

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

MONEY DOWN.

Police Protection Must Be Paid For.

THE CHIEF SENDS THE BILLS

Made Out in the Name of the Corporation of St. John.

TWO CITIZENS PAID THEM AND THE GOVERNMENT HAS ONE.

The Veracity of the Chief—Rawlings on a Sussex Scent—A Hotel That Was Not Reported—Totten Did no More Than His Chief.

And now Chief Clarke himself will figure in an investigation.

It is strange how one thing brings out another, how silent men are until some one bolder than them has spoken, and then how ready every one of them is to add his evidence to the rest.

The public safety department and the police committee have run into some queer information this week and have a string of clues as long as Main Street to follow up.

The absence of Director Wisely upon his wedding excursion does not impede the good work which is being done surely but quietly.

Many persons thought the alderman crazy who made the charge publicly in a committee room that Chief Clarke had received money from the services of policemen which had not been handed over to the city. Even the chairman of safety the ironclad and redoubtable Kelly was moved and in thunderous tones declared that, if such a charge could be proved he would be one of the first to ask the government to remove the head of the police force.

Is the charge true? Some time ago the daughter of a well-known citizen and a heavy tax payer, was one of the principals in a marriage ceremony. The affair was one of the fashionable events of the day, and the crowd was likely to be such that the assistance of three or four officers was asked of the chief of police in order to prevent confusion.

The chief complied with the request and detailed some officers to stand at the church door and keep back the impatient crowd. It must be distinctly remembered that the men detailed for this work were on duty; that they were in the employ and being paid by the city. Notwithstanding this fact, and that every taxpayer is entitled to the service of policemen, it is the gentleman upon whose occasion this is, the gentleman who requested their assistance received a bill made out at the office of the chief of police, in the name of the city of St. John, for the sum of six dollars and fifty cents.

Inquiry of the proper parties discloses the fact that this money collected in the name of the city corporation was not paid into the funds of the city!

Where then, did it go? Chief Clarke says that he paid it to the men who were detailed for the duty.

And yet those men were being paid by the city at that very moment!

It would seem that the system of collecting means of the corporation lever is not only of the present, but belongs to the past. Shortly after Clarke's appointment, the post office department reported the fact that some thief was hovering over a certain letter box. With the zeal of this commission fresh upon him, the chief started for the scene with his "bull-dog," as one officer phrased it. Whether "bull-dog" applied to the revolver of the chief or Capt. Rawlings is not yet determined—both were there. They watched the box for a few nights, then became weary of the task, and "Detective" McGrath was detailed for the work. This is why McGrath walked the streets in daylight and received the distinguished title of "detective."

It is hardly necessary to say that the thief was not captured, but in spite of that fact, a good sized account has been presented. It is said, to the post office department for services.

This statement may be a little startling but PROGRESS has the best of grounds for thinking it to be a fact. If the bill was presented it was made out in the name of the city corporation.

Chief Clarke has taken a good deal upon himself when he issued accounts in the name of the city. So far as PROGRESS can learn he has not a title of authority for such a course, but is proceeding solely upon his own responsibility.

In order to make sure that the Chief

was billing citizens in the name of the corporation for police protection, PROGRESS called upon the gentleman who requested the assistance of some officers at the church. While surprised that the matter was public even to the extent of PROGRESS knowing it, the gentleman related the circumstances in a perfectly frank and open manner. "I knew" he said, "that there would be a crush and thinking that extra assistance ought be required to prevent confusion went to the police office and asked Chief Clarke if he could spare any men. He said 'certainly' and asked me how many we would require. I thought about four and he said he would detail them. It afterwards proved that we needed one at the house to keep back the mob of small boys who even ventured into the hall of my residence.

"I was somewhat surprised the next day or so to see a big policeman walk into my office and present a bill for \$6.50 in the name of the city. I would have been glad to have given the men something, and intended to do so, but was hardly prepared for an account from the corporation. The bill was made out on a printed form, and looked as though that was the custom."

PROGRESS went from this gentleman, who is one of the largest taxpayers in the city, and called at Post office Inspector King's office; that gentleman was out of his office, and probably away from town, so no definite information could be had. Every other official, of course, knew nothing about the matter, though the merry twinkle of the eye would almost contradict their tongue. From outside sources, however, PROGRESS gleaned the fact that a good-sized bill for detective services had been sent in, and had probably gone forward.

In this connection, it may be well to state that "Detective" Ring knows what the chink of Dominion gold is. He has been on the police force of St. John for some time, and has generally managed to make a good living. Small thanks to him, however, if, while being paid by the city, he has also been paid by other parties for work done in the time of the corporation. But Chief Marshall never came down to the level of a bill collector; he never used his office and the name of the city to collect money either for himself or his men.

This mania for handling money does not appear to be confined to the chief or his roundsman, Covay. Even the captain who was before the grand jury this week, on a charge of perjury, has an idea that as a captain of police there should be money in some things for him. Quite recently, one of the inspectors of the custom house went to the police office for assistance in a search for a liquor house. He was acting under orders which should never have been issued, but they were orders, and he had to obey them. When he approached Rawlings the latter's first question was—"Is there any money in it?"

Considering that he is an officer of the police force, and it was his duty to assist the customs officer, there was money in it for him—his daily pay, and nothing more. Another instance of paying for police protection has come under PROGRESS' notice. There was a crowd at St. Andrew's church one evening between 6 and 7 o'clock last week. Two policemen who were on duty were detailed to go there, and the next day a bill for three dollars, made out in the name of the corporation, was presented by a policeman and paid by a good citizen. This is working the racket with a vengeance.

This money has not been paid into the funds of the city, and it is to be presumed that the chief has handed all of it to the men. He could certainly do nothing else than this, unless he has gone farther than this paper cares to imagine. But the question arises if, when men are being paid by the city to protect the citizens and their property, they should be paid again for their work by means of a bill sent out from the office of the chief. Could anything more scandalous be conceived? For half an hour's work done by two policemen, who are ordered from their beats while on duty, a bill is presented for \$3! or \$1.50 for each officer, which is more than they earn the whole day. Can Chief Clarke justify such a course as this?

HE TAKES A GREAT DEAL.

One of the Chief Characteristics of the Head of the Police.

When PROGRESS stated that Mr. Clarke had interviewed Mrs. Covay, and assured her that the charges against her husband were false in his opinion, and also volunteered that "PROGRESS was a scandalous sheet," the chief was exceedingly anxious to deny the latter statement, and called at the office of this paper for that purpose. His denial was so emphatic that it was accepted. He not only denied it once, but repeated it, and assured those in the office that PROGRESS was such a favorite paper of his that his weekly purchases averaged fully 24 cents! He talked of other things while in the office, one of which was the commitment of Rawlings and the effect of it. He also made the statement that much

depended upon the result of the grand jury's finding, and said if Rawlings was found guilty he could not remain on the police force, but if he was cleared William Weatherhead could not remain on the force.

This statement was a surprising one, but not more so than many that come from Chief Clarke. The one fact that is most prominent is that he has too much talk. If he could keep silent he would be in less trouble. Those whom he took in his confidence when he accepted office, and to whom he explained elaborate and necessary changes have been wondering when some of them are coming about. He was to "have Ring on regular patrol duty in less than ten days," and "Rawlings would be brought to the southern division and kept down with a strong hand," etc.

Instead of that, Ring has more power than ever, and Rawlings has the "esteem and regard" of his chief. Include Covay in the list, and it would appear that the superior officers of the police force form a society for the purposes of mutual admiration and profit.

The Chief's regard for veracity might be improved if he has the time to give it the necessary attention. He could not know that but a few minutes after he was in PROGRESS office, Saturday morning, assuring the editor of his regard for it and that he had never said a word against it to his certain knowledge—that a well known citizen dropped in and remarked "Clarke is down upon you."

"How is that," was the query. "I was in Tull's grocery a few minutes ago and I heard him ask the alderman if he had fumigated himself since he was interviewed by PROGRESS."

This is why PROGRESS thinks his veracity might be improved. So far as the statement itself is concerned it simply serves to show the variety of his conversation. He is always talking, generally about he has done as is going to do or on some other equally windy subject.

IS THE LAW STRETCHED?

A Report of Two City Policemen Overlooked by the Chief.

The "pimping" method of securing information against illegal sales of liquor has been condemned by the present chief, and yet the policemen insist that evidence for three fourths of the convictions is secured by that method. Quite recently a hotel keeper on the square was captured in this way and paid his fine.

The chief says he has a report from every officer every day, and if he will turn to them, or refresh up his memory, he will remember a report made some time ago by officers Woods and Jenkins against one of the first hotels in the city. The report was just as explicit as plenty of others that have been acted upon, and yet the matter dropped.

Will Chief Clarke explain how this happened. He knows that even the most trifling suspicion against a poor resident of the city, whether a man or a woman, leads to investigation and frequently conviction and fine. He knows that an anonymous letter is sufficient to start an officer off post-haste to search the premises of people who are as poor as they are honest and respectable; does he know why the report of his own officers should be ignored and a leading hotel permitted to violate the law?

WHEREIN THEY ARE ALIKE.

How the Chief Talked Like the Captain and Officer Totten Acted Like the Chief.

