

PROGRESS.

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BACK FOR A THIRD TERM.

MAYOR PETERS GETS THERE WITH A VERY LARGE MAJORITY.

Some North End Aldermen Take a Back-seat in Their Own Wards—How It Was the Other Candidates Did Not Get a Large Number of Votes.

Tuesday was a great day for Mayor Peters. He went into the contest smiling and came out of it more smiling still. Well he might do so, for he eclipsed all previous records and had a plurality of 927 over Mr. Sturdee and of 462 over Messrs. Sturdee, Tutts and Jones combined.

Yet for all that only about two thirds of the qualified voters went to the polls, while less than half of the total vote of the city, had all the taxes been paid, was polled.

The fight was an easy one, and that ease was largely the result of effective organization. The mayor had the advantage of being as it were in the top of a tree from which there was an effort to shake him down, while the others were trying to climb the tree, which was a much more difficult process.

The majority of the people seemed to have the idea that apart from the anti-third-term theory, there was no particular reason why the present incumbent should be turned out to make room for a new man. There was, too, an idea that, in view of the works in hand and to be put in hand, it was not wise to swap horses while crossing the stream.

The fact that such a gain was made over Mr. Sturdee and the others is no indication of a want of popularity on their part. Hundreds of the personal friends of the others, who would have voted for them under other circumstances, supported Mr. Peters on this occasion. Very many recognized the valuable assistance of Mr. Jones in the past, but considering that he had no chance in this contest viewed the fight as between Sturdee and Peters and voted for the latter. The same may be said of many of the friends of Mr. Tutts, including the "solid temperance vote," which he did not get.

It is probable, too, that the past experience of Mr. Sturdee as mayor of Portland but rather than helped him, especially among the voters of the South end, while the fact that he was from the North end was sufficient of itself to kill his prospects in the West end. It may have been unjust to saddle on Mr. Sturdee the misdeeds of the Portland aldermen, for whose actions he was not responsible, but it seems to be the fact that the reputation of the old council is so well remembered that the majority of the electors still have a deep distrust of all who were connected with it. This may be grossly unfair in individual instances, but it appears to be the fact.

That the sectional feeling did not carry weight, however, is shown by the fact that Mayor Peters received a majority in every ward except Stanley, which is always expected to do something a little out of the usual in some way or other at election times. The North End aldermen who worked for Mr. Sturdee were in every other instance beaten by their opponents. Not the least remarkable, and it may be significant incident of the contest was the fact that Ald. Kelly was vanquished on his own stamping ground in Dufferin.

The same would have happened to Ald. McKelvey had he gone into an active day's campaigning in Prince, but he had business in Fredericton about election time and Ald. Nickerson had everything his own way.

So too had Ald. Baxter and Lockhart in Brooks, where they rolled up a proportionate majority greater even than was secured in Wellington, the mayor's own ward.

The day was one of surprises. Nobody had any idea that Mr. Peters would have so large a majority, and most people thought Mr. Jones would show a great deal more strength than he did. The latter realized his position early in the day, and announced to his friends that he was "not in it."

The aldermen have been so busy electioneering during the last week or two, that they have had no time to either with committee work, and there was so little prospect of business, that the regular meeting of the council was not called for this week. In the meantime, the bill of the Tax Reduction Association has passed, and the people are to be called to vote on it next September. This is quite contrary to the predictions of one of the North End aldermen, who has been confidently asserting that the house would be prorogued before the bill passed. It will now be in order for him to predict that the people will vote against it. And so they will if he can have his way.

An Idea That Was Rushed. The programme of the Amateur Minstrels this time was a departure from ordinary affairs of that nature. Thirty portraits of the members of the organization were engraved in a group and printed as a frontispiece. When it is considered that the group includes the styles of a dozen photographers; that some of them had a background like a black-board and others like a cotton sheet; that some were possessed of "big heads" and others were

of a diminutive size; that the idea was late in arriving and the grouping artist, Mr. Connelly, and the engravers had to rush to get the plate ready Thursday morning, some idea can be had of the difficulties in the way of presenting a well printed programme for that evening. The engraving and printing were done by PROGRESS and the programme will make a good souvenir of the performances of 1893.

ORDER OF ROMEO AND CONSTANTINE

The First Conclave in America Has Resumed Work in St. John.

The revival of the McLeod Moore Conclave of the Knights of Rome and Red Cross of Constantine, with the attendant orders of the Holy Sepulchre and St. John the Evangelist, in this city, is an important event in the masonic history of this country.

The Order itself is of very ancient date and its authentic connection with Freemasonry is admitted by the most able critics in and out of the fraternity. Tradition dates its origin to A. D. 314, by Constantine the Great, after the battle of Saxa Rubra and the vision of the Cross, while both it and the Order of the Holy Sepulchre were revived among the Crusaders in A. D. 1099.

Sober historical record traces it from A. D. 1190 under the eastern emperor Isaac Angelus Comnenus, and it remained in Comnenian race until 1699 when the last scion of the race sold the dignity of Grand Master to the Duke of Parma. After that date Grand Crosses of the Order continued to exercise the privilege of conferring the Red Cross on men of eminence and worth, and in the eighteenth century an English branch came under the control of the most distinguished Freemasons of Great Britain. The first English Grand Master of the united orders was Lord Radcliffe, elected in 1796, and the Imperial Grand Conclave was organized a few years later. In the early part of the present century H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex was made Grand Sovereign ad vitam but after his death the orders were practically dormant until the revival of the Grand Conclave in 1865. In 1866, Lord Kenilworth, now Earl of Decive, became Grand Sovereign. Since then the Grand Sovereigns have been Sir Frederick M. Williams, Bart., Col. Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., and Sir Henry James, Earl of Euston, who now occupies the chair, with Baron de Ferrières as viceroy. The Earl of Kintore and Marquis of Breadalbane are past Grand Sovereigns of the order for Scotland, and the Earl of Saltoun is the present Grand Sovereign.

In 1869, through the efforts of Hon. Robert Marshall, 35<sup>th</sup>, the order was introduced into this country, Mr. Marshall being named Intendant General for New Brunswick. He subsequently conferred the degrees on Col. McLeod Moore, who became Intendant General for Canada, exclusive of New Brunswick. McLeod Moore conclave was inaugurated in St. John, April 24, 1869, as No. 18 on the registry of England, and was the first on the continent of America. Conclaves were subsequently established in the upper provinces and later in the United States, where there are about 150 at the present time.

The number of Jubilee Conclave, England, is 150 on the roll on which McLeod Moore Conclave, the Premier Conclave of America, is No. 13, for the latter number has been expressly named in the warrant of confirmation recently granted by the Earl of Euston to replace the original warrant lost in the St. John fire of 1877. The patent to Hon. Robert Marshall, 33<sup>rd</sup>, as Intendant General has also been specially confirmed, and he has been named in it as Sovereign of McLeod Moore Conclave, with Robert W. Crookshank, 32<sup>nd</sup>, as Viceroy. In addition to a number of old members, there has been late an infusion of younger material, though it is understood to be a body in which an increase of numbers is not the object, so much as to secure the right quality of material.

The officers for the current year are: Hon. Robert Marshall, sovereign; Robert William Crookshank, viceroy; John Alexander Watson, first general; William Beddell Wallace, second general; William Kilby Reynolds, high prelate; Frank Tufts, treasurer; William Alexander Ewing, recorder; Arthur Isaac Trueman, preceptor; Charles McLaughlan, standard bearer; George Black Hegon, herald; Dingee Scribner, sentinell.

The Small Boy's Conclusion. At a recent reception at the residence of Mr. H. D. McLeod, King street east, a small boy got off a rather good joke. He was playing in the street when a wandering milkman came along. At the same time two carriages drove hastily up to the door of Mr. McLeod's residence, the blinds of which were closely drawn, and the occupants, a doctor and a minister jumped out and entered the door. The milkman stopped, looked and finally spied the small boy. "Say sonny" began his query, "what's the trouble here." The boy had evidently been considering the question, for his answer was prompt. "I don't know unless somebody is dead in there."

ABOUT AS BAD AS CAN BE.

THE ALLEGED ACCOMMODATIONS OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Work For the New Chairman of the Board—A Place Which Requires Attention Before the Cholera Gets to St. John—The Present State of Affairs.

It is understood that Mr. Charles W. Weldon is to be chairman of the board of school trustees, in the place of Mr. Henry J. Thorne, who has resigned after ten years of faithful service. Referring to the appointment, the Sun remarks that his career as an educational official begins auspiciously with the advent of women trustees.

Such a remark as this coming from good a source is neither wise, witty nor in good taste, but it is keeping with the spirit which sneered at Mr. Sturdee, in his defeat, by congratulating him on a majority in Stanley ward. It seems difficult for a party paper to look at anything save through the distorted lenses of mere party politics.

Progress is not a party paper, and it has within a comparatively recent period spoken very plainly in regard to Mr. Weldon and his political ideas. It has also in the past had references to Mr. Sturdee, which were doubtless more amusing to the people than to him, yet it would be sorry to taunt him with his defeat in a contest which he was fully justified in entering, nor whatever may be thought of the choice of Mr. Weldon would it ridicule him as being an old woman. Mr. Weldon is a good citizen, who has much at stake in the city, and is entitled to at least common courtesy when mentioned in connection with a position which it is probable he neither sought nor desired.

There is no salary attached to the position. It is an office of honor rather than emolument, but it is also one in which the holder is liable to be bothered by all sorts of people at all sorts of times. There may or may not be an opportunity to bring about some needed reforms in school matters in St. John, but if Mr. Weldon wants to distinguish himself in this line he can do so within a hundred feet or so of his own doorway. The grammar school is just across the street.

It is situated in the Oddfellows' building, and the sanitary accommodation, in the language of a prominent citizen, would disgrace a Kafir settlement situated on the borders of Zululand. An examination of the premises shows that the language is pretty closely in accordance with the facts.

It is not easy to give the details of all the conditions which militate against health and decency in respect to the accommodation for the 140 boys who attend this school. If any citizen who is interested will take the trouble to go into the basement he can see—and smell—for himself. He should take a lamp with him so that he will not break his neck in descending the narrow stairway which goes down into this black-hole, and it would not be an unwise precaution to plug his nostrils with cotton wool and carry a bottle of disinfecting fluid. When he reaches the objective and objectionable point he will find the accommodations not only antiquated but wholly insufficient. The arrangements are such as to be offensive to the senses, injurious to health and opposed to common decency. There are no self-flushing appliances, and there are times when the sewer leading to the main sewer "backs up" and sends back its poisonous exhalations into the building. The arrangement seems to be about as bad as it can be, and there seems no easy way of making it much better.

A week or two ago an accurate test of the air in Mr. Devitt's room showed 22 parts of carbonic acid gas to 10,000 parts of air fit for breathing. This showed about three times as much poisoned air as there should have been, and this too in the face of the fact that the windows were open. There are 35 pupils in this room and 43 in the adjacent room occupied by Mr. Cox, but there is air space for about only half of this number.

The class-rooms up stairs have about twice the number of pupils for which there is air space. The ceilings are high, it is true, but there is a far from sufficient provision for ventilation. For lack of coat-rooms, the hats and overcoats of the pupils are hung around the walls, and when wet, as they very often are in winter, they continue to send out their exhalations until they are dried by the heat of the room. The provision for ventilation, if it may be called such, is wholly inadequate. In the summer, it is true, the windows can be opened, but in the winter the air surcharged with foulness is breathed over and over again, by the unfortunate teachers and pupils.

A citizen who spoke to one of the trustees about this school was told that he did not like the accommodations he could send his boy to some other school. There was no money to make the improvements, he added, but was not so emphatic on this point when reminded that the board had very recently had money enough to make an increase in teachers' salaries.

The school board has been a gainer to

HE THREW THE STRAWS.

HOW BILLY CAMERON OCCUPIED HIS LEISURE HOURS.

The Story of a Woman Who Thought Her Son a Lucky Boy When He Got His Sentence—The Missing Express Agent Hooper is All Right.

"Billy" Cameron who was arrested this week, charged with passing counterfeit money has done nothing for years except walk the streets. He patronized the street cars when he knew the driver well enough to take liberties, and everyone who knew him had a suspicion that all was not well with him.

Long ago, the H. R., police gave him his walking ticket out of the station where the guilbites hang around by the score.

Cameron was a countryman and knew more King and Queens county farmers than the majority of people who deal with them. Times were dull with him in cold weather and so he made the mistake of "touching up" poor old Isaac Oulton, who is known as the North End miser. Oulton's eyes are not as sharp as his wits and when he changed the money for Cameron he failed to note that the bills were all of defunct banks. In consequence Cameron now has apartments in the county jail where he will remain until the magistrates and judges are through with him.

Many persons who knew him used to ask him occasionally "Well Billy, what are you doing?" and his invariable reply was "Throwing straws against the wind."

"Throwing straws" does not appear to be a desirable or safe occupation.

He Was a Lucky Boy. Referring to the sentences passed under the speedy trials act, of which mention was made last week, it has been pointed out that the prisoner who beat his mother and was sentenced for three years got the full penalty the law allows. The other, who got four years for stealing, could have been imprisoned for fourteen years.

The story is told that the mother of the first named prisoner was very anxious to have him sent to jail instead of to Dorchester penitentiary, as none of the name had ever been in that institution. She tried to bring influence to bear on the judge to have his favor granted, but he, while sympathizing with her grief, could take no milder course than the law directed. The poor woman was in great distress about it, apparently, and after the sentence had passed she was telling her griefs to one of the policemen. He undertook to console her.

"Your boy will be better off at Dorchester than in jail," he said. "He has been sent up for three years, but if he behaves, as he always does when he is not drinking, he will have the sentence shortened six months. So, you see, he will only be away two years and a half, and when he is discharged he will get a present of a new suit of clothes and twenty dollars in money."

"Is it true that you're telling me? Will he get all that?" asked the mother eagerly.

"Yes, he will be sure to do so," was the reply.

"Ah, then, but he's the lucky boy!" exclaimed the woman, as she went away apparently delighted.

He Is All Right. It is hardly fair for the press or the public, to jump at hasty conclusions, when a citizen is absent for a few days, and make the place so full of "absurd and groundless rumors, that a man might well hesitate to return. PROGRESS has it on good authority that Mr. Hooper who went away openly enough, but neglected to publish the fact in the press, is in New York, and that a telegram sent to relatives in Fredericton, was to the effect that he was all right, and not to worry about him. Still, a man in his semi-public position owes enough to the corporation that employed him, and the reputation of himself and his family, not to take too long a trip, without making some preparations for the same.

Three Great Band Performances. A good portrait of the late Gilmore adorns the advertisement of that famous band in today's PROGRESS. Many readers of this paper will recognize the features of America's greatest band master and think of the rare enjoyment they have experienced at his concerts in large American cities. Gilmore is no more, but his band survives him and represents the result of his lifelong labor. The seats for the three performances of next week are so well taken up that Saturday night is about the only date for which the majority of the chairs are not taken. There is to be a Saturday matinee for children.

A Novel Idea. A novel idea is that of Groder's. Men are now persuaded by their attractive circulars to wade in Groder's Syrup, to drink it before each meal and the last thing at night if it will make them walking examples of its worth and excellence. The conditions of the contest are set forth elsewhere and are worth reading. There are plenty of people in ill health who would give the price of scores of World's Fair

WHO CONTRIBUTED DONATIONS.

List of the Articles Offered at the C. C. B.'s Fair.

Almost unexpected success has greeted the efforts of the City Council band in their Columbian Fair. The attendance has been good and the receipts from the sale of tickets better than they hoped for. The list of donations is as follows:

Parlor suite, by band; dinner set, 100 pieces, by Mother Augustine and Sisters of Charity; music stand, R. McCarthy; picture, D. J. Jennings; fancy flower stand, M. J. Higgins; Japanese table, Miss J. Dolan; painting, Miss H. Dolan; silk umbrella, Mrs. J. Vassie; fire screen, Manchester, Robertson & Allison; barrel oysters, J. D. Turner; chair, Mrs. J. Conolly; picture, Mrs. D. J. Gallagher and Mrs. Graves; opera glasses, F. L. Quinn; porridge set, Countess DeBury; hat box, Mrs. J. Murphy and the Misses Murphy; perfume stand, A. C. Smith & Co.; china tea set, Misses Cranly and Cullinan; black ebony gold-headed cane, Rev. J. J. O'Donovan; sideboard, Messrs. McDevitt, O'Neill and P. Higgins; fire screen, Miss M. Devitt; hand painted sofa cushion, Miss Jennings; stool, Miss DeLan; bannerette, Mrs. Davis; light overcoat to order, H. L. Brown; silk hat to order, D. Magee's Sons; genuine braver pipe, T. Sweeney; pair gent's calf boots to order, E. McShallin; shaving set, C. McLaughlan; silk plush table cover, Hannah Gilbert; parlor lamp, J. Bardeley; set lace curtains, Mrs. J. Kane; hand painted sofa cushion, Miss J. Donahoe; chair rest, Misses Bardeley and Kelly; fire screen, Miss Ryan; fancy clock, Tremaine Gard; picture stand, E. Harvey; bonnet set, Joe Murphy; fancy table, Miss Dolan; sofa pillow, Miss Fissel; Dufrenoy's complete works, R. O'Brien; parlor lamp, Vince Maguire; sofa cushion and mantle drapery, Mrs. T. P. Walsh; sofa pillow and pin cushion, Miss McManus; picture, T. O'Brien & Co.; butter cooler, Miss McManus; curtain poles, J. McShann; pair vase and pair toilet, Miss L. Beck; handkerchief case, Miss Brantley; bannerette, Miss Dwyer; dub set, am. cooker, Keenan & Hasthord; table, Miss Cunningham; pair curtains, Miss McGrovy; picture, Mrs. W. McCarthy; dra. Misses Connolly; pair silk holders and pair table, Mrs. L. Beck; oyster set, Mrs. J. B. Travers; bannerette, Miss McCullough; handkerchief sachet, match case and chair rest, Mrs. C. H. 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IN RESPECT OF QUACKS.

PATENT MEDICINE MONOPOLISTS AND THEIR PROFITS.

Doctering Made Easy—How Home-Made Physicians Get Their Education—How Cash is Spent for Nostrums—What Shakespeare Has to Say About Physic.

The quack has been, since the days of old Esculapius, and if a tithe of the legends told about him are founded on fact, his labors have not conduced to the longevity of mankind. There are no means of ascertaining the exact number of human lives sacrificed on the altars of his ignorance, yet persons can be heard from, who express full faith in his methods, and patronize his nostrums. Some statistician, whose nom de plume is astray or lost on the desert of my memory, has recklessly hinted that the amount of money annually wasted for useless and harmful physic would pay the yearly interest on the combined national debts of christendom, Canada's included. As it would require more time, patience and ability than I have the management of, to tot up such a sum, the statement must pass here for what it is worth; but it may be said that if the vast amount of cash so squandered, was invested for the acquirement of wholesome food, and healthful recreation, it would augment the comforts and lengthen the days of those dupes who think they are afflicted with all kinds of diseases, and whose whims send them prematurely to some other sphere, and keep them and those who are forced to tolerate them, in mental misery, while they abide and physic themselves on this.

There are a surprisingly large number of sufferers about, who are never at ease unless they are detailing their personal afflictions, and seem to need enormous quantities of sympathy. These robust yet grewsome invalids are eternally retelling reminiscences of their ailments, or reciting everlasting instalments of the martyrdom they endure. No other mortals have such painful boils, violent headaches, heavy colds, or racking rheumatics as they. In whatever company they happen be, they are sure to "get the floor," and it is then useless to rise to order until they empty themselves of their superfluous anguish. They are not cheerful companions, and there will be no mistake made if they be rated among the vacuous "Krankes" of the age, who magnify their own pangs, and minimize the agony of others.

There is also a numerous body of irrepressibles at large, who seem to have a superfluity of condolence and sympathetic bumcome to lavish broadcast. When visiting the sick, their consolation consists of rehearsals of the raids of disorders and death which occurred in their own family circles for a score or more of years past. If the "grim tyrant" has crossed a neighbor's threshold, these egregious pests tell the mourners to "calmly reign themselves to the will of Providence;" that the departed "was much respected;" and if "the day is fine he will have a nice funeral;" that "death is the common lot, and is as natural as life;" that "all have troubles;" and they further enliven the bereaved by a recapitulation of the losses sustained on their own parts, which information is distributed with a minuteness of detail often appalling, and always prosy. What edifying anecdotes are cackled on such occasions! What a pleasure it is to listen to a series of biographical sketches about "Tommy and the baby;" to learn when "Maudie had the mumps; Gerrie the measles; Flossie the croup, or the tiresome time we spent when (Gussie was being weaned); To be told when "my son Paul died;" when "my boy Peter was born;" the complete history of that awful day when "our Johnnie swallowed the cent;" or "what a clever little chap Alphonso is and how much the teacher thinks of him at school."

There is another division of the descendants of Adam and Eve to the fore, who claim to be great doctors. They have heads full of invaluable recipes for the cure of all the known, and for most of the unknown maladies, to flesh and bone inherent. They scatter their advice and prescriptions with wasteful profusion among those unfortunate who are polite enough to listen to, and bear with their intolerable nonsense, and judging by the opportunities they have had of acquiring physiological knowledge, and medical lore, their diagnosis of a case and their medicaments are of supreme value. These scientists know so much that little is left for the rest of mankind to bother about; and they are able auxiliaries to the home-made physicians of both sexes, who devour the medical literature so lavishly circulated through the mazy ramifications of the postal service, and who in consequence, prate glibly of lassitude, insomnia, nervous prostration, general debility, or run down systems, which are often nothing more than fits of chronic laziness, that can be cured readily by regular doses of light diet, and than by any other known means.

The patent medicine monopolist levies a heavy tribute on mortality, and his nostrums are large income producing factors. He is a king among quacks; and the peculiarities of poor humanity are open sources to him; he studies the fads and the foibles of the human family to his lasting profit, and his researches in that direction materially tend to increase his output, his sales, and his bank account. A single bottle of his mixture is advertised to cure scores of different diseases; a package of his ointment is

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warranted to unlimber the stiffest joints with despatch; a box of his salve is guaranteed to heal new wounds or old sores; and but little persuasive force is required to make many persons believe, that "Kill-and-cure-all," or some kindred compound is efficacious enough to make hair grow on parts which nature intended should be barren, to cure la grippe, or to mend cork legs.

Great benefits are conferred on mankind by the introduction of patent remedies into the realms of trade, for thus is doctering made easy; and any dunce who can spell print sufficiently well, to gain an idea of directions on the packages can attend to his own sick calls; prescribe for his friends, and assume the vagaries of the full pledged quack. If I was not rich enough already, and had my choice in the money market, I would rather be the owner of a patent medicine mill, than be the liquidator of an insolvent bank; a tur confiscating general; an M. P. interested in land jobbing for a government railway, of an advance agent and manager for an immoral variety show, under the advertising patronage of the W. C. T. U.

That the human frame is a rickety structure is revealed, by the long list of familiar diseases with which ancient charlatans have sought to puzzle the masses; not to speak of the almost unpronounceable newly invented microbic, or hydrophobic attacks which modern science, so called, has added to the dread catalogue. The experienced healer may hesitate before carrying his experiments on his patients too far, thereby giving them some chances for life; but the quack will unhesitatingly tinker with "the human form divine;" as regardless of results, and as unconcernedly, as the botch following any other avocation will tackle a job of which he knows nothing.

A home-made scientist undertook to treat the case of a respected citizen, who opened "his gate" to wide during the progress of a protracted yawf, that he was unable to close the aperture when he so desired, the nether jaw absolutely refusing to assume its normal position, persistently hanging down, and affording an extended view of the respected citizen's internal mechanism, via the windpipe. A physician was finally called in, to whom the home-made volubly explained the measures he had already taken. The experienced practitioner took in the situation at once. He gave the sufferer a sharp slap under the chin which caused his teeth to come together with a snap, and looking straight in the face of the talking quack said, "Shut up your jaw, you booby."

or whether it was he or the respected citizen was the booby.

