

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## GAVE THEM ALL A NAME.

IT WAS A SHORT ONE EXPRESSED IN PRINT WITH A DASH.

Mr. Porter Creates Some Excitement in the Victoria County Council—His Respect for Old Age and Everything Else—Water that Flowed and Didn't Flow.

The January session of the Victoria county council for 1892 is past. The councillors from the respective parishes are to be congratulated upon the steady and business like manner in which they discharged their many and varied duties. I would further congratulate them, and extend my congratulations to the spectators present at their meetings, upon the gentlemanly patience with which they bore the ruffianly abuse of our would be county "Boss" the present representation of the county in the legislative assembly of the province.

The election of warden resulted in the unanimous choice of Charles McCluskey of Grand Falls, who thanked his electors and began work by reading a petition which had been filed against the return of the Drummond councillors elect. The matter, pursuant to the provisions of the bye law in such case provided, was referred to a committee of five members, who with closed doors adduced such evidence as could conveniently be procured. They reported to the board their inability to solve the difficult mathematical problem: "How 136 votes could be polled in a polling district containing only 112 qualified voters and three themselves upon the mercy of their fellow councillors. The board was somewhat puzzled, but solved the problem by requesting the Drummond contingent to retire.

Next a petition against the return of Councillor Lovely of Andover, was read and referred to committee which reported Mr. Lovely not qualified to sit at the board and recommended his relegation to private life—he was relegated. Then Mr. Scott took Lovely's vacant seat, claiming his right to do so by virtue of having received the next highest vote at the late election. The warden mildly asked Mr. Scott to retire. Mr. Scott rose to argue his right to be there. Warden McCluskey ordered the constable to remove Mr. Scott: the latter decided to waive his right and retired.

The work of the council proceeded. The air seemed filled with business and earnestly, but suddenly the scene was changed.

The finance committee had reported a balance of \$600 on hand, and the councillors were congratulating themselves, each other and most everybody else on the pleasant fact, which appeared more pleasant by contrast with the deficits of previous years, and the presence at former meetings of the council of clamorous creditors. Suddenly Mr. Porter arose and asked to be heard at the board. The councillors who had formerly been subjected to a good deal of Mr. Porter's abuse on account of previous deficits voted to hear him, and awaited his congratulations with smiling countenances, but they had reckoned without their host. Mr. Porter has never been known to congratulate anyone—except it might be himself in the accomplishment of nothing.

Mr. Porter told them how things had been done when he had been the county council, and made very unflattering references to some of the councillors present. Sharp replies were made by several of the councillors and finally an adjournment was voted. The adjournment had scarcely been declared when: "It's d-d lie" rang through the council chamber, being Mr. Porter's gentlemanly reply to a remark made by a former auditor concerning the keeping of the auditor's accounts. The present auditor turned over the pages of his book and mildly suggested that the book seemed to have been kept in former years about the same as at present.

"You are a d-d liar" was the bland and forcible argument of Mr. Porter. "I have been at the council board longer than any member present, and I ought to know something about it."

Warden McCluskey begged to differ. He (McCluskey) had been at the board as long as Mr. Porter.

"You are a d-d liar and d-d old schemer," again argued Mr. Porter, accompanying his words by a furious shaking of his fat in McCluskey's face. As the warden is a small man aged about 70 years, and Porter is a large one aged about 45, this last may be taken as an especial and emphatic token of Mr. Porter's honor and respect for age. The argument continued some time, and resulted in the appointment by Mr. Porter of some dozen or more of our most respected citizens to the honorable and ancient office of d-d liars, then he went home to dinner.

The last hours of the session were spent upon the report of the committee appointed at last session to procure a supply of water for the court house and gaol. The substance of the report was as follows: Having decided to bring water to the court house by means of pipes, the com-

## WHERE IS IT ALL TO END?

CITY TAXES ARE INCREASING EVERY YEAR.

Each Season a Little is Added—It Takes a Week's Work to Pay the Bill—Are We Going at Too Steep a Pace Nowdays?

If a man in receipt of an ordinary salary were told that for nearly the whole of one week in the year he would have to work for nothing, as a privilege for living in St. John, he would be inclined to grumble. He would, in nine cases out of ten, do his work that week with a very bad grace, because he would feel that his waste of time and energy were not to be rewarded. In most cases he would feel that he was oppressed, if not swindled.

It does not strike everybody that way, but it is what the working people of St. John are doing year by year. Each year they have to work a little longer, for each season sees an increase in the taxes and a heavier burden on those who pay them.

The rate of taxation has more than doubled in the last fourteen years, in the city proper, while it has been nearly trebled as regards Carleton. The rate for the west side was less than for the east side until the cities were united.

The increase has been steady from year to year since the fire of 1877. The following table shows the rate from year to year:

Year	Rate
1878	35
1879	42
1880	50
1881	60
1882	75
1883	90
1884	110
1885	130
1886	150
1887	180
1888	220

The union of the cities gave an opportunity to increase the valuation of assessable property in Portland, and nearly a million dollars was added in 1890, while half a million was put on in 1891. The figures for that year are:

Category	Value
Real estate	\$12,264,000
Personal	3,211,000
Income	3,907,000
Total	\$19,382,000

The rate last year was \$1.47 on the \$100. This must be added a poll tax of \$2. A man in receipt of \$700 had to deny himself and his family something to pay the \$12.29 demanded of him by the city. He will have to pay a still larger sum for the year 1892.

While the taxes have been increasing the population has been decreasing. Nobody knows the rate of this decrease, but of the increase, since the union, has been more than \$28,000 a year, or nearly 70 cents a head for every man, woman and child in the city's bounds. The taxes amount to nearly \$10 a head.

Are they too much? Do we get honest goods for our money, or are we paying for more than we get? These are questions that many are asking, and that merit more than a hasty answer. To some people it would seem there is an extravagance in more than one of the departments, and that so far the disposition has been to go ahead and count the cost afterwards. Such undertakings as the Mount Pleasant boulevard give a color to such a belief. It may be that the street work cannot be done for less than \$10,000 a year, or that the ferry must have a deficit of \$12,000 a year. No one can bring any proof to the contrary. It may be, too, that the original estimate of \$60,000 for paving Main street was ridiculously low and that the work will be cheap if it exceeds the \$92,600 it has cost to the present time. These are things about which there can be nothing more than idle speculation.

We have a departmental system which is not carried out on departmental lines. We have a good many ornamental things, which may or may not be useful things.

We have a big governing body, too. It is big enough to be the provincial legislature. It is made up of men chosen to represent this and that section, to get all they can for their wards, whether the expenditure is or is not in the interest of the city at large. How far this body can be made more efficient in its present shape, or improved by a radical change, is another matter that has puzzled and will puzzle the citizens who give any thought to these things.

In the meantime the city seems going at a pretty rapid pace, and a good many are asking whether we are drifting? Is there ever to be an end of increase of taxation. If things are getting worse, instead of better, and nothing is done to improve them, where are they to end?

The citizen who loses his head and his breath over the result of a by-election in Ontario or Quebec, might find a subject for another kind of energy in the politics which are peculiar to the city, and which directly touch the pocket of rich and poor alike.

## WAITING FOR HIS WIFE.

The Little Man from Halifax Made Happy at Last.

A little, middle aged man with hair streaked with grey, and who seemed incapable of walking at anything slower than a brisk trot, furnished some amusement at the I. C. R. depot for the seven days ending Tuesday night. He arrived one evening at the Halifax train, and immediately began making enquiries as to the time the train left for Boston. He was anxious to know if he would have time to go as far as Mill street, and as the train did not leave for several hours, the station officials were able to satisfy him on that point. But on that point only. He did not leave on the western train, but was a familiar figure around the depot for seven days, and during that time asked more questions than a small boy at a circus.

He made the ladies' waiting room his headquarters the evening of his arrival, mildly claiming the privilege from the fact that he was expecting his wife. And he was expecting her, and kept on doing so for some days. He spent most of his time in the depot, poring over time-tables and asking questions. Every time a locomotive steamed past the building he rushed out of the waiting room and asked somebody if that was the train from Halifax. He scanned the faces of all the passengers who arrived in the depot and when the last of a train had disappeared through the front door, the little man looked disappointed.

The station officials became interested in him and little by little learned his story. His wife had been visiting her parents some sixteen miles out of Halifax, and before he left for St. John, had written that she would meet him here. Both would then go on to Boston together. But as day after day passed and she failed to put in an appearance, the little man began to look more troubled, devoted more time to studying the time tables, and moved around with greater alacrity than ever. He seemed very much excited. He could not understand why his wife did not put in an appearance. Monday his suspense was evidently beyond endurance, for he consulted a lawyer, but apparently got little satisfaction.

Monday evening he was seen talking to a woman who had arrived on the Halifax train, and the station men thought "she had arrived at last," but the next day the little man was on duty as usual.

Tuesday evening, however, he was seen in his happiest mood. Among the passengers from Halifax was a young woman, with a child in her arms. The little man saw her in a moment, and took the baby, and excitedly escorted the arrivals to the ladies' waiting room. There the happy family took up quarters behind the door, and made that particular spot interesting for everyone in the place. If babies can be killed with kindness, it is a wonder that that one is not dead.

The Halifax train was forgotten. The happy father now began to enquire for the train bound west. He was in front of the ticket office window, hours before it was opened, and trotted between that place and the waiting room at two-minute intervals, until he made his final walk to the cars, accompanied by the family, where they all boarded the sleeper bound for the west.

Nothing in It for the Dealers.

Some city newsdealers who are always on the lookout for a bargain, made a miss a short time ago. One of the New York comic papers, being anxious to get rid of "back numbers," advertised that a bundle of them would be sold for 25 cents. As the papers are worth ten cents apiece and a bundle could not fail to include more than three, several dealers thought they saw a chance to speculate. The announcement said that the offer was not made to newsdealers, but there are always two ways of doing a thing, and in this instance the clerks were the buyers. When the bundle arrived, however, every paper was stamped "sample copy" in big red letters, and as nobody would ever think of buying a sample copy, the dealers have them on their hands.

Two Snow Plows and Their Work.

The street railway tracks were covered this week for the first time, and although the streets are in better condition, Mr. Martin was more than hard on the company the morning after the snow storm. All night the plow had been at work keeping the rails clear, while salt was sprinkled as industriously as the famous Simple Simon ever did it. In the morning, however, another kind of snow plow appeared on the scene with a different object in view, and the patrons of the street railway now enjoy a sleigh ride.

"Progress" Representative in Amherst.

One of "Progress" travelling staff representatives will be in Amherst Monday looking after the interest of the paper. Many people in that section who have asked about the dictionary will now have an opportunity of satisfying themselves of its value.

## STORIES OF THE WEEK.

A DOCTOR WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HIS OFFICE IS.

The Electors List Says It Is On Germain Street—A North End Girl Contributes to Christmas Literature—Paragraphs About People and Things.

In the supplementary list of voters for Queens ward appears the following interesting line: March, J. Edgar, Physician, T. 85 Germain street. The letter "T" means that he qualifies as a tenant, and in support of this Dr. March has filed an affidavit stating that he is such a tenant at the number named, at a rental of \$20 a year. This is the lowest amount on which qualification can be made.

Dr. March is undoubtedly conscientious in making this declaration, and besides he has nothing to gain by it. He had a vote in the North End in any case, and simply has it transferred to Queens ward. The supposition is that the demands of his profession require a branch office on Germain street. Progress wishes him fat patients and many of them.

The doctor appears to have been in a hurry when he made the affidavit, and has mistaken the number of his own office. He is not at 85 Germain street, and nobody at that number has ever heard of his having an office in that building.

The office of the board of school trustees used to be at No. 85, but it was moved to No. 91 more than a year ago. Mr. John March, father of the doctor, is secretary of the board. The rent of the rooms is paid by the trustees.

It is stated that Dr. March claims to be the tenant of Mr. John March. As the doctor is not at No. 85, and as Mr. John March is No. 91, the assumption is that the doctor is at No. 91 also, though he has no sign at the door and nobody is ever seen rushing their when a doctor is wanted in a hurry.

It is easy to understand that the doctor having the old number of the board's in his head, made a very natural mistake in naming No. 85 instead of No. 91. He may not be aware of the fact until he reads it in PROGRESS. It is to be hoped that he has not laid in a heavy supply of cards and bill heads with the wrong number on them. If he has, Progress job office can furnish a few lot at even less than the usual cash discount. It would be too bad to have some unfortunate sufferer bleeding to death while a messenger was vainly exploring the dark passages of No. 85 in search of Dr. March's office. The mistake might be a very serious one.

In the meantime, as the school trustees pay the rent of the rooms at 91, it would be interesting to learn where Mr. John March has premises of his own to let for his son's branch office. Is the doctor his tenant or the tenant of the trustees? If Mr. John March owns the back room, the doctor has to reach his office by travelling through the board's room. Who is to compensate the city for the wear and tear of the floor caused by the procession of patients? Still further, is there a dark plot to have an official physician for the public schools and is the name of another of the illustrious family of March to figure in the annual return. These are all dark problems. Who can solve them?

A Servant Girl's Slippers.

A young woman employed as a servant in a North End minister's house decided to make a change recently, and by so doing she has, it appears, been the means of contributing something new in the way of Christmas presentation stories. She had been working for the clergyman for some time, and was "one of the family" in a slight degree, so far at least as the washing was concerned. Her "washing" was thrown in with the rest, and was returned to her clean as a whistle without charge. When Christmas arrived her employer made her a present of a pair of slippers. She evidently took them as a present and not as an inducement to continue in the minister's service, for soon after her departure she received a bill for the slippers and her washing. As she has not taken any pains to conceal the fact, North End people know all about it.

And Still They Try.

The Agriculturalist appears to be another upper Canadian publication that has imposed upon credulous people who had faith in "word contests" and "bible competitions." The "expense for packing" "dodge" belongs to it also, and the "silver ware" is about the same value as that offered by its audacious contemporary, the Queen. The moral of all which is that when you want a paper subscribe for it in the regular way without the inducement of a lottery word contest. The character of the Agriculturalist's scheme has been shown to Progress by a local victim who has the proofs to back his assertions, just as the victims of the Queen contests had.

## HAMPTON AGAIN QUIET.

The Ring Has Subdued for the Present and Belyea Walks the Streets.

The judgment of Mr. Justice Palmer in the Grant-Peters-Scribner-Belyea case will, perhaps, settle for a time the differences in hitherto peaceful Hampton. Mr. Belyea stays out of jail contrary to the commitment of Magistrate Peters, who, it may be said, acted hastily in the matter. Mr. Grant did not authorize his lawyer to ask for Mr. Belyea's commitment, and it seemed to be what Progress said it was, a plan to board Mr. Belyea for a time at the expense of the municipality and rid the Vendome of his watchful eye.

Progress does not undertake to say that the county would be any better off with Mr. Belyea out of jail than with Mr. Belyea in jail, but the fact that he was fighting against a combination, against the representatives of peace and broils, who were determined to out him from a business which interfered with that of one of them, was sufficient cause for the interference of the people and for justice from a judge.

To claim the credit of doing so is not Progress' intention. The people know what we did and that suffices. The "ring" know us now and that is also well. Exposure is the very best thing for such people, who threaten the peace of a community by carrying things with a high and reckless hand. Whenever that exposure is to be made Progress hopes to be on hand.

MR. EGAR IN TOWN.

A Few Words About "Progress" Largest Advertiser and His Methods.