Capt. Rawlings resumed duty at the police station, Wednesday evening. He was in excellent spirits and in good voice. The Chief was there also when the captain called the roll. When he was doing this he could be heard in the band room at the top of the building. Yet none of the men are said to be dead. Nor did they get frightened. One officer on the force does not speak nearly so loud as the captain, and when he answered to his name, the truthful head of the southern division did not hear him. He called his name again, and in tones so loud that the Chief was compelled to interfere, and tell him that there was no need for such shouting.

From this it would appear that the Chief has yet to have an eye on Capt. Rawlings. It was a good thing for North End people when Chief Clarke realized that it would not do to let him have absolute control over a body of men, and placed him over the southern division, so that he could have an eye on him all the time.

When Chief Clarke takes his eye off him there is sure to be trouble. If he went with the captain when he is dogging the men, he would perhaps, be in less danger of telling them that they would wear a man's life away.

But the chief seems to have had the same opinion of some of his own appointments that the captain had of Weatherhead and Birchall.

When the police committee was urging that an investigation be held into the charges against Covay, the chief sneered at the idea of accepting the statements of

Mrs. Woodburn. Upon this Ald. McKelvey offered to prove that Covay was in a house kept by a woman named Mary Ann Patterson, and that while there he behaved in a scandalous manner with some of the female inmates.

"What evidence have you got," asked the chief.

"I've got the evidence of Officer Totten, who was in the house with him at the time," was the reply.

"Oh!" said the chief. "I wouldn't believe that man's oath."

Totten was the man discharged from the force for talking to women on Sheffield street. Mrs. Woodburn was one of the women with whom he had conversation while the "shadows" were dodging around the corners.

If Totten passed some pleasantries with Mrs. Woodburn, he was probably following the example of his chief. The chief has had some very "unnecessary conversation" with Mrs. Woodburn.

When she was passing out of the station, the chief said:

"Ahem! hem! Mrs. Woodburn! What will you give us for a dinner if we go down to your place today?"

Mrs. Woodburn's reply was prompt: "I'm not going home today. I'm going to Washington's for dinner, because I can order turkey there."

RAWLINGS ON A SUSSEX SCENT.

He and Professor Hunter Looking for a Burglar.

While on his vacation, and being paid by the city, Capt. Rawlings has been attending, part of the time to the business of some Sussex people. When he rushed through the railway gate one day last week and boarded the train, he was not leaving the town for good, but just for Sussex, where he and Professor Hunter had been summoned to unravel a burglary mystery.

It is hardly necessary to say that the mystery is still a mystery. PROGRESS' special Sussex correspondent writes that Scott Act prosecutions, the sudden failure of the mental faculties of our business men, the unexpected and hurried departure of Mr. Jordan, even the parson's assignment, have all paled into insignificance beside the great problem which the combined detective astuteness of Capt. Rawlings and Prof. Hunter is now endeavoring to solve, to wit—Who stole Mr. Trites' money?

For the information of the general public it may be stated that on the last Sunday in October a large sum of money was stolen from the safe of John S. Trites, an entrance into the store having been effected through the cellar way. All the detective ability of Sussex was unable to point out the daring burglar, and in this dilemma Capt. Rawlings was sent for and arrived in the village on Saturday afternoon. The astute inspector took a sniff of Sussex air, and immediately had a clue. Following it up closely he collared a small boy, who in times past had been an employe of Mr. Trites' establishment, told him who he was and whence he came; and demanded the immediate surrender of the booty.

The education of this youth had been sadly neglected; he had never heard of Capt. Rawlings, and was not awed by the brass buttons or pomposity; and more than all, he was not the robber. After close interrogation the boy was dismissed, and the clue vanished.

Mr. Trites was not satisfied. He had employed the highest of human skill and it had indignantly failed. Professor Fakir Hunter is always on hand on such occasions. He claimed powers superhuman, offered his services in unearthing the plunderers. Mr. Trites hesitated, but \$190 is a lot of money and the hesitancy vanished, the price is paid and the prince of darkness is now at work discovering the plunder.

Of course the whole transaction is a profound secret.

Trouble on Brussels Street.

There has been a good deal of talk and indignation in the vicinity of Glad Tidings hall, Brussels street, this week. It was occasioned by one of Chief Clarke's "raids," and it is quite probable that the end of it has not been reached yet. The chief received a letter informing him that liquor was sold in a house on Brussels street, and he ordered an officer to go and search the premises. The officer expressed some surprise at this, as he knew the people to be very respectable, and told the chief that there could not be the least truth in the report. Nevertheless a search had to be made, and the officer was detailed to do so. He found nobody there but an old woman, who lived with her daughter, informed her of the object of his visit, and made the search with as little fuss as an officer in brass buttons possibly could. No liquor was found. Nobody expected that there would be, but the fact that an officer searched the house has been the topic of conversation on Brussels street ever since. There is talk of trouble for somebody.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

HAVE GONE TO WAR.

THE GRANTS AND THE NICHOLSONS AT LOGGERS HEADS.

A Move in the Equity Court to Remove R. C. Grant From the Trusteeship—What Mr. Ruel Says About Smuggling Liquor in the Past and Present.

The Grants and the Nicholsons have gone to war. The chief mourner and the heirs are at loggheads.

It has come at last. The sensation people have looked and, perhaps, longed for has been sprung upon them, and the conversation topic promises to last for five times nine days.

The quarrel has been made public in the Court of Equity, and a formidable array of legal talent has been brought to bear upon the celebrated case.

It is a fat thing for the lawyers. Everybody in St. John knew John W. Nicholson. He was a liquor dealer—a successful liquor dealer who made a good fortune in the business. Before he died people thought him worth anywhere from a half to a full million but when the will was read it was found that the imaginations of the people had, as usual, led them astray.

The chief executors with the widow were J. Macgregor Grant and Simeon Jones. Both of these citizens have occupied the chief magistrate's chair and must have had the esteem of the people to a remarkable degree. Everybody thought that the Nicholson heirs were peculiarly fortunate in having such guardians of their funds. Mr. Grant was, moreover, the "chief mourner" at the funeral of Mr. Nicholson, "their affectionate uncle" being the brother of their mother.

Upon the death of Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. R. C. Grant was made a trustee in her place, and from that time forward Mr. Simeon Jones has not had a great deal to say in the disposition of the estate.

Perhaps it is only natural that one mayor should differ from another mayor in judgment, and that the son of Mr. Grant, being a trustee, should agree with his father and disagree with Mr. Jones.

In the meantime, the heirs view this remarkable contest over their own with considerable interest. Their "affectionate uncle" does not appear to have held his own in their affections, and their cousin and playmate was also regarded as out of his place as a trustee, and they withdraw their consent to his acting in that capacity. With the law and his father on his side, the "playmate cousin" considered his position impregnable, and figuratively speaking, he snatched his fingers at their demand.

In the meantime the necessities of living and the worries of being heiresses to a large estate had not monopolized all the attention of the young ladies. The little side shows of existence had to be looked after, and a pleasant and happy event preceded the removal of one of them from the ancestral mansion, to preside over the more modest residence of a young and popular physician. She became Mrs. McLaren. This was in the opinion of the heiresses a most fortunate occurrence. Dr. McLaren was a man as well as a physician, and he was not one who would see "ducks and drakes" made of his wife's money by her "affectionate uncle," her "playmate cousin," or any other person.

Thus the war began, movement after movement in front and flank was made by the opposing parties. The Grant forces were weakened by the desertion of the third trustee, who went over to the enemy, but still his front was bold and unbroken. The attack was well sustained and some desperate movement would soon have to be made. Stragman was all that was left him, and he penned the following letter to Mrs. McLaren while her husband was away in Toronto:

St. John, N. B., 22nd Sept., '90.
MY DEAR OLIVE.—When I perused the joint letter of yourself and sister, dated 1st September, and addressed to the trustees collectively, I could not help being shocked at its contents. It was not only a threatening letter, but also a cowardly and insulting one, such as you ought never under any circumstances have sent to your uncle whom you have so repeatedly acknowledged as a true, faithful and valuable friend to yourself and sister, and to whom you all pretended to be so affectionately attached. Furthermore it showed a venom worse than contemptible, for it threatened injury to your own first cousin, the chief mourner at your father's and mother's funerals, the playmate of your childhood, who never did you the slightest injury, or even said an unkind word to you. Furthermore your conduct was neither honorable or dignified in seeking information on estate matters in an underhand way from Mr. Doids and other persons in the city, as I repeatedly told you that the estate books were always open for your inspection. I have known every movement of yours in this matter, as the very people from whom you were seeking information were disgusted at the flimsy way in which you disguised your object. If I chose to retaliate, as you richly deserve, I could put the dominion government in possession of information which would justify them either now or at any time within fifty years in seizing the books and property of the estate and leaving you all simply paupers, with the reputation of the family irrevocably ruined and the public astonished with a revelation of over twenty years of most successful fraud, not only on the government, but on themselves as customers. The question has often been put to me how Mr. Nicholson accumulated such a large fortune when other liquor dealers could not. I and four others in St. John could answer that question and tell how night after night the shutters of the store would be

put up, the door carefully locked and barred, all lights extinguished except on the lower story, all chinks in the windows covered over, and the nuts cautiously taken off the copper hoops of the custom bonded warehouse, the doors opened, each after each rolled out, one fourth of their contents transferred to empty casks ready in the duty paid warehouse, the quantity abstracted & placed with alcohol, water and coloring mixture, the adulterated casks marked with chalk on the chime, rolled back into the bonded warehouse and afterwards sold to the public, and the government, defrauded of the duty on the quantity abstracted. Every cask that came into the store, whether brandy, whiskey, wine or gin, was treated in this manner, and the profit of every quarter cask averaged \$25, and the invoice books in my possession will show that the estate is liable to the Dominion government for nearly \$300,000 or in other words the duty on one-fourth of every cask of liquor imported. I am not desirous of attempting to injure you as you have attempted to injure me; fortunately none of my family were engaged in the liquor traffic, and therefore any exposure, although it may be intensely gratifying to the St. John public, would be harmful to myself and family, but you can see that your own selfishness and base ingratitude may at any time place you all in an unfortunate position and so serious is the offence in the eyes of the law that had the particulars been divulged in the lifetime of your father it would have cost him his liberty. I do not intend that either you or any of your sisters shall become trustees, and I think that a rigid cross examination in court would prove the undesirability of it, and you shall see, as you imperpertly express it "deprive Ronald of the means of a livelihood," although you may well blush for the source from which you deprive your own—wealth accumulated by fraud and the misery of others will more probably eventually prove to be more of a curse than a blessing. I am now about leaving the city for a week but on my return I will send each of your sisters, excepting Dora, a copy of this letter as I prefer to make the copies in my own handwriting and keep the matter "confidential" among ourselves, but I shall place a copy of it together with sundry papers appertaining to it in a sealed envelope in my private safe.

