weaknesses the production appeared to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Sawtelle's Elliot Grey was a careful piece of work and has rarely been excelled here, though our theatre goers have seen the play not a few times. The role of Miles McKenna, which is one of the heavy parts, did not appear to me to be properly regarded by the gentleman to whom the role was entrusted. He was altogether too noisy in action and speech in the scene where he makes a clandestine entrance into the old east wing of the building. The orthodox burglar makes as little noise as possible, but this actor spoke very loudly even alongside of Elliot Gray who was asleep in a chair in this room. The thought occurred to me that Gray must have been very tired and slept soundly else that noise must surely have wakened him. Miss Sawtelle made a very pleasing Rosa and the Gipsy dell scene was well set. The orchestra of this company which includes the well known harpist Miss Georgie Dean Spaulding, is a very strong combination and a special feature of the company's performances. On Tuesday evening was given a play which the management calls "The Silver Ledge." The play is better known as "The Golden Giant," which was first produced here by the Harkins company of a few years ago. I do not think there is an improvement in the production because of its new name. The company gives a matinee performance every afternoon.

Zera Semon closed his season at the Mechanics Institute on the 7th inst. It is said that he will return to St. John about one month hence.

E. E. Rose has sold his play "Captain Paul." The name of the purchaser is not given.

While playing in the last act of "Fedora" at Hull, England last week. Mr. Beer-bohm Tree fell and dislocated his shoulder.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry arrived in New York on the 6th inst. Richard Mansfield is reported as lying seriously ill of fever at his home in New York.

Odette Tyler, the actress, and one of the pretty girls of the stage, is writing a novel which will be published in the near future.

Willie Edouin has had to abandon the Avenue theatre, London. He has sunk a fortune in it. His wife, Alice Atherton, is now singing in the Music halls.

Georgia Cayvan, is doing the forest of Fontainebleau, on a bicycle.

Sixteen theatres in New York have been pronounced unsafe by the buildings inspector, because of various violations of the building and fire ordinances. The names of these theatres should be given to the public.

Speaking of Mrs. Brown Potters' work in "The Queen's Necklace" at Dalys' theatre recently, the New York papers say "Mrs. Potters' delivery of her lines is worse than ever. She wears some beautiful dresses and the play might be worse."

Miss Percy Haswell (Mrs. George Fawcett) Eugene Jepson and Jas. K. Hackett, all popular professionals in St. John, were in the cast of "The Queen's Necklace" at Dalys' theatre.

May Irwin has scored an undoubted success in her new play "The Widow Jones." A critic in Boston, however, suggests the use of the blue pencil in several directions in the work.

Chauncey Olcott is considered the greatest "Matinee Star" in America.

"Burnah" has been produced successfully in Boston by Manager Tompkins. One who has seen it says: "It is not a great play, artistically considered. It is, however, a first class melodrama of today. The story is the old one of villany triumphant for four acts and virtue finally rewarded."

Miss Ellen Terry, the famous actress who is Irving's leading lady, owns to having had many an attack of stage fright. This uncanny feeling and her experience she describes as follows: "You are standing apparently quite well, and in your right mind," says Miss Terry, "when suddenly you feel as if your tongue had become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downward from the nape of the neck, and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though some one had cut the muscles at the back of your knees; your mouth begins to slowly open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is well to get off the stage as quickly as possible—you are far beyond the hope of any human help," and that is exactly what Miss Terry has usually done when she had such an attack. One of the most inexplicable she ever had was when she was playing in "The Governor's Wife," and she had barely strength to stagger to the wings, get a book and compose herself for a moment, when she was able to return to the stage and conclude her scene.

Tim Murphy will star next season again in "A Texas Steer."

Paris Tax on Amusements.

The tax of three per cent. levied on the receipts at all places of public amusement, for the benefit of the poor, is, perhaps, the one paid least grudgingly by Parisians. This year the statistics published in connection with that tax not only show that the poor profited largely by the pleasure of the richer classes, but they are interesting from quite another point of view, as they show a degeneration in the artistic taste of Parisians. It is certainly a fact that the receipts of the Folies Bergere amounted last year to 1,147,408 francs, while those of the Odéon, which enjoys a state subvention,

and ranks after the Comedie Francaise, were only 428,609 francs, while those of the Gym only 420,609 francs. The receipts of the Gym were 582,964 francs, while those of the Gymnase Theatre were 578,990 francs. The money taken in at the doors of the Casino de Paris were 569,210 francs, and the receipts of the Music Hall, the Scala, amounted to 621,396 francs. At the Olympia 493,998 francs, were also taken at the door. There are, however, five places of public amusement that stand in the list above the Folies Bergere. They are the Opera, with receipts of 3,146,670 francs; the Comedie Francaise, with receipts of 2,079,774 francs; the Opera Comique, with receipts of 1,545,267 francs; the Vaudeville, with receipts of 1,487,984 francs; and the Renaissance, with receipts of 1,305,551 francs.—London Standard.

She Was Brave.

Oregon has a number of women who have distinguished themselves in various ways, some in literature, some in art, some as slayers of wild beasts, others as increasers of the population, some by climbing mountains, others by tumbling down them, and so on; but a deed of bravery has lately been done by a Portland woman which it is quite certain no other woman in the State, and probably no other woman in the world, has nerve enough to attempt.

This woman is employed in a large establishment on Third street, and her name must be kept secret to prevent the place being overrun by people anxious to see the woman who is so brave.

There are quite a number of other women employed in the same room as several men—A day or two since a rat strayed into the room and could not kill him. This was easier said than done, for the rat was agile and daring, and fled from one ambush to another, while the women and girls flew up on chairs and tables, and would have perched on the ceiling like flies if they had been able.

There was one exception—the brave woman who has immortalized herself. She stood her ground, and finally, when the rat had been poked from behind a barrel and was dashed across the floor almost over her feet, she "sneezed" down and let her skirts touch the floor and captured the rat, and when it endeavored to push its way out she swatted it over the head and laid it out. This is a fact, and if any person in any country can produce a similar case of bravery and presence of mind on the part of a woman he can take the bakery.

Chemical Blondes Disappeared.

"Blondes" or "coaxed" blondes have had their day. The girls who were coaxed blondes last summer are just as conspicuous on Broadway and at the summer resorts this season, but their hair is no longer blonde. Some of them have become pronounced brunettes, and others have dyed their hair a dark bronze red tint. This would seem to indicate that the craze for very blonde hair has spent itself. Whatever may be the explanation, whether the craze has passed or whether the young women have blondened themselves out of existence, it is a fact that comparatively few blondes have been seen on Broadway this summer.—New York Sun.

Radical Correction.

A daily paper in one of the smaller towns of Italy, according to an Italian exchange, publishes the following correction of an article which had appeared in its columns the day before:

"Yesterday we gave the particulars of a fire which had occurred in the town of Baric, mentioning the names and surnames of the victims. Having obtained further information, we hasten to rectify certain inaccuracies in the report of the said event. There were no victims, since the fire in question never took place. We may add that the town of Baric does not exist."

Notable Gems.

A London jeweller has just offered the Queen a pair of earrings supposed to have come out of the necklace of Marie Antoinette. M. Bapst, who is an authority on precious relics, says that the earrings are intact, and have never formed part of the famous necklace, but that they are probably a certain pair of pear-shaped earrings which Louis XVII. gave to Marie Antoinette on his marriage to her. The stones are very fine, one weighing 21 carats and the other 17 1/2. The largest stone in the necklace of Marie Antoinette weighed only 11 carats.—London "Ream."

Fall and Winter MILLINERY OPENING.

On Friday Saturday and Monday, Sept. 20th 21st and 23rd, we will show the latest novelties in Trimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets, direct from Paris London and New York

The ladies are cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

GUNS

Double-barrel, loader, \$8. Green's Bolt br. loader, \$25. Winchester Repeating Rifle, \$14. Florent Rifle, \$2. Revolver, \$1. Lowest prices for reliable goods; send for catalogue. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

International Exhibition, Sept. 24 to Oct. 4, 1895.

AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Entire Fair

Will be held on The Same Grounds

The Exhibition Association, in addition to their former buildings, have this year erected a large Agricultural Hall for the display of Farm and Dairy Products and Machinery.

Prices Offered for Live Stock and Products amount to \$12,000.

Special attractions to be offered include a splendid display of fireworks on three nights. Trained Horses and Wild West Riding on special days. Children's and Society parades grounds every day. In the new amusement hall there will be daily and nightly entertainments, including Trained Dogs, Trapeze Acts, Wire Walking and Acrobatic Performances, Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, etc.

Admission to exhibition: Adults 25c; Children 15c. Special excursion rates by rail and steamer will be announced later.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract... One Bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast... Half a Cake
Sugar... Two Pounds
Lukewarm Water... Two Gallons.
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

SHARPS BALSAM

FOR SCROFUL, WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT, BRUISES AND COLDS.

PREPARED BY J. P. SHARP, 100 N. B. ST. JOHN, N. B.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Merritt Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, continue the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1896, (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six). Dated this twenty-seventh day of June A. D. 1895.

J. P. MERRITT & W. W. MERRITT, Wm. W. TURNBULL.

Fountain... Syringes.

Hot Water Bottles, Ice Bags, Spring and Elastic Water Pad Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings, Anklelets and Knee Caps.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, No. 55 King Street, St. John.

Have you tried my delicious FRUIT PHOSPHATE and CREAM SODA? Telephone all orders 289.

NIGHT DISPENSARY.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

Excursions.

Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving St. John at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m. The regular trips will be as follows: Leave Hampton Monday mornings at 8 a. m., not returning until Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. Wednesday mornings leave Hampton at 8 a. m.; returning same day, leaving Hampton at 2 p. m. Saturday leave Hampton at 8 a. m.; returning leave Hampton at 4 p. m.

Pineal Syrup.

BOTANICAL REMEDY A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

For sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Mrs. Lancker, 117 Sydney St.

DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LEROI WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder.

Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at

CROCKETT'S

Coo, Princess and Sydney Streets

Co-partnership Notice

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

Advertisements in this paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each inser son. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEP. 14.

CIVIC SECTIONALISM.

The abolition of ward elections did a great deal to abolish the narrow sectional feeling which used to be so manifest in civic affairs, but there is a great deal too much of it still. Instead of having a relation to the single wards, however, it now pertains to the great divisions, such as the West and North Ends. Both of these districts have had so much done for them however, that their appraisals are rarely heard at the meetings of the council, and there is a moral recognition of the fact that in the work of necessary improvement all parts of the city are likely to receive justice. Nobody can contrast the condition of Carleton and Portland of today with the state of things before the union without recognizing what a change there has been for the better, and the clamor of the Aldermen from these divisions no longer interrupts the regular business of the council as it did a few years ago.

At a meeting of the board of works, the other day, however, there was a trifling matter brought up which showed the absurdity to which sectional feeling can be carried in very trifling matters. Five men have been employed at a short job on the west side ferry flats. Three belonged to the west side, a fourth was from North end, and the fifth from South end. All CHRISTIE took occasion to bring the matter up and complained that sufficient care was not taken to have the labor distributed among men from different sections of the city. The fact that three West side men were employed apparently seemed to him to be a piece of injustice. Director SMITH, from whom something better should have been expected, explained that his instructions to Superintendent GLASGOW were to distribute such work among men from different sections.

According to this, it is ten day job, requiring five or six men, is to be done, a hunt must be made to get the right proportion from each of the civic divisions. Whether this is to be done on a basis of population, or is some other way, does not appear. Whatever may be the system of selection the principle is a narrow one, an absurdity, in civic affairs. The whole idea is unworthy of a public body, whether it be the board of works or any other department. There should be no petty discrimination one way or the other. Applicants for work should be employed with reference to their fitness and availability and without regard to where they happen to live. Following out the sectional principle every ward would have as much right to be considered, as well as each division. Such a way of doing business is entirely too small in its idea, and is but a return to the old sectional system when every alderman kept in view only his own ward and its voters, with little regard to the welfare of the city as a whole. Let the work be fairly given out, but not on a basis of residential boundary lines.

ANOTHER NEW WOMAN.

The most original and daring New Woman appears to be Mrs. McARTHUR of New York, who jumped from Brooklyn bridge last Saturday, for the sake of acquiring wealth and fame. She had no idea of committing suicide. Her object was not to die, but to live, and living meant the receipt of a good income without having to work for it. She was ambitious to get a position as a dime museum freak. At present she is held on charge of a tempted self-murder.

The height of Brooklyn bridge above the water is about 140 feet, or double the height of the suspension bridge in St. John. Several men claim to have made the jump and some of them probably did so. There is, however, some doubt whether the most famous of these, STEVE BRODIE, ever performed the feat credited to him, but he made enough out of saying he did so to enable him to run one of the most prosperous

saloons in the metropolis. As late as last March, a man jumped from the bridge, or made people believe he did, and is at present in receipt of a large weekly salary from a dime museum in which he is exhibited as a hero of modern times.

Mrs. McARTHUR is a woman of about thirty, and has a husband who earns a moderate income as a cigar maker. She was anxious to acquire wealth more rapidly, and had the idea that if she could jump from the bridge and come out alive her fame would have a cash value to her of about one hundred dollars a week. So she undertook to try the experiment two or three weeks ago, but was stopped by the police and sent home. Last Saturday morning, before sunrise, she made a second attempt and succeeded. She was dressed in man's attire, and was well prepared for the drop, which she accomplished without any serious injury. So soon as she gets over the shock and is released from custody, she will look for an offer more advantageous than that made by her husband when she wedded him for better or for worse.

It may be a correct surmise that this bold feat of Mrs. McARTHUR is but a sign of the times when the New Woman will undertake to imitate man in a much larger field than has hitherto been explored. One would think that the line might be drawn at bridge jumping, but there is no telling what may be tried next. Possibly it may be something in the arena of science exemplified by Messrs SULLIVAN and CORBETT. The world does move.

ARE BLOOMERS WICKED?

In the course of some remarks on the New Woman, last week, PROGRESS took occasion to say that there was no definite law of Moses or other high authority in early scriptural times as to how a woman shall be dressed, save that she shall be modestly attired. A New Jersey man, however, thinks he has discovered there is such a law, and that the wearing of bloomers is a direct violation of the commands of the Almighty. In an address on the subject, he is quoted as citing the following verse from Deuteronomy, x x, 5:

The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord, thy God.

In the opinion of this gentleman, and doubtless of others, this edict makes the latter day bloomer abominable in the sight of the LORD. This is important, if true. If it is he has discovered there is such a law, and that the wearing of bloomers is a direct violation of the commands of the Almighty. In an address on the subject, he is quoted as citing the following verse from Deuteronomy, x x, 5:

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The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord, thy God.

subject more seriously. At present she has not got that far, and in the isolated instances when it has been attempted by Dr. MARY WALKER and others, nobody has been deceived. Besides, most countries have laws which sufficiently cover the ground.

Two uniformed bill collectors have been properly dealt with by a Massachusetts court, in being held to bail for "conspiracy to annoy, disgrace and injure the character of a debtor. Their offence was in calling at his residence dressed in conspicuous green caps and coats, and thus publicly dunning him for the payment of a bill. The court held that if such men were allowed to parade the streets and visit the houses of all men who owed bills, they would incite a breach of the peace, if not a riot. A few years ago there was a project to establish a branch of a uniformed bill collecting concern in St. John, but something happened to interfere with the scheme. It would probably have had a short life, and by no means a merry one. Such devices in a country where a creditor has legal remedies are simply intolerable, and if the courts would not interfere to prevent such a system of blackmail, small blame could be attached to harassed debtors for treating the collectors as they would treat any other persons who molested them to the extent of becoming a nuisance.

The report that Mrs. MAYBRICK is to be released from the English prison to which she was sent for life is again current. She has been undergoing sentence for the last five years, despite of extraordinary efforts to have her liberated, on the ground of a lack of evidence that she administered the arsenic that caused the death of her husband. In commutating the original sentence the government would appear to have admitted the possibility of being mistaken. If the woman was guilty at all she was so in the fullest degree, and should have been hanged, so long as hanging is the penalty for murder. If not guilty, she should not have been imprisoned for an hour.

Speaking of the arrival of HENRY IRVING in America, one of the New York papers remarks that through a "Sir" now, the man is absolutely unchanged. This is great news. When a Canadian public man gets knighted there is sometimes a marked change in him—he becomes a bigger bird than he was before—but even to this rule there have been some notable and honorable exceptions. Sir JOHN THOMPSON was one of them. It may be remarked that IRVING has declined to allow the "Sir" to be prefixed to his name in the posters announcing his appearance.

Prof. WAYLAND, dean of Yale college law school, has recently been the subject of a good deal of criticism on account of a report of an address he delivered before the American Social Science Association. He was credited with the astounding statement that there are three million habitual criminals in the United States, and now rises to explain that he said three hundred thousand and the newspapers added another cipher. There was naught the matter with his original statement, he contends.

New York is away behind St. John in some things. The authorities there are just beginning to get excited over the litter caused by throwing paper and other rubbish on the streets. Here a crusade was begun some months ago, and though nobody has yet earned the five dollars reward offered for the detection of offenders, the police themselves have succeeded in ferreting out two old women who sweep offices, and who have been brought before the court and rebuked by the magistrate himself.

Fat women do not always appreciate the advantages they have over their leaner sister. A New York woman, weighing more than three hundred pounds, tried to kill herself, the other day by a knife stab in the breast to the depth of five inches. She had so much surplus flesh that she failed to touch a vital spot, and will live to repent that she even tried to do such a wicked trick.

The international yacht races do not appear to be hastening the era of peace and good will. The award of the second race to the Defender may have been correct from a technical point of view, but people on both sides of the water would have been better satisfied to see the race declared off, and another sailed in place of it, purely on the merits.

One of the saddest effects of the yacht races, so far, is the state of mind into which the usually amiable Telegraph has been plunged by the turn of affairs. Even the war of 1812 takes a back place as a live issue, in comparison with the treatment of the Valkyrie.

If the exhibition is carried out according to the programme, there is little doubt that it will be a success. The association seems to be carrying out its part of the work, and it remains for the public to do the rest.

"Dying about 3 p. m." says the Marion (Ohio) Star, speaking of a recently deceased citizen, "his spirit took flight in good time to attend the evening service in heaven."

Hot Water Before Breakfast. A prominent physician has declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia if taken before break-

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Dear Mother Dank has stolen in, And close unto the chimney tail, Her wheel doth swiftly turn and spin, And singeth dicker shadows fall.

And straightway red the flame doth start, The hearthstone is alight once more; While whirling phantom fires dart, As whirring the ceiling and the floor.

Outside, a giant wind is vain, Hash strives for a welcome here, And now upon the window-pane Soft, trust snowflakes whirl and peer.

But let the giant merrily blow! What matters it to storms or griefs? For, from the busy wheelers' glow, Dear Mother Dank a story weaves.

Methods it could not well be told, Because, in truth, 'tis never spoke; The princess, throne, hush hair of gold, The crown's head is curling smoke.

And where his charred old candle stands, Beside the most and drawbridge there, We see her ring her lily hands, We pray that lovely floating hair!

Fain would we see her rescue free, As loon to the drawbridge down doth crash! Princess and erge buried lie, What sparks startles and flames upflash!

Dear Mother Dank hath stopped her wheel, To bid the most and drawbridge gleam; Night hath crept in, and she doth steal To make a place for Jack O'Dreams.

But Oh, the grim old ogre strong! And Oh, the prince in the tower! Through echoes dim of slumber song, We feel that magic twilight hour— Victoria Woodward Gould.

If I Could Know. If I could know, how I could know That for the space Of one brief moment, in the long ago, You gave me place Above all other women in your heart, It would not be so hard from you to part.

If I could know you hold me dearer yet, And that you never would quite forget The bright days gone, I would be more content, and cease to grieve In time perhaps, to live down all the pain.

If I could know you feel regret to-day To see me turn, Away from you and go my weary way, Then I would learn To bid, perhaps, some one to sit in the thought, So full of saddest consolation fraught.

If I could know that at some future time We two should meet, And linger for a moment's side, In converse sweet, I would not dread this parting as I do, For hope would trim the lamp of love for you.

If I could know that when this life is o'er, At that bright hour, Where all is peace, our souls should meet once more, And understand, Each other better than in days gone by, I would be more satisfied to die.

The Boy and the Man. The country boy was in love, and young, And he urged his cause with an eager tongue, As the maiden bade him wait and wait; He wanted a man who was strong and great.

He loved his home and the country life, And he wanted a tender little wife; He would live in peace and ease, In the shades of his spreading old elm trees.

But the maiden bade him go and win A name—he could plow and gild in, She said she would live in peace and ease, He must be a man in the ranks of men.

Then the boy plunged into the city's roar, And he learned the market's sordid lore, And he learned that life is an awful fight, While the wounded fall to the left and right.

But on their bodies he slowly rose, And he gained new strength from his vanquished foes; As he overcame them and beat them down, He grew in wealth and in wide renown.

But his heart was cold, He forgot to feel; His chilling smile had the glow of steel, His brain grew keen and his face grew hard, As he stood a victor, seamed and scarred.

Then his words were treasured throughout the state, And men followed and called him great; But he smiled when his thought of the country boy, And he sneered at love as a childish toy.

Sometimes in the fire, when God thinks best, We shall lay us all in sorrow and care; We'll forget all the ranking pains in our breast, And lay ourselves calmly down to rest, Lolling our heads on the pillow of fate.

'Tis so easy to say "I am weary and worn," But so hard to be patient and brave; 'Tis a thought full of joy we shall not always mourn, But we had thought that crosses must ever be borne All our pathway this side of the grave.

Be firm, there's an end to all toiling some day, An end to all heartache and strife; Forer and after our life-ships will lay, We'll be done, sometime in the far away, With life and the closes of life. —ANON

Books and Magazines. Danohoe's Magazine for September has among its contents an illustrated article on the pope at Home, which will be found of interest by all classes of readers. The first of a series of papers on Buddhism versus Christianity, by Mgr. Chas. de Harlez, promises to throw a great deal of light on the erroneous ideas that the former mixture of beliefs has any claim to be considered, either in point of antiquity or otherwise, with the faith of Christendom. Another interesting illustrated article treats of the Passion Play in America, the scene being at Kampoop, B. C. Mary B. O'Sullivan writes on Boston's Pauper Babies and Mary Elizabeth Blake has a second paper on Leaders of Men. Michael J. Dwyer discusses opportunities, and there are many other readable articles, poems, and timely notes on current events of interest. Price 25 cents. All newsdealers.

It is Really Useful. Whittaker & Co., the well known insurance agents, have sent PROGRESS a neat and useful advertising device, in the form of a wall thermometer. Unlike a good many kinds of advertisements, in the way of calendars and the like, it is as good for one year as for another, and is a very convenient addition to the office or household.

Is Your Hair Grey? "To restore faded or grey hair to its original color" is one of the virtues claimed for Ramsdell's Cure for Dandruff, an advertisement of which appears in PROGRESS this morning. Mr. Ramsdell has met with much success in these preparations and has finally placed them on sale. Every druggist has them and they are manufactured at 87 Charlotte street.

Hot Water Before Breakfast. A prominent physician has declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia if taken before break-

fast, and will ward off chill when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold if taken early in the stage. It will relieve nervous headache and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is efficacious for sprains and bruises and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts "wrinkles flee from it and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

DECEASED TO HANG HIM. How a Texas Horse Thief Got Clear of The Intemperate Citizens.

It's a well known fact in Texas, that "Buck" Kilgore, ex-Congressman, now judge, used to own the worst horse in his county, and he never owned but one at a time, simply because two horses of such quality couldn't be found in the entire state. A fellow had been caught with a horse in the county adjoining Judge Kilgore's county which he could not satisfactorily account for. The more he tried to explain matters the deeper into the hole he went, until the captors concluded the best way to settle the difficulty was to hang the man and await developments. A very few minutes after this determination the funeral cortege approached the nearest tree, with the man on the stolen horse to make it more impressive. The arrangements for the final scene were completed and the leader was about to hit the horse with his whip to drive him from beneath the culprit, who was attached to the limb of a tree by a rope, when a couple of men rode by and stopped to see the performance. They knew the leader of the party and he invited them to take a hand.

"Why, exclaimed one of them, 'that's "Buck" Kilgore's horse. Where did you come across it?"

"That's the boss the thief stole," replied the leader, "and we thought we'd let him have his last ride on it." And he began to look the animal over. "Are you sure it's Buck's?" he asked after his investigation.

"Of course. Would anybody else have that kind of a boss?"

"Well," admitted the leader, "I reckon you're right, since I come to look at it. You see, we was thinking more about the moral side of the case than of the boss."

Then he turned to his followers. "Boys," he said, "this boss is Buck Kilgore's. You all know what we think of a man in Texas that will steal a boss, and you all know what we think of the kind of horses that Buck Kilgore owns. Now, in the name of justice, I ask you if we ought to hang this man?"

"No, siree, Bob!" yelled the crowd. "What ought we to do with him? I say we ought to take up a collection and give the fellow money enough and time enough to ride the boss clean out of the state. All in favor of that motion say 'Aye!'" And the motion passed with vociferous unanimity.