Mr. M. F. Eggar, of Halifax, was in town Thursday, en route to the large American and Canadian centres on a business trip. Mr. Eggar is well known to the readers of PROGRESS as the proprietor of Eggar's Phospholine, to advertise the merits of which he has the largest advertisement ever inserted continuously in any Canadian newspaper. It requires what is known as "nerve" and plenty of it, to contract for a page of any newspaper, and supplement that contract with every liberal announcement in the smaller newspapers. Mr. Eggar has shown his faith in the press and his faith that the people will recognize a good thing in Phospholine and reward him for his expenditure and his work. That they will do so is hardly a matter of doubt. The response of the people to such advertising is hearty and prompt. Mr. Eggar has found it so, and his verdict is the same as that of all others who have had the faith to speak to the people through the press. If all the merchants of a city were as quick, ready and correct in their judgment, as business like and energetic in their methods as Mr. Eggar, it would be good for that town.

Mr. Holland's Case Follows Him.

The agile and energetic Mr. Holland who tried to make it interesting for Mr. Deal of the collecting agency in this city "hadn't a leg to stand on" in the city court Thursday when the case came up. The magistrate said the plaintiff (Holland) had no case but he allowed the counsel, Mr. Milligan the alternative of applying for a nonsuit. Mr. Milligan accepted the suggestion and Mr. Holland's case disappears—like Mr. Holland himself. But he talked a good deal when he was here, and a fair sample of it appeared in the Boston Herald when he returned there. It made a good "yarn" in which the only thing lacking was a fact.

May He Live to See It.

If Mr. William F. Bunting lives until next Tuesday night, and there is every indication that he will, he can be congratulated on having been just 40 years a mason and member of St. John's lodge. He has had all the honors that craft masonry can give him, and to him, in some of the positions he has held, the fraternity owes much for the rapid advances it made a number of years ago. Progress trusts that Mr. Bunting will be present at the centennial of his lodge, which will be in 1902, for St. John's is the oldest lodge in the province. It was constituted in 1802.

Found on the Tenth Page.

The discussion about the restoration of the Prince's lodge shows the keen interest that is being taken by the public in the Howe articles. This week one of the greatest speeches of the great leader is begun, and will be concluded next week. Even if you have not followed the articles, be sure and read this speech.

Of Great Value to Housekeepers.

Progress department "Seasonable Receipts" has made a decided hit. It should, for it is conducted by the best chef in the city—an acknowledged authority in such matters. He would not be better known if his name appeared in this paragraph. His column appears on the third page today.

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IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

STORIES OF FOLKS WHO MOVE WITHOUT BODIES.

Local and Modern Instances of Apparitions - St. John People Who Have Seen Things That Nobody Can Explain - Can Science Solve the Problem?

A gentleman suffering from a mental trouble spent some time in St. John last year, leaving the city for his home in New York during the latter part of November. While here he had spent a portion of his time at a private boarding house to which he became much attached. After his departure, the room he had occupied was taken by a lady, who had not been in St. John while he was here, who had never seen him, and had never heard a description of his appearance. She had no idea of what he looked like, and it was out of the question that she should have a correct picture, or indeed any picture, of him in her mind.

Quite recently this lady lay down in this room for a nap and fell asleep. She awoke in a state of great agitation and rushing down stairs said she had had a dream which seemed so real that it frightened her. It seemed to her that the door opened and a gentleman entered, advanced toward the bed and said, "I thought I could not go away without bidding you good-bye." Scarcely had he uttered the words when he fell to the floor and the lady awoke in terror.

Now the curious part of the story is that her description of the man was an accurate picture of the gentleman who had previously occupied the room, and who was then in New York suffering from derangement of mind. Details as to the peculiar appearance of the eyes, the style of the hands, the style of clothing, etc., were faithfully described by her, and the picture was recognized in a moment.

An effort is making to learn it on the day and hour in question the gentleman was in any peculiar mental or physical condition, which, on psychological theories, would account for his appearance in a vision, as it were, in the room in St. John. It is one of the things which can be explained by no known law.

It will be remarked that the man who appeared in this vision, if it were such, was at that time alive. There was no ghost in the case. The only way to account for the affair is that, under certain mental and physical conditions there may be a double entity—the soul may leave the material body and make its presence known in another place.

To illustrate this, I will quote a case of which I made mention in a sketch published a few years ago, but which will be new to many of the readers of PROGRESS now. Mr. K., a well known lawyer of Westmorland county, had occasion to spend a night in Sackville, at the house of a relative. A lady connected with him by marriage was at that time in St. John, suffering from a temporary derangement of mind. After Mr. K. had retired on the night in question, he lay awake for some time. As he lay, he heard a noise which sounded like the continuous coiling of a rope on the bare floors of an adjoining room. This did not disturb him, for he was a practical man and supposed there was some natural explanation for the sound.

Just as he was about dropping to sleep, he felt a distinct pull at the bed covering as if somebody was endeavoring to draw the covering toward the foot of the bed. He gathered the quilts up toward his chin again, but in a little while they were again pulled by some unseen hand. The same thing happened a third time, after which the invisible visitor ceased to disturb him and he fell asleep.

Some weeks afterward, the lady referred to returned to her home, her mental condition much improved. She still talked a little strangely at times, referring to past hallucinations as if they had been realities. She had, she imagined, talked with departed friends, and had visited places which she described. "I saw you one night," she said to Mr. K. "You were lying in bed at —'s house and I tried to make you know that I was there, but you would not pay any attention to me, and so I came away."

This may have been a coincidence, or it may not. Who can tell? Many years ago, Mr. William P., a member of a well known St. John family, was drowned on his way home from a foreign voyage. One day, long before the news of his death was received, the servant surprised one of the family by saying that he had come home, because she had seen him standing in his room as she came down stairs. She had seen him very distinctly, and had taken a second look to make sure. It was in the middle of the day, and she could even describe the way he was dressed. It was afterwards learned that it was on that day he was drowned, and as nearly as could be learned, allowing for difference of longitude, at the hour of the day when he was seen by the servant.

A year or two ago, a St. John lady was lying awake in her room about midnight with no light burning when she experienced the feeling that many of us have had that somebody whom she could not see, had entered the apartment. It seemed to her that the unseen visitor crossed the room to a certain corner, remained there for a time and went away again. She told her experience in the morning and said that she believed the family owning the house would have had news of some kind. The house had formerly been occupied by a gentleman who was then living in the United States. He had used the room in question as his own and in the corner referred to he had kept a secretary containing important papers. The lady was not aware of all these facts, but she was told them when, on the following day, a telegram announced that the gentleman had died, in a distant city of the United States, at about the hour when the invisible presence was in the room.

I should be very sorry to write anything which would encourage foolish superstition or a fear of ghosts, but it seems to me these stories have

not that tendency. They rather furnish food for thought by showing us how much there is that rises above the logic of modern materialism. I have tried to relate the incidents without enlarging upon them in the least, and if they have been correctly told to me, they need no addition. There is nothing in them to make anybody afraid, but there is much to puzzle those who are inclined to speculate on the mysteries of the world in which we live. ROSLYNDE.

THE WRECK OF THE ST. GEORGE.

How a Man from St. John Went to Bathurst from Her on the Rocks.

A few months ago there came from St. John to Bathurst a young lieutenant (not so young in years as in experience) to take command of the good ship St. George. It is said that he left St. John for our usually quiet village on account of his health, the weather, perhaps, being too sultry for him, especially in the vicinity of certain boarding houses; or he may have been induced to take this step through an ambitious desire of having a vessel under his sole command. At the first meeting of the shareholders of the St. George, amongst whom some ill-feeling had existed, the lieutenant expressed himself as desirous of meeting the views of persons of the most diverse opinions; and, indeed, would not assume the command unless harmony prevailed. As a preliminary, the lights were removed from the ship, with the exception of two, which gave forth but a feeble light easily overlooked on a dark or foggy night. As a consequence of the removal of the lights, a collision occurred in which the Richard Hinton went down with all on board. It is also possible that the accident may have been partly owing to the poor watch kept on the St. George, the lieutenant and his officers being apparently more intent on listening to and repeating stories of what this one and that one said concerning the management of the ship, than on their proper business. The loss of the Hinton caused considerable excitement among the general public, owing to peculiar circumstances in the affair; though apparently very little among the officers of the St. George. At any rate the lights were not replaced, and things went on in the same careless and slipshod manner on that vessel.

The next affair of importance was the court-martial of one of the ship's company. Now this court-martial was peculiar in its way, for it appears to have been held in secret, in the presence of the lieutenant, who acted as judge, and the accuser, and who seems to have acted in the double capacity of lawyer and jury—of course he was not a real lawyer. Then the court information was given that a verdict of guilty had been found. That was all.

That an occasional sailor was lost made little difference to the lieutenant, who held them in small estimation, and thought that the former captain of the ship greatly erred in his familiarity with them; but now it began to be apparent that there was a great diminution in the number, owing to various causes, chiefly desertion.

This eccentric conduct extended even to the proper officers of the ship, and it was evident to everybody except the place-holder—I mean lieutenant—and his favorites, that they would soon be too few men to crew the ship. This, indeed, presently came to pass, and the St. George having drifted on the rocks, now lies a partial wreck, while the lieutenant wanders disconsolately around the scene of the disaster, perhaps wondering how it all came about, or seeking for the right person on whose shoulders to place the blame. JACK TAR.

The Fair Sex of the Eighteenth Century.

We read with no little amazement of the prodigious number of tapestry chairs worked by the Electress Sophia, mother of George I., who left tokens of her nimble fingers in palaces, convents and churches all over the country, which did not prevent this gifted princess from learning five languages, besides being renowned as a clever painter and gardener, as well as a profound philosopher. Caroline, when Princess of Wales, 1739, interested herself in the silkworms kept in the mulberry garden at Chelsea, and was forever knitting.

Later on Queen Charlotte, fond herself of netting, knotting and ribbon work, showed her special interest in needlework by establishing a school for the daughters of clergymen and decayed tradesmen, where silk embroidery was taught as a profession. The pupils worked for their patroness a magnificent bed cover in lilac satin, which was exhibited for a long time at Hampton Court, and another for Lord Howard, in gray silk, embroidered in white and gold spots. It is also well known that the court of George III. idleness, even in leisure hours, was not tolerated. We are told that when at Windsor castle, every day during the evening concerts, the princesses, their visitors and attendants were all busy either with pencil, needle or knotting.—London Queen.

A Useful Line in Poetry.

Every student of nouns, pronouns and verbs knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining its grammatical construction. The following shows 27 different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not effected: The weary ploughman plods his homeward way. The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way. His homeward way the weary ploughman plods. His homeward way the ploughman weary plods. The weary ploughman homeward plods his way. His way the weary ploughman homeward plods. The ploughman, homeward, plods his weary way. His weary way, the ploughman, homeward, weary plods. The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way. Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way. Homeward, his way the weary ploughman plods. Homeward, his way the ploughman, weary, plods. Homeward, his weary way, the ploughman plods. The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way. The ploughman, homeward weary plods, his way. His weary way, the ploughman, weary, plods. Homeward, his weary way, the ploughman plods. Homeward, the ploughman plods his weary way. The ploughman, weary, his way, homeward plods. The ploughman plods his homeward weary way. The ploughman, weary, his way, homeward plods. The ploughman plods his homeward weary way. Weary, the ploughman his way homeward plods. Weary, his homeward way the ploughman plods. —Toy Time

The Holidays

are over and they are still in the ring with all things in season—Roll Butter, Fresh Eggs, Dunn's Hams and Roll Bacon, Christie's Biscuits, Fruits, Canned goods, etc., at 32 Charlotte St. J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

ALL ABOUT HUSBANDS.

MISS GOULD MUST GET ON TO PROTECT HER.

While New York Women Discuss the best Way "to Manage the Animal"—The Great Patti's Husband—Young Mackay's Chances of Becoming One.

New York, Jan. 26.—Next to "Are we going to have a war with Chili?" the question of the hour is, "how to manage a husband?"

Sorosis at its last meeting set the ball rolling. Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) opened the debate with an interesting paper on, "Resolved, that the happiness of the home depends on the oneness of husband and wife." Sorosis' crack debaters followed her, and somewhat or other after the first two or three speeches the wife was lost sight of, and the discussion narrowed down to the husband; and didn't he just catch it, and not a soul to stand up for him, poor man, but one white-haired spinster, who made a weak attempt to say something on his behalf, and was listened to with the patronizing toleration that dearly bought knowledge accords to blissful ignorance.

An astute editor seeing in the rumpus a sweet opportunity to advertise his little sheet, offered a handsome prize to the woman who should send him the best letter on "How to manage a husband," and the matrons are hard at work telling the wives of the future how to get diamonds, seal-skin saques and Paris gowns out of reluctant and economically-disposed husbands. Over five hundred have been printed, but they might all have been pressed into the waste paper basket.

"Feed them, flatter them; that's the way to fool them." Poor Helen Gould, the millionairess debutante, whose feet, if any mortals may, should surely "tread on flowers," finds herself confronted at the very outset of her social career by a regiment of cranky waiters, who with pistols in their hands and packages of dynamite in their pockets, are threatening to murder all her male relatives if she fails to smile upon their respective suits.

There seems but one way to afford efficient protection to this poor rich young woman against the cranks and lunatics who daily threaten her liberty and the lives of her relatives, and that is to find a worthy husband for her. Simple as this course seems there are going to be unusual obstacles in the way of it. She is so awfully rich that, although she is a sweet, amiable girl who might well be loved for herself alone, the young man who seeks her in marriage, unless he is a Croesus himself, will have to face the imputation of heiress-hunting.

If papa Gould should decide that a husband would be a more effective protector for his adored daughter than the squad of private detectives he now pays to guard her, he would not need to round up the Gotham eligibles. News of her predicament has gone abroad, and the chances are that the liners now on their way to this city are loaded to the water's edge with English dukes, German barons, and Italian princes who have heard it and are en voyage to the rescue.

The peerless Patti—peerless no longer by the way, it is with us. There is nothing in the bills this time about farwelling, but the professional critics are telling her with a candor that must be maddening to the spoiled songstress, that she really ought to say good-bye as her voice is quite worn out and she is singing to a generation who only go hear her because she is the Patti that their fathers and grandfathers have told them about.

Her voice was not in much better condition the last time she visited us, but as all the world knows she had just indulged a fancy for having these same trousers, which are by nature jet black, bleached to the dull red of a cow's tail, and there was so much to be said on this important and interesting transformation, that her singing was but little discussed. It has since leaked out, that their Patti had been due to a mistake on the part of a hair dresser who was called in to doctor some silver threads, that had been discovered amongst the raven ones. Intent on doing the very best he could for so distinguished a customer he tried an experiment on Patti's magnificent raven tresses in which he had every faith, but to the consternation of every one concerned, instead of producing the expected results it turned the whole crop a brilliant auburn.

One of the most interesting personalities of the day has been concocted, and the story that the wig she was obliged to wear whilst playing blonde characters made her head ache, was unsuspectingly accepted until the true one leaked out. amongst our jeunesse doree is that of Mackay Jr. son of the Western millionaire. The fact that he voluntarily abandoned a university education for a modest place in the business world, proclaims him the son of his father, and the social popularity he has already achieved show that he has inherited the peculiar abilities that elevated his mother to the position of Queen of America in London and Paris.

He is a tall well-built young man and looks every inch a gentleman, in spite of the McAllister estimate that "it takes four generations reared in leisure and luxury to make one." To ancestral backing he owes nothing, for his father was just a common, everyday handler of pick and spade until he drifted into a lucky speculation, and his mother just as certainly was the popular mistress of a miner's boarding house, that prospered because she understood so well how to cook the substantial dishes that tickle the palates of hard-working men.