Moral: remember that a rehearsal of your woes is not a joyous theme for your listeners, who may have troubles of their own in which they are vastly more interested than they are in yours. Beware of quacks; and be sure you are ill ere you send for a doctor; then, if possible, act upon Shakespeare's advice, and "throw physic to the dogs."

Yours medically, MINE. IMPOSING ON A BEGGAR.

No Wonder the Applicant for Aid Went A-Way Mad.

A beggar accosted a gentleman, and whined: "I'm paralyzed in both me'ands, mister, an' can't work, fer I can't grasp anything with 'em. Could yer spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman. "You better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is e?" thought the beggar. "Then 'e didn't hear about the paralysis." So he wrote down: "I've got a wife an' six children starvin' at 'ome, mister. 'I've bin out o' wurk fer six months, an' ham in a drefful state of destertushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it and said: "I thought you said you were paralyzed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything; and yet you can write."

"Did-didn't yer say yer was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralyzed. "Yes, just to find out if you were an impostor, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the 'bloomin' frauds, yer the biggest!" exclaimed the beggar. "The hidea of yer sayin' yer was deaf, an' tryin' to impose on a poor feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.

How to Keep Friends. How very foolish people are That few friends do make Who would them help to bear When trials sore o'er take.

And some for a trivial matter At their friends umbrage take Causin' trouble for to scatter They should pass for friendship sake.

If we honestly with people deal And truth to them do speak They in us confidence will feel And our good they will seek.

If we no true friends find We to others were not true And should ever bear in mind What was given is returned you. Oh should we, true wisdom pursue Spere friends we'll have and keep And will find the Scriptures true. What men sow they reap.

If we the golden rule but try To do as liked by done Kind friends will e'er be nigh And we'll find peace begun.

How very easy we may say To pass peacefully through life If God's rule guides our way There will be no strife.

In addition to the many good thing necessary from the Grocer for family use at this season, are Dunn's Hams and Bacon, Cottle, Fresh Eggs, Grape Fruit, Blood Oranges, Bananas, Breakfast Cereals, etc, for which send orders by team, mail or Telephone (212) to—J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

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SHOW CASES. PHOTO'S CELEBRATED SHOW CASES. J. Hambert Wood, 89 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. 8-4-3P.

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TO LET. Part of flat-four rooms, for small family of adults; over T. J. Cochran's Drug Store, Main St., North. Inquire of Miss Robinson on premises. 15-4-3P.

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SHORTHAND. Scott's System, practically and thoroughly taught. FRED DEYER, Court Stenographer, Bayard's Building, Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. 7-4P.

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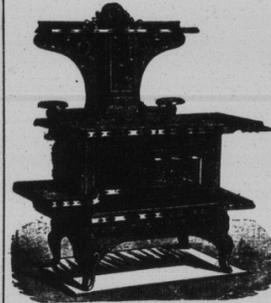
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Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

MU It is said to secure the base, for the their efforts and results entrusted to Mr. Will ment to get so I suppose from Boston rather about work as the pretty frequ I was glad there was a Andrew's ch heard some the criticism but can only above, the spirit and ha Crutemary was spoilt by the (one of a poor piano Mrs. Har the 'I did no the Stacoco once in a wh almost call every select are not first Mrs. Harris execution is so fond of s her sing son Sweet Home so frequent Mr. G. E. from a bad have done h sing, as one such circum more favor Miss Hen low," very with her c out pedast. In the soprano w not toning appeared in was not qu Hea and Ta Mrs. Gile song with h It would Eason's pian instruments The Min thing about I hear th Twenty ch (St. George music, Mr. Sir Ar time apen no place tions as is something the clang of the wh agination for a host It is us squeaky women, a in show in the cast Their bui so that t touch mo people. "wherez Cyrril which has burg, has prevision. work in co The audi from all p and alter composer curtain. musical e be heard "Nikit to be ma de-camp eighteen abandon in Persia, ambassa "Nikit. ter her by Marguerie name she been sing zio debu fifteen. The y who is at many, re akedemic and the gramme the "Lov het," fro Wolcor's zurka an a nocturn and Liszt The Kas sons hear been ord is now o many. said a Pa "is a vior ance on ago a ma what I w \$5. He know wh him I did told him than a vi but a m eno. I one but worth an

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Exhibition.



It is said that the Oratorio Society are trying to secure the services of Mr. Whitney, the well known bass, for the "Elijah." I hope this is true and that their efforts will be successful. I was in much fear and trembling lest this important work would be entrusted to a local singer.

Mr. Will Ewing has been asked by the management to get an orchestra for the same performance, so I suppose the idea of engaging a strong sextette from Boston has been abandoned. Two months is rather short notice to have, to get up such a heavy work as the "Elijah" and rehearsals will have to be pretty frequent.

I was glad to find and am also glad to note that there was a marked improvement in the choir at St. Andrew's choir on last Sunday evening. I have heard some very opposite opinions expressed as to the criticism of the music. I made a few weeks ago, but can only think that, from what I have stated above, the choir took the remarks in the proper spirit and have been rehearsing properly.

Centenary church concert on Tuesday evening was split by three things, viz. two very long readings (one of 36 minutes length and the other 18) and a poor piano.

Mrs. Harrison was in good form and sang well the "Staccato Polka" and compositions of that class once in a while—but one gets tired of what one might almost call "musical fireworks," to coin a phrase, in every selection, specially when the accompaniments are not first class. I think no one will deny that Mrs. Harrison has a very fine voice and that her execution is of the best, specially in selections she is so fond of singing, but I for one would like to hear her sing some simple ballad, even the old "Home Sweet Home," which the greatest singers, still use so frequently.

Mr. G. E. Furness, who was evidently suffering from a bad cold, for which apology was made, would have done himself better justice if he had refused to sing, as one cannot judge of a performance under such circumstances. I hope to hear him again under more favorable auspices.

Miss Henderson sang Cowen's "O Swallow, Swallow," very well indeed. I was more than pleased with her execution, every word was distinct, without pedantry or spoiling the musical intonation.

In the two selections sung by the Treble Clef, the sopranos were overweighed, the alto and mezzo not toning down sufficiently. This fault was also apparent in the quartette, where Miss Henderson was not quite equal to singing against the Misses Hea and Turner and Mrs. Gilchrist.

Mrs. Gilchrist, an ever welcome favorite, gave her song with her usual finish.

It would be unkind to say anything about Miss Eason's piano solo, taking into consideration the instrument she had to perform on.

The Minstrels perform too late for me to say anything about them this week.

I hear that the St. George's society parade to Trinity church on Sunday afternoon the 22nd inst. (St. George Day) for special service. How about music, Mr. Strand? The time is very short.

**Uses.**

**Tones and Undertones.**

Sir Arthur Sullivan does not waste the time spent by him in travelling. There is no place in which he has so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron and in the whirring of the wheels, which seems to excite his imagination and supplies him with material for a host of harmonies.

It is usually supposed that the faint and squeaky hand organs played by woeful old women, seated on curbstones and wrapped in shawls, are decrepit from long service in the cause of art. That is not the case. Their builders intentionally leave out notes so that they shall sound more mournful and touch more quickly the sensibilities of some people. Organs of this kind are known as "wheezers."

Cyrill Kistler's opera, "Kunihild," which has recently been produced at Wurzburg, has made an extremely favorable impression. Kistler is a Bavarian and his work is constructed on the lines of Wagner. The audience was a critical one, visitors from all parts of Germany being present, and after each act singers, conductor and composer were repeatedly called before the curtain. In fact the performance was a musical event and the new opera will soon be heard all over Germany.

"Nikita," the young singer, is engaged to be married to Prince Mirza Khan, aide-de-camp to the Shah of Persia, in about eighteen months' time. "Nikita" will then abandon her profession, but will not reside in Persia, as the Prince is to be appointed ambassador at one of the European capitals. "Nikita," by the way, was the name given to her by her teacher, the famous Strakosch, Marguerite Louise Nicholson being the name she was christened. "Nikita" has been singing since childhood, and her operatic debut was made when she was only fifteen.

The youthful pianist Raoul Kozelski, who is attracting so much notice in Germany, recently gave a concert at the Singakademie in Berlin. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic. The programme included Mozart's A minor rondo, the "Lovely Flowers" and "Bird as Prophet," from Schumann's "Forest Scenes"; Weber's "Concertstueck"; a Chopin mazurka and waltz; Godard's B flat mazurka, a nocturne by the young performer himself, and Liszt's thirteenth Hungarian rhapsody. The Kaiser expressed a wish to have his six sons hear the young pianist, and Raoul has been ordered to play before the court. He is now court pianist to the Kaiser of Germany.

"One of the hardest things to realize on," said a pawnbroker to a Chicago reporter, "is a violin. I never make much of an advance on such an instrument. Not long ago a man brought in one and asked me what I would give him on it. I told him \$5. He turned white. He asked me if I knew what that violin was worth. I told him I did. I knew it was worth about \$300. I told him that it did not look any better than a violin that was worth \$10. No one but a musician would ever know the difference. I told him I never could make any one but an old musician believe it was worth any more than \$10. I had

rather advance a man \$10 on a \$15 overcoat than \$5 on a \$100 violin, unless I happened to know where I could get a purchaser for the violin. I might sell the overcoat for what I advanced on it, but I never could get the money or anything near it on the violin. A violin in a pawnbroker's shop is a hoodoo."

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The Josie Mills Company closed its season at the Opera House on Wednesday evening. It is now playing an engagement in Moncton. The audiences here were never very large ones after the opening night, which leads one to conclude that perhaps the house was mostly a paper one on that occasion.

The Amateur Minstrels will perform at the Opera House on the last three days of this week, but a notice of them in this column will be impossible in this issue.

**Talk of the Boston Playhouses.**

Drama, melo-drama, comedy, light comedy, farce comedy, light opera, comic opera, freaks, singers and dancers, "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Boston is enjoying a dramatic and musical season second to that of no city in these great United States.

Follow the line of the play houses starting at the Grand Opera House where the "Still Alarm" has been nightly sounded this week, and an old friend, W. S. Harkins, has played the hero Jack Manly in his usual good style.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the next attraction, with Annie Clarke as Minna, the adventuress, and H. M. Pitt as the Earl.

The Columbia now represents "The Isle of Champagne," that happy island where Mamma Extra Dry, and all the other brands flow, bubble and sparkle from every crevice, and Thomas Q. Seabrooke as King Pomery Sec., rules his merry band and delights crowded houses, and will continue to do so for some time.

At the Hollis street, Augustus Daly's company has been seen this week in repertoire, consisting of "Little Miss Millim," Belle's Stratagem" and the "Hunchback." Next week will be given up to a splendid production of "Twelfth Night" and theatre goers will be able to compare the merits of Julia Marlowe and Ada Rohan as the lovely Viola. I must confess to a partiality for Miss Marlow in the past, although Miss Rehan plays Viola very well as indeed as she does everything.

E. S. Willard has come to the Tremont for a long stay, until June, and has given us a week of "The Professor's Love Story," as your readers know this play is by J. M. Barrie, author of "A Window in Thrums," etc., and is a wonderful clever piece. Mr. Willard's character is that of a scientist, who falls in love with his pretty secretary and does not know what is the matter with him. He finds out however before curtain fall.

It is the same old story at the Park and the 135th performance of "A Temperance Town" takes place this evening with no apparent diminution in the size of the houses.

The Globe has been in charge of Mr. Stetson's company in "The Crust of Society," a play which I have spoken of before and which ranks as among the best pieces produced this season.

At this house has been the event of the theatrical year, the appearance of Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, a woman who has no beauty to recommend her, who returns to be interviewed, who never has her diamonds stolen and who has won her position through sheer force of merit. Her appearances were in "Camille," "Fedora" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and such was the desire to see her that enormous prices were paid for seats, in one instance over one hundred dollars having been paid for a box for one performance. She is a great artist and well worth seeing.

Over at the big Boston, Lillian Russell has finished two of her three weeks engagement and has given "The Mountebanks" and "Girofle-Girofla," and will present "La Cigale." I was curious to see "The Mountebanks" and like almost every body else was disappointed, for the dialogue is not up to Gilbert's usual form, and poor Celler did not put her best work into the music. There is nothing in it to approach the score of "Dorothy" and it will not be a paying piece. In "Girofle" Miss Russell is very good her rendition of the drinking song being especially fine.

Down at the Museum "Shore Acres" still proves a drawing card and bids fair to run out this season.

A new policy will prevail at this house next season, and the company will be taken on the road occasionally, and visiting attractions play at the home theatre during their absence. Mr. Field will have to reconstruct his company as Mary Hampton and Marie Barres are leaving and several of the men.

Bowdoin Square Theatre has given us "The Dazzler" this week, a farce comedy of the usual idiotic style.

**STAGELISTS.**

George Grosmith comes again to Boston on the 19th, 21st, 22nd.

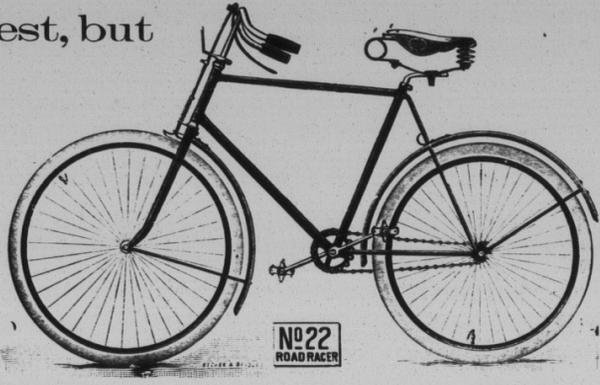
Grand Opera is promised to begin 24th inst., with Mme. Tavarly and Signor Del Puente among the artists.

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"The Crust of Society" seems to have made a hit all round as there are three companies now playing the piece and a fourth is being organized.

Julia Arthur has been engaged for T. Henry French's new play, "The Prodigal Daughter."

Ada Rehan has been resplendent this week in beautiful creations of the dress-maker's art.

The Boston Museum will open its next season with comic opera from the pen of Robert Barnett, author of "1492." The new piece is called "Prince Pro Tem."

**James Blair's Case.**

NAPANEE, April 10th.—A highly interesting case has happened in this town, which is creating a good deal of comment. Mr. James Blair, a well-known merchant tailor here, has for fourteen years been a sufferer from that terrible complaint, known as Bright's disease of the kidneys. He suffered so terribly that one hour's work at the cutting table would completely exhaust him, and he had to almost give up work altogether. He tried almost every known remedy for his complaint, but without any good results. Medical men and patent medicines failed him, and he was gradually getting worse every day. Finally he read a dispatch in one of the local papers, stating that a man named Murray, living in Grafton, had been cured of kidney trouble by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. As a last resort Mr. Blair began taking these pills, and three boxes made a new man of him, and seven boxes completely cured him. Mr. Blair is back at work again, and says that he feels twenty years younger, and that these pills completely cured him. His recovery has created quite a sensation.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**CITY CORNET BAND,**  
**COLUMBIAN FAIR,**  
**MARKET BUILDING, GERMAIN ST.,**  
 commencing Monday Evening,  
**APRIL 10th.**

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**VOCAL CONCERT**  
 will be given each evening by leading vocalists and selections by the Band.

Two First-Class Tickets to the World's Fair, Chicago, and return, or the cost of the trip in cash, will be good to the holder of the lucky number on the admission tickets.

Doors Open Each Evening at 7.15.  
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**OPERA HOUSE,**  
**THURSDAY and FRIDAY,**  
**April 13th and 14th.**  
**ST. JOHN**  
**Amateur Minstrel Club.**

Third appearance of the above Club in its Elaborate Presentations of  
**REFINED MINSTRELSY.**

**EVERYTHING NEW;**  
**Faces, Songs and Jokes.**

All the Features Light and Sparkling.

**GRAND MUSICAL OILIO,**  
 To Conclude with the Barresque,  
 Princess "Tutti-Fru ti, the Lily."

**MATINEE SATURDAY 15th.**

Usual Prices.  
 Seats now on sale at Murphy's.

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**SWEET."**

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District of the Municipality of the City and County of St. John.

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is hereby given that, as required by the Act, several applications for licenses to sell liquor, under the Act in the above named District, filed in my office, and all objections duly made to the same, will be publicly investigated by me, as follows, that is to say:

All applications for licenses to sell in the Parishes of Lancaster and Musquash on **TUESDAY**, the 18th day of April instant, and all applications to sell in the Parishes of Stmonds and St. Martins on **WEDNESDAY**, the 19th day of April inst., beginning each day at 10 o'clock, a. m. Every applicant is required by the Act to attend, unless hindered by sickness or infirmity.

Dated the 8th day of April, A. D., 1893  
 H. W. FRITH,  
 Chief Inspector.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

THE CITIZENS SHOULD CHOOSE.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the Globe will be found saying anything against the standing of the common council, now that two of its publishers are holding seats as aldermen. There does not, however, seem any good reason why it should go to the other extreme and try to persuade the people that the council is and always has been a model legislative body. This is practically the idea it tried to convey in a recent editorial, which it is pretty safe to assume, was written by somebody other than the recognized editor.

The Globe does not favor the idea that the council should be elected by a general vote of the citizens, and it denounces as a fallacy the theory that in such event a better class of men would offer. "It is impossible to conceive of better men than have composed the government of our city since the royal charter was granted nearly a hundred and ten years ago," it says, and it further points out that each of the four candidates for mayor have served at the civic board. From this it argues that the people are satisfied with such men as are now chosen by the wards, or they would have looked around for some better candidates. It therefore comes to this extraordinary conclusion:

But the important point is that which we have already made, viz., that the four candidates now up for the contest of Tuesday are ex-aldermen, and the inference to be drawn is that as the people have as their candidates now vote for a civic position which goes by general vote, so if the whole body of aldermen were elected by a general vote the choice would be along just such gentlemen as now so ably and so intelligently-if not economically-administer our civic business.

A short time ago, when the condition of the civic accounts was disclosed, the Globe was vigorously calling for a halt among the "gentlemen who so ably and intelligently-if not economically-administer our civic business." Nor is it so very long ago since the same paper used to show how many times certain members made speeches at each meeting, and otherwise held up the aldermen to ridicule in their able and intelligent administration of civic affairs. That, however, is not to the point, but the radically defective reasoning of the Globe should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The people had nothing to do with bringing out any of the candidates. They all, including Mayor PETERS, put themselves in the field, and the vote showed that three of them were not wanted by a large majority. Mayor PETERS by refusing to be run by the cliques of the council in the past, gave a large number of people who have little faith in the aldermen as a body, reason to believe that they could trust him to keep order among that body, and to otherwise hold a tight rein over them.

It will, of course, be conceded that a man conversant with civic affairs is better fitted to be mayor than one ignorant of them, and a man who has served at the council is, on general principles, preferable to one who has not had the experience. Yet it is a remarkable and notorious fact in the history of St. John that at no time within present recollection has there been a council with more than a very small proportion of aldermen who could be considered as suitable candidates for the mayoralty. When the mayor was elected from the council there was some reason why good men should be willing to serve as aldermen, but even then the proportion of eligible men for the mayoralty was not large, though it was much greater than it has been, for at least a score of years past. As a matter of fact, some of the best men in the chair during recent years have had no previous experience in the council. This was notably the case with Dr. EARLE, who was in office during the very critical period of the Great Fire, and of CHARLES R. RAY, who succeeded him. Still later, for the few years before the election of Mayor LOCKHART neither Messrs. DEVEBER, THORNE or BARKER were elected from among the aldermen. Of the men who have graduated

from the council to the mayoralty in the past, it is a recognized fact that they were exceptions in the boards of which they were members. The principle of ward elections only has always been bad, and it always will be. The common council has never ceased to be a sort of a bye word among the people.

There are some honest, intelligent and in all respects worthy men in the present council, but how many of them could be thought of in connection with the mayoralty? If there are six out of the whole twenty-six, it is as much as a bargain, and of the six at least three, whatever may be their merits, would stand little chance in an election. Does anybody imagine that if the choice of aldermen were left to the general body of citizens there would be so large a proportion chosen to manage the affairs of the city who would be generally recognized as unfit in each instance to be in the chair of the mayor?

The Globe should look a little deeper into the matter the next time.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A story which has a number of the elements which enter into the composition of a sensational novel comes from Clarksville, Tennessee. The facts have come to light by the death of a leading and wealthy physician, who had them recorded in his private papers, and who kept the secret of a tragedy for twenty-eight years. In that tragedy had been the chief actor, as he was also the sole custodian of the secret.

At the time mentioned, in 1865, the Rev. A. M. FELTNER, rector of the church at Clarksville, suddenly disappeared, as mysteriously as he occasionally vanishes from human view in this province. No trace of him could be found, but as his wife had died a few days before it was believed the clergyman had become demented and either wandered away to some distant part of the continent or drowned himself in the river that flows through the state. The search was abandoned, and Dr. FOUTENAY, who had been the family physician, adopted the two children thus doubly orphaned, and cared for them as his own. To the day of his death, they regarded him as their benefactor, and by his will they share his large fortune between them.

Yet in all this time of twenty-eight years the doctor knew what had become of Mr. FELTNER. The paper found last week was a confession. The doctor attended Mrs. FELTNER in her last illness, the confession narrates, and was very much interested in her case which was a very peculiar one. When she died he was most anxious to make a full investigation of the case, and in order to gratify his professional zeal he determined to steal the body. Going to the grave alone, by night, he removed the remains and was just about to replace the earth when he received a violent blow from behind. Turning around he found himself face to face with the bereaved husband.

The clergyman, wild with excitement at this outrage at his wife's grave again attacked the doctor, and the latter seizing the shovel defended himself. Hoping to stun his assailant he struck him a blow on the head, but the shovel crushed the temple and caused instant death. Placing the body of the dead man in the empty coffin, the doctor refilled the grave, and hastened away with the body of the woman. That he must have been a man of extraordinary nerve is shown by the fact that he completed the autopsy and recorded the result of his researches as coolly and methodically as if he were following out the routine of an ordinary hospital dissection. This done, he buried the body in the cellar of his house, where it was found the other day, adopted the children and pursued his way in life as though nothing had happened. If he felt any remorse, he gave no sign of it, but it is more than probable he fully acquitted himself in his own conscience of any blame in the matter.

Just what course he should have taken may be more easily suggested than put in practice by any one in the same dilemma. While his stealing the body of the woman was an illegal act, it is tolerably certain that he considered he was engaged in it for the benefit of humanity. He did not intend to kill the clergyman, but having done so, he was placed in a position where everything would be lost to him by making a confession, while, as he looked at it, no possible benefit could accrue to the living or the dead. He therefore held his peace, and it is probable that the statement found after his death was made rather as a matter of record than in consequence of any pang of conscience. The whole story is a very remarkable one indeed.

Referring to "the annual mockery of a pretended fast day" in Massachusetts, a New York paper remarks that "fasting, as a religious exercise, a means of grace, was long since given up, conscientiously given up, by nearly all members of protestant sects." This is quite true, yet it was the founder of a leading protestant denomination, JOHN WESLEY, who declared that one could no more attain to a state of grace without fasting than without prayer. The fast days prescribed by a governor or king, for that matter, can never take hold of the people, however, because they are not binding on the conscience. It is a very different matter when fasting and abstinence at stated times are commandments of a church. As such they always

have been and always will be observed, whatever legislators and governors, or kings, may have to say about it.

Away back in 1794 a law was passed in Pennsylvania in regard to what the good men of that day were pleased to term "Sabbath desecration." The law has never been repealed, and now a body known as the Law and Order Society, of Pittsburgh, is trying to enforce some of the provisions in regard to working between midnight on Saturday and midnight on Sunday. The newspapers seem to be one of the points of attack. That the Sunday newspapers should be made an object of attack is not to be wondered at, but the aggressive cranks who compose the society in question are not satisfied to stop there, and they propose to proceed against the proprietors of Monday morning papers on which work is done before midnight on Sunday. The world seems to be moving either too fast or too slow in that part of America.