Your affectionate uncle.

J. MACGREGOR GRANT.

This remarkable conduct, instead of frightening the heiresses, had the opposite effect. They were not getting much out of the estate, anyway, and they determined that they might as well let the law step in and find out just how matters stood. Thus the case is in law.

In the meantime, social circles in the city are exceedingly exercised over the whole affair. Both parties move in "the select set," and both parties have friends. Mr. Grant asks them to suspend judgment until his side of the case is presented. That will happen about December 4th.

PROGRESS was curious to know just what there could be in Mr. Grant's charges against his dead brother-in-law, John W. Nicholson. His statements in the letter printed above can be read by everyone. They are as plain as they can possibly be, and the only way to find out anything about them was to talk to the customs authorities.

Collector J. R. Ruel was found in his office, and in his obliging and clear fashion he explained how utterly impossible it would be for Mr. Nicholson, or any other person, to defraud the customs authorities.

"Why," he said, "the thing is an impossibility, because, just as soon as an importation of liquor is landed, it is gauged, and the number of gallons is entered for duty to be paid upon. If that liquor is placed in the warehouse the books say so, and if Mr. Nicholson could have entered his bonded warehouse and taken out every drop of liquor in those casks, he would still have to pay the duty on the amount handed into the custom house by the gauger. You can see, therefore, how utterly absurd such a statement is, that Mr. Nicholson could have defrauded the government."

"Liquor can be taken out of bond as the importer wishes. If Mr. Nicholson wanted a cask or even ten casks, all he had to do was to pay the duty and get them. If he wanted to water the liquor, surely he could do it in his own warehouse at far less trouble, than by breaking into his bonded warehouse, when he would gain nothing by so doing."

Mr. Ruel was very emphatic in his statements and showed PROGRESS that such transactions as Mr. Grant describes was impossible.

Inspector McLaren was also seen, and he laughed at the idea of Mr. Nicholson defrauding the customs. "The statement is perfectly absurd," said the inspector. "The fact is that John W. Nicholson paid duty upon every gallon of liquor he entered at this port." Then he took the warehouse books and showed PROGRESS how impossible it would be for any liquor dealer to defraud the government. "I do not think," he continued, "that Mr. Nicholson could possibly have entered his warehouse, but if he did he gained nothing. He had to pay the duty before his account was squared. In those days too every dealer deposited a bond that he would pay the duties on the liquor he imported. That is not required now, the liquor being ample security."

The other side will be heard Dec. 4th.

Was "Bill" Saracento?

Officer William Evans has resigned from the police force. In handing in his resignation he thanked the Chief for the kindness shown him since he took charge. Whether Officer Evans intended this clause in his resignation to be sarcastic is a question that has been bothering a good many people. He talked quite different before the beer business came into consideration.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE

THE GRANDMOTHERS OF OUR YOUTH HAVE DISAPPEARED.

Loved and Respected by all the Household—She Listened to the Joys and Sorrows of All—Do the Women of Today Refuse to Grow Old.

What has become of the Grandmothers? Are there any at all now-a-days? or have they gone out of fashion, become extinct like the mastodon, or the dodo? It is a subject of constant wonder, and endless speculation to me, and the more I think about it, the more I don't understand it.

Why, when I was little, everybody had a grandmother! to be without one was to be in abject poverty, and an object of sympathy to all ones' contemporaries. I was poverty-stricken in that respect myself, having lost my only grandmother when I was little more than a baby, and I was regarded in consequence, with a sort of tolerant suspicion, as one who lacked a certain patent of respectability. I fancy I must have been rather a high-toned youngster with that haughty spirit which is supposed to travel as a sort of advance agent for a fall of some kind, and it used to gall my youthful spirit mightily to hear other children talking about their grandmas. I had one shot in my locker though, always, one trump card which in my estimation was capable of taking any and every trick, I had a grandfather, and I lost no opportunity of acquainting my friends and schoolmates with that fact. I kept him before the public, as much as possible, and if I ever chanced upon a child who was rich in grandmothers, but had no grandfather, it was a red letter day for me, and I killed the fatted calf accordingly. Looking back now through the sounding corridors of time, it seems to me that the way I bragged must have been simply sickening, and the manner in which I flaunted my one grandparent before the dazzled eyes of the other child was enough to make one weary. He did double duty, I can assure you, and well he deserved all the praise he received, for he was worth a great many grandmothers; but somehow he was looked upon in juvenile circles as a sort of apology, an imitation of something I did not possess, and he was never so well received as the genuine article. But then, as I said before, every child had a grandmother in those days, and some favored mortals had two, dear old ladies who knit their stockings for them, mended their torn dresses, or jackets, shielded them from well-deserved punishment, and saved up rosy apples and peaches for them.

She generally lived in the house with the children, and I have also noticed that she was almost invariably their mother's mother; she had a large sunny room, where the children loved to gather, and the position she occupied towards them was an odd one in many ways. They loved and respected her, but still she was to a certain extent one of themselves. Of course, they loved mother, but then good as she was, she sometimes spanked, and was therefore, in a measure to be feared, while grandma had never been known in the whole course of her life—or rather their's—to so far forget what was due to herself and them. If Jack broke one of mother's best tea cups, he had not the slightest hesitation in scuttling off to grandma's room and telling her about it so she might make it all right with mother. Or if Nellie tore her best dress, grandma's room was the haven of refuge in time of trouble, and grandma's cunning needle soon repaired the damage; whereas mother might have met the emergency with some such form of cruelty and despotism as a whole afternoon in bed, or even tea without jam. The worst of these little matters is, that you have so little data to go upon. I once heard two bright little girls talking the subject of punishments over between themselves.

"The worst of it is," said one, "that you never know what to expect. Often when you feel sure of a spanking, you don't get it at all, and then just when you think you know mama won't say a word to you she just takes off her slipper, and gives it to you." "I'll tell you what I do," said the other. "When I've stayed down to tea at Aunt Maggie's without asking mama, or done anything else very bad I always just sneak up the back stairs, and if I can only get into Grandma's room without mama seeing me, I'm all right. You know she just says, 'Mary, let me punish her this time,' and I don't care if Grandma punishes me all the time."

Dear, tender hearted, patient grandmothers! where are you all now? Have you vanished with the fairies, and Santa Claus, and all the other sweet, bright things that threw a halo of romance around our childish days! How plainly I can see you with the eye of memory, your serene face that was so soft and sweet to kiss, your white hair, and white cap; your spectacles, and the black dress that always felt soft, when you laid your cheek against it and went to sleep. How I used to wish you belonged to me instead of to some other child. Amongst all my friends and acquaintances I can find but one grandmother, and don't I wish I owned her? She is small and slight and dainty, with snow-white hair arranged in "cannon" curls on each side of her sweet old face,

which is soft as velvet when you touch it, and she wears gold-rimmed spectacles and a widow's cap; she has a soft, low voice, and the gentlest manner in the world. She is over 80, but she is pleasanter to talk to than many girls I know; her mind is as bright as if she were 18 instead of 80, and doesn't she love a joke! She always makes me think of some old French countess of the ancien regime, only she is more sympathetic, more ready to make the troubles of youth her own, and to take an interest in all that goes on around her. Oh, she is a jewel of a grandmother! And what I would like to know is this, Why aren't there more like her? What has become of them?

One of the crying needs of this latter end of the nineteenth century lies in the direction of grandmothers, and I begin to think the reason lies in the fact that the women of the present day absolutely refuse to grow old—not only gracefully—but at all. Will the day ever come, I wonder, when we shall have no middle-aged women either? or will the evil work out its own remedy in time, and the ever-changing years, which equalize all things for those who can only wait, bring us back among so many of our lost treasures, that possession of the past so dear to memory, though now lost to sight—the grandmother of our youth.

A GOOD LAW FOR THEM.

WHY MONCTON LIQUOR DEALERS SHOULD BE SATISFIED

With the Scott Act and the Way it has been Enforced—The Council's Power and the Use Made of It—Enforcement Breaks Out in Spots.