NAUGHTY LUCILLE. She Tried to Improve the pie by Adding a Flavoring of Soap.

"I've got a 'pie' story to tell, too," said Lucille.

"Once upon a time when I was a very little girl, one of those days happened when everyone in the family seemed to be horrid, Mamma had whipped me, papa had scolded, and big brother had taken my doll. And to cap all, cook was making chicken potpie and wouldn't give me a speck of dough to make little biscuits.

"Well, I got even when cook's back was turned.

"When dinner time came cook brought the pie in with great pride. Mamma helped everybody buy bountifully. Papa took a big mouthful, so did mamma, and so did brother, and oh, what a time followed—such choking, gasping and spitting up. All they cried that they were poisoned. Mamma called cook in a hurry, and cook cried and protested she could not guess what was the matter. Then I spoke up:

"It is not cook's fault. You have all been ugly to me today, so when cook wasn't looking I just dropped a big piece of soap in the middle of the pie before she baked it."

"Well, the deepest impression I have is that made by mamma's slipper. I couldn't sit down for a long time. And somehow, I've never cared for chicken pot-pie since."

Three Scientists in Trouble. Three scientific black gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday-school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism. They belonged to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate.

In their defence they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the body, the hand, leg, and heart, with which to make medicine called "ju-ju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperi country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for forty-eight hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

Ten Thousand Rats. A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriars' Docks. As the buildings, which were... the water's edge, were burning, a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. About ten thousand of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment and were carried down the stream and drowned.

Fuzzles The Chinese. One of the little things that puzzle the Chinese who wish to become a Christian is shown by Dr. Morrison, author of "An Australian in China." The American protestant mission sells Chinese wall calendars with Scriptural texts and with Sundays

marked, and in the same places a calendar of the Seventh Day Adventists is sold with Sunday on a different day.

Pointing Out Friends At Court. HALIFAX, Sept. 12.—There will be no more releases of prisoners from Rockhead, till the sentences are worked out. This is consequent upon the exposure of Alderman O'Donnell's conduct at the city prison in liberating Edward Smith. But aldermen and others continue their attempts to secure the liberation of prisoners prior to their arraignment before the stipendiary. These people coax and cajole, but now generally without avail. The prime worker in this business was "Neddy" O'Donnell, but since a row he had with the chief of police on this very matter he has not been seen in the station. The crop of these intercedors does not fail, but signs are apparent, that is becoming less, and there is hope that long continued disappointment will eventually extinguish it. If this ever occurs it will be so much the better for the class that fall into the clutches of the law, and I will certainly be more pleasant for the police who hate to retuse.

Pointer for Chief Clerk. HALIFAX, Sept. 12.—Here is a pointer for Chief Clerk regarding the enforcement of the liquor license law in St. John, when inspector Mackassey of this city was systematically neglecting his duty Chief O'Sullivan took up the cudgels of the law enforcement. In one year he brought over 100 actions against illegal or illicit liquor sellers and he but rarely failed to obtain a conviction. The chief's work should all have been done by the inspector, and it mads Mr. Mackassey's position so notorious that it was not long ere the city council found that it could not withstand public opinion, and the inspector had to go and give place to another man who professed to be willing to do his duty. If the law permits, let Chief Clark go ahead, and let Inspector Banks do likewise.

A Clatter On The Stairs. A house in Cologne has two horses' heads carved in wood affixed to it; the legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault to rob the dead. But the lady was only in trance and the touch of the would-be thief aroused her. She arose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea, "I would as soon believe my two horses should be aroused her. She arose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea, "I would as soon believe my two horses should be aroused her. 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Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST. That is the Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. Sheraton & Whittaker.

Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes.

"Cravenette" THE POPULAR WATERPROOF CLOTH FOR LADIES' GARMENTS.

THE BIRBECK Investment, Security and Savings Co., OF TORONTO. WHY PAY RENT? The Birbeck Co will assist you to OWN YOUR HOME.

There is not a person to chronicle this week in the way of social news, as no doubt everybody is saving themselves for the exhibition. There have been two large receptions given this week, one by Mrs. (Bertha) Sturdee on Tuesday afternoon and the other by Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis on Thursday. Both ladies dispensed hospitality in the most graceful and charming manner so that the reception could not be other than pleasant. Mrs. Sturdee was the more fortunate in regard to weather as the afternoon was very bright and fine, but Mrs. Jarvis's was not quite so well off as on Thursday the weather was not all that could be desired. However I believe both are spoken of as among the most successful events of the season.

Mrs. Alan H. Wetmore will receive her wedding callers on Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th, at 57 Queen street. Miss E. M. McDuffie left this week to resume her studies as a teacher at a school in Buffalo. Rev. L. G. MacNeil was quite ill this week, but is now much better. Mr. B. Ingle, of London, Ontario, is visiting city friends. Rev. J. H. Erb of San Antonio who has been spending a short time with relatives in the province was her for a short time this week. Rev. G. O. Gates is having a three weeks vacation which will be spent in the United States and Nova Scotia. Miss Fessie Ferris, Acadia street, entertained a number of young friends at tea last Saturday afternoon.

Dr. J. H. Morrison, was in St. Andrews a short time lately. Mr. W. E. Raymond was also there for a few days lately. Mr. and Mrs. James Clerk and Mrs. Bartheaux of St. John have been visiting Claremont, N. S., as guests of Mrs. Norman Ramsey. Miss Kendall is spending a short time in Bridge water, N. S. Miss Annie DeForest is in Bridgewater the guest of her friend, Miss Lillie Fowler. Mr. E. J. Wetmore who has been quite ill is rapidly improving. Mr. and Mrs. John Hicks of Bridgewater were here lately with their two sons, Messrs. Herbert and Harry Hicks. Mrs. James S. McGivern was called to Bridgewater this week by the sad news of her sister Mrs. Marshall's death. Judge and Mrs. Warren of Malden, Mass., were here for a day or two lately. Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson spent last week in Windsor, guests of Mr. Woodworth at "Clifton."

Mrs. Day and children have been paying a visit to Digby as guests of Miss Radlo. Mr. C. D. W. Smith and son of Windsor were here for a short time last week. Miss Danfield who has been visiting in Hampton has returned to the city. Mr. and Mrs. B. Huntington and Miss Grace Huntington have returned from a visit to Shediac. Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgett, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Dunn at Hampton. Mrs. Roman and her two daughters went to Chicago this week and will make their future home there. Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Hooper, Mrs. Chas. S. Everett and Master Everett who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith in St. Andrews returned home this week. General W. H. Brown of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Brown are visiting friends in the city. Mr. Alan Wakeling left Friday on a trip to Boston. Mr. William J. Paine, Mr. J. C. Lake and Mr. J. Mills went to Kings Co., the first of the week on a fishing expedition. The Misses Logue of Millidge street gave a pleasant party last week for the entertainment of their cousin Mr. John Logue of Boston. Dancing was the chief amusement and refreshments were served; the party dispersed about 9.30 a. m. Among the guests were Mrs. Farren, Miss Agnes Harrington, Miss M. Harrington, Miss M. McMillan, Miss T. Quinn, Miss S. Morris, Miss M. McManus, Miss M. Mahon, Miss M. Landon, Miss Lloyd, Miss K. Buckley, Messrs. J. E. Duffy, Allan Sterling, James Morrison, J. McMahon, Edward Wall, J. Quinn, J. P. Quinn, John Lloyd, Wm. McMillan, J. Harrington, Wm. Harrington, P. Morris, M. Carranagh, H. Logue, Mr. Farren, Charles Brown, J. Conahan. Miss Paris is in St. Stephen visiting Miss Alice Todd. Miss Carson is visiting Mrs. Robert Carson at Grand Harbor. Mr. Charles McCuskey has been spending a vacation in St. Stephen. Mrs. Peters of Montreal, formerly Miss Hennessey of Fredericton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Berry, Douglas avenue, and is accompanied by her little daughter. She expects to leave for home next week. Miss Minnie Grogan has returned from a visit to Woodstock, where she was the guest of Miss Gibson. The marriage of Miss Maude Dearborn, and Mr. A. H. Wetmore of MacAulay Bros, was quite a surprise to their friends in this city as no talking of it had got abroad. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. C. Matthews at the Methodist parsonage on Sunday evening and on Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore returned to St. John and have taken up their residence at 57 Queen street where they will be pleased to see their friends next week. Miss Mamie Allan who has been visiting in the city returned last week to her home in Woodstock. Miss Florence Wilson returned last Friday from a visit to Moncton and Salsbury friends. Miss Mary Bray has returned to her home, Hope Hill, after quite a lengthy visit here and in Sussex. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferris and child, of Boston are visiting Mrs. W. F. Barnhill at Fairville. Mrs. Eastwood and Miss Jessie Eastwood of New Glasgow who have been visiting in the city returned home last week. The bazaar at St. Peter's hall, is engrossing the attention of the North end people; the hall is very prettily decorated and there is a splendid display of plain and fancy work. The ladies in charge of the various tables are Misses Annie McEde, Maggie Driscoll, Mrs. J. Corkery, Mrs. Hurley, Misses Jennie Loyd, Jennie Bailey, Martha Lynch, Maggie Tierney, M. Murphy, K. Doherty, M. Driscoll, Minnie Hogan, Lizzie Dalton, Misses Quinn, Miss Hill, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Berry. The fair was formally opened on Monday evening by Mayor Robertson and the attendance was very large. Mrs. Murphy and family of New York are visiting at the Willows. Judge and Mrs. Vanwart and Judge and Mrs. Forbes spent Saturday at Rothesay. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Page and their daughter, of Fort Kent were visitors here this week. Hon. William Pugsley left a week ago on a trip to Winnipeg. The wedding took place on Monday morning at six o'clock of Miss Alice Stewart and Mr. J. A. Burrill. The ceremony took place at Calvin church Rev. Mr. Rainnie officiating. The bride and her maid Miss A. Miller were very tastefully and prettily attired. The groom was supported by the bride's brother Mr. James Stewart. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father on Waterloo street and Mr. and Mrs. Burrill received the congratulations of the guests. Among the many presents received by the bride was a magnificent one from the Calvin

READING maketh a full man. Conference a ready man. Writing an exact man. And JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF a strong man. All the strength-giving qualities of Prime Beef are present in JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF in a form available to all, as very little vital energy is needed in the process of perfect digestion and assimilation. Extracts of Beef are void of all nutrition.

NO = = Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. Excellent for the Complexion. As Supplied to Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN. For sale by all reliable dealers.

A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgecombe Carriage Factory. English Dog Cart, A CUT UNDER. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small Handsomely built by.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL. Sole Agent for the Province. Telephone 525.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FO ADVERTISING SOCIETY NEWS AND PRESS AND SPORTS)

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places:
Kemp's Book Store, 24 George street
Wheeler & Co., 24 Barrington street
Upton & Co., 111 Hollis street
Lester & Co., 111 Hollis street
Wheeler & Co., 111 Hollis street
Wheeler & Co., 111 Hollis street

SYDNEY.

PROGRESS is for sale in Sydney by John McKinnon and G. J. McKinnon.
Sept. 10.—The event of last week was at the home given by Mrs. M. Dodd at "Holloway."

PARRBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at the Parrboro Book Store.
Sept. 12.—Mr. Robert Cowans and his family who have been spending the summer months at Kennerly took their departure the first of September.

PUGWASH.

Sept. 12.—Miss Gertrude O'Brien of Boston is visiting friends in town.
Mrs. E. Hinkley and the Misses Hinkley returned to their home in Sprague, U. S. last week.

SHEDIAK.

PROGRESS is for sale in Shediac by Fred Ingler.
Sept. 10.—The many friends of Mrs. Bliss Smith are delighted to know that she and her daughter Miss May have returned to their old home after many months absence.

BARRINGTON.

PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.
Sept. 11.—On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Townsend gave the use of their spacious home and pretty grounds for a garden party under the auspices of the Willing Workers of Christ which proved a most successful and highly enjoyable event.

BRIDGEWATER.

Sept. 9.—The Odd Fellows tournament, which took place here on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was a success and brought a large number of people to town.
The ball held at the court house on Thursday evening, went off with great éclat, although it was not as generally attended as was expected. There were a great many strangers present and the ladies looked remarkably well.

COMFORT.

When driving to have comfort your carriage must have easy springs and cushions and backs. You must feel that everything is safe and not likely to break, bolts must be tight and no unpleasant noise or rattle. These are all secured in our carriages.

PRICE & SHAW,

222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

many points of interest in England Ireland and Scotland.
Miss Helen Shaw has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithson and Miss Smithson have returned to Ottawa.

Mr. T. W. Longstaff has gone to visit his mother in Liverpool, N. S.

Mrs. Healy of Yarmouth is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burnham.
Mrs. Day and children of St. John up at a new date this week guests Miss Reddock.
Mrs. W. S. Gilpin has moved with her family to Wolfville. A large circle of friends will miss Mrs. Gilpin and Miss Lottis from among them, but it is to be hoped their stay in Wolfville will not be very long.

GREENWICH.

Sept. 10.—Elinwood has still a large number of guests who are enjoying its comforts and the beauties of September; among the visitors there are, Mr. and Mrs. John White and Miss Jean, Mrs. Lawrence of Boston, Mrs. Skinner and Miss Beatrice, Mrs. Miles Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Barton Gandy and children, Miss Wright, Miss Thomas and Mrs. Helen Robertson has gone to Halifax to spend the month of September.

ST. GEORGE.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.
Sept. 10.—Prof. Dunham and family have returned to their home in Baltimore.
Mrs. George Knight, from N. S., is visiting Mrs. Armstrong.

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in Truro. He was accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Guy Han on, who has been spending a few days here.

Mr. J. B. Pattillo's many friends are glad to know that he is able to move again after his long and severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. Pattillo leave this week for an extended tour through the provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Vison and daughters have returned from a pleasant trip to Cape Breton.

Miss Alice Nelson, who has been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Foster, leaves this week for her home in Miramichi, N. B.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roberts are visiting relatives in Halifax.

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Miss Beulah Chipman who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. C. A. Black, Havelock street, returned to her home in Boston last Wednesday.

Miss Ella Hillison is spending a few days in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster of Syracuse, N. Y., visited Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Havers, Victoria street, last week.

Mrs. D. M. Kerr and Miss Grace Kerr of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. James Moffat, Church street.
Miss Maggie Christie went to Wolfville on Friday to resume her studies at Acadia Seminary.
Mrs. H. M. Casfield and children who have been visiting Mrs. Baxter, returned to their home in Truro on Saturday.

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222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

Diffuse Help! In this way. When you see how Pearline has helped you, tell others and let it help them. Where a woman is trying to do household work in the old, hard-working, rubbing way, it's actual charity to tell her about Pearline. Perhaps she uses it for scrubbing, washing dishes, etc., but can't believe that in washing clothes it can save so much work and wear without doing harm. Your personal experience might convince her. That would help Pearline, to be sure—but think how much more it would help her, by saving time and strength and real money.

Barbour's Summer Needlework. Barbour's Prize Needlework Series, No. 3. Much valuable and recent information about lace-making, embroidery and all kinds of needlework is contained in this book. The book is full of practical suggestions. It will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. See that all your Linen Thread carries the above Trade-Mark. Address: THE BARBOUR CO., 225 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Wedding Cakes. We Ship Wedding Cakes All Over the Dominion. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

Minard's Liniment. The best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merit, and is in good repute with the public is that it is extensively imitated. THE IMITATION RESEMBLES THE GENUINE ARTICLE IN APPEARANCE ONLY. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE TWEEN ST. JOHN HALIFAX AND FORT BESSIERE. On and after Wednesday, 2nd July 1895, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:
DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.
Flying Bluebird leaves Yarmouth, 8.00 a. m., leaves Digby 10.00 a. m.; arrives Halifax 3.00 p. m.; leaves Yarmouth 8.15 a. m.; arrives Digby 10.15 a. m.; leaves Digby 1.10 p. m.; arrives Yarmouth 6.10 p. m.; leaves Halifax 8.20 p. m.; arrives Digby 1.30 a. m.; leaves Yarmouth 8.30 a. m.; arrives Digby 10.30 a. m.; leaves Digby 1.30 p. m.; arrives Yarmouth 6.10 p. m.; leaves Halifax 8.30 p. m.; arrives Digby 1.30 a. m.

Help! you see how Pearlino others and let it help woman is trying to do the old, hard-working, my, it's actual charity to at Pearlino. Perhaps for scrubbing, washing can't believe that in ve so much work and rm.

ers and some unscrupulous gro will tell you "this is as good as" the same as Pearlino. IT'S if your grocer sends you an JAMES FYLE, New York.

Atlantic R'y

ULAR AND SHOOT LINE BE St. John Halifax and Eston.

run on Eastern Standard Time.)

After Wednesday, 3rd July 1895, trains

AMSHIP SERVICE: (Double Daily Service.)

at 4.30 a. m.; arr. Digby 8 a. m. 10.15 a. m.; arr. St. John 1.10 p. m. 1.30 p. m.; arr. Digby 4.15 p. m. 4.30 p. m.; arr. St. John 7.15 p. m.

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

leave Yarmouth, 5.00 a. m., 11.00 a. m., arrive Halifax 8.00 p. m. 8.15 a. m.; Digby 10.30 a. m. Halifax, 8.00 p. m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.10 a. m.; leave Yarmouth 1.10 p. m.; arrive Digby 1.30 p. m.; arrive Yarmouth 4.15 p. m. 4.30 p. m.; arrive St. John 7.15 p. m.

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DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, I consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

WINDSOR.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowlton's book store and by F. W. Dakin.]

Sept. 10.—Mrs. Alward and Mrs. Clifford Shand who have been spending several weeks at St. Martin's, N. B., returned home last week.

Mr. P. L. Dimock, Mr. Robert Trapnell and Mr. Clarence Morris, left on Saturday morning to join the Ramblers on their tour through the Province.

Miss Alice Lawson is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. William Moody of Halifax, has been spending a few days with his aunt, Mrs. W. M. Christie.

Mrs. Ryan is spending a few weeks with friends in Halifax.

Rev. Henry Dickie, the pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church, who has been absent six weeks vacation, returned home last week.

Miss Morris and her guest, Miss Crowell of Yarmouth were in Kentville last week.

Miss Payne of St. John who has been visiting Miss Lillian Allison at "Curry's Corner", for several weeks returned home last week.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Curry in the sudden death of their little son which took place on Saturday evening. Mrs. Curry, who has been visiting her mother in Boston, only reached home a few hours before the death of the little one.

Mr. Jamieson of Halifax, has been here for some time as relieving agent in the Halifax Printing Company while the clerks were having their holidays returned to Truro last week.

Miss Leck Shand and Miss Maggie Bouscass spent Sunday in Windsor.

Rev. H. Harvey who has been spending the summer with his daughter in St. John's, Newfoundland, is home again looking much better for his trip.

Dr. Allan Daley, was in Halifax last week.

The Misses Barrs who have been spending some weeks with their aunt, Mrs. Henry Dimock, left this week for their home in Maine, Mass.

The church school for girls opened on Saturday with a large attendance than ever before. The management were compelled to refuse quite a number of applications as they could not accommodate them. There have been several new teachers added to the staff.

Rev. Mr. McEwan's many friends learn with regret that he has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist church. During his six years ministry here he has labored faithfully and has made many friends among all denominations who wish him success in his new field of labor.

Mrs. Stewart who has been spending the summer with her mother in Stewiacke, is home again.

Mrs. William Walsh who has been at "Clifton" for some time left last week for her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Smith of Halifax were in Windsor for Sunday.

Mr. Fred Ouseley has been in Halifax for a few days attending the law examinations.

Mr. Beaman Cox of Jamaica, W. I., is visiting his father, Rev. J. Cox, in Palmouth.

Miss George Keith who has been visiting friends in Berwick is home again.

Mrs. Bradshaw and her family who have been spending the summer in Walpole returned to Windsor last week.

Mrs. James Curry and Mrs. Rufus Curry were in Halifax last week.

Mrs. George Wilcox who has been spending a fortnight visiting friends in Maine, is home again.

Mr. George D. Geldert has gone on a trip to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Crowell of Yarmouth spent a few days in Windsor last week.

Mr. Charles Dubar, who has been in the employ of the late Mr. Carew for several years, has obtained a position in Amherst and leaves for there on Monday.

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this week. Mr. Dubar has made many friends here who wish him success.

Dr. Willetts and family, who have been spending the summer at their farm at Grand Fre, have returned to Windsor.

Miss Maggie Ogilvie left this week to spend the winter with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Ralph Smith returned on Saturday from Moncton, where he had been taking part in the races. Windsor is quite proud of this bicycle rider who, although it is his first year, has done remarkably well as a racer.

Mrs. Walker and little son of Halifax spent some days with Miss Harvey last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sanson left on Friday for a trip through the upper provinces. They will visit Toronto, Montreal and Quebec.

Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. I. Mitchell and Mrs. A. MacKinnon and children who have been spending the summer at "Fairfield," returned to Halifax last week.

Miss Ethel Shand has returned from a visit of several weeks with school friends in North Sydney. Mr. E. H. Dimock is spending his vacation in Boston.

Miss A. E. Robinson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Trueman, in Halifax.

Mrs. M. K. May of Wolfston, Mass., is spending some time with friends in Windsor.

Miss Jennie Burgess has been visiting in London-derry and Truro.

Mr. Harry Anslow of Newcastle, N. B., was in town last week spending a few days with Mr. I. I. Anslow.

Miss Nichols of Berwick is visiting at Mr. John Keble's.

Miss Simpson has returned to her home in Grand Fre, after a visit of several weeks to her aunt, Mrs. Joanna Smith.

Mr. Tom Allison has gone to visit friends in Sydney, N. S.

Mrs. Verne Lockhart has returned from Annapolis, where she has been spending some time with friends.

Mr. J. A. Dickie of Amherst spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Archibald of Sydney, C. B., was in Windsor last week.

Mr. C. D. W. Smith and son were in St. John for a few days last week.

Mr. J. W. Dyer and daughter left town yesterday for Springfield, Mass., where Mrs. Dyer is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. Norfolk.

Mr. A. H. Chandler who was a resident of Moncton, for many years, has lately been residing in New Brunswick, and has returned to the city and is entering upon the practice of his profession as a doctor. Dr. Chandler's many friends and former patients will doubtless give him a warm welcome.

Miss George J. Robb left town on Saturday to spend a two weeks holiday visiting different points along the picturesque North shore of New Brunswick.

Dr. Clarence Webster of Edinburgh who is spending some time at his former home in Shidiac, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Sweeney, at Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. George H. Chandler of Lunenburg, N. S., is spending some weeks in Moncton, the guests of Mrs. Hawkers parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Estabrook.

Mrs. Norfolk, Miss Mabel Norfolk and Master Jack Norfolk, have been spending the summer in Canada, chiefly in Moncton, and returned on Friday for their present home in Springfield, Mass.

The Misses Peter and Hector Landry returned on Friday for their present home in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Florence White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. White of the mechanical department, I. C. B., left town last week to spend some weeks with friends in Halifax.

Mr. Hugh Kawthine of Boston is spending some time in town visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kawthine of Wesley street.

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, Thomson, & Co. and J. A. Craig.]

Sept. 9.—Mr. Nathan M. Crosby, a former well known resident of Yarmouth but now of New York, has been visiting his relatives here and in Ebeon. His wife and daughter have been spending the summer here.

Miss Huntington of Windsor has been visiting Mr. Job Hatfield.

Messrs. W. L. Lovitt, Harold Lovitt and Capt. R. C. Cana have gone to New York for a short trip.

Rev. E. W. Simons, rector of Queensbury and Northampton, N. B. with his bride, formerly Miss Bertie Quinn of Wolfville spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. Hugh Hatfield is home from Boston for a few weeks. His friend, Mr. Herbert York, of Harvard Medical College, is his guest during their stay in Yarmouth.

Quite a number of pleasant parties, dances, etc., have been given of late. A short time ago Mrs. L. E. Baker gave a very pleasant dance at their beautiful residence, "Beacon House." Mrs. J. Walter Holly gave one a few evenings later. On Monday evening Mrs. E. K. Spinney entertained a number of her friends at progressive euchre, and on Thursday evening a very pleasant dance was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunn.

On Friday evening Mrs. Job Hatfield entertained a number of young people at a small dance given for her nephew, Mr. Rob. Easina of Windsor, who is visiting here.

Miss Allison of Windsor, who has been visiting Mrs. N. J. B. Tooker, has returned home.

Miss Kennedy of New York, is visiting relatives in Yarmouth.

Miss Eva Johnson is spending a few weeks in town.

Quite a number of our young people have left to attend school in other places. Miss Flossie Johnson goes to Windsor; Miss Margaret Blagay to St. John; Miss Jean and Louise Easina to St. John; Vincent; Master's Roy Wyman and Ernie Gordon to Wolfville, and Master A. Guest to Horton Landing.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and at Jones Bookstore.

Sept. 11.—Mrs. James McNaughton and children of Dorchester are visiting Mrs. McNaughton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Selig of Weldon street.