As Mackay has only two children to inherit his great wealth, this young man is away up in the matrimonial market,—the highest top sweeting of them all—in fact. It will take the wisdom of the serpent, and the combined cunning of all the rest of the animal kingdom, to keep him clear of the matrimonial traps and snares, with which his path will be beset. Last week he gave a banquet in his own apartments to Maria Van Zandt the famous singer. This plainly indicates that he proposes to remain "lord of himself." The attention that the guided youth pays to actresses and professional singers are his Declaration of Independence. They declare that he adores women, but has no present intention of contracting his homage within the narrow scope that looks only to matrimony. HERMA.

A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with PROGRESS.

We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently.

We have a new and complete plant now, suitable for all kinds of printing, and are open for orders.

We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned. The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it.

We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our Stock is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times.

Our Type is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select.

Our Presses are new and the best.

Our Workmen are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal.

We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

PROGRESS PRINT.

Do You Wear Granby Over-shoes? Every Body Else Does.

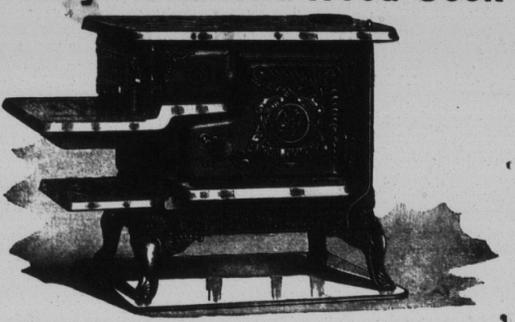
NEXT TO THE BIBLE!

That's what they say of a good Dictionary such as PROGRESS offers with a year's subscription

For \$8.95

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

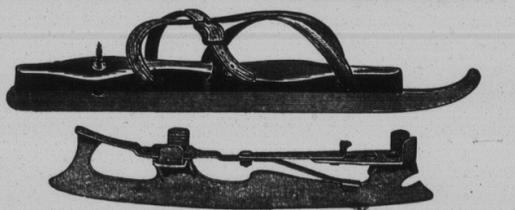
THE Royal Diamond Wood-Cook



Newest! Handsomest! Best! Has all the latest improvements, and works like a charm. The sales of this Stove during 1891 has proven its wonderful popularity. If you require a new Stove and wish to burn wood, come and see it or write for circular.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

SKATES! SKATES!



LONG REACH and ACME patterns. All sizes in Stock. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

2 1/2 lb. Cans. Mince Meat. 5 lb. Cans. TWO TONS LARD, IN CAKES AND PAILS. CHICAGO BEEF, Sausages and Bolognas. JOHN HOPKINS, 186 Union Street. Telephone 133.

Always ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER! SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING Retail and Wholesale dealers everywhere.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891.

REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY. Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavalla and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyshire, Scotland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON. I have carefully analyzed and tested the Islay Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which render the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a portion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article. (Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1890. Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & CO.'S "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & CO.'S "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey. (Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.



In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

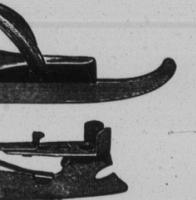
Wood-Cook



Best! Best! The sales of this Stove are so large that you require a new Stove and wish you had bought one earlier.

Prince Wm. Street.

KATES!



All sizes in Stock. 15 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Meat. 5 lb. Cans.

ONS LARD, GO BEEF, and Bolognas.

HOPKINS, Telephone 133.

Blend.

NO OTHER! THE LEADING Wholesale Dealers everywhere.

Government Chief Analyst Mac- all other Whiskies imported see page 21 of the Official Inland Revenue Department Dec. 31st, 1891.

ISLAY BLEND WHISKEY. Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Glasgow and of Inlay, Argyllshire, Scotland.

BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

analyzed and tested the whisky and found it to be a very pure and mellow and entirely free from any artificial matter which renders it deleterious. It is also entirely free from any artificial matter which renders it deleterious. It is also entirely free from any artificial matter which renders it deleterious.

N. M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1880.

A sample of Messrs. MACKIE BLEND of Whiskey, received for analysis of a sample of the whisky of Messrs. MACKIE & CO. Whiskey, and I find that it is entirely free from any artificial matter which renders it deleterious.

ARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, and Public Analyst for Glasgow, etc.

ED BY JOHN, N. B.

NSWICK.



MUSICAL THEATRE

line that suits their tastes. Every theatre will have its own attractions, and will no doubt put them on better than a theatre which is ready to "show" anything that comes along to be able to do. But to return to Wilson. This is what is said of him: "Francis Wilson has one absorbing idea. It overshadows everything else. It is ever before him. Night and day. It is to shake it off. It is to own his own theatre in New York. And to act the leading parts in plays presented there. That something very substantial will come of this idea some day there can be no doubt, for Wilson is a tireless worker, is full of resources, and has a good bank account to draw upon when he makes up his mind that the hour has come for him to realize his hopes. New Yorkers, and for that matter theatre-goers all over the country, are very fond of Wilson. They like his humor. They like his frankness, they like his grimaces, and his odd sayings, and his unique, stage business. They like him so well that he draws \$80,000 every year as his share of the profits of the Wilson company of players, and he has a right to feel proud of this achievement. For it is just \$30,000 a year more than is paid the President of the United States."

FAMILY HEADACHES. A Woman With a Headache Has a Temper While a Man Wins Sympathy. A woman has a headache and she walks around the house with it wrapped up in a handkerchief dipped in bay rum, and she scolds the servants, administers punishment to the child that don't need it, and wonders what in the world she ever got married for, and wishes she were dead, and then has a cup of tea about every three-quarters of an hour. She says she is letting it "wear off," but it's the family who endure the wearing process, and until a headache has become nothing but a memory of the entire establishment endures it. When a man gets a headache he comes home and announces that he is going to die; and then he goes to bed, and the doctor set for, takes whatever he gives him, groans and makes a great time generally, gets the sympathy of the entire household, and day after tomorrow is quite well and ready to go down town and to hew near he came to dying, what a close call he had, and how only the skill of the doctor and the nursing of his wife saved him. Now the man's way is decidedly the best. He gets rid of the cause of the headache, and, as the entire household has been moaning "Poor papa," he has their sympathy. The woman just lets the headache go away, irritates and upsets everybody, and it is certain that it will come back another day. Why are the women such geese? Why, when they feel ill, don't they just have it going to bed and making the best of it? It is a much more sensible way and much more satisfactory. Headaches are absolutely the skeletons in some houses, because they bring so much terror with them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nero a Reformer. The Emperor Nero was a reformer, and when he burned Rome he was inspired by the highest motives. Signor Lanciani, the learned Italian writer, is responsible for this new view of his character. He wished to introduce such improvements in Rome as Baron Haussmann brought about in Paris, and A. R. Shepherd in Washington to cite modern instances. The streets of Rome were narrow and ill-planned, and many of the buildings were not what they should be. The emperor's efforts to improve and beautify the city were opposed, however, by the property owners, and further obstacles consisted of temples, altars, and shrines that were inviolate. This description of the state of affairs might be mistaken for an account of the obstacles encountered by a modern reformer in a modern city. Nero's method of overcoming the difficulties was not modern, however, but decidedly Roman. Temples and shrines were secretly collected on the outskirts of the city, and vessels were sent to various Mediterranean ports for grain, with orders to meet at the mouth of the Tiber on a certain date. When everything was ready, Nero had the city fired in many places, and a large portion of it was burned, and the inhabitants, driven from their homes, sought refuge in the outskirts of the city, they found the booths and tents waiting to shelter them, and the grain fleet arrived in port about the same time. Nero had had plans for a new city prepared, and they were carried out with great energy, while so perfect were his arrangements for housing and feeding the people while the reconstruction was going on, that no one suffered from hunger or exposure.

Japanese Thoughts About Beasts. The Japanese believe in a species of fox which, if it lives to be 50 years old without having been chased by a dog, transforms itself into a beautiful woman. This same fox, if it lives to the age of 100 years, gains some new powers, among which is that of becoming a wonderful wizard. When it reaches the age of 1,000 years it becomes a celestial fox with nine golden colored tails and has the power of going to heaven whenever it chooses.—Chicago Times.

How to Make \$500. Is told in the advertisement of Peter Henderson & Co., in another column. Every one knows of the great seed house of Peter Henderson & Co., of New York city, whose magnificent catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" is anxiously awaited each year by every lover of flowers. Their special offer of \$500 is open to all and affords an opportunity to combine the pleasure of gardening with profit.

A Great Company. The sentence "Moral: Insure in the Travelers" has become familiar to newspaper readers everywhere. And it means a great deal, referring as it does to one of the greatest accident insurance companies in existence. The agents in this city are T. B. & H. B. Robinson.

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS. Timely Suggestions Applicable to our Own Market supply. "Animals feed, man eats; the man of sense and culture should understand eating."—Brillat Savarin. A word to inexperienced housekeepers in reference to last week's receipt for "Liver and Bacon." Notice that it calls for calf's liver, which is the only kind worth eating. Beef liver is the next best, pig's next, and sheep's the worst of all. Lobsters are now in season, and welcome too. The "Carinal of the sea" is highly esteemed, and may be served in various ways; the latest is Broiled Live Lobster, which is really not broiled live lobster, because it is first split from head to tail, and when the cook's knife passes through it, life ceases, although the mechanical contractions of the members may continue for awhile. To broil a lobster alive in its shell would be cruel, and the effect would be the same as looking or steaming; the broil is attained by the exposure of the inside flesh to the clear hot fire. When thus cooked and served hot with lemon and cayenne the flesh has a delicious "meaty" flavor. For the last three years the dish has had a great run in the leading restaurants and clubs of large cities. Remarks About Lobsters. In choosing them select medium sized ones, heavy and firm. Not being easily digested, they require condiments, of which the most proper are vinegar or lemon and pepper. The flesh of the male lobster is more delicate than that of the female, but the latter are much valued by the swell chefs on account of their bright red color, and in them. It is used for coloring sauces and for garnishing salads, etc. The nicest thing about lobsters is not as well known as it ought to be, and there is a fortune awaiting (some day) the man who will pick up what is thrown away at our canning factories and sell it. It is known as lobster "cream" and generally adheres to the shells when the meat is taken out. Look for it the next time you split open a lobster and taste it. The male lobster may be known by the narrowness of the back part of the tail, and by the stiffness of the two uppermost fins within it. How to Tell When They are Fresh. When lobsters are freshly boiled their tails are rigid and curled under, and when lightly pulled return with a spring. Great care should be taken in selecting them when stale, they are unwholesome in a high degree. Lobster a la Creme. Sufficient for six or eight persons cost for lobsters sixteen or twenty cents. Split two medium sized lobsters by placing them firmly on the back and using a long, heavy carving or cook's knife. Do not chop, but place the knife in the centre, from head to tail, and with a quick, steady pressure on the back of the blade with the left hand and on the handle with the right hand, divide shell and the meat together. Crack the claws with the back of the knife or with a cleaver, pick out all the meat from the claws, body and tails, remove what are called the lady fingers, which are not to be eaten, since it is finely, and put it into a saucepan with half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper (white or black), the eighth of a nutmeg, grated, and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. When quite hot, put with it two ounces of fresh butter. (For ordinary purposes it is convenient to remember that a lump of butter the size of an average egg will weigh an ounce) lightly rolled in flour, and a quarter of a pint of good cream, and the mixture stirred well. Crack the claws with the back of the knife and add two raw eggs. Simmer gently for ten or fifteen minutes, but do not boil, stirring all the while. Place the shells on a neatly folded napkin or doily, fill them with the mixture and serve. Garnish with sprigs of green parsley. Scalloped Lobsters au Gratin. Prepare as above, but instead of cooking in a saucepan, put the mixture back into the shells, sprinkle a few brown bread crumbs over the top, add a few small lumps of butter and bake for 10 or 15 minutes. Devilled Lobster. The sauce as above with a pinch of cayenne and a little Worcestershire sauce added. Plain Lobster. Simply split down the middle and served in the shells, meat side up. For lobster patties or petits vol-au-vent d'homards, use the patted shells as given in receipt for puff paste and fill with "lobster a la creme mixture. How to Make Puff Paste. This singular and highly ornamental paste consists of layers of flour and water dough rolled to the extreme of thinness with alternate sheets of butter between. Suppose a sheet of dough made of plain flour and water only, spread out one inch thick; on top of that a similar sheet of butter 3/4 inch thick. The paste is folded over in three, the butter in it keeping the layers of paste separate; when it is rolled flat again there will be 3 layers of dough where at first was only one. Fold in three again, roll out as before and there are 9 sheets of dough in the same thickness; fold and roll the third time and there are 27 sheets of dough; the fourth time produces 81 layers; the fifth time 243 layers in the inch sheet; the sixth time 729, and then the paste is ready for some purposes; but to be at its best one more folding and rolling is required which makes 2,187 layers or sheets to the inch. The Art of Making Puff Paste consists in keeping the butter in that state of firmness, yet pliable, that it will continue to roll along with the paste and will keep the flakes evenly apart, otherwise the layers of dough will break or adhere to each other and the result is a failure. The rule is 1 lb butter to 1 lb flour and an ounce or two of dust with, and all the water that the flour will take up. The ingredients must all be cold. It is used for various fine pastries such as tarts, open pies, oyster patties cases which can be used also for jam, chicken patties, veal patties, &c., and turnovers. It is not difficult. This paste is seldom seen to perfection in private houses because the average domestic cook imagines it too difficult to attempt. Strict attention to the following instructions will remove all difficulty and delight the student. Weigh the flour and butter and if not quite cold put both on ice or in a refrigerator until they are used. Use cold water. Work the butter until pliable

Kensington Art Squares. I am now showing a very extensive variety in all the various makes and styles. THE PRICES ARE VERY LOW. HAROLD GILBERT'S

LACE CURTAINS. Are out of season, but I have on hand a large stock, and will allow 20 per cent. discount on all Curtains purchased this month. CARPET AND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, 45 KING STREET.

Rubber Boots. Ladies' Storm Rubbers. Gent's low and high cut Rubbers. All kinds of Waterproof Garments. FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET. All kinds of Rubber Goods Repaired. CANNED GOODS IN STOCK. W. ALEX. PORTER'S. 100 Cases Canned Tomatoes, Little Chief Brand. 125 Cases Canned Corn, Little Chief and Hoegg's B. 25 Cases Canned Peas, Little Chief and Hoegg's B. Also 5 Cases French Peas. 25 Cases Canned Writing Beans. 20 Cases Canned Pork and Beans. 50 Cases Canned Strawberries. 50 Cases Choice Canned Peaches, heavy syrup. 20 Cases California Peaches, best brand. 10 Cases Canned Apples. 20 Cases Canned Apples, choice stock. 15 Cases Canned Pine Apples. 35 Cases Canned Blueberries. Also Canned Cherries, Canned Gooseberries, Pumpkin, Apples, Salmon and Lobster.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa. Its principal distinctions are its PERFECT PURITY, AROMA, ECONOMY, the ease with which it is PREPARED, and its INVIGORATING and REFRESHING properties, and PERFECT DIGESTIBILITY. We have it at the following prices: 1/4 lb. size, 25 cents; 1/2 lb. size, 45 cents; 1 lb. size, 80 cents. SATURDAY is the day for Choice ROLL BUTTER and Fresh HENNY EGGS. BONNELL & COWAN, 200 Union Street. HOT BAKED BEANS, TWO QUART CROCKS, 20 cents, today.