MONCTON, Nov. 18.—The enforcement of the Scott Act in our lively and erratic little city has long been viewed in the light of a huge joke, and many a spicy little paragraph has it furnished the guileless Geoff. with; many a harmless joke has he poked at it with the point of his intrepid pen which was often—I daresay—the only point about the joke in the eyes of the Scott Act people. But a good many others saw the joke besides the writer, and now to mention Moncton and Scott Act in the same breath never fails to call forth a smile from the observant stranger.

Moncton has always been subject to short, but violent attacks of Scott Act enforcement, which have varied in severity according to the weather. Like a scarlet fever patient in the first stages of the disease, the powers that be showed a disposition to break out in spots of Scott Act zeal, and still like the fever patient—when the rash came out well, the fever abated and the genial purveyor of the ardent, was safe for another little while.

But never since Mr. Scott first laid the corner stone of his future immortality by framing that famous white elephant, have the "honest tradesmen" who deal in liquid refreshment had quite such a gorgeous time of it as this year. The Scott Act has been a gold-plated success—and they have every reason to toss up their caps, and shout, "Hurrah for the Scott Act!" in voices choked by emotion. Never have the liquor dealers been able to sell their merchandise so openly, and with so little fear of reprimand, as during this year of grace, 1890; they had just as good a right to do so, apparently, as a grocer has to sell sugar; and, of course, they were not backward in taking advantage of their privileges. I fancy some of them felt a little tremulous when the new city council came into office last March; they were somewhat in the position of a child who expects a slap and does not get it, because judging by the way that council talked; the manner in which they asked for fullest power to proceed with the enforcement of the act on the night of their very first meeting, and the blood-curdling disposition they showed to roll up their sleeves, expectorate on their hands, and wade right in, was enough to cause the soul of the boldest rum-seller in our town to shiver up with dread, and his heart to seek immediate sanctuary in his boots. Dark days were evidently before him in the near future, and "life was thorny and youth was vain." He seriously contemplated disposing of his stock at a sacrifice, retiring from business, joining a temperance society, and becoming a shining example of the evil effects of rum. But as time passed on, and nothing happened, he began to doubt the wisdom of his resolution, and to order large consignments of fire-water, in order to keep his stock up to the requirements of a Scott Act town, governed by a temperance council. And why not? No rum shops were closed, very few were fined for selling liquor, and everything went merrily and smoothly, until two or three weeks ago, when it was announced that seizures would be made shortly, and in fulfillment of this threat, a house on Duke street was raided, and two or three bottles of liquor secured with great pomp and ceremony.

Then the now celebrated raid was made on the Ryan place, and the trouble began to brew when the case came up before a magistrate who ruled that the seizure had not been legal, and ordered as much of the seized liquor as remained to be returned to Ryan. The order was carried out, and Ryan at once fined \$50 for exposing it for sale. An action for damages against the city and the policeman who seized the liquor, under instructions, will be entered at once for illegal seizure of liquors, and the prospects are that, ere long, the Moncton city council will sit down by the waters of desolation and wish some philanthropist had conceived the brilliant thought of lynching Mr. Scott before he had time to make the one great act of his life public.

G. S. C.

THE MONCTON HOUSEWIFE Must Not Depend Upon the Newspaper Market Reports.

MONCTON, Nov. 18.—Those who are fond of light literature, and think 35 or 50 cents a volume, too much to pay for the most recent fiction contained in the bookseller's stall, would do well to make a regular study of the market reports in the daily Moncton papers, for there they will get more pure fiction to the square inch, and then goes down her morning trying to reconcile conflicting statements, and come home a wiser and a poorer woman. For example she has read that chickens are selling at 30 and 40 cents a pair, and when she finds that the guileless agriculturalist, who has them for sale declines to part with the battered corpses, which in death are not divided—though they are far from

THE MONCTON HOUSEWIFE

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HOW THEY MANAGE IT.

"We use pearline." Well, we don't at our house! We have a better way, which saves our hands more than even pearline. We have no washing day; no cold dinner, without the aesthetic and comforting influence of pie. No smell of soap suds, and general sloppiness in the domestic circle; Monday is just as good as any other day with us.

"Why, how do you manage it? Don't you ever get any washing done?" "Oh, yes, we do; but we send our clothes to Ungar's Steam Laundry, and they come home all ready for ironing; you know he makes a specialty now of family washing, sent home rough-dried, to be ironed at home."—A.

An Allibi. Sunday School Superintendent—Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer? (No reply.) Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Little Boy (badly frightened)—It wasn't me. I—I just moved here last week I'm Missouri.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Points of View. He was the picture of a man who had gotten the worst of it in the encounter with fortune. "I'll bet," said the man to whom he had applied for alms, "that you have been to jail."

"Yes," was the reply, "lots of times." "It must be a horrible thing to think of." "Well," he responded, "with a meditative air, 'some of these people do run their jails mighty careless.'"—Washington Post.

A more delicious and strengthening drink cannot be taken than half teaspoonful of LEBER'S EXTRACT OF BEER dissolved in a cup of boiling water seasoned to taste with pepper and salt. It is carefully prepared and highly recommended by physicians everywhere. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

AND ALL THE POPULAR SACHET POWDERS! FOR SALE BY F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET. SABBATH HOURS—9:30 to 10:45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN. June 1, '90. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

BOYS, LOOK!

BOYS! Get a pair of Lansdowne or Imperial Club, No. 7, Hardened STEEL SKATES, FREE. All the Boys who want an Overcoat, Reefer, or Suit of Clothes, will have a pair of these Skates given to them, on purchasing either of the above named articles at

W. J. FRASER'S. ONLY ONE DOOR ABOVE ROYAL HOTEL.



EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. FOR HOUSEKEEPERS!

PRESTOLINE! THE MOST EFFECTIVE POLISHER YET INTRODUCED. BRILLIANT POLISH! FREE FROM ACID OR GRIT! NO LABOR! JUST TRY IT ONCE ON Brass Faucets, Copper Boilers, Brass Signs, Fire Irons, Fenders, Cast-iron Lamps, Stair Rods, Door Hinges and Knobs, Gong Bells, Name Plates, Military Trappings, Harness and Carriage Trimmings, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Brass Furniture, and you will be surprised and more than satisfied with the result! A Liquid Polisher for all uses. Sample Cans, 15c. each. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GO TO KERR'S COOL ICE-CREAM PARLORS AND GET A DELICIOUS ICE CREAM. ALSO CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY. Cream Chips! Cream Chips still in great demand. 70 KING STREET, - - Opposite Victoria Hotel. Telephone Connection.

DID YOU SEE THAT the best Frame-Cutting Machine at the Exhibition was secured by the GORBELL ART STORE, : : 207 Union Street. This Machine will do the work of two ordinary machines, and is the completest machine made. This will HELP GORBELL to MAKE PICTURE FRAMES CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CHEAP HEATING! The "PERI" Fills the Bill. Inquire into the prices at GOLES, PARSONS & SHARP, CHARLOTTE STREET.

NETTIE'S A lovers' quarrel! common, they do not suffering or even resorting to the summer and hearing the first he ever greeted her from lips, salt as if all her lips gone. For the words were "Unless you can get at the quarry on Wednesday it was you met the party."

JIM AG... "Jim has a future front of That's what they used to For when young Jim was He mingled with the wise With wisest men he used And talk of law and politics And everybody said of Jim "He has a future front of When Jim was twenty All contented ready for He had a perfect man's p And knew philosophy an He'd delved in every m Of old Arabia and Rome. And everybody said of Jim "He has a future front of When Jim was thirty He'd made a world-wide He'd walked and studied Of German universities, And visited and pondered The sights of Thebes and And everybody said of Jim "He has a future front of The heir to all earth's he Was Jim at forty years o The lore of all the years And focused in his occip And people thought, so "What wondrous things They more than ever said "He has a future front of At fifty years, though Jim He had his head as w He had tabulated, systemized And adequately synthesized His head was so well read He thought, "I'm ready And everybody said of Jim "He has a future front of At sixty—no more need At sixty years poor Jim The preacher said that Would shine to all stars In other words, beyond There was great work f And o'er his bier he said "He has a future front of The great deeds we are Shine on the vastness of Like sunset clouds of lu Against the background And so we climb the su For up the crowns he And each one makes his And rears a future front of NETTIE'S A lovers' quarrel! common, they do not suffering or even resorting to the summer and hearing the first he ever greeted her from lips, salt as if all her lips gone. For the words were "Unless you can get at the quarry on Wednesday it was you met the party."

JIM AGAIN.

"Jim has a future front of him." That's what they used to say of Jim. For when young Jim was only ten He mingled with the wisest men, With wisest men he used to mix, And talk of law and politics; And everybody said of Jim, "He has a future front of him."

When Jim was twenty years of age, All costumed ready for life's stage, He had a perfect man's physique, And knew philosophy and Greek; He'd delved in every misty tone Of old Arabia and Rome, And everybody said of Jim, "He has a future front of him."

When Jim was thirty years of age He'd made a world-wide pilgrimage, He'd walked and studied 'neath the trees Of German universities, And visited and pondered on The sights of Thebes and Babylon; And everybody said of Jim, "He has a future front of him."

The heir to all earth's heritage Was Jim at forty years of age, The loss of all the years was but And focused in his occiput; And people thought, so much he knew, "What wondrous things our Jim will do!" They more than ever said of Jim, "He has a future front of him."

At fifty years, though Jim was changed, He had his knowledge well arranged, All tabulated, systemized, And adequately synthesized, His head was so well filled within He thought: "I'm ready to begin," And everybody said of Jim, "He has a future front of him."