Mrs. George C. Allen, who has been visiting her friend Mrs. Lewis Wright of Salisbury, returned home on Friday.

Mrs. F. W. F. Brown, accompanied by her two eldest daughters, the Misses Mary and Madge Brown, left on Thursday for New York, from there to take passage for Switzerland, where the Misses Brown are to attend school. Mrs. Brown will visit relatives in England on her return, being absent in all about six weeks.

Mrs. E. M. Estey who has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McAllister of Bedford street, left on Monday for her home in St. Paul, Minn.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Stronach, a Moncton boy who has made his home in Montreal for the past few years, are glad to see him in town again. Mr. Stronach is spending a few weeks vacation with his mother, Mrs. John Stronach of Highfield street.

Miss Laforgue of Summerside is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. George McSweeney.

Mrs. Arthur Peck and children of Winnipeg are visiting friends in town.

Mr. B. A. Smith who has been ill with typhoid fever, left town last week for his home in Windsor, N. S. last week, to remain until his health is fully restored.

The Misses Urquhart who has been spending a week at Cape, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Ward returned on Thursday from a very pleasant holiday, spent with Mrs. Ward's parents, at Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. Record and sons, of East Medford, Mass., who have been spending some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris, returned home on Thursday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Fleming, who intends to spend some weeks with her son Mr. W. Fleming of Boston.

Mrs. Trenholm, organist of Wesley memorial church, returned last week from a long visit to her home in Point de Buie.

Miss Chipman left town last week for Boston, to spend a few weeks with her brother, Mr. W. D. Chipman of that city.

Mrs. George McSweeney gave a very pleasant little dance on Monday evening, in honor of her sister, Miss Lemay, who is visiting her. There were some 30 guests present, all of whom enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Mr. W. C. Ross of Richmond, Halifax, spent last Saturday in town, attracted hither by the sports at the athletic grounds.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

RELIGION THAT WORKS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY SECT.

Wild Scenes When the McDonaldites Get to a High Pitch of Enthusiasm—A Very Odd Denomination of Christians—Their Origin and What They Believe.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sept. 12.—Prince Edward is and can boast of a province with a soil of unsurpassed productivity and fields of grain and roots unequalled elsewhere in Eastern Canada. But Prince Edward Island has something in the spiritual realm which renders it unique in christendom. There are in the island 3,000 or more of a sect known as "McDonaldites," or "Jerkers," whose practices and doctrines are exceeding strange. If people outside the island knew of the existence and character of this sect they would have a strong additional reason for visiting "the garden of the Dominion."

The "McDonaldites" do not call themselves by that name. They say they are prebyterians—the only Simon Pure kind, tracing their present history back to the advent of Rev. Donald McDonald, who came to P. E. Island from Scotland, sixty odd years ago. Their chief characteristic is "the work" which takes place in them during the period of convulsion, and the joy spells which are subsequently manifested. Presbyterians are Calvinists but the "McDonaldites" are Ultra-Calvinists. In fact they carry the doctrine so far that they become little short of fatalists.

Rev. Donald McDonald's history in Scotland, prior to his coming to this country, is not well known. What his stand was with the church in Scotland is the subject of contradictory stories. People other than McDonaldites are not unanimous in holding that it was good. At all events, when McDonald arrived in P. E. Island he found great sections of the province in spiritual destitution. He began a missionary work, preaching over the long haul and breath of the island. He was fervent, and he was lovable. His free and open manner and his generosity drew the people toward him.

Soon the characteristic which now strangely marks this sect appeared. "The work" was shown. McDonald had known nothing of it before, but he accepted it now as being all right. Then he encouraged its manifestation. That "work" as seen then is practically the same today. The people gathered into churches and were called McDonaldites—by others than themselves. Today there are about 3,000 of them in Prince Edward Island. McDonald has been dead nearly twenty years but the cause is not dead.

A PROGRESS correspondent visited one of the churches recently and had his curiosity gratified in seeing a manifestation of the "work." The church was crowded; the sexes are separated in church, the men sitting at the ministers' left and the women at the right, while a score of elders were seated round the front of the pulpit. The sermon was an hour and a half long. During the progress of its first half there was nothing remarkable except that here and there through the congregation a head was noticed to jerk suddenly forward and then back again. By and by the minister became more impassioned in his discourse. The effect of this was apparent. The erratic motion of the heads became more systematic. They swayed back and forth with increasing velocity. The hair of the women became disarranged. Hats fell off. The subjects of the "works" seemed to become frenzied. Then terror took possession of many. They shouted at the top of their voices, uttering God's name as if in an agony of despair. The convulsions increased in intensity and the minister's voice grew louder. Then one of the elders, whose head had been interminably jerking, as if he were under some dread influence which he was struggling to control, threw up his arms and fell backwards among his fellows with a dreadful yell.

He lay there groaning and crying as if in some awful agony. The "work" seemed contagious, though no McDonaldite so much as turned an eye to see the distress of afflicted co-worshippers. Women by the time, all over the church, were screaming at the top of their voices. They rose to their feet and jumped up and down with an incredible velocity, at the same time clapping their hands and shouting. One young woman, as she danced, turned round facing the congregation and uttering shouts of triumph. Her manifestation was different from others. She had been "delivered" and was experiencing a "joy spell."

One of the most common manifestations of the "work" was the swaying to and fro of the body over the back of the hard seats. The young women fell backward with great force, striking along the broad of the back. Here occasionally a friend showed some consciousness of what was going on and kindly put an arm along the back of the seat to make the momentum of the blow less terrible. The screaming and shouting, and stamping, had made the minister's voice inaudible, yet he never moved a muscle which would show that anything unusual was going on. The deafening noise made no difference to him. He kept on the even tenor of his way, just as if every word was heard, whereas not one in the church knew what he was saying. Women's hats were thrown back on the floor and other pieces of wearing apparel were cast off in the distance. The elder on the front took another fit, and the handkerchief he held in his hand went flying to the centre of the church, as once more he fell backwards prostrate.

From twelve to twenty persons in various parts of the church were in paroxysms. Often a hundred or more, especially at communion seasons, are affected at once. As time wore on a lull came. The women who had experienced the "work" were seen to be thoroughly exhausted, pale and breathless. Yet it was ludicrous to see some of the younger subjects of the "work" taking the opportunity, as they bowed, to re-arrange their millinery. The minister kept on with his preaching. Outbreak after outbreak of this kind occurred, and in an hour and a half the sermon was over.

Then came the singing, the old Gaelic style. The elders led, one of them rendering a line and the others joining in, all in unison. The "work" broke out again in modified intensity. Prayer came, and it continued without a batment. After two hours and a half had slipped away the service ended, and not one of those McDonaldites thought it had been long.

The McDonaldites are seen in their extreme peculiarity at communion services. A sacrament Sabbath at Cape Traverse, for instance, will never be forgotten by the visitor who sees it.

When Rev. Mr. McDonald died, some 18 years ago, the sect he had established continued to flourish, though it now does not more than hold its own in point of numbers. There are three McDonaldite ministers in the island, who spend their whole time travelling over the country and preaching, as often as they can, in the twenty three churches of the sect. Rev. Mr. Goodwill, who was once a missionary of the presbyterian church in the South Sea Islands, is the senior minister, and man of most influence among them. He has accumulated wealth during his preaching tours, and is said to be worth over \$30,000. Assisting him are two others, Rev. Messrs. Campbell and McLean. The contributions of the people are solely devoted to the maintenance of these three, and to defray the small expense of keeping up the churches throughout the island. It is said that when Mr. Goodwill took charge he did not believe in "the work"; a section of the people were so strongly convinced of this fact that they broke off from the main body, calling themselves "Robetsites."

Another strange thing about the McDonaldites is their belief that once a man is converted and has experienced the "work," he may sin as much as he likes, and yet be saved. The wrong doing of such a person is merely a "sin of the flesh" and not of the spirit, and despite all shortcomings the spirit cannot but be saved. If a man is to be saved he must be saved and cannot help being saved, say the McDonaldites, even in spite of himself. If he is not to be saved he can do nothing for himself, no matter how much he might like to. They are ultra Calvinists of the most pronounced type. This view in regard to sin does not contribute to any greatly improved morality, and it cannot be claimed that the McDonaldites are any better in their morals, if indeed they are as good, as their neighbors of other churches, who make less pretensions to sanctity of soul, and who scorn the "work."

A layman among the McDonaldites is not allowed to preach or exhort. That is reserved exclusively to the three ministers who have been trained in presbyterian colleges. Lay members of the sect must confine themselves to praying or singing. Their prayer-meetings they often continue till midnight, and even till 2 o'clock in the morning. They will pray as long as there is any one to be prayed for.

Regarding the "work" one important fact is to be mentioned. It is that the McDonaldite thinks that without it a man cannot be saved. If it does not appear in the usual violent outward form it must take place inwardly. Members of other religious bodies may be saved, but only through "the unenvoiced mercies of God."

Such, then, are the McDonaldites of Prince Edward Island as seen today—a peculiar people, who are to be found solely in the country districts, and a sect whom the visitor cannot fail to be interested in seeing, in any one of their twenty-three churches, to be found chiefly in the central and western parts of the island.

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ELEPHANTS LOVE Grog

INSTANCES OF THE PREFERRED TASTE THEY HAVE.

They Will Take Whiskey Whenever They Can Get It and Will Die for the "Sake of a Drink"—Other Examples of their Great Sagacity—Their History in America.

Elephants love whiskey. That is the testimony of elephants men generally, though all are familiar with the good old temperance argument that no animal will touch alcohol, except degenerate man alone. George Conklin, who has charge of the herd of twenty-four elephants with the Barnum & Bailey show, and who ought to know the animal pretty well, since he has handled large numbers of them for the past twenty-five years, says that he never found one that did not like his tipple, and that the love for the stimulant is not confined to the male elephants, but is just as strong in the females. No instinct of modesty teaches them that they ought to be superior to their stern-serious companions, and they will swing off a paillol of the good Kentucky product or of Tennessee moonshine with equal gusto. Good old Jumbo, beloved of children in two hemispheres because of his lovely disposition and gentle ways, was a confirmed toper, and never went to bed in his private elephant car without taking his nightcap. The English keeper who travelled with Jumbo from the time he was brought to this country until he met his untimely death at St. Thomas, Ontario, got a quart bottle of good Bourbon county rye every night, and took one three-fingered drink himself; Jumbo drank the rest, and a very moderate drink he seemed to find it. Up to the day of his death he never neglected to ask for more, and to smash the bottle when he failed to get it. That was his one little exhibition of bad temper.

Jumbo had another bad habit that an exemplary elephant whose associates were mainly children ought not to have, and that was an inordinate love for tobacco. A quarter-pound package of cut smoking tobacco always came into the rear car with the whiskey, and the keeper got one pipeful of it. The rest was chewed up and swallowed by the monster elephant. Having taken his whiskey and his tobacco, he would retire and sleep peacefully till morning, unless it happened to be his watch night on the train. Elephants never go to sleep without leaving one of the herd awake to keep watch and give warning in case of intrusion. Go into the big menagerie tent of the show any night after the elephants have gone to sleep, or go into one of the elephants cars on a night run, and you will find that, no matter how quietly and stealthily you have entered, the eye of one member of the herd is upon you, and that you cannot make a movement without being followed by that twinkling, bright little optic. It is probably a jungle instinct which centuries of captivity have not overcome.

Fritz, one of the biggest elephants of the herd, had a chill the other day, and he was given whiskey to cure it. That is the elephant keeper's favorite remedy. Chills and colic are the chief ills that trouble his charges, and whiskey will cure both chills and colic. Fritz got his drink all right, and seemed to be cured, but it was not long before George Conklin passed him again and saw that he was shaking with a terrible chill. Conklin passed along and stepped out of sight of Fritz, and the fellow quit his trembling and went to throwing dust over himself to drive off the flies. When Conklin came back in sight, Fritz began to have a chill again. The keeper watched the huge animal a few minutes, and then said:

"No more whiskey, Fritz." Fritz straightened up, with a reproving look on his face, and went to munching hay, as much as to say, "No more whiskey, no more chills." Conklin believes, as do most all elephant keepers, that the animal can understand what is said to it. Indeed, traillers assert that it has more intelligence than any other animal and that it is the only one that can be taught to mind by word of mouth, without other cues. That it is endowed to a limited extent with reasoning powers, is certain, and one German philosopher thinks he has discovered that this mental development is due to the fact that in the trunk the elephant possesses a prehensile organ similar to the hand of man. The hand, he asserts, has played a more important part in the development of the human intellect than any other agency, since it brings its possessor into more intimate relations with the external world than any other organ. Some menagerie man, with more practical observation than the German philosopher, and a smaller bump of theorizing, has pointed out that the only flaw in this reasoning is that if it is correct the gorillas and chimpanzees ought to have a higher mental development than man, because they have four good hands instead of two, and any one of the four is stronger than the eight hands of four men.

Well-authenticated stories of the sagacity of elephants are so numerous that it

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never necessary to resort to exaggeration to say something interesting about them. In their wild state the leader of a herd has been seen when approaching swampy ground to extend one foot to try its solidity before trusting his weight to it. When satisfied of its firmness he would go confidently on, and the whole herd would follow in single file, cautiously stepping in the footprints of the leader, so that when the entire herd had thus passed the ground would look as if a single animal had gone that way. The same trait of caution is preserved in the domesticated animal. After one of its Brooklyn engagements the show found it necessary to transport its herd of elephants by ferry to Jersey City. Before any of the big brutes would venture upon the deck the leader had to rap the solid planks with his trunk to satisfied himself of its strength. Then he tested it by placing first one foot, then a second, and finally a third upon it, and eventually he trusted the weight of his whole body upon it, and walked forward at the command of his keeper. The rest of the animals followed their leader without hesitation, placing their feet exactly where he had put his.

The action is not the result of training, but a brute instinct always displayed and bearing a striking resemblance to reason. When Jumbo tried to butt a fast freight off from the Grand Trunk tracks in an effort to save the baby of the Barnum herd, Tom Thumb, and lost his life in the attempt, it was said that his actions gave unmistakable evidence of reason, though it was poor testimony to his judgement that he so greatly underestimated the force of locomotive. He lived long enough after the crash, however, to see that he could derail a train, even if he could not equal it in power.

In the manner of the food value of different materials the reasoning power of the elephant is very faulty, however. He will eat almost anything that comes his way. If a carman leaves a coat or vest hanging on a quarter pole within reach of an elephant, the big brute will edge over toward it and watch an opportunity when unobserved to touch it with his trunk. Then he will begin to haul it toward him, pulling in rolls of hay and chewing them between times. As soon as the garment is at his feet the elephant will put one of his ponderous five-hoofed pedals on it and begin to tear it up, rolling the pieces in his trunk and stuffing them into his mouth. The sole of a shoe is just as good for him to chew on as a wisp of hay, and his natural instinct of mischief inclines him to prefer that which he knows is forbidden him, even if it is less succulent than a bunch of grass. When the show went to Australia, in 1876, one of the elephants was taken violently sick aboard ship and died in terrible pain. The veterinary could not determine what the matter was, until one of the grooms coaxed that he had left his vest hanging within reach and the poor animal had eaten it, with all that the pockets contained, and they were stuffed with a various assortment, including a box of matches and a bottle of medicine. Matches, medicine, glass, and all had been crushed between the long molars and swallowed.

The first elephant brought to America for exhibition purposes was "Old Bet," and it has often been remarked that the American circus was built on her shoulders. Different accounts fail to agree in regard to the date of her importation, which is placed all the way from 1776 to 1833 by different writers of old-time reminiscences. Old Bet was brought over in the ship America, of which Capt. Crowningshield was master, and she landed according to the harbor records, in Philadelphia in April, 1798. She was but five feet high, and the sum of \$10,000 was paid for her, the largest price that had been paid up to that time for any animal, either here or in Europe. She was exhibited in Philadelphia and astonished the public daily by drawing the corks from thirty bottles of beer and drinking the contents. On the 20th of June, 1799, she passed through New York on the way to Boston. In the advertisements her amiable qualities were highly extolled, but a postscript informed visitors that they had better leave valuable documents at home, as the elephant had taken many papers from the pockets of the owners and chewed them up. In this display of playfulness

Old Bet was not unlike Jumbo, who had a habit of astonishing ladies who came into the tent of hot days by reaching out and taking their palm-leaf fans in his trunk and stuffing them, with a great cracking and smashing into his mouth. Old Bet had been bought on the community plan by a number of farmers of Putnam county, N. Y., at the instance of one Ludwig Bistadler, each mortgaging his farm and putting \$500 into the venture. They exhibited her under wagon sheds at hotels by putting a piece of side canvas up in front of the shed. The admission was 25 cents for adults, and 12½ cents, or a York shilling, for children. This gigantic zoological institute, as the caravan was called, travelled east as far as Pawtucket, R. I., where the elephant, in spite of its docile disposition, was shot and killed. As the "institute" contained no other attractions, the show closed. The same proprietors then procured a second elephant, which they also called Old Bet, and they enlarged their exhibition by adding to the collection a lion and a two-horse cage, and one monkey in a box strapped on to the hind end of the lion's cage. The second Old Bet landed in 1833. Following her to these shores the next day a steamer to arrive seems to have been Mogul, a very big fellow with long tusks, who was burned on the steamer Royal Tar between St. John N. B. and Portland, Me.

Elephants arrived in considerable numbers after that, and became plentiful in this country. The greatest number ever known here was collected for the Barnum-Bailey show. When the rivalry between that show and Adam Forepaugh became very hot, the management of each sent all over the world to buy elephants. When Forepaugh bought half a dozen Barnum bought ten, and the herds grew so large and so many elephants were brought into the country that the crazy died in the animals fell in price. This season Manager Bailey, who owns now both the Barnum and Forepaugh herds, has gathered the trained members of each together and placed them with his show, making a herd of twenty four, all trained for the ring.

Elephants, there is every reason to believe, are, like the American bison, fast disappearing. In 1886 a worker in ivory in Sheffield, England, endeavored in all seriousness to figure out how long the elephant would last. His own house, he believed, had the one; he used 1,280 pair of tusks, which meant the killing of more than that number of animals, for not every elephant yields two tusks to the ivory hunter. That the African species is fast disappearing there is little doubt. There are many elephants in Ceylon, and from that island most of those which are displayed in travelling menageries and in zoological gardens come. The showman has very little use for the African elephant, because he is less intelligent than his Indian cousin, and much meaner in disposition. The African elephant is the long-legged and smaller bodied animal. Jumbo, who was a half breed, had the long legs of the African and the large body of the Indian elephant. Jumbo was undoubtedly the largest of all elephants, standing twelve feet eight inches in height. The largest elephant remembered in India was one ridden by the Viceroy in 1880, which stood ten feet four inches. Col. Belock records that the King of Burmah had secured white elephant which was two inches taller. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DIED AT HIS POST. The Story of How a Lad saw His Opportunity and Embraced it.

I remember a story that a pilot told me, of which he was the hero, says a writer in Harper's Round Table. He did not tell it boastfully, but in a simple, quiet way, and not before a great deal of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. We were standing at the time on the lower deck of a ferry-boat belonging to the line upon which he was then employed. Pointing to a young boot-black who was industriously polishing away, he said: "At one time I polished boots the same as the youngster is doing there. I loved the boots and the crowd, more especially I loved to watch the pilot and the engineer at work. To see the latter polishing and oiling his machinery as carefully as a mother would dress a baby was my chief enjoyment. I dare say I knew every part of the engine as well as he did, or at least I thought so, and many a shine I let pass simply to see him work the boat in and out of the slip. This curiosity, or rather interest, on my part stood me in good stead at one time, as you will see. We were unusually crowd-

ed on the trip when my stroke of good luck took place, both gangways running past the engine-room being choked up with horses and wagons. "Most of the drivers had gone forward, and I sat in my usual place on the ledge at the engine-room door alone. Bang! the first bell sounded to reduce her to half speed, and I glanced around to watch the engineer shut off steam. He was sitting facing the engine in his arm-chair, his chin in his hand, and his arm resting on the side of the chair. I was surprised to see that he made no move, and thinking he was asleep, I ran in to shake him. By this time the pilot evidently thought something was wrong, and the big bell sounded twice, meaning as you probably know, to stop the engine. I could not make the engineer move, and, without hesitating, I stepped across to the engine, and grasping the wheel, I shut off the steam and disconnected the eccentric. "Of course the engine stopped, and the pilot, thinking everything was all right, commenced to send down his signals. I was a little frightened—more at the idea of my working the big engine than at making any mistake, for I knew exactly what to do. Well, we had some trouble making the slip, and I had to back her out. I can tell you, working that lever bar was no easy job. Then came the sharp tinkle for full speed, and shortly I had her well into the river. Then came the bells to stop her and again to reverse and go ahead once more. "By that time I was very tired, but no longer nervous, and when we again neared the slip and the welcome bell to stop the engine sounded, I was very glad. The double signal to back water came, and I pushed the lever bar up and down twice before I got my last signal to stop. When I heard the rattle of the chains as they tied her in the slip I was worn out, and it seems to me I must have fainted, for when I came to it was in the presence of the pilot and some of the officers of the line. They told me the engineer had died of heart-disease; and in recognition of my services they placed me at school and granted my ambition to become a pilot as you see."

The Ant's Suspension Bridge.

You have heard of the suspension bridges made by men. Now let me tell you of a curious one made by some of the smallest creatures that live.

Men use wire ropes, very strong; but there are the driver ants of Africa, so small that you can hardly see them. Yet they do wonderful work at making bridges without any rope.

This is the way they go about it. One of the largest ants takes hold of the branch of a tree with its fore legs, letting his own body hang down. Thus they keep on until these bright little fellows form a chain.

Then away they go, swinging until the end ant can get hold of something, usually some tree or shrub—and the bridge is done!

A regiment of ants goes over this live suspension bridge. When all are well over, the ant on the first tree lets go the branch and climbs over the string. The next one follows this example, and pretty soon they all take their places at the rear end of the marching company. These ants have big heads and they must have a good deal of brain to help them.—Mrs. G. Hall, in "Christian Advocate."

PERHAPS

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AN OLD HERO.

"I—oh, dear! I don't want to go to Henley at all," sobbed Maud Witherington, miserably. "Come, come, old sis, you'll like it when you're there. You'll see him rowing, you know," answered Mabel, in a consoling tone.

"But I don't want to see him rowing I never want to see him under any circumstances again. It—it—only makes it harder to bear, now that—that—everything is over between us."

"I'm sorry for you, Maud, dear," exclaimed Mabel, placing her arm around her sister's waist and trying to kiss away some of the tears which were coursing down her cheeks. "But you must try to take a more cheerful view. Perhaps papa will relent."

"Papa will never relent. He can't relent. You—you—know as well as I do that—that—his circumstances make that impossible. Besides, I'm engaged to—to—Old Scratch. That is why papa insists on my going today, because Old Scratch is coming. I—I—hate Old Scratch! And I wish I was dead!" finished up Maud, with energy.

"I am sure," said Mabel, with confidence, "that Mr. Spilshank is a gentleman, and that if he were to learn the state of your feelings he would immediately release you from your engagement. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Yes, I think he would. But—but—I can't tell him. I—I promised papa; and—and—I'm in honor bound to keep the secret. Besides, it—it—I were to tell him, and we were to break off the engagement, papa would—would—at once bring down one of his horrid Stock Exchange friends—somebody much worse than Old Scratch—and insist upon my accepting him. Oh, it's cruel—it's a shame—to be placed in this position. I—I—wish I was the ugliest and most unattractive girl in the three kingdoms."

Plain Mabel sighed. She would have been quite contented to relieve Maud of her burden of good looks had such a readjustment been possible. Perhaps, also, she did not think it any great hardship to be engaged to Old Scratch—a jolly, well preserved gentleman, who was not yet past the prime of his life, and had some £15,000 per annum to his fortune. It was not as though he were a man of objectionable or tyrannical character. Quite the reverse. He was a kind-hearted, courteous, considerate gentleman, against whom nobody could find a word to say.

The nickname "Old Scratch" which had stuck to him ever since the young manhood, had arisen in reference to his reputation as a sculler. For four successive years he was champion of the Thames; and in every handicap for which he entered he was always placed on the scratch mark. He had along ago given up these aquatic contests, except in the character of spectator and mentor to young aspirants.

Maud's engagement to this amiable gentleman came about in the following way: Her father a stock broker in a large way of business, about a year previously had met with a run of unlucky speculations, which crippled him considerably. Instead of giving up his large house and his expensive way of living, he embarked on some highly risky financial operations in the hope of bringing off a coup. The usual results followed. He landed himself in worse difficulties.

About this time a wealthy stock jobber of his acquaintance—Fladby by name—began to evince a partiality for Witherington's younger daughter, Maud. The girl had already given her affection to Charles Milligan, the famous Oxonian, whose prowess as a sculler had already made him a public character. He was a handsome, manly young fellow, twenty-three years of age, but unfortunately the possessor of a diminutive income. While things went well with him Witherington permitted the little affair between these two young persons to continue; but when he became hard hit and it was a matter of serious moment to him to introduce money into his family, he at once put a stop on Charlie Milligan's visits.

