

HE HAD MANY FRIENDS.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LATE JUDGE PETERS.

His Popularity was due to his Personal Qualities—It was Always Great—His Place Outside of Politics—Some of the Traits Which Distinguished him as a Man.

Few, if any, men in public life in the city of St. John have had the good fortune to count so many strong, personal friends as were ranked in the lists of the late E. Lester Peters. Giving the full measure of credit for all he achieved for himself by natural ability, acquired knowledge, and a thorough mastery of details, it is not too much to say that had he been possessed of inferior qualifications, he would still have been to the front with an army of friends to espouse his cause should their aid be needed. To say this is not to minimize the ability and worth of the man, but to emphasize his popularity among many classes of men, and beyond the limitations of the lines of politics and parties.

Strongly enough was this shown at the time of the appointment of Mr. Robert J. Ritchie as police magistrate. There may have been legal ground for considering that the office was vacated by the amended charter and that, in appointing Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Peters was not displaced. To a large portion of the electorate, however, there was but the color of a pretext in the act. Whatever may have been the subsequent campaign cries, there was from the first, to a large portion of the community, no "religious" cry in the case. Mr. Ritchie might have been a representative Methodist or Baptist, as far as that was concerned, and the feeling would have been the same. With many who in a greater or less degree could influence public opinion, the feeling was that an injustice had been done Lester Peters. To the thinking and reasonable man, whatever his creed, there was no objection to Mr. Ritchie having an office, nor could an issue have been raised on that fact alone. When the alternative was that Mr. Peters should be "displaced," there was trouble. Easily enough, on these original premises, ignorance and bigotry raised the sectarian cry. The cry became a howl and the local government realized that by yielding to the opinion of some of its supporters a great and far-reaching blunder had been made. Such a wave of public opinion, washing away the possibilities of both a local and a dominion election, could not have run its course had not Mr. Peters been high in popular favor. With some men in his place, the ripple would never have become a wave.

No man can gain and hold a strong personal following without having in himself qualities above and beyond those of the average man. The successful politician owes his strength to his success; his personality may be greater or less as a factor, but as a rule his strength is due to what he can accomplish rather than what he is. The strength of Lester Peters was purely personal. What he might have been had he embraced a political life is only a matter of conjecture. It is not certain that he would have attained distinction. His mind was not of the cast which is usually found in the man who makes politics a success.

Nor in his own profession, the law, can it be known where he would have stood had he been left to win his place among the lawyers of his day and generation. He belonged to a period, in the history of the profession, which has added brilliant names to the roll of provincial jurists—a period of which but few survivors remain to witness the inroads of the modern "drummers" for business regardless of the old time ethics. It may have been that he would have held a leading place as a sound lawyer, as he undoubtedly would have maintained the dignity of a profession which, by ancient tradition, includes only gentlemen in its ranks.

Whatever possibilities may have lain in this direction were spoiled more than thirty years ago, when he was appointed common clerk of the city. This office he held for twenty-eight years. In that capacity he was also supposed to be assistant judge of the city court. He was really the sole judge in most cases. The title of the court—the "severely accurate" title, as Mr. Peters once remarked—was "Before Alderman Numbokull and the Common Clerk," but Ald. Numbokull or Ald. Leatherate, or whoever he might be, was usually content to sit silent and let Mr. Peters do the work. It was well done. The civic tribunal for the collection of small debts had previously gained an unenviable reputation as the "muger court." Mr. Peters clothed it with a respectability and even a dignity before unknown to it. The judgments in such a court, necessarily combined equity with strict law at times, but the decisions of Mr. Peters were respected and in appeals, on strictly legal grounds, they were sustained.

The next phase in which Mr. Peters came before the public was in the capacity of police magistrate, as successor to Humphrey Gilbert. To this court, too, he brought a dignity before unknown, and he held the view that it laws were on the statute book they were there to be enforced. Elevated to the bench of the county court, at a later date, he pursued the same line when called upon to deal with convicted offenders. In this court also, his rulings on points of law were

recognized as sound, and in no decision made by him could be found the evidence of carelessness or haste. On the bench he was a most imposing figure, and in this respect, if in no other, it would be more than difficult to supply his place.

The popularity of Mr. Peters, however, never was due to any official position he filled. It was wholly due to qualities within himself. It began at the beginning of his career, and it continued until the hour of his death. Whatever his opponents or critics might say, he could always count on his friends.

It would, indeed, have been difficult for anyone to meet him socially and not like him. The stranger who saw him on the bench or on the street, erect and dignified and apparently distant in his manner, would form a very imperfect idea of the man as he really was. He was of a most genial nature, with a keen sense of humor and in every way endowed with qualities fitting him not only to shine in social circles but to be a most entertaining companion in ordinary converse. He had very positive ideas as to the fitness of things and an equally positive antipathy to the incongruous. Insistence on accuracy of detail was one of his characteristics in whatever engaged his attention. It was this quality that made the old "Peters Battery" of volunteer artillery conspicuous as the crack company of the time, and so it was with other bodies. Chief among these was the masonic fraternity.

Judge Peters had all the masonic honors that a man can get in this country. He was one of the founders of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, and the first grand principal of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter, Provincial Grand Master of the Royal Order of Scotland, and a member of the Supreme Council of the 33rd and last degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. He had filled the chief offices in all the important local bodies, he represented a number of foreign jurisdictions and was in every way, for many years, a recognized authority in all that pertained to masonry and its interests. Of recent years he had withdrawn from active work and the younger generation have had no opportunity to see his exemplifications of the work of the lodge degrees. Not only did he observe the most scrupulous attention to the minute details of ritual, but it was imperative that all who took part should do so. With an imposing presence and a voice admirably adapted to the enunciation of the sublime in rhetoric, those who passed through this or that grade when he took part can never forget the impression he left upon their minds. It is quite possible for others to be as thorough ritualists as he was—or even, as to work in all the bodies, to be even more thorough—but it is not given to all to invest an office with that high dignity which was attached to the chair filled by Lester Peters on occasions of high ceremonial.

For a number of years, Judge Peters has been known as a high churchman, coming from a Loyalist family, he had, by heredity and education, a profound faith in the church of England. So far as the writer has understood him, he viewed the church and state as closely intertwined. While not, of late years, identified with Trinity church he had a legal reverence for it as the mother church in the Anglican communion here. Because that mother church had established a daily service of evening prayer, he felt it his duty to recognize that step by occasional attendance. He was, however, a regular attendant at the Mission church and one of the trustees, though he was not among the original promoters. His generous hand is seen by all who admire the carved altar front at the Mission, when it is displayed on festival days. In many other ways he was a liberal giver, and usually, when a subscription was on foot, he would tell the collector, "Here is (naming the sum), but if you need any more to make up the amount, come to me again." Nor was he a mere dilettante ritualist, intent only on music, processionals, flowers and the like. It is true that, with his precise ideas, had music annoyed him and inattention to ritual vexed him, but above and beyond all this he accepted, in its fullest meaning, the evolution of the Tractarian movement. That is to say, he believed the church of England to be catholic and only in error so far as it had become protestant. In other words, he believed in the "branch theory," recognizing the Anglican, Roman and Greek churches, and loyally adhering to the church of England with the faith that it had a valid order of priesthood and consequently valid sacraments. "You appear to believe in the Real Presence," said a Roman catholic friend to him once. "There must be either a Real Presence or a real absence," was the reply. He was an earnest member of the Anglican communion, the Blessed Sacrament. "It is thoroughly catholic," he said once. "Other organizations are confined to this church or that, but this is found in all branches of the catholic church." So, too, in speaking of Carter's Treasury of Devotion, a book largely copied from Roman catholic books of devotion, he said, "I like it because it is so catholic. There is nothing man can invent which can approach the old catholic devotions." Holding the pronounced views he did, some of his Roman catholic friends could not understand why he remained in the Anglican communion,

though from a high church point of view, and with a knowledge of the mass, it is quite easy to understand that he would never have been anything but a churchman.

The death of Judge Peters creates a gap that may not be easily filled. He was an exceptional man in many ways, and in his dignity, courtesy and unobtrusive observance of ethics and etiquette, his life was a standing protest against much that is painfully in evidence in professional and social life today. He taught, or tried to teach, the gospel of good taste in the smaller and the larger affairs of life. He had a high appreciation of what was good in literature and music and was a keen critic. In private life he had many qualities which endeared him to those who knew him; there was much in his nature for which he will long be kindly remembered. To flatter the dead is a thing as easy as to censure the living. It is not needed in this instance. There was much in his nature to win the regard of those who knew Judge Peters, nor will he soon be forgotten now that he has passed away.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Now Nicholas is Married, the Next Thing is to be Crowned.

When Nicholas II., the new czar of Russia, is crowned, as he will be in due season, the ceremony following will doubtless resemble in its main features that which occurred when his father formally ascended the throne.

Alexander's entry into Moscow was under the escort of a procession four miles long, amid a booming of cannon and ringing of bells, at about 7:30 in the morning. At the same hour those dignitaries of the realm who were to take part in the coronation ceremony assembled in the cathedral of the Holy Assumption, within the walls of the Kremlin.

Half an hour later there followed in order the princes of foreign governments, the nobility and the ambassadorial corps. The attaches of the various legations were assigned to positions in the tribune, just outside the cathedral proper, but inside the enclosure of the Kremlin.

When the white walls had inclosed all who could be admitted, a choir of boys chanted the Te Deum, and the clergy, accompanied by acolytes bearing the cross and a ewer of holy water, proceeded to receive the czar and his consort, who was in the midst of a brilliant cortege, took his place at the right of the throne.

When the imperial procession started for the cathedral, it was made known to those inside by renewed ringing of bells, by the music of bands and by the shouts of the multitude. At the head of the procession, preceded only by the regalia, came the czar, wearing the white uniform of a colonel of the Imperial guards, and the czarina leaning on his arm, dressed in the Russian national costume of black velvet embroidered with diamonds.

The pair placed themselves beneath a canopy richly wrought in silk and gold and borne by 32 generals of high rank. The entire body of clergy advanced to meet the regalia, which they sprinkled with holy water and perfumed with incense.

The czar and czarina were received by the metropolitan of Moscow and the metropolitans of Novgorod and Kiev presented to them the cross, to be kissed and sprinkled with holy water. Before the sacred images which flanked the doors of the cathedral the imperial pair knelt and bowed their heads, after which they were conducted to the ancient throne of ivory and silver.

Alexander occupied the historic seat of the czar Vladimir Monomach, while the czarina sat in an arm chair gilded and encrusted with jewels. The throne was on a dais erected between the middle columns of the cathedral, and over the dais was a canopy of scarlet velvet, suspended from the arches of the cathedral, and embroidered with gold and brocade, which was worked with the arms of Russia and all her dependencies in most ingenious manner.

In front of the thrones were two tables covered with gold cloth, upon which were placed the crowns, the orb and the sceptre. None but foreign princes were accommodated with seats. The Russian princes and dignitaries stood the entire ceremony, according to the custom of the Greek church. The dignitaries of the realm who were carrying the standard and seals of the empire took their stand upon the steps of the dais.

After the metropolitans of Novgorod and Kiev had taken their seats, the metropolitan of Novgorod asked the czar in a loud, distinct voice: "Are you a true believer?"

The czar, falling on his knees, read in reply in a clear voice the Lord's prayer and the creed of the Greek church.

The most popular of the czar's replies, "May the grace of the Holy Ghost remain with thee," descended from the dais. The following customary summons was then three times repeated by the bishop.

"If there be any of you present knowing any impediment for which Alexander, son of Alexander, should not be crowned by the grace of God emperor and autocrat of all the Russians, of Moscow, of Kiev, of Vladimir, of Novgorod, czar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Kherson-Taurida, of Groust, Gosondar, of Pskoff, grand duke of Simoleisk, of Lithuania, of Volhynia, of Podolia, and of Finland, prince of Esthonia, of Livonia, of Courland, of Semigalia, of the Samoyedes of Bielosok, of Corelia, of Bulgaria and other countries; master and grand duke of the lower countries in Novgorod, of Tchernigoff, of Riazan, of Polotsk, of Kostoff, of Jaroslaff, of Bieloserak of Goudok, of Kondik, of Vitebsk, of Mordiff and of all the countries of the north; master absolute of Iversk, of Kastalnik, of Kabardinsk and of the territory of Armenia; sovereign of mountain princes of Tiberask; master of Turkestan, heir presumptive of Norway and duke of Sleswick-Holstein, of Sibirsk, of Dithmarsch and of Oldenburg, let him come forward now, and show what the impediment is, or let him remain dumb forever."

After reading selections from the gospels the metropolitans of Novgorod and Kiev again ascended the dais and invested the czar with the imperial mantle of ermine, the metropolitan of Moscow saying at the same time:

"Cover and protect thy people as this robe protects and covers thee."

The czar responded: "I will, I will, I will, God helping."

Then invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon him and his reign, delivered to Alexander III. the crown of Russia, who placed it upon his own head and, assuming the sceptre and orb, took his seat upon the throne.

He then returned the insignia of his title to the dignitaries appointed to receive them, and called the czarina, who knelt before him. He touched her head lightly with his imperial crown and then formally crowned her with her own crown.

After she had been duly invested with the imperial mantle the archdeacon intoned the imperial titles and sang: "Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem," which was taken up and thrice repeated by the choir.

This part of the ceremony was finished the bells in all the churches of Moscow rang out in chorus, a salute of 101 guns was fired and inside the cathedral the members of the imperial family tendered their congratulations.

The czar then knelt and recited a prayer, at the end of which the clergy and all present knelt before him.

The bishop of Moscow said aloud in behalf of the nation a fervent prayer for happiness of their majesties. Shouts of "Long live the emperor!" rent the cathedral and were taken up by thousands outside and carried from mouth to mouth, unto that part of the multitude who were unable to get inside even the ample acreage of the southeast part of the city, where it was speedily known that another czar of the Russias had been crowned.

The cathedral choir then sang the Te Deum, after which the czar ungirt his sword and, accompanied by the czarina and dignitaries, proceeded to the gate. There the metropolitan of Novgorod anointed the czar's forehead, eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast and hands, at the same time exclaiming: "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost! May it keep thee ever holy."

The czarina was anointed only on the forehead. Both partook of the sacrament, and then left the cathedral wearing their crowns and mantles, the czar also bearing the sceptre and the orb.

After praying in the cathedral of Michael the Archangel, their majesties returned to the palace, escorted by a procession. The emperor reentered the palace by the celebrated red staircase, whence the laws were anciently promulgated. There he turned and saluted the people, who immediately uncovered their heads, cheering enthusiastically and blessing the czar as he passed out of their sight.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

With a profound regret, that I am satisfied is shared with all musical people in this city, I have, today, to refer to the death of Miss Emma Shenton, which occurred since the last issue of Progress appeared. To say that the death of this estimable young lady causes a serious loss in musical circles, is but repeating a remark already made by everyone who knew her powers and who has had the pleasure of hearing her sing at any of our concerts. It is but a feeble expression at best because it gives no full idea of the distinction to which she had attained in this province as a musician. She was as well known and as highly esteemed and appreciated in Fredericton and elsewhere in New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia also, as she was in Saint John. She was generous in her impulses and appeal for her valuable assistance was never made in vain, particularly when the object was a charitable one in aid either of a congregation or an individual. Her nature, I believe, like her voice was "attuned to sweet sounds." I readily recall what was about the first time I heard her sing. It was on the occasion of the great concert given in the exhibition building a few years ago. She sang the "Inflammatus" solo from the Stabat Mater. Clear, pure and resonant sounded her musical voice, and she sang with admirable interpretation and full appreciation of the majesty of the composition. "On the dreadful judgment day" He who "doeth all things well" will look mercifully upon her and place her among the elect where she will sing "the praise of God" eternally.

An important addition to available Christmas music is found in two recent compositions by Prof. Chas. R. Fisher, now well known here as organist of St. Andrew's church. They are carols, very musical and pleasing. The one is entitled "A Pastoral," the words beginning "Sleep in slumber, shepherds watching," purports to picture the scene about Bethlehem at the time of the Nativity; the caption of the other is "Hear Our Carol," (a four part piece) with the words "We are singing of our Saviour." The words and music are both by Mr. Fisher. These little works will doubtless soon become popular. The copyright is the property of the White Smith Music Publishing Company of Boston.

The production of "Samson" by the St. John Oratorio society in Brussett's street church is now definitely fixed for the 11th Dec. inst. The rehearsals with the orchestra are already giving much satisfaction. The church ought to be crowded on that occasion.

The church choirs throughout the city are generally engaged in active preparation of their special Christmas music, as is customary each year.

Tones and Undertones.
Paderewski's health is said to be entirely restored. He will make an extended tour of Europe next year.

Sir Arthur Sullivan does his musical writing between midnight and 4 o'clock a. m. Is he an early bird?

The New York public is credited with being very capricious and tires of nothing quicker than a prima donna.

The Fink Jubilee Singers are giving a concert in the Shawmut Avenue Baptist church, in Boston this (Dec. 1) evening.

Madame Melba's last appearance in concert in Boston this season will be at a specially arranged concert on Dec. 4th, in Music hall.

Mr. Hichens, the author of the "Green Carnation," has just been appointed musical critic of The World, London, Eng., in place of George Bernard Shaw.

"Prinz Ananias," the new opera recently produced by "The Bostonians" at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre met with much success. The music is highly praised.

Mr. Martin Rolder has just completed an opera based upon incidents of the rebellion in the United States. Barbara Freitchie is a character in it. Her fig will also appear.