The Watchspring Corset. CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line. NEW GOODS. Five Vegetarian Biscuits, Worsteds, and Silk Knitted Corsets and Trousers made from one of the best houses in London. A. GILMOUR, Tailor, St. John, N. B. SECOND-HAND SLEW WANTED.—Strong, blank, Apply at Progress Office, Jan. 30th. TO CATERERS, A HARE CHANGE.—\$800.00 will be balance of lease and good will of the established Sea-side resort business known as "Duck Cove," including Bathing Houses, Kitchen and other buildings, swings, wide, Matting, Tennis, Table, Croquet, Croquet, Tools, Furniture, Utensils, Tin, Bathing Dresses, Glass and everything complete and necessary for conducting business with a table ware, Croquet mallets from City, Train Bus and Boat connection. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Investigate now. Address: E. M. TRICE, St. John, N. B. Jan. 30, 41. JANUARY 23rd.—FREQUENT additions and give purchasers a large assortment to select from. A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Gormain st. EXCHANGE IN STAMPS, or cash paid for New Zealand, New Brunswick, Old Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and N. B. stamps. Stamps on approval at 25, 35% and 40 cents Com. Reference required. Send for price list of stamps. FREDERICK STARR CO., box 78, Fredericton, N. B. Canada. Jan 30th. EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 308 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a complete compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rate of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address: ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce Street, New York. ADVERTISING, IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, at any time, write to GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York. FOR SALE, HARRIET, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four round corners. Cost \$800.00, only a short time in use; must be sold, price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street. aug 1. BOARDING, A FEW PERMANENT or commuted with large and pleasant rooms, in a very centrally located house, 78 Sidney Street.—Mrs. McLELLAN. May 2. SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCHTICHOE, Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanterbury, Upper Woodstock, Proque, Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairbairn. We buy money and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department Progress St. John N. B. EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys. ENERGETIC CANYASSERS, men or women, who will waste no time in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K. Drawer 21, St. John, N. B., Oct. 18 91. CONCERT. The last entertainment in the course of the Y. M. A. OF TRINITY CHURCH, will be given in TRINITY CHURCH SCHOOL HOUSE Thursday, February 11th, at 8 p. m. There will be Vocal and Instrumental Music and some new features will be introduced. Admission, 10 Cents.

ST. JOHN OPERA HOUSE. The Directors having just completed arrangements with A GRAND OPERA COMPANY, FOR A SHORT SEASON OF GIFT OPERAS, FEBRUARY. Are anxious to fix the days for To do this it will be necessary for the public to take up the Tickets at once. The Company engaged is larger and better than any that has yet appeared in St. John.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE. Whether itching, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from simple to the most distressing eruptions, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA KIDNEY-TERT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and Great of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and other reputable men. This is a strong language, but true. The testimony of thousands of afflicted persons to age attest their wonderful, unflinching and incomparable efficacy. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the PUTNER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Sold for low to City Skin and Blood Diseases. Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. It is the best remedy for itching and burning. Weakness relieved in one month by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLEASANT. 30c.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Maritime Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 30.

A CHOICE OF BONDS.

They appear to have a free and easy way of doing things in some of the New York courts. In Brooklyn, the other day, two men were convicted of burglary and remanded for sentence. In the meantime a woman appeared on the scene with a novel and extraordinary proposition. She bore the not remarkably romantic name of DEMPSKY, and wished to marry one of the convicts, who bore the ancient name of O'TOOLE. She was the daughter of a prosperous grocer of St. John's, Newfoundland, and had come all the way from that place to save her lover, with whom she had become fascinated while on a previous visit to New York. Her proposition was to marry O'TOOLE if the judge would release him.

To those who are accustomed to the matter-of-fact way in which the English courts do business, it may seem strange that the judge would listen to such a proposition, but in this case he not only heard Miss DEMPSKY's petition, but granted it. This, too, was in face of the fact that O'TOOLE was an ex-convict who served five years for highway robbery, had once stabbed a man in a fight, and was known to lead a disreputable life. The girl believed he was a good man at heart, and would reform if he got a chance.

"Do you appreciate the sacrifice this girl is willing to make for you?" asked the judge.

"I appreciate it thoroughly," was the prisoner's reply.

This appears to have satisfied the court, and O'TOOLE was released on condition that he marry Miss DEMPSKY and get out of Brooklyn within two days. Should he not do so, he would be arrested and get the full penalty due to him as a burglar. The party left the court happy.

Whether the judge took the view that marriage was a sufficient surrender of liberty to satisfy the claims of justice in this case, or whether he thought it better to give a man a chance instead of making him a convict, is not stated. The latter was probably the theory on which he acted. It would, however, sound odd enough in this country to hear that an ex-convict had been released on a second conviction simply because he was willing to be married and somebody was willing to marry him. Such an incident seems rather to belong to the French novel than the courts of justice as we know them.

In the meantime it will be remembered there was another man convicted with O'TOOLE, as guilty in exactly the same degree. As no woman has come to the front to marry him, he will "do time" behind the bars. It would be interesting to learn what his views are on the subject of abstract justice as dealt out by the Brooklyn courts.

It is to be hoped that Mr. O'TOOLE will reform, and also that he will never regret that he did not accept the bonds of the law rather than those of matrimony.

BLAINE AND HIS WORDS.

A recent Washington despatch reads: As Secretary BLAINE was entering the white house at noon today to attend a cabinet meeting, he was asked if any response had been made to his demands upon Chili. His answer was, "Not that I know of."

To the ordinary reader it might seem there was an entirely unnecessary waste of words here, and that the story might have been told by saying that "no response has been made to Secretary BLAINE's demands upon Chili." The Washington correspondent knows better than that, however, and so does any newspaper man who has ever had anything to do with BLAINE. The only safe way to report him is to quote his words and describe the circumstances under which they were spoken. He can be exceedingly evasive, especially when a newspaper man asks questions. During the presidential campaign of 1884, one of the present staff of PROGRESS was sent by a Boston paper to interview BLAINE at a point where he had to change cars on a journey east. The reporter had never

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

A Weight On His Mind.

"Thank heaven," said Johnson, fervently, "I've broken the last of my New Year resolutions."

Will Probably Give More Details. "I see by the papers that a colored clergyman has discovered the exact location of hades."

She was Curious. "All my father's family is in the same line," said the editor's little son, by way of helping the teacher

All in the Same Line. The teacher was showing the class how members of a family might sometimes take up trades and professions entirely different from each other, while the

JOYS AND BOES OF OTHER PLACES. Why Halifax Laughed. This morning quite a laughable sight was witnessed on Cornwallis street. A young man was driving a hack up the street, and attached to the

Running a Road on Faith. Mr. Jones has told your correspondent that as soon as the usual lumber operations go on briskly

The Crafty Baptist Got There. We have heard of efforts made in several districts in the maritime provinces to sell by subscription

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The Boys Want a Hill. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: On Tuesday evening a number of boys were coasting on a rocky mountain top, better known as a double runner, they were

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THE PRINCE'S LODGE AGAIN.

"Historical" Suggestion to Restore it has Opponents as Well as Supporters.

The misconception entertained by many people as to the rotunda or hand-house on the shores of Bedford Basin being the veritable "Prince's Lodge" stands a fair chance of now being corrected. The critic has, ere this, referred to the subject and done its little best to spread the knowledge that the Duke of Kent resided in a more roomy abode than the picturesque little hand-house

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Keep Thou My Feet.

When youthful zeal bold efforts prize, And action rash - not always wise - Would lead me on to folly great;

When manhood's prime shall on me rest, And my surroundings shall be blest, When strong temptation's subtle power, Shall closer cling each day and hour,

And when I reach declining years, Remove all doubts, alay all fears, Great strength upon the downward way, That from Thy paths I may not stray,

It Is Not So. ("The mill will never grind with the water that is past")

I went and saw the mill myself That stood beneath the hill; I saw the wheel go whirling round Before the rippling rill,

I marked the merry, merry waves, As onward yet they flowed; I followed them to where afar The verge of ocean shod.

I saw him fill his yellow cart, From out the spinning mill; And 'his bucket sparkled with The waves that turned the mill.

I saw him slowly mount aloft, As though to heaven inclined - A blind old chap called Boreas Came up and pushed behind.

I saw them speed with might and main O'er rock and wave, such billows; With spur and bit, and whip and rein, They reached the distant hill,

And there the flying steeds were stayed, Old Boreas went to play, While Phoebus quickly pulled the plug And let the waves away.

I saw the sparkling waves again, With many a merry peal, Go hurrying, scurrying downward To reach the whirling wheel.

I'd like a plaster cast now Of the fool who said mill never grind With water that is past. BILDAD.

THEY HAVE ASSISTANT HUSBANDS.

The Princess of Alaska's Women, and the Ethics of the Doctors. All the people of Alaska cut their hair except the doctors. How this operation used to be accomplished is not known, but now, of course, they have scissors obtained from

When they are called upon to cure a sick person or to account for any accident or mischief, they are apt to ascribe it to the witchery or devilry of some person in the tribe - usually some one whom they hate or desire to have destroyed. This they cure in cases of illness, and it was once the case that the persons they accused of secrecy were drowned or shut up and starved to death, but the power

of the medicine men has been very much weakened by the white men who have come among the Indians. An efficacious way that the white men take to destroy a medicine man's power is to cut his hair. When that late overtake a doctor

to the woods. There is a wild old doctor in the chit country who has red hair, and is so afraid of punishment for the evil he has done that he invariably disappears when a ship approaches his village. He makes it appear that he has gone out of business as a doctor by the paraphernalia of his calling, his drum and queer sticks of carved ivory; but the trouble is that he always has a medicine outfit to sell, but one set of charmed tools. His interesting name is Spondoo.

There are many handsome men and beautiful young women among these Indians. The women up there have not only husbands, but assistant husbands. Whenever a woman marries she picks out an assistant husband, the theory being that this deputy or lieutenant is to protect her when her husband is absent and to marry her when he is dead. Sometimes it is a boy that the woman honors with this office, but sometimes it may be a man older than her spouse. Ofttimes the women select men of whom they are fond. But, alas, the observant trader declares that these women are exceedingly immoral, and that not affection or passion are at the bottom of their sinfulness, but avarice. They belong to a race that loves money from whom money can purchase anything. Some times the husbands who are thus belittled and made sport of will kill such wives; yet there are husbands who appear blind if not indifferent to their

This state of things is taken note of in one of their important laws - the one governing the right of succession to chieftainships. When a chief dies his children do not inherit, but if he has a sister her children furnish a successor from among their number. Should it happen that a dead chief leaves no sister, or leaves a sister who is a virgin or childless, then the child of the dead chief's aunt or female relative ascends to authority. - N. Y. Sun.

The Police Secure a Horse. A horse belonging to Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison, was bitten yesterday by a savage dog which has been snapping at horses lately. He was secured by the police. - Telegraph.

His Identity a Great Mystery. Another business man who professed that his name should not be mentioned, but who, it may be said, is a well known fryer and largely concerned in the Exhibition association, was seen in the matter. - Saturday's Telegraph.

You see print. - "Progress Print" does work equal to any.

AS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

AS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A letter to the Sun, signed Charles H. Paisley, criticizes a sermon by Rev. F. F. Sherman on prayers for the dead. This sermon was preached by Mr. Sherman for the congregation of the Mission church, and not for the purpose of convincing methodists, unitarians or other dissenters from the faith of our fathers. No one can question the right of Messrs. Paisley, McDougall and others to rush into print on the subject, especially as they have every reason to believe that no priest of the Anglican church will take any notice of their remarks. A good many protestants make a virtue of what they do not believe, as opposed to what a catholic does believe.

I have nothing to say as to Mr. Sherman's sermon, but I would like to explain something of which Mr. Paisley seems ignorant. He says:

Now what Mr. Sherman means by the catholic church it is difficult to say; but evidently he does not mean the Roman catholic church, as that would exclude his own, and I see how a question of the Church of England alone, as that would exclude the Church of Rome. I take the ground, therefore, that, by the term "catholic church," he means the whole body of believers, by whatever name they are called.

The catholic church, as understood by catholics, means the "one, holy, catholic, apostolic church," founded by our Saviour and preserving through nearly 1800 years the faith of the apostles. I take the ground, therefore, that, by the term "catholic church," he means the whole body of believers, by whatever name they are called.

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THE TROUBLE WITH HIM.

The young man twirled his hat nervously and cleared his throat.

"If I understand you rightly," he said, "you decide that the further continuance of our acquaintance with a view to closer and more intimate relations in the future is inexpedient and not likely to be productive of such result. Am I correct, Miss Jibboom?"

"You are, Mr. De Ennis," answered the young woman.

"That is your decision," he rejoined, twirling his hat the other way, "I presume there is nothing for me to do but submit. I had hoped for a different result. The reason for the ill-success that has attended my efforts to place our acquaintance on a more confidential basis," he went on, "is, I apprehend, that I have failed in some way to bring myself into full and complete sympathy with the ideas and purposes that animate and sustain you. If I may not succeed in becoming in rapport, if I may so express myself, with you as regards the things that go to make up what we call congeniality, affinity, co-ordination. To change the figure slightly, I have been unable to place myself on the plane where your sympathies, instincts, in short, your inner self abides, or to establish that fellowship of soul that grows out of harmonious views, preferences, and habits of thought. Am I right, Miss Jibboom?"

"Yes," she answered softly, while tears of pity for the wretched young man stood in her lovely eyes; "you don't seem to have caught on to my style a little bit." - Chicago Tribune.

Origin of the Loafers. In the beginning God created heaven and earth and all things therein. He then created man and woman and left the loafers on the corners, and in due time they multiplied and spread into the depot, postoffice and stores. In the latter place they sit and explain state and national problems that have vexed great minds and exist particularly by sampling goods. While he is thus engaged his wife is out washing for her neighbors, and the poor, helpless children are left at home to care for themselves as best they can. There is nothing more noticeable than the loafers. - Callio Courier.

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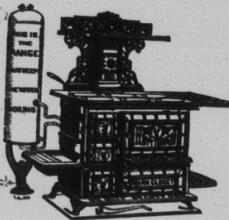
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A USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT FOR YOUR PASTOR. We also sell the "MERRIT" typewriter, the Best \$15.00

REV. J. A. McLEAN says: "I like my Calligraph better every day." REV. C. G. McCULLY: "I would pur have a machine every year if needful, rather than to without it." REV. O. S. NEWMAN: "It is much easier to compose than when writing with a pen. I should be really sorry to have to do without it."

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents.

NEW GOODS! LOWEST YET!

Five quires Linen foreign Note for 25 cts.; Five quires Marson's Note for 20 cts.; Davis' 5 cent Muclage sticks closer than a brother; Five quires of McArthur's Note for 15 and 25 cts.; Box paper from 10 cts. a box; square Envelopes at 5, 8 and 10 cts. a bunch. Lowest Prices.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR, Bookseller, 80 King Street.

This Table \$5.50. Is quartered Oak and Walnut, finely finished, well made, and pretty. Will sell for \$5.50. Then we've other different styles of make, some very pretty styles in both Oak and Walnut, at \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$6.00 and \$6.50. Cheap Centre Tables from \$2.75 up. Rattan Chairs from \$3.00 to \$10.00.

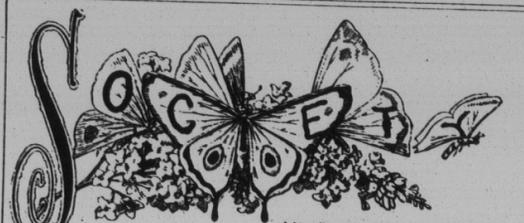
C. E. REYNOLDS, 101 Charlotte St.

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' Dyspepsia BITTERS

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Lame Horses. FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE

Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and Stiff Joints on Horses. Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed. PRICE 50 CENTS.