Maud protested with tears. Her father took her into his study and "talked to" her. He cordially to her precise position (or as much of it as suited his purpose), painted in harrowing colors the consequences of her refusal to comply with his wishes—that was to encourage Fladby—and finally appealed to her better feelings, as his child, to save his own gray hairs and his family name from irretrievable disgrace.

Fladby was a gilded vulgarian, a pompous, conceited fellow, rising fifty, but spicing the dress and manners of thirty. She hated his sensual face and his affected airs. His coarse and fulsome compliments disgusted her. When he attempted love making he simply moved her to loathing. What might have occurred had matters in this direction reached a critical point, it is impossible to say. Before Fladby had actually proposed for Maud's hand another admirer turned up. He was a man whose acquaintance Witherington made one day at the club, and whom having learned that he was wealthy, he took care to cultivate by asking him to his house.

This man, whose name was Spilshank, had not been at Witherington's half a dozen times before his admiration for Maud grew apparent. He was in every way an improvement on Fladby. The upshot of it all was that Fladby—to his huge chagrin—received a peremptory conge, and Maud in her thankfulness to escape from that atrocious monster, made less difficulty than her father expected about accepting Spilshank's offer.

Witherington was greatly annoyed when Old Scratch announced his intention of taking them all down to Henley to see the races for the diamond sculls.

"Wouldn't he prefer to go on one of the other days?" suggested the stock broker. "Oh, no," said Spilshank. "Not the same thing at all." He especially wanted to see the famous Charles Milligan—the man who held the same position in aquatic as he himself had done twenty-five years back. Therefore, if it was all the same to Mr. Witherington, he would much prefer to make the excursion on that one particular day.

came abreast, the two competitors. Milligan was lead by a length. His manly frame looked superb in rowing costume. How beautifully and with what ease he sculled. The other man, a Cantab, was now in distress. Milligan went as fresh as paint. He simply had the race in his hand. But he spurred just for the finish and passed the winning post three lengths in front.

"Well sculled—well sculled, indeed, Charles Milligan!" thundered a hearty voice at her elbow, and two powerful hands began to clap with a noise resembling the report of a pistol.

Maud started around, like one awakening from a blissful dream. There stood Old Scratch. He was watching her face. No doubt he wondered why her cheeks were so flushed and her face so strained and eager.

Next morning, shortly after breakfast, Maud was summoned from the girl's boudoir by her father to an interview in his study. She went downstairs with a beating heart, expecting to be scathingly reproved for her conduct at Henley yesterday. But she was agreeably mistaken, for he did not utter a word of rebuke. He did, however, appear to be slightly annoyed, although he found no fault, merely saying with a rather cold intonation, "Maud, Mr. Spilshank has called to see you privately. He is in the drawing room now. You had better go to him once."

"Yes, papa," said the girl, turning upon him a look half frightened, half imploring, of her large black eyes.

Her father took no notice of the look. He turned away and busied himself with some letters. Maud opened her lips as if about to speak. But no words came, and without further attempt to unbosom herself she left her father's presence and went to the drawing room.

Old Scratch stood on the hearth rug awaiting her. "Sit down, my dear," he said to her, wheeling forward an armchair. "I have a little something to say to you, which will take time."

"It's a little story," said Old Scratch at length, smiling gravely. "Once upon a time, my dear, there lived a fine young fellow and a pretty charming girl, who loved one another devotedly. But the young man had no money, and his sweet-heart's father, being in difficulties, urged her, compelled her, I may say, to give up her poor lover and to accept the attentions of a rich old scoundrel. She was a dear, good girl. She acted for the best. She responded to her father's appeal."

"I—I—I!" ejaculated Maud, gasping, and with rosy cheeks. "I—I—"

"Wait a bit, my dear," Old Scratch stopped her gently. "I have not finished yet. This young fellow, in absolute despair at the fate which threatened his love, came to an old friend—and implored his assistance to save the girl. This old friend was a queer, whimsical old fellow. He could have made his favorite, Charles, a present of a plum on the spot, in which the young lady's father would readily have received him. But he chose to do things in his own whimsical way. He loved Charles, my dear, and knew him to be the best youngster in the world, but he didn't know the young lady, and he wanted to be quite sure, my dear, that he was worthy of his favorite. So this curious, roundabout old fogey, knowing that his great wealth would open a certain house to him at will, obtained an introduction to a certain young lady's father, and soon appeared himself in the light of that young lady's elder brother. The young lady, having made a promise to her father, was too good a girl to betray a certain little matter to the old fogey, and (for her father's sake) she accepted his proposal—stay, stay, my dear, I haven't quite finished yet."

"Well, this old gentleman soon saw that Charles's sweetheart was a dear, sweet girl, in every way worthy of him, and it he—the old gentleman—was in any doubt that the girl loved Charles with all her warm little heart, the doubt was dispelled as he stood beside her at Henley yesterday, and watched her charming face when Charles won the diamond sculls."

"So now, my dear, he has given Charles the intended plum; he has made it all right with the young lady's father, and, in short, Charles is waiting for her in the library."

Maud sprang from her chair. She wreathed her arms around the neck of Old Scratch. She kissed him again and again. Tenderly he reassured those entwining arms.

"My dear," he said, playfully, "do not make it harder than it already is for this whimsical old fellow to give up his charming betrothed. He does not like doing it—he 'coen't, indeed. But he recognizes Nature's law, my dear," concluded Old Scratch, a little wistfully, "and has the sense to know that, sooner or later, the youngsters are bound to win."—London Truth.

STRANGE STORY OF A SNAKE.

How It Found Opportunity to Reward Its Human Benefactor.

I once knew a case, wherein a snake displayed not only an unusual amount of affection, but a great deal of courage. It appears that some years ago a professor of natural history from an Eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. I might state that he was a very humane man, and frequently displayed it. One afternoon while walking over a desert, thinking of little but the time he would arrive at camp, he heard a peculiar rattling sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation, and was rewarded by the discovery of a mastodon rattlesnake, which he was on the point of dispatching so as to put it out of misery, as the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn.

In the matter of taking the reptile's life he hesitated, owing to the pathetic and pleading expression in the wounded creature's eyes. It quite unnerved him to commit murder, so he rolled the rocks off and awaited results, which came in the shape of very pronounced gratitude. The delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition

and, having some cotton in his valise, he bound up the wounded part and left the snake as comfortable as possible. The next day he left Yucatan for Guatemala, and was gone over five years. On his return to Yucatan he again had the occasion to pass over the desert, and, greatly to his surprise, encountered the same reptile a few miles from where the previous incident occurred. The recognition was mutual, and the joyful rattler coiled about his leg, licked his hand with a friendly tongue, and showed marked and industrious appreciation. When the professor took up his march again the snake followed him, and even insisted upon getting in the wagon and becoming a regular occupant.

"Look here, Edgar, ain't you going a little too far with that yarn?" inquired a friend.

"Not as far as the snake is going. To continue: He finally got back East, and had for a traveling companion the snake, which was allowed to wander at will. As a natural consequence the professor and his dumb companion became the best of chums, and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with his snake gliding along beside him. Well—now here comes the real point of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake down stairs in the dining-room he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass, followed by the falling of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sounds of strife. Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor was a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake, in order to display its presence of mind, had its tail out of the window."

"What for?" inquired a listener in breathless excitement.

"Rattling for a policeman."—San Francisco Call.

THE MONKEY GOT THERE.

Had a Tussle With a Venomous Reptile and Rubbed its Head off.

The wilds of jungle life are full of interesting experiences and afford the curious traveller many strange and peculiar incidents. The only weapons of animal defence and protection are sagacity and instinct.

The bright, sunny plains of India, as well as the low mountain ranges, afford suitable climate conditions for the haunts of numerous hordes of monkeys of many different varieties. They need no training to manifest the mischievous cunning peculiar to their species. I have often watched them for hours, and laughed many times at their playful pranks as they gambled together on the grounds and among the trees.

One day I was much disturbed by the unusual chattering of a troop of these animals a short distance from my bungalow. I proceeded to the scene of their uproar, when they fled in wild disorder, with their young clinging to the females by the neck. I looked around to find, if possible, the cause of their trouble.

In a small tree I soon found a good-sized male specimen left behind, gazing intently towards the roots of the tree. Following the direction of its eyes, I was astonished to see a large cobra, rolled and apparently asleep. Here was the cause of their annoyance. This monkey seemed more daring than his fellows and did not appear the least disturbed at my presence.

My first impulse was to dispatch the serpent with a stout cane. On second thought I concluded to watch the monkey and see what it would do. I never witnessed anything more interesting than the actions of that beast.

He slowly left his perch in the forks of the tree and quietly, with great caution, moved downwards towards the serpent until he had approached within about two feet of the reptile. He looked like a solemn old man, curiously moving his head from side to side as if closely inspecting the object before him. Then he took a firmer hold of the tree with one arm and wrapped his tail closely around the trunk. He reached forth his hand until it was within six inches of the serpent and quickly withdrew it again. I was much excited, and wondered if he knew the danger of his proceeding.

He was playing unknowingly with death? I could scarcely refrain from rushing to the rescue, but resolved to wait the issue and watch the strange proceedings.

The hand of the monkey again moved toward the venomous reptile. Is he going to seize the creature? Thoughts of his danger come and go thick and fast, as almost riveted to the ground I watch with deep emotion. Suddenly, with the quickness of lightning, the monkey grasped the serpent around the neck, close to the head, in such a manner as to render it impossible to inflict its deadly bite, while its body encircled his arm.

The astonishing scene is indescribable. There was loud hissing, mingled with chattering and almost screechings, as the monkey danced and leaped in frenzied delight. With many odd grimaces and queer wrinkling of the brow, the monkey seemed almost frantic. He would stop his wild contortions and seriously examine the head and eyes and protruding tongue, again grin and dance about. But strange movements soon followed.

After a short time of this display of glee, he apparently became tired, and stooping down on three legs, he commenced to rub the head of the serpent on the hard ground. He would rub awhile, then, with much seriousness, examine the head. Then rub it again. Blood began to drip over his hand. This rubbing and examining he repeated again and again, until he had completely rubbed off the head of the cobra. Then, with much chattering and apparent glee, he dropped the writhing body to the ground

SAGACITY OF THE FROG.

He Knew Enough to Fit Himself out With an Aidote for Snakes.

Milton Lake is a good sized body of water at the extreme northwestern section of this city, says a Newark, New Jersey, paper. It is famous for its black bass, turles, and water pilots; and its wooded picturesque shores are a great resort for fishing and picnic parties. At the eastern extremity of the lake is a large dam over which superfluous water empties into the Robinson branch of the Rahway River. Thousands of huge rocks and boulders support this dam, and during a dry spell, when very little or no water is running over the dam, scores of huge, ugly looking, brown-colored water snakes use the rocks for sun baths.

It was at this point that Nick White witnessed a singular scene Monday. He was watching the snakes and had his eye on an old fellow, who, he declares, "had scales on him like a Salamander," when his attention was drawn from the pilot to a frog that was hopping along on the bare ground between the rocks and the river. The frog was nearing the snake, apparently unmindful of his peril, for snakes love frogs and toads. But this frog had evidently "been to school," as subsequent events proved.

"I guess the old snake had one eye open," said Nick, "for as soon as the frog came in reach he sprung for him. The frog, seeing him, essayed to get away, making a high leap toward the water. But the snake was too quick for him and got between him and the water. It was then that the frog manifested his schooling. He picked up a twig about four inches long and held it in its mouth like a bit. I wondered what for, and when I ascertained—"

"I said to myself: 'Nick, that is the smartest frog in the United States.' The snake, lengthening out, opened his jaws and wriggled forward."

"In went the frog's leg and then, after many efforts, the snake got the frog's nose and part of his head in under his jaws, and, which, extending an inch beyond his own jaws, quivered and saved the frog. The snake writhed and wriggled frantically. He relaxed the muscles of his jaws, as does a ducky just after he cuts a watermelon, but all in vain. I laughed so hard and so long, that I became weary in my knees and to sit down and rest before I looked for a club to help the frog out of difficulty. Then I got a big stick and moved quickly down upon the snake, who was too busy to hear me."

"With one strong, well-delivered blow I broke his spine and paralyzed him, and as his jaws relaxed the frog backed out, dropped the twig, looked up at me and gave a croak of thanks. Before I could reach him he gave two leaps and was in his element."

Gold-Linked Rats.

It is said to be a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry stores to fill the rats that infest the buildings and burn their bodies to obtain the gold. Many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time they become impregnated with gold. The rats eagerly devour these rags, and in a few months of this kind of diet fill the intricate mechanism of the rat with gold plating. Twice a year the boys have a grand cremation. The rats are caught by the hundred and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives off all animal substances and leaves the gold in the shape of a button. The amount of the precious metal obtained in this way is not large, but it gives the ingenious youngsters considerable pocket money. In some factories, young napoléons of finance buy up in advance the shares of their fellow-workers in the rat colony.

Caused Literature.

A sealed tin case, which on being opened was found to contain a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," was picked up in the lower part of the Penobscot River, Maine, a few days ago. Enquiry disclosed the fact that in a small town up the river lives an old tennish of literary tastes and some odd ideas, and that it is his custom to enclose all sorts of excellent books in tin cans, tightly soldered, and so constructed as to float easily, and to set them adrift on the river in the hope that they will be picked up by residents of the many islands at the mouth of the river, who are not kept in close touch with culture, or else by sailors. He thinks the peculiarity of the way in which the books reach the readers helps to secure for them a reading.

An Alternative Remedy.

Doctor Manesman, a notable physician of the last century, once published a work entitled "The Physical and Mental Treatment of the Human Body," in which he gave the following cure for mental worry: "Let the sufferer think of the person whom he or she loves best; dwell upon their charms and graces; cogitate deeply upon the affection they bear the one for the other. If this does not have a soothing effect, then let the patient try a small draught of strongly brewed tea, with a lump of ginger in it. The efficacy of this is wonderful!"

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I never could understand why, when a fashion which has been so hideous in itself, and so utterly unbecoming to all who adapted it, as to be a joke to succeeding generations has finally gone out, and become deservedly obsolete, some one with more leisure than sense should spend valuable time in trying to revive it; somehow it makes one think of the time honored newspaper remark that the fool-killer is not attending to his duties properly. We have all of us wondered how our mothers and grandmothers ever consented to disfigure themselves in the days of their youth, with the plain bands of hair they wore smoothed down over their ears, hiding the prettiest part of their faces, and detracting from their charms to an extent no modern belle would ever endure.

Little did we dream that even in our own day some misguided person would actually try to revive that horror of yesternight, but I am very glad to say that the effort has so far met with the discouragement it deserved, the woman of the period having too much good sense, and good taste to destroy her comeliness by hiding her ears, the beautiful natural line in which the hair grows on the temples, in most cases, as well as the temples themselves. So I think we may safely consign the new-of-fashion to the oblivion it deserves.

In speaking last week of the extremes to which the wide skirts are carried, I forgot to mention that skirts are actually worn in New York by the ultra fashionable, which start from a twenty inch belt, and actually spread out to 27 feet at the foot; it seems incredible but it is a fact, and also that some of the skirts really measure ten yards or 30 feet, around the hem; and this in spite of the fact that a five gored skirt measuring four, or four and a half yards around the foot is wide enough for anyone to wear with comfort, and when it gets beyond that width it is simply an eccentricity and of no benefit to anyone. I should be very sorry myself to go back to the sheath skirts of three years ago, with their miserable trick of catching around your feet as you walked, and almost tripping you up at every step; and their still more disagreeable way of getting sagged at the knee almost as badly as men's trousers—but I do dislike to see good material wasted, and I confess that I look longingly back to the winter, only three years ago, when I made myself an entire dress, well cut, and in the height of fashion in every respect, out of three yards of 46 inch blue serge. There were seven yards in my last gown and except the prophetic knowledge of being in the front rank of fashion, I really cannot see that I have much to show for the extra expense.

Although summer is nearly over with us, "The Sidewalks of New York" are still thronged with a bewildering variety of elaborate summer novelties. The weather here is still insufferably warm, and autumn costumes will scarcely be thought of before next month.

But as the end of the summer approaches the materials, though still cool and fresh looking are scarcely as transparent and gauzy, as they were last month. A very favorite costume and one by which the distinctly feminine woman may be picked out from a motley crowd of others fairly, well dressed consists of rough linen, made with very full skirt, the seams overlapped at the foot of the dress and fastened with three or four dull pearl buttons. The upper garment is a very box fronted reefer of the same material, double-breasted, and fastened with the pearl buttons, and opening over a bloused white silk bodice, or a loose fronted shirt waist, in some of the very striking plaids, so fashionable now. A sailor hat of rough straw, with the brim loaded with wild flowers, a chiffon veil tucked neatly under the chin, linen shoes, and linen colored silk gloves, finish a costume which, simple as it is, marks its wearer at once, as one of the inner circle, as it were, the *creme de la creme*.

Many materials that are not linen, resemble it so closely in color and weave that it is difficult to tell the difference, linen color being one of the popular tints of the day. Silver gray is another favorite color, which is very effectively combined with black.

A new seersucker, which resembles the material we used to call seersucker only in name, has been introduced very lately and is far prettier than the cotton crepons with their crinkled stripes, which we thought so lovely when they first came in. The puffed stripes of the new fabric have a brilliant silky appearance, and are separated from each other by bands of lace patterned open work. Dresses made of this, are lined throughout with India silk, and make most charming summer gowns.

Striped goods of all kinds are in great favor, and seem to divide the honors with plaids. Some wide stripes are shown, but the majority are fine, the quality and beauty of the material seeming to increase as the stripes grow narrower, some of the hair-line striped goods being especially lovely.

Many of the new princess dresses either open, or have the effect of opening over a petticoat of different material and color; the skirts hang full in the back, and flare

at front and sides, without the ever present godet plait. When the appearance of being worn over a petticoat, is desired, a box plait on each side of the front breadth gives the desired effect. The sleeves have puffs below the shoulders, and a much frilled fichu is worn with many of them, early as it is, the general style of the new autumn goods has been pretty well defined the edict being that popularity will be pretty evenly divided between materials showing the mohair and alpaca brilliancy of surface and those which are crinkled like crepon. In silks, I am afraid that the day of the soft surah weave is over for the present, all the newest silks being of the taffeta variety, closely woven, glossy and crisp. It is predicted that the day of the round fancy waist is over, and the death knell of the full blouse has rung. I am not sorry for the downfall of the blouse, because I think it was a mistake, and I could never understand its popularity. It was becoming to a very few figures of the sylphlike variety, but a perfect disfigurement to the average and the fancy waist is quite another matter and I fancy we shall not let it go without a vigorous protest. At the very worst it will take at least a year to effect such a revolution, as the downfall of the fancy waist so popular with all classes of women. I must confess that the revival of the Marie Antoinette styles looks more like the doom of the separate bodice and skirt, than any fashion yet, because it would take a very vivid imagination to picture the fair queen wearing the frilled and flounced fichu of which she was so fond, tied over a blouse waist; but may the day be far distant—far enough to allow us at least time to wear out all our pretty skirts, and the blouses which do not match, but on which we have expended so much time, and thought. I wonder why it is that the fashion authorities never can let well enough alone, but no sooner have they evoked a really pretty and sensible fashion which takes with everybody than they search their brains to devise something entirely different which will supersede it.

Woolen goods in canvas wear, very soft, and rich looking, and also very open, are being imported, to be used as a sort of relief from the crepon fabrics; and will be made up with velvet.

Once more the rumors have been revised that the big sleeve has reached the zenith of its popularity and will soon follow the blouse, into the limbo of obscurity but the intelligent observer who reads this prophecy for the twentieth time hieeth herself to her wardrobe, gazes upon her newest dress and after counting the seams in the sleeves to assure herself that they contain three widths she returneth to the fashion article with an easy mind, and a scornful smile, as one who has had experience of the ways of fashion writers, and is not easily imposed upon.

The redingote of 1880, whatever that may be, is one of the most fashionable of autumn garments. I confess that I would like to see one before attempting a very elaborate description of the new favorite, but I know they have a long fluted skirt, and it must be wide as well as long, since it is worn over the dress and is nearly as long as the skirt. It is made of taffeta silk, either plain or shot; it is unlined, and finished with a broad collar and revers tailor stitched; or close lined with a contrasting color. Single width veiling is almost a thing of the past, the veil of the day being so wide as to form several folds under the chin. Black chiffon with white dots, or white with black are the favorites for summer wear, but I think white veils should be put down by legislation if possible, as they are almost impossible to see through, and must be very hard on the eyes.

Once more the peach season is with us, and the thoughts of the careful housekeeper turn thirtilly towards preserves, self sealing jars and peach marmalade. If the housekeeper happens to be an American she calls it "peach butter" but it is about the same, as far as the taste goes. I don't know of any fruit which can be utilized in so many delightful ways, as the peach; it is not only one of the nicest preserves made, but it can be used in a variety of dishes, and makes the most delicious dessert and supper dish when either frozen into ice cream made into a meringue or a sherbet.

I have seen many excellent recipes for preserving peaches some of which I am publishing today, but most of them are much more trouble than is really necessary, and make preserving day a real terror to the household. My own recipe—and though I do say it, who should not, I have yet to taste preserved peaches better than my own—is so easy, and so little trouble that I am going to give it first place, entirely on its merits.

Preserved Peaches.

Pare as thinly as possible, cut in halves, removing the stones, weigh the fruit and allow three quarters of a pound of sugar, to a pound of peaches; put fruit and sugar in alternate layers in a earthenware pan and set away in the cellar until next day,

when it will be found that sufficient syrup will have formed to make the addition of water unnecessary. When ready to make the preserves, put the peaches out into a separate dish, and the syrup well, as a quantity of sugar will have settled in the bottom of the pan, and if necessary rinse the sugar out with half a teacup of boiling water. Turn the syrup into the preserving kettle, and when it boils up well, skim, and put in the peaches, being careful not to crowd them by putting too many in the kettle at once. Boil for twenty minutes and lift out carefully with a wire spoon if possible. Put them directly into the jars filling each a little more than half full, pour in the syrup until quite full, and screw down while hot.

For canning peaches make a syrup, allowing one and one-half pounds of sugar and half pint of water to every three pounds of fruit. Peel the peaches and lay in cold water to keep them from discoloring until wanted. When the syrup is boiling put the fruit in, taking care not to crowd, and cook five minutes, remove carefully and place in jars. Pour the hot syrup over the fruit and seal. Use self-sealing jars.

To make peach marmalade: Peel and quarter the peaches and put them into a porcelain-lined kettle in the proportion of four quarts of fruit to a generous pint of water. Cover and cook forty-five minutes, then add two quarts of granulated sugar and cook slowly until the mass is as thick as required. This will take about three-quarters of an hour. Just before taking them from the fire add the juice of two lemons. Turn into glasses, and when cold cover.

To make brandy peaches: Select firm but ripe fruit; peel and boil in a weak syrup until a fork can be stuck into them easily. Take the fruit out, drain and put in jars. Have ready a rich, hot syrup made with three pounds of sugar and a half pint of water, and fill the jars containing the fruit with equal parts of the syrup and white brandy. Cover at once.

Excellent pickled peaches are made in the following manner: Boil together three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Take seven pounds of sound ripe fruit and rub them with a cloth to remove the fuzz. Stick two or three cloves in each peach and put them in the hot syrup and cook slowly for ten minutes. Turn into a stone jar with the syrup and cover. The following day throw off the liquid, heat, and turn over the fruit again.

Peach meringue pie is delicious, and is made thus: Line a deep earthen plate with a rich pie crust which has been rolled very thin. Peel and slice enough peaches to fill the plate very full, and sift sugar over them. Crack half a dozen of the peach stones and take out the meat, blanch, chop fine, and scatter among the fruit. Bake in a moderate oven. For the meringue use the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the peaches, and return to the oven and brown lightly.

Peach foam is a delicate dessert, and may be made with fresh or canned fruit. Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of water for two hours. Boil a cup of sugar in a generous cup of water ten minutes. Place the pan containing the syrup in another pan of boiling water and add to the syrup six tips or a pint can of peaches that have been cut into small pieces, and cook ten minutes longer, stirring often to mash the fruit. Add the gelatine and as soon as dissolved take it from the fire and stir until it is cool. Add the beaten whites of five eggs and stir until the mixture begins to congeal. Turn into a mould and set away to harden. It is to be eaten with a sweetened cream.

A very old but always good dessert is peach batter pudding. Use sound, ripe fruit, and peel enough to fill the dish required, placing the peaches close together, and pour a half cup of water over them. To make a batter, mix together one pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a salt-spoon of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Rub through a sieve and add one cup of milk and two well beaten eggs. Stir until a smooth dough is formed and add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Pour this batter over the peaches and bake or steam. It should be eaten hot with a rich wine sauce.

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finer than strawberry. Peel and slice one dozen mellow peaches. Put the fruit in the dish, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and let stand a half hour. Mix well together one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub into this mixture with the fingers three spoonfuls of butter and add a scant cup of milk. Sprinkle a moulding board with flour and roll the dough out to an inch in thickness and the size of jelly-cake tins. Place on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven about a quarter of an hour. When the cakes are baked, with a sharp knife split around the edge and break apart. Butter the lower piece and spread thick with the sliced peaches. Place the other cake on top of the peaches and cover over with the remaining fruit. Serve hot with cream.