A new opera founded on "The Last Days of Pompeii" has just been furnished by the Flemish composer, Peter Banoit. It will be produced with great splendor at Brussels at an early date.

The Mendelssohn Lullies' Quart (of Boston, Mass., is composed of Madams Marie-Foster and S. Elizabeth Austin, sopranos; and Misses Anna C. Burt and Edith May Ladd, contraltos.

Madame Amelie Joachim and Miss Lillie Lehmann are giving song recitals on alternate Fridays in Berlin. A recent Boston paper says "The Berliners are interested in contemplating picturesque rains."

A minstrel performance was given last week in Waltham, Mass., by local talent for the benefit of Y. M. C. U. The talent consisted of twenty-five young society ladies. It was the affair of the season.

London (Eng.) papers say Lillian Russell will return there next season and produce an entirely new opera, entitled "Cleopatra," the libretto of which she has suggested. Mr. Bernberg will write the music. Dr. Osmond Carr, who composed the

music of Gilbert's latest opera "His Excellency" was born in 1838. When but 16 years of age he was appointed conductor of an amateur orchestra in the West Riding, of Yorkshire.

The orchestra of the new Castle Square theatre, Boston, comprises three first violins, two second, one alto, one cello and one bass, one flute, one clarinet, one oboe, one bassoon, two cornets, two horns, one trombone and drums.

At the production of "Samson" by the Boston Cecilia, last Wednesday evening, the cast was: Delilah, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman; Samson, Mr. Clarence B. Davis; the High priest, Mr. Heinrich Meyn; Abimelech, Mr. W. H. Clark.

Anton Gregor Rubinstein, the famous Russian pianist, is dead. He died at his home, near St Petersburg, last week. The cause of death was heart disease. He was born in 1830. In 1873-74 he visited the United States and created quite a musical excitement there.

Madame Libia Drog, who replaced Miss Lucille Hill as Mathilde in "William Tell" in New York, broke down completely, from nervousness at a recent performance. She was to have made her American debut at Aida, and being called upon to play the other part with such short notice that she became paralyzed with fear when she appeared before the audience.

A Portland, Me., paper, speaking of a recent performance of "Paul Jones" by the Grand Company, says, "The opera itself is far from satisfactory, the music being almost devoid of anything 'catchy.'" It compliments the stage sitting, however, and speaks of a wooden shoe dance by Miss Fairbairn, a horrapipe by chorus girls and Miss Mason's song, "Love, I dream of thee," as the features of the evening.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Shore Acres" will shortly be given in Boston.

Living pictures in New York are reported beyond decency.

Piner's new play is in rehearsal at the Garrick theatre, London.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter is credited with a hit in her new play "Charlotte Corday."

Madame Duse has sued for a divorce.

Souvenir programmes with celluloid covers printed in five colors were on sale at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week.

George W. Wilson will succeed Denman Thompson as Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead" when Thompson retires next spring.

Wm. A. Brady will produce another play by Sutton Vane entitled "Humanity." The production is fixed for 17th Dec., at the Bowdoin square theatre.

Frohman's "Sowing the Wind" company will start on a tour of New England next Monday. Mary Hampton is the leading lady of the company.

Miss Marie Burroughs will begin her career as a star in "The Profligate" at the Boston theatre on Dec. 3 (Monday next). The play is by A. W. Piner.

Some of the members of the "Gaiety Girl" company are becoming homesick. They want to go home, but the tour, as previously stated, includes Australia.

The Castle Square theatre (new), Boston, is filled at every performance of Manager Rose's new play "Captain Paul." There is a wonderful realistic scene in the third act which shows an exciting naval battle.

Berthold Tree is said to be probably the most versatile actor in England among the great artists today. He was the original Private Secretary and has played a wide range of parts, including Falstaff and Hamlet.

Miss Laura Burt, the leading lady "In Old Kentucky," being recently asked her opinion on marriage among theatrical people, very promptly replied, "I do not believe that theatrical people ought to marry."

"Scenes from the life of Napoleon Bonaparte," produced at the Park theatre, Boston, by Richard Mansfield last week is pronounced "upon the whole, a rather dull affair." It is a composition in five scenes by Lorimer Stoddard.

Manager Field of the Boston museum will become partner with Messrs. Rich and Harris and Charles Froham and will dispose of equal interests to them in his lease of his museum. This arrangement will take effect at the close of this season.

Dominick Murray, who is well known to a number of St. John lovers of the drama, is receiving unstinted praise for his character work in "The Cotton King." It is said to be one of the strongest, most magnetic impersonations, seen on the stage in Boston for many years.

"The Rising Generation," a play in which "hot and cold waves of comedy and melodrama are blended" was at the Grand opera house, Boston, this week. The purpose of the play is "to draw a contrast between the Irish parvenu and the Kolok-

beckers" in which the former comes out on top.

This is the last week of the run of "The Cotton King" in Boston, and on Monday evening Marion Manola Mason played the part of Hestey Dryson. This was her first attempt at acting since her serious illness. The performance last Monday evening was a benefit complimentary to her husband, Jack Mason. The house was crowded.

Mrs. Langtry, erstwhile known as the "Jersey Lily," will appear at the Park theatre, Boston, the first half of next week in "Agatha Tyldon" and the last half in "Esther Sandras," an adaptation from the French by Sydney Grundy. The first named play was produced last fall at the Haymarket theatre, London, and was the greatest success Mrs. Langtry ever made in London.

Alexander Salvini was sued in St. Paul the other day by Miss Louise Starr, who laid her damages at \$10,000. Miss Starr alleges that while performing there Salvini threw a glass in her face which cut her cheek open and made her unconscious. Salvini says the glass first struck a table, a fragment struck Miss Starr in the face and the sight of blood caused her to faint. The judge dismissed the suit on the ground that Miss Starr was not 21. She will renew the action as a minor.

A SIMCOE CO. MIRACLE.

THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF MRS. ROBINSON, OF MIDHURST.

Eleven Years Sickness—Her Case Pronounced Positively Incurable—She Was Given up to Die by Two Doctors—Now a Picture of Good Health and Strength.

(From the Barris Examiner.)

Near the village of Midhurst, about six miles from Barrie, stands the smithy of Mr. John Robinson, while within the midst of a large and leafy orchard dwell the smith and his family. Mr. Robinson is a type of the proverbial blacksmith with "the muscles of his brawny arms as strong as iron bands," but with Mrs. Robinson it has been different. The wife and mother has for a long time been a victim to acute and painful dropsy of the kidneys. Shortly after the birth of her youngest child (now about 13 years) Mrs. Robinson began to take fainting spells, accompanied by violent headaches. This continued through the years that have elapsed, during which time she has obtained the best medical advice available. For about a year she was in constant terror of going insane. Her dull heavy headache, beating pain in the back and weak swollen legs and body made her case something fearful. To a representative of the Examiner Mrs. Robinson said: "It is some five or six years since I took worse, and since then we have spent hundreds of dollars in medicine and for medical advice. The symptoms of my case were heavy headaches, pain in the back and kidneys and swollen legs. I rapidly grew worse, and last July was given up by two doctors to die, and all my friends and neighbors tell me that they never expected to see me again. I could not raise myself up, could not dress myself, and had to be assisted in everything. Now, I am well and strong, and can put out a big washing without any over-exertion. I have also suffered from diarrhoea for a number of years, and when I spoke of it to my doctor he said it was stopped, worse results would follow. At the urgent request of my son, who was then living in Manitoba, and personally knew of wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I decided to give this remedy a trial. Since using the Pink Pills I have been completely cured and have felt none but beneficial effects. Only the week before I commenced taking the Pink Pills I was told by a physician that he could not cure me, and that I should not expect to live more than a few days. I would likely get blood and said it was a fearful state and that my disease was dropsy of the kidneys, which positively could not be cured. This was about the middle of last January. After the third box of pills my backache left me and it has not since returned. I have taken thirteen or fourteen boxes in all and one my recovery to this wonderful medicine. I can't praise Pink Pills too much, whatever I say of them," said Mrs. Robinson.

"I recommend them to everybody. I can't speak too highly of them. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to let others, who are suffering as I was, know all about them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 20 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Handel's Appetite.

Handel was blessed with a wondrous appetite, and many are the amusing accounts, true or otherwise, of the means taken by its owner for its indulgence. His gastronomic propensities were frequently the object of satires, and in one caricature the composer is represented sitting on a bear barrel. A ham and a pair of fowl are attached to the pipes of an organ, a turkey lies upon a pile of books, and the floor of the apartment is strewn with oyster shells. It is more likely that his adversaries invented and propagated many of the wild stories concerning his eating and drinking powers than they had any foundation in literal fact. No one would probably order a dinner for three persons, for instance, and because it was being kept back by the company to arrive blurt out to the astonished waiter: "I am the company—bring up the timer breakfast!"



This illustration represents a very attractive pocket cushion. Ask your Grocer for one.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON MONTREAL CHICAGO

Train a child, etc.

No prettier or welcome, and at the same inexpensive little idea can be offered to young people than a bottle of sweet scent; the result is happiness and contentment. The latest novelty has been named

"Never Forgotten,"

put up by FISKE & LUBIN of London, Eng. This idea has already met with considerable success and has so far given entire satisfaction. Ask for it of all Chemists.

Over Particular.

Cleanliness is a virtue, no doubt, but like other virtues it may be carried to a vicious excess. So it happened with an old fisherman in Nantle Devon, who made it one of the chief ends of his life to keep his boat immaculate. On one occasion a gentleman had hired him to take himself and a young lady out for an afternoon's fishing. The boat could not be brought near enough to the shore for them to step in; so the old sailor removed his shoes and stockings, and taking the young lady in his arms, was about to deposit her on board when he caught sight of some mud on her pretty pair of boots. Instantly he stooped dipped both her feet up to the ankles in the sea, paddling them backward and forward to remove the mud in spite of the protests of the owner. His only remark as he finally put her on board was: "Bless you, miss, salt water won't give yer the sniff!"

A Wful Example of Economy.

The turning off and on of the water at the Kaaterskill Falls in the Catskills has long been used as an "awful example" of economy. But the manufacturers in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, beat the frugal Catskill mountaineer. They shut off the water of the Housatonic every Saturday afternoon, turning it on again Sunday night. By this means they fill their mill ponds at the head of the stream over Sunday, and obtain enough water to carry them through the next week. The Housatonic is naturally low, on account of the long drought; but on Sundays it looks like a broad and very muddy ditch. In some places water is hardly to be seen; what water there is trickles slowly under the stones that once on a time were hidden and unsuspected, but now are only too evident.

Improved the Stock.

President Scott, when he first took hold of the Cincinnati Southern, was greatly annoyed by the claims for horses and cattle killed by trains of the road on their way through Kentucky. So the manufacturer in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, beat the frugal Catskill mountaineer. They shut off the water of the Housatonic every Saturday afternoon, turning it on again Sunday night. By this means they fill their mill ponds at the head of the stream over Sunday, and obtain enough water to carry them through the next week. The Housatonic is naturally low, on account of the long drought; but on Sundays it looks like a broad and very muddy ditch. In some places water is hardly to be seen; what water there is trickles slowly under the stones that once on a time were hidden and unsuspected, but now are only too evident.



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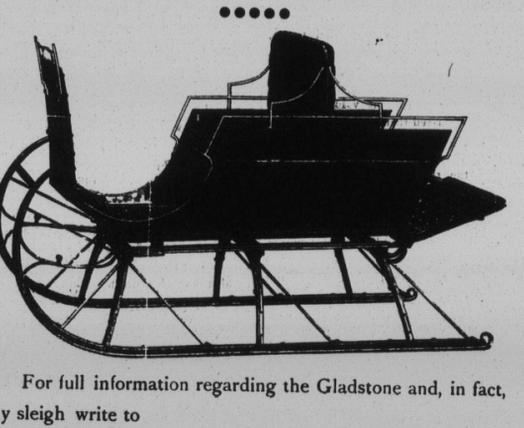
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a standard paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 25 and 27 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; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ANOTHER LIBEL BLUFF.

An attempt to bluff a live newspaper only serves to make the bluffer or bluffers ridiculous. Parties that were anxious to have a newspaper report about themselves contradicted themselves by making use of absurd bluffs, knowing that a live suit entails considerable trouble to a newspaper. Such bluffs sometimes work, because of this very fact. One of the most humorous instances of clear bluff ever recorded was that of Alderman RYAN of Halifax, who defied PROGRESS to say that he was the alderman alluded to as having sold a pass, and intimated that if he was shown to be the man meant he would immediately institute a libel suit against PROGRESS. In the next issue of the paper, the Halifax correspondent of PROGRESS calmly told Alderman RYAN that he was the man meant. Alderman RYAN seems to have changed his mind about the libel suit.

There have been other equally absurd bluffs directed at this paper lately, one of which was that made by the astute Mr. McLENNAN. The bluff in another case has gone a little further than most ones. PROGRESS's position in the libel suits at present directed against some of its employees, has already received considerable attention in the editorial and news columns of this paper. An instance of a bluff libel suit just ended in the upper provinces of Canada will be of interest.

A long time ago Le Moniteur de Commerce, a Montreal commercial paper, stated that La Banque di Hochelega, a bank with its headquarters in that city, had accepted bills of the late Central Bank when they were without value, and had in bad faith passed them on to the public. This statement was one that a publisher would scarcely make without proof, thus running the risk to which he is subjected under such a stringent libel law as prevails in Canada. For that matter, there are very few cases in which a publisher does not exercise care in publishing statements to which exception may be taken.

La Banque di Hochelega, however, did what many people do whose misdeeds are exposed by a fearless press, and who have comparatively little to lose. It made a bluff. The manager of the bank, who had formerly been a newspaper man, in connection with the other directors threatened a suit. Le Moniteur de Commerce calmly reiterated its statement.

Action was taken; but the proceedings were delayed, notwithstanding that the defendant newspaper pressed for a more speedy action. And the bank in its action for \$50,000 has just been acquitted in a jury trial, the verdict being that the article was not libellous, the allegations being substantially true.

A paper which publishes statements in good faith which it considers to be in the public's interest, and refuses to be, while acting in the capacity of a friend of the public, brow-beaten by either corporations or individuals, deserves the support of the public.

BRAZIL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Now that "what the new czar will do" towards reform is no longer a disputed question, people who are curious as to the tendencies of new rulers can turn their thoughts to Brazil. MORES, Brazil's new president, showed before his election that he had many progressive ideas regarding the government of a country the people of which are as fickle as those of Brazil. The land that witnessed the most remarkable revolution in the world—the bloodless one of a few years ago. Whether MORES will be any more consistent than other Brazilians or other politicians is yet to be seen. PEIXOTO, the predecessor of the new President, was not an unalloyed success. He did not succeed in obtaining control of either the army or the navy. President MORES announces his determination to control both. He also announces his firm resolve to be master of the royalist party, which is small, but powerful. He also intends to be president of all the other people of Brazil, as far as the limited

authority of the head of a republican form of government will permit.

President MORES advocates several measures which have as their object the securing of more individual independence than has before characterized Brazil under the new form of government. He also wants a consolidated system of high import duties, in order to build up the home industries of Brazil, which are not in a flourishing condition. And if President MORES' ideas prevail, Brazil will have an income tax.

MALTHUS it was who gained himself fame and a name from which have been made other names by predicting that if the population of the world increased during the next two hundred years at its present geometrical ratio, there would only be a square foot of standing-room for each inhabitant of the globe. Mr. MALTHUS rather inclined to the opinion that the world was getting decidedly overcrowded. But there are always checks which prevent increase of population by geometrical progression. China is one of the most densely populated countries in the world, but when its population shows a tendency to increase by geometrical progression there is always a plague, or a war, or something of the kind, to keep it down. Anyone who has worked problems in which men are badly fooled by being unaware of the subtle augmentative facilities of the principle of geometric progression, know that if even one man is removed from the general plan at an early stage of the progression, there is a big difference in the aggregate. Whenever the Emperor of China sends one of his pleasant little notes to one of his subjects, accompanied by a silken cord of considerable thickness, the subject generally takes the advice contained in the note, and hangs himself. The people of China are most obliging in instances of this kind. Then the morbid sensitiveness of Chinamen also serves to check Mr. MALTHUS's progression in the first century of its growth. Commodore LIN of the Chen Juen sailed when he found that his ship had been destroyed by a hidden Chinese torpedo. LI HUNG CHANG, if he is divested of any more of his military because of the capture of Port Arthur, will probably follow suit. Commodore LIN may have killed himself in order to escape receiving one of the Emperor's cords, and not from any desire to ward off as far as possible the "standing room only" period predicted by the disciples of MALTHUS.

The "agency column" of the London Times has long been one of the most celebrated features of that celebrated newspaper. It has figured in a great many works of fiction, and in several bits of society verse. The New York Herald's "personal" column has been somewhat after the style of the Times' famous department, but Canada has hitherto been pretty well spared this infliction. But now the Montreal nameless of the London Times is guilty of publishing a "agency" personal which is equal to anything in that line that ever appeared in the London Times. Mr. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE attempts to solve this enigma in another column of PROGRESS, but, after bringing forth some ingenious explanations of the mystic phrases it contains, has given up the task in despair. Mr. W. S. GILBERT makes one of his characters say concerning a sentence supposed to have been written by MARTIN FABRIQUER TUPPER that "it was of course very clever, but I do not understand it." The Montreal enigma seems to have the latter qualification, even if it does not rejoice in the former.