A Columbian Liberty Bell is to be cast for the Chicago exposition, and all sorts of things are being contributed for the purpose, some of which are about as unsuitable material for bell metal as can be imagined. A good many people seem to have the idea that the more silver there is in a bell the more clear will be its sound, but it requires a very slight knowledge of metals to understand that the effect will be the very reverse. The state of Idaho wanted the privilege of making this particular bell entirely of native silver, but had such an absurd idea been carried out there would have been a failure as regarded any sonorous properties. There will be a good deal of silver in it, in any case, but the makers will probably say that there is not enough to spoil its tone and make it literally a dumb-bell.

Despite of the predictions of certain wiseacres, and in the face of the common council's resolution in opposition to the bill of the Tax Reduction Association has become law, and at the date of this writing only needs the governor's assent. So far as appears from the report the provision allowing defaulting taxpayers to vote has not been changed. If it has not, a great mistake has been made. Apart from the fact that there is a large proportion of tax defaulters who can be "bought cheap," it is a wrong principle that a man who cannot vote for even an alderman can vote for or against a radical change in the city charter. The list used in the election last Tuesday, is the list from which the vote on a plebiscite should be taken.

All who have any interest in the culture of hyacinths will be interested in the very complete paper contributed to this issue by Mr. JAMES DEATH, which appears on the fifteenth page. The writer is an enthusiast on the subject and his remarks are the result of valuable experience. It will be seen that he makes a generous offer to any non-sectarian charity, which may desire to make an exhibit of his valuable collection.

PERSONAL AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Chas. B. Robertson of the dry goods firm of Messrs Daniel and Robertson, went to New York this week on a business trip, looking for the latest American novelties in their line. This is the only dry goods store in the city that has four plate glass windows for the display of their goods. While not as large as some others, they afford an excellent opportunity to give a varied and beautiful display, which was well taken advantage of during Easter week especially, and is always utilized so that the windows are attractive and pleasing.

Mr. Smith, of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co., has returned from the old country where he has been on a purchasing trip for the firm. Since he went away the firm have moved into their new premises, which are proving more than satisfactory in every respect.

The Dark Side of City Life. A DANGEROUS HOLD is reported by the police at the corner of Cartmarten and Mecklenburg streets.

A RATHER COLD JOB-that of a workman in Rankine's ship, yesterday afternoon. He was engaged in putting a shoe on the steamer Flashing, and while performing his work he had to remain in the water.

HE IS WANTED.-A well known citizen got himself distilled yesterday by springing the following on a crowd of civilized mortals: "The painters will get lots of work now graining up the elevator at Sand point."

OVER THE WHARF.-While going aboard the Digby schooner, Freddie Stevens, lying at the South wharf, yesterday, Albert Hersey, a sailor of that vessel, fell over the wharf. The water in the slip was only about three feet deep and he had no difficulty in wading ashore. Hersey was not hurt by the fall.

A COW AT LABOR.-A cow running at large on Union street, near the Odd Fellows' hall, last night, gave three ladies quite a bad scare. They were walking down towards Mill street, when the cow made for them. Their presence of mind in separating probably saved them from injury. The cow was caught by some men before it had gone far.

Latest Styles for Dogs. A dog tailor flourishes in Paris. This tailor is a woman, and her reception rooms cunningly cater to both mistress and pet. Here Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water bowls and biscuit jars, to refresh him during the trying-on processes. Here are the daintiest water-color pattern books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Reverie. Oh, the merry days of childhood, When we wandered glad and free, In the dim shades of the willow-wood- How the dream comes back to me! I seem to view the tresses And again I feel the kisses Of the lips so free from care. And I see deep-blue eyes gleaming, Sparkling in their wanton gaze; And I see the ringlets, streaming Back from the faces dear to me. How they played low in the wildwood, Building up bright dreams of joy! Happy in fast fleeting childhood; Happy, say, without alloy. But those faces sweet have perished, Gone the forms so fair to view And the friends-those friends I cherished-Nor are sleeping 'neath the yew. They are resting 'neath the daisies, Where the gladness flowers peep, They have left their solemn mazes For a long and dreamless sleep. But the friends I loved in childhood-Oh, those friends! I miss them so; For they're absent from the wildwood-Absent from the valley low. How I long for those I cherished, Moan for faces young and fair; But the ones I loved have perished-Oh! I miss them everywhere. Frederick, N. B. S. H.

Farwell. The hour draws near, when I must bid adieu To thee, sweet village, nestling in the vale By Fanny's waters, whose most varied hue, Sends winking beauty, to each hill and dale. The glowing sunbeams 'sunning in the day, When glad birds carol forth their matin song; The evening mist, which o'er thy waters lay The beauteous morning's glories to prolong. The waters of thy bay, a radiance had At morn, and eve, caught from the heavens face As stooped to kiss them, like a lover, glad, His maiden coy, at happy trying places. Farwell, to pleasant walks, which at the eventide Whilst Cynthia's silvery beams did sweet enchantment lend. As sunset merged in twilight's hour, no more will bid With me, my friends, and fond contentment send. Farwell dear babbling brook, that by the way side lay, Where willows weep and pink wild roses grow, Where oft at morning, and the sweet mid-day, I gathered mosses, green and bud and blow. Farwell to each dear spot, a sad farewell, Where you and I my friends were wont to meet, And men's fond will cause my eyes to fill At thought of happiest hours we passed in converse sweet. Smith's Cove, N. S. June 22, 1891. R.

Trailing Arbutus or May Flower. Sweet blossom on the brow of May! Born mid wintered leaves and mosses grey, Where so late the chilly snow-drift lay. Waxen white thy clustered buds unclose, With a sea-shell tint of sweetest rose, Deepening where a wandering sunbeam glows; With all thoughts of home and country dear; Looped for, fragrant firstling of the year, Sweet harbinger of hope, when skies are drear. Here flowers are springing all about our feet, Primrose, and daffodil, and violet sweet; In this fair vale, where spring and summer meet. But ah! we miss our childhood's friends and thee, The twin-flowers dainty bells, our wild rose tree; In woodland haunts, where winds blow fresh and free.

The flash of firefly in the perfumed dusk! The hum of insect life in noontide hush! Where in warm pastures luscious strawberries blash. But sweeter thoughts around thee smile and glow, Than flower of faith! sheltered by winter's snow Waking to beauty from thy sleep below. Bloom on! through distant Mays of happy years Whisper thy lesson sweet to charm our fears; Our hearts remember thee and home-with thee. A NEW BRUNSWICKER ABROAD. Isle of Wight, March 28.

My Pipe. Many a time, in the night, strange things appear to my eye, As the breath from my brier-wood pipe sails up between me and the sky. Last night a beautiful spirit arose with the curling smoke; O! I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread out its hands and spoke. Saying: "I am the soul of the brier; we grew at the foot of a tree. Where we're wont to come in the twilight, two ever, for company. Where lovers would come in the morning-ever but too late; When the flowers were full in their bloom, the birds in their song and feather. Where lovers would come in the noon-time, lingering-never but two, Looking in each other's eyes, like the pigeons that kiss and coo. And O! the honeyed words that came when the lips were parted, And the passion that glowed in eyes, and the lightning looks that darted! Enough; Love dwells in the pipe-so ever it glows with fire! I am the soul of the bush and spirits call me SWEET-BRIER.

In June Time. What is it, beloved, we mean to do, You and I, in the witching June weather; So high above us, the heaven's clear blue, All things forgotten we two together? Wandering on, till the west is fading Out of its passionate heat, the glow; Shadows all deepening, folding, and shading The cherry tree, with its blooms of snow. See the woe aster, pale, in the twilight Gloom of the night, like a flock of swans-Lingering long in the dreamy starlight, Wide awake keeping, to see you go home. Hear the lush music of leaves, as they, Exhilarated with gold from the laughing star. Oh! my dear one, my heart is yearning Deep in its inmost depths, through and through, Waiting the June-time with sunsets burning, With rapture and glory, roses and you. DRAWN.

Adrift. A line of foam, a bright blue sky, A sandy bar in the deep blue sea, A white-winged ship that rocking lies-And a dream of love to me.

A seagull circling in the air, A mass of seaweed, seaward tost, A point of brims, a heart's despair-And a dream of life forever lost. YET.

HOW TO PLAY CINC.

Something of the Style of Progressive Whist and Euchre. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.-When on a visit to the Western States, some few months ago, I frequently was invited to evening "cinc" parties. Never having either heard of, or seen played with cards a game of that name in this country, it was naturally new to me and quite interesting, and as it afterwards proved very enjoyable, when I learned to play it, which of course I did, and have often wondered to myself how it had so happened that it never reached St. John; where progressive whist and euchre parties reign supreme, as progressive cinc does from Chicago to the Pacific slope, and when reading the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a day or two ago, I noticed the rules for playing cinc given by a correspondent and had much pleasure in recommending them to any readers of PROGRESS that care to try the game. It is very simple when once learned, and is played exactly the same principles (the progressive part I mean) as whist and euchre. A READER OF PROGRESS. Cedar Cliff, St. John Co., April 12.

In playing cinc the dealer deals nine cards to the four players, who play partners; three cards are dealt each round. The player to the left of the dealer offers anything from one to fourteen, the last being the highest number of points that can be made; the offer goes around, the dealer having the last bid. When the highest offer is made the player making it announces the trump; every player proceeds to discard all cards not trumps and the dealer deals to each the number of cards called for, not exceeding six. Six is the hand. The player making the highest bid leads with a trump. If the trump is a spade, the five spot of spades and the five of clubs are the pedros, counting five each. The two spot of the trump is low, the ten spot is game, and the jack counts one, while the ace is of course high. The count is therefore high, low, jack, game, two pedros, or fourteen in all. The game is played as follows: High and low count for the player; the remainder must be made, the player making the offer and the trump must make as many as is bid or else the set-back is counted against that side; the other side may make all they can. If the trump is red the pedros are the five of hearts and diamonds, big pedro being the five of the trumps. The ace, king and queen of the trump card take your pedros, game and jack, if played by your opponents, and count for them. Fourteen points is game, and in progressive cinc the person making the highest number of games takes the first prize, and the one the lowest the booby.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Martin Butler, the well known and versatile editor of Butler's Journal, writes this paper that he proposes to spend a few days in this city next week in the interest of his unique sheet. He does not call it unique, but those who have read PROGRESS carefully for the past year or two will certainly conclude that the selections which it has printed from Mr. Butler's Journal entitles it to that adjective. Martin Butler is a man of marked ability who began to earn his own living at an early period in his life, and unfortunately for him, lost his right arm by an accident. Since then he has turned his attention to literary work, and earned an honest dollar in whatever way he could to provide a home for his aged mother and himself. The subscription price of his Journal is only thirty-five cents and it is worth it. Butler himself deserves vast sympathy and encouragement can be given him.

Making Good Photos. Mr. J. H. Connelly has quickly established himself a splendid reputation as photographer and his services appear to be in demand on many sides. He returned some days ago from a visit to Wolfville where he arranged to take the students of the college in a group and do much other work for them besides. The grouping of the portraits of the Amateur Minstrels of this city that appeared in the windows this week, in his work, though all of the portraits do not bear his imprint. The grouping of the engraving that appears in PROGRESS today is also the work of Mr. Connelly.

New For a Sea Trip. The three boat a week season of the International Steamship Company begins Monday, and the popular line will begin to divide the patronage with the railways. There are very many people who prefer a sea trip when they are tolerably sure that the good fare provided by such stewards as Messrs. Bond and Leonard will not all go towards the support of the fishes. The three trip service is of equal convenience to merchants, many of whom in both the winter and summer seasons depend upon the service almost entirely to bring their goods forward.

Carrriages Made Their Reputation. PROGRESS has considerable pleasure in introducing an old and reliable firm of carriage manufacturers, Messrs. Price & Shaw, to its readers this week. Their advertisement appears on the sixth page and at this particular season it will remind very many people that they need a good vehicle for the rapidly advancing summer season. Messrs. Price & Shaw make splendid wagons, they stake their reputation upon their work and it has not suffered in any instance.

From Ontario and Springhill. Mr. Thomas Dean, of the country market, has some choice beef from Ontario and Springhill for his customers. It is quite equal to the Cornwallis product that he has advertised lately.

BUTTER DID THE WORK.

Captain Davis Was Equal to the Pirates in an Emergency. Sea-captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates roamed up and down the English Channel, the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland, with a cargo which consisted mainly of butter. He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen bearing down upon him. In vain all sails were spread: every moment brought the pirate nearer. The men were at their wits' ends, but the captain knew a thing or two. He ordered the men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck. In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could hardly keep on their legs. On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come along quietly. But low! when they jumped over, fully armed with pistol in one hand and drawn sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many rats. One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the cabin boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite port hole. No one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the Evil One. They hurried back into their own vessel, cut loose and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few barrels of butter.



FOREIGN MILLIONAIRES.

The Richest Men in Various Portions of the World. The richest man in Austria-Hungary is the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, whose private fortune is more than £14,000,000. Among the richest of his subjects are Duke Esterhazy, Count Karolyi, Count Balfy, Count Festetics, Count Andrássy, and Harkanyi, the banker, none of whom are worth less than £3,000,000.

In Russia, the Czar holds, as to wealth, much the same position as Francis Joseph does in Austria, but he has several subjects who are well on in the matter of millions. The Czar's annual income from his private estates exceeds \$2,000,000, and the Nobel Brothers, the Standard Oil men of Russia, are worth from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 apiece, while the fortunes of the Demidoffs come to about the same.

The richest man in South Africa, and the richest diamond merchant in the world, is B. I. Barnato, of Kimberley. He is worth \$30,000,000, all of it made since 1876. After Barnato, the richest man in South Africa is Cecil J. Rhodes. He possesses great force of character and splendid mental gifts, and is far and away the greatest white man his portion of the world has thus far produced.

How Qua, a merchant of Canton, is the richest man in China. He is said to be worth ten millions. He owns an enormous number of houses in the most crowded districts of Canton, together with extensive rice plantations and tea gardens. How Qua's wealth came to him by inheritance, and there are some four hundred of his poorer relatives living on his bounty.

James Lyson of Queensland, is the richest man in Australia can show. He accumulated his \$25,000,000, in sheep and cattle farming.

Mixed Marriages.

English girls are now being warned against marriage with the "amiable and well-educated young gentlemen of color," who hail from the British West Indies. Perhaps, as the islands of sugar and rum are becoming more popular than they used to be among tourists, there is some real ground for this caution. Of course, it is the old story of white "society" resolutely taboing the faintest suspicion of "the tar brush," as many a young wife has doubtless found to her cost, though the West Indian in some respects a much better husband than a Hindoo. Still it seems to me that the last word and the best word is said when it is stated frankly that all "mixed" marriages are, from every point of view, undesirable.

Jules Verne at Home. Jules Verne writes his extraordinary stories in a study perched at the top of the tower of his Amiens house. The room is crowded with charts, electrical apparatus, and the various scientific instruments with which the author surrounds himself when he is elaborating imaginary adventures. Verne is most abstemious for a Frenchman, drinking cider in preference to wine, and snuffing tobacco. He is a very painstaking composer, and rewrites his manuscript several times before sending it to the printer. He says that his boyish liking for wonder tales started him to explore the field of authorship in which he had been so successful.

You Should Keep...

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

took part Misses Jennie Craig, Maggie Taylor, Alice Fokine, Jerome Lee, Bessie McInnes, Bertie McAlpine, May Hicks, Gertrude Stephenson, Katie and Helen Shaw, Messrs. Harold Huntington, Charles Eason, Harry McInnes, George Vanstun, Roy Goodwin. During the evening light refreshments were passed around.

A very successful concert was given in Centenary church Tuesday evening in aid of a new organ. Those who took part were Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Mackville, Misses Henderson, Bea, Fairall, Turner, Eason, Gardner, Mrs. F. Russell and Mrs. G. Gilchrist. Hon. John Boyd gave two readings.

Mrs. W. H. Horn, who has been ill for the past few weeks, is recovering.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Fry, gave them a very pleasant surprise on Monday evening last, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their marriage. Each carried some token in wood. Music in the order of the evening and those who cared for dancing were highly pleased.

Supper was served at a late hour. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mabee, the Misses Melaney, Miss Harvey, Miss A. Deane, Miss A. Fry, Miss T. Roberts, Miss and Mrs. G. Wall, J. Harvey, W. Montgomery, Godson, J. Montgomery, Banker, Howard, G. Mackenzie, M. Sweeney, R. McLaughlin.

Miss East is very ill with a severe attack of grippe, at the residence of her step-father, Mr. C. C. Diaper.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, to the number of about one hundred, assembled at their residence, Celebration street, on Monday evening last, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their wedding. The evening was very pleasantly spent by the older members of the company in social conversation, games, etc., while the younger ones enjoyed themselves with dancing.

Before sitting down to the beautiful tea provided by the ladies present, the company was invited to order and Mr. and Mrs. McLean were called to come forward, when they, accompanied by W. J. Foster and wife, who had supported them as bridesmaid and groomsmen at their marriage twenty years ago, had done so, Mr. G. B. Edgerton, in a speech expressing the admiration and esteem in which they were held by their friends, presented them with a magnificent dinner set.

After Mr. McLean had recovered from his complete surprise, he returned their thanks in a most characteristic speech that was much enjoyed, and highly appreciated by all present. After all had done justice to the excellent tea, dancing and the different amusements were again indulged in until past midnight, when the company broke up by singing "Auld Lang Syne," and three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. McLean. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Foster and wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Forber, wife and daughter, K. Farquhar and wife, Arch. Dunham and wife, C. B. Edgerton and daughter, Mrs. Jas. Coleman, Mrs. A. D. Branncombe, Miss McLean, Miss F. Sweeney, Miss M. McLean, Mrs. R. McLean, Miss G. Wall, Mrs. A. Kelly, Miss A. Wilson, Miss J. Wilson, Miss L. McLean, Mr. Fred Hejles, Mrs. E. McConnell, Mr. A. R. Kennedy, Mr. D. McManis, Mr. Ed on Wilson, Mr. Harry Logan, Mr. Oscar Logan, Mr. Spian, Mr. John Nokes, Miss Martha Farris, Miss M. Farris.

Miss Theresa Wakeling spent Easter at her home here.

A most pleasant event was the surprise party given at the residence of Mrs. Jas. McWilliams, Colburn street, on Wednesday evening. Those present were Miss F. Whalen, Susan; Mrs. and Miss McPherson, Mrs. E. O'Brien, Mrs. J. McManis, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mary Whalen and Lizzie Carleton, Lizzie McCarty, Katie and Emma McFarland, Flora McCafferty, May and Jennie McCollough, Miss M. W. Wulfehead.

Mrs. A. G. Blair of St. John, is in the city. Mrs. W. K. Allen gave a party at her home "At home" to-day, which was very enjoyable.

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. W. H. Holder, J. A. McKay, J. F. Quinn.

Miss Maud Driscoll, of West End, returned home on Monday, after a four months trip to Montreal.

Choice Spruce Gum at Moore's Drug Store.

Dr. Wm. Christie returned home from New York today.

Mrs. Luther Jordan entertained the members of the whist club together with a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Friends were sorry to learn last week that Miss Belle Vanwart, of Douglas avenue, was suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

Miss Jessie Hagerman, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Hesterington, Paradise Row.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McArthur, on the arrival of a young daughter.

Mrs. J. J. Cain and family, left on Sunday evening for Minneapolis, where she will join her husband, who left for there some months ago. They will reside there for the future.

Mrs. Wm. Young, left on Tuesday, on a visit to friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Scott (nee Miss Ellen Rowan) formerly of Douglas avenue, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., is here on a visit to friends.

Miss Hazel Smith gave a very enjoyable birthday party to a number of her friends on Thursday evening last. The little ones enjoyed themselves immensely until 12 o'clock. Those present were Annie Shaw, Bessie Wiley, Maud March, Minnie Magie Tapley, Nellie Robertson, Louisa Chelvey, Bessie Goddard, Maudie Goddard, Marion Smith, Mabel Purdy, Jessie Robertson, Mr. F. McLean, Mrs. Marion May, Charlie Taylor, George B. Shaw, Fred Ekin, Guy Johnston, Guy Tapley, Harry Chelvey, Murray Holly, Arch Taylor, Harry Tapley, L. Hamilton, Gilbert Pagsley Tapley, W. Pagsley, Stanley Harrison, James Purdy, Tom Pagsley, James May, Otto Shaw.

Baby's Group is Cured by Hackmore.

ST. ANDREWS.

APRIL 10—Mrs. Frith, of Winipic, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Gove.

Mrs. Charles Walker, of Providence, R. I., is making a short stay in town.

Mrs. and Miss Lorimer, who have been spending the winter in St. John, have returned to St. Andrews.

Mrs. Carl Ketchum, is visiting at the Rectory.

Miss Gordie Jones, who was in town for the Easter holidays, has returned to Milltown.

Miss McFarlane, is spending a short time in Boston.

Miss Amelia Kennedy, is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. J. F. Dustin, who has been the guest of Mrs. Algar, has returned to St. Stephen.

Miss Christie Stevenson is home again, after a prolonged visit in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Innes, of Montclair, N. J., have been in town, making arrangements for their summer residence, which is to be built upon the Algonquin, and is expected to be ready for occupation in July.

A magic lantern entertainment will be given in All Saints' Church Sunday school tomorrow, the proceeds to go towards buying new books for the Sunday school library.

The M. and L. Society have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their public entertainment which was given on Easter Monday and Tuesday. The Empire Drill in which sixteen young ladies took part under the leadership of Mrs. T. K. Wren was rendered exceedingly pretty by the brilliant dresses worn. The play which followed entitled "A Box of Monkeys" was bright and amusing, and all the parts well taken throughout. During the evening several good selections were played by the M. and L. orchestra.

Mr. Sutherland has returned to Milltown after spending his Easter holidays here.

The first number of the Grammar School Review was issued on Friday. The paper is edited by pupils of the St. Andrews Grammar school, with Mr. C. H. Hanes as editor-in-chief and Miss G. H. McKnight, Jabez M. Rice and E. Elliott associate editors.

A special train making arrangements for Van Hornes of the C. P. R. and several other gentlemen, who were driven over to Minister's Island, where they spent some time looking over Mr. Van Hornes' new residence.

Mr. H. Cole of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Carl Ketchum of Toronto is in town.

BELLONA.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

ANDOVER.

APRIL 11—The compositor overlooked two names of the list of those who went from here last Tuesday to Fort Fairfield, to attend the marriage of D. Reed Bedell, namely the Misses Bertha and Emma Bedell. Miss Watson returned from Hamilton on Saturday. Mrs. J. Balfour, of Grand Falls, is visiting her relatives here.

Miss Louise Parley is ill with a very severe cold.

Case and Splint Binding.

Dual, 243 Union St.

Cotton Dress Fabrics.



We have now open for inspection over 200 new styles of the most beautiful WASH FABRICS we have ever shown. These goods come in all colors of Printing, large and small effects. Novelties in PRINTED FRENCH LAUNNS, PRINTED ENGLISH LAUNNS, PRINTED FRENCH SATEENS, PRINTED LLAMAS, BLOUSE CAMBRICS, DRILLETTES, &c., &c.

"Samples mailed promptly to any address." S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

FREDERICTON

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. H. T. Finney and J. H. Hawthorne.]

APRIL 12—A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, when their daughter was united in marriage to William F. McDonald, of Hopewell, N. S. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Cecil Wiggins.

The bride was accompanied by Miss May Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. I believe they intend making their future home in Amherst.

Mrs. Foster returned from St. John on Saturday. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Seely. Miss Hattie Black has returned from St. John, and has also Miss Emma Ayer and Miss Ethel Smith.