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Express from Sussex	5:45
Accommodation from P. du Chene	6:00
Express from Halifax	6:15
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	6:30
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STORIES ABOUT KIDD.
 Not the Pirate of that Name but a Very Odd Presbyterian Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, was a character in his times, and the story of his life recently published in Scotland, gives an odd picture of religious life in his day. Being cited before the Presbytery for praying for Queen Caroline, he defended himself by saying: "If she is a bad woman, she has the more need to be prayed for. I have prayed for the queen; I will pray for the queen, and pointing out his fault-finding brethren, he added: "I'll pray for you, and you, and any other sinner out of hell."

Dr. Kidd had no relish for preaching to sleepers. Any sleeping member of his congregation would be pointed out by him and he would order the more wakeful neighbors to arouse the slumberer. On the occasion a man with a flaming waistcoat, having been singled out as a "red breasted sinner," needing to be awakened, and having gone asleep twice again, was aroused finally by a pocket bible which the doctor despatched at his head with unerring aim, with the declaration: "If you will not be wakened by the Word of God, I'll make you feel it." On another occasion when a brother minister was preaching, the doctor roused a sleeper by the help of a stout umbrella, and when the preacher seemed disconcerted by the act the doctor encouraged him by saying: "Go on, sir, go on. I'll keep the fellow awake."

A hearer need not be asleep to manifest indifference to a discourse. The inattentive hearer was frequently the target of the preacher's sarcastic allusion. When a young man standing in the gallery appeared to be much taken up with his white pantaloons, he was addressed thus: "You may sit down now; surely, by this time the ladies must have seen your small clothes sufficiently." A disobedient hearer, who would not move up to give the people in the aisle a place, received the following shot: "Sit up, proud flesh, and let the people have a seat as long as there is one to give them." A worshipper who was coughing most provokingly was thus plainly rebuked: "Give over that coughing, sir; you're disturbing me. Do you cough that way all the week? It's my opinion that a number of people come here once a week just to clear their throats."

On another occasion when Dr. Macdonald, of Ferintosh, whose fervent preaching had won for him the title of the Apostle of the North, was preaching for Dr. Kidd, the sermon was upon the terrors of the law. The preacher waxed warm and thundered ominously. Pastor Kidd was delighted, and sitting behind the preacher, he encouraged him by pulling his coat-tails and saying: "Give it too them, John every villain of them; many of them; many a time I told them, but they would not believe me."

It was his custom to preach once a year at Arbroath. On one of these annual occasions he found on rising to preach that his text was gone from the ragged pulpit Bible before him. He at once shook the loose leaves upon the pulpit floor, took them up one by one and replaced them in the book, finally hitting it a thump with his fist and asked if they called that a Bible. Then he borrowed a pocket Bible from the nearest pew, out of which he was able to announce his subject, and discoursed upon it for a considerable time. Thereupon he declared: "I don't know how long I have preached; you have no clock in the front of the gallery, as you should have, to admonish me, and I have nothing but this old rattletrap of a watch, which goes an hour fast one day and an hour slow the next." Then raising his voice: "I'll tell you what, my friends; I'm coming back next year, and if by that time you don't have a new Bible on this desk, and a new clock in the front of that gallery, I'll let you hear about it on the dearest side of your heads." Both clock and book were provided before the time for the next annual visit came round.

Dr. Kidd abominated empty conceit. At a private baptism which he was conducting at the house of one of his members, he was asking his friends present what was their church connection. In passing the question from one to another, he took no notice of a rather showy young man in the company. Piqued at this want of attention, the youth asserted himself by remarking: "You have not asked me, doctor, what I am. I am a freethinker," cocking his head at the same time as if proud of the distinction. The minister, eyeing the conceited youth, and measuring him at the same time, replied: "Free-thinker! Is that all the length you have got? I know a young fellow in Aberdeen who says he is an atheist."

With his other qualities he was generous to a fault. He would denude himself of clothing to clothe the poor, and his wife had to lock up the wardrobe in his defence. On one occasion when he was taking his Saturday walk to brace himself for Sunday duty, a worthless woman accosted him and asked for help. He gave her half a crown, and took her address, intending to look into the case carefully when he had an opportunity. After he had enjoyed his stroll it occurred to him that he might call that very afternoon by going a different way home. When he reached the woman's door, what was his surprise and hers to find her with a tumbler of punch already provided out of his half-crown and in the act of saying: "Here's to auld Kidd!"

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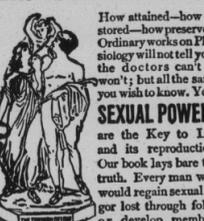
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DISSECTING A MUMMY.
 The Surgeon Worked Hard, but had to Give up the Job at Last.

When Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, was in Egypt last winter he secured a number of relics in the way of antiquities that have reached this city in several shipments. Among the most valued of these are two mummies that Dr. Goucher secured in Cairo at the National Museum, which is in charge of Brysch Bey, who has manifested a great interest in American institutions of learning. When he learned that Dr. Goucher was in search of Egyptian antiquities, he helped him materially in securing a lot of valuable relics, that are now all stored in the Woman's College. It has been Dr. Goucher's intention for some time to make an anatomical examination of the mummies, and yesterday afternoon he made the attempt, but it was not a pronounced success. Both of the mummies are bodies of women. The larger of the two is of the Ptolemaic period, or, in other words, the woman lived in Egypt about 2,000 years ago. The other is apparently that of a girl and from the elaborate decoration of the outer case, it is presumed she was of royal blood, so says Dr. Goucher. There is no inscription on the outside to mark the period of her life, but from the manner in which the outside wrappings are placed, it is very evident that the mummy is of the twenty-first dynasty. Dr. Goucher was very fortunate in securing this mummy, as all of a like character are carefully preserved by the National Museum. Brysch Bey, however, succeeded in getting this valuable trophy for the doctor.

It was the larger mummy that Dr. Goucher attempted to open and examine yesterday afternoon. It was in the wooden case that held the mummy when it was taken from the catacombs, and down the centre of it ran an inscription from the "Book of the Dead" that clearly indicated that the mummy was of the Ptolemaic period.

When the mummy proper was lifted from the case it did not look unlike a large sack covered with pitch. Dr. Goucher went to work on the outside covering with a pair of shears, but he found his task a harder one than he had contracted for. The pitch layer was finally pierced, and then a couple of newspaper men, one armed with a pair of cutting shears, and the other with a screwdriver and a hammer, assisted the doctor in tearing away the next covering. This covering was of linen, and if the hands had not parted from the ravages of twenty centuries, it would have come off in rolls. Most of the covering consisted of pairs of linen that were placed in various positions to give shape to the body, which is an evidence that the Egyptians were as vain about the beauty of contour in death as their American sisters are in life. After these pads were removed, more wrappings were revealed. They were covered with great uniformity, and at one place they covered the breast like a pair of suspenders crossed on the back. Under this were broad strips of linen running longitudinally.

All this was removed with comparative ease. Finally a layer of pitch was reached that looked as if the embalmer had poured a great quantity of it on the body before commencing the process of winding it up with linen. The substance was as hard as cement, and, after working diligently on it for half an hour, the doctor and his assistants managed to expose the left elbow and also to remove enough of the deposit to show the contour of the right hand. The arms were crossed over the breast. The bone of the elbow glistened white in comparison with the deposit that covered the body, and if there was any skin it had become hardened and was broken off with pitch. Around the neck was a great number of linen bandages, and although Dr. Goucher cut away a great portion, he only succeeded in showing the contour of the head. Neither bone nor skin was reached when the examination had reached this point. Dr. Goucher discovered the fact that he had but a few minutes to catch a train for his home in Pikesville, so the examination was brought to an abrupt end. Dr. Goucher goes away on Monday, and the examination of the mummies will be indefinitely postponed.—Baltimore American.

A Knowing Farm Horse.
 One Saturday morning old Sorrel, a farm horse, who had drawn his master and mistress to church every Sunday for eighteen years, lost a shoe, which fact the farmer failed to notice. It must have troubled the horse, for that afternoon, he succeeded in opening the gate of the field where he was confined, when he made his way direct to his old friend, the blacksmith, and raising his hoof, invited attention to the absence shoe. The blacksmith, recognizing the horse, shod him. Then the sagacious creature made his way home, and had not the astonished farmer happened to meet him on the road he would not have known about the shoe until the blacksmith's bill informed him. As this horse grew old he was troubled with a disease which was very painful. Whenever the pain attacked him he was taken to the surgeon and a relieving dose administered. One day he was left in the field where he had been working, while his master went to dinner. Being suddenly attacked by his complaint, he made his way over a number of miles of country road to the surgeon, and managed to convey to him that he was suffering. The man understood, and after administering the regular dose sent him home to his master, who by that time was scouring the country for him.—Hartford Courant.

To Frighten the Wolf.
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TWO BIG MILLIONAIRES.
 The vast fortunes of John D. Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Years ago, when the oil excitement was the talk of the country, fortunes were made and lost. The days of Coal Oil Johnny may never return again, but in all the history of the world there never was an instance when papers became millionaires so rapidly as then. John D. Rockefeller made his vast fortune, which is estimated at over \$180,000,000, out of oil as easily as the farmer's wife gets pin money from her chickens. His golden eggs were laid by obliging refiners, who had to do as he said or go to smash.

Originally four brothers came from Germany in the middle of the last century and settled in Plainfield, but towards the close of the last century they began to separate. One branch went to New England, another came to this state, while a third went to Pennsylvania. John D. Rockefeller and his brothers come from the New England branch. The New York Rockefellers are poor. There are lots of Rockefellers in New Jersey, but they have not yet acquired wealth. One great-grandson of one of the four brothers is still living in Plainfield. He is almost a hundred years old. Godfried Rockefeller, who traveled by wagon with his family to Hamokin, Pa. died in 1818, in ignorance of the black oil treasure under his farm.

After knocking about, John D. Rockefeller, whose father was a physician, started a commission business. He was then twenty two years old. Oil was the principal article in which he dealt. He started a refinery in Cleveland, O., and organized a company which is now the Standard Oil Company. From this beginning he has achieved immense power and wealth. He is a strict baptist, and has given two millions to the Chicago University. With his family he lives quietly at his home, a most unassuming man.

In spite of Rockefeller's enormous generosity to his wife and two charming daughters as well give away many thousands each year to persons who they think deserving of more than alms. An instance occurred some weeks ago, where the four children of a former schoolmate of Mrs. Rockefeller were sent to one of the best boarding schools in Ohio. Many struggling churches, and not all of them baptist, either, have been not only put on their metaphorical feet, but kept standing by Mr. Rockefeller's money.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is probably the thriftiest of the sons of William H., and has actually more money than he knows what to do with. His magnificent house, facing Central Park is eagerly sought by almost every visitor to this city. His daughter Gertrude is, after Miss Rockefeller, the greatest heiress in the country. In spite of the newspaper stories about her wonderful beauty, she is really a plain looking girl, but she had been educated abroad, and has an undefinable charm. This, perhaps, comes from her common sense as much as anything else.

The Vanderbilt money as inherited, and the system bearing the name, is supposed to be worth near three hundred millions, of which this favored son owns a third. While he is somewhat of a society man, Cornelius Vanderbilt does not care for that kind of life, except for the pleasure it gives his family. He finds most pleasure in the quiet of his library. He wants to be left severely alone. He enjoys particularly a month's walk in the Swiss Tyrol or a vacation in the wildernesses of the Norwegian forests.

The wealth of Cornelius Vanderbilt is estimated as eighty millions. While he apparently realizes the responsibility of the control of this vast sum of money, he knows, too, that its possession carries with it the possibility of great good, and his quiet charities and real kindness of heart are known to thousands.

"Watch Me!" Yelled Jimmy.
 Hi, Chummy, see do mug soakin' his head!" yelled a street urchin at the corner of West and Barclay streets yesterday. "Watch me!" yelled Jimmie, another urchin, and he came down the street full tilt. The man soaking his head was a truck driver. He was holding his head under a pump and was pumping at the same time. On came Jimmie. He was bareheaded and made no noise. He was also bare-headed and ragged. Two feet in the rear of the truckman he rose up and dived headmost. He struck the truckman just back of the hips. There was a wild yell, a kerplunk, and a big splash of water in the trough under the pump. The truckman was at the bottom. Jimmie was in the rough, too, but he was on top. There was a slashing of legs and arms. Jimmie slid out and scudded up the street. The truckman came up spluttering and cursing. He saw Jimmie scudding. The handiest thing to throw was a watermelon. It was a big one. The truckman grabbed it and succeeded in hurling it twenty feet after the scudding Jimmie, who was twenty yards away. As he threw it the truckman started to run. The man who owned the melon, grabbed him. Jimmie's companion started to run too. He reached the melon which had broken in four pieces, with a hop, skip, and jump, and gathered up the fragments. Then he scudded after Jimmie. The truckman stopped and cursed. The owner demanded pay for the melon, and finally compromised on half value. The truckman shook himself, climbed on his wagon, whipped up his horse, and started down the street in the direction the urchins had gone. There was no report of a boy killed during the day, and it is not believed that he caught them.—N. Y. Paper.

Found a Cool Resort.
 "Was it cool where you spent your vacation?"
 "Cool? I should say it was. I went away for a couple of days, and returned unexpectedly. I found the old farmer wearing one of my shirts and my straw hat; his sons away at a picnic in my best clothes; and his wife strutting jolly through my white flannel coat; and all they said was 'We hadn't been expectin' y'um so soon.' It was the coolest family I ever struck."

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HAD A OBSESSIVE HOPE.

Early Influences Which Moulded the Life of the Poet Bryant.

Just a century ago William Cullen Bryant was born in a log farmhouse in the beautiful Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts. His father was the county doctor, and the child was named after a celebrated physician. He began his school days in a log schoolhouse beside a little brook that crept down from the hills and went singing on its way to the valley.

All around stood the great forest-covered hills, haunted by wolves, bears, deer, and wildcats, which occasionally crept down the slopes to the settlements. Wherever the forest was cleared, the farm lands had taken possession.

From the door-yard of the Bryant homestead, the whole world seemed to be made up of hills and forests, and fertile fields, while in the woods grew the exquisite New England wild flowers, the laurel and azalea, the violet, the tiger-lily, and the fringed gentian. Here also lived the summer birds and the thrush, haunting the woods from early spring until late autumn.

All these sights and sounds sunk in to the boy's heart and made themselves into a poem, which he wrote down in words many years after, and which is as clear and fresh as the voice of the little brook itself after it was named. This poem is called "The Rivulet," and one of its verses runs thus:

"Thou unchanged from year to year
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thou endless infancy shalt pass."

In Bryant's boyhood New England farm life was very simple. The farmers lived in log or slab houses, whose kitchens formed the living-room, where the meals were generally taken. Heat was supplied by the great fireplaces that sometimes filled one whole side of the kitchen and were furnished with cranes, spits, and pot-hooks. Behind the kitchen door hung a bundle of birch rods, with which mischievous boys were kept in order, and in the recess of the chimney stood the wooden settle, where the children sat before bed-time to watch the fire or glance up through the wide chimney at the stars.

When three years old Bryant often stood, book in hand, and with a painful attention to gesture repeated one of Watt's hymns, while his mother listened and corrected. Here he prepared his lessons, and wrote those first childish poems so carefully criticised by his father, who was his teacher in the art of composition. In the poem called "A Lifetime" Bryant longed to be a poet, and the influence of his father and mother upon his art, one developing his talent for composition and the other directing his imagination and enlisting his sympathies with humanity.

This poem shows the boy by his mother's knee, reading the story of Pharaoh and the Israelites, of David and Goliath, and of the life of Christ. As he grew older Bryant shared the usual amusements of country life. In the spring he took his turn in the maple sugar camp; in the autumn he attended to the huskings when the young people met to husk the corn in each neighborhood barn successively, until all was done. He helped at the cider-making, and the apple parings, when the cider and apple sauce was prepared for the year's need; and the house raisings when men and boys raised the frame of a neighbor's house or barn. In those times the farmers depended upon each other for such friendly aid, and the community seemed like one great family.

On Sunday every one went three times to meeting listened to long sermons, and sung out of the old Bay Psalm book. It was an unlucky child fell asleep he was speedily waked up by the tithing man who would tickle his nose with a hare's foot. Once in a while a boy might be restless or noisy and then he was led out of the meeting-house and punished with the tithing man's rod, a terrible disgrace.

But Bryant had not yet reached manhood—when the true voice of his heart was heard in the most celebrated poem that he ever wrote and one of the most remarkable ever written by a youth. This was "Thanatopsis," which his father discovered among his papers and sent to the North American Review without his son's knowledge, so little did the poet of 18—who five years before had published the tirade against Jefferson—realize that he had produced the most remarkable verse yet written in America.

"Thanatopsis" attracted instant attention in this country and in England. It had appeared anonymously and American critics insisted that it could not be the work of an American author. No native poet approached it either in sublimity of thought or perfection of style. But "Thanatopsis" bears no trace of English influence, nor was it strange that an heir of the puritan spirit, who had lived in daily communion with nature, should thus set to the music of poetry the hopes and aspirations of his race.

Bryant was already hard at work upon his profession when his sudden literary success changed all his plans. Destined by nature to be a man of letters, he poured fourth verse and prose during the whole time he was studying and practicing law. Six months after the publication of "Thanatopsis" the poem entitled "To The Waterfall" suggested by the devious flights of a wild duck across the sunset sky, appeared. The poem is a picture.

"Whither midst falling dew
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

It shows the reedy river banks, the we-

marabes, and the lonely lakes over which the bird hovered, and it is full of the charm of nature herself. From this time on Bryant's touch never falters. He was the chosen poet of the wild beauty of his native hills and valleys and his own pure spirit revealed the most sacred meanings of this beauty.

In 1821 he published his first volume of poems under the title "Poems by William Cullen Bryant." It was a little book of forty pages, containing "Thanatopsis," "Grass River," "To a Waterfall," and other pieces, among which was the charming "The Yellow Violet," a very breath of the spring. This little book was given to the world in the year in which Cooper published "The Spy," and Irving completed "The Sketch Book."

In 1825 Bryant moved to New York to assume the editorship of a monthly review, to which he gave many of his best known poems. A year later he joined the staff of the Evening Post, with which he was connected until his death.

The light of Bryant's imagination burned steadily to the end. In his eighty-second year he wrote his last important poem, "The Flood of Tears." It was a beautiful confession of faith in the nobility of life and the immortality of the soul and a fitting crown to an existence so beneficent and exalted.—Henricetta Christian Wright.

MOSES AS A FINANCIER.

Pointers for Modern Christians on the Way He Raised Collections.

I take it from the history of a people who, whatever may have been their subsequent sins, were once a pattern of liberality worthy of the imitation of Christians. The occasion was this: The Lord commanded the construction of a tabernacle out of the most precious materials to be found in the possession of his people, the Jews. Moses gathered the congregation and made this simple announcement: "This is the thing which the Lord commanded; take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord; whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord; gold and silver and brass, etc. He did not add a strong appeal and hurry them into an exercise of liberality. He gave them time for consideration. After the notice was given, he dismissed the congregation and they departed from the presence of Moses." No further agency was employed—no repetition of the announcement; no collectors passed from tent to tent; no reminding them of the duty, for though there was a commandment, yet everyone was left free in his donations: "Whosoever is of a willing heart let him bring it." Indeed, Moses seemed to have been restrained by the Lord's instructions from receiving any but free-will offerings: "Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart, ye shall take my offering" (Ex. xxv. 2). Note how strangely all this contrasts with the machinery necessary in this day to get a little money out of the pockets of so many so-called Christians.

And now, behold the results: "And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets and earrings, and tablets, all jewels of gold" (Ex. xxxv. 12). Not content with one contribution, they repeated it again and again—"and they brought yet unto him free offerings every morning." Mark, "brought." Nowadays there are many who regard themselves excused from giving until called on.

The Book of Job.

What Socrates said to the youth of Greece, Job has been to the thoughtful minds of more than thirty centuries. To help a young man think the old Greek sage would propound some question, generally simple, always serious. Man is distinguished as the asker, the ponderer, and the answerer of questions. For such a thinking, questioning, wondering being the book of Job is a priceless treasure; mainly and chiefly because it provokes in him the most serious, earnest thought. There is no book in all the literature of the ages so filled to the brim with impressive questions as this grand dramatic poem that has been stirring the best thought of the world for almost countless years. Questions of (1) the man, of their relations to one another. Of the brevity of life, of the ministry of sorrow. Of sin and its inevitable results. Questions of what we call in those boastful days "science." Science that was in its infancy, and yet knew enough to give to the stars names that cling to them still. We are very apt to overlook this grand poem of the world's young morning. But when the noisy foolish questions of today tire us, and we grow weary of interminable bubble, we may thankfully turn to this ancient fountain, pure and undimmed, and hear the wise and troubled sage of many centuries gone by propound deep questions of life and its sorrows and the unknown destiny that lies beyond.

For a Jewish Bible.

The Grand Rabbi of France, Zadok-Cohn, has submitted to the rabbi under his jurisdiction a plan for a Jewish translation of the Bible, and has asked their cooperation in carrying out the project. He says:—"It is a matter of the greatest moral and religious importance that we give our people a French Bible at such a price that even the poorest can procure a copy, and to give this Bible in a clear, transparent language readily understood by the masses. Such a work can be produced only by the combined efforts of the French rabbi." In this circular letter reference is also made to the fact that Rabbi Cohn, founder of the "Archives Israelites," has published a complete French Jewish Bible, but that he has added so many notes and explanations that it was published in twelve volumes and cost more than one hundred francs.

Theology to Match.

The Dean of Norwich, recently speaking of modern theology as required by the public from the clergy, said that he was reminded of a dear old lady who went to a dog fancier to buy a dog. The dog fancier said, "What sort of a dog do you want? Is it to be a pointer, or an Irish

terrier, or a collie, or what? 'Oh,' she said, 'I really don't mind provided he suits the drawing-room carpet.' There are a great many people who want to make theology uncommonly like that dog," said the dean.

DESIGN IN CREATION.

All-Wise Providence has Considered the Needs of Every Living Thing. Nature teems with evidences of design. They speak out overwhelmingly for the existence of a great designing mind. The argument, old as the days of Socrates, has never been answered.

In the year 1628, Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, by noticing that the valves in the veins were so placed as to give free vent to the blood toward the heart, and to prevent its flowing back again. He saw the aim of their construction. The human body is full of object lessons; so are the bodies of beasts and birds. The rabbit has large ears, open and exposed and turned backward, to bear the dread yelp of the pursuing hound.

Fishes have no external ear; for the water conveys sound better than air, so they need no hearing trumpet. The ear in birds is very large in proportion to the head; and their vocal organs are correspondingly large and complex.

Why has a fish no eyelids? Because his eyes need no washing, nor wiping, being always in the water; and for the same reason the cornea is flat, for the water acts as a refractor, and needs no help from the eyeball.

The dragon fly, when on the wing has no time to turn its eye in all directions; it is provided with thousands of facets in each eye, taking in the light from all points. Each facet is a separate eye; and as this combination of eyes protrudes from the head, there is no occasion for the insect to look about it as it flies.

One kind of fish mentioned by Martineau has a divided eye, one part looking down for worms, the other looking up to guard against foes. The eye of the stag, liable to be chased, is large; that of the elephant, strong and secure, is small, because needed for food that is near.

The Greenland whale, living on small marine animals, is furnished only with whalebone jagged with a fringe, or more exactly its food; though there are species that are furnished with teeth, by which to browse on the weeds at the bottom of the sea.

Shoals of turtles swim from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Islands, near Jamaica, where they lay their eggs, or make their nests. They make this distance with such precision that in foggy weather ships can sail under the guidance of their rustling in the water; and migrating birds sweep over immense tracts of air, thousands of miles, with a punctuality so sure that the Persian calendar is reckoned by them. Truly, "the stars in the heaven knoweth her appointed time."

"A Study of Religion," the author above quoted gives a remarkable instance of intelligent instinct, a little short of reason, in the burying beetle, which looks for a hole where they lay their eggs, or sinks it into the earth, lay her eggs in it, and leaves them to be hatched, the larva thus finding themselves in a well-frosted larder. A naturalist one day found the beetles at work on a dead frog. He tied the body to a stick stuck obliquely into the ground, so that the carcass could not sink. The beetles were baffled for awhile, and ran about in great excitement; but at last, seeing what the matter they attacked the foundations of the rod and undermined it until it fell. So they secured their prey.—Pensacola Methodist.

About Noah's Ark.

No doubt you have heard the argument advanced by unbelievers to prove the Bible account of the deluge untrue. They say the ark was not of sufficient capacity to hold the animals that the Bible speaks of and the provisions necessary to their sustenance.