Rev. J. C. WALES, the orator of the Attleboro convention, seems to have a pronounced idea as to the mission of the modern newspaper. He said in his oration that a newspaper should publish news. The reverend gentleman further said that from the man who waters his milk to the cold-blooded murderer, all degrees of criminal mankind want news suppressed. "Lies, thieves, burglars, scandal-mongers, deceivers, prize-fighters, adulterers, gamblers, drunkards and gentleman rascals all cry out against the newspapers," says this distinguished clergyman. "Their business is disturbed by newspaper enterprise. But no one who is open and honest and free from any taint of aggression wants news suppressed."

The Bancor Commercial seems to think that it has made a remarkable discovery in an old book. It remarks editorially: "In an old English dictionary a 'git' is described as a 'roe-buck of two years.'" If the Commercial editor will look into any reliable dictionary of the English language he will probably find a similar definition of the word.

Governor MITCHELL, of Florida, says that CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS will not be allowed to fight in that state. The governor's statement has caused much rejoicing among some religious papers, who forget that Governor MITCHELL made somewhat similar remarks before the CORBETT-MITCHELL fight.

That the pen and press are mighty is evident to the visitor to the editorial and press rooms of the Montreal Witness. Their great Hoe press is one of the best in America, and the Witness is a carefully-edited newspaper.

PARAS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heavy the mantle that shrouds our love, And dreary is the thought that fills the mind, And only by the power sent from above— The gentle influence soothing, ever kind— Can we be faith imperfect, wavering, low, Leave all to God and to Him humbly bow.

For to the human mind's imperfect sight It seems so hard to realize the good, Hidden by Him who dwells in holy light A King supreme, our Heavenly Father, God— In this day of trials and distress, And He alone can cheer His people.

May He in mercy to the soul reveal, Himself, through His dear Son, our Saviour, Lord, And make us truly now to know and feel That inner light and life He doth afford, And bring us nearer to the throne of grace, Where strength to bear is found, abiding peace. August, 1894.

The Spirit of Song. O, the Spirit of Song is everywhere!— In the roar of the howling gale, You can hear her notes Above the moan That comes from the straining sail— When the breeze blows fair You can hear her b'are Or wild for horns on the trembling air; From cliff throats Beat time with the rattling hail.

Level and Square. In sudden scenes of woe and weal To lend a helping hand; And in His name who loved us all A brother true to stand; He will the noblest prove to be, Who scorn of pride will dare; Walking on the level way, And acting on the square.

The goods of which a garment is made must be right, or all the care in cutting, in trimming, will not make honest value. We buy many of our fabrics from the makers, we import most of our goods direct. We save in cost, and at the same time gain in quality, over goods on which two or three profits have been made. We believe that good cloth should be made up by skilled hands only—we have them—and that each stitch should be carefully taken. Next, we expect only a fair, honest profit. We offer these advantages and often sell at lower prices than those who take the profit. Let the ladies know that this is tailoring. GRIMOUS TAYLOR.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

When a man gets into hot water, there is generally someone around to see that the mercury does not fall.

Liberality of creed should lessen hypocrisy.

The dupe is no longer such when his wisdom teeth appear.

Many a one who is "too proud to beg" is just as lazy to work.

Ignorance is educational poverty, while bigotry is intellectual ditto.

Fortunes are carved with the chisel of determination.

Time and tide—enable an oarsman to "get there."

Disagreeable companions make disagreeable weather doubly disagreeable.

Happiness is not due entirely to surroundings, else there would be no paper paradises or wealthy discontent.

A worldly man in the pulpit causes more lakewarmness, than would the shortcomings of half the congregation.

Sometimes a "debt of gratitude" at compound interest would cause bankruptcy.

Speech is not made more brilliant by gold-filled teeth.

Example is so heavily burdened by "duty" that precept is placed on the free list, else advice would not be so very gratuitous.

A child's query may form an obstacle over which maturity cannot climb.

Momentary heart-failure may be experienced by a mean man by mistakingly placing a quarter in the collection plate for a copper.

The instinctiveness of the lower order of creation is no less wonderful in its contemplation than is the intelligence of the higher.

A owes B and C owes A. A's memory attains an octogenarian longevity regarding C, while "brain-failure" may set in in A's case with B.

Disipation is the natural crop reaped by the sower of "wild oats"—and by the way, you may observe that the cultivated kind of oats is rarely mentioned.

A "Warm Actor" cannot always hold a heated debate.

Do you keep "abreast of the times," my friend? Yes sir, I flatter myself that I do. Well! I'll take a piece of the breast.

Bobby to hesitating young man, "spit it out!"

Bobby's sht-jut from Boston—Why, Bobby, what slang, why not say, expectorate externally.

Two misun'erstood things. The first commandment and the origin of the multiplication table. They both originated in the garden of Eden, inasmuch as Adam's first command was to increase and "multiply."

"The mist (mis)ed has cleared away." He took the Sunday train and will continue to be misled by his creditors.

They say PROGRESS makes a good Record.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Christmas number of McClure's has a most striking cover, though why the American magazines cannot display something less foreign than holly on their covers is not quite clear. Napoleon Bonaparte is treated extensively in this, as in other numbers of the magazine. Conan Doyle has a story, and Canon Farrar writes of "The Christ-child in Art." Bret Harte furnishes material to an interviewer for a most interesting article. Professor Drummond has a paper on D. L. Moody. The story of the overthrow of the "Molly Maguires" is graphically told. Not only Moody, but also Sankey, appears in the "Human Documents."

The Christmas Delinquent is the best number of the year, and contains much of interest to the gentler sex. As the Delinquent comes out further ahead of time than any of the other monthlies, ladies have ample time to make the Christmas presents described therein.

The "Sun's" Office Cal.

When PROGRESS first moved into its new building on Canterbury street, a little Maltese kitten from nowhere took up its abode there. The kitten made itself quite at home with the office paste, and developed considerable editorial ability. It was wont to cling to the backs of Progress staff, during their wanderings about the office, with the pertinacity of an Old Man of the Sea. The editorial and editorial corps of PROGRESS and the Record were kept busy going for milk with which to feed that cat. But alas! for the fickleness of the feline tribe. The cat had not passed the editorial columns of our United States exchanges long before it came to the conclusion that a paper glorying in the most common appellation of the orb of day was an "office cat." So our ungrateful kitten betook itself to the editorial corner of the Sun. PROGRESS is not without a mascot, however, for since the disappearance of the Maltese another kitten, black and white and ugly as sin, is one of the fixtures of our sanctum sanctorum.

ADVICE TO BRIDEGROOMS.

It is Wrong to Imagine Themselves the Centre of Attraction.

The New York World gives some advice for the prospective bridegrooms to chew on while awaiting the day:

While you are waiting at the altar for the bride don't claw the air nervously with your hands. Neither should you allow your jaw to drop and your eyes to protrude. The congregation can gauge your feelings accurately enough without these outward signs of inward nervousness.

Give your bachelor supper at least a week before the wedding day. It is a mistake to put it off until the night before. Brides are unreasonable enough sometimes to object to having the bridegrooms just recovering from a merry-making of that sort.

Don't about your responses in the voice of one reading the riot act to a wolf. On the other hand, don't whisper as though you were confessing a crime.

Do not imagine that every eye is fastened on you. No one is in the least interested in you. Unless you make yourself conspicuous by some awkwardness the congregation will scarce be aware of your presence.

Don't try to smile cheerfully as you go down the aisle. You will succeed only in fixing a ghastly grin upon your face. At the same time it is not necessary to glue your eyes upon the doorway, and thus show everyone that your only desire is for escape.

Don't rush madly from the church at the time with the wedding march and eighteen inches ahead of the bride. Remember that her train is heavy, and will drag her back at best.

When you are receiving the congratulations of the guests, don't try to make original remarks to them all. And don't mention wedding presents on that occasion. You'll be sure to thank the woman who gave you the set of Charlye for the chafing dish, and so on.

Don't try to conceal the fact that you are lately married while you are on your wedding journey. All such efforts are futile and only make you ridiculous. Accept the consequences of your act in a manly way.

Don't scold the bride when you discover that her father's \$5000 check was merely an ornament. Besides, there is your father's entirely decorative order on the bank to be considered.

When you return to the office don't tell all the unmarried men to go and do likewise. Or at least wait six months before giving that advice.

Perfume from Potatoes.

"There is one odorous essence in very common use," said Dr. F. G. Conlter of Indianapolis at the Laclede last night, "of which the majority of the people know nothing whatever. This is potato ether distilled from potato spirit. No one would suppose that the humble vegetable capable of yielding a perfume. Yet it does yield three, and very good ones they are. They are the names of pear, apple, and grape oil, from a resemblance between their odors and these fruits. Confectioners use them largely to perfume their fine candies.

Chemistry has some queer stories about perfume. It is found that the sole constituents of a super oil, attar of rose-mary and that of lemons and turpentine are really the same, seven parts carbon, with one of hydrogen. We cannot combine these substances so as to form any one of the perfumes mentioned, nor explain why, with the same constituent parts, they exhale odors so different. Eau de cologne, which won fame and wealth for not only a family, but a city, is really indebted to the orange for most of its charm, there being four different perfumes distilled from it which are used as ingredients in eau de cologne."

The Stockholders Should Profit.

The Hawker Medicine company of St. John, have just completed arrangements to extend their business to the United States with American headquarters in New York. A number of American capitalists are interested in the undertaking. The New York factory will be opened December 10. The general headquarters will still be in St. John.—Montreal Gazette.

The company has been pushed since its formation. The name of the Hawker remedies is known from Montreal to the Pacific coast. The English agency is doing some big advertising, a will be seen by leading English papers. After the Hawker Medicine Co. get well under way in New York they propose forming a company in England. The provincial stockholders come in for their share of deals both in the United States and England and will no doubt make a handsome thing out of it in the course of a short time.

Something Might be Done.

The bent figure of Mrs. McQueen, the old woman who sells papers upon the streets at a late hour the bitter nights of this week makes many a passer-by uncomfortable. Perhaps they have "bought out" the old lady again and again and do not care or cannot afford to do so too often. But the fact that she stands there shivering with cold while they pass to their warm and comfortable homes remains with them, it may be, all through their evening. Cannot something be done by the almshouse authorities to give this woman some outdoor relief sufficient to keep her off the street in late hours and to provide her against want. A family of grandchildren more or less dependent upon her should be afforded.

No Local Application.

The other day, the following testimony was received by the proprietor of a very much-advertised cough syrup: "For two months my wife has been suffering from hoarseness with a difficulty to talk. Since she has taken your syrup, she cannot talk at all. Please send me two more bottles as soon as possible."

CAMPBELLTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carpets and machinery.

Nov. 23—Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, was in town for a day or two last week.

Miss Edith Johnson visited her friend, Miss Bertha Dowling, at Mount Allison ladies' college, Sackville, during the Thanksgiving vacation and is now in Moncton, where she will remain with friends for some time.

Mr. A. J. McDonald, of Dalhousie, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Basin.

Mr. Pope, superintendent of the Great North Western telegraph company, of Quebec, paid Campbellton a brief visit last week.

Rev. Mr. Snow is holding services at Dawsonville this week.

Mr. E. W. Lewis, principal of the grammar school, enjoyed a short trip to Moncton during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. Henry M. Devereaux of Dalhousie spent Monday at the "Beavers."

Mr. James M. Johnson went to Chatham returning on Friday morning.

Miss Sadie Soverby returned last week from a pleasant week's visit with the Misses Robinson of Metapedia.

Mr. W. W. Deberry was in Moncton on Thursday last.

Mr. Leon A. Globensky, manager of the Campbellton Water Supply company, and Mr. William M. Delaney, of the I. C. B. office here, had a delightful drive to Dalhousie on Sunday.

Rev. W. A. Thomson, pastor of the Methodist church, occupied the pulpit in St. John's church on Sunday morning during the absence of Rev. A. F. Carr.

W. A. Mott, M. P. P., spent several days last week in St. John.

Miss Nellie Williams was the guest of Miss Miller, of Bel River, for a week or so.

Mr. Robert McCord, who has been manager of the G. N. W. T. Co. here for over twenty-five years has resigned his position and will shortly go to Quebec to reside. The numerous friends of the Misses McCord regret very much that they will also leave Campbellton.

Mr. J. A. McDonald, of Moncton, is in town on a business trip.

Miss Corin Vennor, who has been spending a few weeks in Yarmouth, N. S., returned to St. John on Monday where she will stay some time with Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Vennor on Wednesday.

Master Dio Freese spent the holiday with his relatives in Moncton.

Mrs. A. K. Thompson is recovering from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Miss Fidler, of Jacques River, was a guest at the "Landscape" on Thursday.

Miss Mias Farrer, of Stann-ride, N. B., was home for a few days last week.

Mr. James H. Leacock, of Dalhousie, was among the strangers in town on Monday.

Mr. Everett Henderson, of St. John, was united in Marriage to Miss Miller, of Bel River, last evening. After a short tour Mr. and Mrs. Henderson will come to Campbellton and will reside at Ramsey street.

The members of St. Andrew's church held a Thanksgiving supper in the G. O. Henderson hall on last Thursday, realizing the net sum of \$63.00. During the evening a very enjoyable programme was carried out, the song being a trio sweetly rendered by Miss Gussie Fawcett, Miss Annie Fawcett and Miss Mary McKee. I might also mention the two dialogues "Tomorrow" and "When the cat is away the mice will play" which created much merriment and were realistically portrayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien returned from their wedding tour on Sunday morning. Mrs. O'Brien appeared in a certain costume with handsome grey Persian lamb cape, a gift from the groom, and hat of white felt. She is receiving this week in a becoming grey gown trimmed with red silk velvet.

Rev. Father Granley is in town today and will attend the oyster supper which is being held this evening by the R. C. congregation.

Mr. Joseph Doherty is dangerously ill at present and slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Mrs. Mercier, of Dalhousie, is the guest of her brother, Mr. Henry Mercier. IDUNA.

SPRINGHILL.

PROGRESS is for sale in Springhill by Daniel A. Frew.

Nov. 21—Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Christie spent Thanksgiving with their relatives in St. John.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Wm. Hall met with a rather painful accident at his mine at River Hoo last week; he had a pick stuck in his foot.

Mr. Hall is with him at River Hoo at present.

The Misses Goodwin entertained some of their friends at their mother's residence, corner Meacham and Drummond streets, last Friday evening. These invited were: Mrs. Thos. Fletcher, Miss Jennie Lambert, Miss Kate O'Brien, Miss Mattie David, Miss Susie Murray, the Misses Hunter, the Misses Proctor, Misses Millie Pippy, Lillie Stimpson, Belle McKay, Mary Robins, Mary Black, Annie Parry, the Misses Cove, Amber, Misses Mary Kenney, Juggies, Lizzie Dean, Springhill Junction-Rose Hunter, the Misses Black, Misses Anne Cooper, Jennie Engham, Lizzie Oulter, Maud Greer, Miss Mae Cove, Miss Hatfield, Parrboro, Messrs. James McNeil, J. R. Forbes, S. B. Anderson, Dr. J. A. Johnson, E. D. Dreyer, George Lead, Walter, Selden Hunter, C. Cooper, E. M. Launelle, W. H. Murray, F. McPherson, R. Armstrong, Sackville, E. B. Hill, Gordon Fraser, Angus Fraser, C. Perry, O'Donnell, H. Hiley, J. C. Mills, C. H. Heston, W. B. Peck, W. R. Anderson, W. C. Black, Edwin Cooper, Fred Cooper, W. T. Proctor, J. D. Cole, D. A. Anderson. The evening was spent very pleasantly in games and music, house calling, etc. ending only too soon.

Mrs. Jessie Starr Keefe, the talented lecturer delivered two of her interesting and instructive lectures here on Thursday and Friday evening, of last week. TRIO.

MARVILLE.

Nov. 27—Mrs. James Gibson returned Monday from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mrs. Taha who has been visiting her brother, Mr. J. W. Wallace, of St. John, returned home on Monday.

Mr. W. S. McFarlane, of St. John, spent Tuesday here.

The young people of the Methodist church held a successful sale in their hall on Thanksgiving. The music was furnished by Mayville band, and led by F. and Drum of the boys' brigade.

A union meeting of the young people's societies of Marville was held Monday evening in the Methodist church. A very fine programme was rendered.

Special mention should be made of Master Addison Hanes's recitation, entitled "How of Ages." Also Mr. Brown's of A. C. F. society.

Miss Dorothea Miller, of Marville, and Miss Bell Lillie returned from St. John's Tuesday where they have been for the past week, opening a branch store.

Miss Mary Rowley spent Thanksgiving with her parents.

Mr. Ross, of St. Stephen, was in town.

Miss Marion Inch entertained the club, on Friday evening. The club will next meet with Eva Masson next week.

Laura Lillie is confined to the house with the measles.

We are pleased to see Gertrude McConnell on with you on folks again after her recent attack of Scarlet fever.

Miss Estem writes upon Sunday with Mrs. Alexander.

Miss Wood of Annapolis is expected in town.

Miss Wood of Annapolis is

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or GOLD, WHICH?

If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

A Novelty in Cake Cutters. CARD PARTY CAKE CUTTERS.

as illustrated, to represent the different denominations of each. With their aid the hostess can furnish her guests with refreshments which will be at once novel and appropriate to the occasion.

Sheraton & Whittaker, 38 King St.

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

BLANKETS and COMFORTABLES. It is time to think of Warm Bed Clothing for the Winter.

JACK FROST IS HERE

The friends of the late Miss Emma Shenton were gathered to her death, which occurred on Monday afternoon at the residence of her father, Ermouth street, on Saturday last, after a lingering illness. The funeral was held on Tuesday and was largely attended by old and young.