Prof. and Mrs. Andrews entertained the junior and senior classes of the college on Monday evening at their pretty home on York street. A most pleasant time was spent by all. Among those present were the Misses Woods, Large, Copp, Smith, Palmer, Olive, Vickerson, Lovitt, Stockton, Powell, Crowe, Rainnie, Thomas, Morrow, Stevens, Fawcett, Webb, Simpson, Colwell, Johnson, Morehouse, B. Indoe, Berrill, Harrison, King, Paterson, Hetherington, Riley, Smith, Ryan, Sewell, Webb, Condit, Ouellette, Beer, Sells, Costin, Greig, Townsend, Sprague and Mosher.

Mr. G. S. Stockton and family returned from Ottawa on Thursday last.

Mrs. C. W. Harrison went to St. John on Tuesday. Mrs. W. A. Allen gave a party at her home on Sunday in St. John.

Dr. Innes of Fredericton spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kinair returned on Thursday last from a trip to New York.

Mr. G. S. Stockton was in town last week. Mr. G. L. Black spent Monday in Montreal. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan sympathizing with them in the loss of their little son Russell, who died last week, were here yesterday.

The sad news was received on Saturday of the death of Mr. Bobt. Miller, at Pasadena, California. Mrs. Miller, formerly Miss Bell, of this place, has the deep sympathy of all in her sad bereavement.

APRIL 12—Miss Bremner, who was visiting at Chatham, returned here on Saturday, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Brown.

Mr. David Clark was taken ill quite suddenly on Monday. Dr. Keith's services were required. To-day Mr. Clark was able to appear out for a walk.

Councilor David McMillan was here yesterday, returning homewards from St. John.

Mrs. W. Knight, (Knight & Black) of Amherst, N. S., was here to-night on his semi-annual business trip.

Mr. Thomas Dickinson, was summoned to Kingston on Monday, to attend the funeral of his brother Ernest, who died on Sunday, from the injuries received by being struck by a train, making a run on the Saturday morning previous.

Miss Annie Ferguson, of Richibucto, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Livingston.

Mr. John W. Miller, of Millerton, was here yesterday.

Mr. George W. Catter, of Chatham, spent part of yesterday in quiet retreat. He has been appointed Mr. J. W. M. Dermott, proprietor of the Europa, sub agent here, for the London & Lancashire Assurance Company.

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Mr. J. W. Morton of Kent Junction, is here to-day, the guest of Mrs. B. McLeod.

Mr. G. H. Perry and family, have removed from Acadiaville to Moncton, where he is now residing.

Mr. Charles Boss of Bathurst, is in town this evening.

DALHOUSIE.

APRIL 22—Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Scott on account of the death of their little boy George, who had been ill for some eight weeks.

Mrs. D. Crockett, who has been on a visit to her old home for a few days, left on Monday for Fredericton.

A very successful entertainment was given in the Mechanics' Institute here, on Thursday last week by the members of Dalhousie division Sons of Temperance. A choice selection of songs filled in the intervals between the dramatic performances.

The entertainment opened with a song, "Whistle and Wait for Kate," by Mr. A. S. Barberie, which was followed by the comic play "Down East." The performers were Miss Cameron, Miss Tallen, Miss McKay, and Messrs H. L. Johnson and John McLean, and all their acquit themselves most creditably during the evening.

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

BACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Backville at C. H. Moore's Bookstore.]

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, when their daughter was united in marriage to William F. McDonald, of Hopewell, N. S. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Cecil Wiggins.

The bride was accompanied by Miss May Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. I believe they intend making their future home in Amherst.

Mrs. Foster returned from St. John on Saturday. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Seely. Miss Hattie Black has returned from St. John, and has also Miss Emma Ayer and Miss Ethel Smith.

Prof. and Mrs. Andrews entertained the junior and senior classes of the college on Monday evening at their pretty home on York street. A most pleasant time was spent by all. Among those present were the Misses Woods, Large, Copp, Smith, Palmer, Olive, Vickerson, Lovitt, Stockton, Powell, Crowe, Rainnie, Thomas, Morrow, Stevens, Fawcett, Webb, Simpson, Colwell, Johnson, Morehouse, B. Indoe, Berrill, Harrison, King, Paterson, Hetherington, Riley, Smith, Ryan, Sewell, Webb, Condit, Ouellette, Beer, Sells, Costin, Greig, Townsend, Sprague and Mosher.

Mr. G. S. Stockton and family returned from Ottawa on Thursday last.

Mrs. C. W. Harrison went to St. John on Tuesday. Mrs. W. A. Allen gave a party at her home on Sunday in St. John.

Dr. Innes of Fredericton spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kinair returned on Thursday last from a trip to New York.

Mr. G. S. Stockton was in town last week. Mr. G. L. Black spent Monday in Montreal. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan sympathizing with them in the loss of their little son Russell, who died last week, were here yesterday.

The sad news was received on Saturday of the death of Mr. Bobt. Miller, at Pasadena, California. Mrs. Miller, formerly Miss Bell, of this place, has the deep sympathy of all in her sad bereavement.

APRIL 12—Miss Bremner, who was visiting at Chatham, returned here on Saturday, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Brown.

Mr. David Clark was taken ill quite suddenly on Monday. Dr. Keith's services were required. To-day Mr. Clark was able to appear out for a walk.

Councilor David McMillan was here yesterday, returning homewards from St. John.

Mrs. W. Knight, (Knight & Black) of Amherst, N. S., was here to-night on his semi-annual business trip.

Mr. Thomas Dickinson, was summoned to Kingston on Monday, to attend the funeral of his brother Ernest, who died on Sunday, from the injuries received by being struck by a train, making a run on the Saturday morning previous.

Miss Annie Ferguson, of Richibucto, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Livingston.

Mr. John W. Miller, of Millerton, was here yesterday.

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MEMRAMCOOK.

The many friends of Mrs. Owen Sherry regret to hear of her serious illness.

Mrs. F. S. McManna who has been visiting her friend here has returned to Moncton.

Mr. James P. Sherry has returned from St. John. Mr. J. B. McManna intends going to the opening of the world's fair next month.

Mr. J. A. Doherty has returned from Moncton. Mr. S. C. Chastain Jr. left here last week to take charge of the station at Point de Chene.

Mr. Baizey is likely to remain for another term as our teacher.

REICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Reichibucto by Theo. P. Graham.]

APRIL 12—Mr. W. D. Carter and little daughter have taken up their residence with Mrs. Palmer. Mr. L. A. Miles of St. John was in town last week.

Mr. Alfred Fayle after spending the winter at home, left last Saturday for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Oswald Smith has returned from Fredericton, where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Crockett.

Mr. W. W. Gais left on Monday for Waterville, Me., having accepted a position there.

Principal and Mrs. Colpitts will occupy Mr. W. D. Carter's residence on Cunard street, after May 1st.

Mr. Andrew Gorman of Moncton is spending a few days in town this week.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Bargains, Bargains! Odd Pairs Lace Curtains at Half Price. WINDOW POLES 35c. each.

A. O. SKINNER. CROTHERS HENDERSON & WILSON.



Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Pneumatic Bikes, &c., 42 and 44 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF.

Heroism of a Young Japanese Nobleman in a Critical Moment. The Japanese emperor's army was besieging a fortress. Its number was small, and a relieving army was coming up. It was of immense moment that they should know how long the fortress could hold out. If it must capitulate for want of supplies within a week, they could stay and win the campaign for the Emperor.

A young Japanese nobleman volunteered to go into the fortress and ascertain the position of affairs. He disguised himself, and in passing learned that they had food and water for only two days more.

As he was going out with this precious information he was detected, and the enemy said to him, "We are going to crucify you; but we will let you off on condition—that you go to the wall and tell your people that we have supplies for more than a week."

He replied, "very well" and went to the wall. His wife and children in the besiegers' camp saw him, his friends were there also, and he held up both his hands and said to them, "There are supplies for but two days. Continue the siege and you will capture the place."

He died by a hundred spear points, but he had done his duty to his general.

Blue Stockings of Antiquity. Professor Rhys Davis has been telling us what whys were like in the year 600 B.C. It appears that Buddha had an aunt, and that it was by the influence of this lady of saintly memory that "The Light of Asia" was persuaded to allow women to join his religious order. The women followers of Buddha formed themselves into camps each in a separate hut, and without begging audibly lived on the free gifts of the villagers, teaching the girls of the hamlet "letters and philosophy."

Umbrellas Repaired, Dual, 243 Union St. ELAINE.

MUSQUASH. APRIL 11—Mr. H. F. Knight left Tuesday, for New Glasgow N. S., where he has accepted a position.

Mrs. Bedell is visiting friends in St. John. Dr. Seymour of Calais, Me., paid a flying visit here last week.

Mr. G. H. Anderson is visiting his sister, Mrs. Charles Hazen, St. John. Miss Charlotte Spike, returned home Monday, having spent the winter in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Woodford Smith spent a few days in the city last week. Mr. Horace Harding visited St. John Thursday.

Two Sides to a Question. Every question. There's the question of price. It is no trick to sell at low prices. But How about quality? There's the rub. You won't think our prices low—Unless you consider quality. Geo. H. McKay, Agent for Buttrick's Safes.

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker. Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he...

Could Not Open His Eyes. I took him twice during that time, but to my regret failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. It soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if he had his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla because of the wonderful good it did my son. ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Because of the wonderful good it did my son. ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

F. J. BEACH, Windsor, Nova Scotia. P. O. BOX 385.

THE COMING MUSICAL EVENT! OPERA HOUSE. ST. JOHN. 3 Nights and 2 Afternoons. COMMENCING Thurs. April 20th. OUR COLUMBIAN YEAR! Celebrated in a fitting manner, in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

GILMORE'S Monster Columbian Concerts! BY GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND. 50 Musicians - 50. Director D. W. REEVES and the following Distinguished Artists: Her Serene Highness, THE PRINCESS LILLY DOLGOROOKY, Violinist to Her Royal Highness the Empress of all the Russias, and Virtuoso to the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg. MME. ROSA LINDE, SINGER TAGLIAPIETRA the Renowned Primo Bartone. Numerous New Musical Features in Programmes of Rare Excellence. A GREAT NAME AND ORGANIZATION PERPETUATED. Prices: Balcony, \$1.50 - 3rd Rows, balance Balcony, 75c.; centre First Floor, \$1.00; Admission 50c. (no seats) Gallery 50c. Saturday Matinee, prices same as Night. SPECIAL OFFER. Friday Afternoon will be set apart as a Special Performance for school children and their friends at special low rates of 25c. to children and others. No Reserve Seats. Entire house open to all as they come. Doors open at 2. Concert at 8. This is a pleasure given to Children, as the money received don't pay the expenses, and don't expect it to.

Visit to the Maritime Provinces. Most Important to Ruptured and Deformed People. Chas. Clute, the celebrated Manufacturer, and Inventor of the great Spiral Truss and many others for the cure of the Rupture, has been known as one of the foremost thinkers and designers to overcome and relieve Heros or any deformity. For club feet he has a system patented by which he is enabled to straighten a child's feet without operation, and make them natural from hip to sole. Spinal instruments built the weight of others. Come with your swollen knee joint, and he will make you an instrument that will make you walk from the minute it is adjusted, and overcome you trouble in a short time, which otherwise means amputation. Bow legs made natural in five weeks. Knocked knees straightened. The finest patterns in abdominal supporters. All parties wishing to consult him should be on time. Inve your physician. Will Visit: ST. STEPHEN, N. B., WINDSOR HOTEL, MONDAY May 1st. ST. JOHN, N. B., ROYAL HOTEL, Tuesday, May 2nd; active noon in five weeks. Knocked knees straightened. MONCTON, N. B., BRISWICK HOTEL, Thursday, May 4th from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. TRURO, N. B., LANARNEY HOUSE, Friday, May 6th; leave noon Saturday. HALIFAX, N. B., HALIFAX HOTEL, arrive 1.30 p. m. Saturday, May 6th; leave Tuesday morning, May 10th. NEW GLASGOW, N. B., NORFOLK HOUSE, Tuesday, May 10th, arrive noon; leave Wednesday noon. ANnapolis, N. B., BRISWICK HOTEL, Thursday, May 11th; leave 5.45 p. m. For particulars address, CHAS. CLUTE, Surgical Machinist, 134 King St. W., Toronto.

Paris has a dismal weather. It is a Mark of the times. Poor Paris cries at ones, and the great deal. We started Magasin des forward to m Royal

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893.

REAR ROOMS.

ains!

curtains

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c. each.

NER.

& WILSON.



Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

MUSICAL EVENT!

A HOUSE

ST. JOHN.

and 2 Afternoons.

COMMENCING

April 20th.

COLUMBIAN YEAR!

In the manner, in commemoration

of the anniversary of the discovery

of America by Columbus.

MORE'S

Columbian Concerts!

BY

MILMORE'S

MUSIC BAND.

Musicians - 50.

Director

Following Distinguished Artists:

Serene Highness,

MRS LILLY DOLGOROUKY,

Royal Highness the Empress

Rosa Linde,

Princess Donna Contralto,

Tagliapietra,

owned Primo Baritone.

New Musical Features

Some of Rare Excellence.

THEME AND ORGANIZATION

REPERATED.

SI 10-3 First rows; balance

10-10-10-10-10-10-10-10-10-10

Admission 50c.

Prices same as Night.

Friday Afternoon will

be a Special Performance for school

children at special low rates of

10c and 20c. No Reserve

seats open to all as they come.

Open at 2. Concert at 8.

Advance Tickets to Children, as

reserved don't pay the expense, and

SIGHT-SEEING IN PARIS.

WHAT A YOUNG LADY FROM ST. JOHN HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Impressions Made by Famous Places and Their Visitors—At the Church of the Madeleine—Notes on the Old Masters and Their Creations.

[The following extracts from the letters of a young lady of this city, now in Germany, give bright and readable glimpses of the journey of herself and her sister from Paris to Switzerland. The letters were written to members of the family in St. John, in the way of ordinary correspondence, but the bright and original way in which they treat of foreign travel will be likely to interest a large circle of readers.]

Paris has a limitless capacity of looking dismal when circumstances don't suit it. Dull weather is rather becoming to London. It is a Mark Tapley of a city, and can be exceedingly jolly under the circumstances. Poor Paris can't; she is as wretched under grey skies as she is bright under sunny ones, and that, you will admit, is saying a great deal.

We started off to buy a few trifles at the Magazin des Louvre, and I was looking forward to my first glimpse of the "Palais Royal." My impression of the Magazin des Louvre is artificial flowers and people. It was crowded, and as we made our way—or rather were carried by the stream through the various departments—we acquired a far better idea of the many varieties of French faces than of the goods and wonders, in the way of fashionable materials, that hid the counters. My head began to swim at last. The close atmosphere and the constant movement of the crowd would have proved trying to a stronger than I.

I counted myself lucky in being able to get to the door and get out in the air before I made a scene there. The pure air was a relief, but I felt fearfully tired after that little episode and we wended our way slowly towards "the glittering Palais Royal." We walked down the sheltered sidewalk, taking a near view of the glitter, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds! Real on one side and sham on the other. The whole thing would have been a tempting allegory. Here were the monsters of Modern Commercial Greed, Bourgeois Prosperity and Sham Splendor, stalking rampant among the relics of former royal glories, the ideal grandeur of the past. It was like a picture I had once seen of wild beasts prowling about among the ruined temples and palaces of some deserted city of the East.

What a sight to make that valuable and painfully ubiquitous individual—a lover of progress rejoice—what a sight to rend the heart of the aesthetic and ideally minded. It is only the philosophers who can bear it with calmness. This being the case—and I must have been philosophers. We admired the glitter, the exquisite jewelry, silverware, miniature brooches—they were all the rage then—and then we sat on one of the benches to rest, starting with the usual lively interest at the pathetic looking flower beds and trees which adorned the middle of the enclosure, the valuable nursery maids, and the babyish boys—great big fellows between fourteen and seventeen—playing with a top and throwing a great deal of childish enthusiasm into the amusement. Some of those boys had they been "raised" in America would at their age have been exercising their manly brains in the cultivation of moustaches and sweethearts.

We went into the church of the Madeleine on our way home. It looked beautifully clean compared with other churches, and the lightness and prevailing whiteness conveyed an impression of "prettiness." The effect was very good as we peeped in that evening. A service was about to begin. As we had to stand near the door, and view the church from that stand-point, I should imagine that it then looked its best. The lights on the altar were lit, and the gilt flowers, with which it was adorned glittered brilliantly. They didn't look tawdry then.

Seated near the altar, were a great many of the white-capped Sisters of Charity, and among them knelt several girls in the white dresses and veils of the first communicants. It was a pretty sight. We moved as quietly as possible in the space between the door and the seats, passing from one tiny altar to another, and conversing in whispers about the beautiful pictures painted above them. The Church of the Madeleine is a relief after the others. It throws a satisfactory amount of cheerfulness, which one appreciates after the sadness and often painfulness of the other chapels. The service began and we went out, but stood for some time at the outside, admiring the richly-ornamented doors, wonderfully handsome pieces of work they are. Presently we found that we were not alone, a number of English and Americans who were likewise "wrapt in admiration."

The former pronounced the doors "nice"; the latter decided that they were "just lovely." It makes one feel foolish, or gashish, to stand among an adjectivay crowd of people, who are, like yourself,

seeing things for the first time. I don't like the sensation, and so we immediately left them to their own enjoyment, and returned to Avenue d'Jena.

We went to the Louvre. It was not far, and there was still much of it that we had not seen, and in view of the journey that we were to take that evening, it was the most restful piece of sight-seeing we could think of.

We got in among the pre-Raphaelites first—those pot-hooks and hangers of art, and I walked through the room marvelling at their excessive ugliness of its contents not only the expression but also of the ideas. How dreadful it must have been for the artists to have had such visions before they were expressed on canvas. Surely the individual who painted those hard featured Madonnas crowned with solid looking nimbi, not unlike large brass pans, and surrounded by podgy bishops and saints, must have been the victim of a perpetual nightmare. I went out of the pre-Raphaelites room without any lingering regret. The name of Cimabue as well as that of Giotto sends a cold shudder through my frame.

We spent a long time in the salon, the principle feature of which is Peter Paul Rubens' progressive pictures—it one may so flippantly describe them, of the life of Mary de Medicis. He has given every event in the life of that remarkable but corpulent female in a series of splendid pictures, occupying the centre row on each side of the salon, wonderful in the richness of their coloring and fidelity of detail. Judged by modern ideas the use he has made of his imagination in these is slightly ridiculous. To me the gods and goddesses, in their usual meagre allowance of clothing, mixing "promiscuous like" with the mortals who were apparently very dreary and devoted to crime, and that without attracting the least attention did violence to one's sense of probability, not to speak of propriety. The idea of the immortals taking part in the life of humanity is more fittingly described in poetry than in painting I think. Venus Minerva and all the nurses presiding over the birth of the Princess, Cupid carrying her train at the wedding, while Jupiter gives the bride away; Apollo, Mars and Mercury, not to speak of the other gods, giving her assistance counsel and confidence through the various events of her life. The idea is perhaps beautiful, but the profane mind as yet untouched by the esoteric meanings of art is apt to be moved to mirth thereby.

Another picture that amused me was the Angela Kitchen. A monk comes down into the kitchen accompanied by two cavaliers—time of Charles I—and finds the apartment occupied by an angelic contingent who are doing his kitchen work—cooking, carrying water and wood, etc.; whereupon the monk dashes in the air, regains his dignity, and makes his exit, and of the very ungracious way his monkish robes flop about as he does so. It is a remarkable picture in many ways. I was delighted with it.

We saw some more Murillos that afternoon, also several of Van Dyke's wonderful things. I fell quite in love with the faces he painted, delicate, gentle and refined ever, always with large sombre dark eyes, I could not help wondering whether he chose sitters for those peculiarities or whether the world was particularly rich in people of that type in his days, or whether he idealized everybody who came to him in that way. We spent considerable time down stairs among the statuary, and sat for about a quarter of an hour in the curtained off apartment which contains the Venus of Milo, which seemed to have before it a perpetual knot of worshippers. It is not for me to comment on it. I am too ignorant, and it would seem impudent. As we said the nose was too long, but to me it was one of the most perfectly satisfying things I had ever seen, not dazzling or bewildering, but just satisfying. Then we took up the rest of the time wandering among the rest of the huge figures, Apollons, Jupiters, Neptunes, Minervas and Cupidas, among the strange Ethiopian figures and Egyptian Sarcophagi.

If one remains quite quiet when walking there and allows the fancy free play it becomes quite a creepy proceeding after a while. I worked myself into the cold shudders trying to imagine what the place was like at night when long cold shafts of moonlight flooded it, and made these ghostly relics of by-gone power, genius and life still more ghastly. Supposing on some such night the power was given to them to speak—to tell their stories—to hold counsel or comment on modern life. I began to think that would be a good plan for a series of stories but in order to make them thoroughly in keeping with the idea, I began to conjure up such ghastly tales and to imagine them being told in such hollow blood-curdling tones echoing through the great salons that I actually terrified myself.

It was good to emerge in the open air in the warm sun, among my dear substantial, comfortably, common place fellow creatures. We arrived back at the pension to find ourselves an object of interest—one always is when going away and pour boires became a near possibility. We had dinner half an hour earlier than the regular time, and took it in company with three antiquated females, who were also going on to Switzerland that night. They conversed with us, becoming very much interested when she had confessed that she knew several places in Switzerland. They questioned quite freely and were evidently exceedingly charmed with the extent of her information for they expressed a wish that we should occupy the same carriage to Switzerland that night. They conversed enthusiastically in following up. We left amidst a shower of *pour boires*, everybody who has ever left a pension on this side of the Atlantic knows how it is. Every body had some kind little service to bestow upon us at the last and contrived by their manner to convey the idea that they had always been especially attentive to us. It was charmingly disinterested.

LARSEN'S BOSTON LETTER

SOME BOSTONIAN SPOUTERS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

Bigger than Our Big John Collins-Tom Eggers' Boston Prototype—A Few of the Quaker Characters Seen Every Day in the Busy Hub.

Boston, April, 11.—The boys around the Intercolonial depot on Mill street, used to think Officer Collins a pretty big man lengthwise, and with Officer Stevens' remarkable energy, the two made a pair of rusers, which no ordinary individual could contend with very long, when they took a notion to land him on the sandy garden, enclosed by the wooden posts.

I remember one evening, however, when Officer Collins looked small. He realized the fact, too, and put the reporters on to it, and all the papers had a paragraph about 'all men, the next morning.

There was a stranger at the depot, who towered above Officer Collins, and somebody suggested would have to get a spy-glass to get a view of Officer Stevens.

He was a Nova Scotian, who had been in Boston, and was on his way home. I have seen the same individual almost daily since I came to Boston, and he is one of a class of men here, who, although familiar to the people, are nevertheless interesting.

The tall Nova Scotian is sputter for an auction store on Scully Square, his sole duties being to stand in the doorway, hit the toe of his boot with a cane, made for a shorter person, and chew tobacco, while he draws out, in a sleepy sort of way, a long yarn about the "auction sale, now going on,—watches and jewelry sold at auction today. Step right inside, to the great sale—must be closed out," and so on, all over again, with no variations.

This sing-song performance is kept up all day. There is no snap to it like the genuine dime show, or soap selling fakirs here, but a dreary repetition, that becomes a part of the hum of the street, much the same as the rattle of the electric cars.

The bell man, however, attracts attention, and people look up to see where the noise is coming from, with an idea perhaps that the sputter is leaning out of a second story window.

But the sale usually goes on all day, and there is usually a crowd. There are a number of these sputters in Boston, and some of them have grown old in the business, and like many queer street characters are as much a part of the store fronts as John O'Brien's Indian is a part of Mill street.

There is one sputter on Washington street who has always been more or less of a mystery to me.

I first noticed him when I was in Boston four or five years ago. He was standing in front of the store telling the people about the "great auction sale now going on," and wore a brown overcoat with derby to match and in his hand was a folded newspaper, with which he waved the crowds toward the door. His face was red and bloated, and he looked like a man about filled to the neck with equal parts of bad rum and tobacco.

There he stood all day, telling his story without letting up for a moment.