Bishop Horne, in his introduction to the "Study of the Bible," answers this objection in this satisfactory way: "The ark was 300 cubits in length, 50 cubits in width and 30 cubits in height, with three stories or floors, which would be equal to 2,415 tons burden. A first-class man-of-war is about 2,200 tons burden and the ark, therefore, had the capacity of 18 such ships, and would carry 20,000 men, with 6 months provisions, besides the weight of 1,800 cannon and all military stores. Can we doubt of its capacity to carry 8 persons, 250 pairs of animals, fowls, etc., for one year?"

Nursing Grievances.

A little girl was wondering what was the matter with her thumb, and complained that it hurt every time she squeezed it. Her mother advised her not to squeeze it. "But," she responded, "if I don't squeeze it how can I tell whether it hurts?" This little girl may be taken as a sample of the human race. How we nurse our wrath, and coddle our grievances, and pet our wounds, and are continually squeezing them to see if they hurt! The better way is not to squeeze them. Let them alone to get well, and avoid a good deal of pain.—Springfield Union.

How It Was Done.

Prebendary Webb-Pepes related this incident at Northfield to illustrate one of his many practical points. He said:—"Some years ago I was called to visit a young man dying of consumption who had been converted under my ministrations, and in the course of the talk I said to him: 'Now, won't you tell me just what word it was that brought you to Christ? If I knew it, it might help me.' Ah, I was such a crafty man that day. I was so anxious for praise. 'Well,' he replied, 'you stopped talking one day, and you began to sing 'Rock of Ages.' Ah, sir, how you did bellow it out. It went right through me, and the words of that dear old hymn brought me right to Christ.' The shine was all taken out of me, and I saw that it was God, not I, working.' Needs: to

say the hearers realized the meaning and they will doubtless remember the moral.—The Independent.

Convinced by the Book.

An American lady living in Japan became acquainted with an intelligent young student. She offered to teach him English and he gladly accepted. The first book given him for translation was the Gospel of John. The young man plodded away intent on learning the language, but as he became more familiar with it his manner changed. He grew intensely interested in the subject. One day after going over his translation, he said, 'This Jesus, I have heard of him as a great Teacher, as a great Man; but I have been reading and I see he could not have been a man; he was God.'

Important Because Eternal.

Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. One is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and these are the words beneath, "All that troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance, in the main aisle, is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."—Church Evangelist.

CHANG AND ENG DECEASED.

Descendants of the Siamese Twins are now Living in North Carolina.

A few miles from Mount Airy, N. C., were the homes of the famous Siamese twins, Eng and Chang, who were born in Siam of Chinese parents in 1811. These twins travelled all over the world in charge of their manager, Mr. Bunker, whose name they finally assumed. They came at last into Surrey county sightseeing; they declared that it was the grandest country they had ever seen, and having already made a decent fortune, they decided to buy property and settle permanently in Surrey.

They met and fell in love with Miss Adelaide Yates of Wilkes, an adjoining county. Miss Yates was in an awkward predicament, beloved by both, but neither could tell of his affections without the other hearing it. Finally the matter was settled by Miss Sallie Yates, a sister of Miss Adelaide, consenting to become the bride of one and Miss Adelaide the other. The parents of the Misses Yates strenuously objected to the double marriage, but the young ladies were not to be deterred, so they eloped, met their lovers on the bank of a little stream on the roadside near their home, and a preacher being present, they were quietly married.

The two couples settled within two miles of Mount Airy, and for several years lived together. Owing to domestic quarrel however, two homes were found necessary, and each built a comfortable home. They lived alternate weeks at each other's homes, and each raised a large family of children, some of whom still live and are among the most prosperous and highly respected people in Surrey county.

They were probably the most wonderful of all human phenomena. They lived to an advanced age and were clever, law-abiding men. It is said that they would sometimes have their little quarrels, and one would threaten to kick the other over the fence. In 1874 Eng, who had been in failing health, died very suddenly. Indeed, on an awaking one morning his brother, Chang, found that Eng had died during the night. Physicians were summoned, but before they arrived Chang had died and they were buried as they had lived, side by side.

DOLLS FOR LITTLE JAPS.

Special Festivals Which Make Christmas Come Pretty Frequently.

A peculiarity of Japanese shops is that only such goods are displayed as are appropriate to the season of approaching festival. Instead of displaying a general stock of goods, as do all shopkeepers in this country throughout the year, as soon as the festival season is over, they are immediately packed up and carefully laid away for another year.

On the third day of the third month is the "Hina Matsuri," or, as it is generally called, the "Feast of Dolls." It is devoted to the girls, and is considered by them the greatest day of the season, and in years gone by was duly celebrated by all families with great pomp, ceremony and preparation.

Most of the dolls on view are from three inches to 18 inches in height, and dressed to represent some noted daimio or some prominent personage of the feudal times. Many still keep up the custom, and many of the old families possess a stock of heirlooms in the way of dolls that date back many years. When a daughter has been born in a house during the previous year, a pair of images are usually bought for her, which she plays with until she is grown up.

When she marries she takes them with her to her new home and gives them to her children, and each year she adds to the stock as her family increases, so in some families a great number are collected. They are made of wood, clay, porcelain, and some are most exquisitely dressed.

In all the shops are found complete sets of everything belonging to the house either for cooking, eating, sleeping or travelling. On the festival day all these are brought and arranged upon an elevated platform, and offerings of saki, rice, candies and fruits are made.

Shoing the Baby.

The sole of a baby's bare foot is more or less wedge-shaped, broadest at the toes and narrowing toward the heel. A shoe made on nature's plan should conform to, in a general way at least, to the shape of the foot, being neither too loose nor too tight. The toes of a little child, instead of being cramped together, should have room to spread out, and mothers should see that the baby's shoes are made on this plan. The shoe should also be made a trifle longer than the foot, allowing room for growth and motion.

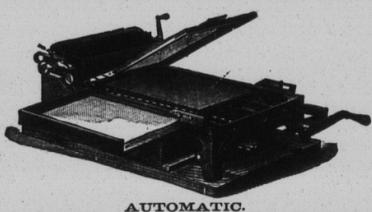
Of late years the idea of putting moccasins on the baby's feet has grown in favor; and there is much to commend it.

If You Wish to be

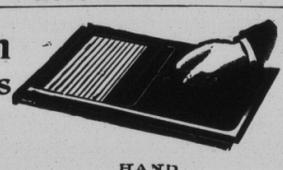
.....HAPPY ...KEEP YOUR EYE...

On This Space.

Modern Business Methods



Modern Business Facilities



EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

The invention of MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, is an exponent of the best class of modern business facilities. It is a reproducing device of great capacity, simple construction and easy manipulation. It is arranged for reproducing either by typewriting and hand writing. It will give 1500 copies of a typewritten letter or circular, all perfect. It will give 3000 copies of an autographic letter or circular, all fac-similes. It will do as much with a drawing, diagram or tabulated statement. The very name it bears is evidence that the Edison Mimeograph is first class in design, manufacture and results. It occupies a prominent place in the offices of over 150,000 users to-day. Success is its recommendation. Send for catalogue and samples of work to

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CAREFULLY MADE BABY'S OWN SOAP

is the best and most agreeable Soap you can buy for either Toilet or Nursery.

N. B.—A standard make and a ready seller, Baby's Own Soap gives but a small profit to retailers. DON'T ALLOW them to sell you an inferior brand on which they make more profit.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.,
Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

Any really soft leather will suffice, though chamois is the most popular. It made to lace well up about the ankle, the moccasins will stay on the active little feet much better.

Teacher (in Episcopal Sunday-school)—Can any little boy tell me about Good Friday?

Eager Scholar—He was the feller that done chores for Robinson Crusoe.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED.

A GREAT ADVANCE IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Discovery Which Ends This Painful Disease Cannot Resist—Mr. B. Blaisdell, of Paris, Ont., Relates His Experience With the Cure.

Paris, Ont., Review. Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been produced, plasters tried, electricity experimented with, hot and cold baths and a thousand other things tried, but without avail. Rheumatism still held the fort, making the life of its victims one of misery and pain. The first real step toward conquering rheumatism was made when the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was discovered, and since that time thousands have testified to their wonderful efficacy in this, as well as in other troubles, the origin of which may be traced to the blood.

Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blaisdell, of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is as highly esteemed as he is well known. To the editor of the Review Mr. Blaisdell recently said: "I have reason to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill but have restored me to health, which was

impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then advised by Mrs. Horning, of Copetown, who had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their continued use I constantly improved in health, and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Pink Pills I would to-day have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative powers, or recommend them too strongly to other sufferers. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Houses in London. In London—unlike other cities, especially New York and Vienna—no house is permitted to exceed in height the width of the street in front, and the number of inhabitants is limited by law.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents its falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray, and I used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it fell out. After the use of a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept my hair in good condition."—Mrs. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

have used Ayer's Hair Vigor three years, and it has restored which was fast becoming gray, to its natural color."—H. W. FENWICK, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Its Pills cure Sick Headache.

LEAN MEAT

A pure breath obtained by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. No imitations.

CURE FITS!

Small pills cure fits, epilepsy, and all nervous diseases. Price 25c per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

GLASSES, PERA GLASSES

AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS,

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PILEPSY

Nervous Debility. Treatise free on application to M. J. P. 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

DR. F. BERRY'S TOILET SOAP. PRICE 25c PER BOX. ZOFESA CHEMICAL COMPANY.

THE SAME MAN,

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Best Designs Latest Patterns.

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REAL AGENT, CONVEYANCE, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Locations Made. Remittance Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

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OPPOSITE UNION DEPOT.

All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted with electricity. Express to and from the station charge. Terms moderate.

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J. A. JWARDS, President. Sample rooms in connection. First class table. Coaches at trains and boats.

CANADA'S International EXHIBITION!

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME, 1895.

The Buildings and Grounds Will be Open to the Public on

Tuesday, Sept. 24th

AT 9 A. M.

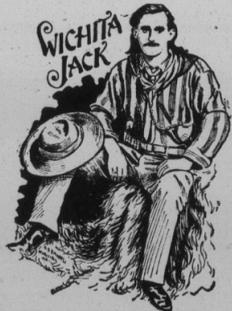
The Lieutenant Governor, Hon. J. J. Fraser, accompanied by the members of his cabinet, and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, will formally open the exhibition at 10 a. m. After the opening the Lieutenant Governor and party will visit all portions of the grounds and buildings and inspect the exhibits. The machinery and implements in Machinery Hall will be in motion, the motive power being furnished by three powerful steam engines from the establishment of the Robb Engineering Co., Amherst, the Burrell-Johnston Iron Co. of Yarmouth and Leonard & Sons of London, Ont. The Art Gallery will attract the lovers of fine arts. The manufactures of the Dominion and many distant countries will be represented in the well filled booths, and on the walls of all the buildings on the western grounds. The carriage building, filled to its utmost capacity, will contain vehicles of the latest and best construction. On the eastern grounds, in agricultural hall, will be shown samples of the products of our Dominion farmers' grain, roots, vegetables, fruits, etc., dairy products, and dairy working machinery. The production of butter in this building and the explanation which will be given by competent professors will prove both interesting and instructive.

The great advances which have been made in agricultural science will to some extent appear in the large and valuable improved agricultural machinery and implements on exhibition in agricultural hall.

Within the horse boxes and cattle sheds will be seen specimens of the greatly improved stock produced in the Dominion. Sheep, pigs, and poultry of the most improved breeds will be found within the grounds.

Four city bands, the Artillery, 62nd Fusiliers, City Cornet and Carleton Corret, noted for their proficiency, will furnish choice music daily. On this day, Tuesday, the music at the opening and during the afternoon will be furnished by the Artillery band.

In the industrial and agricultural buildings will be found the celebrated Glass Blowers at work, producing curious and



beautiful specimens of their art. Phonographs, kinetoscopes, merry-go-rounds, swings, and other entertaining features of the exhibition will be in operation. The celebrated long haired horse "Marquis" will be on exhibition on the grounds. This horse is said to be the best of his kind ever shown. He has travelled throughout a considerable portion of Europe and America, and was seen by many prominent persons, including the Prince of Wales.

Wednesday, 25th.

The buildings and grounds will be open from 9 a. m. to 10.30 p. m.

In addition to the features already stated, which will be seen every day, Prof. R. C. Carlisle of Worcester, Mass., with his troupe of trained horses and ponies, educated dog, slack wire walkers, trapeze artists, acrobat performers, etc., etc., will make his bow with his double performances.

1st.—On the open grounds, fronting the grand stand he will offer the following Programme:

Fancy and trick riding; an act consisting of vaulting over horses from side to side, and many hard and difficult tricks.

Riding pony express; showing how the small used to be carried before railroads; making quick changes on horses, etc.

Horseback lassoing; showing how horse

and steers are lassoed in the far west. Showing the use of the bull whip in the west.

Fancy and trick lassoing; a ten minute act catching a running horse in many different ways, etc.

Jugglery pistols 44 cal., Colts., and tying a man up with half hitches, etc. A first class performance. This is all done with horses and in Wild West costume.

In Amusement Hall:

Troupe of performing dogs.

Man walking slack wire.

Ladder trapeze act; a lady and a gentleman clown.

Triple bar act; first class in every respect.

A brother act, consisting of acrobatic work.

Discharge of rockets repeaters. Explosion of a mine of crackers.

Flight of tourbillions or fiery whirlwinds.

Discharge of shells—Cerieo and crimson.

Discharge of shells—steamer effects.

Discharge of shells—brilliant magnesium

DEVICES.

Produced by a series of Prince of Wales feathers, centred by brilliant colored star.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Flight of rockets discharging comets.

Rockets emitting fiery serpents.

Special colored rockets—our newly invented tint.

Discharge of rockets, displaying four floating lights.

Discharge of shells—veridian stars.

Discharge of shell—cerise and blue.

Discharge of shell—mammoth spreader.

Discharge of mammoth shell—all colors.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Triple revolving wheels commencing with rainbow centre, suddenly changing to eight half circles, suddenly transforming into mammoth wheels showing fantastic figures of brilliant fire.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Display of rockets—various.

Discharge of mammoth rockets bearing floating festoons of fire.

Flight of rockets—French asteroid.

Flight of rockets—change stars.

DEVICES.

Motto, "Good Night."

Simultaneous with the ignition of the device a flight of large colored rockets takes place, filling the air with colors representing flowers, making magnificent aerial display bouquet.

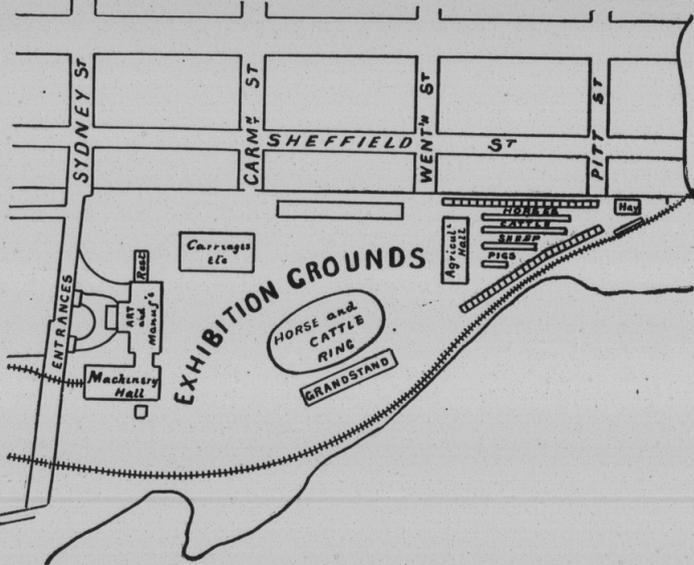
Friday, 27th.

The same programme as on Wednesday. Music and promenade concert in the evening.

Saturday, 28th.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S DAY.

The same programme as on Thursday, including the second display of fireworks in the evening.



Amusing afterpieces.

The hours when these performances commence will be announced in the building.

Merry-go-rounds, operated by steam power, will be found in the front of the main buildings, and on the parade grounds. They will be in operation at all hours of the day.

Correspondence is in progress for other special amusements, which cannot appear in this programme.

Thursday 26th.

Grounds and buildings opened at the hours already named.

Bands playing and everything in operation as on the previous day.

Prof. Carlisle's entertainments, with some changes.

In the evening there will be a splendid display of FIREWORKS from the celebrated establishment of Hand & Co., Hamilton, Ontario.

The display will be under the immediate superintendence of one of their skilled employees.

Programme:

New and improved signal salutes.

Display of cannon salutes fired from mortars and rockets, exploding with loud reports.

Display of rockets—Japanese streamers.

Volcanic eruption effects from mortars.

Discharge of shells—golden rain.

Discharge of shells—variegated gems.

Discharge of shells—shooting stars.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Octagon figures decorated with sun wheels, turned by twenty fiery meteors, each wheel throwing a brilliant colored circle, with an outer rim of straw fire. The octagon figure suddenly appearing in brilliant golden fire, shooting upward and outward in every direction.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Flight of peacock plume rockets.

Display of rockets—every tint and hue.

Display of rockets—topaz stars.

Discharge of mammoth rockets—displaying hanging chain of emerald fire, changing to yellow, blue, red, as they float through space.

Ascent of French tourbillions forming umbrella of fire.

Mine of serpents and glow worms.

Discharge of large shell—emerald headed serpents.

Discharge of shell displaying silver rain.

Discharge of shell—national colors, red, white and blue.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Produced by palm tree centre supported by batteries on either side, fired to form dome shaped centre producing beautiful rainbow effect.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Flight of rockets. Twinkling stars.

Discharge of signal rockets. Brilliant magnesium stars.

Rockets displaying wheat sheaf effects.

Mine of serpents.

Discharge of shells, shimmering gold.

Discharge of shell—Orange and blue.

Discharge of mammoth shell—red and green.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Comic—selected.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Rockets with eagle's claws.

Rockets—blood red.

Rock ts—purple and green.

Rockets—sapphire and gold.

Flight of brilliant tourbillions, forming circles of golden fire.

Discharge of mine volcanic eruptions.

Ascent of shell—amber and heliotrop.

Ascent of shell—tailed stars.

Ascent of shell—peacock plume.

DEVICES.

Powerful ruby illumination transforming into discharge of stars and showers, filling the air with every color known to art.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Display of rockets—silver trailers.

Explosion of a mine of cobras.

Discharge of rockets—Hand & Co.'s shooting stars.

Flight of rockets—twinkling stars scintillating as they float.

Flight of fiery phoenix, crossing and recrossing the grounds several times.

Discharge of shells—aerial gems.

Display of aerial cornfields.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Representing our Queen and country. A sectional vice twenty by twenty feet, with mammoth maple leaf in the centre of which appears a colossal portrait of the queen in diamond lights, with motto in ruby lights, "Our Queen and Country." Designed by our special artist—never exhibited before.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Ascent of shell—snow drop bloom.

Discharge of rockets—gold rain and tailed stars.

Discharge of shell, chocolate and blue.

Display of rockets—various.

Rockets—turquoise and amber stars.

Flight of rockets—mammoth spreaders.

Salvoes of sancissions.

Display of aerial cornfields.

SPECIAL SET DEVICES.

Revolving fans turned by brilliant sun cases decorated with ruby, emerald, gold and brilliant lights.

AERIAL DISPLAY.

Turbillions, with straw colored fires.

Rockets with Chinese flyers.

Display of shells, red, white and blue.

Display of rockets—parachute with changing stars.

Discharge of a mine of serpents.

Mammoth shell of shells.

A pleasing feature of the afternoon will be a march out of the Public School Cadet Corps under the direction of the commandant, Dr. George A. Hetherington, preceded by a band of music and followed by the school children. They will march through the streets to the parade grounds, where they will give an exhibition of physical drill and training, after which they will be inspected by Lieut. Col. Maunsell, D. A. G., and staff.

Monday, 30th.

Same programme as Friday, including music and entertainment. Possible new attractions will be added.

Tuesday, Oct. 1st.

Besides the usual opening there will be a grand opening of the HORSE AND CATTLE FAIR at 9 a. m. there will be a parade of stock on the grounds. Judges will commence their work in the p.m. ring fronting the grand stand.

Music in the buildings and on the grounds.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.

The usual programme. Judging continued in the p.m. ring. In the evening the last grand display of fireworks by Hand & Co.

Thursday, Oct. 3rd.

The usual display. The judges will complete their work. Music, etc.

Friday, Oct. 5.

Closing day.

Admission Tickets to the grounds and buildings, Adults, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Special Tickets to the Amusement Hall in the Agricultural Building, 10 cents.

Additional charges to the tent occupied by the horse "Marquis," and for riding on Merry-go-round, etc., etc.

EXHIBITION POST OFFICE—Exhibitors and visitors may have their mail addressed to the Exhibition building, where there will be a temporary post office from which all such mail matter will be delivered.

CHAS. A. EVERETT,

Manager and Secretary,

Exhibition Office, St. John, N. B., 7th Sept., 1895.

OUTSIDE ATTRACTIONS!

Moosepath Park Driving Association

Furnishes the Following PROGRAMME.

- FIRST DAY—THURSDAY SEPT. 26.
- 2.45 Class—Trotting. Purse, \$200. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - 2.30 Class—Trotting. Purse, \$500. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - Running Race. Purse \$100. One Mile Heat. Best two in three. First Horse, 60 per cent. Second, 30 per cent. Third, 10 per cent. Entrance, 10 per cent of purse.
- SECOND DAY—FRIDAY SEPT. 27.
- Running Race. Purse, \$300. One Mile Heat. Best two in three. First Horse, 60 per cent. Second, 30 per cent. Third, 10 per cent.
 - Free for all. Trotting. Purse, \$300. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - 2.30 Class—Pacers. Purse \$200. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
- THIRD DAY—SATURDAY SEPT. 30.
- Three Mile Class—Trotting. Purse, \$200. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - Class—Trotting. Purse \$200. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - Running Race. Purse, \$200. One Mile Heat. Best two in three. First Horse, 60 per cent. Second, 30 per cent. Third, 10 per cent. Entrance, 10 per cent of purse.
- FOURTH DAY—SUNDAY, OCT. 1.
- Free for all—Trotting. Purse, \$400. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - Three Year Old—Trotting. Purse, \$150. Entrance, 5 per cent. 5 per cent extra from winners.
 - Bicycle Race—1st Prize, \$50; 2nd Prize, Gold Medal.
- The Mayor of the city of St. John and a committee of citizens have arranged for a regatta in the harbor. The following is the programme.

REGATTA.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCT. 2nd and 3rd, 1895.

Commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

This regatta is held in connection with the general Exhibition, and is under the auspices of His Worship the Mayor and a committee of citizens.

- PROGRAMME OF RACES.
- 1.—FISHERMAN'S RACE—Bona fide gasperaux boats, that have been in use at least one season, and not less than 16 feet 6 inches long. Double sculls. Competitors to throw out and take in net during the race. 1st prize, \$20; 2nd prize, \$10; 3rd prize, \$5. Entrance fee, \$2.
 - 2.—AMATEUR DOUBLE SCULLS—Pleasure skiffs rowed on the gunwals. Distance, one mile and a half, with turn. Prize medals to each of the winning pair.
 - 3.—DINGY RACE—Boats to be three seated, and to be manned by three men rowing four oars. Distance, one mile, with turn. 1st prize, \$20; 2nd prize, \$10; 3rd prize, \$5. Entrance fee, \$2.
 - 4.—AMATEUR FOUR OARS—Shell bottom flunkboats, with nine inch outriggers. Distance, one and a half miles, with turn. Prize, a medal to each member of the winning crew.
 - 5.—PROFESSIONAL FOUR OARS—Shell bottom boats, with nine inch outriggers. Distance, three miles, with turn. 1st prize, \$125; 2nd prize, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.
 - 6.—CANOE RACE—Open to Indians only. Birch canoes, two paddles. Distance, one mile, with turn. 1st prize, \$10; 2nd prize, \$5; 3rd prize, \$3.
 - 7.—CANOE RACE—Open to amateurs. Canoes similar to Peterboro in construction, two paddles. Distance, one mile, with turn. Prize, a pair of paddles.
 - 8.—CANOE RACE—Open to Indians only. Birch canoes, four paddles. Distance, one mile, with turn. 1st prize, \$12; 2nd prize, \$8.
 - 9.—CANOE RACE—Open to amateurs. Birch canoes, two paddles. Distance, one mile, with turn. Prize, a pair of paddles.
 - 10.—PROFESSIONAL SINGLE SCULLS—Distance, three miles, with turn. 1st prize \$10; 2nd prize, \$20. Entrance fee \$5.
 - 11.—TWO SAIL OPEN BOATS—No time allowance. 1st prize, \$20; 2nd prize, \$10; 3rd prize, \$4; 4th prize, \$4. Entrance fee, \$2.
 - 12.—YACHT RACE, Class II.—Open to sloops under 26 feet in length on the water line. 1st prize, \$50; 2nd prize, \$25. Entrance fee, \$3.
 - 13.—YACHT RACE, Class I.—Open to sloops of 26 feet or over on the water line. 1st prize, \$75; 2nd prize, \$35. Entrance fee, \$5.

The course for the sailing races will be from a line opposite Lawton's wharf to and around the bell buoy, thence to and around a buoy moored in Anthony's Cove, thence back to the starting point. For the yacht races the course will be sailed over twice, and for the two-sail boat race once.