Miss Nellie Jarvis has returned from Bradford, Ontario, where she has been spending some weeks. Miss Edith Robertson, who has been spending some time with relatives at Sarnia, Ontario, has returned home.

Mr. F. H. Tippett left on Friday last for Halifax, where he is said to be engaged in the S. S. California.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Doherty, who have been on a visit to Boston, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robson entertained a number of their friends with drive whist at their residence King street east, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White, Main street, were agreeably surprised on Tuesday evening when a number of their friends assembled in honor of the day, it being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. White.

On Tuesday evening the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ashe, assembled at their residence, Princess street, to assist them in celebrating the fifth anniversary of their wedding day.

The Rev. Thomas A. Dickinson, M. A., rector of St. Mary's church, Kennet square, Pallis A. A., is the guest of the Rev. A. J. Crosswell, episcopii 11, Kings Co.

Miss Ella Henderson left by C. P. R. Wednesday night to spend the winter in Boston, the guest of W. S. Goodwin.

On Tuesday evening Miss Raymond, Union street, gave a most enjoyable party in honor of her friend Miss Madge Smith, of Hampton, who is at present visiting her. Dancing and whist were enjoyed until the wee sma' hours.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Buchanan, Mrs. A. E. Parkhurst, Mrs. Rose Parkhurst, Miss Belle Donald, Miss Foster, Miss Alice Foster, Miss George Foster, Miss Bertie Nelson, Miss Fannie Grant, Miss Lottie Trantonsky, Miss Annie McBratney, Miss Margaret McBratney, Miss Malice Smith, Hampton, Mr. Trentonky, Prof. Wilder, Mr. Jack Russell, Mr. Charles Dykeson, Mr. James Fraser, Mr. McBratney, Mr. Charles Nelson, Mr. Howard Barnes, Mr. Bliss Barnes, Mr. Arthur Foster, and Mr. Tom Donald.

Mrs. Armstrong gave an extremely pleasant party at her home on Union street, Wednesday evening, for her grand-daughter, Miss Beattie Penley.

A progressive whist party was held at the residence of Miss Gertrude Murphy, on Tuesday evening. Quite a number of young people were present, and the evening passed away pleasantly and rapidly. Dancing was also indulged in.

The funeral of the late John B. Lester Peters, whose death occurred on Sunday last, was held from his late residence, Pitt street, on Wednesday afternoon. The funeral was very largely attended.

First came the police, sixteen strong, then the St. George's society, Masonic order, Barbers' society, Mayor and Common council. The pall bearers were Mr. J. A. Schofield, Mr. C. F. Kinneer, Mr. C. W. Weldon, Mr. George Hare, Mr. Edwin Wetmore, and Dr. Thomas Walker. Rev. J. M. Davenport conducted private services at two o'clock, and the services at the church were conducted by Rev. J. M. Davenport, and A. G. H. Decker. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

A surprise party was held on Wednesday evening at the residence of Miss E. Bardsley, Ermouth street, at which a large number of young friends were present. The evening passed very pleasantly with dancing, games and playing cards. A beautiful supper was served at 7 p. m. and the party broke up at 2 p. m. after having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Those present were Miss Ella Lee, the Misses McCaslin, Miss L. Hayes, Miss E. Maloney, the Misses Bardsley, Miss L. Decker, Miss N. Horton, Miss L. McQuire, Miss Higgins, Miss Josie Dean, Miss McManus, Messrs. J. Murphy, Wm. Hoare, M. Wilson, G. Runtzman, G. F. Blake, Jr. L. Hayes, Jr. Dean, C. Clarke, J. E. Horton, E. Murphy, A. Dean, J. Bardsley, E. Lanney and R. Fitchell.

Rev. Allan Hudson, and his wife, once Miss Eliza Staver, of Summerside were in the city on Wednesday en route for their native home at Weymouth, N.S.

The many friends of Mrs. McParlane, wife of Dr. Foster McParlane, were much grieved to hear of her death, which took place on Monday after a tedious illness. Mrs. McParlane has been in ill health for some time, but about ten days ago had a hemorrhage of the lungs after which she sank rapidly, passing away quietly on Monday afternoon. She left a husband, one son and four daughters. The funeral took place from her late residence, King square, on Tuesday afternoon, and was very largely attended. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by friends, the official board and congregation of Ermouth street church sending a floral offering consisting of "The Gates Ajar" with star, crescent of flowers, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Likely; bouquet, Miss Louise Thompson; cross of white roses with word "eternity" in purple letters, from Dr. and Mrs. McAlpine; star of cream roses, Mr. and Mrs. F. Beer; bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Warwick; bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fairweather; bouquet, Mr. W. E. Davidson; crescent of pink roses, Mr. Frank Taft; star of cream and white roses, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bullock; bouquet of yellow and white chrysanthemums; Mrs. F. Butler and Mrs. F. Merritt; white chrysanthemums and pink roses, Mr. Fred Spencer; roses, chrysanthemums, and carnations, Mr. Duncan Smith, bouquet, Mrs. J. U. Thomas and Miss Thomas; bouquet of pink and white roses, Mr. C. P. Baker.

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CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. John R. Carle, 169 Main Street, St. John.

Mack's Double Starch. Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS.

Dearborn & Co., Agents, St. John, N. B.

PERFUMES. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 122 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A USEFUL PRESENT Little Helpmate.

Out-of-town buyers will please bear in mind that we give special attention to all orders for materials for Xmas Fancy Work.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Ada Cowan; pretty belle of the... Miss Emily Flowering; green silk with pink trimmings...

Nov. 28.—There has been so little stir in society circles lately that the correspondents who aim either for glory or... Miss Helen... Mr. Roy Vanwart...

Nov. 28.—On Wednesday, at the rectory, Mrs. Kate Dick was united in marriage to Mr. James McLean... Mr. John Dewar...

Nov. 27.—Mrs. A. J. Gilman, of Kingston, visited Mr. C. Ross last week... Mr. R. A. Irving...

MONOTON.

Nov. 28.—What was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant... Mrs. McSwaney wore a handsome gown of black velvet...

Nov. 27.—Miss Alice Wetmore, of Moncton, spent Thanksgiving with the Misses Edith and Maude Crisp... Mr. Arthur DeForest...

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SIR MORELL MCKENZIE, M. D. COURT PHYSICIAN TO EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



The subject of this sketch is better known, no doubt, to the world at large than any other member of the medical profession...

Do Your Eyes Trouble You? If you get your eyes itchy and watery...

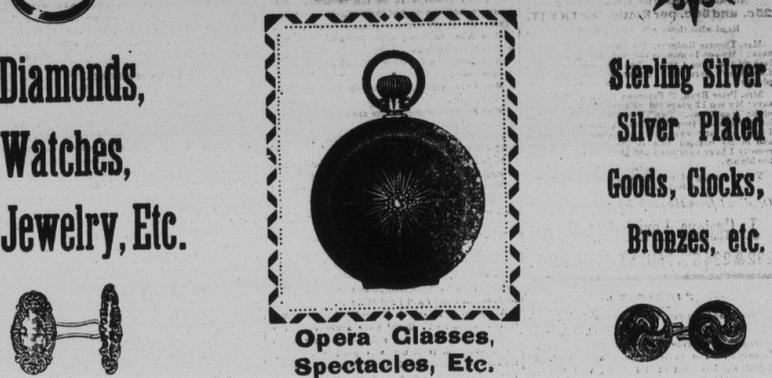
for Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, where she intends spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Charles Hawkins...

Nov. 27.—Miss Harding, St. John, spent a few days in the city with the Misses Flowering...

Nov. 27.—Miss Alice Wetmore, of Moncton, spent Thanksgiving with the Misses Edith and Maude Crisp...

Nov. 27.—Mrs. A. J. Gilman, of Kingston, visited Mr. C. Ross last week... Mr. R. A. Irving...

HOLIDAY GOODS. XMAS. 1894.



Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Etc. FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING ST. "Strongest and Best."

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. 90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Saves Time, Saves Money. "Shannon" System Filing Your Business Papers. Simplest, Cheapest and Best Letter Cabinet in Use.



NOTICE. We beg to announce that we have purchased the plant, stock, and good-will of the MACFARLANE SHADE CO., Ltd.

Baby Wants It. Martin's Cardinal Food. Modern Science wins many victories. Cranby Rubbers.

Hood's Cured After Others Failed. Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.



"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla...

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

STOP THROWING RICE.

IT IS A SENSELESS AND ANNOYING CUSTOM.

It Had a Very Pretty Origin, However—Some Remarkable Scenes at Provincial Weddings where Hooligans and Hoydens Acted Unseemly.

The Vicar of Cropedy, an Oxfordshire village, has had the following notice attached to the church door with regard to rice-throwing at weddings: "It is particularly requested that no rice be thrown at the conclusion of weddings when the bride and bridegroom leave the church. The bride's house, and not the church, is the right place for observances which have no connection with the religious ceremony, and are sometimes a cause of disorder and irreverence."—South Bucks (Eng.) Free Press.

What a blessed thing it would be, not only for the unfortunate bride and groom, and the immediate wedding party, but also for the guests, and the disinterested spectators, if Canadian clergymen would follow the excellent example of the Vicar of Cropedy and discourage by every means in their power that most senseless and annoying custom of pelting people with rice at weddings.

I am willing to admit that the habit had its origin in a praiseworthy and romantic superstition, current in India, where the showering of a young bride with rice was supposed to insure peace and plenty for her new life, since rice was the emblem of plenty. But when the custom has degenerated from its former significance into affording a mere opportunity for the toughs and street gamins of the town, to gratify their natural taste for mischief and gives them liberty to commit a series of what in reality are nothing less than assaults; then it is time the custom was put down with the strongest hand possible—even the hand attached to the powerful arm of the law, if necessary.

It is all very well for the bride's friends and relations to send a shower of rice after her as she leaves the paternal mansion to set out on her wedding journey, or to throw a handful of it rattling against the car windows as the train which carries her, glides out of the station; such a demonstration is hardly the best form in the world, but then form and formality are a good deal lost sight of, in a moment of such general excitement, and it is at least a harmless performance.

Of late years however, the ceremony of rice throwing has been almost entirely taken out of the hands of the wedding guests, and appropriated by hordes of ill-behaved persons of both sexes, who crowd to a church wedding, as they would to any other free show, doing their best to make as much disturbance as possible, and devoting special attention to the effort to ruin every garment worn by the bridal party, and to make them suffer just as much inconvenience as possible from the moment they enter the church, until they reach the welcome shelter of their own homes.

It is far from pleasant for a mere guest who is only taking a passive part in the entertainment, to be greeted on leaving the church with a handful of rice flung directly into her face with the full force of some unruly cub or boy, or half-grown hoyden of a girl who should know better, but unfortunately they do not confine their operations to the rice industry alone, and if rice is disagreeable, when used as a weapon instead of a food, split peas, and whole white beans are infinitely worse; and lately the larger vegetable product is frequently substituted for the smaller, with disastrous effect, and great slaughter for the forces. I have seen a hapless bridegroom vainly endeavoring to extract a split pea from his ear, while standing at the communion rails waiting for his bride to appear; and I have watched with deepest sympathy the efforts of an infuriated groomsmen to garner a handful of rice and some white beans from the inside of his collar, and prevent them from slipping down his back; while the parson was engaged in exhorting the newly-made husband and wife to treat each other kindly, and not spend too much on dress.

And I have seen guests with their handkerchiefs pressed so firmly to their eyes during the whole ceremony that I felt certain their emotions had overcome them and they were dissolved in tears, while in reality they were only nursing a wounded eye, in which a grain of rice had lodged, and positively refused to leave. Worse of all, perhaps in point of deliberate malice, though not so dangerous, is the bag of flour with which some ruffians provide themselves when starting out to attend a church wedding in the character of uninvited and most undesirable spectators. At a very fashionable wedding lately, I saw a girl, and a grown up one too, deliberately empty a small bag of flour, as nearly over the bride procession as it left the church, as she could reach, and if she did not succeed in ruining the evening dress of the groom and ushers, it certainly was not her fault. And I heard of a case where the wedding took place on a rainy evening, and such quantities of flour were thrown over the wedding party that the rain made it into

paste, and when that paste was dry the task of removing it, is one that can be more readily imagined than described. In fact I have witnessed so many bear garden scenes at church weddings that the solemnity of the beautiful service was utterly marred, and I no longer wonder that people should prefer being married in the seclusion of their own homes, to going through the ordeal that awaits them in church.

I knew of one bride having her veil completely torn off before she could get out of the church door, so roughly was she handled by the crowd of roughs about the door and porch, and I was present at another wedding where the enthusiastic spectators succeeded in pulling down three joints of the ecclesiastical steeple on the heads of the guests in their efforts to gain a nearer view of the proceedings; they used the pipe as a sort of scaffolding to climb up by, and as it had not been built for that purpose it gave way, and the frightened squeals of the small boys who were clinging to it, added greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.

I have understood on good authority that the elders, wardens and finance committees of the various churches rather object to church weddings on the score of expense, as there is sure to be an extensive bill for repairs to be settled before the church is fit for occupation again, and they are beginning to think that it costs a good deal more than it comes to.

In large cities such a state of affairs would not be tolerated for a moment—it is in the small towns and country places that the nuisance flourishes apparently unchecked, and when I saw the paragraph from an English paper which heads this mournful plaint, I wondered if it would not be possible for Canadian clergymen to adopt some method of checking the freedom with which the great outside public take part in one of the most sacred services of the church. Of course I am well aware that such a mild measure as that adopted by the Vicar of Cropedy would be useless in our free and untrammelled civilization, but perhaps a policeman, or a cordon of vestrymen stationed at the church gate, and armed with legal authority to search every small boy, detain every girl who carries a suspicious looking parcel, and confiscate every grain of rice, every split pea, and every bean, found in their possession. A policeman or two thinly scattered amongst the congregation would assist in preserving the inside decorations from destruction, and though these might not prove perfectly effectual remedies they would I think lessen the evil considerably until we all become educated up to the plan of having the admission to society, and indeed all church weddings, exclusively by ticket, or decide to get married either at midnight or in the cold gray dawn, before the world of sightseers is astir.

AN ORIGINAL ADDRESS.

A Canadian Newspaper gets up One "Out of the Ordinary."

The following is an official copy of the address presented to Mr. William Campbell, private secretary to Earl Aberdeen, by the Victoria, B. C., Colonist staff:

To His Luminosity, William Campbell, Esq., Gentleman, Private Secretary, Craftsman (of the stylographic pen), Taxpayer of the City of Ottawa, and Freeman of the Lower Walk, Prince of Good Fellows, Companion of the Press, etc., etc., etc.

MAY I PLEASE YOUR LUMINOSITY:

We, the midnight toilers of the inky precincts of the Colonist office, having no further use for you until the next occasion, desire to take advantage of your goodness and unsurpassed beneficence toward us during your brief stay in this the choicest gem in the westernmost coast of Canada, where the opaque liquids of the James Bay flats wait their fragrance in the sky as they sweep with majestic vehemence to meet the awe-inspiring saline waters of the inner harbor that gently lap the borders of the Songes reservation.

Your visit to these our shores where the playful octopus clasps in loving embrace the spiky salmon, and the gushing clam outstretches its neck toward the vapory heaven, whose dewy contents send the cold thrill down the consumptive's neck and back, will long be held in happy memory.

In this city we have all the advantages that go to make up a great and good society, from the knickerbocker dude in spats to the native Sitwah maiden in her pristine loveliness.

We beg Your Luminosity to bring before the Civil Service at Ottawa, the great damage that is done by the destruction of our oysters by the pauper tourist from the United States, and that you will use your endeavors to have passed a law making it compulsory upon newspaper publishers to furnish a tank of "special" in every "local" room.

Again, with parched throats bidding you a fond farewell, and confiding to your care the humble burnt offering which we trust we will take pleasure in sacrificing in our behalf.

We subscribe ourselves, The Colonist, Victoria, B. C., 2 a.m. 9th November, 1894. Mum's Part of the Word.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

A MESSAGE IN THE MONCTON "TIMES" AGONY COLUMN.

Who is Miss—, and Who, or What, are her "Accessories"?—A Few Possible Explanations—Danger of Ignorance Becoming Widespread at Moncton.

MONCTON, Nov. 28.—The following startling announcement appeared in last Saturday's issue of the Moncton Daily Times:—

LEGAL—CAUTION.

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 23rd, 1894. Will Miss—, and her accessories who made the assertion regarding the young ladies keeping company with the slums of the town and also previous false statements all relating to the one and same thing, slander—please bear in mind that their names are well known and any further comment in this direction will be published in detail and probably cause the foundation, ignorance, to become widespread as well as the names being annexed thereto. Advice is well, better to be sure than sorry.

WROUGHT.

This is a free translation of the item with a marginal reference appended, as the printing was so very doubtful that it required careful study, especially as the author had been very economical in the matter of stops, so the reader had to draw quite largely upon his imagination in some places. I fancy "s-slums" stood for slums, though it was equally easy to make it into scums; and I hope the inspiration which led me to read "this" where merely the letters "oni" appeared, may have been a correct one. I did not think that "ignorance" could possibly stand for any other word than ignorance, and so I substituted it as being more expressive, although it left less to the imagination. If I have made any mistake, or misread the author of these lines, in any way, I take the opportunity of offering an apology of such amplitude as I hope will fit the crime, and cause the author to acquit me of all evil intention.

Now I don't think anyone who has read that paragraph carefully, and pondered over its meanings, can fail to glean from it one fact at least, and that is that some one is evidently "mad" about something, and the injured party has no idea of wronging in silence or bearing her wrongs without endeavoring to obtain some redress. I admire her spirit immensely and sympathize with her deeply, but I confess I would like to know what it is all about.