At sixty—no more need be said, At sixty years poor Jim was dead: The preacher said that such as he Would shine to all eternity; In other words, beyond the blue, There was great work for Jim to do; And 'er his bier he said of Jim "He has a future front of him."

The great deeds are going to do Shine on the vastness of the blue, Like sunset clouds of lurid light Against the background of the night; And so we climb the endless slope, Far up the crownless heights of hope, And each one makes himself a Jim, And rears a future front of him.

NETTIE'S TRIAL.

A lovers' quarrel! They are not uncommon, they do not always bring life-suffering or even remorse; but Nettie Ray, standing in the summer-house at Alton Hill, and hearing the first harsh words that had ever greeted her from Stephen Rockhill's lips, felt as if all her life's happiness was gone.

"Unless you can tell me why you were at the quarry on Wednesday evening, and who it was you met there, you and I must part."

"I cannot tell you. If you will not trust me, we must part."

"Trust you?" was the furious answer. "Trust a girl who has assured me again and again she loved me, who has no male relative, father or brother, and yet meets a man in a mysterious place after dark! How can I trust you, when you refuse all explanation?"

"I know appearances are against me, but I do not desire a reproach."

But Stephen would not believe this, and so they parted; he to stride down the road, boiling with rage, she to sink down upon the rustic chair in the summer-house, lean upon the table, and weep bitterly.

Grief would have its way at first, but after a fit of sobbing, little Nettie lifted her pretty face, and took herself to task.

"This is my gratitude," she thought, "that at the first sacrifice I make I cry like a baby and am heart-broken. But—Oh, Stephen! if you only trusted me!"

She thought over one by one the benefits she owed to Marion Alton Raymond, her cousin. Five years before, when Nettie was only fifteen, she had been orphaned and penniless, and Marion Raymond was keeping a little trimming store, earning a bare living for herself and her three-year-old boy. She was a widow, with a living husband—a woman who had given her heart to a man who had left her for the gambling table, and had lost heavily night after night, had finally committed forgery, been discovered, and fled.

Marion had borne her heavy cross patiently, had worked faithfully to support her boy, and been a kind friend to Nettie. When Nettie had shared the hard-earned home for a year, Marion's uncle died, and left her Alton Hill and a large fortune. Then Nettie became a petted darling. The best teachers, the prettiest costumes, the choice of pleasures, were all hers, and Marion's friends knew they could not better please her than by showing kindness to Nettie.

Marion's wealth had proved truly a friend in need, for one year after her uncle's death, she became a confirmed invalid. An incurable disease of the spine held her helpless and suffering, and it was only her unselfish persistence that prevented Nettie from devoting her whole life to nursing duty.

But Marion would not have it so. She had a large circle of friends, who did not hold her responsible for her husband's crime, and she insisted upon Nettie's acceptance of all their invitations and civilities.

Even when love came, and Nettie would have sacrificed Stephen, if Marion asked it, she had smiled upon the wooing, knowing him to be a true, good man, worthy even of Nettie. The engagement was not generally known, but the two were betrothed when Stephen, with his two eyes saw his darling, his dainty, refined, little fiancée under circumstances that had appealed him. Nearly two miles from Alton Hill was a huge deserted quarry, a place known as a rendezvous for the loafers of the village in the day-time, but usually deserted and desolate after nightfall. It stood back from the direct road leading to Alton Hill from Bayswater, the nearest town, but was often crossed, at a short cut between the two places. Still, after dark, it was a place

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Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

safe enough usually for those who wished to meet secretly.

Stephen having called at Alton Hill, was utterly amazed to find Nettie absent after eight o'clock. Mrs. Raymond had received him, and explained that Nettie had gone to a neighbor's, but had refused to send Stephen to escort her home, as asked and expected. She had been agitated, and was deadly pale and unlike her usually calm, serene self, and Stephen was puzzled when he left the house.

"Too far away to speak, she did not seem surprised to see Stephen, but motioned him to wait, while she led the strange visitor up the broad staircase.

The little mantle clock chimed three times, and midnight had nearly come, still Stephen lingered. Some strange hope held him to the room where Nettie had left him, and he paced up and down, waiting.

"Waiting till nearly at night's noon, the door opened, and Nettie came in. "I hoped you would wait," she said. "Will you come with me?"

"Up the broad staircase, to a large room above. Upon a couch there, dressed in a snowy wrapper, lay the still form of Marion Raymond, dead, and beside her upon the floor crouched the man Stephen knew only as "Bill Jones."

"You must help us," Nettie said, "and Marion told me to trust you. You guess who this is?"

"The stranger lifted his head. "Tell whom you will," he said, in a hoarse, faint voice; "I've starved, begged, stolen! What does it matter now? Bring the police, and tell them Henry Raymond is found at last!"

"Your cousin's husband?" Stephen whispered, throwing off the burden on his heart in one deep sigh.

"Yes," he said, "at her prayer, to give him money to flee again from justice. But he had been so ill, he could not go. The shock of his return, after so many years' absence, killed Marion. You will help me to conceal him? He cannot live many days."

Not many hours, Stephen thought; and he was right. Before the day dawned, Henry Raymond had gone beyond earthly justice or vengeance, and Nettie carried out Marion's last wish, that her husband should rest in death in the cemetery where wife and child lay beside him.

Nettie was Marie, as he was, by a will made when Mrs. Raymond believed her husband must be dead. But the little maiden's wealth did not give her the deep happiness she felt when Stephen pleaded for forgiveness for his want of faith, and she once more felt his kiss upon her lips and his words of love greeted her ears.

a service for me without question, and who will keep a secret. Will you come?"

No, he would not, he resolved. He had been deceived, and would not play cat's paw for any woman. And yet—

A fair, pure-lashed, eyes, innocent, shy, low-lighted, lips that spoke only tender, maidenly words—these rose to comfort him, and still reluctant, he took his hat, and went to Alton Hill.

"I knew you would come," Nettie said, springing gladly to meet him, as of old; not lifting her shy, blushing face for his caress, but pallid, careworn and sad, a very gray shadow of her bright little self.

"Will you go for me, without question, on an errand of life and death?" she asked.

"I will," he said, gently, but not tenderly. "In Heath street," she said—and he shuddered, for only the most wretched of Bayswater poor lived there—"in Heath street, you will find a Mrs. Smith's. It is No. 85. Ask for Bill Jones, and tell him he must come here tonight, after dark."

"Nettie!" "Oh, trust me! Only trust me!" she pleaded.

"Is there no other message?" "None! I dare not send one. But he must come!"

With a heart heavy as lead, and yet strangely moved to obey her request, Stephen left Nettie, to seek for Bill Jones. He was not surprised to see the tall bearded man he had seen once before at the quarry. But he was almost to recognize upon his face the unmistakable signs of mortal illness. Evidently whatever the man's life had been, it was nearly spent. A dry hacking cough, extreme emaciation, hollow eyes and hectic flush, all told plainly their piteous story.

And the message brought on such violent agitation, such an exhausting fit of coughing and suffocation, that in mere humanity Stephen granted the stranger's request that he would accompany him to Alton Hill, and went to secure a carriage for the drive.

It was dark when they reached the house, and Nettie was watching. She did not seem surprised to see Stephen, but motioned him to wait, while she led the strange visitor up the broad staircase.

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Physical Exercise.

A physician lecturing upon proper physical exertion declared that if only twenty minutes a day were spent in physical exercises as an adjunct, to mental education, we might live to seventy without a day's illness, and perhaps prolong our lives to a hundred years. It is a well known fact that our Canadian people do not take sufficient physical exercise to maintain a sound mind and healthy body.

Our School and College authorities have always endeavored to impress upon the mind of the pupil and student the great necessity of proper physical training, and these Schools and Colleges have all adopted the most improved methods of useful gymnastics.

Physical exercise pursued in youth cannot in after years keep the body in proper condition, if that exercise is discontinued and neglected. It is owing to this criminal neglect that we see so many weak and puny men and women around us.

The calls and duties of this American age lead us so deeply into the mazes of business, literature, art and science, that money is "god," and health is neglected to win the golden idol.

The counting house, the work-shop, the household and society, with all their turmoils and cares, cause overworked men and women; they get no physical exercise of the right kind; they become weak in body and brain; their nerves are unstrung; they are cross and irritable, and are subjects of insomnia, headache and dizziness. They suffer from Dyspepsia and Indigestion to such a degree that life becomes a burden to them. They have disregarded the unerring laws of nature, and must suffer, until they seek nature's great remedy.

Paine's Celery Compound is nature's restorer for all such victims of suffering. It is acknowledged by physicians to be the "world's scientific preparation," holding out new life and health to all Paine's Celery Compound, with a little gentle physical exercise daily, will give to any man or woman the key to the path of earth's happiness and enjoyments.

It will strengthen the great and complicated nerve system, invigorate the brain, and the body will be cleansed and made healthy and pure, and worthy of the spark of Heavenly flame that dwells within it.

Why remain in misery when this great restorer is near? It is suicidal and cowardly to go on suffering, and thus spread unhappiness and misery not only in your family, but in the community as well. Thousands have been raised from utter weakness and hopelessness, to the firm rock of health and strength.—Advt.

INSTRUCTION.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and of shorthand writing and of the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

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There is no excuse for being a poor writer. Better send for sample of writing and learn how to be a good one.—free. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. WINDSOR, N. S.