The course for the rowing races to start opposite Lawton's wharf, and run in a southerly direction, keeping inside the Beacon.

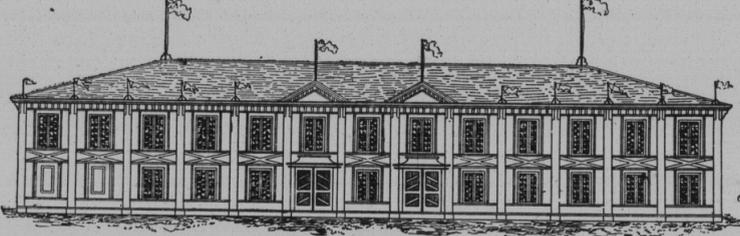
The sailing races will be governed by the rules of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, the "sailing length" of the yachts being taken and time allowance given in accordance with the authorized table.

The rowing races will be under the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States.

The entries should be made with the Secretary of Regatta Committee.

JOHN V. ELLIS JR.

St. John, N. B.



THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL.

The New Agricultural Hall.

The large new building, of which a view is above given, is a distinguishing feature of the improvements this year added by the Exhibition Association. Its massive proportions cover a ground space of 64 by 186 feet, on the east side of Wentworth street, and front to the west, toward the main Exhibition Building. It will be known as Agricultural Hall, because it will be mainly devoted to the display of farm, orchard and dairy production and preservation.

As appears by the view presented, Agricultural Hall is two stories in height, and

has been substantially framed and constructed. The lower floor will be divided into two unequal parts. At the north end a room 28 by 64 feet, will be devoted to the Working Dairy and the display of dairy products. One third of the space will be a raised platform, on which the travelling dairy will be shown in daily operation, a supply of cream being made into butter, so that all the processes of modern, scientific dairying can be conveniently witnessed by all visitors free of charge.

The larger room on the same floor will be filled with agricultural implements and machines, together with the overflow exhibits in various lines for which there is not

space enough in the buildings where they were formerly shown.

On the upper floor, connected by convenient, broad stairways, will be the hall or concert room, which is situated in the south end. It will be seated with chairs, occupying a ground space of 56x64 feet. In this hall will be held Prof. Carlisle's entertainments, including trained dogs, acrobatic, tight wire and other performances, vocal and instrumental concerts, and other entertainments, for the daily and nightly amusement of all.

The balance of the large upper floor, covering a space of 64x130 feet, will be devoted to the display of all the products of the farm, the garden and the orchard.

Mr. S. L. Peters, of Queens county, who is well-known to the entire farming community of the province, has been selected by the management to superintend agricultural hall and its contents.

This large new building makes a splendid addition to the space which was at the disposal of the Agricultural Association in previous exhibitions, and cannot fail to be of attractive interest to all who are concerned in the condition and progress of agriculture in the maritime provinces.

It will be seen that this year the Exhibition Association have made their preparations on an extended scale, and previous indications are that their expectations will be fully realized.

DUELLING IN BARNEST.

A CODE THAT WAS INTENDED TO MAKE SURE WORK.

Designed for the Famous Organization of the Knights of Golden Circle—It Provided for a Reconciliation, but After that Somebody Must Die.

The condemnation of Col. Francisco Romero in a Mexican court for the unlawful killing of Jose Verastegui in a duel is not, as it might seem, a judicial reprehension of duelling, but simply evidence of an effort to draw the line between fair fighting under the code and assassination. The Public Prosecutor, it is true, vigorously denounced duelling and duellists, but the conviction was obtained upon proof that the code had been treacherously violated to enable the premeditated murder of the victim with assurance of safety, on the field at least, for the assassin. It is questionable if the outcome of this case will diminish the practice of duelling among Mexican military men. Legal penalties, of more or less doubtful enforcement generally, have little deterrent effect upon men willing to risk their lives upon what the code they field of honor. One of the most perfect systems for restraint and discouragement of duelling ever devised was that included in the code of the Golden Circle, which recognized the duel as permissible and conditionally proper.

It is a common error to suppose that the Knights of the Golden Circle were simply an engine of secession, organized in the Southwest during the first year of the civil war. That was what the greater part of the order became, after its original purpose was necessarily abandoned, but in its inception and up to the time when it had not fewer than 16,000 active members upon its rolls, prior to the civil war, its aim was the armed colonization of Mexico, and its motto "Peaceably, if we can; forcibly, if we must." Commander Bickley, who devised and directed it, was a daring and brilliant adventurer, who had set his heart upon the conquest of Mexico, not for the purpose of plunder, but to enable the settlement in Americans, the development of its vast resources, the establishment of good government, and its eventual admission as one of the States of the Union. To that end, every thing else was, in his eyes, of secondary importance. When the civil war broke out it put a stop to his enterprise at once, for all his Southern Knights were in demand for the armies of the confederacy. There were then two large "castles" in the North, one in New York and the other in Cincinnati, and several small ones, but 90 per cent. of the order were south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is doubtful if Bickley ever cared a button, as between North and South, which whipped, but he, unfortunately for himself, got injurious to his head that the latter would win. He further imagined that the contest would be short, and that it would eventually greatly strengthen his cherished project with men and resources, when the time again was propitious for him to move on Mexico, if he could meanwhile win prominence and popularity in the Confederate service. So all the original plans of the Knights of the Golden Circle, their splendid code of laws and their admirable system of organization, were pigeonholed and the order was divided. The larger part, retaining the old name, but under a new and much simpler form of organization, declared for the cause of secession; while the Northern minority disbanded their "castles" and renounced Bickley and his schemes forever. And it was not long until the new K. G. C. were exposed and broken up; Bickley was thrown into Fort Lafayette and eventually died, and the whole thing was dumped into the bog of vaguely remembered and imperfectly understood facts, out of which so much history is conveniently moulded.

These remarks upon the real purpose of this order are necessary to explain the singular blending in the organization of the military and civil elements. It was planned, with admirable foresight, primarily to take control of Mexico by force and secondarily, to keep that control by faultless administration of a perfect system of laws.

All members belonged to the first grade, which was that of the soldier; for admission to which it was requisite that a man should have a good character, possess some trace, occupation, or accomplishment rendering him capable of self-support and usefulness in a community, and that he should pass a physical examination at least as strict as that preliminary to enlistment in the United States army. To the second grade belonged those selected for their special capabilities as field and line officers; of course a much smaller number. In the third grade were only general officers and those whose provinces was to provide and dispose of the resources of money and munitions of war necessary for the enterprise. These last worked in harmony with other officers of like grade in the Knights of the Golden Cross, a sympathetic secret order of Mexican revolutionists which was formed on similar lines. For this army—for such the order was, in all points, and was meant to be until established in peaceful possession of Mexico—strict military law was provided, but that law possessed the capacity for harmonious combination with a civil code to be in force after the conquest.

There was one peculiar feature in it, introduced by Bickley himself, intended for the suppression of duelling. Bickley knew that nine-tenths of his men were reckless, hot-headed Southerners, who had been raised to look upon the duel as a right, manly, and proper mode for the adjustment of grievances, settlement of questions of personal honor, and even mere demonstration of courage and prowess. Personally he regarded it as a barbarism and was opposed to it. And he knew that for an expedition such as his would be, an army amenable to no laws but its own, in a campaign of conquest, the most serious consequences might ensue if his fighting men got to cutting one another's throats for fanciful points of honor. At the same time he did not dare to prohibit it. So he caused the inclusion in the code, to which all swore obedience, of sections permitting duels of certain restrictions. Unauthorized duels were to be regarded as murders or attempts at murder, according as they turned out, and all concerned in them severely punished, not by civil but by military law. A challenge was not allowed to be sent until it had been approved as upon good grounds in the judgment of a board of officers composed mainly of the challenger's superiors in rank and senior in service; and the acceptance of it by the other party, and the General in command of the division, and formally to ask his permission for a hostile meeting between the men. It was then his duty to seek to effect a reconciliation between the enemies, and, if they rejected it, to see that they were fully and thoroughly informed of the seriousness of the ordeal they invoked, under the laws to which they had subscribed. If they still persisted, nothing was left for him but to signify to the board of officers his approval of the duel. The board thereupon would proceed to arrange the preliminaries, naming the weapons—taking care to avoid giving either party an undue advantage through experience—selecting surgeons, and fixing, under orders from the General, the time and place for the encounter. All these steps necessarily would take time, in which hot tempers might cool and reason interpose, as well as impress upon the intending duellists the gravity of the affair. Up to the time of their going upon the field they were free to settle their quarrel. After that there could be no turning back. Death would be the arbiter.

It was required that the duel should take place in presence of the General and his staff, in full view of at least the regiment, and, if possible, the brigade, to which the men belonged, and when the word was given for its commencement, the fight should be to the death. Should both be so disabled that an immediate conclusion of the affair would be impossible, they were to be put under the surgeon's care until they had recovered sufficiently to return to the field, under the same circumstances as before, and resume the fight. If but one was disabled, and the other did not choose to finish the affair by butchering his helpless foe in the presence of a thousand comrades, an adjournment was to be ordered until the surgeon certified that the wounded man was again able to fight for his life, when the duel was to recommence. No plea of reconciliation, removal of misunderstanding, or sufficient satisfaction of wounded honor was to stay the doom they had themselves obstinately invoked. One or the other had to die to terminate the affair. For every duel there must be at least one corpse.

This is a mere skeleton outline of Bickley's duelling law, which was so elaborate, so precise, and so careful in its guard of every point, and provision for every possible contingency, that evasion of it would have been impossible. The calculated deliberation and cold-blooded ferocity of the system and its pitiless insistence upon death as an inevitable consequence, were intended to discourage duelling as an amusement, a way of winning notoriety, or—as in the case of Col. Romero—a safe method of murder.

WHERE THE LILY GROWS.

BLOOMING BERMUDE WITH ITS MANY FAIR FLOWERS.

A Favored Land of Fragrant Cedars—The First Fruits of the Soil Are All Sent to Other Countries—Information About Big Lily Farming.

Fannie B. Ward, in speaking of a country drive in Bermuda, talks as follows: Everything strikes you as strange and novel—the country people, more black than white, the women courtying when they meet you, the men bidding you a cheerful good morning; the white-walled cottages peering through shrubbery, the omnipresent gray rounding wall which forms part of the natural rock upon which these islands are builded, and above all the vegetation. Of our deciduous trees—oaks, beeches, maples, poplars—there is hardly a trace to be seen, nor is there anything to replace them. All the islands are more or less covered with cedar trees—not at all like the far-famed cedars of Lebanon, nor the colossal growth of Central America, nor yet those with which we sometimes adorn (or shall I say detace?) our gardens and cemeteries. These are small and bushy, resembling stunted firs. But the wood, when it can be found large enough, is said to be excellent for ship building. As the building of ships has been, since time out of mind, a prominent industry in these islands the older land owners who are not "up" to the new fangled notion of hulk raising by which the present generation is enriching itself refuse to allow their lands to be cleared except tree by tree as required at the ship yards.

Yuccas or "Spanish" bayonet spring by the wayside, and aloes, occasionally with flower stems rising twenty or thirty feet, and thickets of bamboo sending willowy tufts forty feet into the air. Many species of cacti abound, some cultivated in the gardens, like the Turk's cap, the melon cactus, and night-blooming cereus. One of the latter plants, in front of a house on Middle Road, covers an area equal to a fair-sized room, and I counted more than 200 superb flowers upon it. Such sights are calculated to make the Northern tourist down-hearted, thinking of his own poor little conservatory, where, with infinite pains, he may sometimes succeed in nursing into scanty bloom things that are here the commonest weeds. This small mid-ocean world has many characteristics distant from either Europe or America. In place of Northern corn fields you see long stretches of bananas, growing in almost impenetrable thickets, and in lieu of the vineyards and olive groves of the same latitude on the other side of the Atlantic there are endless fields of onions and Easter lilies. Now and then you come across charming bits of tropical scenery—sunbathing patches of palm land, overgrown with coarse bracken and bordered with dense jungles of bananas.

The fruit of the latter, by the way, is an article of food almost as highly prized here as in the rural districts of Bolivia, where I once existed for a month (without any bread, boiled bananas being the universal substitute. In the Bermudas bananas do not quite fill the place of the staff of life, but they are always served at meals—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—raw and cooked in a variety of strange ways. These island bananas are considerably smaller than those we buy in the markets at home but much sweeter and pleasanter to the taste, probably because fully ripe and eaten fresh from the stalk instead of being picked green for shipment and allowed to soften.

Blue birds, red cardinal, and golden oriole fly numerously before you, and the modest little ground dove, is another frequently met member of the Bermudas bird fauna. Straggling lines of white roofs and chimneys, peeping above and beneath the ragged tringes of banana patches, have an attractive appearance. The country houses are lower than those in town, but long and rambling, and every one of them is roofed with stone and glaringly whitewashed, as the law directs.

It is a government edict that all householders shall keep the roofs of their dwellings in condition to catch as much rain-water as possible, in order to be independent of the public reservoirs for fear of a water famine in this springless land. Even the fishermen's cottages set in groups in the little coves along the shore, are of stone, washed white as snow, and all with the universal green window shutters, hung at the top so as to act as a screen, admitting light and air at the bottom. The Bermudians never repair an old house, but leave it to crumble to decay, because building material costs almost nothing and it is easier to construct a new one. Consequently you meet a great many picturesque ruins by the wayside, with roofless walls and gables, weather stained and vine hung. Sometimes it is a large, old manor-house, with gapping windows and weed-choked doorways, though nobody ever comes and goes, unless it be ghosts in the "witching time," or more frequently a solitary chimney, rising from a shapeless mass of moss-grown stones, speaking of household fires never more to be rekindled and of somebody's heartache in remembering unreturning days.

About a mile from Hamilton you pass the military station called Prospect, and perhaps a mile further on an extensive salt morass, bordered by some fine cedar trees. Luckily there are no snakes in this happy island, and, so far as reptiles are concerned, you may explore with safety the dense thickets of scrub and palmettos in search of queer aquatic plants not to be found elsewhere. But there is some danger, nevertheless, of verdure-covered sink-holes, or of a sudden plunge through an opening in the roof of some deep cavern, whose floor may be the sea, for this coral reef is honeycombed with them. At one edge of the pond stands the old parish church of Devonshire, an antiquated structure long since abandoned for the newer one near by. It is surrounded by ancient cedars—the very gods of trees, stretching bony, leafless limbs above the graveyard, whose mossy sones bear many quaint inscriptions. Elate's Village, just beyond, is the central place from which to visit some of the loveliest scenery of the island. Before the abolition of slavery, which put us a damper upon agriculture, this was one of the principal ports of Bermuda, a thriving town of considerable trade. Then the shores of the pretty inlet were lined with wharves, where vessels received and discharged their cargoes. But now the capacity of its warehouses can only be guessed by the extent of their ruins. Everything wears a look of desolation. The molting walls, many of them with stately curved portals, are draped with vines and prickly cacti, and overshadowed by plantains and gigantic papawps. Over the gateway of one of them leans the largest mahogany tree in Bermuda.

It is an infant of only thirty years' growth, but its "waist" already measures seven feet. Unnumbered branches shoot out about four feet from the ground, covered with thick glossy leaves, and its top is as flat as a floor.

Most fruits will grow in the Bermudas, both those of the North and the tropics, but the truth is that while some lemons, oranges, peaches, strawberries, etc., are seen in the gardens not nearly enough are produced for home consumption. So, too, with the vegetables. No climate in the world is better adapted for the raising of potatoes, the tomatoes, beets, and onions, and the place is so circumstantially geographically that it ought to be, and to a certain limited extent is, the market garden of our Eastern cities.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels;—

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empi e, (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80, Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies Uptodate 100.00, Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworth's 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. IRA CORNWALL General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL Special Agent. Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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at the base of the hills where the soil is rich and red. But the popular impression that the lilies are grown for the sake of supplying Northern markets with blossoms for the Easter season is erroneous. The lilies themselves are only a by-product, incidental to the growth of the bulbs, which are the important article of commerce with Europe and America. True, a good many lilies are sent to New York for the Easter week, but at any other time of the year the visitor is welcome to help himself to all blossoms he can carry. The bulbs are dug and shipped early in the summer. Florists in this country get them during the latter part of July, and plant them in pots, which are kept in the shade. As soon as they are sprouted the pots containing them are brought into the green house, so that the plants may be forced into bloom by Christmas. Those intended for Easter are started in the pots a few weeks later. It is very important to judge accurately of time required because lilies that are worth \$3 the day before Easter Sunday are hardly worth a cent on the following Monday.

The soil and climate of the Bermudas seem to be especially adapted to lily growing and for eighty years past their culture has been an increasing industry. It is easy work, or Bermuda would not indulge in it, merely scratching the ground in the proper places being quite enough. The outer portion of each bulb consists of scales, overlaid one upon the other. These scales represent leaves, but at the base of each of them is a bud. Each bud represents a plant. The Bermuda farmer sows a few of his bulbs every year for seed, as the Northern farmer saves potatoes for the same purpose. He pulls off the scales and plants them in September in shallow boxes of moist sand. From the buds delicate rootlets quickly extend through the sand, seeking for moisture. As soon as the roots are sufficiently formed the embryo plants are set out. By the following summer little bulbets are developed. These the farmer calls his stock. It takes about 60,000 of them to plant an acre. They keep on growing through the mild winter of this latitude, and in the following June are ready to be dug. An acre of land ought to produce 40,000 marketable bulbs, with a diameter of four to seven inches. It takes four years and sometimes longer to produce the great buds, from nine to fourteen inches in diameter, from which spring the tall stalks crowded with many blossoms. The earliest bulbs are dug about the middle of June, though they are not fully ripened until fully three or four weeks later. The tubers must be picked up as soon as they are taken out of the ground because half an hour of glaring sunshine would ruin them irretrievably. No curing is necessary. They are merely packed in sand, which seems to preserve them better than any other material. The grower has boards with four holes of different sizes in them, and the bulbs are "sorted" by being passed through these holes. You see the lily fields covered with plants varying in height from a few inches to two or three feet. The small ones are the stalks of the young bulb; the tallest ones are sent to the United States for the Easter trade. The bulbs are packed in strong wooden boxes strapped with iron, each box containing perhaps 400 bulbs of ordinary size. The bulbs which are dug in June for the United States market have already flowered in March. It is only during the last few years that the Bermuda lily farmer has hit upon the plan of cutting flowers and shipping them to the United States to compete with the Easter lilies furnished by American florists. Thus the bulbs may be said to furnish two crops. The flowers of their first season may be marketed from Bermuda while the roots from which these blossoms were obtained are forwarded three months later to the United States that they may yield a second crop when potted and forced by American florists. Naturally this sort of competition is regarded by United States florists as highly objectionable. Owing the weekly lines of steamers now plying between New York

and the Bermudas, making the trip in seventy hours, the island farmers can easily flood the markets with cut flowers at less price than our own florists can afford to sell them, as those of the latter have been produced indoors at great expense. Given the proper conditions of soil and climate, bulb growing is profitable and certain. The farmer can be reasonably sure of the price from year to year and he usually expects to realize a profit of \$2 per thousand bulbs, sold in lots of 100,000. So hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses are grown in vast quantities on the dikes of Holland, their cultivation being one of the most important industries of that country. Here the work in the lily fields is largely done by negroes, though you sometimes see white men, women and children in the smaller patches. After the ground has been once scratched up with a plow the cultivation is entirely by hand implements, chiefly with a large mattock-like hoe. One who has never seen a Bermuda lily field cannot be made to realize what it looks like, or what a superabundance of the beautiful blossoms there is here during a portion of the year. Stately flower stalks are much more common here than daisies and dandelions at home, and are given away by the thousands. Children on the roads throw great bunches of them into passing carriages, and actually the number of them last becomes cloying and visitors tire of the ever-present odor.

WAS A CLEVER DOG.

He Could Imitate All Sorts of Animals and Was Well Educated.

While on a trip through Tennessee, recently, I was the guest of Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family consists of himself and wife, and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and attention. As there was nothing particularly attractive about the dog, which was only a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason of it. Mr. Downing for answer, called "Bench," and placing him in a chair commanded him to "crow." My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect imitation of a Shanghai rooster, and, without further command, followed it with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunting and squeals of pigs, whining of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

Mr. Downing said nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Beach was a mere puppy, Rev. John Malcom, the preacher for their circuit, was ill at Downing's house, and was made extremely nervous at night by a rooster crowing at all hours beneath his window. The people who were attending him could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing in passing the window was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. She hastened to relate the circumstance to her husband, who was incredulous, and carefully watched the dog. He quickly recognized his wife's story, and for some time the neighbors flock to see the wonderful dog. He quickly learned to crow at command, and each day picked up some new sound.

In appearance Bench is not prepossessing, his color being a dirty yellow, his hair coarse and wiry, his legs short, and his body rather unwieldy. In his eyes, however, there gleams an intelligence almost human.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE OLDEST WATCHES.

The oldest watches bearing inscribed dates are of Swiss make, and the date is 1484. Anything antedating this is a fraud.

OUTSIDE REACTIONS!

Path Park Association

GRAMME.

ATTA.

HN, N. B., and 3rd, 1895.

ME OF RACES.

BOATS—No time allowed.

A COQUETTE IN CAMP.

A sensation stirred the forest-bound depths of Isaac Carey's lumber camp. A newcomer had put in appearance at John Bailey's house. The men at work on the landing had seen that day, as the train stopped at the station at the siding, a female figure alight and come up to the switch which led from the main track to the mill. She was young, she was fairly pretty, and she was a stranger who had evidently come to visit John Bailey's family, and many conjectures were indulged in by the busy workers all the afternoon.

Lem Marlow received a peculiar shock that afternoon. Driving his team down the road with a load of logs, which he was hauling from the woods, he had to pass John Bailey's house. At this place the horses were always stopped to rest, and Lem Marlow considered one of the most careful of the lumbermen. His horses were not tired out, but the resting places were numerous and regular along the route.

As he stopped his horses at this point on the eventful afternoon he was startled by seeing a pair of bright eyes, which belonged to a strange face, curiously watching him. A hasty glance proved that the face was pretty, and to Lem's idea the right sort of a face. And immediately the young teamster went through a curious revolution. Lem Marlow had the name of being the most susceptible youth in camp, and many a wistful companion would declare that "he never seen the like of that 'er Lem Marlow 'er git 'round the gals."

Where the fair unknown came from Lem did not know. But he could easily find out. Lem Marlow had a habit of stopping to see John Bailey. Suffice it to say there was a watchman here, and that he was not a recognition of his own graces, at least. His horse needed all sorts of attention immediately, patting and stroking their glossy sides and talking to them in the tone which teamsters often adopt to the animals who are almost as dear to them as human beings.

That night, as the crew of workmen gathered in the men's room of the big boarding house after supper, the talk naturally turned to the newcomer. "Shorty" Black looked up with sudden interest when her advent to the Bailey house was mentioned.

"Was she a real purty sort of a gal, with black eyes an' red cheeks?" he inquired, breathlessly in his thin, shrill voice. "Yes, the men could watch her being pretty, some could asser to her red cheeks, and one man could swear she had black eyes an' hair."

"Well, then, she's Annie Davis, Mrs. Bailey's sister. I know her," responded Shorty, with a satisfied squeak in his voice.

"The dickens ye do," responded Jim Bennett, with a loud guffaw. The other men laughed immoderately also at the idea of Shorty Black knowing the pretty stranger who had awakened an interest in them all.

"Shorty" Black was a sort of butt for good-natured satire at Carey's camp, and simply because he was so small. "Shorty" was the only name he got. Indeed, it was questionable whether the men knew any other name of his. He had the usual dull, uninteresting features of the average backwoodsman and was goodnatured, ignorant and plain. Because of his short stature and thick, stocky body, Shorty was always laughingly used for an illustration for diminutive substances.

Lem Marlow looked suddenly from the game of seven up in which he was taking part when Shorty disclosed his interesting intelligence. He listened more intently to the conversation than to the game after that, and finally threw down his cards and "I would he wouldn't play any more that night."

"What, ye're going to the bar?" called out Jim Bennett, as Lem set his cap jauntily on one side of his head and sauntered toward the door.

"No," he responded. "I'm jest going down to the blacksmith shop to see if Bill Rogers has fixed that sled runner that got broke to-day."

Once out of sight of the quizzical gaze of his companions Lem struck out toward the residence of John Bailey. It was nothing unusual for him to drop in of an evening to discuss the affairs of the lumbering interests. He was received with a hearty welcome by the host and given a seat by the kitchen fire, where the two men fell to discussing the happenings of the day.

But all through the conversation Lem cast furtive glances toward the sitting room, where Mrs. Bailey was talking busily to some one—undoubtedly the interesting stranger whose acquaintance Lem so desired to make.

Finally after a short pause John Bailey suddenly broke in with: "Oh, say, Lem! come on in the room where the women folks is. We've got a visitor to our house."

Lem followed blindly and smiled airily at the young woman whom Joe Bailey introduced as "My sister-in-law, who has come up here in the woods to catch a man. Now, put in yer best licks, Lem," he added, "her I reckon ye start as fair a show as any."