Like Mark Twain's celebrated item, the offerer I read it over the less plain, it appears to my dazzled senses. I have heard other people make the same remark, so I am relieved to know that my failure to catch the meaning of the mysterious paragraph is not caused by any special dullness of comprehension, or rapid decay of the mental powers on my own part.

Why, I know dozen of people who have spent more time than they could well spare puzzling over that little item, and if it was intended as a prize puzzle its author may rest assured of success, for few things such the missing words contest, the fifteen puzzle and the pigs in clover, have caught the public eye and held the public attention as has done. But it is only natural that we should all grow a little weary of fruitless speculation and begin to wonder when the answer to this interesting problem is going to appear, and the "further comments" promised "be published in detail" and—awful threat—cause "ignorance to become widespread."

The deep and dangerous significances of that menace is enough to chill one's blood, and awaken a shuddering curiosity as to who the luckless "Miss—," and her "accessories" whose long tongues have led them into such an unpleasant position, can possibly be. It is really a terrible position for any girls to be placed in, standing in imminent danger of causing widespread ignorance in an enlightened town like Moncton where public institutions of learning abound and all intellectual pursuits flourish. Why I wonder the school teachers don't take the matter up! Poor Miss—! What could she and her "accessories" have said about the "Wronged" ones? Surely something much worse than the accusation mentioned—keeping company with the slums of the town—because slumming has long been considered such a praiseworthy and meritorious occupation for young ladies to engage in that it has become a recognized pursuit not only in "the effete monarchies of the old world" but also amongst the upper classes of American and Canadian society, so that it is far from being a reproach to the best and most high bred damsel, to say she is addicted to slumming, and only means that the maiden mentioned as just a little better and more unselfish than her fellows! Perhaps Miss— was unwise enough to express an opinion that the injured parties used rouge or powder to enhance their charms, or that their hair was their own only in the sense of their having paid for it? "Other false statements?" Could those cruel slanders have dared to assert that the traduced young ladies wore false teeth? Hardly for then surely a duel to the death would have been the only alternative, and the offenders would have been "sure" of one thing long ere this, that they were very "sorry" they

Revolution in the Velvet Trade. "Millerain" VELVETEEN

Rainproof, Repels Dampness, Showerproof, Porous, Durable. By this Process Colors are Permanent. Velvet, which has hitherto been a fabric most susceptible to damp or rain, is not only rendered impervious to both, but is actually rainproof by this process. Each Piece is Stamped "M. J. C. MILLERAIN," every half yard. Real Japanese Silk, latest colors, for fancy and art work. Furs, Capes and Jackets. Special values in Astrachan Capes. Greenland Seal Capes and Astrachan Jackets.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

had interlarded with matters which did not concern them and played ninetins with a can of dynamite, as it were.

But alas, speculation is useless and only a waste of time after all! So the best thing we can do is to dismiss the matter from our minds if possible, patiently awaiting the tragic moment so touchingly referred to when the publication of those further comments will cause enlightenment, as well as ignorance, to become widespread, and the names be "annexed thereto."

TELEPHONING WITHOUT A PHONE.

An Alleged Remarkable Discovery by a Young Buffalo Electrician.

Walter Wilhelm of Buffalo, a young man not more than 18 or 20 years of age, is developing remarkable genius in mechanics, and has invented, among other useful things, a telephone transmitter of wonderful power, which is likely to greatly increase the efficiency of that most useful instrument and make it more than ever available for long-distance work. The great power of the instrument has been demonstrated in a curious way. By attaching his transmitter to a telegraph wire he can make his voice heard distinctly by an operator sitting beside his instrument any ordinary sounder, many miles distant.

This is a great wonder to telegraph operators, and many of them declare, until they have heard the sounder talk that such a thing is impossible. None of them ever knew anything like it in their experience. The discovery was made entirely by accident, as many great discoveries have been, and the process would doubtless be improved until it will be possible, by attaching a good receiver to the line in the place of a telegraph sounder, to fill a large room with the sounds of a human voice whose owner is many miles away at the time.

Several years ago a few young fellows in an up-town neighborhood, who desired to learn something of telegraphy and find amusement at the same time, put in a small telegraphic system of wires and instruments connecting their several places of abode. They did not dream to what magnitude the system would grow. The West Side Private Telegraph Company to-day has thirty or thirty-five members and about thirty-five miles of wire touching nearly every street on the west side of the city from Black Rock to the Postal Telegraph office at the corner of Main and Niagara streets. The members intend that the company shall become an incorporated body. Its lines are in splendid condition, and it uses the regular standard wire, and No. 5 insulated wire where this is required to conform to the city ordinances. As the line is connected with the Postal Telegraph office, each member of the company can sit in his own home or office, wherever his instrument may be, and transmit or receive messages to or from any part of the United States. The expense of maintaining the system is small. It is used to a considerable extent for commercial and business purposes as well as for amusement. Indeed, it was on account of its demonstrated usefulness for other purposes than the use of learners that this class has been frozen out of its membership. On election night each member was able to get all the election returns at his own home. The wire is often used for signals of checkers between two players widely separated. The officers of the company are: William W. Read, President; Dr. C. M. Daniels, Vice-President; S. B. Hain, Secretary, and Walter Wilhelm, Treasurer. There is also an executive committee consisting of the officers named and Byron J. Tillman. The general manager is Mr. Leon Woodruff, who, with Mr. Wilhelm, has worked hard to perfect the system and brought it to an excellent state.

Now we come to the starting point of the story. One of the members of the company was sitting near his instrument at his home the other day when he distinctly heard the call, "Hello! Hello!" two or three times repeated. An investigation convinced him that the call could have proceeded from no other source than the sounder. Opening the key he began to inquire who had called, and learned that young Wilhelm had been calling through his transmitter, which was attached to the wire. Mr. Woodruff, his way of communicating by means of transmitters and receivers being an ordinary one since telephones came in use. Hardly able to believe his senses, the man asked Wilhelm to sing a song, which he did, the tones of his voice floating out into the room, easily through the little instrument. Other persons have heard the same phenomenon.

Yesterday a reporter visited the residence on North Pearl street for the purpose of hearing a few songs, modified somewhat by distance and by passage through the little telegraphic instrument. Six persons were in the room when the experiment was tried. Wilhelm, at his home, a mile or more away, sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," "After the Ball," "Sweet Marie," "America," and "Old Black Joe." The tune in each instance was easily distinguished, and the inflection and modulations of the singer's voice were accurately reproduced in the sounder, whence they floated out to the furthest corners of the room. It was wonderful, and all present were much amazed as well as surprised. To get the best results in receiving in this way the plate is adjusted close to the magnet in the instrument. That is all that is required. There was a large music box in this house, and the host said he believed that by the use of one of these transmitters he could fill the house of every member of the line with music at the same time.

By the way, it should be mentioned that the operator's voice did not come in a direct course to the house by any means, but followed the system of wires for perhaps fifteen miles before reaching there.

Tooth Worship.

On a foliage-covered hill, just outside the walls of the city of Bangkok, a yearly festival is held in honor of the sacred tooth of the Buddha, a replica of which, brought from Ceylon, is kept in a shrine at the summit. The hill is a small one, in fact, it is an artificial brick-built hill, but yet, as the only hill-like eminence for miles around, it is regarded with great reverence by the natives, and called by the dignified name of the "Golden Mountain," and the temple in connection with it is called "Wat Saket." For a few days, towards the end of November, every year, the people flock to the shrine to visit the holy and sacred relic, and the visit forms the occasion for a great deal of innocent merry-making and jollity. In Ceylon, another famous tooth of Buddha is worshipped, and draws enormous crowds of devotees. In the fifteenth century, a royal devotee in Ceylon offered 6,480,320 flowers at the shrine of the tooth. The Cingalese worship a monkey's tooth; the Malabar Islanders an elephant's; the Tonga Islanders a shark's tooth; while some of the Siamese worship the tooth of a sacred monkey.

The Longest Balloon Voyage.

The longest balloon voyage as far as we know was one undertaken in 1833 in which the distance travelled was a little more than 1,200 miles. Three voyagers on that occasion made an ascent in France, with the intention of crossing the Mediterranean and landing in Algeria. The wind, proving unfavorable, carried them towards Corsica, and then they were near that island the balloon descended towards the water, and fo. a time their lives were in great jeopardy. By throwing out all their apparatus they succeeded in getting the balloon to rise to a height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet, and, travelling on to Italy, they safely descended in that country at a little village near Breccia.

No Price for Friendship.

I was at a Canadian seaport on business, some years since, and saw an old, dilapidated-looking Highlander making his way steady way to board an outgoing ocean steamer. By his side was a handsome Scotch collie dog, chained and locked to his wrist. Many passers-by admired the dog, and wished to buy him. Finally a gentleman offered the old Scot \$50 for the dog, but he stoutly declined to part with his companion. A friend with me remarked, "Did not that gentleman offer you \$50 for the dog?" "Aye," "Wasn't that a great price?" "O the price was weal aneuch, but it was na the price for freenship."

Boarders at Hampton Court.

One of the ladies at Hampton Court Palace recently undertook to increase her income by taking boarders. The Lord Chamberlain was therefore obliged to point out that while rooms at Hampton Court may be temporarily lent with the Queen's consent, and there is an objection to relatives or friends contributing to the expenses of the ladies while on a bona fide visit, the Queen draws the line at attempts to make pecuniary profit out of her hospitality.

A Roumanian Custom.

A strange custom is still observed in Roumania which reminds one strongly of Robinson Crusoe. When a servant has displeased his or her master, the offender takes his boots in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away as an intimation that the fault will not be forgiven or else the servant is told to place them on his feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

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Sunday Reading.

THE CURE OF HATE.

No one Who Hates can be Either Healthy or Happy.

In a discourse on this subject before the Ethical Society, Felix Alder said: The source of true happiness is an elevated self-consciousness, and all our resentments are due to the fact that our consciousness of self suffers a depression. A depressed self-consciousness is the root of hate. There are two ways in which this can be cured, one by intellectual culture, which applies in certain cases and the other by moral culture.

It is a curious fact that foreigners create antipathy and the more so in proportion to our lack of refinement. The vulgar rabble hates a foreigner. The Chinaman when he came here first was hooted and jeered at because of his strange ways. The English hate the Irish, the Czechs of Bohemia hate the Germans, the Turks hate the Armenians, and the Jews are hated of all Christendom. Our habits are ways of thinking and living make up the major part of our self-consciousness. If we are not cultured we cannot justify our habits. When foreigners come among us they throw a doubt upon our ways, and we hate them because they depress that consciousness of self. Culture cures race hatred. 'Nothing but culture can overcome this feeling. As we become refined we learn that the foreigner is not only piquant, but also intellectual and helpful to us; that each race bears intellectual and moral fruit after its kind. Each supplements the other. Mother Nature makes herself into a nosegay in which the philosophy of the German, the political sagacity of the Englishman, the religious depth and mysticism of the East are all necessary. We don't want to lose one of them. This spirit of cosmopolitanism should be encouraged in our public schools. We should teach our children what China has done for the world; let them learn the great parts of the history of Ireland when she was the guardian of learning; let them know from Jewish history that the contents of the Maccabees deserve a place with Leonidas at Thermopylae.

A second cause of hate is difference of opinion, and the antipathy is proportionate to the uncertainty of the opinion. It is in points that you cannot demonstrate that you grow must hate. The degree of hate is proportionate to the deficiency of logic. This is why religious difference arouses so much hatred. A man's religious opinion is a part of his person. He stakes his salvation on it, and yet he cannot demonstrate it. Culture will overcome this resentment. We must base our life upon moral truths which cannot be demonstrated. As for aspiration and infinity we can hold them as open questions cherishing a hospitality for all religions. The more we become cultured the more we recognize that there are truths in each; that Judaism emphasizes the sovereignty of the moral law, that Christianity teaches that man is forever incapable of following the law, and that the Islam of Mohammedanism is the lesson of submission to the inevitable. Increasing culture, and nothing else, will stop the enmities of race and religion.

There are some wrongs so subtle that the courts cannot reach them—insinuations against your veracity, your honor, or the honor of the woman you love. To resort to blows means an unseemly scuffle. It is to meet such exigencies as these that the duel was established. But the duel is simply an organized struggle, a scuffle dressed up in forms of courtesy, swords instead of fists. The guilty man is as often victorious as the innocent man. It does not tell us which was right.

One of the means of punishing such injuries is ostracism. I wish that society would use this weapon in the right way. Ostracize the scandal-mongers, who cast doubts upon their fellowmen without investigation and without proof. Ostracize them as either fools or guilty villains. They are the most despicable of creatures. Society should not tolerate any charge against a man or woman that cannot be proved. Ostracism should be the penalty. But if society fails to do this, and instead, ostracizes men for their virtue, then I may ostracize such people from my company. I admit that this is a poor remedy, but it is the only one left.

But there are injuries which society cannot avenge—the injuries inflicted by our brothers or our nearest friends. Adopt the maxim of Jesus. Return good for evil. It has a solid basis. If your brother offends you, try to prove to him that he is wrong. By your conduct to him teach him what a brother ought to be. You are to be his moral physician. No one can take him from you. You have the right to cure him. The man who wrongs you is yours. By your kindness make him sorry. You can love your enemy in this high sense, for we love those whom we help. Hatred is a pestilence to ourselves more than to others. It exhales an atmosphere in which our soul life must die. Nay, we should feel that we do not live at all so long as there is anywhere on the wide earth one human being whom we hate in our hearts.

Prayer in the Pulpit. Too often are the prayers of God's ministers without preparation. They prepare their sermons carefully, give much thought and labor to them, but their prayers are not thought of, but left to the inspiration of the hour, and consequently they rush in to the presence of God as the horse rusheth

into the battle. For this reason they are so often unsuited to the wants of the people. Sometimes there is an attempt to express some original thought, some reasoned out argument before the Lord; some great effort is made that embarrasses him, and to which he is not accustomed. This he calls prayer, but it is not the prayer of the people, they are not interested in it nor are they benefited by it.

A LOAN-BUREAU.

Credit and Not Charity is the Need of the Poor.

When the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church, New York, started out to raise a fund to lead money to the deserving poor, the burden of his plea was that charity was the demand of the hour. He knew that there were many in straitened circumstances who would not know how to accept charity, and yet whose needs were most pressing. The fund of \$25,000 was raised in February last, and on the 12th day of that month the loan bureau was opened. Applications for loans came like an avalanche. There were actually more of them in the first week than the bureau has been able to investigate up to the present time, and the average number per day since then has been not much below twenty.

For several weeks the output of the bureau was limited to \$500, but when Dr. Greer was satisfied that a large majority of the clients would pay promptly, the limit was gradually increased, until it is now \$1000, which is divided into from twenty to thirty loans per week, the number depending on whether the loans are small or large, and the limit never being exceeded. Loans as small as \$4 have been made, but the largest amount that can be secured by any client is \$50. These figures were settled upon to keep the business of the office within the boundaries proposed by Dr. Greer, the giving of prompt financial aid in a small way to deserving people who are momentarily embarrassed, and who have security in the way of household effects to mortgage for the amount borrowed.

Clients of the bureau represent almost all trades, crafts, and professions—painters, authors, mechanics of all kinds, lawyers, merchants, actors, singers, etc., and many of them are looking for employment and work in their various lines. Artists and others engaged in work which is essentially a luxury have been especially unfortunate during the hard times, and there are well known portrait-painters, for example, who have received good prices for their services in good times, who will paint fine portraits now at figures which the clothing men would label "panic prices." The bureau would gladly give information to persons requiring the services of any of these deserving people. It is impossible for the loan fund to accommodate all applicants, but its success thus far proves the principle which Dr. Greer advocates, viz., that it is safe, and may be made profitable, to lend money to the deserving poor at fair rates of interest.

The Study of Temperament.

Here is a family of children, boys and girls. They have the same father and mother, yet what difference in temperament! One daughter is quite a tomboy, always romping. Another is timid and nervous. This boy is adventurous, full of curiosity, and does not stop to think of consequences. That one is cautious and cool-headed. Another is timid and excitable. Such is the composition of almost every family. Besides these varying dispositions, there are the different ages, each requiring different treatment and guidance. One is too young to be reasoned with, yet must be controlled and trained. Another is old enough to be reasoned with, but he is self-willed. The trainer of children of these ages needs a wise head and a loving heart. To establish one law and administer discipline accordingly, irrespective of age and temperament, would be cruel. There must be a method for every child would make family government impossible. No, it facilitates it. It leaves each child to govern herself, while the parent only directs. It enables the child to do what otherwise the parent would be obliged to do for each, which would be a grievous task.

A VISTA OF HEAVEN.

Our life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest chorus but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.—Dr. Talmage.

Don't Want To Enough.

Drunkards want to reform, but they don't want to enough. The creatures of the slums in a vague way want to be decent, but they don't want to enough. Most of us want to have religion "pure and undefiled," but we don't want it enough to pray and strive as those who will not let the angel go, except he bless. When we want it enough God will give it to us. How happy shall we be if we can create

in our children that alackless thirst for all high things, which will make them willing to work a lifetime through for satisfaction.

SPURGEON, BOY-PREACHER.

How the Youth Astonished the Congregation by His Eloquence.

Charles H. Spurgeon began his preaching very early in life. When a child six years old, at his grandfather's at the old parsonage at Stambourne, he heard his grandfather lamenting the evil habits of one of his flock who used to frequent the public house to enjoy a mug of beer and a pipe.