The next time I came to Boston he was still there, the same man, the same overcoat, the same derby, apparently the same folded newspaper, and decidedly the same story about the auction sale.

That was three years ago. He is there yet, and there is still no change. Everything the same. During the last six months, I have passed that store at every hour in the day, and that sputter has always loomed up. I have never seen the post deserted during business hours. He is invariably in that condition popularly known as "pretty well loaded," and the mystery is, how he manages to keep supplied with the "ardent" necessary to keep in that condition, if he never leaves his stand.

There are queer characters in every city, who by sticking everlastingly to it, at one time or other, become almost a part of the city itself, or some particular section of it. They are found in high life and low life, and the more peculiar the business the more interesting the men.

People eventually take them as a matter of course, and some day when they shuff off this mortal coil, an enterprising newspaper man will write them up. Then the obituary of a humble man or woman will be more widely read and discussed than that of a prominent citizen.

In a large city those people—those in a peculiar line of business—are more numerous, of course, but the rule holds good everywhere. Everybody in St. John knows Tom Rogers; everybody on Prince William street knows Paddy Condon. If Paddy did not show up for a couple of days, everybody, from the mayor down, would want to know what was the matter.

Perhaps it is unfair to refer to two such hard-working men, in connection with the walking advertisements of Boston, but I do so simply to illustrate a point.

Fancy Colored Shirts

are the correct thing for gentlemen this year. We are now showing over 25 different styles and

ALL NEW. ALL NEW.

Regatta Shirts, elegant patterns, collars attached. Regatta Shirts, collars and cuffs detached. Shirts with colored fronts and cuffs and white bodies. White collars are worn with these. Oxford Shirts, collars attached. Fancy Cotton Shirts, soft bodies, starched collars with Ties to match. Zephyrine Shirts with the latest style of Short Fronts. Zephyrine Shirts, soft bodies and starched collars. Soft Finish Undressed Colored Shirt Matelasse Cloth. Fancy Flannelette Shirts, collars attached or detached. Extra qualities of Fancy Striped Cashmere Shirts. White Cashmere Shirts, laced fronts, very choice. White Flannel Shirts. White Shirts in every style. Boys' Shirts, white and colored.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

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TWO KING & UNION STORES. STREETS.

EARLY GLOBETROTTING.

The Grave of a Contemporary of the Bold Sir Walter Raleigh.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—You thought my notice of the Barber Jewel worthy of insertion. I am therefore encouraged to send you another curiosity. The Jewel had its origin, Nov. 7, 1558—the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The present State of Virginia, was, of course, named after the Virgin queen—and now I send you a copy of the inscription on a brass, which refers to Virginia, within the sanctuary rails of the church in which I officiate. The subject of the monument was doubtless born in the great Queen's reign, and was a contemporary of Sir Walter Raleigh. Who knows if he did not sail with the gallant knight.

In geometrical stone work is set a coat of arms, and beneath the arms the following inscription: HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ROBERT MASTERS GENT: LORD OF THIS MANNOR WHO TRAVELLED WITH THE "CANDLISH EQ" TO VIRGINIA AND AFTERWARD ABOUTE THE GLOBE OF YE WHOLE WORLDE & AFTER HIS RETURN MARRIED WINIFRED Y<sup>e</sup> DAUGHTER OF THO<sup>s</sup> CORNWALL OF BUCKLAND GENT BY WHOM HE HATH 2 SONS AND 7 DAUGHTERS. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 3<sup>d</sup> DAY OF JUNE A<sup>d</sup> 1610.

The coat of arms above the inscription has the lion rampant of the Cornwalls of Moccas Park, descended from Richard de Cornwall, illegitimate son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, second son of King John. The present Baronet, Sir George Henry, is in Holy orders, and Rector of Moccas, in this county. D. C. M. Burghill, Hereford, Eng.

PROPERTIES OF JEWELS.

Some of the Traditions Connected With Precious Stones.

Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has for remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny, it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to possess the latter virtue. Beside the diamond, several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

The ruby was considered good for derangement of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

The turquoise, although not credited with either remedial or protective properties so far as disease was concerned, was nevertheless regarded as a kind of sympathetic indicator, the intensity of its color being supposed to fluctuate with the health of the wearer. The latter moreover, by virtue of the stone he carried, could, it was said, fall from any height with impunity. The Marquis of Vilena's fool, however, was somewhat nearer the truth when he reversed the popular superstition in his assertion that the wearer of a turquoise might fall from the top of a high tower and be dashed to pieces without breaking the stone.

The opal was looked upon as a thunder stone, and although many women are now given to a strong superstitious prejudice against wearing one, it was in bygone days held in the highest estimation, for it was supposed to compine the virtues of several other gems. On the other hand, the onyx—so named on account of its resemblance to the finger nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear; for, according to medieval superstition, it rendered one particularly susceptible to annoyance from nightmares and demons.

Temperance advocates, if they have any regard for the beliefs of the Greeks and Romans, might seriously consider the advisability of distributing amethysts among drunkards, for it was supposed that these stones prevented intoxication.

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IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

HOW THEY ARE OBJECT LESSONS AND TEACHERS OF HISTORY.

The Quaint Old Shops and Sleepy Inns—Churches that Have Their Story—Places Where Restfulness Can Be Found by the Weary Traveller.

LONDON, April 3—Come with me then vagrantly, into a few of the lovely old homesteads of rural England. Not far to the north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty Ormskirk. It is half village and half town, for the spindles are humming here as almost everywhere in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Two huge, white roads leading from green fields, which were impassable mosses in olden times, rising to a gentle eminence intersect the place, and the verdure growth of four hundred years almost hides from view the nesting, ancient homes, the quaint old shops, the sleepy, restful inns, and the historic church itself.

The old church looming above the red tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously surmounted by separate tower and steeple; the pile so gray, mellow and ivy-massed as to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lopped off in its lower trunk, where the huge battlemented tower stops, out of whose edge, where the steeple rises, has sprouted a second slender tree. The tradition goes of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and steeple, yet, disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energies upon both, each independent of the other. The earliest of the renowned Derbys and Stanleys are buried here. Mossy, lichened, slumberous, grave, the entire place is a wondrous picture of tender repose, and is but one of scores of winsome Lancashire villages gleaming, low-lying and hushed, in the pleasant landscape between the thunderous towns of mills.

What precious old bits of gray and sunshine and green are the half deserted villages of Cockerthorpe and Hawkhead up here in the English lake region, the former in Cumberland, and the latter just inside Lancashire where that county pushes a rugged arm up among the scars, fells and pikes of the English Alps! Cockerthorpe itself where Wordsworth was born, is but one of the many quaint old Cumbrian villages, which seem as ancient and mossy as the rocks out of which they were hewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent river sweeps melodiously by, and the Cocker river, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of Lonsdale. The house where the poet was born is a long, two-storied, hipped-roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a stately affair in its time. A tier of nine windows in the second and eight in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the area between the street wall and the house are several perky trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the banks of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkhead lies midway between the queen of the English lakes, Windermere, and Coniston water, near which may be found the home of John Ruskin, and nestles prettily beside the beautiful Esthwaite Water. It is by far the most antique village in the lake country. The old schoolhouse is standing just as Wordsworth left it. It is no more than a tiny stone dwelling, with wide, low windows, a single broad low door, and a whitewashed school-room interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head.

The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scared old plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every one will remember the good old dame, with whom Wordsworth lived, and who was so much a mother to him during his boyhood's days at Hawkhead. Her cottage is still standing; and

"The snow white church upon the hill," made famous in the "Prelude," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing. But the old life went out of Hawkhead with the handlooms; you will never find more than a score of worshippers at service within it; and the incumbrance is so reduced that the village rector himself rings the chime of bells which call the dim old folk that remain to this all but deserted shrine.

Here again are types of villages, one in the north and another in the west Riding of Yorkshire; neither like the scores of sunny hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales, but standing grimly and stoutly against the shuddering moors, defiant of change and the tempests of centuries. Come with me over dreary Stanemoor's wilds, and look down there upon dead old Bowses.

There lies the sinuous shell of the ancient village—a winding, cobbled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs have fallen in. Far to the east the eye catches a glimpse of the classic domain of Rokeby. To the north, the dells and fells where flows the river Tees. To the south, the glen of Greta, where that river tumbles and sings. That huge, lone, stone struc-

ture, the first at Bowses from the Greta bridge way, weird and ghostly under huge sycamores, was formerly another Dotheboys Hall. Richard Cobden once owned it and made it his home.

Then the Unicorn inn, with its acres of out buildings, empty and moss-grown. Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and Crown. Then, facing westward, a little Norman church. Near it, the ruins of a Norman castle. Behind these ruins, the ancient Roman station of Savatree, where are remains of baths and an aqueduct. Then, roofed and unroofed hovels on either side to the westward, where you will see, still standing just as Dickens described a veritable Dotheboys Hall in his Nicholas Nickleby. "A long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining."

The other is Haworth. Seen at a distance it seems a half-defined line of ragged gray, cut in another line of gray above which is the lofty, dreary Haworth moor. There is but a single street; closes sometimes extend for a house-length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavements are series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter, are shadowy shops and living rooms. All stand open. But few inhabitants are to be seen. Up, up, up, for a half mile, you plod, and at last reach a tiny open space. The houses are set around it closely. Quaint shops and ancient inns crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village, topographically, in habitations and in aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass into a little court behind the Black Bull Inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds. Suddenly another tiny open space confronts you. Here are an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with a few yards of grass-plot at its side; a little stone church, attached to, rather than blended with, a grim Norman tower; a grave-yard cluttered with crumbling stone; the whole barely covering an acre of ground. These were Haworth parsonage, church and church-yard; the earthly, and final, home of the Brontës; and their living eyes ever rested on Haworth moor which rises immediately above the church-yard like a wall of rounded stone.

Come to such as these in the summer time only. Then fleecy clouds straggle over and between the hills as if shadowy hosts were marshalling behind the horizon. Here and there splashes of color lie against old walls and housefronts. The heather blazes from the undulant green of the moors. And one can then easily imagine bits of Apulian pastoral scenery here in the shepherds and their flocks, like cameo reliefs on beds of dazzling emerald, with a perspective of billowy lines and misty clouds.

Over here in Northamptonshire, just at the edge of the garden shire of Warwick, is ancient moss-grown Crick, sleeping under its thatched beside Watling street, most famous of Roman roads. There are both rest and delight in old, old Crick; rest, because it is one of those English villages which stands just as it always stood; where the roar of the workaday world's activities never comes; where the old parish church, the graveyard the decayed manor-houses, the huge stone dovecotes which house 500 families of doves, the thatched farm laborers' cottages, the ivies and mossy walls, and the simple village folk, all invite to quiet the repose.

Not ten miles away you suddenly come upon the daintiest and most flower spangled village in England. It is a tiny collection of dependencies upon the manor of Ashby St. Ledgers; but there can nowhere else be found such flower embowered homes. Just at the northern edge of this, the whole forming a striking background to the side brook of one of the finest wide, high overhanging of ancient ash trees I have ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high, thick, ivy hung and mossy. Surmounting this is a wonderfully picturesque old gatehouse with two stories of chambers and an attic—the veritable meeting room of the conspirators in the noted Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot of 1605—over a capacious archway, which formed the ancient sole entrance to the domain. Behind this are other venerable outbuildings, half a thousand years old and in perfect maze. To the right and higher, shows a grim, square Norman tower and the mossy roof of the parish church. Behind and above all, are the many massive gables of this most splendidly fantastic manor-house within the England midland shires. How glorious and historic romance could be wrought within Ashby St. Ledgers' grin and ghostly old walls!

In the western and western midland shires of England are scores of ancient villages of restfulness and beauty, hidden coy from the globe-trotters loggnettes in the sunny hollows of the verdant hills. Old Broadway—"Bradweia" it once was from the shepherds' "cotes on the mounted wolds down to the most fruitful vales of Evesham" is a lovely type of them all. All its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here is one of the few ancient stone built villages of olden England, left precisely as its makers built it all the way from 300 to 500 years ago. On every side are high pitched, gabled roofs, with wonderful stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, leaded casements, containing the original glass, and huge, tall, stone chimney stacks—all weathered to most beautiful colors.

Low stone walls in front enclose little old world gardens with clipped and fancifully shaped yew trees. Its quaintest of hostelries abound in bits of detail, old oak floors and hinges, old glass and casement fastenings and most curious pieces, plaster ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house has flat-headed, mullioned windows, with massive wood lintels inside and huge banks of oak, roughly squared and molded over the angles and fire-places. In these snug old inns and in half the huge stone farm-houses roundabout, tradition will tell you, Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night. How wise of them to do so if they had the footing, time and will.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A NIAGARA MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A RESIDENT OF THE HISTORIC OLD TOWN.

Utterly Helpless and Bed-Ridden for Five Years—His Case Baffled the Skill of Physicians—It is the Absorbing Topic for Miles Around—The Details and Causes of His Remarkable Recovery.

(Niagara Falls Review.) It has been frequently declared that the age of miracles has long since passed. However, newspaper men and correspondents have occasionally published accounts of remarkable escapes from death by accident or disease, which have clearly proved that an ever-ruling Providence still governs human affairs, and is interested in human lives. These accounts of extraordinary deliverances from positions of danger in this age, when everybody is of such practical turn of mind, have demanded evidence of an unimpeachable character before they would be accepted by the thoughtful and intelligent reader, and sometimes a most searching inquiry into the facts has resulted in positive proof, completely substantiating what has been claimed in some cases. While we have recognized the possibility of such wonderful occurrences, it has seldom been our privilege to investigate them, and by careful examination and enquiry into the facts arrive at a conclusion agreeing with the declaration of those presumably acquainted with the incident.

Today, however, we are enabled to publish in the Review an account of one of the most wonderful and miraculous deliverances of a fellow creature from a life of pain and suffering. We can vouch for the absolute truth of every statement in this article in regard to the remarkable restoration, having examined for ourselves both the man on whom the miracle was performed and many who knew him only as a bed-ridden sufferer, and who now meet him in the daily routine of life. It is now some time since the rumor reached us that Mr. Isaac Addison, of historic Niagara-on-the-Lake, had been cured of a long-standing chronic rheumatism. These rumors being both repeated and denied, we decided to investigate the case for our own personal satisfaction.

Accordingly some days ago we drove over to the historic town on our tour of investigation. While yet some miles from Niagara we met a farmer who was engaged in leading wood, and ask-d him if he could tell us where Mr. Addison lived. At first he seemed puzzled, but when we said the gentleman we were seeking had been sick but was recovered, he said, "Oh yes, I know him well: that man's restoration was quite a miracle, and it was Pink Pills that cured him. He lives right up in the town. It is four miles away." We thanked him and mentally noted the first bit of evidence of truthfulness of the report. If this gentleman, living four miles away, knew it so he could speak so positively about it we concluded there must be some truth in the rumor.

Reaching the town, we put up at Long's Hotel, and while in conversation with the genial host we soon found that our mission was to be a success. "Know Mr. Addison?" said mine host. "I have known him a long time. His indeed was a remarkable recovery. All the doctors about here did their utmost, but he only grew worse, and for years he was bed-ridden. Now he is as smart as anyone of his age. His recovery is a real miracle."

We were then directed to Mr. Addison's residence and found a well-built gentleman with clear eye, steady nerve and remarkably quick action. Almost doubting whether this gentleman could be the object of our search, we acquainted him with the purpose of our visit and requested him to tell the story of his illness and recovery.

Without hesitation he commenced: "About eight years ago I had peculiar feelings when I walked, as though bits of wood or gravel were in my boots, or as if I were walking on broken glass. These feelings were followed by sensations of pain flying all over the body, but settling in the back and every joint. I have thought these symptoms were like creeping paralysis. In about 18 months I was so stiffened with rheumatism that I could not work and very shortly afterwards I was unable to walk, or write, or use my hands or arms to feed myself. I lay upon my bed and if I desired to turn over I had to be rolled like a log. The pains suffered were terrible, and I often wished myself dead. My kidneys commenced to trouble me, causing me to urinate eight or nine times during the night. In order to rise, my wife would first draw my feet to the side of the bed, then going to my head would lift me to my feet. I was as stiff as a stick and could not help myself. To walk was impossible, but my wife supporting me I could drag or shuffle myself along a smooth floor. I was in that helpless condition for above five years, suffering the most intense and agonizing pains. I was a poor man, but whenever I could get enough money I would purchase some of the so called cures for rheumatism. It was useless however, for they did not help me. The physicians visited me. Dr. Anderson said it was chronic rheumatism, and that I could not be cured. However, he did what he could, with bandages of red flannel and rubbing on alternate days with iodine and neat's foot oil. It was severe treatment and produced unbearable sensations, but did me no good. Dr. Watts said, 'Isaac, if I knew a single thing to do you good I would give it to you, but I don't.' So I gave myself up as hopeless and presently waited for death to end my sufferings. At times I was even tempted to end my own life.

"But one day my family told me of a newspaper account of the wonderful cure of Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, and I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only purchased one box, and although that box did not seem to do me any good I determined to persevere, and got six more. Before I had taken the six boxes I found relief from my pains; continuing the use of the Pink Pills I have been gradually recovering, and am now entirely free from pain, and can walk a mile comfortably. At first I used crutches, then only one, but now I have no use for them at all. I have gone alone to Toronto, Niagara Falls and to Lockport, N. Y., and have felt no inconvenience.

The people wondered when they saw me on the street, after having been bedridden for five years. They asked me what I was doing for my rheumatism, and when I told them I was taking Pink Pills some of them laughed. But I have never taken anything else since I began to use Pink Pills, and I

am now better. That's the proof. Why," said "I just see how I can walk," and he took a turn about the room, stepping with a firmness that many a man twenty-five years younger might envy.

Continuing, he said, "For two years I could not move my left hand and arm an inch, but now I can put it anywhere without pain," accompanying the statement with a movement of the arm, and rubbing the back of his head with his arm. On being asked if he felt any disagreeable sensations on taking Pink Pills, he laughed and said "no, that was the beauty of it. With other medicines there were nasty and unpleasant feelings, but I just swallowed the pills and never felt them except in the beneficial effects."

As we saw the hearty old gentleman so happy in his recovered health and heard him so graphically describe his sufferings, we agreed with him that a great miracle had been wrought through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We sought out a number of residents of the town, and in conversation with them learned that the account Mr. Addison had given us of his condition was in every particular correct. His recovery has naturally been the talk of the town and in social circles, and many others are using Pink Pills for various ailments with good results.

A CHAT WITH THE MAYOR.

We called on H. Pafford, Esq., Mayor of the town, and proprietor of a tasty and prosperous drug business. He verified what Mr. Addison had said as to his sufferings and helpless condition, and said he never expected to see him around again. He said he considered Mr. Addison's restoration truly remarkable, and that the knowledge of the benefit to him had made an extensive demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so much that their sales are away ahead of any other proprietary medicine in the market. He remarked that although so extensively advertised, it their use were not followed by beneficial results the sale would rapidly decrease, but the firm holds they have taken on the public proves their worth and that they have come to stay.

THE DIVISION COURT CLERK.

We called upon J. B. Secord, Esq., Clerk of the Division Court, who said he had known Mr. Addison for many years, and that he bore a high reputation for truthfulness. He knew that in the earlier stages of his trouble he had tried several physicians in vain, and at last became incapable of moving himself. "As a last chance he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and these at first seemed to make him worse and the pains increased, but continuing them, they acted like magic, and resulted in a complete cure. His cure is looked upon by the people as something wonderful, and no one doubts that the agency employed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was the means under Divine Providence of effecting the cure."

Having most carefully and conscientiously examined into the miraculous recovery of Mr. Addison, and dispassionately reviewed the whole evidence, we came home fully convinced of the truthfulness of the report. It is a pleasure for us to publish this full and authentic account of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Isaac Addison and, so far as we can, lend the help of our columns to make known far and wide this wonderful and efficacious medicine which in so many instances has produced startling and un-expected relief from pain and illness.

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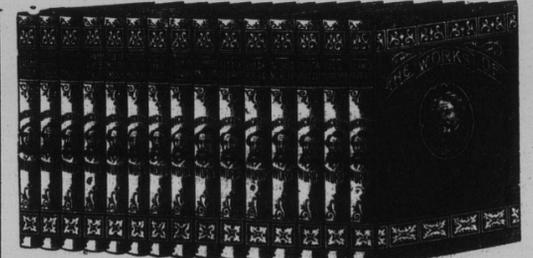
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THE ORIGIN OF THE... Every Jew who... tion in his religio... of the Sabbath it... the recitation of... to lengthen the re... of the damned, it... have not terminat... wicker are not... Gehenna, in ord... course of their pu... The first casin... Rab Amran in... speaks of it as a... uists themselves... ously as might... alleged; for this... have never tried... prescribes the sup... in certain cases... festival occurs in... the end of the Sa... risk of condemnin... to Gehenna. It can be shown... in the Sabbath... much older than... next this belief... widely spread in... of our era. What were the... this rite? From... ma of endless p... word unknown in... especially in each... Mischna does de... the resurrection o... ed from the futu... care not to be pr... means by the 'in... tion of Talmudic... beyond the tomb... most dissimilar... The belief in the... does not exclude... terrestrial, half s... no more. The T... precisely, the edi... cord without hav... take us back to... when the corpse... consigned to the... value and carried... world for the us... companions. The only possibl... of the rite I am d... naturally from the... institution of the... God allotted to e... every week, he c... dabbled, whose... Sabbath is too h... terrestrial sha... and invisible; sh... Our rabbis of th... been not a little... lief exists among... erence, naturally... for Saturday. N... ever officially sa... theologians have... hereby—but all th... have not prevente... popular. Long w... writings in which... without objection... ness of its exist... and Prudentius, th... ury of our era. It is admitted w... of the notion of a... damned entered c... circulation of a li... calypse; or visio... has come down i... in Greek, in Syri... of these versions... which seems to h... Aramaic. Howe... and supplementing... easy to reconstruct... work, which has b... cessed by Mr. Herm... lished at Halle in... According to v... visits first the ab... contemplates the... pairs to hell to r... flicted on the d... lamentations of th... whose sufferings... by pity, he suppli... them at least one... of His resurrection... Paul was granted... ners in hell can... from Saturday eve... Monday. The question a... indicated in the... Christians from... opinion, after bel... authorities and st... did come from the... of the fourth cent... believe, was invent... either born a Jew... structured in the id... in regard to death... a Gentile roman... made its way in th... the imagination... fiction in the mid... those who were t... endless punishment... A sub... So great was my... I went in full ar... Bridge meaning to... and empty. But a... I was seized by the... a slave's dress. I... asked him, with a... his life cheap, an... to interfere with m... He fixed his steady... 'I am unarmed; y...



SUNDAY READING

SUNDAY IN GEHENNA.

The Origin of the Belief in a Day of Respite for Lost Souls. Every Jew who has received any instruction in his religion knows that at the end of the Sabbath it is customary to prolong the recitation of certain prayers, in order to lengthen the respite granted on that day to the damned, for as long as the faithful have not terminated the evening service the wicked are not obliged to return to Gehenna, in order to take up again the course of their punishments.

The first casuist who mentions the rite is Rab Amram in the ninth century, who speaks of it as a popular usage. The casuists themselves have never taken as seriously as might be believed the motives alleged for this religious usage, for they have never tried to abolish the rule which prescribes the suppression of these prayers in certain cases, as, for instance, when a festival occurs in the week which begins at the end of the Sabbath, thus running the risk of condemning sinners to return sooner to Gehenna.

It can be shown, however, that the belief in the Sabbath repose of the damned is much older than the rite which expresses it, and this belief, it is nearly certain, widely spread in the third century, at least, of our era.