People often come in the Spring time saying: "How much can I learn in a few weeks? I am going West soon; can you fit me for such a situation? I might have been with you all winter, but did not think of it till now."

For these people, Spring is not the best time for entering the College. NOW is the best time. S. KERR, Principal. Oddfellow's Hall.

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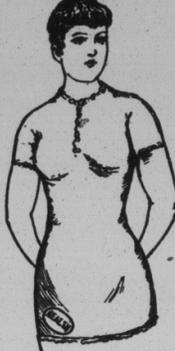
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REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED his Law Office to No. 724 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of D. C. CLYTON, Broker), St. John, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

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what he thinks of the new Undervests just introduced and known as the Health Brand.

The result of his answer will be that directly you go down town you will ask to see them, but remember, if not stamped plainly with the word "Health," you won't be getting the right thing. Perfect-fitting, soft, luxurious, and warm, is the general verdict. A new thing and a good thing, which does not always follow.

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ONE THOUSAND REWARD

to any live person who will discover a merchant prepared to lower our price record. Read this remarkable offering. We are dividing the profits with our patrons.

Mens' very heavy tap-soled solid leather Bal. Boots for \$1.50, this boot is considered cheap at \$2; Youths very heavy tap-soled Bal. Boots for 90c, from 10 to 15, worth \$1.25; Boys' very heavy double-soled solid leather Bal. Boots, only \$1.00; Mens' very heavy working Bal. Boots, only \$1.25; Mens' very heavy solid leather Brogans for 85c; Infants' Button Boots and Slipper, 50c; Children's very heavy solid leather wire Boots, only 50c; Misses' spring-heeled button grained Boots, \$1.00; Children's ditto, 50c; Boys' very heavy Bal. Boots, \$1 to 10, with heels, 90c; Boys' Bal. Boots from 11 to 6 inches, only 75c; Boys' Suits, from P. E. Island Tweed, \$2.50; Mens' very heavy P. E. Island Tweed Pants, only \$1.50; Mens' Suits, made by a scientific cutter, only \$12.00 and \$13.00, worth \$18.00; P. E. I. Blankets, \$4.75 per pair, worth \$6.00; Womens' very fine Kid Boots, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75; Mens' Leg Boots, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and up; Very heavy all-wool Tweeds, 60c, 65c, 70c, and up.

Special discounts every Saturday and Monday for the Workmen. We do better than we advertise.

POPULAR 20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET. TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., of P. E. I., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

MY AIM

Is to give satisfaction in quality and price, and this I am prepared to do in

Tailor-Made Clothing,

OVERCOATS, UNDERWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS, ULSTERS, ETC. OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. Latest Designs.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER AT SHORTEST NOTICE. JAMES KELLY, CLOTHIER AND TAILOR, NO. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Head Office, - - MONTREAL.

FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR PROTECTION OF POLICY HOLDERS Exceed \$1,187,157.

The Glasgow and London Insurance Co. having reinsured its entire Canadian business in the Citizens, all policy holders are hereby notified that their policies will be exchanged without cost on application to us, and we will settle all claims accruing under policies now in force in the Glasgow and London.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, General Agents. 130 BAYARD'S BUILDINGS, Prince Wm. Street.

ELECTRIC LIGHT! Photography.

THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction. GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager. Room 2, Pugsley Building.

A. R. BLISS, 9 CANTERBURY STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Electrical Expert, Contractor and Manufacturer.

Complete Electric Lighting Plants; Motors of all sizes; Incandescent Wiring. JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 808. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount or cash. SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

Half a Dollar a Week. Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Rockers, Wringers, Clocks, Pictures, Mirrors, Hanging Lamps. F. A. JONES, 113 Dock Street.

1890 WINTER 1891 It is now time you procured your OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, RUBBER BOOTS, And everything pertaining to footwear, as our first Snow Storm has appeared, and the place to get them GOOD, STRONG, AND CHEAP, is at Frank S. Alwood's, P. O. - Gymnasium Block, in all sizes.



EVERY SKIN SCALP DISEASE, BLOOD & DISEASE cured by Cuticura

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disgusting, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, such as itching humors, pimples, the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLV, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Remedies for the most distressing and all other remedial fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials are on file, and age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Hold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLV, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." It is free. It is relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, 50c.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion and cures indigestion, but positively does cure the most serious and long standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia. DYSPEPTICURE BY MAIL. (Largo size only.)

Dyspepticure will be sent by mail to those who cannot yet procure it in their own vicinity. Many letters have been received from persons of various ages and conditions, all of whom have obtained relief from Dyspepticure. Many letters have come from near-by places, and many others from distant parts of the world, all of whom have obtained relief from Dyspepticure. To meet these demands and at the same time make Dyspepticure quickly known in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it might not reach for some considerable time, the large quantity of Dyspepticure will be sent by mail without any extra expense to the user. The Post Office is everywhere, so none who wish the Canada and United States orders, a large quantity of Dyspepticure (special mail order), will be forwarded, postage paid, to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, N. B.

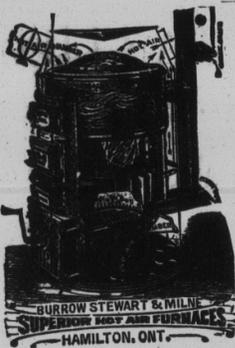
Every Druggist and General Dealer in Canada should sell Dyspepticure, as it is a strong and permanent remedy, and is a standard remedy. The following Wholesale and Retail Dealers are authorized to sell it: Geo. S. and G. McDonald, St. John; Brown & Webb, and Simpson Bros. & Co., Halifax; Kerry, Wilson & Co., Montreal.

When from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the best physicians, and are for sale at all the drug stores.—Advt.

OK! ER'S. NEW KLIN! CORONET, FULL HEATER! HANDSOME! IN PRICE! P. S.—Our Stock of Stores of every description has never been more complete and prices are very favorable. We invite the attention of all close cash buyers. WILLIAM STREET. PERS! LINE! YET INTRODUCED. FROM ACID OR GRIT! Copper Boilers, Brass Signs, Stair Rods, Door Hinges and Spings, Harness and Carriage Furniture, and you will get the results! ST. JOHN, N. B. HEATING! "the BERRI" the Bill. into the prices at BOLES, NS & SHARP, OTTE STREET. COOL LORS DREAM. ships still in great demand. Victoria Hotel. THAT Union Street. CHEAPER THAN EVER.



W. F. HATHEWAY SELLS EAGLE FLOUR. WHEAT GRITS. STAR CHOP TEA. EAGLE CHOP TEA. HOT AIR FURNACES



BURROW, STEWART & MILNE'S SUPERIOR JEWEL, SCIENTIFIC JEWEL, and ALASKA JEWEL. PORTABLE or BRICK SET. CYLINDER STOVES, SELF-FEEDERS, FRANKLINS, RANGES, ETC.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

CLOSING OF TURNER AND FINLAY'S

AND FINLAY'S Dry Goods Establishment, 12 KING STREET.

IMMENSE STOCK OF DRY GOODS!

Both retail and wholesale, at unheard of low prices.

NEW, CLEAN, AND FASHIONABLE GOODS! AND WE HAVE MADE BONA-FIDE REDUCTIONS THROUGHOUT.

IN THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED: BLACK AND COLORED DRESS MATERIALS, FRENCH ROBE DRESSES, FUR-LINED MANTLES! FUR SHOULDER CAPES!

Jacket and Mantle Cloths, Overcoats, Cloths for Men and Boys' WEAR. Boys' CLOTHING and OVERCOATS. BLANKETS, FLANNELS, ETC.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS.

SALE NOW IN PROGRESS! TURNER & FINLAY, - 12 KING STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Oshawa, Etc. The baby show, of which I made mention last week, was held at the residence of Mrs. D. J. Senley at her residence, Dorchester street, on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. W. A. MacLachlan and baby; Mrs. Alfred Morley and baby; Mrs. T. W. Bell and baby; Mrs. E. C. Sturdee and baby; Mrs. Murray MacLaren and baby; Mrs. Douglas Hazen and baby; Mrs. C. A. Macdonald and baby.

Mrs. Emma Tack is visiting friends in New York. Mrs. B. C. Boyd, and Miss Boyd, have returned home from New York.

Mrs. Charles Campbell is visiting New York. Mrs. Kelson, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Henderson in England, returned by steamer Cressian this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard McLeod, who have spent the summer months at their residence, Hampton, have moved to the city for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, of St. Andrews, are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Christie celebrated their most unusual anniversary, their golden wedding, last evening, and a large number of guests assembled at their home, on the corner of King and Pitt streets, to do honor to the occasion and offer their congratulations to the bride and groom of fifty years ago.

Quite a long list of names has been filed in Trinity church parish by the formation of the "Young Women's Guild," which has been organized by a number of enterprising young ladies. The officers are: Miss Beattie Whitley, president; Miss Annie Tingley, vice-president; Miss Florence Sinclair, secretary; Miss Isobel Jarvis, Ada McAvity, Mary Patton, Annie Scammell, Beattie Seely, Grace Allan and Edith Cullen, members.

St. John—West End. Rev. Mr. Rice, former pastor of the Fairville Methodist church, and his son, Mr. Rice, were the guests last week of Senator Lewis, on Lancaster Heights.