St. John-South End. A number of young people enjoyed a coasting party at Robeson on Saturday last, and finishing the day's pleasure with high tea at the country residence of Mrs. E. D. Troop.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. King and her daughter, Miss Florie King, entertained a large number of their friends at an afternoon "At Home" at their residence, Orange street, from four o'clock till seven, and was a most pleasant gathering.

Mr. James Keator, of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, is visiting his friends in St. John. Mr. Ward C. Hazen has joined the Bank of Montreal at Brantford, Ont., for which place he left last week.

Mrs. Not of England, in the guest of Mr. Simon Jones, Sydney street. Canon and Mrs. Brigstocke spent Thursday and Friday last week at Fredericton. Misses Linton and Ethel Hatten left, this week, for Boston to make a short visit.

Mrs. E. Outram and family are boarding at Miss Perkins' Orange street. I hear that Miss Blanche Drury will not return to St. John this winter, but has joined the Cures Sisterhood in England, where she will study nursing.

The infant son of Mr. Harvey, Bank of N. A., died last week. Much sympathy is felt for the parents, being the only child of the family of seven. At the meeting of the Half Hour Reading club last night, the prize for reading a half hour daily throughout the year was awarded to Miss Kate Dyer.

Miss Margie Brown, of Picton, spent this week in St. John, the guest of Mrs. Robert Crookshank, Sydney street. Mrs. Waters (widow of the late Judge Waters) and family leave shortly for New York, where they will make their home for the winter.

The sad and sudden death of Mr. R. T. Clinch, which occurred on Sunday last, was heard with feelings of deep regret by his family and social circles at the Dufferin hotel where he was taken away from his home on Wednesday. His wife, Mrs. Clinch, arrived from Kingston, Ont., on Tuesday last and was attended by a large concourse of friends.

Miss Gertrude Lever left this week for Mobile to visit her sister, Mrs. Lever, who is recovering from an attack of grippe. Miss Ada Bryant has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Carruthers, at Kingston, Ontario, for the last few months, and returns home today.

Mrs. George Forry has removed from her residence, Pitt street, to Sydney street (south) in the new building on the corner of Wellington Row and Union street, lately occupied by Mr. E. P. Winslow. Mr. Morris Prisk, arrived from England this week, and is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. G. C. Conroy, Union street. Mr. Prisk is a grandson of the late Mr. R. F. Hazen.

I understand that a number of bank clerks are training for a heavy man to be put in charge of the Palace rink next week against the Beavers. The friends of Mr. Hugh Swanson and Mr. E. E. Gubb, who both at one time were organizers of prominent churches in this city, will be glad to hear of their welfare, both being located at Canton, Ohio, and in their profession are doing well.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Isabel Jarvis gave a small but very pretty at-home in the house of Miss Carrie Seely, at her father's residence, Elliot row. Mr. J. C. Allison is confined to his home, Hazen street, with a severe cold. Miss Annie Scannell is ill with grippe, at her residence, Leinster street.

Mrs. B. C. Boyd in her usual kind and hospitable manner, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Carruthers, at Kingston, Ontario, for the last few months, and returns home today. The residence of Mr. Silas Alward, Mount Pleasant, which has been undergoing extensive repairs and improvements is now completed and the family are again occupying it.

The marriage of Miss N. H. Barker, daughter of Dr. F. E. Barker, and Mr. Meyers, of New York, was quietly celebrated at St. Paul's church on Thursday afternoon. Her wedding dress was of white satin, and she wore a crown of white valencian lace and ostrich feathers. Mr. Meyers was supported by his brother, Mr. D. Barker, while his sister made one of the bridesmaids. The bride and groom after an extended wedding tour will make their home at a farm near New York.

Mrs. Wilson, Oranmore, sister of Mrs. Barker, left for New York. Mrs. Scovil, New York, is the guest of Mrs. Ludlow Robinson, Rockland road. The dance given last night at the residence of the Misses Jones on handson street, on Sydney street, is well adapted for entertainment and the Misses Jones, the excellent hostesses. It was in fact a ball in every sense of the word and one that will not soon be forgotten by the guests who were present.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING ST., St. John, N. B.

THE LATEST FOR Ladies' Neck Wear and Evening Dress Waist Trimmings.

4in. wide Fancy Edge Chiffon,

White Cream, Pink, Buttercup, Nile, Pale Blue, Cardinal, Heliotrope, French Grey, Black and Gold, Black and White, New Greens, Etc.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

GOOD DAY!

Our famous seamless Dress Shields only 9 cents pair, a regular 20 cent Dress Shield. Storm Rubbers from 35 cents pair. Overalls—Best make, with double sole and best most durable and best wearing overalls in the world. We sell only best quality goods at popular prices, and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Fountain Springs, best made, at Lowest Prices ever sold, for 1 quart only \$1.35, 3 quarts only \$1.50, 3 quarts \$1.75, 4 quarts only \$2.00. Sewer Mats to suit Address on receipt of price. Send for one at once; every spring warranted.



American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street.

BUY Model Grand Ranges!

and all kinds of Kitchen Furnishings from COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

Kerr CREAM CHIPS OPERA CREAMS.

Don't Pass The Little Shoe Store at the head of King Street, if you are looking for anything to make the feet comfortable. Come right in, it will save you a walk, and you will find what you want right here, at the LOWEST PRICE.

Ladies' Overshoes make a nice Present. GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS. Just look in the window and see a few of the Styles we have.

Storm Rubbers, Marvel Rubbers. G. B. HALLET, 180 KING STREET.

WE have just opened a case of the celebrated "Distingue" brand of Gossamers which are superior to any other make imported.

We sold these goods very largely last season, and they gave the utmost satisfaction. The 1892 shapes with long Cape and high shoulders are exceedingly nice. Please ask to see New Gossamers.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail,

CORNER CHARLOTTE AND UNION STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.





SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss J. Henderson has been very ill at her home on High street. Miss Blanche Lorimer, of St. Andrews, has been visiting relatives here for the past week. Mr. Fred Toben has returned to his home at Sheffield.

Miss A. Harrison has returned from Yarmouth. Mr. F. Gilbert Fleming of Parrboro, paid us a visit last week. Miss Sadie Gray is confined to the house with a severe attack of a gripple.

Mr. Geo. E. Fairweather entertained about 70 of her daughter Grace's friends on Friday evening. After a most enjoyable repast and a merry dance, the little folks announced it a grand success.

Mr. Charles Brown, who has been in Nova Scotia for some time returned last week. Mr. Brown was formerly a resident of the West End, where he was well known and highly respected.

Among the most serious cases of gripple are Mrs. N. K. Smith, Mrs. M. P. Peck, Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Rutland Allan, and Mrs. J. M. Clark, Miss Clark, Mrs. N. Thompson, Mrs. John Clark, Mr. V. Thayer's baby, Mrs. W. W. Adams, Mrs. G. Adams and Mrs. E. Adams.

Mr. Samuel Waters is able to be out this week after a severe attack of fever. Mrs. Michael Kane's friends were surprised and grieved to hear of her death, which took place after a short illness of congested lungs, on Saturday of last week.

Mr. Geo. Cullinan, of West End, was here visiting his sister at the Mount Pleasant convent this week. Miss Jessie Olive, of West End, was the guest of Miss B. Stealy, Mount Pleasant, last week.

Miss Aggie Carlton, of Paradise row, entertained the members of the Fabian club on Thursday evening. The class meets again on Wednesday at Miss Duff's Cliff street.

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Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton. Skinner's Carpet Warerooms. Linen and Cotton Sale! New Goods Arriving Daily.

We invite special attention to our very fine lines of Bleached and Ubleached Table Linens. Napkins, D'Oylies and Towels. These goods are marked low, and are very superior in quality.

Statement January 1st 1891. Cash Capital \$2,000,000. Reserve for Unadjusted Losses 233,831 17. Reserve for Re-insurance 1,819,938 88.

Comparing our prices with other Electric Belts. THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES WILL CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

ARE THEY ELECTRIC? So many bogus Appliances have been sold claiming to be Electric that produce no action whatever, that many honest people have been misled.

Gold and Silver Watches. A Specialty and most Difficult Work Solicited. Prices moderate and first class work guaranteed.

W. TREMAYNE GARD, Goldsmith and Jeweler, No. 81 King Street. Lotie Price, M. J. L. Wilcox, S. B. C. Barrett, Miss Blanche Thompson is the guest of Mrs. David Smith.

WOODSTOCK. [PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore. JAN. 27.—Miss Louise Bull is visiting her friend, Miss Flossie Smith.

CHATHAM. [PROGRESS is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnson's bookstore. JAN. 27.—Mrs. F. Theal, of Sussex, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Andrew Brown.

HAVLOCK. JAN. 27.—Miss Mamie Keith is visiting friends in Sussex. Mr. W. R. Robinson, grand lecturer of the I.O.G.T., spent last week in our village, delivering temperance lectures in the public hall on Thursday evening.

YARMOUTH. [PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall. JAN. 25.—The election for mayor will take place on the second day of February.

ST. JOHN'S. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy returned home to New York last week, leaving their mother at the Maitland. Mr. Knolpoff Cann intends remaining here for the winter.

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LIFE

Down the Towns. At the end of the day, the world is full of beautiful smaller vessels, for an hour's confinement of the world's history, J. J. G. Jones is a man who has seen it all.

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BANNER CHOP TEA. Grocers who keenly watch their Tea Trade put great value on two things: Quality and Uniformity! THESE ESSENTIAL POINTS ARE SECURED BY DEALING IN BANNER CHOP TEA!

HALL & FAIRWEATHER. THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. CLOTHING WATERPROOFED WITHOUT CHANGING THE APPEARANCE OR TEXTURE OF THE CLOTH, LEAVING IT PERFECTLY POROUS, PLIABLE AND ODDRESSE.

WATERPROOF. MANUFACTURED BY H. SHOREY & CO. KIGBY REGISTERED. ECONOMICALLY WATERPROOF. PERFECTLY POROUS.

H. SHOREY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, MONTREAL. We beg to call attention to the fact that Kigby Coats serve the double purpose of an ordinary Overcoat and Waterproof combination.

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King of Medicines. A Cure "Almost Miraculous." When I was 11 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered I was in the form of what is called a "stiff" man. Various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists, 51 cents per box. Prepared only at C. I. HOOD & CO., Apocthecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

Rooms. 392! Carpets. 60c. per yard. Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. value on two things: proximity! to the flavor, it is a net them have the every year. buyers MOST DISCOVERY THE AGE. ATEPROOFED THE APPEARANCE OF THE, LEAVING IT FRESH AND ODDLESS. tion of the trade to this new will be advantageous to have in stock. Any kind of roof by the Rigby pro- specially adapted to Overcast of an ordinary Overcoat Quebec. We solicit sample Manufacturers, returned home to New her mother at the Matiland tents remaining home for lighter left for their home in been appointed by the gov- ernment vacancy caused by the Howley in the Savings arrived here on Saturday a series of inter- ests of the day; the subject from St. James' church, M. P. Francis, who have been a bride of Windsor on to Boston on Saturday of Parrisho, is at present and Mrs. Huch D. Cann, left here as a bride last being one of prettiest of ETOWN. pleasanly entertain Monday evening at 7 o'clock was given in honor of the of Halifax who has of some weeks. oryth entertained a num- ber beautiful new residence dwell are receiving con- of son. returned from his trip Annapolis, are spending a week at the residence of Mr. G's father Rev. J. Kenville on Monday. rewater, is visiting her a Little Smith, of Annapolis, is spending a week at the residence of Mr. J. A. Crowe. Annapolis, is spending a week at the residence of Mr. J. A. Crowe. Her spending a few days at some time past has been in home on a visit to on. an old and respected at his residence on largely attended. O. C. TASH. yesterday to attend to the visit last week. Lodge, and Mr. Al- Maner, were both in the John, is building a range of the Mosa Works has been both in, and to be out.

LIFE AMONG THE MOORS.

AMONG CAMELS AND PEOPLE IN TANGIER'S NARROW STREETS.

Down the Mediterranean Passed Ancient Towns and City—Beautiful Scenery, and Aggressive People who Make Life a Burden to the Traveller.

(Business Special Correspondence.)

At Tawira we had no difficulty in securing passage in a staunch coasting steamer, plying between Lisbon and Cadiz. After a day in the latter, once the emporium of the world and still the most winsome and beautiful city of Spain, we sailed on a smaller vessel, little better than a ferry-boat, for the African coast, touching for an hour at Tarifa, the southernmost city of continental Europe, but fifteen miles south-west of Gibraltar.

In less than one hundred miles from Cadiz there are innumerable scenes and memories of wondrous impressiveness. Cadiz itself was the Tarsish of the history, Juno's wondrous island, and the glorious Iberia of Anacreon and Homer. At the end of the 4th century it was the richest, most brilliant, and most profligate city in the world.

In an hour's time you have come abreast of Cape Trafalgar. Your steamer's course is through the very waters where Nelson won his immortal victory over the combined fleets of Gravina and Villeneuve. And now Tarifa is reached; Tarifa celebrated of all cities of the Latin race for the fatal beauty of its women; Tarifa where the besieging Moors put to death the son of Don Alfonso before his eyes in an attempt to effect the city's surrender; where mighty battles between the kings of Castile and Spain against the Moors were fought beneath its walls; where once 4,000 Roman soldiers came and took to themselves their pick of Spanish women; where the Berbers first met the despised armies of Roderick, last of the Goths; Tarifa with its scores of towers and gates, labyrinthine streets, balconies hidden behind masses of flowers, and its half Spanish, half Moorish scenes and life which taunt and tempt ravishingly to dallying and delay.

From this point, as your course is set to the southwest for Tangier almost straight across the strait of Gibraltar, the scene on every hand is one of matchless beauty and grandeur. Back to the northwest stretches the Spanish coast line to Trafalgar, low lying along the sea, but with background of undulating foothills, breaking into deep gorges, and capped by lofty sierras, the whole checked by vineyards and dotted with cities and hamlets, in the distance as white as flakes of snow. Back across the water to the northeast looms gray old Gibraltar, a line of fishing villages, arsenals, quays and moles at its base like a slender ribbon of foam, its thousands of threatening canons above hidden and summited by terraces bright and vines and gardens fair.

Before you is Africa, warm and glowing beneath a midwinter sun. Away to the southeast is the shadowy peak of Ape's Hill at whose base Ceuta lies. A grand and diversified coast stretches westward, past as yet invisible Tangier, to Cape Spartel, the northwestmost point in Africa. The portions of the coast are grandly precipitous. Again great forests sweep from noble heights into slumberous valleys which undulate softly to the sea. The lights and shades are strange. The green of the middle strait blends into a rosy puce towards land, and then into a brilliant blue further on, and the coast line at the water's edge seems like a thread of lustrous oxyd. Above this, brown; then purple; then emerald; and beyond, there is a glowing of faint orange, as though the valleys palpably flung back the sunlight which lingered lovingly above. Beyond this, a line of tender purple, jagged with feathery, misty fringes. This is where the Atlas Mountains are. And then between the mountain passes and peaks and the sky is a faint thread of saffron pale pink, something like a gauze of lavender laid on a bank of roses. That gleam of color flashes the mental vision to the vast Sahara and the far Soudan.