"I will kill him," said the embryo preacher; and he shortly afterwards told his grandfather, "I've killed old Rhodes. He will never grieve my poor old grandfather any more."

"What do you mean, child?" said the minister.

"I have not been doing any harm, grandfather," said the boy; "I have been about the Lord's work, that is all."

Not long after, "Old Rhodes" explained the situation. He was in the public house when little Charley walked in and said to him, "What dost thou here, Elijah, sitting with the ungodly—you a member of the church, and break your pastor's heart? I am ashamed of you! I would not break my pastor's heart, I am sure."

Old Rhodes evidently thought this was pretty plain talk for a six year old boy, but his momentary anger yielded to honest conviction. He knew the child was in the right and he asked forgiveness for his fault. At the age of sixteen Charles became deeply convicted of sin, and earnestly sought for peace and salvation. He was converted while listening to the gospel in a primitive Methodist chapel in Colchester. Soon after his conversion he began to speak in meetings, out doors and in; but he was first led to preach by some kindly strategy of some Christian fellow worker. In 1873, in the introduction to a sermon from the text, "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious," he told the story of his first sermon, as follows:

"I remember well that, more than twenty-two years ago, the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Taversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening. On the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labours. "Oh dear," said he, "I never preached in my life. I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you; and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching."

"Nay," said I; "but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of that sort." We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a tremble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled and no one to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age as I found I was expected to preach I did preach; and the text was that just given."

The cottagers listened with delight and wonder to the boy in his short coat and his turn down collar.

After his sermon was concluded and he took up the hymn-book, the question was asked, "How old are you?" He replied that was not a proper question during service. At the conclusion of the exercises the question was repeated, "How old are you?" "I am under sixty," said the boy. "Yes, and under sixteen," said an old lady.

"Never mind my age," said Spurgeon. The message was not soon forgotten, and the boy preacher had entered upon a work that was life-long and world-wide, and which resulted in thousands being brought to Christ.

A TENT ASSOCIATION.

A Novel Labor Movement Lately Started in Cincinnati.

A novel movement in the interests of laboring people is flourishing in Cincinnati. The organization is known as the Working People's Tent Association. Its object is three-fold: to promote labor, ethics, and benevolence. For labor, it proposes no strikes, or boycott, or other destructive measure; but helpfulness, arbitration, and development of the better judgment. For ethics, it proposes to substitute the great principle of love for the selfish theories usually adopted. It knows no creed, or dogma, or theology, or politics, only the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. For benevolence, it proposes the establishment of such practical self-helpfulness as will make each self-sustaining in the end.

The association was inaugurated by the best leaders of the labor movement, such as Mr. Hugh Cavenaugh, Mr. E. L. Hitchen, Mr. Joseph Heberle, and Messrs. James, McMath and Ebels. They have procured a very large tent, with seating capacity for 600 people, and erected it on a campus at West End, in the midst of a population which rarely enjoys the privilege of a speech or preaching of any kind. There they have meetings every Sabbath afternoon and several evenings of the week. An organ has been procured, and musicians of the city are generous to furnish excellent entertainment upon all sorts of portable instruments. The people who attend, men, women, and children, wait most patiently and attentively through a service of music and speeches, two hours and more.

A better listening audience never was gathered. A service for children has been conducted by a lady interested in the work, teaching the mongrel crowd of sixty or seventy a number of lessons in personal care and behavior which they had never learned. Their attention and improvement have been marked and encouraging. Membership in the association is limited only by moral qualifications; and to guard this requirement, a committee on applications makes careful examination upon every proposition.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"It is time for you . . . to dwell in your cycled houses, and this house lie waste? How therefore saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways." Haggai 1: 4, 5.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Ephesians 3: 8.

"Quicken me, O Lord; bring my soul out of trouble." Psalm 143: 11.

"The curse causeless shall not come." Proverbs 26: 2.

"He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls." Proverbs 25: 28.

"Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou' bearest unto thy people: O resist me with thy salvation." Psalm 106: 4.

Blasts from the Ram's Horn.

The footprints of godliness always point toward unselfishness.

It is much harder to be happy with riches than it is without them.

Love to God is sure to express itself in ways that men can understand.

The world needs men who will do right, no matter what it is to come of it.

It is remarkable how many virtues can be seen in people who have money.

It is doubtful if the devil has ever been driven back an inch by star preaching.

One sinner in the church weighs more for the devil than a dozen outside of it.

We are disposed overmuch to remember unpleasant things. Like a moth, we fly into the very fire times by which we were burned.

A hypocrite feels better satisfied with himself every time he sees a good man backslide.

Christ came in a visible way in one body in order that we might look for him in everybody.

Going into politics has been the Jericho road on which many a man was robbed of the raiment of self-respect.

Sinners will never be in a hurry about repenting, as long as the preacher's manner makes them think they have twenty years in which to do it.

They "Pleased Mother."

The great men of the world like John Quincy Adams, James A. Garfield and others, who have acknowledged their great indebtedness to their mothers, took great delight in pleasing them. But most of all their noble lives, their courage in doing right, and their honorable achievements in public life were especially pleasing to their noble mothers. Hardly a higher tribute can be paid to any young man's success in life than that "it pleased his mother."

Lead Not Into Temptation.

You wrong every man when you unnecessarily put on him temptations greater than he can bear. Put into a man's hand a million of dollars belonging to other people, let him draw his own checks and submit his accounts to no scrutiny, and be satisfied with taking your 3 per cent. a month without asking how he gets it, and you have sinned against him as much as he ever possibly can sin against you.

The Method of Redemption.

There is no fact better substantiated by experience than that a man cannot render another a service without being drawn nearer to him by his doing so. Every service so rendered cultivates the capacity of loving, strengthens the finer part of the nature and elevates the doer. We are only now coming to see, after centuries of blind groping, that this is the way of the world's redemption.

AVOID TROUBLE AT HOME.

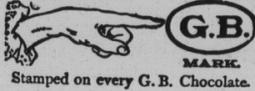
Use Only the Reliable Diamond Dyes.

It is well known that the ladies of Canada often experience trials and tribulations in the household management. These small but irritating troubles can be avoided if a little care and common sense is exercised. Women who go on suffering these little miseries have themselves to blame, as they suffer through their own carelessness and inexperience. To-day, a great source of annoyance in the household is the use of poor imitation dyes for domestic dyeing. In some sections of our land, the ladies have lifted up their voice against them in a way which cannot be misunderstood. These imitation dyes have caused not only great loss of material and money, but anger and heartache as well. All these domestic trials and tribulations are avoided when Diamond Dyes are used. By their use work is well and quickly done; results are always grand, and the colors are brilliant and lasting. Ladies who have used Diamond Dyes for the last ten years know their great worth and possibilities. Avoid all imitation dyes, and always insist upon getting Diamond Dyes from your druggist or dealer.

BUY



See that



Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

Genuine Jenkins' Valves, Common Globe Valves.

GUARANTEED TIGHT.

Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings. Packings of all kinds; Waste and Oils.

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Mill, Steamboat and Railway Supplies. ST. JOHN, N. B.

APPLES BONNELL'S GROCERY APPLES Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

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Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.



MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.

Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my sufferings, which seemed insurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hans J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; A. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

A CANOE TRIP FROM FREDERICTON TO ST. JOHN.

The View of Fredericton—Dinner at the Oromocto's Mouth—Erandale, the Beautiful—Street Hampton—The Perils of the Long Reach—The Cedars and St. John.

New Brunswick is the sportsman's paradise; it should be the canoeist's elysium. Nowhere else on this continent can there be found, within the same limited area, such a grouping together and interconnection of magnificent rivers, lakes, and tributary streams. A conservative estimate would put the number of miles of "conceivable" waterway at 3 500. The St. John itself, together with its affluents, offers 2 630 miles to the adventurous canoeist, not to speak of such rivers as the Miramichi, Restigouche, Petitcodiac and St. Croix. All this within a province whose greatest length is only 200 miles by a breath of 160 miles.

These waterways, however, would mean but little to the canoeist who is also a lover of nature; the dip of his paddle and the ripple of his canoe must have for accompaniment the charm of attractive scenery. The true canoeist is a gourmand at nature's feast. When he takes his paddle up for anything more than mere exercise he looks for the brightest, cheerfulness, most picturesque setting to the water upon which he floats. All this New Brunswick also affords. Her rivers run to the sea through straits that are seldom commonplace, never tiresome, oftenest picturesque, and sometimes sublime.

The St. John is par excellence, the conceivable river of New Brunswick. Not altogether a New Brunswick river either, since portions of it lie in Quebec and in Maine, but its best waters are exclusively New Brunswickian. After draining two million acres in Quebec and six million in Maine, it flows powerfully to the sea, carrying with it the drainage of nine million acres in New Brunswick. Floating upon such a body of water as this, the canoeist realizes at once his impotence and his strength. His craft is frailty itself, yet it rides triumphantly to the sea.

In a former article* I described my experience on the Miramichi; in this I would give my experience in a canoe on the St. John. From the headwaters of the St. John to its mouth, along the main stream, would mean a canoe run of 450 miles. That was not my programme. From Fredericton to St. John city—that was all the canoeing I could afford to do in my outing. I had already, a few years ago, canoed the Upper St. John to Fredericton, so that now I was to complete my experience of the river by adding the remaining 84 miles to my credit.

No credit, however, as a paddle-wielder do I claim for the present trip. I confess with not a little regret and considerable shamefacedness that I did not touch a paddle during the entire outing. I left that to my Indians. If any credit be mine, however, for sailing a birch canoe in moderately heavy seas, or for giving heart to my Indians when it was a risk to life to venture out in such a frail boat, I claim it in all modesty. Still I was, after all, a mere passenger in my own canoe, and I lay claim in this article to no other distinction.

We left Fredericton, myself and my two Indian guides, John Paul and Joe Gabriel, at 9:30 a. m. on Wednesday, July 23rd, 1894. Behind us and beside us as our bark floated out into the stream lay the quiet town with its abundance of tree-tops shivering in masses above roofs and around spirals, as if giant elms and spreading beeches were the warp into which were woven the creations of human architecture. A quiet, dull, and eminently respectable little city is Fredericton, with a distinctly English taint to it. This may account for its slumberous dullness. Yet just such towns are to be found along the Saguenay with but little in external appearance, as seen from a canoe on the river, to distinguish them from their congeners in New Brunswick. The St. John river here is a half mile in width, and is spanned by two bridges that connect Fredericton on our right with the scattered hamlets, known as St. Mary's, on our left. A glassy unbroken stretch of river lies before us as our canoe heads down stream with the morning sun first showing itself through clouds that but a hour ago threatened rain.

Our course lies along the nearest shore. Up above us on the heights, as we leave Fredericton in the distance, are scattered residences and at least one public institution, all embowered amid forest growth. As we progress this lofty bank recedes and leaves a level stretch of shore for margin to the conely river. Far away on the other side a line of elms and willows breaks the monotony of a low-lying river bank. We pass a mill or two on our right, and John, the Indian, begins his reminiscences. John has been married twice, and from recounting how he earned his first money carrying "edgings" in the mill we are passing, he passes by an easy transition to the subject of matrimony. His first marriage was not a lucky venture; he married, a widow. John does not like widows, particularly widows that are older than their second husbands. It was his misfortune to marry such a one, and he smacked his lips and shook his head with evident satisfaction as

*Ottawa for Advice and September, 1891.

he pointed out to me the spot where her body lies awaiting the resurrection. "Don't never marry a widow; they know too much," he warns me, with all the earnestness of a close friend. I thank him for his good advice and promise to observe it. At the same time I remember the similar warning of old Weller, "Samivcl, beware of widows."

We are getting down river now, and ever and anon we pass rafts of logs and wooden piers that rise at equal distances on both sides of the narrowing river. John tells me that this is Glasier's boom. John Glasier was a lumberman on the St. John river years ago. He did a large business, and his name was proverbial for honesty and fair dealing, so much so that to say of any man that he was "a real John Glasier" was the highest testimony of character he could get.

Ahead of us now are two tugboats, each drawing in its wake whole forests of logs. These we pass, but they will pass us in the night, and tomorrow again we will have to run the gauntlet of their wave-making side-wheels. The country on both shores continues level and is edged everywhere, particularly on our left, by that unfailling fringe of elms and willows. Behind these we know are farms and farmhouses, for we see and hear the haymakers in the fields, and now and then we pass rustic ferries conveying men and horses to work.

We dine at the mouth of the Oromocto, eleven miles below Fredericton. Eleven miles in two hours is not a bad rate of speed in full daylight, even though my Indian John holds that a birch canoe will travel faster by night. A very mysterious thing in some of its aspects is a birch canoe; unaccountable in its likes and dislikes; a staunch friend in time of need when you trust it and handle it aright, but often unreliable and capricious when you least expect it to play you such pranks. Obedient to the slightest impulse of the paddle it will in the choppiest sea meet wave after wave with the lightness of a smile on a pleasant face. In the line of water craft it brings man closer to nature than any other means of navigation, except perhaps the diving board of the Polynesian islanders. Sitting in a bark canoe you are below the level of the water, and yet not in it, while its brown sides bow to the birches on the shore in token of close relationship, and its cedar ribs rejoice in the lightness they share with their fellows on the bank. None of your factory-built canoes for me! Brass nails and planed sides and cockpits and such things may be good enough for those who like them. Give me the birch bark that has been modelled on the lines of Indian tradition, whose sides have been sewed with tough rove thongs to the croon of some Indian lullaby, whose ribs have been bent into proper contour by the simplest of Indian contrivances—a pair of strong arms. Rather than the whirr and jugged screech of machinery, the steaming box, and the exact mathematical accuracy of perhaps, a foul-mouthed workman.

That night we spent at Gagetown. The run from Oromocto down was an ideal canoeing experience. I recall it now as a dream of sky-reflecting water, broad, placid, powerful, edged on our right by intermingled glade and tree-line, on our left by that ever-recurrent bulwark of elm and willow. This is the interval district of the St. John. Inundated in springtime by the overflowing river, the grass on these bottom-lands grows to a great height, completely in places shading the unroubled waters from the play of the lighter winds. It was not an unusual experience both here and on the Kennebecasis for us to listen to the laughing of the breeze and to note the bending of the tree-tops and the waving of strong grass, while no breath of wind ruffled the calmness of the waters around us. Doubtless we had been in mid-channel such had not been our experience, but we enjoyed the sensation of sailing beneath this protecting line of interval grass. A noteworthy characteristic, also, of the scenery on the first and second days of our outing was the bending together of tree-tops on the eastern shore in a rising gradient until the outline, taken with the curve that almost invariably accompanied it, was the almost perfect reproduction of the lines of a monster steamship. Generally this occurred at a bend in the river or at the foot of islands, as if nature were intent on defying her wealth of lowland against the too eager onrush of winds from below.

The Grimross Canal, which led us by a short route to Gagetown, also diversified the interest. Along its bank the farmers were haying and the song of the mowing machine met us at every turn. At Upper Gagetown we landed for a few minutes at an Indian encampment to inspect a new canoe that lay on the beach. Here John introduced all the Indians and squaws collectively as his cousins. We had met his first father-in-law—the defunct ex-widow's parent—at Oromocto. The rest of our journey would be divided into easy stages between the encampments of his cousins and brothers-in-law. A much related and a much married man, methinks, is my Indian John. All this before we reach our stopping-place for the night.

Next morning at seven we were again on the river. I had taken my breakfast at a hotel, but my Indians, who had passed the night at a neighboring encampment of John's cousins, waited for theirs until we reached Fox's landing a few miles below.

On the other shore in the distance, John tells us, the Jemseg empties into the main river. Here was an opportunity for canoeing. The Jemseg leads into Grand Lake, the largest lake in the province, and this in turn is fed by Salmon River. By canoeing Salmon River we could come out somewhere near the Northumberland Straits on the eastern sea coast! With a sigh I relinquish the idea of such a trip, as I do within the next hour the temptation to enter Washademoak Lake from the same eastern shore. Nothing more dignified than two small streams, the Oaknabog and the Otanabog, break the continuity of the bank we are following. Islands are plentiful to our left and I realize that at present all that is picturesque lies on the other shore.

We are on the safer side now, however, for the wind is rising, and by the time we reach the mouth of the Otanabog it is blowing a moderate gale. Wind and tide are with us, yet we have an exciting race with the combers. Our canoe, though heavily freighted, behaves nobly, and we reach Hamptonstead without accident, thanks to the shelter we get from the shore of Long Island. Here we take refuge in the lee of the steambot landing until we decide which of the two courses that are run before us we had better follow. Spoon Island lies here at the foot of Long Island, with just distance enough between them to allow the wind full sweep to the shore. Were we once on the other side of Spoon Island we should be under its lee and therefore in comparatively smooth water, but how are we to get there? A stray Indian—another of John's cousins—bids us hire a boat and tow our canoe over in safety. To this I demur. I am going down the St. John in my own canoe or sink in the attempt. My Indians take heart, and we are again among the combers. They lift us, now here in the air, now stern, while I hold my breath, fearing lest our light craft may crack amidships from the unusual strain. Turn back we cannot; our only hope is to reach the west shore of Spoon Island and there camp if we can go no farther. This, after much battling and battering we do, but find the water so comparatively still that we delay not. Cross-seas are again encountered at the foot of Spoon Island where the twin currents conjoin, and here for the first time in a canoeing experience, of years I divest myself of my shoes. If we founder I want my feet free. Founder we do not, but come near enough to it for comfort, yet a miss is as good as a mile.