St. John—North End. Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Roberts returned from New York last week. Friends will be pleased to learn that Miss Cassie Tingley, who was quite ill last week, is much better.

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The peanut party in the Church hall, last evening, was an exceedingly unique affair, and drew a very fair audience, despite the bad weather.

The program was as follows: Political Puffer. Piano pieces, per Professional performers. Piece proclaimed, per Felti Puffer.

The bread and butter club met last Friday evening with Miss Ida Allen, and had a very enjoyable time; next Friday evening they will meet with Miss Fanny Barasid.

Mrs. Bacy has returned from St. John, where she has been spending a few weeks. Mr. A. Lindsay, of St. John, is spending his holidays in Fredericton.

Nov. 19.—If we were not for the numerous exciting rumors, which are flying about our city lately, of weddings to come, we should be very quiet indeed, but with such bright prospects before us we can well be said to be in a state of excitement.

The music loving people of our town are looking forward to the Old Folk's concert, which will take place in the opera house this evening, and as elaborate preparations have been made for it, it is very likely to be a grand success.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson, of Moncton, were delighted to welcome her back to town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson will occupy their former home on Steadman street, which has been closed since the summer.

Mrs. Fidler, of St. John, is in town spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. S. Marrie. Miss Davidson, of Seattle, Washington Territory, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Stevens last week, for Chatham and Newcastle, to visit relatives.

By the way, in speaking of brides, I must note the fact that a young man from Newcastle swooped down upon our peaceful town last week, and carried off one of our most charming young ladies, in a manner so unexpected, that we have scarcely recovered from the shock. The gentleman in question is Mr. Howard Williston, son of the late Judge Williston, of Newcastle, and the bride was Miss Bloss, daughter of Mr. Myer Moss, of Moncton.

The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday last, and was performed by the Rev. J. M. Robinson. The young people left for their home in Newcastle, followed by slips, rice, and all manner of good wishes. Miss Williston will be greatly missed in Moncton, where she had many friends, but I suppose we must not grieve her too much, as she is a native of Newcastle, and her home is there.

Mr. Talbot formally resigned the office of his parish of a meeting of the vestry of St. George's church, held last Thursday evening, the resignation to take effect on the 1st of December. Mr. Talbot's new field of labor will be Oshawa, Ont., where Mrs. Talbot's parents reside, and it is understood that he will be about 8000 Mr. Talbot's parishioners are very unwilling to part with him, and could they influence him to remain they would gladly increase his stipend.

Miss Reading, of California, and Miss Hill, of Londonbury, are in town, visiting Dr. and Mrs. Ross. Miss Reading is on her return from Europe, where she has spent the last two years at school. The Y. M. C. A. have secured the noted evangelist, Sam Small, for next Saturday evening. He will preach at the Baptist church.

Rev. H. F. Adams, of Yarmouth, N. S., is in town, the guest of Mr. J. P. Clarke, Church street. Mr. C. E. A. Simonds returned on Saturday from Windsor, N. S., whether he had gone on business connected with the church school for girls, of which he is one of the stockholders.

Miss Florence Peters returned on Friday from Sackville, where she had been attending the bachelor's ball. Miss Peters was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bofford, at Acadia Grove. Mrs. Albert Hickman, of Dorchester, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. and Miss Chipman.

Mr. E. M. Estey, who has been making a tour of the provinces in connection with the placing of his proprietary medicines on the market, returned home on Monday. Judge Landry, of Dorchester, spent a short time in Moncton last week. Mr. L. B. Archibald, of Truro, was in town last week. CECIL GWYNNE.

DORCHESTER. [Announcement for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.] Nov. 19.—Mrs. R. A. Chapman, formerly of Dorchester, but now of Moncton, has been spending the past week in Dorchester, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Murray H. Dobson.

Mr. and Mrs. Cavour Chapman, of Moncton, were in Dorchester on Wednesday, having come to be present at the wedding of Miss Minnie Chapman. Rev. J. R. Campbell returned home on Thursday from a shot visit to Windsor, N. S., where he was engaged on business connected with the church school for girls.

Dorchester sent but a small contingent to the ball in Sackville on Thursday last, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Oulton, Miss Chapman, Mr. B. B. Teed, Mr. R. W. Huntington, and Mr. J. W. Y. Smith. Judging from the glowing descriptions they all gave, the ball must have been successful beyond the usual city of Sackville. They speak in especially high terms of the ceaseless efforts of the committee to make strangers enjoy themselves, efforts in which they must have met with entire success. Those of us who so nobly stayed at home are now regretting the fact, and making great promises for next time. Ask When will that day come?

The following interesting item is copied from the Moncton Times: "A large number of interested spectators gathered in the Methodist church at Dorchester, last Wednesday evening, to witness the marriage of Miss Minnie Chapman, youngest daughter of Mr. J. W. Chapman, to Mr. George C. Palmer, of Sackville. The bridesmaids were the Misses Palmer and Oulton, of St. John, and Miss Lena Chapman, of Dorchester, while the groom was supported by Mr. Dean, of St. John. The bride was charming in handsome travelling costume of a coral colored cloth, and was the recipient of many valuable presents. After the reception and supper at the residence of the bride's parents, the young couple took their departure for their wedding trip, amid many good wishes."

Mr. John B. Forster, Penitentiary Warden, made a short visit to Windsor last week, to attend a meeting of the District of the Church School. He returned with Mr. Campbell on Thursday. Mrs. Albert Hickman has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Church, in Moncton, for a week past. She returned to Dorchester today, but went back to Moncton this evening to visit other friends there.

Mr. D. L. Hamilton returned on Saturday from a business visit to the United States, and left again on Monday to attend to professional business in St. John. Judge Landry is again in Dorchester, after his recent visit to Richibucto. He has lately erected a street lamp in front of his residence on Mechanic street, and it is believed and devoutly hoped that others will follow his praiseworthy example. Miss S. G. Oshawa left on Monday, to make a short visit to friends in Richibucto. She will return in about ten days. Miss Pat left on Monday to spend some weeks in St. John. Miss Church, of Albert, is in Dorchester, visiting the Misses Sackham, at Rocklawn. (Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING STREET. Are now showing the most extensive and elegant assortment of Materials for HOLIDAY SEASON FANCY WORK.

Beautiful designs in Fancy China and Silk Plushes for Cushions, Head Rests, etc. Stamped Felt Work, new designs, for 5 o'clock Table Cover, Newspaper Holders, Sofa Cushions, etc.

Stamped Linen (new designs in stamping) Carver Cloths, Tray Cloths, 5 o'clock Table Cloths, Sideboard Cloths, DeOylies, etc. Fancy Silk Fringes, Pon Pons, Small Silk Tassels. Working Silk, in every make and shade; Felts, 1 and 2 yards wide, in all shades; Satin Sheeting, Silk Bolting Cloths, Fancy Canvasses, in many new makes. SAMPLES BY MAIL. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

We invite special attention from the Ladies to our stock of FINE UNDERWEAR!

which is well assorted and in all the sizes—Ladies, Misses, Children. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY. American Rubber Store, Our No. is 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.



HOLIDAY GOODS. An Assortment of CHOICE GOODS suitable for XMAS PRESENTS!

are being daily opened at our establishment, and the public are invited to inspect our stock, which includes a choice assortment of the celebrated BELLECK CHINA, MANUFACTURED IN FERMANAGH, IRELAND.

C. FLOOD & SONS. JUST RECEIVED

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS, Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs.

Which will be sold at our usual low prices. 1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES. Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGLAUS, Proprietor.

DO you know we have opened a Dry Goods Store at 33 Charlotte Street, in the Furlong Building?

DO you know we want to make the acquaintance of every person who buys dry goods in the city?

DO you know we like the city and have come to stay?

DO you know our PRICES ARE LOW?

DO you know we would like you to call?

DO you know we have a fine line of real good furs?

DO you know we have a nice stock of Black Cashmères at low prices?

DO you know we have a splendid stock of Corsets of all the best makes?

DO you know we have a fine line of Gents' Furnishings? DO you be sure to call at 33 CHARLOTTE STREET. H. C. CHARTERS.

SEASONABLE GOODS



FOR WINTER Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables.

ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND CANADIAN Flannels. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER UNDERWEAR AND Hosiery. Ulster and Mantle Cloths, FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS, GOSSAMERS and UMBRELLAS.

Our Prices are most reasonable. 97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should Use Estley's Fragrant Philoderma. It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.



Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B. The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING and PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

A SUCCESS! McCann's LYCEUM

THEATRE! EVERY NIGHT! COME AND SEE US! We Try to Please. We Will Please You. Admission, 10c.; Reserved Seats, 20c. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

SPECIAL HUGHS & FARRON, Sketch Team and Dancers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Ella Chapman is absent in Philadelphia, where she is visiting her friend, Miss Field, who will be well remembered here as having spent the summer of 1886 in Dorchester.

Mr. W. W. Wells spent Monday in Dorchester on professional business. Miss Hay returned to Amherst on Tuesday to visit friends.

Miss Edna Chapman's many Dorchester friends were glad to see her here again for a few days last week, the occasion of her visit being the marriage of her cousin on Wednesday. She has since returned to her present home in Boston.

Miss Estabrooke, of Sackville, spent Sunday in Dorchester, with her sister, Mrs. A. E. Oulton.

ST. STEPHEN. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

Nov. 19.—Mrs. G. Chipman is in St. John, visiting her daughter, Lady Tilly.