What were the objects of establishing this rite? From a desire to soften the dogma of endless punishment? Dogma is a word unknown in the Talmudic theology, especially in eschatological questions. The Mishnah does declare that those who deny the resurrection of the dead will be excluded from the future world, but it takes good care not to be precise in regard to what it means by the "future world." The collection of Talmudic doctrines in regard to life beyond the tomb is a veritable chaos. The most dissimilar conceptions being admitted. The belief in the immortality of the soul does not exclude faith in an existence half terrestrial, half spiritual, for those who are no more. The Talmud, or, to speak more precisely, the editors of that collection, record without hesitation, anecdotes which take us back to nearly prehistoric times, when the corpse, at the moment of being consigned to the grave, received objects of value and carried them to the subterranean world for the use of themselves or their companions.

The only possible hypothesis of the origin of the rite I am discussing is that it flows naturally from the sanctity with which the institution of the Sabbath was invested. If God allotted to mortals one day of repose every week, he could not refuse that to the damned, whoever they might be. The Sabbath is too holy to be restricted to the terrestrial world; the whole universe, visible and invisible, shares therein.

Our rabbis of the middle ages would have been not a little astonished that a like belief exists among Christians with this difference, naturally, that Sunday is substituted for Saturday. Not that the church has ever officially sanctioned this belief the theologians have always treated it as a heresy—but all the efforts of the fathers have not prevented such a belief becoming popular. Long would be a list of the writings in which this belief is mentioned without objection. The most ancient witness of its existence are Saint Augustine and Prudentius, that is, in the fourth century of our era.

It is admitted without contradiction that the notion of a Sunday respite for the damned entered christian literature by the circulation of a little work entitled "Apocalypse or vision of St. Paul." This writing has come down to us under different forms in Greek, in Syriac, and in Latin. Neither of these versions represents the original, which seems to have been composed in Aramaic. However, by collating them and supplementing one by another, it is easy to reconstruct the first edition of the work, which has been done with great success by Mr. Herman Brandes in a book published at Halle in 1885.

According to this "Vision" St. Paul, accompanied by the Archangel Michael, visits first the abode of the blessed and contemplates their felicity, and then repairs to hell to witness the torments inflicted on the damned. He hears the lamentations of these unfortunate creatures, whose sufferings never stop, and, moved by pity, he supplicates his Lord to grant them at least one day of respite in memory of His resurrection. The prayer of St. Paul was granted, and ever since the sinners in hell can rest from their torment from Saturday evening to the beginning of Monday.

The question arises whether the belief indicated in the "Vision" came to the Christians from the Jews. My own opinion after a careful study of all the authorities and sources, is that the belief did come from the Jews in the second half of the fourth century. The "Vision," I believe, was invented by a monk who was either born a Jew or else thoroughly instructed in the ideas and rites of the Jews in regard to death. In this way thanks to a Gentile romancer, the Jewish ideas have made its way in the world. It has seduced the imagination of poets and writers of fiction in the middle ages while quieting those who were terrified by the dogma of endless punishment.—Jewish Paper.

A suicide saved. So great was my misery, that one night I went in full armour to the Subliman Bridge meaning to end a life so shamed and empty. But as I climbed the parapet, I was seized by the strong arm of a man in a slave's dress. I drew my dagger, and asked him, with a savage oath, if he held his life cheap, since he, a slave, thus dared to interfere with me, a pretorian soldier. He fixed his steady eyes on me and said: "I am unarmed; you can slay me if you

will; but I will try to prevent you from self murder. "My life is my own." I answered sullenly. "It is God's, who gave it. He set you here, and you have no right to desert your post." The man was Nervus, now the freedman of Prudentia. He drew me away from the bridge, and I talked long with him. He was the first to give me the hope that I might live for better things. He taught me about Christ, and Christ's promise that he would cast out none who came to Him. That saved me. When I was a Pagan I knew shame and guilt, but I never knew that it could be washed away.—From Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn"

POLYCARP, BISHOP OF SMYRNA.

The Courage of a Saint Which Forsook Him Not at the Last. St. Polycarp was ordained by the Apostles to the Bishopric of Smyrna, and it is supposed St. John took part in the solemnity. During a visit to Rome, Polycarp preached with great power against the subtle heresies of Marcion. The persecutions against the Christians grew in fierceness, and the faithful preacher was induced to retire to a village near the imperial city, and spent his time in prayer and exhortation. One day while praying, he had a vision—he saw his pillow consumed by fire, and turning to the company, said prophetically—"I must be burned alive." He was told the Roman officers were in search of him, and though he might have escaped, he refused, saying—"The will of the Lord be done." He gave himself up, ordered refreshment for the officers, and asked for one hour to pray without molestation. He prayed standing for two hours, and such unwonted power pervaded the assembly, that all were astonished, and his captors, awed by the good man's character, said—"Is it worth while to take pains to apprehend so aged a person?" He was conveyed on an ass to Rome, and as he entered the Stadium, amid the tumult that prevailed, a voice was distinctly heard as from heaven, though no one saw the speaker, which said—"Be strong, Polycarp, and behave your-self like a man."

The pro-consul urged him to swear by Caesar and renounce Christ, when Polycarp made the sublime answer—"Eighty and six years have I served Him and He hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me? If you still vainly contend to make me swear by the fortune of Caesar, hear me frankly declare what I am: I am a Christian!" They threatened to expose him to the wild beasts. "Call them," he quietly said, "our minds are not to be persuaded from better to worse; but it is a good thing to be changed from evil to good."

He was condemned to be burned at the stake. As they were about to fasten him to the stake with nails, in the usual way, he said—"Let me remain as I am, for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire, will enable me also, without you securing me with nails, to remain unmovable in the fire." He was then simply bound to the stake without nails, and after he had offered a beautiful and affecting prayer, the pile was lighted. A great flame burst out, and to the amazement of the spectators, formed an arch over the head and a glory round the body of the martyr, who seemed unscathed in the midst of it, and at the same time, the flame seemed to scatter around a delicious perfume like that of frankincense. Fearing the fire would not consume the martyr, the collector was ordered to plunge his sword into the body, and thus ended the magnificent career of one of the most illustrious preachers of the early church.

MISSIONARY WORK IN JAPAN.

Statistics of the Work of the Various Churches and Denominations. Following is a compilation of missionary work in Japan:

Presbyterian and Reformed bodies—entered Japan 1859; seven missions, missionaries 98; native ministers 53, preachers and helpers 103, churches 74, boarding schools 19, scholars 1,111, theological schools 3, students 106, adults baptized in 1892, 789; present membership, 11,190. Church of England—Four missions, entered Japan 1859, missionaries, 83, native ministers 21, preachers and helpers 92, churches 71, schools 11, scholars 340, theological schools 3, students 43, adults baptized in 1892, 659; present membership 4,366.

Baptists—Four missions entered Japan, 1860, missionaries 47, native ministers 15, preachers and helpers 62, churches 23, schools (girls) 5, scholars (girls) 1,056, theological schools 1, students 15, adults baptized in 1892, 283. Present membership 1,761. Congregationalists—Entered Japan 1869. Two missions, missionaries 58, native ministers 28, preachers and helpers 101, churches 92, schools 17, scholars 1,241, theological schools 1, students 75, adults baptized, 1892, 1,096, membership 10,760.

Methodist Episcopalians—Entered Japan 1873. Five missions, missionaries 101, native ministers 111, preachers and helpers 71, churches 99, schools 19, scholars 1,254, theological schools 5, students 79, adults baptized in 1892, 862, membership 7,089. Total apart from Greek and Roman churches—Twenty-nine missions missionaries, not including wives, 422, native ministers 433, preachers and helpers 460, churches 365, boys' boarding schools 18, scholars 1,382, girls' schools 55, scholars 2,553, theological schools 16, students 359, adults baptized in 1892, 3,731, membership 35,834.

Greek Church—Missionaries 4, native ministers 18, preachers and helpers 128, churches 219, schools 2, scholars 127, theological schools 2, students 26, additions 1892, 952, membership 30,325. Roman Catholics—Missionaries 78, native ministers 15, preachers and helpers 21, churches 244, schools 7, scholars 286, adults baptized in 1892, 2,851, present membership 44,812.

NEWS AND NOVELTY.

In Scotland bishops have to support their dignity on some £600 or £700 a year. The meetings of Evangelist Moody at Wilmington, N. C., are to be held in one of the great compartments of the Champion cotton-gin warehouse, which will seat 5,000 people.

The sum of \$4,000 has been subscribed by members of the Church of the Incarnation, New York, for the purpose of establishing, in connection with the church, a memorial to the late Bishop Brooks.

Mrs. Lyne Stephens stands in the unique position of being the only lady who has presented a cathedral to a religious community. The magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral at Cambridge she built and presented to that body at a cost of £20,000.

Centuries ago the color of a hat or cap had its significance. Cardinals first began to wear red hats in 1253. In Italy, for ages, the members of the Hebrew race were known by the yellow caps they wore, it being compulsory for them to wear them.

There are some 100,000 Parsees in India especially at Bombay and Calcutta, but in the cradle of the creed, at Persia, barely 7,000 are left. The congregation at Teheran is small, merely 300, and the bulk of the Parsees are to be found in the south.

A revised version of the Apocrypha, from the same hands that revised the Old and New Testaments, will soon come from the university presses of Oxford and Cambridge. This was a part of the original plan entered on in 1892 for the revision of the Bible.

Since the Baptist mission in Swatow, China, was started 1,670 persons have been baptized. Of these nearly half were baptized after they reached 50 years of age and 61 after reaching 60 years of age; 98 were baptized after reaching 70 and 5 after reaching 80.

A church in Pittsburg Pa. has made a startling discovery, the result of which has to be immediately wiped off a heavy debt and to secure an income of about \$85,000 a year. This unexpected wealth is due to the opening of an oil well in the churchyard, yielding 1,000 barrels a day.

Pope Leo XIII. spends most of his mornings in the Vatican gardens catching birds with nets, a sport which he practices when Bishop of Perugia, and of which he is particularly fond. Hundreds of birds are caught every morning, and distributed among the hospitals and the poor.

The gold coronation chapel in the museum of Naples is said to have a framework made of the nails used in fastening Our Saviour to the cross. Little is known of the actual history of the relic other than that it was originally made in the year 391, and first used in the coronation of Agilulf.

Last Saturday was the 800th anniversary of the consecration of Winchester cathedral, England, and commemorative services were held of a very elaborate description. On Sunday "The Glory of Lebanon," a new musical work by Sir Herbert Oakley, was given for the first time.

The Bishop of Ripon, although one of the youngest members of the bench, being only a little over fifty, is accounted almost the finest orator in the Church of England. Dr. Head Carpenter always speaks extempore both on the platform and in the pulpit, not using a single note. His reputation was first gained as vicar of a large parish in Holloway, where he established a young men's debating society and instructed its members in the art he had mastered so well.

It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Even in India, Professor Max Muller is quoted as saying that it was not recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is marjari, from a root meaning to clean, from the creature's habit of licking itself at its toilet. The cat mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall paintings.

An interesting report has recently been published in reference to the cost of new churches and the restoration of old churches in England during the years 1878-1891. During these thirteen years England and Wales alone expended for this purpose £20,500,000. Of this sum £1,250,000 have been put into church buildings in London, and almost the same amount in Manchester. The enormous sum of nearly £17,000,000 was given as volunteer offerings, the rest was voted by the government.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant occupies a pulpit in England every alternate Sunday. She has preached in the churches of all denominations with the exception of the church of England and Roman Catholic church. When in America Mrs. Chant preached even in the episcopal churches; but she stood at the communion table instead of in the pulpit. As a rule her sermons occupy three-quarters of an hour in delivery, but on one or two occasions she has preached for two hours, retaining the whole time the close attention of her congregation.

A special meeting was held in Spurgeon's Tabernacle to take steps to decide upon a permanent pastor. The principal candidates have been Rev. Arthur Pierson, of Philadelphia; Rev. James Spurgeon, brother of the late Charles Spurgeon, and R. v. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the late Charles Spurgeon. The resignation of Rev. James Spurgeon from his temporary pastorate was accepted, and the meeting passed, by a majority of 2,000, a resolution that Rev. Thomas Spurgeon be invited to officiate in the pulpit for one year, with a view toward becoming the permanent pastor of the congregation. Rev. Thomas Spurgeon will begin his duties at once.

The death of Sir George Prevost, a nonagenarian baronet, has hardly been mentioned in the papers. Yet he was a second John Keble, and bore an important, albeit retiring, share in the Tractarian movement, as is well known to the readers of Mozley's "Reminiscences." He was the first arch-deacon appointed by the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol—a fact which seemed entirely overlooked when Dr. Eliott was sought for his approval of the Lincoln judgment. He had singularly winning manners, and was an inimitable raconteur. He was a great friend of Bishop Wilberforce, a frequent attendant of that prelate's famous convocation breakfast, and a warm opponent of any alteration of the marriage law or any tampering with the Athanasian creed.

Messages of Help For the Week.

Sunday.—Psalm 55, 14. "We took sweet council together, and walked into the house of God in company." Monday.—Isaiah 61, 11. "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth: so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations."

Tuesday.—Isaiah 41, 5. "The Isles saw it, and feared; the ends of the earth were afraid, dread near, and came." Wednesday.—V. 6. "They helped every one his neighbor; and everyone said to his brother, be of good courage."

Thursday.—V. 7. "So the carpenter encouraged the gold-smith, and he that smote with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for the soldering."

Friday.—V. 10. "Fear then not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Saturday.—V. 17. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."

The Color Line in Church.

Rev. Henry R. Sargent, O. H. C., of Westminster, Md., has this to say as regards the colored race in the American church:

"In general no Church or sect is free from the charge of drawing a color line in the sanctuary, but the spectacle of a white priest served by negro acolytes ministering to both races may be seen in various portions of the South, not frequently, it is true, but quite as frequently at the least in American (ultra) Episcopal as in Roman churches. In the city of Baltimore, at a large and beautiful Episcopal church for colored people, white people regularly attend the services, and from time to time receive the blessed Eucharist from "white priests served by negro acolytes," and white and colored Sisters of Mercy work together among the poor of the parish. In the more Southern diocese of the same communion, before and during the war, white priests have ministered to both races. I recall an experience of my own in the diocese of Tennessee, not, I believe, the only one of its kind in the Episcopal Church, where in a mission devoted to the colored people I have at times communicated from the altar, without distinction, those of my own and of the darker race. It may be of further interest to add that the first to raise his voice against slavery in America was a priest of the Episcopal Church in the diocese of Virginia; that the first African church in America was built in the city of Philadelphia through the efforts of a churchman; that Bishop White of that diocese ordained an African to holy orders a century before the ordination of the first colored Roman priest."

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SEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Notable Specimens of Architecture on the Grounds at the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The Electrical Building, the seat of perhaps the most novel and brilliant exhibit in the whole Exposition, is 345 feet wide and 700 feet long, the major axis running north and south.

The general scheme of the plan is based upon a longitudinal nave 115 feet high, crossed in the middle by a transept of the same width and height.

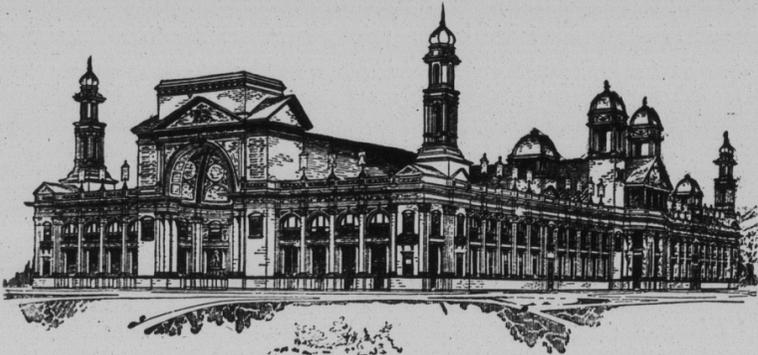
various subordinate pavilions are treated with windows and balconies. The details of the exterior orders are richly decorated, and the pediments, friezes, panels and spandrels have received a decoration of figures in relief, with architectural motifs, the general tendency of which is to illustrate the purposes of the building.

The appearance of the exterior is that of marble, but the walls of the hemicycle and of the various porticos and loggias are highly enriched with color, the pilasters in these places being decorated with scagliola, and the capitals with metallic effects in bronze.

Van Brunt & Howe, of Kansas City, are the architects. The cost is \$375,000.

rocks, covered with moss and lichens. From clefts and crevices in the rocks crystal streams of water gush and drop to the masses of reeds, rushes, and ornamental semi-aquatic plants in the basin below. In this pool gorgeous gold fish, golden idees, golden tench, and other fishes disport. From the rotunda one side of the larger series of Aquaria may be viewed. These are ten in number, and have a capacity of 7,000 to 27,000 gallons of water each.

Passing out of the rotunda, a great corridor or arcade is reached, where on one hand can be viewed the opposite side of the series of great tanks, and on the other a line of tanks somewhat smaller, ranging



THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

ing is covered with a flat roof, averaging 62 feet in height, and provided with skylights.

The second story is composed of a series of galleries connected across the nave by two bridges, with access by four grand staircases. The area of the galleries in the second story is 118,516 square feet, or 2.7 acres.

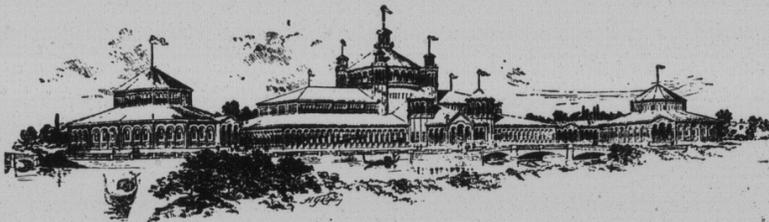
The exterior walls of this building are composed of a continuous Corinthian order of pilasters, 3 feet 6 inches wide and 42 feet high, supporting a full entablature, and

The Fisheries Building embraces a large central structure with two smaller polygonal buildings connected with it on either end by arcades. The extreme length of the building is 1,100 feet and the width 200 feet. It is located to the northward of the United States Government Building.

In the central portion is the general Fisheries exhibit. In one of the polygonal buildings is the Angling exhibit and in the other the Aquaria. The exterior of the building is Spanish-Romanesque, which contrasts agreeably with the other buildings.

from 750 to 1,500 gallons each in capacity. The corridor or arcade is about 15 feet wide. The glass fronts of the Aquaria are in length about 575 feet and have 3,000 square feet of surface.

The total water capacity of the Aquaria, exclusive of reservoirs, is 18,725 cubic feet, or 140,000 gallons. This weighs 1,192,425 pounds, or almost 600 tons. Of this amount about 40,000 gallons is devoted to the Marine exhibit. In the entire salt-water circulation, including reservoirs, there are about 80,000 gallons. The pumping and



THE FISHERIES BUILDING.

resting upon a stylobate 8 feet 6 inches. The total height of the walls from the grade outside is 68 feet 6 inches.

At each of the four corners of the building there is a pavilion, above which rises a light open spire or tower 169 feet high. Intermediate between these corner pavilions and the central pavilions on the east and west sides, there is a subordinate pavilion bearing a low square dome upon an open lantern.

The Electricity Building has an open portico extending along the whole of the south facade, the lower or Ionic order forming an open screen in front of it. The

To the close observer the exterior of the building cannot fail to be exceedingly interesting, for the architect, Henry Ives Cobb, exerted all his ingenuity in arranging innumerable forms of capitals, modillions, brackets, cornices and other ornamental details, using only fish and other sea forms for his motif of design. The roof of the building is of old Spanish tile, and the side walls of pleasing color. The cost is about \$200,000.

In the center of the polygonal building is a rotunda 60 feet in diameter, in the middle of which is a basin or pool 26 feet wide, from which rises a towering mass of

distributing plant for the Marine Aquaria is constructed of vulcanite. The pumps are in duplicate, and each has a capacity of 3,000 gallons per hour. The supply of sea water was secured by evaporating the necessary quantity at the Wood's Holl station of the United States Fish Commission to about one-fifth its bulk, thus reducing both quantity and weight for transportation about 80 per cent. The fresh water required to restore it to its proper density was supplied from Lake Michigan. In this building the exhibit will be the most complete ever seen, and will contain everything pertaining to fish and the fisheries.

VARIOUS WAYS OF MOURNING.

How Different Nations Show Their Sorrow for the Dead.

Among Europeans generally the color of mourning is black. In Turkey it is blue, in Egypt brown, and in Abyssinia grey. Yellow is the official sign of grief in China, and white in Japan; while by the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church violet is regarded as the funeral tint.

These varieties of color are not without explanation in the different characters of the nations by whom they have been adopted. Black is to the European a symbol of the gloom left by "a light gone out;" while to the spirit-worshippers of Japan white speaks most plainly of the purity and immortality of the soul. Brown is the color of the earth to which man returns; grey that of the evening when the daylight dies; and yellow contains a poetical allusion to the fall of the leaf. The blue of the Mohammedan mourner comforts him with thoughts of the delights of Paradise, while the violet or purple of the Church, being a blending of black and blue, is intended to show how the darkness of the grave is swallowed in the brightness of the Christian's hope.

The chief outward sign of bereavement among the Hebrews was the rending of their garments. Sometimes the rents were horizontal—across the garment—sometimes straight up and down. In what we should call "deep mourning" the clothing was torn beyond repair, whereas, in other cases, it was usually mended at the end of thirty days. It is this custom of which Solomon speaks— "There is a time to rend, and a time to sew."

In ancient Rome black was in general use, but mothers in mourning for a child were by law compelled to wear blue. Indeed, the wearing of mourning by women was in all cases compulsory, while with the male citizens it was optional. The Gauls, having little or no opportunity of showing grief by the color of their garments, contented themselves with shaving their heads, while the early Egyptians shaved their eyebrows. The Kings of France always wore scar-

let for mourning, and white was the royal color in Spain until 1497.

In military mourning the now universal custom is the wearing of a black band round the left arm above the elbow; but at the funeral of Caroline of Anspach, the wife of George II., in 1737, the flags, as well as all the bright buttons, buckles, and other ornamental parts of the uniforms, were covered with crape.

In China the observance of popular mourning customs is a sacred duty, and any neglect to show one's grief in a proper manner is punishable by sixty lashes or a year of banishment. The period of mourning for a father or mother is three years, though in the case of a Government official it is reduced to twenty-seven months. This arises from another custom by which no public duties can be performed by a person in mourning. For thirty days no relative of the dead may shave or change his clothes. When the Emperor dies all his subjects must let their hair grow for 100 days. In China, too, the practice exists of hiring women to weep at funerals.

A Japanese in mourning for a relative is compelled to remain in his house for fifty days, during which time he must abstain from meat and liquor, and may neither shave nor cut his nails. Many strange funeral rites existed in different parts of the world—the wife-burning of India—the murderous sacrifices of African savages—the custom among the Red Indians of burying with the dead his tomahawk and other weapons, and often his favorite steed, to fit him for the "happy hunting grounds."

But these have all disappeared, or are fast disappearing, before the advance of European civilization, and to-day not a few descendants of the bloodthirsty Sioux and the converted cannibal islander weep for their departed friends in a suit of modern mourning and a black top-hat.

in the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. The formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are stocked brimful

with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

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WORLD'S FAIR... The writer... If green this season...

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

The writers who have grown weary of inveighing against the crinoline have discovered a new grievance, which they are making the very most of, and which bids fair to amount to about as much as the crinoline excitement has done so far. This new enemy is nothing less than the derided and much ridiculed chignon, which I believe, flourished somewhere about the early "seventies," and which these pessimistic writers tell us is certain to appear almost immediately. It is asserted that the chignon movement has had its origin in England, but that once it becomes an established fact there, it will spread to this side of the "erring pond with inconceivable rapidity, and fasten upon its victims with an iron grip. I fancy the writer referred to the hair pins which would be required to secure the dreaded invader to the head of its willing slave, when he used this figure of speech, and that he employed it because it had a sort of desperate sound, as if the chignon was an evil which none of us need try to escape. He said there were unmistakable indications at the Queen's latest drawing room, of an early return to the much abused chignon, and that it was bound to reach America soon. From the superstitious dread with which he spoke of it, one would really imagine that cholera itself would be a preferable and much less dangerous immigrant to arrive upon our shores. I don't know how he found out about the hair dressing at the last drawing room, because I am certain he was not there himself. I know that the writer is a man, from the intelligent manner in which he "gives himself away" when he attempts to discuss the Easter bonnet. The poor soul actually speaks as if there was only one style of Easter bonnet to be seen this year. He says: "It has no crown to speak of on top, it flares, as if gored on the front brim, and long flaps cover the ears, the flaring brim will be filled with artificial flowers, etc."