But just now we have rounded Cape Malabar and Tangier lies before us like a mass of foam churned in the seething diths of the Gibraltar strait, and tossed into structural semblance upon the mountain-rimmed shore of the bay. Soon the mass of white resolves itself into splashes of more brilliant white and seams and checkers of shade; then into white cubes of varying dimensions. Gradually projecting corners and heights of snowy masonry take shape to the eye; and then the pale pinks, yellows and blues of the painted walls blend into a rosy whole, broken only by a slender square tower, with glistening porcelain sides, and one huge, ruinous mass, to which the city seems to lead in giant house-top steps. The one is the lower from the minaret of which the Moslem muezzin calls the faithful to prayers, crying Mohammed and Allah to the four quarters of the earth. The other is the Kaaba or castle, where the heartless Kirke, during the brief English occupancy of Tangier which gave the world at least the famous "Peppy's Diary," was guilty of more wanton crimes and butcheries than were ever charged to fercest and fellist tyrant Moor.

There is no mole, quay or pier at Tangier; and we came to anchor near the shelving shore, where the barboards traffic go on with wondrous din, and the Moorish customs officers squat upon their haunches transacting their duties in severe silence and gravity. On either side were numberless fellucas, with strange craft from the lower Mediterranean, and perhaps two score of French, Spanish, English and Dutch schooners, barks and brigs, and two huge British men-of-war, which had been lying here several days in view of possible danger to British interests, from the threatened revolt of interior tribes, who seem always to be about to be doing something unpleasant.

Getting ashore at Tangier is not altogether a stately performance. Scarcely had our steamer anchored, when there came swarming over the rail from all quarters a horde of swarthy turbaned harbor porters, dressed in the natural black leather skin of Morocco, many with huge rings in their ears, danglets and banglets of tinkling metals, and bright scarves, barelegged and barefooted, or shod with loose sandals; all as uncanny and warded a lot as ever looted a ship and butchered its crew in the good old days of Moorish piracy and pillage.

Formerly these black imps grabbed travellers bodily, lifted them on their back or shoulder, and waded ashore with them. Recently a diminutive landing-stage has been built, but the treatment is quite as atrocious. Ordinarily the stranger's belongings are seized and pitched into a half-dozen different small boats and himself made the unwilling subject of a fierce scramble, after which the victor pulls and hauls his victim into still another boat, and rushes him to the landing where a separate bribe must be paid for the recovery of each article, and a final heavy tribute is exacted for one's own liberation. Precisely the same form of piracy is repeated on your way to a hotel with your own effects; but once within the great gate leading into the city from the harbor side, and you are safer from annoyance and exaction than in any Moorish or Christian city in the world.

No one can wholly tell another what Tangier is like within its ancient city walls. It has no street geography. Though it contains scarcely more than 20,000 souls, its own inhabitants get lost within it; and there is but one street or way in which the stranger is safe from absolute wreck of consciousness of location. This extends upwards from the harbor side to the Soc-de-Barra, the great market place outside of Tangier, just where you leave the city on the way to Fez, Morocco's capital. Once a dozen yards away from this narrow thoroughfare of bazaars, and the prompting to prayer to Allah or Allah's subject for succor is a quickly realized experience.

But for Dobrado and his kinsman whom we met on landing, I should have turned back, passed the night outside the great gate upon the shore beneath the stars and some handy tarpaulin, and inconspicuously fled the place upon the next day's steamer for Gibraltar. As it was, I kept close to my Gallegan guides. The evening had fallen before we had entered the city. The single thoroughfare was a babel of donkeys, camels, goats, water-carriers, bare-legged African soldiers and merchants closing their tiny shops. The din of "Balak!—Balak!—Balak!" the equivalent for our "Look out!" shrieked by thousands of voices in the choky, clam-like street, was deafening. Scores of times on our half-mile way we were ground against buildings, between canals or flung into pitch-black archways.

After an hour's struggle, we turned from this main thoroughfare and plunged in and upward among a maze of streets, so narrow that opposing walls could be touched by outstretched hands. The silence here was as startling as had been the din. Now and then perhaps a ghostly figure flitted by. Here and there was heard the wimpling sound of water from overflowing fountains. Occasionally a muffled horn asleep beneath an archway was stumpled upon. Not a light was seen in the whole distance. But for the stars overhead, it was like groping torchless through the catacombs.

At last Dobrado's kinsman halted. With the bit of his heavy knife, almost as ponderous as a Cuban machete, he knocked loudly upon a barred and bolted door. A black face peered savagely from a wicket. There was parley which sounded like a mixture of the Roman tongue and Gallegan Spanish. The wicket closed and an old man clad in flowing robes, attended by the African, returned. We were admitted to what seemed the dungeon antechamber to a larger dungeon. Directly Dobrado's kinsman showed the way upon some slippery stone steps. Following a long gallery, we soon emerged into the open air. Thence we were conducted along what appeared to be a crumbling parapet, and I was finally led into a room perfectly bare of furniture. The place seemed to be a detached structure set upon a house-top, abutting against the walls of a still loftier abode. Some fine rugs were brought for a pallet. The African almost as soon appeared with a cut brass lamp, a cup of tea in which mint leaves were floating, and a small roll of white bread. He deposited these in the middle of the floor and disappeared. Dobrado, who was to pass the night with his kinsman, showered the blessings of God upon me and left. I relished my food, put out my antique lamp, wrapped myself in my splendid rug, and passed my first night in the land of the Moors in sweet and dreamless sleep.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

When to Wear Diamonds.

Diamonds should not be worn in the morning ever. They should not be worn when a simple visit is paid before two o'clock. They should not be worn when one is doing charitable work. They should not be worn where they are likely to attract so much attention that they will cause envy and heart-burnings. They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitary ear-rings and a ring which is concealed by the glove, are frequently noticed on refined women. They should not be worn in bathing; this sounds a little odd, but as they have been seen in such places somebody evidently needs to be given a word or two about them. They should not be worn to any extent, even in the evening, at places of amusement.

They should never be seen on children. They should not be worn by people who are in mourning. They should not be worn unless one's gown is in harmony with them, for a soiled, mussed costume and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination. They should not be worn by men. They should not be worn at all unless they are real, unless they are properly set, and unless they are suited to the wearer.—Florence Maynard in the Journal.

THE CORPSE WAS CROSS.

IT READS THE OBITUARIES IN THE MORNING PAPERS

And Gets It Back up—The Mysterious Case of William Mentrum of Fredericton—He Demands an Apology and at Last Becomes Mollified and Happy.

It is seldom, even in this glorious climate, that a man is able to live long enough to read his own obituary.

It is seldom that people get knocked down and abused by the corpse for making offensive remarks. The cases are somewhat rare in which the editor who has published the obituary is called upon by the corpse in person and requested to apologize.

All of these things, however, happened in the fair old town of Fredericton last week. It was on Wednesday that the *Gleaner* announced the death of Mr. William Mentrum of that place and gave a schedule of the virtues of the deceased. He had been a God-fearing citizen and played the clavier.

The correspondents of the St. John dailies were prompt and vigilant as usual. With the aid of *Gleaner*, and scissors, and paste-pot, a torrent of woe went surging over the wires. On Thursday the *Telegraph*, and *Sun*, and *Globe* and *Gazette* wept tears of printer's ink over the untimely taking off of Mr. Mentrum.

On Friday, however, the *Sun* came to the conclusion that Mr. Mentrum's demise had not received sufficient publicity. It copied the harrowing details from the *Gleaner* in full, and the versatile Payne slung in a closing paragraph of undiluted gloom. In the meantime it dawned upon Mr. Mentrum that something had happened. He was ambling gently down the street on Thursday morning, when he met a citizen who remarked: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!" Then came citizen No. 2, and citizen No. 3, and citizen No. 4, and they all remarked to Mr. Mentrum: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!"

Now, Mr. Mentrum, is a quiet man. But that is no reason why he should be accused of being dead. Mr. Mentrum went for the citizens who thus saluted him, and showed a surprising command of the latent resources of the English language. He was mad all over. He was so mad that he ambled into a law office and insisted on various actions for defamation of character being instituted at once. But there he learned with amazement that his death had been announced in the *Gleaner*.

Mr. Mentrum's next move was to amble up street, where he sought out the citizens who saluted him, and expressed his grief that he had harbored thoughts of violence. Then he ambled into the *Gleaner* office. Mr. Crockett was in. He was greatly surprised to see the corpse, and especially he heard the corpse demand an apology. Mr. Crockett has no parti ular respect for living things, but he has a deep respect for corpses that insist upon apologies. So the *Gleaner* came out on Thursday with a most apologetic apology to Mr. Mentrum.

Of course the *Telegraph* correspondent promptly wired that Mr. Mentrum was alive and hearty, and so did the intelligent editor of the *Globe*. The *Sun* man, by some incredible fatality, failed to read the *Gleaner* with his customary assiduity; hence the uncontrollable grief of brother Payne.

Mr. Mentrum was very mad up to Thursday evening. He must have met a hundred people during that day who insisted upon remarking: "Hello! Pete, I thought you were dead!" Then he began to feel better. By Friday morning he was able to feel a positive pleasure over the flattering notices he had received. By Saturday morning he had become jubilant over the unbounded fame he had attained. On Saturday evening Mr. Mentrum was ecstatic. He took his clarinet down from the wall and played the "Morning Glory March" till he was hoarse in the face. Then he fell asleep and in his dreams beheld an epitaph which read:

Here lies Peter Mentrum, a worthy citizen, who died on Thursday, the 25th inst. His home is in his hand. Frank Bryan he left for the heavenly band.

Here lies Peter Mentrum. He died once before And nobody knows what has taken him over.

Here lies Peter Mentrum. The devil of his breath— He was tickled to death.

BILDAD.

Horse Sense.

As regards color, gray horses live longest, roan horses nearly as long. Cream colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others. There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on; the lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage, and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eyes should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelid fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop ear indicates dullness and stubbornness; when too far back there is a disposition to mischief.—Rider and Driver.

The Editor's Advice.

Post—"Has my poem, 'Signs of Spring,' that you published, been copied into any of your exchanges?" Editor—"No; but a number of subscribers have been in asking for the author." Poet (delighted)—"Indeed?" Editor—"Yes; and as you might happen to meet with some of them when you come here I would advise you not to call again until the thing has blown over."—New York Press.

FOR Weddings, Balls, Receptions and Evening Parties

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON ARE SHOWING THE LATEST FASHIONS IN

SILK DRESS FABRICS!

Comprising Pongee China Silks, Bengalines, Faille Francaise, Gauzes, Crapes, Chiffons and Crepons, in White, Ivory, Cream and all the Fashionable Evening Tints and Combinations. Broche Silks, Velvets and Velvetines. Real and Imitation Lace, Embroideries, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs Frillings, Chiffons, Fans, and every requisite for Ladies' Evening Toilets.

WEDDING TROUSSEAU A SPECIALTY. OPERA and EVENING WRAPS MADE TO ORDER. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

AMATEUR ACTORS OF THE PART.

St. John Boys Who Appeared on the Stage Thirty Years Ago.

An old and yellow play bill of "The St. John Dramatic Club" has found its way to Progress office, and will be of interest as showing what was going on among the amateurs of this city more than a quarter of a century ago. The bill reads:

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE! WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 7th and 8th.

Two Grand Entertainments AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE! ST. JOHN DRAMATIC CLUB!

The members of the St. John Dramatic Club have the honor to announce to their friends and the public that they will give Two Grand Dramatic Entertainments in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute on the above evenings, on which occasion they will perform the first and best of the Melodrama.

MATTHEO FALCONE, Or, the BRIGAND and His LITTLE JOE. PORTUNATO BY THE LAST ACT OF RICHARD III! Or, THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD!

And the very laughable Farce of THE BRIGAND AND HIS LITTLE JOE. A Full and Effective Orchestra under the Leadership of M. D. EDWARDS, of the Excelsior Band, will be in attendance.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 8, 1890.

The evening's entertainment will commence with the Melo-Drama "MATTHEO FALCONE, OR, THE BRIGAND AND HIS SON."

PORTUNATO BY THE LAST ACT OF RICHARD III! King Richard the Third, by Mr. Wm. Nannery Earl of Richmond, by Mr. J. C. Ferguson Norfolk, by Mr. R. J. Ritchey Stanley, by Mr. F. McCafferty Lathford, by Mr. J. McWilliams Oxford, by Mr. W. J. McGovern Blunt, by Mr. J. C. Ferguson

To conclude with the very Amusing Farce of THE BRIGAND AND HIS LITTLE JOE. Mr. Niemann, by Mr. J. C. Ferguson Squire Aldwinckle, by Mr. W. J. McGovern Mr. Vanstington, by Mr. R. J. Ritchey Dickory, by Mr. F. McCafferty Thomas, by Mr. J. C. Ferguson

J. C. FERGUSON, Secretary.

Most of the names will be recognized even at this date. Little Joe was Joseph McCafferty, brother of Frank McCafferty, late of McCafferty & Daly, whose name also appears. Wm. Nannery was subsequently a manager on his own account and is now in California. J. C. Ferguson is the "silver tongued orator" of today. McWilliams, who was in charge of the box office at the Academy of Music, Halifax, died in New York. W. J. McGovern is still a resident of St. John, and so is R. J. Ritchey, though he spells his name with an "ie" at the end of it now-a-days. W. B. McSweney was a Monoton boy who studied law with Charles Duff, and is now practising in Halifax. "J. Roper" was Joseph Rogers, who was drowned a Philadelphia, a few years ago.

David Oswald, the leader of the orchestra, was a colored barber whose shop was in the Sands Arcade. Prince William street.

The latter part of the bill is mutilated so that it cannot be quoted in full from what is left of it, it is learned that J. C. Ferguson was secretary of the club, and the tickets were 25 cents each. G. W. Day was the printer.

THE ALASKA POTLATCH.

How Indians Make Fortunes and Can Afford to Give Them Away.

None of Mr. Healy's observations among the Indians says a writer in the *New York Sun*, is more interesting than his study of the purpose and meaning of "the potlatch," that strangest of all institutions established among the aborigines of America. The potlatch is celebrated in our State of Washington and in British Columbia, and it has been described again and again as a custom whereby an Indian, when he acquires what he considers wealth, gives all that he has away to his friends. We know that in Washington and the neighboring British territory it has been said that the sum obtained as a preliminary to this philanthropic ceremony is \$2,000, and that when a Siwash has saved up that sum he converts it into food and blankets tobacco, tea, and whatever is most coveted by his neighbors. He then calls them all to his house, or perhaps builds a house large enough to hold hundreds of them, and distributes his purchases until nothing is left to him but the clothing he wears. All this is true of the potlatch in Alaska, but Mr. Healy says he spent five years in trying to find out why the custom should obtain among a people whose most marked characteristics were thrift, avarice, and parsimony. The

Advertisement for Ponderosa Tomato. Raise The BIGGEST PONDEROSA TOMATO AND BOTH GLORY and PROFIT AWAIT YOU. FOR WE WILL PAY \$500.00 FOR THE NEAREST Single Fruits OF PONDEROSA TOMATO. NOW THEN FOR 1892 WE OFFER \$500.00 for the heaviest single fruits raised from seeds of Ponderosa bought in 1891 in our sealed packets. Full details in Catalogue mentioned below, where also its fine qualities are told at length. It should be grown in Every Garden in the Island because the essential features of EARLINESS, SIZE, WEIGHT, COLOR, SOLIDITY and QUALITY, that make the Ponderosa Tomato, this Ponderosa variety possesses in the superlative degree. Delicate persons will always prefer it because it is nearly seedless. Price per packet 20c, 6 packets for \$1.12, 12 packets for \$1.75, 25 packets for \$3. DON'T FORGET that with every order for a packet or more we will send FREE, our CATALOGUE of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN, (which alone costs us 25 cents) provided you will state where you saw this advertisement. This Catalogue of 120 pages is bound in illuminated covers, and is the largest and handsomest ever issued. It is replete with many suggestions and colored plates of all that is new and desirable in SEEDS and PLANTS. The Catalogue will be mailed on receipt of 25c, which amount can be deducted on first order from Catalogue. Postage stamps accepted as cash. PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.

more he studied these Indians the less he was able to account for the potlatch; more he saw the savages, it struck him he could, were not at all inclined to assist him in his study. But he persisted, and he mastered the secret.