Mr. J. K. Seymour, of the U. S. naval service, arrived in Calais last week, where he is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Seymour. He has been absent for three years, and has sailed many miles on the Pacific in the Albatross, the vessel to which he has been attached.

Mr. Arthur Wetherbee, who was married on Wednesday to Miss May Matthews, of Lincoln, Me., arrived on Saturday with his bride and will reside in Calais.

Mr. Hutton is visiting, during the winter months, her friend, Miss Kate Grant.

Miss Bessie Tilly arrived on Saturday and intends to spend several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. John D. Chipman.

Mrs. G. S. Grimmer, of St. Andrews, is visiting her son, Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer.

Mr. J. E. Murchie entertained a small party of friends with whom on Thursday evening.

Miss Alice Robinson, one of our most popular teachers has received six months leave of absence from her school, which resumes on the 1st of December.

Col. A. E. Nett's many friends here, as well as in Calais, regret exceedingly that he is still very ill in Boston.

Mrs. James Mitchell, and Mrs. John Grant went to St. John, yesterday, to spend a week with Mrs. Grant's sister, Mrs. W. E. Vaughan.

Mrs. Richard Gentry, of Kansas City, has been spending this week with her niece, Mrs. F. E. Rose. Owing to the unpleasant weather, there was not such a large attendance as usual at the drive whist party, which met last evening, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Todd. The prizes were won by Mrs. Wetmore and Mr. John D. Chipman.

Although the number of the guests was small, it was the most enjoyable meeting the club has yet had. What St. Stephen would do without its whist club? I do not know, for without it there would be actually nothing for amusement. The ladies who originated it, and have taken it in hand are to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking. I did not hear where the club spend next Tuesday evening.

Miss Alice Briggs, of Robinson, has been visiting friends in Calais during the past week.

Mrs. Phillips, of Houlton, Maine, is spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Frederic Grimmer.

Judge Stevens' many friends will regret to learn that he is still confined to his residence.

NEWCASTLE. Nov. 19.—Miss Diele Davidson, from British Columbia, paid her Newcastle and Chatham friends a very short visit. Everyone was glad to see her here; she left here a child, and returned a fine young lady.

Invitations are out for a drive whist party at Miss Adams' tomorrow night.

Mrs. Gjerz and Mr. Watt are to entertain their friends on Friday evening.

Mr. J. Call leaves on Monday for the West. He will be much missed in the young people's gatherings this winter.

Mr. Wilson Harris is to spend his Christmas at home. His friends will be overjoyed at seeing him, especially at his home.

Mr. John Nevin is again confined to his bed. We hope he will be able to eat his Christmas dinner and enjoy it with the same friends he did last year.

Mr. Harvey Flett, of Nelson, is very low with typhoid fever.

Mr. William Herriman arrived with his bride, on Saturday morning. She was Miss Coulson, formerly of Chatham.

LEPREAU. Nov. 19.—Mr. George Sanderson is spending a few days here.

Mrs. L. Cameron, accompanied by Master Charlie, is visiting St. Stephen.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds were in St. John last week.

Messrs. Harold Cline and Chas. K. Cameron spent a few days last week here shooting and were, I believe, very successful.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds visited here last week.

Mr. George Barrell, of St. John, is spending a few days at the Revue House.

Miss Ethel Sellers left for Boston last week, where she intends spending the winter.

PARSBORO. [Progress is for sale in Parsboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.]

Nov. 19.—Mrs. R. G. Leekie and two children, also Miss Alloway, of Spring Hill, are in Parsboro, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Lowenthal.

Mrs. Atkinson gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party on Friday evening. First prizes were won by Mrs. Price and Mr. King; the booty prizes by Mrs. North and Mr. Fairbanks.

Misses Isabel and Alice Alkman, spent a day in Amherst last week.

Mr. Henry Robinson, of Cornwallis, was in town on Tuesday on his way to visit friends in Amherst.

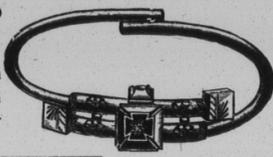
Mr. Cecil Parsons spent Sunday in Parsboro.

Ferguson & Page



ARE RIGHT TO THE FRONT WITH THEIR FINE ASSORTMENT OF Holiday Goods

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Ware, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses,



And everything pertaining to the legal Jewelry business

If we have not the article in Jewelry to suit you, we are in a position to manufacture it for you.

Come and See the Stock.

43 King Street.

Dishes! Dishes! Pots and Pans, A cleaning thou must have three times a day, Cleaning, sometimes with swearing and much tearing of hands. To wash with ease And hands and dishes please, Be sure to seize The woman's friend and hope, "White Cross" Granulated Soap.

"WHEN THE FLOWING TIDE COMES IN." This is the season when the tide of mud runs high, and if you would "Get in out of the wet," there is nothing so comfortable to get into as a pair of

GRANBY RUBBERS. Every Body asks for Them. Every Body wears Them. Every Body likes Them. Every Dealer sells Them.

There must be some reason for all this! Simple enough. They are the best in the world.

25c. 5lb. BAG GRITS 5lb. BAG 25c. GET IT AT ANY GROCERY.

and passed out of the room into the hall. She did not dare to scream, nor did she care to venture out after the thief. While she lay there, dreadfully frightened and wondering what to do, back came the man. He stood in her room, closed and locked the door, and then sat down upon the bed. "Now," said he, in a gentle voice not at all mollified to avoid being heard, "I know that you are awake, and I am going to sit here and talk with you. Upon my honor as a burglar of reputation and good instincts, I will not hurt you. In only one way will I transgress the rules of good breeding. I am going to kiss you, that is all."

"The young woman found her voice and screamed. "Oh," said the burglar, "I am sorry you are frightened. I have half a mind to go away and come again when you are more accustomed to my presence. But, no; I cannot do that. I only mean to take one kiss."

"At this point her screams were at her loudest, and the noise she made was such as to wake what to do, back came the man. He stood in her room, closed and locked the door, and then sat down upon the bed. "Now," said he, in a gentle voice not at all mollified to avoid being heard, "I know that you are awake, and I am going to sit here and talk with you. Upon my honor as a burglar of reputation and good instincts, I will not hurt you. In only one way will I transgress the rules of good breeding. I am going to kiss you, that is all."

brought her father and mother, all too late, and they found her able to tell all that had taken place. Yet in an hour she had grown delirious, and it was a month before she was even mentally herself again. The bravo was never captured.—Ex.

The Tongue. "The homeless tongue, so small and weak. Can crush and kill," declared the Greek. "The tongue destroys a greater hero." The Turk asserts, "than does the sword." The Persian proverb wisely saith; "A lengthy tongue, an early death." Or sometimes takes this form instead: "Don't let your tongue cut off your head." "The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed." While Arab sages this impart: "The tongue's great store house is the heart." From Hebrew with this maxim sprung: "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue." The sacred writer crows the whole: "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."—Chicago Globe.

Growing in Popularity. McCann's Lyceum theatre is becoming more popular every week with the boys around town. So far, Manager McCann has given a very good entertainment for the money. The show is simply variety, and although there seems to be a dearth of good stage jokes at present, the patrons of the Lyceum manage to hear enough funny sayings to keep them in good humor for the evening. There has been a vein of light vulgarity running through the show which, though quite unnecessary, is by no means demoralizing. This seems to be a feature of "dime shows" everywhere.

Hallway Pleasantries. Mr. Nuecaller—Is Miss Saucio in? Mary Jane—I'll see. Give me your name, please.

Mr. Nuecaller—Won't my card do you just as well? It is to Miss Saucio I wish to give my name.—New York Sun.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

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A fine Rug for \$3.00, former price \$4.00. A large Rug, only \$4.00, " " \$5.00.

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VOL III., REDU

Honest Job head the

SENT BACK TO

Without a Fault Rea

MORE OF THE CH TRANSA

The Truthful Hawling Woods—He Wants rested—His Drink at Bottles and Ale Keg

When officer John city police, went on to force, in charge of the and next to the chief. When he returned, W and reported at the duty, he learned, to that he was reduced in patrolman. True to duty, he bowed to his stripes and auth place in the ranks. T more than any other force.

His vacation was st enjoyed a portion of l sometime before, but knowledge, he behav good citizen should w When Chief Clarke gr he was in good standi no charge against him up to this and he has lost all advancement he has striv attain. He began as a always been recognize best of officers. His appointment of sergea honor, for, when the and there were two b appointed, John tione of those position

Soon after Clarke v he gave Weatherhead troublesome division— ing upon the ability of order out of disord Even his enemies will head was successful, been a more orderly p it ever was. He p superior to Rawlings, able to officers and m division and order w

In the meantime the making and truthfu was getting in his fi southern division. Th ed order. Dismissal followed each other in no wide awake citizen in what a miserable co section of the force is the officer next to the for abuse language, with perjury yet still r tion. His companio Weatherhead, in direc been found fault with simple plain duty and the ranks.

The indignation of t mark when the repo injust spread Wed the question: What h be treated in this fash on every hand. No o Even Clarke himself, was robbing an honest won by hard years of s to give. It was the m Weatherhead has just vacation and reported sentence was passed up

No, but while Joh done nothing, his Weatherhead, had. W head was enjoying his had sued Chief Clarke for dismissing him fro sufficient reason. Is t between the two act? prompted by revenge, he have?

He considered Cap only a few days before officer on the police s statement to the writt even went so far as to