When I read that, I had just returned from the "Easter opening" of one of the first milliners in town, so you can imagine how I laughed! I verily believe I had examined fifty different shapes and styles of hat, bonnet, capote and turban, and I had not seen one which at all answered to that writer's description of "the Easter bonnet." I did not see the newest poke which, when trimmed, and placed at the proper angle on the wearer's head, is really not like a poke at all, but more like a very stylish broad brimmed hat turned up at the back; and worn above a round face it would be very pretty, and becoming. Indeed I thought the headgear for this season, just about the prettiest I had seen for a long time, and it seemed to me that there was something to suit every one, both in style and price,—from the lovely flower bonnet for church, visiting and theatre wear, to the wide hat of fancy straw, with fluted brim, and good sized crown, or the tiny modest bonnet of black chip or braid, which may be had for the small sum of 40 cents, and which the addition of a few bows and ends of wide black ribbon or some clusters of black lace and a bunch of violets, lilacs, buttercups or primroses will transform into just as charming a spring bonnet as any one need desire. I am glad to see that the delightful sailor hat, dear to the heart of every woman who likes to look trim, jaunty and utterly captivating; shows signs of a new and prolonged lease of life indeed, the fashion authorities say that it will be very much worn during the summer, and be in reality a sort of keynote to all the other shapes, a sort of tune which will be capable of many variations all of which will bear a certain resemblance to the original air, or hat.

Some of these pretty sailors will be trimmed simply with a band of velvet, or ribbon, finished with a rather small double bow, placed at the left near the front, and which will not stand up above the crown in high loops, as the bows of last year did, but will reach just to the top of it, or very little above. Others will show more elaborate trimming, and have lace gathered around the crown to cover the brim on the outside, in a sort of flounce, extending from the crown to the outer edge of the brim, but not coming beyond it; a plain band of ribbon finished with a rosette placed directly in front, and not too large. In the finer straws, for dressy wear, the sailor-hat will have the brim slightly narrower in the back than in the front; and they are sometimes trimmed with lace, and a bunch of flowers placed directly in front. One charming adaptation of the sailor hat has a little upward curve or peak of the brim directly above the forehead, and slightly drooping sides. It is meant to be set a little farther back on the head than the regulation sailor, and has a crown which is really meant to fit on the head, not as an ornament. Now I think I have proved, if not to your satisfaction, at least to my own, that the chignon alarmist was not very well up in millinery; and if his knowledge of the coming style in hair dressing is not more authentic than his description of spring hats and bonnets, I don't think we need become excited over the possible approach of the chignon. Oh dear!

If green is going to be the popular color this season, violet will run such a very close

race with it that the question of which wins the day will be a difficult one to settle. Purple in all its shades, from the deepest violet to the palest lavender; is more popular than ever, though it has been growing in favor for several seasons, and really there are comparatively few hats or bonnets to be seen into the trimming of which the color of violet or heliotrope does not enter in some way. And it is equally popular in dress goods.

More than half of the summer dress goods have violet for a keynote, and it does not appear in the material itself, it is very likely to be seen in the trimming. Violets or lilacs on a black ground, panics or heliotrope on a cream colored ground, or pale mauve cyclamens on a white ground; all these seem to make up the sum of designs in chalcis, prints and muslins. Violet, real deep violet, is even used as a trimming for black dresses. A wonderfully successful dress recently worn in New York being of black slashed over violet velvet. The skirt was entirely black and the bodice slashed lengthwise over an under bodice of violet velvet, the sleeve puffs being of black also slashed over violet velvet; the bonnet was of violets and green leaves.

The principal feature of the jacket this year is the shoulder cape which accompanies it, and gives it the requisite excuse for existing, without which it would have no life at all, so to speak, and the odd thing about the ultra fashionable jacket is the fact that both shoulder cape and sleeves may be made of a color and material which contrasts sharply with the jacket itself. Imagine a jacket of tan cloth in so pale a shade as to be almost amber, with a very full skirt and a flaring shoulder cape, and sleeves of either dark green or black velvet or satin, and a hat of dark green velvet with tan plumes, to be worn with a black dress. It sounds very odd, and not at all attractive, I know, but it really was very new and above all stylish.

The surplice waist is to be a feature of light summer dresses, either in chalcis, china silks, or wash dresses, and they will be worn with full skirts decorated with gathered flounces, large puffed sleeves, and lace ruffles at neck and wrist.

A sort of reaction from the street sweeping skirt, seems to be making itself felt in England; one result of which has been the formation of a society called the "Short Skirt League" the members of which have fixed the regulation length for a walking skirt as "at least five inches off the ground, in order to comply with their pledge. They have also wisely chosen this season of the year, the time of mud and slush, especially in England, to publish some very attractive designs for their regulation costumes; and judging by the samples submitted the gowns are not only eminently sensible and convenient, but also trim, lady like and exceedingly stylish. They are not in the least masculine striking or "loud," looking but modest and neat, the five missing inches which have rather a formidable sound, merely raising them from the ground sufficiently to show the neat boots just above the instep. This is but a preliminary step I believe, soon to be followed by a general shortening of dresses, for the latest Paris fashion is to have the walking dress short, and even the dancing gown to barely cover the instep; so we shall soon be too much occupied in bemoaning the size of our feet to worry much over the crinoline scare.

VERE, Nova Scotia.—Do you know Vere, that your writing is changing so much, and becoming so formed, that I do not recognize it now at the first as I used to do? Yes indeed, I did see your name in the column you speak of, for I always read it with great interest. I think it is generally considered the noon hour, but still you know twelve o'clock is really noon, so once it has struck twelve, it is legally after noon. It is indeed very strange that our friends should be so quick to find us out, or to think they do, which is almost the same thing. "The first time this winter?" Well Vere, I really am ashamed of you, unless you were very ill, when of course that would be an unanswerable excuse. Don't wear your youth out trying for another "century." "Toronto Saturday night" Toronto will find it, and I think it is two dollars. So you think it was a glorious winter? I think it was a terrible one, and I am so glad it is over. Many thanks for the love, I will keep my share of course, and give G-offrey his. I am sorry I was so long in answering your letter.

NELLIE, Fredericton.—I am afraid there is no really efficacious remedy known, you might try it, of course, but when the hair begins to turn grey there is no way of stopping it. I have known cases, where people even younger than you began turning grey, and in a short time their hair grew quite white. Probably you sleep on your right side, and the warmth of the pillow hastens the change, try sleeping on the other side. Here are two excellent hair tonics which will prevent your hair from falling out, promote its growth, and strengthen it so that it may arrest the change of color. Dissolve two grains of quinine in a pint of alcohol, and apply carefully to the roots of the hair, two or three times a week at bed time, taking care to let as little as possible touch the hair, as it may burn it. Another is: One pint of bay rum, one drachm tincture of cantharides, one ounce of castor oil, one drachm carbonate of ammonia; mix well, and rub into the roots twice a week. This is a very excellent recipe. I heard of another lately, supposed

to be infallible, and though I have not tried it I will let you do so, if you like. It is very simple and consists of one part of castor oil to two parts of alcohol, well shaken and applied two or three times a week to the roots of the hair and well rubbed in.

I am always glad to assist the girls in any way in my power, so you must never hesitate to write and ask me for any advice you want.

A Dress Consulting Room. A woman, whose fortune will be as good as a made, is she who will open a "dressing-consulting room." She must have, according to the New York World, artistic taste and good judgment. Then all the stout women who don't know how to dress to conceal their too conspicuous curves, and all the thin women who can't hide their angles, and the colorless women, and the stolid women, and the athletic young person and the drooping young person will flock to her and say: "We want a dress for such and such a purpose. We want it to cost not more than so much. What shall it be?" And the adviser will scrutinize their "poses" and tell them whereabouts to be clothed.

The Girls of St. John. Let the "Hob" toast its charmer, and "Gotham" also drink in bumpers the fame of its lassies; But for girls who possess grace and beauty, and "go," St. John city also offers surprises. For our maid is the fairest Aurora smiles on, and we cherish, adore, and careen them; So I therefore propose: the dear girls of St. John, The beautiful darlings! God bless them!

God bless them! We cherish, adore, and careen them; May care ne'er distress them, The darlings! Nor masculine tyrants oppress them So the toast I propose is: the girls of St. John, Our beautiful ladies! God bless them!

Our delightful coquettes look deliciously coy When they laugh at, or wheedle, or tease us; And we're slaves to the whales, and the snakes they are! When they try to bamboozle or please us; But whatever the snails our ensnavers put on, We frail maids seem disposed to care less them; So I therefore propose: the dear girls of St. John, The beautiful darlings! God bless them!

God bless them! We cherish, adore, and careen them; May care ne'er distress them, The darlings! Nor masculine tyrants oppress them; So the toast I propose is: the girls of St. John, Our beautiful ladies! God bless them!

They smile us, and lighten, and brighten our lives; They partake of our griefs, and our pleasures; And they make us the dearest of sweethearts and wives, Whose delusive endearments we treasure; For we lavish our sighs the sweet seraphs upon, And we squander our dollars to dress them; So I beg to propose: the dear girls of St. John, The beautiful darlings! God bless them!

God bless them! We cherish, adore, and careen them; May care ne'er distress them, The darlings! Nor masculine tyrants oppress them; So the toast I propose is: the girls of St. John, Our beautiful ladies! God bless them!

Anything new or fresh this morning? A reporter in a railway office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant. "What is it?" asked the reporter eagerly, whipping out his note-book. "That paint you are leaning against." The railway man is in the hospital, and that reporter is in jail.

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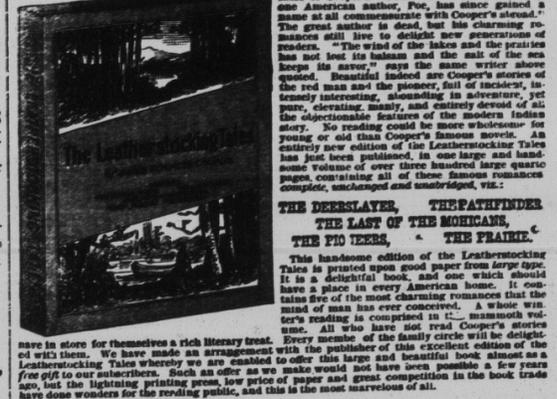
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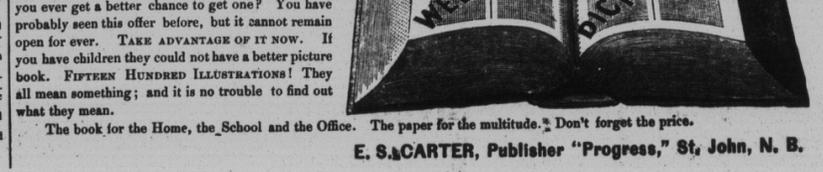
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THE CULTURE OF HYACINTHS.

BY JAMES DEATH, (FAIRVILLE, N. B.)

"Everybody is insane on some point," said the philosopher, or the proverbialist, or one of those unpleasantly psychological people whose lives are devoted to talking others the faults of frail humanity. My own pet hydropathia lies in the direction of growing hyacinths—it is a common "fad" in England; it extends, too, to the female sex, almost every lady there succumbs to it. The cult does not seem to have many apostles here, so partly with a view of inculcating your readers, partly to reply in extempore to several who have questioned me upon the cultivation, management and defects of Dutch bulbs, and partly to suggest the establishment of a winter flower exhibition, I take up the pen. I may commence with the premise that "amongst your readers some,—if not many—will be found who have neither heard of nor seen "the Queen of Winter Flowers," few will be acquainted with the varieties, and fewer still possess definite knowledge of the methods of raising, the propagation of new varieties and the *tout ensemble* pertaining to the history and culture of these plants, which nowadays are to be found in every well to do household in England and France, in whose honor exhibitions and shows (not exactly World's Fairs) are held, and whose export from Holland forms a large item in the commerce of the industrious Dutchman. It has been my custom during these last ten or twelve years to have imported and grown—two perhaps rather attempted to grow—Hyacinths, in the country in which I was temporarily located. In this country the bulbs may be grown to perfection, but their cultivation, to obtain this result, is attended with difficulty, for reasons which I show hereafter.

The Wild Hyacinth is a native of Asia, found in profusion near Bagdad; from this weed have been developed the scores of cultivated and named varieties and the thousands of varieties allowed to pass into oblivion as not possessing sufficient attractiveness for decorative purposes. The wild flower similar to its cultivated congener possesses a delicate and subtle odor, which can be obtained as toilet perfume by the fat extractive process (digesting the flower in purified and melted fat for several weeks, subsequently extracting the oil of Hyacinth from the fat by washing the pomade with alcohol); the ordinary water distillation process so largely used in the manufacture of Attar of Roses in the Levant destroys the delicate and subtle odor of the Hyacinth. One frequently hears of "the odors of Araby," and the senses may involuntarily conjure up the exquisite perfume of the Hyacinth; those, however, who have travelled in the East, are aware that the much vaunted fragrance of the Orient is confined to the Harems and Bazaars, the perfumes of Araby commonly met with in the streets and villages would in this unpoetic occidental world be fragrant and fragrant as well in the noses of the Inspector of nuisances and the Board of Health.

The conditions of culture most favorable to the hyacinth are long rooting in the dark, a moderate moisture, a cool temperature, a porous rich earth, and plenty of light at flowering. In hot climates the bulbs will not bloom, they are essentially a cold climate flower. I attempted to grow some in India, most of them rotted, those which did grow produced long graceful leaves, they never showed blossoms, this was in the Deccan, but at Simla on the slopes of the Himalayas, where snow is present from November until March, the flowering is good; in Australia (Victoria) I failed to produce anything but a weak waxy sort of flower much resembling the Blue-bell, in this instance the bulbs were six months older than ordinary due to the southern winter commencing in June. Into Egypt I also imported them, but they never got beyond the Custom House at Alexandria; that institution, unlike Caesar's wife, was not at that time by any means above suspicion, to this day I hold to the faith that as a new and luxurious description of European Onion, my hyacinths served to satiate the curiosity and appetite of some Egyptian Bey or Pasha. In Holland the country of dykes and dams Hyacinths grow to perfection; in the vicinity of Haarlem there is a patch of rich loam whereon the major part of the world's supply is raised. England, Belgium, Germany and France have competed with the Dutchman—so also they have in those square faced friends known as Holland Gits—and in both instances they have failed to produce a first class article; the soft moist climate of south western Ireland seems to grow these Dutch raised bulbs better than the drier English climate. Experience in Canada will however mostly interest the reader and short as has been my residence in this country, I am able—partly from my own results and partly from the successes as also the lamentations of others—to write with some degree of confidence on this head. The chief drawback to their growth in Canada is the system of house warming; the excessively dry, warm Canadian house with its stoves and furnaces is not so well suited to their perfect development as is the cold open fire place of the English home: the professional florist employs a damp oppressive graduated warmth, the householder too often uses a dry bracing heat; the one adopts an island atmosphere, the other that of a sandy desert.

The Bulbs are placed on the market in September, the latter part of October or early November is the best time for planting them—Clear-skinned, hard, heavy, bulbs give stronger flowers than do the light scaly ones, size and color are no criterion, some varieties run small. A good soil is the rich black earth found about St. John, mixed with about one-third of sand to render it light, porous and pliable, ordinary garden earth is improved by previous manuring: Wooden boxes six to eight inches deep, containing several bulbs at least 3 inches from each other produce far stronger and better plants than do earthen pots, they also give more pleasing results, the drainage must be good, stagnant water is injurious. Remove all the little off shoots and loose skin, plant the bulbs with the apex uncovered by earth, water them and remove to a dark cool place, not exceeding 50° F. in temperature. In the dark cellar they are allowed to remain for four or five weeks until well rooted: Many florists "plunge" them by burying the pots in coal ashes (not wood ashes) tan or moss; casing the pot and bulb some four or six inches above the surface: when well rooted the plants are removed to a half light for a fortnight, subsequently to full sunlight. The florists, whose trade in cut flowers necessitates a constant succession of blooms, remove the bulbs from the dark cellar or plunging frame at various intervals, "forcing" the earliest required flowers at a temperature of 60° to not exceeding 70° F.; in this manner, by selecting early and late varieties, with early and late planting, a succession of blooms are obtained lasting from December until May. The Dutch growers recommend early planting of the bulbs for late flowering, keeping them covered in the dark cold cellar, and forcing late, rather than planting the dry bulb late: better rooting is certainly obtained by early planting; if the flower when in bloom is kept in a subdued or colored light and at a temperature not exceeding 40° the bloom of many varieties will frequently last for four weeks. Heat and strong sunlight develop brilliancy of color, but individually each tends to produce early withering. Hyacinths are not injured by a slight frost, during the intense frost of March 7th., of last year, my own, then in full bloom, were frozen stiff, the leaves hung down, but they recovered their normal appearance in twelve hours, during this season and as late as Sunday April 3rd., my present collection was frozen stiff. In the New England States some of the hardier varieties are grown out of doors, for this purpose the bulbs are planted deeply in November, and merely covered with straw &c., during the winter.

The principal defects of growth naturally form an interesting subject in a country where faulty growth is so extremely common, they consist chiefly of "Excessive growth," "Premature flowering" and "Tardy flowering." Excessive Growth: The stalk is long and generally bent over, the bells wide apart, the whole plant appears lanky: caused by very dry rooms, very hot rooms, or forcing weak bulbs. Premature Flowering: The flower blooms inside the leaves, which are stunted and close to the bulb, presenting a dwarfish appearance; this very common defect is caused by insufficient rooting in the dark with too early or too great a subsequent growing or forcing temperature. Tardy Flowering is due to insufficient air, want of light or too cool a temperature at incipient flowering; the remedy is easy; if the flowers have not withered give warmth and light. During this year late planted bulbs have had a hard season to contend with, rooting has been defective, and I know instances where window gardening has been spoiled by premature flowering. Ladies prefer to grow hyacinths over water, although the flowers never attain to the perfection of earth raised bulbs; their appearance and neatness—qualities inherent in woman's nature—commend it as superior. Rain water, not lake water, should be used, and changed only when it smells offensively; the glasses must be kept in the dark until the roots are at least 3 1/2 inches long, then proceed as with pot flowers. Double hyacinths are not suited for water growth. Gas light is perhaps the greatest enemy to hyacinth culture, so many have been destroyed by the sulphurous fumes that in gas lighted houses they are seldom grown. If the plants are removed to another room or placed on the floor the deleterious effects of gas are minimized. In over heated rooms the cold draughts on the floor can be utilized to prevent forcing.

On the method of population I have had several enquiries: the Dutch growers encourage the multiplication of offshoots by injuring the bulb; the latter is usually stabbed, or cut crosswise from the base half way upwards; this or some similar operation is made in July and always on a dry day when life is dormant (the period of vital rest) after replanting in October numerous offshoots sprout up these are allowed to grow, and increase in size. The following autumn these are again replanted this time in richly manured earth to further develop their size, the growth is repeated in the third and fourth years (the flower itself at an early stage of bloom is cut off so as not to weaken the bulb by seeding) until in the third, fourth, or fifth year a marketable bulb is formed. In this process of wounding a bulb to obtain numerous offshoots ever practiced on onions? In this province where onions are so largely grown, the experiment is worthy of trial: the cross cutting must be made on a dry day, and the injured bulb dried in sunshine; on a rainy or foggy day, excessive bleeding and rot would set in. The different varieties of hyacinth which now number several hundred which include all shade of color from white and lemon yellow to blue-black are obtained by sowing the seed: of the thousand new and useless varieties thus obtained from a single stalk one only may be worth cultivating, this of course is slowly increased by offshoot cultivation, a new variety possessing some special feature readily sell to connoisseurs for \$6 per bulb. Hyacinth planted in earth can be regrown

at season, it when the bloom commences to wither, the seed is pulled off the stalk thus preventing the seed from ripening. Water grown plants are almost useless for re-cultivation. White hyacinths grow to perfection in Canada, with some varieties the odor is so pungently fragrant that one cannot sleep in a bedroom containing two of them. Yellow hyacinths grow well last season and yellow varieties usually exhibit poor growth.

For bridal bouquets etc., the early Roman Hyacinth or better still, the small Tuscan met with on offshoots and double crowned bulbs are very effective and are now largely used. The pure white variety Baron Van Thyl throws many offshoots. Early flowering pure white varieties are Grand Valenciennes and La Neige, the latter though somewhat expensive is the earliest of all hyacinths,—from the directions given, future brides despairing of orange blossoms, can prepare beforehand for the great event. The fascination of hyacinth growing is not merely due to the beauty of the flower, a test of skill is involved, no plant shows in so marked a manner the difference between good and bad growth and quite independent of the lottery part of the transaction, there is a serene and soothing satisfaction in knowing that your friend and rival Mrs. So and So has come to grief over her bulbs this year. Not many of your readers have heard of crocus glasses—they are not very common in Europe. The crocus can be grown over water, the brilliant purple, violet and white striped varieties have largely succeeded the old fashioned yellows. The bulb set in little dwarf ornamental vases make interesting and inexpensive presents to children—perhaps the glassware importers will take the hint for next season. Crocuses and snowdrops show to advantage when planted in patches beneath the grass of a lawn. A dozen bulbs are placed together in a clump in various places about six inches beneath the surface of the grass, they reproduce themselves year after year, they can be mown over, no further attention necessary excepting to remove some every fourth year owing to their enormous self multiplication. Of snowdrops I say little; this season, from whatsoever cause I do not know, my double snowdrops turned out a dismal failure—let us change a painful subject.

Tulips were once a fashionable flower, they seem to have entirely gone out of favor, but like the crinoides they will in all probability come in again. The beauty of the wild tulips of Palestine have been immortalized more than has that of any other flower tradition asserts that of them it was said "Behold the lilies of the field, they sow not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Window gardening and cottage gardening seems to be at a low ebb in this province—how different it is in England! there the front plot of every humble home is tended with care; the cottage which allows his front garden to run wild is regarded as a lazy man; in a higher position in life with the man of £300 to £500 income a jobbing gardener or spare man is called in to do heavy work, whilst the daughters of the household undertake the light work of the garden. Twenty-five years ago the same condition of things existed in England as now appears to exist in this province today, but within that period the wealthier classes have been stimulated to floral artismanship by the general advance of refinement, aided by numerous specific causes, foremost amongst these may be placed—fashions in flowers—the ritualistic movement—prevaling amongst churches and now appearing in recreation, and presenting prizes at small local exhibitions for the best dish of garden produce, of flowers, etc., etc., grown by the mechanics and laborers. Not alone the radical press but every Tory newspaper had a word of praise for Mr. Gladstone when—not as first minister of the crown but as a member of the House of Commons—penetrating into unexplored regions of the globe and developing hitherto unknown plants—orchids especially fall under this head. The peasantry too in their turn have also participated in the advancement of horticulture consequent upon the county families and local gentry introducing "cool" and "hot" houses, and patronizing, encouraging and presenting prizes at small local exhibitions for the best dish of garden produce, of flowers, etc., etc., grown by the mechanics and laborers. Not alone the radical press but every Tory newspaper had a word of praise for Mr. Gladstone when—not as first minister of the crown but as a member of the House of Commons—penetrating into unexplored regions of the globe and developing hitherto unknown plants—orchids especially fall under this head. The peasantry too in their turn have also participated in the advancement of horticulture consequent upon the county families and local gentry introducing "cool" and "hot" houses, and patronizing, encouraging and presenting prizes at small local exhibitions for the best dish of garden produce, of flowers, etc., etc., grown by the mechanics and laborers. Not alone the radical press but every Tory newspaper had a word of praise for Mr. Gladstone when—not as first minister of the crown but as a member of the House of Commons—penetrating into unexplored regions of the globe and developing hitherto unknown plants—orchids especially fall under this head. The peasantry too in their turn have also participated in the advancement of horticulture consequent upon the county families and local gentry introducing "cool" and "hot" houses, and patronizing, encouraging and presenting prizes at small local exhibitions for the best dish of garden produce, of flowers, etc., etc., grown by the mechanics and laborers.