The potlatch, he says a singular form of usury and of barter. It is a method of ascertaining when the great cause. They were awakened by the falling in of the houses. Japanese houses are peculiar in construction. The side walls are partitions are made of very light woods, while the roofs are solid and heavy. When a shock comes the walls tumble and let the roof open the ground. Some of the occupants may be killed outright by the falling timbers, but events have proved that usually they are pinned to the earth and heaved in on all sides by the wreckage. They are nothing more than open copper vessels, the fuel being in preparation of the whole lot of char-coal. The timbers fall into the stoves, overturning them and scattering the glowing coals over the very inflammable materials which are always present in Japanese houses such as papers partitions. By the fires the unfortunate Japanese are roasted to death.

In an interview published in *The N. Y. Sun* about the time of the earthquake, Sir Edwin Arnold described in detail the manner in which these fires destroyed a whole town. He said that the invalid women and children are always the greatest sufferers, because they have not the strength to push aside the wreckage that surrounds them. There is never much time to escape, as the fires start as soon as the houses tumble down. Nine thousands persons were seriously injured in the October earthquake. 70,000 houses were destroyed and 400,000 persons were rendered homeless. One thousand nine hundred little children were made orphans and were sent by the imperial Government to orphan asylums in various parts of the country. The first shock was of the nature of an upheaval, and was followed speedily by others in which the ground sank and collapsed. The railroads from Tokio which is about 200 miles away, were torn up and wrecked in many places. The highways were crossed by large, yawning fissures, through which boiling water and noxious gases came. The towns in the districts affected are lower than the rivers, and dikes had been built to keep the water from flooding them. These dikes have to be washed carefully at all times, and in spite of the utmost vigilance, there are annual floods which result in considerable damage. The shocks rent the dikes in places, and the terrors of a flood were added.

HORRORS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

What the Japanese Experienced During the Shock of Three Months ago. It is now nearly three months since the great earthquake in the province of Nagoya and Gifu in Japan, but the condition of the sufferers has been ameliorated only partly. The awful convulsion of nature wrecked all that human genius and labor had built up in the province, and the efforts of thousands to straighten out the terrible confusion have been successful in a slight degree only. Those who have visited the different places where the shock was felt severely, describe a most horrible condition of affairs. It is impossible for the ordinary individual to form the slightest idea of the horrors that have existed since the great convulsion. The horrors of the earthquakes in other lands have been pictured often, and the comparatively mild visitation at Charleston several years ago gave Americans an idea of what might happen. But the earthquake in Japan was so stupendous in its results that

Popularly called the king of medicines— Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.





SERMON.

The Law of Growth. BY REV. G. H. SPURGEON.

"For whoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."—Matthew 13: 12.

Two great general principles are conspicuous in the gospel. The first is that God giveth of his grace to the empty—"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."

Both Sides of One Truth, giving instruction as to the Lord's dealings with two different stages of spiritual condition. Each principle has its own range.

The Sower. You will not fail to observe that this saying of our Lord occurs in three evangelists in connection with the parable of the sower.

Trodden Hard. by many feet ran from one end to the other, and a handful of seed fell upon it.

The Sure Result. of this hearing? The Saviour in the parable represents the birds of the air as taking away the seed which fell upon the roadside and devouring it, and he tells us by way of explanation that Satan comes and takes away the word, lest in any after time it should obtain an entrance into the heart.

Jealous For the Truth. If an angel from heaven preached any other gospel than that which ye have received, I charge ye listen not to it.

not reach his divine person, and you shall soon find that your faith in the elementary truths of the gospel will, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, lead you to an understanding of the deeper mysteries. Use your starlight and you shall have sunlight.

Growing Repentance. As it is with faith so it is with the possession of any real, genuine grace. Take repentance, for instance: a man may say, "My heart is hard, and I cannot repent, as I would."

True Even if it be Feeble. A spark of fire is true fire, and is quite enough to begin with. It turns everything with which it comes in contact into its own nature, and it spreads by the force of its own intensity.

Notice. TENDERS will be received up to the Tenth day of February next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purchase of the Stock of Dry Goods belonging to the Estate of Turner & Finlay.

Notice of Dissolution. THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a commission business, which by the certificate of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, was to commence the Twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and terminate the First day of January, A. D. 1892, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said First day of January, A. D. 1892.

Partnership Notice. THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

External Reformation. for they make a public confession of faith in Christ: they pray, and perhaps they preach: their voices are heard in Christian assemblies, and they appear to live the lives of Christians. I have seen them even become eminent for supposed sanctity, but if they have not received the Word really and truly what a miserable life theirs must be?

Truths in Their Order. When a man believes the gospel in its most elementary form that man will soon be taught the higher truths. When we begin with some people by telling them the plain way of salvation they raise doubts and quibbles. "But" is their favorite word. They cry, "I cannot see this and I cannot understand that."

Prevention is Better. Than cure and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Food's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

Advertisement for ST. JACOBS OIL. The Great Remedy for Pain. Rheumatism, Neuralgia. A SAFE, SPEEDY, SURE CURE FOR REMEMBER THE PAIN KILLER. Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.

Advertisement for JAMES JACK. 92 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE. THE BEST GROWER FOR POTATOES, \$60.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville.

Advertisement for Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co. 89 Water St., St. John, N. B. Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors! A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

Advertisement for EAST LYNNE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon. VANITY FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN. By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade.

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Advertisement for Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also "PROGRESS" for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents.

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Advertisement for WATSON'S COUGH DROPS. WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.



ASTRA'S TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.)

YVONNE, St. John.—My dear girl, I cannot understand how such a thing could happen, as your writing to me two or three times and never receiving any answer!

ROBIN HOOD, St. John.—Don't flatter yourself for one moment, my dear man, that I was addressing you by a nickname.

PHYLIS.—It was a very mean advantage to take of an girl, and if he had respected her he would not have done so.

LUCILLE, Nova Scotia.—My poor girl, you will have to take great care of yourself.

though it is very hard to submit to enforced idleness when one is young. I would have been better, though less distinguished, if you could have followed the fashion and had gripe, would it not?

What to Teach a Daughter. Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

How to Treat Him. Because a man loves you is that any reason why you should be inconsiderate to him?

MILLER BROS.'S EXHIBIT. It contained the Best Pianos and Organs and Was Admired.

What to Teach a Daughter. Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

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Warm Slippers Cold Feet!

Table listing prices for Ladies' German, Ladies' Felt, Men's Felt, German, and Misses' German Slippers.

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Where Are You Sending Your Orders for Printing? DON'T FORGET TO LET ME GIVE AN ESTIMATE.

JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE WINTER RESORT OF THE WEST INDIES. Read Hon. Adam Brown's Report of the Jamaica Exhibition, as to Climate, Scenery, etc., etc.

SEE A FEW OF THE MANY TESTIMONIALS:

Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel. From the Hon. Villiers Stuart, King of the Bahamas.

HERBERT A. CUNHA, MANAGER MYRTLE BANK HOTEL Co., Kingston, Jamaica.

Advertisement for Ferguson & Page, featuring sleds and other goods. Includes an illustration of a sled.

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them.

THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE. G. HOBBS & SONS, St. John, N. B.



How to Launder Shirts and Collars at Home.

Shirts, Collars and... with ease. The... and put together... leading whole-

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\$3.00... SERGE DRESS... CURTAIN CO.,... All orders sent...

The British Piano

Advertisement for The British Piano, featuring G. Hobbs & Sons and their agents.

# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A hole one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter can now be bored through a diamond, a sapphire or a ruby.

It is said that three-quarters of the entire manufacturing capital of the United States, or \$6,000,000,000, is directly or indirectly based upon patents.

In Ireland less than 800 persons own one-half the land; 492 members of the House of Lords own 14,250,012 acres, which rents for \$57,864,630.

The Carthaginians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driven through the centre were issued in France by King John the Good in 1306.

A writer in a French magazine states that, according to the statistics of 1881, there were then in France 6,000,000 persons connected with small industries, as against 3,230,000 connected with the great industries.

A tear is composed of water, minute proportions of salt, soda, phosphate of soda and mucus, and when seen under the microscope, after evaporation, looks like a very fine fishbone, owing to the salines forming themselves into lengthened cross-lines.

Smokeless gunpowder has been made within the past year by Prof. Charles E. Munsell, of the United States navy. The powder was tested September 8, 1891, with highly satisfactory results at the Washington naval ordnance proving grounds.

"The Arabian Nights" is not the work of any one person. Originally the tales were related by the story tellers of Arabia. They were afterwards committed to writing by one or more persons, and finally were collected in the form in which they are now found.

Royal Worcester is a porcelain manufactured in Worcester, Eng. The productions are famous for their beautiful translucency and the rich variety of their colored and gilded decorations. The works, which were liberally patronized by George III., have since been styled in his honor the royal porcelain works.

Weaving appears to have been practiced in China more than 1,000 years before it was known in Europe or Asia. The Egyptians ascribed the art to Isis, the Greeks to Minerva and the Romans to the wife of Manco Capac. Our Saviour's vest or coat had not any seam, being woven from the top throughout in one whole piece.

If a Chinaman wants you to stay to dinner he gives no invitation; if he does not he requests you to remain. Servants receive no pay in China. To revenge himself on his enemy a Chinaman hangs himself on his neighbor's door. The law then executes the whole family. No bank failure has occurred in China for 900 years. For a failure the officers must lose their heads.

The total Indian population of the United States and territories, according to the census of 1890, is in the neighborhood of 240,000. The five great tribes and their numbers are as follows: Cherokees, 23,000; Choctaws, 18,000; Chickasaws, 6,000; Creeks, 14,000; Seminoles, 3,000. The other tribes are all comparatively small, except the various branches of the great Sioux nation, and are distributed on reservations in twenty-three different states and territories.

Perpetual motion is a movement that is not only self-creative, but also self-creative. A machine which when set in motion would continue to move without the aid of external force and without the loss of momentum, until its parts were all worn out, might be said to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. The impossibility of constructing such a machine has so long been demonstrated that as early as the year 1775, the Parisian Academy of Sciences refused to receive any further schemes for perpetual motion.

Although there is no well-authenticated date when quitching was first brought into notice, still the oldest authorities do not attempt to deny that it is one of the most ancient pastimes in existence, and, contrary to the general belief, among the healthiest and most exciting. Whether the game found its origin in England or Scotland is another doubtful question, for during the last fifty years at least the game has steadily progressed in both countries, and the championship has alternated between representatives of each.

The annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, according to a French medical journal, to 38,000,000 persons. This makes the average deaths per day over 91,000, being at the rate of 3,730 an hour, or 62 people every minute of the day and night the year round. A fourth of the race die before completing their eighth year, and one-half before the end of the seventeenth year; but the average duration of life is about thirty-eight years. Not more than one person in a hundred thousand lives to be a hundred.

It is said that the biggest umbrella in the world has been made for the use of a West African king. The umbrella, which can be closed in the usual manner, is twenty-one feet in diameter and is affixed to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The canopy is made of Indian straw, and has a score of straw tassels and a border of crimson satin. On the top is a pine shaped straw ornament which terminates in a gilded cone. When in use the umbrella is fixed in the ground, and under its shelter the king is able to entertain thirty guests at dinner.

Child marriages in India is said to have had its origin at the time of the Mohammedan invasion. Conversion to Islam was the principal object of the Mussulman conquerors, and to facilitate this they be-

gan to marry by brutal force the girls of the Hindus. Cruel and oppressive as they were, they paid some respect, however, to the married Hindu women. To secure the safety of Hindu girls the institution of early marriages became indispensable. Gradually the practice developed into a superstition among the old men and women of Hindu families, who think their hearts will not be consumed on the funeral pyre if death were to intervene before they had witnessed the marriage of the grandchildren.

In Grafton's Manual of his Chronicles, 1565, the unlucky days, according to the opinions of the astronomers, are named as follows: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17 and 20 are unlucky; February 26, 27 and 28 unlucky, 8, 10 and 17 very unlucky; March 16, 17 and 20 very unlucky; April 7, 8, 10 and 20 very unlucky; May 3 and 6 unlucky, 7, 15 and 20 very unlucky; June 10 and 22 unlucky, 4 and 8 very unlucky; August 29 and 30 unlucky, 19 and 20 very unlucky; September 3, 4, 21 and 23 unlucky, 6 and 7 very unlucky; October 4, 16 and 24 very unlucky; November 5, 6, 29 and 30 unlucky, 15 and 20 very unlucky; December 15 and 22 unlucky, 6, 7 and 9 very unlucky.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?" "Yes, sorr, and otter."

Totling—"Here's a story called 'The Politician's Conscience!'" Dimling—"Short story, isn't it?"—Epoch.

A photographer in a western town surprised the people the other day with a newspaper that read as follows: "Photographs taken while you wait."—Judge.

A Wicked Husband—Bond—"Why do you call your wife an old hen?" Gallon—"Because she always cackles when she lays for me."—New York Herald.

Bilkins—How do do? Had the grip yet? "Wilkins—No. Bilkins—I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?"

"So your son has been starring as an actor, Mr. Cashcounter?" "Yes." "Do tell me all about him. Who is supporting him?" "I am."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Grogan—"An' 't' th' roomatics th' o' th' ailin' Hogan?" Mrs. Hogan—"No, th' o' th' ailin' Hogan lasht avenin' tryin' t' t'row me out th' windy; poor dear man!"

Old Sport—"How fast do you think with continued training our best race horses will go?" Youngun—"Can't say, I'm sure, but never so fast as the money we bet on them."

"Gracious!" cried Uncle Jack, looking at Tommy's Noah's ark. "Noah has a large family." "They isn't all Noah's," answered Tommy. "Some of 'em is relatives visiting 'em."

Janitor (to artist returning from a vacation)—"There have been so many callers since you left that I have been obliged to wash the names from the slate to make room for others."—Flegende Blatter.

"Look here, George, I am positively tired of your talking love to me this way every time you call." "Marry me, then, and I'll never speak another word of love to you as long as I live."—N. Y. Press.

The soft answer—She—"Promise me that if I die you will never marry again." He—"What? And let people think my dear little first wife was such a terror that I didn't dare to? Never."—Brooklyn Life.

"Now," said papa, as he put the stick aside, "I don't think you'll hit poor Tom Tudd again. Don't you feel sorry?" Johnny (tearfully)—"I can't say that I feel sorry, pa; but I feel hurt."—Philadelphia Times.

Man in wagon (who has bought an un-sound horse from the Quaker)—"No, I sound horse from the Quaker." "No, I don't expect you to take him back. I only want you to lend me your hat and coat, so that I can sell him to somebody else."—Harper's Weekly.

A boy was asked who was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them."

Mr. Farmer—laying down his paper—"Well, well, old man Oatsy is dead at last and the paper says he was a centenarian. I didn't know that." Mrs. F. (surprised)—"No, nor I. I allus thought he was a methodist."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Dot—Ma, may I take the baby out in my doll's carriage? Mamma—Why? what for? "Shuts its eyes an' cries 'Wah, wah!' I'm doin' to betend the baby is a doll and let her hear him yell. Then I dess she'll stop puttin' on airs."