And now we are at Evandale. Behind us still rolls as rough and uncanny a stretch of water as I wish to canoe in. The gaunt skeleton of Caseboom's deejaying mill frame up the river bank there is indelibly photographed on my memory. Its weather-worn timbers spoke only of death and destruction to me as I caught hasty glimpses of them from our cockleshell in the trough of the sea.

The country through which we had just passed was no longer flat. High hills rose on both sides of us, their slopes diversified with farm-clearing and forest patches. At Hamptonstead on our right the cliffs at a short distance inland were almost perpendicular and with their nesting cottages needed only a hoary castle here and there to complete the illusion of the Rhine. So close and many are the hills which now begin to shut in the valley that the river seems a lake. Ahead of us to the westward it shows no outlet but a barrier of towering mountains as a background. At the foot of these towering hills, which let down their shaggy forest mantle to the river's edge, we race along, mere specks doubtless on the troubled waters. Again the valley broadens, the hills recede, cultivated meadows smile upwards to the sky, again the meadows line the sight and the tall grass waves us welcome. Far inland to our left we catch a glimpse of a notch in the range of hills, farm-crowned, with something about it that reminds one of a glimpse through one of the passes of the Green mountains.

Evandale! delightful spot, haven of refuge, what has not nature and man done for thee! Would that I could daily here a day or two to enjoy thy beauties. Would that I could delay my narrative to give thee a well deserved word of description! There is a summer hotel here and let the summer tourist, who has the good fortune to discover thee, sing thy praises, prettiest spot on the St. John.

Again, a line of tents shows that we are not done with John's cousins. We land, and for the first time I meet a white woman, bright, smart, good-looking, married to an Indian. "Why did I marry him, sir?" "Because I love him." It was the old story under a new form, only the binding was grotesque. The Indian dandled a papoose on his knee. Not a bad looking Indian by any means—I have seen darker white men—but the fruit of this miscegenation was a coffee-colored child.

And now we are on the Long Reach. For fifteen miles in a southwesterly direction, the river, a mile wide at its narrowest and broadening out in places to a mile and a half, flows in a straight line. This is the Long Reach, of which in my tyro years as a canoeist I had felt such fear. What wonder? When had I ever inquired about the possibility of canoeing to St. John that I was not met with the dread threat of this same Long Reach? "A birch canoe would not live in it," said one. "Only a steam-

boat or a flat boat can sail the Long Reach," said others; and thus I had come to believe some awful possibilities regarding canoeing on the Long Reach. Even mine host of Evandale had advised me to take the river steamer at his wharf and leave to my Indians the terrors of the Long Reach. Yet here we were on it, with a fairly large sail belying before the wind, in mid-channel and making a cross course for the eastern shore. The wind was not, indeed, so high as it had been else, we could not have lived on such a stretch of open water, but it was sufficiently strong to take us along at a ten-knot rate. It was, however, intermittent at times and then the Indians resumed their paddling. Hitherto we had not used the sail, because I wished to enjoy the scenery along the river, and besides, we incurred but little danger of forcible delay by reason of rough weather. The islands had broken the force of the winds. Now, however, that such a dangerous stretch as this redoubtable Long Reach lay before us it behooved us to get over it as quickly as possible. We therefore carried all the sail we could and did not suffer ourselves to be dismayed by the breaking of a wave over the gunwale now and then. After a few miles not an island showed itself to break the broad and lengthy expanse of water.

The same horizon of hills accompanied us on both sides. They towered up in the distance and then slanted slowly to the water. They were too far distant to give me the same sense of personal insignificance that the rocky heights at the Narrows and higher up river impressed upon me; but somehow they made me feel, out there in mid-stream, that our canoe was the centre—and a very pitiful centre of a magnificent panorama of water, earth and sky. This was early in our experience of the Reach; later, on the western shore, we almost felt the iron that the Devil's Back, crazy and a beetling, throw down upon us.

Unfortunately at the Cedars on the last shore I caught another of John's cousins. Thither our canoe instinctively turned. John was not alone, but the steady flow of dyphistic gutters told me that his wishes were that we should land. The Maliseets and the Passamaquoddy are kinsman, and Quoddy in the stern converses with the Maliseet John in the bow. Now and then I catch a word of English, from which I infer that the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon speech has affected not only the French language in New Brunswick but the Indian as well. There are whole families of Indians who now-a-days speak no other tongue than English among themselves.

It was a mistake to land on the eastern shore as we found when we came to re-embark. During our short stay the wind had veered around to the west, and had riven considerably. Under the circumstances we could no longer follow the course that had brought us to the Cedars, but we had either to remain where we were or make for the other side in face of a heavy sea. Ladies and gentlemen, both for there is also a summer hotel at the Cedars—urged us not to attempt to cross. "Canoe no live, loaded too heavy," was the cry of the red men. "You're foolish to try it," chimed in the white men, "but we'll see that you don't drown," and one of the pleasure yachts was made ready for emergency. It was a hard struggle and a dangerous one, that passage of ours to the other shore. Time and again the splashing of spray against our bows warned us of the risk we were running, but we were meeting the seas bow on, and I had unlimited confidence in my men. What my men brought to the stern I know not; in the bow he was all that could be desired. In the stern, however, sat or rather knelt the man of the hour, and not of the hour only but of the whole trip. Taciturn, placid, unemotional, Joe Gabriel, (quoddy by birth, Maliseet by marriage, brought to the guidance of our bark the experience for years among the breakers of Passamaquoddy Bay, and nobly did he vindicate the claims of his clan to tribal superiority with the paddle. Only once before did I meet his equal in a canoe, and that was in the presence of the great old Quoddy chief, Icoot Tomah, of memory dear to the hearts of many sportsmen. Other Indians there may be on the St. John as expert canoeists as Joe Gabriel, but whenever I shall again sit in a canoe his paddle shall guide me.

We had barely come under the protecting influence of the western riverbank when the wind suddenly died away as it had arisen. Then for the rest of the afternoon and evening until we went ashore for the night at the mouth of the Nerepis, ensued as perfect a calm as I have ever seen on such a stretch of water. We were evidently too much in luck. I would rather have had a little wind to carry us along, but wind, by a strange contrariety, for Long Reach we could not get. John was anxious to get as near the foot of the reach as we could, so we kept on our course until darkness warned us to land. A pleasant night in a summer boarding house at Westfield brought my day's adventure to an end.

From the bend of the river at the foot of Long Reach to the Indian town wharf, St. John, is at least ten miles. That was the stint of work that lay before us next morning. The good fortune which had accompanied us on the Reach still followed our bark, for bright sunlight and morning breeze welcomed us as our canoe again headed down stream, while not a hint of a breeze disturbed the placidity of the great river. A morning express train on the south bank proclaimed that we were again in touch with a broader civilization; the smoke of tug-boats and the loom of factories welcomed us to the city; while the river itself, growing more sluggish, seemed loth to cast its waters into the sea. Land's End, on our left, soaring down its forest and upreared its cliffs, and on the other shore was antagonized by the peaceful charms of cultivated side hills. Three tints of green did I notice in the morning sunlight as it shone on a potato patch, grass and grain field. At last a turn in the river brought us within sight of the terminus of our canoeing—the north end of St. John city. Then our canoe was lifted daintily out of water just 48 hours after it had been launched at Fredericton, 84 miles away.

DONT WORRY! TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP IT BRINGS COMFORT ON WASH DAY. SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

DO THE FAIRIES HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP! IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MFRS., MONTREAL.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday morning at 7:00 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indian town MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoon at 3 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Cillon, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 6:30 a. m., for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. THE reliable steamer "MAX QUINN," C. W. I. BAKER, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indian town, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7 o'clock, local time.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in completion. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 9 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

I think as the week, further opinion our choice. A mistake friends an appropriate something their prof imagination really a made! V to be pre with a he uses Imagine had exper in procuri ess instrum laid it beci for him on to imagin some mig an improv Suppose a woman

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

I think I mentioned Christmas presents as the subject for our consideration this week, girls; and so before I go any further just let me say this:—It is my opinion we are often very foolish about our choice of presents, and too much



WALKING AND HOME COSTUMES.

At the right is a blue serge gown with plaid silk vest under a blouse bodice. The central figure is a muff brown cloth dress trimmed with bias flat bands of the same on skirt and bodice. The dress on the left is of heavy tufted cheviot. The caps are of black cloth lined with brocade and having a wide fur collar with revers.

a mistaken idea that we must give our friends and relatives something that will be appropriate to their occupation in life, something which they can make use of in their profession or business, and which we imagine they really need. Whereas in reality a greater mistake could scarcely be made! Who would care very much to be presented on Christmas morning with a new set of the tools which he uses every day in his chosen work? Imagine the feelings of a dentist whose wife had expended much care, thought and cash in procuring him one of the best and newest instruments for extracting teeth, and laid it beside his plate as a loving surprise for him on the great festival! and just try to imagine how a carpenter would feel if some misguided friend presented him with an improved plane as a Christmas gift. Suppose anyone should send their washerwoman a daintily printed and



A VERY ELEGANT GOWN.

The figure represented is of moda progress silk, the skirt plain but trimmed with pointed lace of rich green plush. The bodice is a league shape in the back, cut in points in front and draped with the silk. Over this are shoulder straps. The sleeves are balloon puffs, with silk forearms. This model was varied in another instance by employing two shades of brown velvet as trimming.

coated wash tub, and an electroplated washboard for Christmas, do you think that honest tradeswoman would be grateful? I trow not; she could not use the tub or the board either, because they were too fine for service, and I am sure they would be utterly valueless as ornaments. She would have infinitely preferred

about in of an evening ten times better. If your sweetheart is a young lawyer, don't, I beg of you, waste your money on an elegant trifles in the shape of an inkstand for his office desk, under the mistaken idea that you will be giving him something not only really useful, but so appropriate to his profession. The poor soul would much rather "forget the shop" and have a bit of your own work, always supposing you take care to give him something he can use. A bureau scarf, a mantel drapey for his room, or a pair of pillow shams to decorate his bachelor apartment will naturally be of about as much use to him as the ornamental collar and bell we attach to the neck of our cat in misdirected kindness.

He does not want the inkstand because he has several battered and dirty inkwells on his desk which suit him much better than your pretty toy could do, and pillow shams and drapeies are not in his line, so he does not know what to do with them, but if you will make him a good large case to keep his neckties in, so he will know where to look for a fresh clean one when he wants it, I am sure he will be truly grateful, especially if the case is substantial, solid and well stiffened with thick cardboard, has inside straps to hold the ties and nearly an inch of binding room at the back, to prevent it from gaping open when filled with ties. The old flimsy waddy abominations are happily quite out of style, and a very good thing too, because they never held a necktie in their lives, they only emptied them out the moment they were lifted up.

Above all girls, if your sweetheart or brother happens to be an editor, or a literary man, don't make the mistake of thinking you must give him something which shall be a perpetual reminder of his occupation in life; he does not want a gold



NEW MANTLES AND CAPES.

The center figures represent the front and back of the Cameron cape to be made of rough surfaced goods, lined with plaid silk and with a plaid lining in the hood. The right hand figure shows a mantle fitting in the back and with a fur stole collar. That on the left is of velvet or plush trimmed with rich passementerie.

pen or a dainty waste paper basket, he sees enough of pens and too much of waste paper baskets to make either of them seem desirable as gifts; but he would probably like a pretty leather card case, or two or three white silk neckties. I know quite well that men are not supposed to care for anything in the shape of fancy work, but I think that is a great mistake. As there are many articles of the fancy work family which are really useful to them. For instance one man told me that he never knew what it was to have any comfort with his handkerchiefs until his lady love gave him a handkerchief case—"I don't have to hunt through two or three bureau drawers now, every time I want a clean handkerchief," he said. "I know just where to put my hand on one in the dark, and I always fill my case as soon as my laundry is brought home."

Speaking of laundry reminds me that a laundry bag, not too ornamental, and legibly worked with the owner's name, is another gift that a man always welcomes, while a dress shirt shield is both useful and ornamental, and only the other day a man told me that a shirt case, a local habitation for his best shirts, was a real boon to any unfortunate bachelor who was away from all his feminine belongings, and had to kind hand to put away his shirts in a clean and secure corner of his drawer, where they would not get crumpled.

I am afraid I have exhausted all the space at my disposal this week in talking about Christmas presents for the lords of creation and left the ladies out in the cold, but after all it is the masculine presents that trouble us, not the feminine, and once we have our "men folks" provided for, in that respect it is comparatively easy to select those for

HOW ABOUT THAT PAIR OF

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS?

Our stock just now is complete. Men's Slippers sell principally about Christmas time.

We advise customers to make their selections now and have them laid away, to be sent home when required.

New Store, 61 King St., and 212 Union St.

WATERBURY & RISING.

our own sex, so I will defer our Christmas boxes until the next chapter.

Fried Indian Muffins.
Ingredients.—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of boiling water, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, a large tablespoonful of flour. For breakfast pour the water, which must be boiling in the evening on the meal, salt and sugar. Beat smooth, and set away in a cool place. In the morning add the well beaten eggs, and the flour. Dip a tablespoon in cold milk, fill it with batter and slide off into deep fat made boiling hot as for frying doughnuts. Fry ten minutes. Serve with syrup.

Baked Indian Pudding.
The Thanksgiving pudding was often the baked Indian pudding beloved of all New Englanders, then the plum pudding. The recipe was to boil a quart of milk and turn it on a pint of sifted Indian meal stirring in well so as to scald the meal, then mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour with a pint of milk. Turn it on the Indian meal. Mix the whole well together. When lukewarm add three beaten eggs, three table-



Priestley's Dress Goods

A good name is more potent than thrones and kingdoms. In business a good name is vital. The name of Priestley is a synonym for what is delicate, durable and beautiful in Black Dress Goods. In England it is a household word. Priestley's dress fabrics are worn by the well dressed women of Great Britain, while on this side, they have attained to general favor. Ladies should buy no other black dress goods till they have seen Priestley's. They add to an unequalled durability, a beautiful draping quality. Women of taste understand what that means in the success of a costume.

See that the goods you buy are stamped EVERY FIVE YARDS with PRIESTLEY'S NAME. No others are of their manufacture.

quite smooth. Dip each slice of toast in the mixture, lay in a deep dish, cover, and keep the dish over hot water until ready to serve.

Sweet Marlborough Pie.

Procure sweet, mellow apples, pare and grate them. To a pint of the grated pulp put a pint of milk, a couple of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the grated peel of a lemon, and a half a wineglass of brandy. Sweeten to the taste with rice brown sugar—the eggs should be beaten to a froth. Then the sugar stirred into them, and mixed with the rest of the ingredients. Bake pies in deep plate without upper crust.

WHOSOEVER HEARETH.

Men and Women Who Are Martyrs to Rheumatism Can Be Thoroughly Cured.

Paine's Celery Compound The Infallible Remedy.

The great modern triumph of medical science is Paine's Celery Compound. Its marvellous curing powers are talked of in every quarter of the civilized world, and the ablest physicians are astonished with its life-giving and health-restoring results.

As a positive cure for rheumatism and sciatica, Paine's Celery Compound has no equal known to man. In Canada alone this wonderful medicine has cured more rheumatic men and women than have been cured by all other combined agencies. The most obstinate and most desperate cases have been met with perfect success. Hundreds of testimonials from the very best people of Canada support every claim made for Paine's Celery Compound.

Are you suffering from rheumatism or sciatica, dear reader? Have you met with rev. rises and failures in the past through the use of deceptive and worthless preparations? There are many we know who have been driven deeper into sufferings and agonies owing to experiments with pills and mixtures and compounds that are positively harmful and dangerous.

If you are now using any such medicines stop them at once, if you value your life. Ask your druggist or dealer for Paine's Celery Compound, that will surely and certainly banish your trouble.

The following letter from Mr. G. J. McDonald, merchant tailor, of Cornwall, Ont., demonstrates the superiority of nature's medicine:—

"After having given your Paine's Celery Compound a thorough testing, I am pleased to say a few words in its favor. For three years I suffered terribly from rheumatism. It seemed to me that I was forced to endure all the agonies and pains that a mortal could possibly experience from the dreadful disease.

"While suffering I tried many of the advertised medicines and also doctors' prescriptions; but never found a cure until I procured a supply of Paine's Celery Compound from McMillan & Elvidge, druggists, of this town. Paine's Celery Compound worked like a charm—it seemed to strike at the very root of my trouble. I am now cured: all pains are banished, and in every respect I am a new man.

"I shall always consider it a pleasure and duty to strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are afflicted with rheumatism."

A Compliment.
A little five-year-old in Edinburgh evidently appreciates her mother because she is her mamma, but the sentiment is not unmixed with self-appreciation. "Mamma," she said, "the other day at the table, I guess what my lady said about you at Maggie's party last night. 'What was it, dear P.' She said you was the sweetest little girl's mamma in Scotland."

In Serbia marriages can only be celebrated between sunrise and noon; the bride and bridegroom must be completely fasting, and only one couple may be married at the same time.

DELICATE FEMALES

WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all diseases of their sex Will derive great benefit from

PUTTNER'S EMULSION,

It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that

Weariness, Languid and Worn out Feeling

that won't complain of, particularly at this season of the year. All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cts. per bottle.



FOR SALE AT The Montreal Silver Truss Co., 150 St. James Street, Room 6, 1st floor, MONTREAL, QUE.

Worth A Trial.

Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written adv't., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.

Try it.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,

(Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuable and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Office in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, International R'y to Halifax, Quebec R'y, New Brunswick, and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Digby & Halifax R'y.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours' service of all connecting Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Care. E. W. ABBOTT, Agent.

CONSUMPTION.

HOW A BISHOP CUT WOOD.