A horticultural association for the beautification (pardon the term) of St. John is *sur le tapis*. A few public spirited men have come forward with the intention of improving what so meritorious an association will effect far more than it intends, its immediate object is to cover the nakedness of a limited available area, but indirectly its consequences will be far reaching and perhaps more beneficial; it can hardly fail to bring to the present, scattered elements of horticultural display to a focus, its effects will inensibly extend from the public grounds to the private household, it will thereby generate—as other similar institutions have done—a spirit of emulation and friendly rivalry amongst neighbours to outvie each other in household adornment, the influence of the single gardener of the association cannot but make itself felt in the improvement and increment of domestic and window gardening, these domestic or amateur gardeners will in their turn encourage trade by creating a demand for ornamental iron window ledges, window conservatories, enamelled and embossed masonry and other at present neglected but as an addendum to some charitable exhibition, bazaar, etc., they are admirably suited. Should any such be held before the flowers have ceased to bloom, I should be happy to offer their use, provided that such charitable object was of a strictly non-sectarian character and secondly, that the track courteously designated as the "road" between Fairville and St. John would not be too rough for the transportation of the flowers in heavy bloom—on this latter point I have grave doubts. All of the bulbs are named, they have never been forced, on the contrary, they have been frozen on several occasions in January, February and even on Sunday, April 3rd, hence their lateness. At the time of going to press many are not in actual bloom. (By the London newspapers I observe that the Royal Botanic Society, a chartered S. address enclosing the stamp for postage, J. E. HARRISON, Graduated Pharmacist, 208 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1893.

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Why not make Ladies' Wraps here in Canada? That thought occurred to the proprietors of MELISSA. They should, perhaps, have seized with it earlier, for their success with Men's Coats had been immediate and great. Would the loyal women of Canada not buy an article which was a necessity with them, made right at their doors, if that article was a good deal better than the article which came from a long distance?

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humble, the rich and the poor.—The almighty dollar is not almighty there.

The regard for flowers is not confined to windows and gardens alone it is apparent in the streets. Has any one ever seen "buttonholes" sold by flower girls in King Square to the—for want of a better term—black coat class of the community, yet one of the last troops of the community, the very centre of London's commerce, a quadrilateral bordered by the Bank of England, Lloyd's world-wide shipping offices, the Mansion House, (the Lord Mayor's official residence) and the most crowded and dangerous crossing in the modern Babylon other places, some dozen or so of flower girls sitting before baskets selling hyacinths from Holland, Christmas roses from Marselles, lilies of the valley from Jersey, etc. *hoc sensu* come to stock brokers, bank clerks, etc. Effeminate it may seem, yet these are the descendants of the men who withstood the terrible onslaught of the galvanized troops of the conqueror of Europe at Waterloo.

A horticultural association for the beautification (pardon the term) of St. John is *sur le tapis*. A few public spirited men have come forward with the intention of improving what so meritorious an association will effect far more than it intends, its immediate object is to cover the nakedness of a limited available area, but indirectly its consequences will be far reaching and perhaps more beneficial; it can hardly fail to bring to the present, scattered elements of horticultural display to a focus, its effects will inensibly extend from the public grounds to the private household, it will thereby generate—as other similar institutions have done—a spirit of emulation and friendly rivalry amongst neighbours to outvie each other in household adornment, the influence of the single gardener of the association cannot but make itself felt in the improvement and increment of domestic and window gardening, these domestic or amateur gardeners will in their turn encourage trade by creating a demand for ornamental iron window ledges, window conservatories, enamelled and embossed masonry and other at present neglected but as an addendum to some charitable exhibition, bazaar, etc., they are admirably suited. Should any such be held before the flowers have ceased to bloom, I should be happy to offer their use, provided that such charitable object was of a strictly non-sectarian character and secondly, that the track courteously designated as the "road" between Fairville and St. John would not be too rough for the transportation of the flowers in heavy bloom—on this latter point I have grave doubts. All of the bulbs are named, they have never been forced, on the contrary, they have been frozen on several occasions in January, February and even on Sunday, April 3rd, hence their lateness. At the time of going to press many are not in actual bloom. (By the London newspapers I observe that the Royal Botanic Society, a chartered S. address enclosing the stamp for postage, J. E. HARRISON, Graduated Pharmacist, 208 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1893.

A winter exhibition is as yet unknown in St. John, a local exhibition of an unpretentious nature could in a year or so be made an *fait accompli*. Preachers however should practice what they preach and it happens to lay in my power to give an impetus to window gardening beyond mere writing. I possess the largest private collection of hyacinths in the province and probably in the entire Dominion; numbering 175 bulbs of 29 different varieties and of all colors, except yellow, (committed to my consignors) these are planted in wooden boxes and earthen pots and during the next fortnight or three weeks will be in full bloom. Several acquaintances have asked me to exhibit them in St. John—as a separate exhibition by themselves, they are too large—and to a busy man unwieldy, but as an addendum to some charitable exhibition, bazaar, etc., they are admirably suited. Should any such be held before the flowers have ceased to bloom, I should be happy to offer their use, provided that such charitable object was of a strictly non-sectarian character and secondly, that the track courteously designated as the "road" between Fairville and St. John would not be too rough for the transportation of the flowers in heavy bloom—on this latter point I have grave doubts. All of the bulbs are named, they have never been forced, on the contrary, they have been frozen on several occasions in January, February and even on Sunday, April 3rd, hence their lateness. At the time of going to press many are not in actual bloom. (By the London newspapers I observe that the Royal Botanic Society, a chartered S. address enclosing the stamp for postage, J. E. HARRISON, Graduated Pharmacist, 208 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1893.

present fashionable flower) cyclamen and other early flowers, in this country the season would be later.) Such an exhibition, small though as it is, could not but fail to stimulate Hyacinth Culture—one of the minor luxuries of life—but may help to bring funds to some deserving charity: my efforts must however stop there, so fully occupied is my time, both in day time and in the evening, that even if I possessed the necessary local knowledge, I could not occupy myself with the details of organization and interviewing, etc., concomitant on such a proposition. In concluding I should add that if the St. John Horticultural Association had been actually in existence, instead of in its present initiatory stage, this offer would have been made to them. I am, however, not personally acquainted with a single one of its members, hence in default of sufficient knowledge of local characters names, places, etc., I make use of your columns.

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CERTIFICATES. The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; Capt. D. JORDAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, F. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B. ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

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SAL THE SYLPH.

"Now, then, ladies and gents, walk along up! You won't see anything to equal it—nowhere. New York, London, not all on yer beard o' Sal the Sylph? Well, here's inside, a-putting on her diamonds and other precious stones for to trip the light fantastic toe to please yer. They come from royal crowns, them their precious stones, you can bet yer lives; and their ain't no one, not now, as wears 'em with a sweeter look than our Sal—Sal the Sylph. So walk along up the steps and in, there's good people!"

After this rather long speech for him—for he was plagued with asthma—Sal the Sylph's father drew back of his hand across his mouth and gasped several times. The townsfolk looked as if they meant to do him and the whole caravan a real good turn. They had missed heavily in front of the show, which, pictorially, had little enough to recommend it. There was, however, little Sal in her snuggles. The crowd had been allowed to see her, and she had looked at her as her father brought her on to the platform—in his arms. They cried in their broad speech to have her set down and made to dance a bit; but her father had quieted them and completely gained the sympathies of the women present by whispering hoarsely over his little daughter's head that she was asleep—a preparing of herself for her great and unparalleled high jinks, when you've filled the tent behind, ladies and gents."

"Let'er be!" exclaimed several warm-hearted rustic men as a fresh movement for the arousing of Sal showed itself. "Not wonder the little wench wants her bed. Her's thin enough to fit the calves, gracious knows."

"Daddy," whispered Sal, in her father's arms, "I can go it a bit. I ain't really so bad."

But Sal's father paid no heed to his little girl's belaying of his own words. He hurried back into the caravan, and put Sal again on the little bed at the side.

"Here, give her a little sup o' the mixture," said the man huskily to his wife—a large woman with a child at her breast. "There'll be nigh on twenty bob in the tent directly."

There was an old woman also in the caravan—a thin-faced, earnest-looking woman, wonderfully agile in her movements. This was the showman's mother, and therefore Sal's grandmother. In her day she had been the original Sal the Sylph. Now she was sixty-five, and she left to the heart of a lumberer of the ground. Yet, as nurse to the present little Sal, a twelve-year-old invalid, she still had far more value than she fancied.

"Ben," ejaculated this little old woman, "it's a mortal shame! The darling of the able—I'm sure she ain't. It'll be the death of her."

"Daddy says," murmured the girl from her bed, "there's a pound in the house—a whole pound."

"I dunnot care if there's a million pounds in it, my dearie," continued the older Sal. "Let her be!" he said rather testily. "Let her starve. There's a deuce of a deuce of a lot. Give the poor little wench her trifle, and rig her out."

"Dunnot you mind, Ben, what doctor says?" the old woman began anew. "I mind nought except as we're hard up—blasted hard up!" were the dejected rejoinders.

"Can't you get up just once more, my pretty dear?" he asked coaxingly, yet with genuine feeling, as he took the little girl's thin, white, blue-veined hand. "Her can't, an' that's the long an' short of it," answered the mother, who was a listless creature, with a venomous disposition.

Sal the Sylph smiled on her father for an instant, and then again turned her gaze upon a sight that brought a look of interest and happiness upon her face that almost broke the showman's heart, though even though, with time and various vicissitudes, it had become. The original Sal had atured industriously painting her cheeks to give them something of the semblance of youth. Between whites she would turn, and make a pleasant grimace to the child.

"Gimme them parls, Joe," said the original Sal. "I'll do my best, but the Lord knows I'm a ugly old critter at sixty-five."

"You ain't," whispered the little Sal. "Oh, granny, I do so wish I might see yer pearls!"

The showman stood as if he were spell-bound. The roars of impatience from the mob were renewed. They seemed to recall him to himself.

"The parls, Ben," repeated the original Sal. "My neck," she added, sighing, "ain't like a child's. It's so floppy, and I can't pretend to make my skinny old cheeks fill out."

"I'm hanged," blurted forth the showman, "I like this!"

"Oh, let her do it," sneered the showman's wife. "It'll make 'em laugh fine. Her's got the conceit of the devil to think her can dance, with her toes in the grave!"

"Mother, ye know as yer heart'll niver—"

"Give me the parls."

Then the showman did as the original Sal desired.

There was true art in the way the old woman had dissembled her age. She did not, of course, look like the emaciated little girl in her bed, but at ten paces you would have thought her at least forty years younger than her age.

"Who'll tell 'em?" asked the showman. "Leave it all to me, Bill," was the sprightly answer. "I feel somehow like as I used. How much did you say there was in the house?"

"There's thirty shillins' worth o' copper—that's what it's worth."

"Then I'll give 'em their money's worth, please God."

"Oh, granny, granny!" sobbed the little Sal ecstatically.

"Daddy'll let you peep, dearie, if that's a'!" said the old woman. "One kiss for luck, and then I'll bound on."

The two Sals embraced, and seemed loath to part. The original Sal brushed a tear from her old eyes, unmindful of the jewels on the rouge. Then she jingled her smears, looked down thoughtfully at her legs, and with a nod to her son stole up the narrow avenue of canvas which led to the stage.

The E—populace were not unnaturally irate. For ten minutes they had been kept so impressed that they seemed bound to bear button and corset marks on their bodies for life. The weather, too, was warm. A dozen rabble jerra upon Sal the Sylph were in progress, amid boots and curses, when the curtain rose and showed to view the original Sal.

For an instant or two the crowd seemed dumbfounded. The old woman's young jaw had slipped, as it has a trick of doing in her sadder moments and when her daughter-in-law was implying—as she often was—that old folk who couldn't earn money ought either to be dead or in the workhouse. It was only for a moment, but it betrayed her completely.

Then a huge blast of derision broke from the spectators, and the noise of it shook the stage and made even the caravan tremble.

The original Sal trembled before this contumely. There was no denying it. At sixty-five the average set of nerves are not as strong as they might be; and so the poor old woman in her spangles and short rock looked from face to face, and felt as if she could die of shame.

The showman, who was behind, at this uproar stepped on to the stage, himself humiliated as he had never yet been during his career of public entertainer.

"Ladies and gents—" he began faintly. "But at this moment a mysterious courage, with an element of the divine in it, stole into the old woman's mind. She pulled the man, pulling the lad to the front, 'what yer'st just told me."

"There ain't no more room, an' they're a settin' on another's knees," repeated the lad.

"Ear that, ladies and gents—packed jammed full. Didn't I tell yer our pretty little Sal—(bless her!)—was a downright stunner?"

"So saying, he thrust his head into the caravan-room at the side.

"Be sharp!" he exclaimed. "There's fighting frightful. An' don't forget the neckless o' pearls his gracious Majesty, the Shah of Koosher, give her when he see her in his Winter Palace. Ha! ha! ha!"

Well did the showman understand human nature. He knew that had his boy Bill come to announce that plenty of room yet remained in the tent, the news would not have incited one night-seer to pay his penny for a share of the room. On the other hand, a packed hall indicated success and something worth belauding.

And so in they trooped, until at last there was no squaring away another boy into the booth, and a dozen or more persons had to turn back and show their discontented faces to the lamp-lit crowd.

"Full, is it?" asked the showman cheerily. "It is as full as 'e a' Christmas time," replied a rustic; "but I be a-goin' to wait for the next time. I don't want my penny back."

"My friend," said the showman, "let me shake hands with you. Every chap has to earn his bread, an' you're one o' 'em as makes it easier for some of the rest of us."

M. Haddell to Arthur E. Porter. Sackville, N. B., April 6, by Rev. Cecil Wiggins. Edna Ford to Mrs. J. M. G. Payne. Linscott, N. B., April 6, by Rev. E. E. Daley. Berwick, N. B., April 6, by Rev. W. H. Laing. Lussborough, March 20, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale. Tins J. Zerst to Victoria Ernst. Milton, N. S., April 6, by Rev. W. H. Laing. Elmsdale, N. S., March 28, by Rev. E. Laing. Minnie Isenor to Clarence Hayes. St. George, April 4, by Rev. E. Smith, Christopher L. Parker to Emma Rankins.

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RAILWAYS. WESTERN COUNTIES RY. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.30 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 12.15 p.m. LEAVE ANNOPOLES—Express daily at 12.35 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.15 p.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 128 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. B. BROWN, General Superintendent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY 1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax 7.00 Express for Pictou, Pictou and Halifax 12.30 Express for Sussex 13.00 Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago 16.45. A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 10.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal through sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.40 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex 8.25 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.25 Express from Point du Chene and Montreal 12.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 15.00 Express from Halifax and Sydney 22.00

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BORN.

Kingston, N. S., to the wife of E. Hill, a son. Halifax, April 6, to the wife of W. C. Mear, a son. Halifax, April 4, by Rev. Father Murphy, William John Callahan to Elizabeth Habley. Port Ellen, N. S., March 22, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Joseph M. Canfield to Maria Johnson. Burman, N. B., March 26, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Maria Cruise to Gilbert F. Giberson. Port Ellen, N. B., April 4, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Wilfred Allen to Rosamond Rayworth. Grand Fre, N. S., April 2, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Adeline Bishop to Mrs. James Avery. Moncton, April 7, by Rev. J. Millon Robinson, Samuel Hetherington to Annie B. Wilson. New Glasgow, March 25, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, John G. McKenzie to Maggie G. Mcintosh. Pleasant Lake, N. S., March 15, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Henry D. Earl to Frances Durck. Halifax, April 4, by Rev. R. Alder Temple and Rev. E. K. Moore, Frank Rogers to Laura Shaffer. Spring Hill, N. S., March 22, by Rev. David Wright, John B. McLeod to Lillian Lockhart. North River, N. B., April 4, by Rev. Matthew Smith, Benjamin Fawcett to Jeanne May Kilian. South Cape Island, N. S., March 28, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, Samuel Malone to Sarah J. Aikinson.

DIED.

Cornwallis, Watson Lane, 77. St. John, April 5, Isaac Long, 33. Truro, March 12, John Smith, 79. St. John, April 8, Samuel Keer, 77. Halifax, April 4, Daniel Smart, 70. Halifax, April 4, James McCarthy. Halifax, April 4, Olivia Lennox, 12. Halifax, April 2, Carl Erickson, 20. Halifax, April 7, James Brady, 33. Halifax, April 6, Henry Adams, 60. Halifax, April 7, Louisa D. Barrett, 65. Halifax, April 6, Henry Adams, 60. Halifax, April 6, Harry Adams, 80. St. John, April 10, Thomas Coyle, 81. Yarmouth, April 5, John S. Bailey, 43. warm. St. John, April 5, Harriet Mayne. St. John, April 5, Isaac Kilian. Fredericton, April 6, R. B. Jackson, 72. Fredericton, April 7, S. A. Kerley, 53. St. Andrews, April 4, James Carroll, 37. Windsor, March 3, Joseph A. Fuller, 73. Wolfville, April 1, Mary Jane Foster, 75. Fredericton, March 20, Thomas C. Everett. St. John, N. B., April 4, James Hopper, 42. St. John, April 9, Robert Cunningham, 20. St. John, April 9, William F. Patchell, 41. Hampton, N. B., April 7, David Smith, 77. Brookfield, March 29, Mrs. Harry Bain, 57. Miramichi, N. S., April 3, Isabella Nichols, 45. Milford, N. B., April 1, Richard Johnston, 48. Dipper Harbor, March 29, John McLeelan, 74. Bedford, N. S., April 10, James Archibald, 76. Gloucester, N. S., March 29, William C. Wall, 25. Dipper Harbor, March 15, William C. Wall, 25. Hopewell, N. B., April 10, Mary, wife of late Dr. Fidler. Hopewell, N. B., April 5, Catherine McLean, 87. Amherst, April 1, Charles, son of Fred Eaton, 21. Newport, N. S., March 26, Mrs. Louise Linn, 60. Chester, N. S., March 4, Capt. Charles Evans, 85. Fox Harbor, N. S., March 31, Charlotte McLean, 22. East Jeddore, N. S., Feb. 27, Calvin Harding, 73. St. John, April 10, Mary, wife of John McKay, 83. Rolling Dan, N. B., March 23, Adèle McCann, 23. Moncton, April 4, Susan, wife of James Arling, 30. New Annapolis, N. S., March 28, John T. Langille, 40. Perth, N. B., April 7, Martha J. Stevens, 69. Bloomfield, N. B., March 30, Rachael W. McCready, 71. Lower Millbrook, N. B., April 4, Robert McCready, 80. Parrish, March 10, Ella, wife of George T. York, 69. Albert, Mines, N. B., March 30, Robert Barbour, Harvey Station, N. B., March 29, Kenneth Wilson, 27. Oak Bay, N. B., April 4, William A. McAllister, 75. Rosedale, N. B., March 8, Frederick Miles Sherwood, 45. Yarmouth, April 5, of pneumonia, John S. Bailey, 45. Halifax, April 6, Hugh, son of Hannah and Charles Hunt, 5. McAdam, N. B., March 31, James Fielding, 14 months. St. John, April 11, Mary Anne, wife of late Zebedeo Eling, 75. St. John, April 7, of consumption, William T. Gray, 21. Salisbury Road, N. B., April 3, Mary, wife of Tyle Eling, 63. Halifax, April 4, Jack, son of Captain and Bessie Fleming. Halifax, April 3, Hannah H., wife of Capt. Josiah Hopkins. Halifax, April 5, George, son of Margaret and Henry Pichman. Cole Harbor, N. S., April 1, Ann M., wife of Joseph Giles, 91. St. Mary's, N. B., April 4, Edward, wife of James Eling, 25. Stanley, N. B., March 23, Mary, wife of A. P. Cowie, 23. Bristol, N. B., March 23, Asthena, wife of James A. Bell, 45. Three Mile Plains, N. S., March 22, Nicholas Swinhamer, 68. Dover, N. B., March 13, Jane, wife of the late Miles Steves, 61. South East Passage, N. S., April 9, Ebenezer Elenor, 40. Hantsport, March 5, Minnie A., wife of H. A. Deane, 31. Hantsport, N. S., Feb. 7, of consumption, Ernest Blakeney, 16. Yarmouth, April 7, Sarah C., wife of Nathaniel Churchill, 57. Fort Ellen, N. S., April 7, Ellen, wife of Frank Thibideau, 56. Stellarton, N. S., April 6, Thomas, son of the late John Thibideau, 24. Chester, N. S., March 24, Julia Evans, wife of Edmund Feeder, 82.

MARRIED.

Parrish, January 4, J. S. Henderson to Annie Gavin. Halifax, March 29, Alfred Smallwood to Elizabeth Decker. Bridgetown, N. S., April 5, John McLean to Lina Decker. Liscomb, N. S., March 13, Eliza Buckman to Sadie Redolph. Liverpool, March 31, Albert Shubley to Mrs. Alice Redolph. Halifax, March 30, by Dr. McDonald, John Rae to Isabella McPhail. Halifax, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Ida Conrod to me. Then she turned again to the crowd, and something in her face aided her uplifted hand in procuring the attention she demanded. She seemed about to speak, but she said nothing. The next instant she began to dance, and there was no longer necessary to ask for silence. Ben stayed at the wing of the stage, and watched his old mother. At the other end of the hall could be seen little Sal's mother and little Sal herself peeping through the cracks in the canvas. Between Ben and his wife three or four hundred pairs of eyes were riveted with strange intimation upon the old woman before them. In her day there had been no gaining any of the original Sal's ability. Before beginning to twirl and caper the old woman had breathed a sort of prayer for aid in this great crisis of her and the family fortunes. And this was the outcome of the prayer. For five minutes the people watched her wretchedly. They soon forgot what a withered old fright she was. Their eyes were fastened upon her feet and legs. The sight made them giddy at length. Then they looked away, at each other and at the canvas ceiling, and with one voice shouted approval. On she danced, giving at one time steps and movements long out of date and a little later the more modern capers such as she had, with no little labor, taught to her grand-daughter. No matter what it was, she excelled in everything. The little Sal at the other end fairly cried with delight. The original Sal danced for a quarter of an hour. The louder she shouts from the crowd the faster she twirled. Her son called to her to stop, but she heard him not. But when a quarter of an hour had passed, something seemed to break in the old woman. She suddenly stood still, quivering, with a dazed expression in her eyes, and her hands to her forehead, recovered herself for an instant, bowed to the

VOL. THEY

The death names of DeForest, Harding. Perhaps and certain this general in the civic brief an int death. This one day, as been a pal died two d of ripe year mates and I all had be interests of to the front Messrs. all died in not only les in many of what the ob back to, as 1877. This men of a Sheraton ha for some ye Dunn had be mere of the All three we perso qualities of It is need these men, James A. H been so lo body, and say that be self equal to not only the city and c worth wh The sudden step and ar streets but address sel at the ann wherever o of which a Sheriff H the grate changed lit people. A nearly com try of acti of his wedd figure was a jority of yo was notice ways it mig be abated." Is free for m day in his streets with body told h ricks, he pl men nowed with a sple mind, he co exposure a younger. He and M been school when he be the peace, that he coul day as he funeral on own death versed with A sketch written, John for he was premiss alive to in all that he remained cepting the he must h dominion at bound to c wa a engage politic p scribe by th The circumg the sheph white Mr. Harv others bel vocation no mercantile sheriff, die days after police mag court room been sou and two me it. One Crookshank Harding, a dilemma ing soon in the legis