The girl blushed and laughed a little, but seemed in no wise displeased at the ock of admiration which the young man took no pains to disguise. A coquette can be found in any sphere, and certainly Annie Davis could shine in that capacity at Carey's Camp.

Lem went home that night feeling first rate over his venture. The girl was evidently struck with his appearance and conversation. It seemed plain sailing now for the enamored youth to get what his ambitious heart most craved—"a girl."

"It ain't best to let her now at first how I'm struck on her," he mused, as he climbed the hill to the boarding house. "Girls is queer critters. Now, if I let on to her that I don't keer nothin' 'bout her for 'er spell, an' that I hev lots o' girls 'round through the country, she will think it will pay a heap more to be good to me."

Things progressed very satisfactorily for Lem from that on. Miss Annie was gracious when Lem considered he was not unbending his dignity too much to pay her the attentions which were considered necessary toward the girl who was to "keep stiddy company" with a young man.

One night as Lem entered the boarding house before supper he was greeted by an uproarious chorus of voices from the men who had assembled before him.

"Oh, say, Lem!" shouted Jim Bennett, a powerful man, with a shout in proportion

to his size, "What do you think? Shorty has been sparkin' yer girl on the sly."

"He had her out sleigh ridin' last night. He's been to see her lots when ye war'n't round," exclaimed another, with excitement. "Ye thought ye stood alone in that section all right, but we've just found out Shorty stands in, too, an' he's kept mum about it. Oh, he's a sly one, Shorty is. Ye want to watch out."

Lem turned away with an easy laugh. "Boob," he said, good naturedly. "Dye think she's goin' to take up with that little sawed off? Most girls requires a man to suit 'em, not a half a one like Shorty. Shorty knows better'n to fool 'round me none. Somebody might get hurt."

As Lem sauntered out of the room with a conceited smile on his face, one of the men remarked, with a spice of envy, "Lem thinks every girl is stuck on him. I'd give my old hat if Shorty could cut him in."

Lem had no fears of Shorty, and when he asked an explanation of Annie she said that Shorty had only been in a few times to inquire about home folks, as they were both from the same place. So Lem dismissed all fears and again basked in the paradise which was lighted by Annie's bright eyes and hated by her smiles.

One night was later than usual going wrong from the woods. Things had blown all day, bearing little snow flurries that cut like steel. A few ice had snapped in two while he was rolling a log, causing him to take a heavy fall, which had bruised and jarred him considerably, and ruffled his temper also. Coming down with the load of logs that night one of the horses stepped in a hole in the plank road, which tore the skin from the creature's leg and laid her severely. Lem had to stop and roll the log upon the truck, as the horse was unable to assist the other to pull the load to the mill. Then much time had to be consumed attending the horse's wounds before he could go to his supper.

The men were in the dining room when Lem entered the men's room. He wondered at the sound of unusual commotion which struck him before entering the dining room. Some unwonted excitement had taken place he was sure.

As he opened the door the roar of laughter which greeted his appearance caused him to pause in bewilderment upon the threshold. Each man evidently tried to tell him something, but laughter forbade and howls and shrieks of mirth rent the air like the like of which had never been heard at Carey's camp.

"What is the matter with ye?" Lem demanded angrily, of man who sat near, gasping and choking over mirth. "Oh, Lem," he shrieked, between the paroxysms of laughter. "Sh—Shorty's gone with Annie Davis to git married."

For an instant a howl greeted the disclosure which almost made the sink ten, then a deathlike stillness reigned. Out men fairly held their breaths, awaiting the explosion which was sure to follow, for Lem could swear in the true lumberman's style.

Lem stared around for a few seconds, the embodiment of ludicrous bewilderment. Finally he gasped in a low, halting tone, as if to force the power of speech—and stranger yet, the power to swear—had left him. "Wall, I'll be everlastingly gollit damned!" and turned slowly and left the room.

Pandemonium could be said to have broken out at the uproar that followed. Benches were kicked over, men rolled over the floor or slapped one another on the back in the ecstasy of their mirth. To think that Lem had been cheated out of his girl, and by Shorty, of all persons!

Before bedtime Milt Flynn happened to go down to the mill. In the engine room he brushed up against Lem, sitting alone in the darkness. By the light of his lantern Milt could see a dejected expression on Lem's face. A slight feeling of commiseration crept over him, and he suppressed the grin which had begun to overspread his features. He sat down and proceeded to give Lem the details of the story. Shorty and Annie had been lovers for some time, and only the result that had been intended when she came to visit her sister. She had simply smiled on Lem to throw the other off their guard and give them a surprise. Lem could not help but be angry.

Poor Lem's heart burned fiercely against her. Not so much at the loss of the girl as at the thought of being duped as he had been. And then to be beaten by Shorty! "Ef it had been any one but that durned little runt, I wouldn't keer," he growled to Milt Flynn. "But that was the goob durned trick ye've played on me. Lem! I'll git even with 'em yet, ef I don't." He did not stop to consider that Shorty had only bided his time and paid back with interest some of the practical jokes Lem had always been so fond of playing on him.

Lem Marlow took up the burden of life again, feeling that he had been inclosed and whitewashed in the bargain. But life was unendurable for him at Carey's camp. The men were merciless in their teasing. Lem stood it awhile, but stand no more. His human nature could stand no more. One night he hunted up old Isaac Carey, and his account and informed him he was going to leave next day. Then he went into the men's room and settled his accounts with them there. The women had turned, and the men did not forget for a long time the profanity and maledictions poured out upon them. The next morning Lem Marlow left, and Carey's camp saw him no more.

He Didn't Dare Drown. A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on a bench at Piedmont with her 12-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and spluttering around the tank. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No; I'm afraid you'll drown," declared the cautious mother; but there were evidences of indecision in her voice. If she had said, "Shut up; you shan't!" the boy would have known his fate was sealed.

"I'll wheel the baby every morning," he added by way of further bribe.

The fat woman mopped her perspiring face, looked at the crowd and snapped: "Well, go on; but if you drown you can't blame me."

The boy was soon splashing and paddling around. He had assured his mother that he could swim a little, and she eyed him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had got into deep water, when his head went under. His mother's shriek and kept her seat. He came up all right, but looking frightened, d floundered a little, and went down again. He was under a little longer, and bubbles came up where his head ought to be. Up he bobbed again, splashing and trying to cry for help. When he was sinking for the third time when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank and, shaking her fist at the boy, screamed:

"You, Simon Peter Bates! Don't you dare drown, or I'll skin you alive!"

The boy saw the first and heard the threat, and, with his face contorted with fear, kicked out desperately and kept afloat until some of the bathers lifted him out and terrible threat saved his life. He didn't dare drown.—San Francisco Post.

A MAD UNDERTAKING.

The bell sounded for the last time. Engine-matrons kissed his wife, leaped to his arms, and with a shrill whistle the train slowly began to move. The village it was leaving consisted of a few straggling houses, the homes of the railroad stragglers, the road itself was used principally for the transportation of cattle and freight, for but few travellers passed through this wild region.

The distance to Delmane, to which place they were bound, was a matter of about twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the early evening a strong wind had arisen, and till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As soon as the train arrived at Delmane the bells gava the signal which told the employees along the line that they could train running on that road.

Mattern rested for a little while and then looked after the work he had been given to do, which occupied him until about eleven o'clock. Leaving the engine standing with a low fire, as he was to remain in the village in six hours, he gave the fireman permission to go to the engine-house and get a little supper. He himself concluded to seek a restaurant, where he had noticed, was still lighted up, and perhaps, he would find congenial company.

It was the next day, he could sleep then as long as he pleased. When he came to the station platform he met the train-master's assistant, Mr. Kly, who said to him:—"You have just arrived in time; I was going to send someone to hunt you up; there is a telegram here for you."

"A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, looking surprised. "Yes; just come into the waiting-room. In a moment Mattern held the despatch in his trembling hands.

"Special!" The train-master at Delmane had telegraphed Engineer Mattern Doctor Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern to bring a physician from Delmane, with him when he returns early in the morning."

"My child—a poor little Charlie!" groaned the father. "There is nothing you can do but wait and hope for the best," said Mr. Kly, philosophically. "Lie down and try to sleep for a few hours. I shall have you up and leave you. Good-night. I hope everything will turn out all right." And with that he went.

Out in the darkness stood Mattern; the storm raged, and the rain beat in his face. Half-past eleven! Was his boy living yet? Would medical help be of any avail the next morning? Full well did he know the which science had not yet found a remedy. Only by quick and prompt attention can danger be averted.

After a few minutes of deep thought he suddenly turned and fairly ran to the house of Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The doctor appeared at an open window above and asked the name of the caller. "Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger."

Dr. Sardo threw the door-key out of the window, and said:—"Open the door and come up; in the meantime I will dress myself; in the morning I'll attend to the child."

Mattern felt around in the darkness for the key-hole, and a few minutes later stood before the doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession.

"Give me a description of your child's condition, so that I can take the necessary remedies with me; in diphtheria cases one must use all possible dispatch. You live here in town?"

"No, doctor," answered Mattern; and with hurried breath he told his story. "You say that the train does not return till the morning?" said the doctor, rather impatiently. "Why then did you call me at this time of night? What do you expect me to do in the meantime?"

"Come with me, doctor!" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on his forehead. "You can save my child if you will. Out at the station stands my locomotive under steam; if you will come with me I will take you to my home in an hour's time, and my boy will be saved."

"Are you mad? Now at dead of night, when everyone is asleep, without signals or information of any kind at the stations to be passed, you intend to run your locomotive for twenty-five miles! Why man, at the first intermediate station we should jump the track because the switches would be turned wrong."

"Indeed, doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear about coming with me."

"But the crossings are not closed, and as no one expects a train at this time, we might be the cause of a great deal of harm to passing trains."

"No, no, I know every inch of the ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And besides, who would be out in weather like this?"

"But what you propose doing is against all rules and regulations; you will lose

your position, besides being responsible for all that may happen."

"What do I care for that if I could only save my child? You can do this for me if you will. On my knees I beg of you to come with me! Oh, have pity on me!"

The doctor yielded. Like some wild spirit of the night the solitary engine sped through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reason that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in the engine-house. When the doctor had taken his place Mattern threw a can of oil on the fire in order to get the engine in quicker motion, and they were soon flying along at a fearful speed, which was only lessened as they passed the first station which they did without accident, as the switches were turned in the right direction.

The doctor sat down in a corner and tried to finish his broken nap, and Mattern divided his attention between keeping up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. Had Doctor Sardo any idea of the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was passed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make, and they would be at their destination. While bending down to his work Mattern suddenly felt the engine give a jerk. A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were flying along in the darkness and storm.

"What was that?" asked the doctor, who had been roused out of his sleep. "Oh, nothing—very likely a stone or other substance that became fast between the rails," answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be there."

He slackened the speed of the engine, but he did it mechanically, as if in a dream. That fearful cry almost made his heart stand still.

He could well imagine what had happened. Some cart or wagon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of some terrible calamity; if not, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk followed by a heartrending cry? There was the station Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness, but knew the shape of the building too well to be mistaken. He stopped the engine and took the safe path to his home, followed by the doctor.

"How is the boy? Is he still alive?" "Oh, yes, thank God! I have an hour later it would have been too late, but the doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look after some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing. A man is said to be killed, and the woman and one child badly injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear husband; that will be your best medicine. I will call you when the doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping. Perhaps fatally, and through his fault! He had no intention of doing this; all he thought of was the saving of his child; but he had a right to undertake such a fearful responsibility when he knew what terrible consequences might follow?

He rose in despair; he could not endure to lie in the arms of the room smothered child. In his ear still sounded that fearful death-cry. With trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wife and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently, and bitter tears streamed down his cheeks. What would become of those he loved so dearly?

Slowly he went down the stairs; he could not meet the eyes of his dear ones, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time; the fresh air seemed to do him good.

The town clock struck seven—it was early yet. Mechanically he turned his steps towards the engine-house; he wanted to look after his engine; it was his daily custom. He arrived at the shed; his engine was there—no doubt brought there by some of his co-workers. He looked at it scornfully, and as of old began to examine it. It struck him that something might have become broken during the ride.

Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to take out the ashes and start the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly:—"I suppose you want to see your roast?"

"Roast?" he asked. "What do you mean?" The other man laughed more than ever. "It must have given a pretty good jump to the track. The iron wheels were full of hair. I cleared the whole wheel of full of bones; it was a pity, on account of the beautiful antlers."

So saying the workman brought out of an old shed where the firewood was kept, a number of the broken pieces of a deer's antlers.

"There, you see, the poor fellow fared badly; he did not expect to be disturbed in his roamings at night-time by the appearance of a locomotive. He was just about the light at the front of the engine, stood still, and so you ran him down. In such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels of his engine to steady himself. So the cry stag! But, nevertheless, there had been an accident, where someone was killed and others wounded. Was he awake, or only in a feverish dream?

The talkative workman seemed to guess his thoughts, or perhaps felt like giving him news of which he was not as lucky as you. This morning in taking out the train against a farmer's cart, although it was not his fault. The man who was driving seemed to be in a hurry, and had taken the responsibility of opening the gates, so as to cross before the coming train. The accident might have been much worse, but Keel quickly slackened speed when he saw the open gates.

If the train had been going at full speed nothing could have saved them; it is, one woman had a foot broken, another

an arm; the farmer and one child were only slightly stunned, and the horses escaped without injury, although they were flung far into a ditch; the wagon of course, is all broken to pieces. Mr. Mattern what will you? Let me go!"

The man had cause to be alarmed for, like one bereft of his senses, Mattern had suddenly thrown his arms around him and kissed his coal-blackened face, laughing and crying at the same time.

Mattern, on account of going against all instructions, was taken before an examining committee and fined one month's wages, but otherwise was not punished, as it became well known why he had done such a desperate act. As for Dr. Sardo, no blame was attached to him; on the contrary, his humane deed brought him considerable practice.

Neither of the men is alive now, but the remembrance of this stormy night will long remain with those who are still living to tell of its events.

Struck the Wrong Crowd. An English clergyman who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the married state.

The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for the occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortunately, he did not read the sermon over, and so he was unable to know it, had he uttered his appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."

BORN. Yarmouth, Aug. 30, to the wife of A. Dick, a son. Sydney, Sept. 2, to the wife of Edward Keate, a son. Halifax, Sept. 2, to the wife of F. L. Carter, a son. Amherst, Sept. 4, to the wife of John Craig, a son. Truro, Sept. 6, to the wife of George C. Co., a son. Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of David Ray, a daughter. Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of C. I. Miller, a daughter. Yarmouth, Sept. 5, to the wife of G. D. Turnbull, a son. Sydney, Sept. 2, to the wife of Allan J. McDonald, a son. Orverton, Aug. 12, to the wife of Frank Lent, a son. Sheburne, Aug. 21, to the wife of D. E. Hart, a daughter. Kenville, Aug. 29, to the wife of John Landry, a daughter. Windsor, Aug. 20, to the wife of Judson Snow, a daughter. Stellarton, Aug. 23, to the wife of Peter Cotter, twin daughters. Lunenburg, Aug. 2, to the wife of Allan R. Morab, a son. Starrs Road, Aug. 31, to the wife of William Keating, a daughter. North Sydney, Aug. 31, to the wife of John Cameron, a daughter. Centreville, Aug. 28, to the wife of E. R. Thompson, a daughter. Middleburg, Sept. 4, to the wife of Ainsley Teed, a son. Lower Village, Aug. 30, to the wife of Zachaeus Teed, a son. West New Glasgow, Sept. 3, to the wife of Barclay Fraser, a son. Lynn, Mass., Aug. 24, to the wife of J. Welton Postupneq, Aug. 23, to the wife of Austin Campbell, a daughter. West New Glasgow, Sept. 1, to the wife of William Hume, a daughter. Masagouche, Aug. 24, to the wife of George E. Paalen, a daughter.

MARRIED. Amherst, Sept. 2, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Miles Mills to Edith Fardy. Lowell, June 29, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, E. E. Joy to Annie E. Ray. Hillsboro, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. Camp, Bliss Smith to Hannah Reeves. Truro, Sept. 4, by Rev. F. Parker, T. Starr to Edith Alice Rice. Washville, Sept. 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Webster Nobles to Celia Gass. Amherst, Sept. 2, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Harmon Mills to Eunice Miller. Penulac, Sept. 4, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Herbert Welsh to Minnie Allen. Brizewater, Sept. 2, by Rev. S. March, George Hyrue to Sadie White. Wallace, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. Astbury, A. E. Morris to Estelle E. Foster. Shubenacadie, Aug. 27, by Rev. R. Smith, John Parnell to Ida Newman. Eel River, Sept. 4, by George Harrison, W. M. Mezar to Sadie Miller. Woodstock, Sept. 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, John Grant to Mary Johnson. Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev. Allen Simpson, William Fenwick to Mary B. Blair. St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. S. H. Rice, James Anderson to Eliza Warren. Eight, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. B. Young, William J. Bustin to Elizabeth Kelly. Onslow, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. H. Chase, J. A. Advocate to Rev. D. H. Porter, Gilbert Drew to Gertrude I. Copp. St. John, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Louis C. Dugas to Emma I. Akers. Rockfield, Pictou Co., by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Wm. Welsh to Jennie McLeod. Moncton, Sept. 4, by Rev. J. E. Brown, John Harris to Lucy A. Whitney. Sussex, Sept. 6, by Rev. James Gray, George Biggs to Marion to Hattie Gray. River John, Sept. 4, by Rev. Wm. Gordon, Daniel Gunn to Eliza J. Redmond. Fredericton, Sept. 4, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, Harry Cannon to Gertrude Miller. Gasperau, Aug. 27, by Rev. John Williams, Perry B. McCall to Minnie Coleman. Truro, Sept. 4, by Rev. John Robbins, William A. Taittie to Lulu E. Archibald. Parrsboro, Aug. 23, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Sanford McKillop to Alice Fowler. St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. William Hays, William A. Kwiat to Grace A. Morley. Amherst, Sept. 4, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Jeremiah Tucker to Eliza E. McMillan. Sydney, Aug. 27, by Rev. D. Drummond, W. H. Dunlap to Johanna McDonald. St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. W. W. Rainie, Thomas G. Burdett to Annie Stewart. Glenarrat, Aug. 21, by Rev. J. Fowle, William Walker to Jane A. Robertson. St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. E. Mathers, Handford McKnight to Maggie Mcgarry. Truro, Sept. 2, by Rev. A. L. Gaggie, Thomas C. Whidden to Blanche Knopshut. Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. Hodkin, George A. Fraser to Etel E. Cunningham. Barrington, Sept. 4, by Rev. C. Jost, William M. Brennan to Maggie Homer Cella. Port Maria, C. B., Aug. 31, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Wm. A. Braus to Maggie Young. Knoxford, Aug. 23, by Rev. J. E. Flowering, Robert O'Leary to Bertha Louise Elliot. Hantsport, Sept. 3, by Rev. P. McEwan, J. H. Newcomb to Maggie H. Davidson. Bristol, N. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. J. E. Flowering, William S. King to Eliza J. Davis. Mahons Bay, Aug. 28, by Rev. Jacob Manier, Ed. Wm. Corkin to Lillian Sanford. Lower Southampton, Aug. 27, by Rev. Wm. Ross, George Davidson to Hannah Miller. Frosser Brook, Aug. 27, by Rev. A. Rutledge, Elman Bishop to Mary Beaudet. St. Martins, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. J. Thompson, William H. King to Addie Davidson.

DIED. Moncton, Sept. 5, Wm. Day, 53. St. John, Sept. 7, Donald Corrie, 70. Woodstock, Aug. 23, John Haines, 49. Sambro, Sept. 3, William Thomas, 82. Yarmouth, Aug. 30, Nathan Hilton, 76. Stanion River, Sept. 1, Mary Deven, 17. Upland, N. B., Aug. 28, Mrs. J. S. Fowler, 53. Westville, Aug. 27, Mrs. John George, 70. Mount Hebron, Aug. 31, Lewis Fraser, 84. Waterford, Sept. 1, Isabel Buchanan, 65. St. John, Sept. 5, Stanley Allen Cairns, 61. Boston, Sept. 4, Mrs. Alex. S. Brown, 64. New Ross, Aug. 21, William Corkum, 70. Pictou, N. S., Sept. 1, Isaac M. Tonge, 24. Centreville, Sept. 8, Mrs. Joseph Kinsman. Upper Sackville, Sept. 4, Graham Cox, 91. Wallace, N. S., Sept. 3, Mrs. Patterson, 93. Agyle Shore, P. E. I., John McDougall, 62. East Glasville, Aug. 30, W. McDougall, 62. Stellarton, Aug. 28, Mrs. Matilda Brown, 53. Upper Sackville, Sept. 3, Mrs. John Kelly, 75. Halifax, Sept. 6, Rose T. wife of E. J. Griffin. Sandford, Aug. 28, Mrs. Mary Wilson, 67. St. John, Sept. 7, by drowning, George T. Blewitt, 9. Sackville, Sept. 3, Jane, wife of Nathan Lowerston, 70. New Laing, Pictou Co., Sept. 10, Alexander Murray, 90. Centreville, N. S., Sept. 3, Mrs. Mary Ann Campbell, 70. Campersdown, Lunenburg Co., Aug. 30, Michael Croft. Windsor, Sept. 1, Maggie, daughter of Charles Lavers. St. John, Sept. 8, Ann Jane, widow of George W. Ritchie. Sussex, Aug. 20, Lawrence, son of W. F. Anderson, 4 months. Tatamouche, Aug. 23, Mary, wife of the late Jas. McManis. Milton, Aug. 24, Archibald G., son of Abner Hall, 13 months. Ketch Harbour, Sept. 6, Annie, wife of Pilot James Spars, 30. Hammond Plains, Sept. 9, Minnie, wife of John Easton, 30. East Gore, N. S., Aug. 20, Edna, wife of James Murphy, 35. Blackland, N. B., Sept. 4, Catherine, widow of Jas. Hamilton, 82. South Bay, Sept. 7, Mary A., daughter of Susan and George Ester. St. Stephen, Aug. 20, Madge, child of Capt. James Clark 5 months. T. Lush, Aug. 23, Mrs. Davidson, widow of the late Middle Sackville, Sept. 4, Walter, son of M. and Ellen Grace, 15. Dartmouth, Sept. 5, Norman Francis, child of Fred and Jane Cox, 3. Bristol, Aug. 20, Lillie, only child of George and Amber Boyer, 12. Caledonia, Aug. 23, Georgia, F., daughter of Chas. and Ruth Easton, 20. Halifax, Sept. 3, George L., son of George and Isabel Loxdale, 5 months. St. John, Sept. 8, Mary Corinne, only child of Capt. John and Annie Taylor, 10 months. St. John, Sept. 6, Mary, daughter of the late James and Margaret Hooley, 43. Cambridgeport, Sept. 3, Margaret Mullie, wife of Michael Murphy of P. E. I. St. Stephen, Sept. 2, Mary E., child of the late Samuel Weeks, 6 months. Halifax, Sept. 4, Mary A., only daughter of Wm. Rice Point, P. E. I., Sept. 2, Collin J., infant son of Henry and Annie Taylor, 4 months. Mahons Bay, Aug. 28, Annie Christine, infant child of Lewis and Jessie McKean, 7 months. New Glasgow, Aug. 28, James Wm. Chisholm, 20. Stellarton, Aug. 23, Mrs. Rod McDonald, 84. St. John, Aug. 21, by drowning in Kennebec, Arthur Alexander, infant son of Rev. A. D. and Kathleen Dewdney, 4 months.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the steel. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorous, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Sheela, Sept. 8, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Allen E. Wetmore to Miss H. Dearborn. Mill Village, Aug. 29, by Rev. D. F. Wooten, Lawrence D. Muehler to Mary E. Murray. New Glasgow, Aug. 22, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, James Fraser to Mary C. Litzner. Merigon, Aug. 27, by Rev. F. A. Campbell, Fred W. Smith to Annie M. Stewart. Brookfield, N. S., Sept. 2, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Lewis E. Wambolt to Lue's McIntain. Chester, Aug. 29, by Rev. D. F. Wooten, Annie M. McCain to Charles Herbert Kington. Fredericton, Sept. 4, by Rev. William McDonald, Harry E. Harwood to Ada D. Strasser. Lockhartville, N. S., Aug. 29, by Rev. William Phillips, Morton Fitzgerald to Lily Shaw. Hampton, Sept. 3, by Rev. F. Fraser, Rev. James Wambolt to George C. Co. & Co. New Glasgow, Sept. 3, by Rev. George Patterson, Lowrie F. Christie to Annie Graham McColl. Cadzow, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. A. Fiedler, John W. Lord to Sarah Valentin, both of George N. E. Wolcott, Sept. 4, by Rev. K. C. Hind, Rev. W. W. Simpson of Northampton, N. B., to Alberta Quinn. Canterbury Station, Aug. 29, by Rev. G. A. S. Laason, Millard H. Goodspeed to Florence Laason. Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev. Thor. Fowler, William Frederick McColl, Q. C., to Jessie Wallace Lawson.

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