And How He Got a Little the Better of William the Conqueror.

Have you ever heard of the Great William, who built the cathedral at Winchester, and how he got the timber which is still in the roof of the cathedral? It is rather an old story, and I will tell it to you, as it was told to me by the verger when I was at Winchester—and told, indeed, while we walked in the loft among the very beams and rafters in question.

William the Conqueror was a king who loved his trees, and would hardly part with any of his timber. When the bishop was building the cathedral, he came to the king and asked leave to cut wood from the forest of Hempage to finish the noble work he had carried on for many years.

"Wood from my forest of Hempage? Nay, that you cannot have," said King William.

"But, sire, how can I make a roof for my cathedral without timber? Will your Majesty grudge the trees of the forest to the house of God?" said the bishop, tearfully.

The king did not want to yield, but bishops in those days were formidable enemies, before whom many a king had trembled. The bishop urged his claims, and may even have used threats until at length King William said, "Go, then, my lord bishop, and take as many trees as you can fell in a day—but no more." The bishop went gladly, and coming to his domain, which was like a little kingdom, over which he had absolute power, he mustered his liegemen and retainers for a grand wood-cutting expedition.

At the bishop's palace hundreds of men were daily fed, and he could bring thousands to the field in the time of war, for everyone in his see was subject to him—in mind, body and estate.

The following "Fraud Upon an Insurance Company" in the Deutsche Tabak-Zeitung, is certainly just a little too good to be true: A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought one thousand cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price, and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them he demanded seven hundred and fifty marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, ten boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire!

The Solomonian court decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally set fire to his own cigars and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.

The Other Two Pounds. The vendor of patient churns who told a Lewiston woman his churn would make two more pounds of butter than her old one reckoned without his host. He left the churn and promised to be around in the morning to test it. Before he came she did her churning in the old churn and put the buttermilk in the new one. The agent came and churned and surrendered with the exclamation, "There is no butter in this cream." "I know it," said the lady, "for I've churned it in my old churn, but I wanted to see you get that other two pounds." There was no sale.

How Dead People Hear. Dead persons, as a rule, hear better in the midst of a din than when all is quiet round them. The noise of a moving train or the whirr of machinery in mills helps to make up the volume of sound necessary to reach their impaired organs. An amusing illustration was afforded by a very venerable deaf gentleman who lived quite alone. On the very rare occasions when he had a visitor, he used to keep on shaking down the ashes in his grate, so that by the help of the additional noise he might catch what his caller had to say.

Buying Dresses in Japan. A Japanese girl says that when ladies go to buy a dress in her country they tell the shopkeeper their age, and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for all ages. The consequence of this painful custom is you can tell the age of every lady you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she was labelled, or you were a census-taker. But then, of course, as the ladies of Japan don't care who knows it, there is no fun in finding out.

The Dangers of Benzine. A newly discovered danger lurks in benzine. It is so volatile that many fires in factories and shops where it is used have been attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the combustion of vapor therefrom, which had somehow come in contact with a light. It is now found that electricity is developed in the liquid sometimes in winter, and this alone will ignite the gas. The German chemist Kiesel recommends mixing with benzine a small quantity of some sort of soluble soap to check the generation of electricity.

Gas for Cooking Purposes. Gas for cooking purposes is very largely used not only in London, but in country towns. At Maidstone, for instance, at least 28 per cent. of those who use gas have discarded coal for cooking purposes. The gas sent out during the daytime for cooking purposes is 40 per cent. during the summer, and just over 60 per cent. during the winter, of the total quantity of gas made at the works.

DR. CHASE'S PILLS FOR PILES

THE ONLY Absolute Cure for Piles, and all itching Skin Diseases. The first application relieves, and short treatment cures. The only remedy for Tetter, Itch, Pimples and all scaly eruptions of the skin.

Female, April 6, '94. I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me until I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me. MRS. JOHN GERRIE, 1211 St. Louis, Minn., Druggist, witness.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A Good Move and a Fine Store. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Downville Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

CLEAN TEETH. A pure breath obtained by using ANAX'S TEETH PASTE. Do you Write for the Papers? If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY ALLAN FORMAN, 117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A BOND WAS REQUIRED.

To get married seems an easy thing to the young man whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But when it comes to the actual ceremony there are a thousand and one terrors which surround and threaten to overtake him. Marriage in some states is easy; in others it is as difficult as obtaining a divorce.

A well-known Philadelphian was about to be married to a beautiful young woman who lived in the state of Delaware. He had no idea that the marriage laws of that state were of an appalling nature. He had secured his license and thought that was all that was necessary.

"Have you filled your bond yet?" said some one to him the day before the wedding.

"What?" gasped he.

"Your bond," repeated the questioner. "You know every man who is married in this state has to file a bond for the protection of the state."

The bridegroom was rather dubious, but was finally persuaded that this was a fact.

"I'll see a lawyer about it in the morning," said he. So he went to a friend who was a legal light, and said:

"See here. They tell me I have to give a bond to the state when I get married. 'Certainly. Haven't you done so?' in a surprised way.

"No, I never heard of such a thing before. What kind of bond is it?"

"Oh, any real estate will do." The lawyer looked at him a moment. Then he solemnly said:

"Haven't you any friends who own property?"

"None that I care to ask to bind it up that way. I can't ask my bride's relatives, you know."

"His friend looked at him pityingly. 'You can't postpone the wedding, can you?'"

"What?" fairly shrieked the unfortunate.

"Of course not, of course not," said the legal light cheerily. "But the poor bridegroom looked stricken."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, old man. I'll attend to the matter for you. Don't give yourself any more concern about it."

The young man about-to-be-married then grasped his hand, he could not speak for a moment, and then he turned forth his thanks. He picked up his hat in a relieved sort of way and walked to the door. Then he turned.

"By the way, I forgot to ask you how large is the amount of the bond required?"

"Fifty cents," said the lawyer.

Burglars in Sewers. There is a band of thieves in Naples who frequent the underground sewers, and bore their way into shops for the purpose of robbery. One morning recently a leather dealer, on unlocking his warehouse, found a large hole in the floor and skins and money gone to the value of three thousand francs. He called the police, and several of them, together with some sewer-men, penetrated into the dark vaults with a lantern. They had not gone far when they discovered a man, and called to him to stop. But with a cry of "Madonna! Do not kill me!" the man fled along the sewer, the police after him. They followed him for at least a mile, passing under three or four streets, but without success. The police are now watching the sewers like cats, but there are many escape holes.

Prepared for the Hereafter. It is just as well to be prepared for the hereafter, but everyone cannot be expected to go into the matter so systematically as did Mr. W. P. Prower, an undertaker of Bowmanville, Ont., who, being in ill health went to England in the hope of recovery, but finding his malady growing worse, called to his lawyer and secretary at once with a coffin and all the necessary embalming instruments and materials in anticipation of his speedy dissolution. This the foreman did, and by now is probably with his master, assisting at the last sad rites.

The Wealth of the Rothschilds. Le Signal, a French newspaper, quotes the wealth of the Rothschilds at \$2,000,000,000, the figures have doubled in the last twenty years. There may be quite a number of Rothschilds, it is true, but still the sum is a goodly one to divide. This immense fortune only dates from the beginning of the century. Two generations ago grandfather Rothschild was a nobody; now the descendants are powers in every country in Europe. It is astonishing what strict application to business based upon royal patronage will do.

Holmes and Thackeray. Once when Thackeray was lecturing in "the States" he was talking recently all the close of a lecture, and his host, James T. Fields, summoned Oliver Wendell Holmes, his friend and neighbor, to attend the distinguished guest. Evidently the doctor conquered him as well as his ailment, for when he had departed Thackeray looked up and said, "Fields, who was that funny little cuss?"

Political vs. Domestic Economy. Friend—"How is it, yeh ain't got that position yet? Lost yer pull?" Mr. Ward Heeler—"Oh, I've got the pull, plenty o' pull. My application is signed by all the political leaders in the party."

"Then wot's ther matter?" "Can't git any of 'em to go on me bond."

The Good Work of Ants. The most formidable check to the increase in tropical regions of serpents and venomous insects is the abundance of the ants, which, attacking in thousands, will kill and devour animals often of considerable size.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Halifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sussex. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Anæmic Women

with pale or sallow complexion, or suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children. Send for our pamphlet. Mailed FREE. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

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The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

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For Bilioousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 43 and 45 William St. at St. John by T. B. BARKER & SONS, S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indian-town.

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

TURKEYS,

CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B., Lamb, Mutton and Veal. Ontario Fresh Pork.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, City Market

13 and 14

THE SAME MAN,

Well Dressed,

file a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs, Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (Last door south of Kings.)

J. D. TURNER,

Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Fish, Feet, Lamb's Tongues, German Mustard, Peanuts and Fruit. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds. Wholesale and Retail at 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES,

OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES,

SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY,

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS,

AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL,

LIVERY AND BOARDING 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horse and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit On at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL,

Downville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets MEATS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

Telephones 414. Office 18 Leinster Street.

Mrs. R. Whetsel.

THEY GROWN IN CHURCH.

New the Heat Generated a Flower-garden on a Bonnet. A comical experience of a friend of mine may be cited as a warning to other women who meditate defying the milliner by original methods of bonnet trimming.

Looking from her window one Sunday morning when the tulip trees were in bloom, it flashed upon her mind that one of those yellow and green striped buds would be just the touch of color needed at the back of her new black lace bonnet, the present sombreness of which did not please her.

Two buds were finally secured, and nestled down in the lace, where the effect was eminently satisfactory.

Pleased with the result of her expedient, the bonnet was donned, but my friend serenely made her way down the aisle to her pew in blissful unconsciousness of the situation she was to create ere she left the church. As the service progressed all thought of the tulip bud passed from her mind as completely as though it had never existed to tempt her errant fancy.

Gradually, however, she became conscious that a great amount of suppressed laughter was going on in her immediate vicinity during the sermon. Annoyed that she should have her attention distracted, my friend turned upon the offenders with a look of stern disapproval.

All to no purpose, however, for after each such silent rebuke the evidences of mirth seemed to increase. She returned home at the conclusion of the service, and, while decanting to her family upon the irreverent behavior of the people behind her in church, she took off her bonnet.

As she did so she gave a gasp, for the mystery was explained. There on the back of her lace-bonnet, where she had pinned a couple of sleek, closed tulip buds, were two gorgeous flowers, which, in the warm atmosphere of the church, had gradually opened to perfect bloom.

Calling in China. When a Chinese makes a call on an acquaintance, he sends in his ordinary visiting card or billet, on which is written, "The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, presents himself to pay his duty and make his reverence even to the earth."

The master of the house meets his visitor at the door, who firmly refuses to enter first; the host then makes him a profound bow, and they go in together. There is a similar scene at the foot of the stairs. After a long exchange of formalities, they go up side by side, but the visitor is obliged to step on the first stair with his right foot, while the master of the house puts his left foot first. Any Chinaman who omits these formalities is regarded as very ill-bred.

In a Brigand's Cave. During a recent brigandage trial at Trani, Italy, Baron Arrigo, who was carried away from Naples and held for ransom, narrated his experience in the cave of the brigands. He was kept a captive for several weeks in a cave, the floor of which was running with water, and where there was not even a stone to sit down upon. He stood until he could stand no longer, when fatigue compelled him to lie down in the water to sleep. For more than sixty hours after being taken into the cave he was given nothing to eat, and then only a limited amount of the coarsest fare. It cost 10,000 francs to obtain his liberty.

Perpetual Sunshine. This occurs on the coast of Peru, where, although it may be misty occasionally, the blue sky is always visible through this whitish veil. Perpetual sunshine, when the sun is above the horizon, also exists in the Sahara, the great desert of Africa, and in the other rainless regions of the earth—namely, the high lands of Iran, various tracts of Turkestan and China, the plateau of Gobi, and also in Australia, between the southern colonies and the Gulf of Carpentaria. Should clouds appear in any of these districts the heat of the sun is so intense that they are dispersed almost before they have formed.

A River of Fire. Any one who has been in Chicago and seen its notorious river will not be disposed to discredit a despatch to the effect that one day last week vessels navigating the south fork of that evil-smelling stream sailed through spots of fire, narrowly escaping destruction, caused by gases generated in immense volume from the refuse matter emptied into the river by the rendering and fertilizing works along the south fork banks. The flames rolled up four or five feet high, in the wake of each vessel, which stirred up the mud and purged water.

Origin of the Walking Stick. Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years varnished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity.

Casimir-Perier Won. It is told of President Casimir-Perier of France that when he returned to his chateau, at Font sur-Saine, last year, while president of the Chamber, one of the men at a country fair asked him if he remembered when he used to run races with the children of the neighborhood. "Yes," replied the future president, "and I have not forgotten how I bet you 20 sous," taking off his coat, "that I can beat you to yonder pole." The bet was accepted, and M. Casimir-Perier won it with ease.

Business and professional men who suffer from tired, exhausted brains consequent upon mental effort, will find in Hank's nerve and stomach tonic a sure conservator of the vital energies, relieving brain tins, restoring nervous energy and muscular vigor, renewing the blood, restoring lost appetite and aiding digestion.

"I have spent thousands of dollars and been in the best hospitals of Europe and America under treatment for catarrh," said a gentleman recently, "and have never received so much genuine relief as I have from a twenty-five cent box of Hank's catarrh cure."

To relieve a sore stomach or cure a sick headache, Hank's liver pills are without an equal.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

- 1—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, 25c.
- 2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colds, 25c.
- 3—Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness, 25c.
- 4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults, 25c.
- 5—Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, 25c.
- 6—Whooping Cough, 25c.
- 7—Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, 25c.
- 8—Whooping Cough, 25c.
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- 49—Whooping Cough, 25c.
- 50—Whooping Cough, 25c.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant taste, just fit your vest pocket.

TEABERRY

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

SHILOH'S CURE.

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility.

Cause, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Eason, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

If You Need

a good Liniment

Buy Minard's

as it is the BEST

If You Do Not Need

a Liniment at present

Buy Minard's

as you may want it in a hurry

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

PILGRIM PANTS.

\$3.00 PAIR

Pilgrim Suits,

\$11, \$12, \$13. We also make to order OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up. FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up.

CUTAWAY,

D. & S. BROCK and PRINCE ALBERT, FULL DRESS SUIT.

Send for samples of what you need and self-measuring blanks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE PILGRIM PANTS CO'Y.

20 Dock St. - St. John, N. B. or P. O. Box 220.

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The first of American Newspapers CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

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Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Weekly, \$1 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

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"Here I am clear, ringing into the garden lovely roses whatever man hope you're n housekeeping

No, no, I closing my eyes, scolding you things very ni to you about house. It is closely; it is

A SERPENT IN EDEN.

The rector of Baringtree resumed his seat and stared thoughtfully into the empty grate. "It's a nasty business," he exclaimed, half-aloud, "but it's no use trying to shelve it any longer. Every day makes the task harder, and now there can be no room for doubt. The evidence of one's own eyes is incontestable; and with the air of a man who has thoroughly made up his mind to perform an exceedingly unpleasant duty, the Rev. Sydney Parker jumped up from his chair and called his daughter's name. A lightly-built, merry-looking brunette answered his summons. "Here I am, dad," she exclaimed in a clear, ringing voice. "I was just going into the garden to gather some of those lovely roses for your study-table. But whatever makes you look so solemn? I hope you're not going to find fault with my housekeeping again?" "No, no, Florence," replied her father, closing the room door, "I don't intend scolding you a little bit; you manage things very nicely, and what I want to speak to you about has nothing to do with the house. It touches yourself much more closely; it is about Wilfred Bulmer."

that his visits were undesirable and unnecessary. "I only hope he'll keep his word," he muttered savagely as he left the house. "I'll be a bad day's work for him if he doesn't, that's all." But meanwhile Trencher had been playing a little game of his own. So soon as he heard of Florence's estrangement from Bulmer he sought an interview with the Rector of Baringtree. The object of his visit was startling and unexpected. "You and I are not growing younger," he said, in the course of their conversation, "and it seems to me that the sooner our children are comfortably settled the better. I, on my part, am anxious that my son Ralph should marry a quiet, ladylike girl, and you are, doubtless, quite as wishful to see Florence wedded to a steady, trustworthy man. Now, Ralph has long entertained a secret regard for Florence, and now that the course is clear, there is surely nothing that can interfere with such a desirable union."

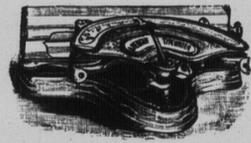
his last illness. Father Healy was of very humble origin, and his mother, a poor widow, had managed out of the takings of a small "sweet" shop in a back street to save enough money to educate her son for the priesthood. On one occasion, at a dinner at the Viceregal Lodge, a snobbish new-comer, thinking to "get a rise" out of the old priest, asked him whether he had known the Duchess of Richmond, wife of a former Viceroy. "I did not," replied Father Healy. "But surely," continued the other, "you must often have been at the Castle in the Duke's time?" Father Healy assumed an air of mystery, and at last whispered audibly, "I don't mind revealing a secret after this lapse of time; the fact is, my mother and the Duchess never quite hit it off."

ded with a show of pride, "I never struck my wife." Before they had reached the pier the New York athletic had forgotten the way to the bar; was a prime favorite in a group of musicians on shipboard and was ever the happiest man alive when music was in the air. As he said good-bye to the group of ladies and gentlemen, of which our Portland singer was one, he said, "I say good-bye. I thank you all. Your music (to the young lady) I shall always remember. If any of you is ever in New York call for me at the Athletic. I'll do the prettiest place affords."

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