Lucy—I'll tell you news! Wetherby Witherspoon is secretly engaged to Nina Nimbley. Mamma—How do you know? Lucy—Well, Nina told Florence, Florence told Margery, Margery told Sadie, Sadie told Georgie and Georgie told me. Now be sure and don't tell anybody. It's a dead secret!

"I suppose, Freddy, you love your sister very much," said the young gentleman who was paying his addresses to Freddy's sister. Freddy—"I love her when there's fellers around." She's mighty good to me then, but she is cross as the mischief after they've gone. She's like a fiddle—she's no good without a bean.

Young author—"I am thinking of beginning a literary career, and I thought I would come and ask you if you would give some advice. Is there anything you would advise me to do that would help me to get a reputation?" Experienced literary man—"Yes; I should advise you to write under an assumed name."—Somerville Journal.

Kissing while we're coasting. Over the glittering ice, May be very naughty, But it's awfully nice.

In the dreary summer. Kissing in the doll, Probably is wicked, But I'll never tell.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Prince George tickled all England when he once told his older brother to "go into the corner and sing God save your grandmother."

Neal Dow is 87 years old and vigorous enough to get in a rowing whack for prohibition now and then. He lives in the house he built in Portland, Me., sixty-five years ago.

The new Lord Mayor of London was born of obscure parents in a small hut which is now shown to travellers sojourning in the picturesque county of Glamorgan-shire, Wales.

An English magazine says that Bismarck cares little for concerts, but that he is fond of music at home, particularly of songs that are sad and in a minor key, and that his wife is an accomplished pianist.

In Vienna there is a club of rich men pledged to marry poor girls. If a member marries a rich girl he is fined \$2,000, the money being presented to some worthy impecunious couple engaged to be married.

King Oscar of Sweden is reputed to be the most accomplished royal personage in Europe. He is a playwright as well as a poet, and in addition to profound knowledge of astronomy he is well versed in general science.

The speaker of the House of Commons is a very lucky person, who is enabled to draw a salary of \$25,000 a year while he exercises the functions of his office, and when he is retired is hoisted to the peerage and reveals in a pension of \$20,000.

Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Prescher," is a pretty woman of 30, with a wonderful command of language in conversation and a manner indicative of the highest culture. She lives in Boston.

Dan Rice, who was a circus man before Barnum and the greatest clown in America, is engaged in the real estate business in New York, and has been making money at it. He is devoting his time outside of his real estate business to writing his memoirs.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to be hardly inferior to her husband in energy and industry. She has always been interested in charitable and church work and in politics, and has at the same time maintained close watch upon her household affairs and her children.

James Whitcomb Riley is called the most popular of the American poets by the leading magazines. All of his work has a refreshing and strengthening tone that makes it most pleasant reading, and tributes are being paid to it in many quarters.

Julia and Mary Howard, twin sisters, died at their home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., almost at the same time. Their deaths occurred on the same day of the year and at the same hour that they were born. They were sixty years of age. One was a victim of pneumonia and the other of dropsy. They had lived with each other always.

The families of the Queen of England, the King of Greece and the Czar of Russia have monuments to erect in honor of some monument in Copenhagen in honor of the golden wedding of the king and queen of Denmark. The model of the monument will be presented to the royal pair next May, on the anniversary of their wedding.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has more offers of literary work than she can do, and she is paid a higher price per newspaper column for her writings than any other woman at present writing for the press. She is never paid less than \$25 per 1,000 words, and sometimes more. Her articles generally make about three thousand words, and she usually writes one or two a week.

A story which is told of the late Charles Janrach, the naturalist and dealer in wild animals, who died in England last summer, is so well vouchered for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief. Mr. Janrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that a friend consoled him with the loss of his second wife, the naturalist answered in a heavy sigh: "Yes, yes; as you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in the winter she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under her bed."

Walt Whitman not long ago refused a letter of introduction to Tennyson, doubtless thinking that the poet's infirmity entitled a great man to some protection from the general public. And the same applicant tried in London with equally poor success for some time, but at last secured the coveted passport. The visitor, by his own account, was soon invited to withdraw at the end of a short conversation, and when he asked if he might call again he received this answer: "You would be welcome if you had anything particular to communicate to me, but otherwise it would, most likely, be unprofitable to both of us. Do you think you can find your way? Oblige me by ringing the bell."

The excellent English spoken by the new Khedive of Egypt is due to the fact that from his babyhood until his 12th year he was in the almost exclusive charge of English nurses and governesses. English women, indeed, appear to monopolize the early education of the Anointed of the Lord. Thus the Emperor of Germany, the children of the Emperor of Austria, little King Alfonso of Spain, the present King and Queen of Portugal, as well as the prince and princess of the reigning families of Sweden and Denmark have, every one of them, been at one time or other of their lives in the charge of English nurses. The little Queen of Holland has an English governess, while it was but a short time ago that the Czar Alexander III., and his four brothers bore with their own hands the grave, on one of the coldest and bitterest days of a St. Petersburg winter, the coffin containing the remains of the old English nurse who had cared for them from their earliest infancy in English nurseries.

The sisterhood of English nurses and nursery governesses may therefore be said to have enjoyed a large and important share in shaping the course of the world's history.

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For Throat and Lungs

"I have been ill for Hemorrhage about five years, 'have had the best Five Years. 'medical advice, 'and I took the first 'dose in some doubt. This result- 'ed in a few hours easy sleep. There 'was no further hemorrhage till next 'day, when I had a slight attack 'which stopped almost immediate- 'ly. By the third day all trace of 'blood had disappeared and I had 'recovered much strength. The 'fourth day I sat up in bed and ate 'my dinner, the first solid food for 'two months. Since that time I 'have gradually gotten better and 'am now able to move about the 'house. My death was daily ex- 'pected and my recovery has been 'a great surprise to my friends and 'the doctor. There can be no doubt 'about the effect of German Syrup, 'as I had an attack just previous to 'its use. The only relief was after 'the first dose." J. R. LOUGHREED, Adelaide, Australia.



Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

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I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure.—Yours truly, Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCARTHY.

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is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

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Dear Sir,— and am well pleased Chronic Bronchitis phlegm acted in my experience of cases of Wasting and public. M. F. Eagar.

Mr. M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— phlegm; it was never more than possible. M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— Phlegmoline use it the more M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— been used in this kindly let me know Toronto, Ont. I have often seen in the cases testimonial in its efficacy, which especially designed almost every other Member of N. S. I. P. R. Mr. M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— I have never used Phlegmoline, which is \$36.05, to balance Since giving your Phlegmoline of oil in the market OFFERED TO THE facilities and match hesitation in stating found to be EVERY Halifax, Januar M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— Y like it better than in wasting Disease and two doz. Wins Dr. Burdy, o many cases for whose stomach could devise, but trouble was experi in all cases of Was M. F. Eagar, Dear Sir,— I feel very many times, restoring a near rest stages of CON PHLEGMINE was tri- pate. My friend I

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CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

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Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.  
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Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your (Phospholine); it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.  
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 30th, 1882.  
Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.  
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Yours truly,  
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I have often prescribed Egar's Phospholine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.  
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Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Egar's Cream (Phospholine) will be found to be EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.  
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Yours truly,  
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

Dr. Burdy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Egar's Phospholine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as EGAR'S PHOSPHOLINE was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."  
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HALIFAX, N. S., June 25, 1883.  
Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLINE was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.  
Believe me, yours very truly,  
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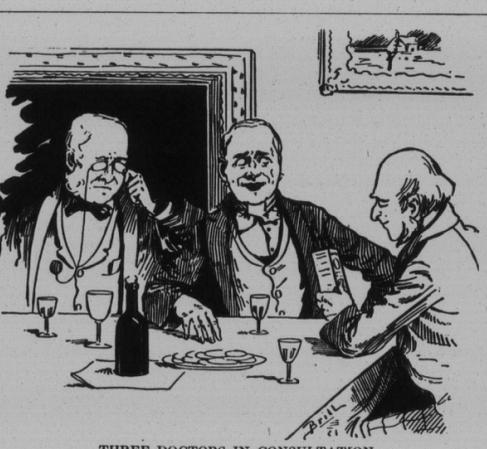


PARTIES WHO HAVE BEEN CURED, GOING ON THEIR WAY REJOICING.

PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C., Nov. 26, 1883.  
Mr. M. F. Egar.  
Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. They took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it, I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight.  
Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.  
Very truly yours,  
PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE.  
HALIFAX, September 11, 1882.  
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.  
Yours very truly,  
H. J. WINTERBOURNE,  
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.  
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 90 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.  
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
E. R. HARRINGTON.



THREE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.  
WELL GENTLEMEN I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT NO PREPARATION HAS EVER GIVEN SUCH SATISFACTORY RESULTS AS I HAVE OBTAINED FROM PHOSPHOLINE.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO.  
M. F. Egar, Esq.  
Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholine, and Wine of Renet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a table-spoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Renet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health.  
WALTER R. FINSON,  
Vanceboro', Maine, U. S.  
The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines.  
LAURA A. FINSON.  
September, 1882.

RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.  
ASHDALE, HANTS CO., Nov. 13, 1886.  
Mr. M. F. Egar, Halifax, N. S.  
Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholine, and under its use he completely recovered.  
Yours truly,  
LEWIS DIMOCK.

PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883.  
Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent you for the Phospholine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble.  
Very truly yours,  
CLARENDON BUTMAN.

OLDHAM GOLD MINES.  
Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicines which I have taken; received treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker; I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Egar's Phospholine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Egar's Phospholine.  
I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle  
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.  
Dear Mr. Egar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula.—The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparillas in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself.  
I remain, yours &c.,  
E. C. NEWBURY.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.  
Dear Mr. Egar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.  
Halifax, June 20, 1879.  
I remain, yours respectfully,  
S. H. SUGATT.

NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION  
Egar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says: "You can publish the fact that Egar's Phospholine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.

COLD IN THE CHEST.  
M. F. Egar, Esq., Chemist, &c. HALIFAX, March 16, 1880.  
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Egar's Phospholine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.  
Yours truly,  
ALEX. S. BAYER.

For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:  
Halifax, N. S., J. G. SMITH. New Glasgow, N. S., G. B. SUTHERLAND.  
Halifax, " J. B. NORTH. " And all Druggists.  
Halifax, " F. PENTY. Pictou, " R. D. STILES.  
Horton Landing, " F. W. CORRY. Spring Hill, " Dr. J. W. COVE.  
Kentville, " R. S. MASTERS. Stellarton, " GRANT BROS.  
Lawrencetown, " Est. of C. P. COLEMAN. Waterville, " J. E. BAYTON.  
Yarmouth, " J. A. CRAGG. Windsor, " R. B. DAKIN.  
And all Druggists. Wolfville, " G. V. RAMP.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL

The battle of Seidgenoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church of Weston Zeyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned. The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a gorge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was singing, mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the General of the Royalist, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolution—among them two who were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak. The elder of the two was a man of about 35, with powerful thick set frame, and strong rugged features; a bad man to be against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse breaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the West of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man was John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but, until the day before, they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both. The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, and filled and lighted it and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast, but it was not a pipe, it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face, a look which said farewell. Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood. "Poor fellow," he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other, "And yet my case is harder. I was in love—I am in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!" Dare looked at him with interest. "What?" he said, "have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?" "Yes," said the other bitterly; "she will not go distracted; she had enough of me, and I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her." It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment. "Who was it?" he inquired. "Who was it?" echoed the other. "Do you think I knew that that I should now have cause to write at dying without crying quits with him? No, I do not know him. I only know she loved me, that she cooled toward me, that when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and a better looking man she confessed that it was true and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name she would not tell me, fearing, I dare say, that I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him, but then this war broke out and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute I could die contented." "You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same." Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast and held it out to his companion. "Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt a man? though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I dare swear." The young man took the portrait and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person! Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence. "What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "you was it? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied." The other returned his gaze. "Well," he said, "it was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added simply, "it has been no one's fault." "No one's fault?" "No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?" "No," said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast. "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—I will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself; I give you warning." Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant, and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum. Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence in the church, deep as the silence of the dead; then a move, ment—a long thrill of horror. That sum-

mon meant that day was breaking, and that their hour was come. The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates; but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement; indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror-stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor. At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about 40, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham—a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation as the rebels were drawn up before him. "Good!" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party and shoot down every man of them." The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up, the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side. An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed him. "I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity! No such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side, and the other the best rider." "Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major—a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner?" The Major was a man of some humanity. He reflected for a moment. "Agreed," he said, "and to insure that both shall do their best let the winner have the promise of his life." Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the joyful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives, and of being able, after all, to shoot the loser at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders and the two prisoners were led out of the line. Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up stretching from the tree to the spot where the General was stationed, leaving a space between them like a racetrack some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the Major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty. And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in progress? David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope, so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse urged by a skillful rider spurring for dear life his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again, and he could do his best. Mere he could not do, though success meant life—and life meant Mary Seldon. At the last thought his eyes glistened, and he moved up the course between his guards with the keenness of a hound in leash. In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taken his place in the saddle, the horse was led by a soldier to the starting point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes, but now he rode with down bent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be constantly running in his head—the sentence used by Dare in their quarrel in the church—"You could not make her happy, and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was not until the tree was reached and the horse was halted with his head toward the spot where Feversham, discernible far off between the lines, sat waiting, that he started, roused himself, and looked about him. David Dare was standing on his right, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the start's signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse's bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol from his belt to give the signal. The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air, but all down the double lines were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes, sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions. The sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out. At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practised in flying from the start, and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen; then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining—slowly at first, but gaining surely, stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level—and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was fifty yards away; but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was falling. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort, and close upon the goal, dash past the horse

and past the judges and fall headlong on the turf. At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly, as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement. The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draught of brandy down his throat. The spirit almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him. A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear: "You pull-d that horse!" he said. Quixarvyn looked at him, but answered not a word. "You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did it." Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost. "Make her happy," he said, briefly. As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up. Dare turned his back upon the scene and hid his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, he could still hear with horrible distinctness the Sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval between the words— "Ready!" "Present!" Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer he turned around with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart. —Strand Magazine.

That Night. You and I, and that night, with his perfume and glory! The scent of the locusts—the light of the moon: And the violin weaving the waltzes a story, Eumeshing the first in the web of the tune, Till their shadows uncertain Beaved round on the curtain, While under the trellis we drank in the June. Spaked through with the midnight, the cedars were their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright crystal, moon-smitten mist, where the fountain's heart sapling Forever, forever burst, full with delight; Fell faint as that near it, Your love like a lily blows out in the night. O, your glove was an odorous sachet of blisses! And the rose at your throat was a nest of spices; Kisses!—in fact, I hear it today, As I sit here, confessing Our secret, and blessing My rival who found us, and warned you away! —James Whitcomb Riley.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars and Syrups. Redpath. Certificate of Strength and Purity: CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University. To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. GENTLEMEN.—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.988 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yours truly, G. P. GIRDWOOD.

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THE N. Y. SUN Has Secured During 1892: W. D. Howells, H. Rider Haggard, George Meredith, Norman Lockyer, Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle, St. George Mivart, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, J. Chandler Harris, R. Louis Stevenson, William Black, W. Clark Russell, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and many other distinguished writers. THE SUNDAY SUN is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST! TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Windsor Street Station) at 8.15 p. m., Jan. 6 and 20; Feb. 8 and 17; Mar. 2, 16 and 30; April 18 and 27, 1892. For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.05; for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 11.0; for Sussex, 16.30; for Quebec and Montreal, 16.55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9.30; from Point du Chene, 12.45; from Halifax, 19.30; from Halifax, 22.30.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 5 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7.25 standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LACROIX, Agent.

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited). S. S. "City of Monticello." ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. THOMP, President.

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