

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE CITIZENS SAY "YES."

AND THEY SAID IT WITH NO UNCERTAIN SOUND.

The scheme of the Tax Reduction Association adopted by a vote of three to one. Some incidents of the Campaign and Election.

The scheme of the Tax Reduction Association is law now.

The people said Thursday by a majority of three to one that the bill as passed by the legislature was acceptable to them and in consequence after next spring the council will be composed of 15 aldermen and the mayor instead of 26 aldermen and the chief magistrate.

It was not an exciting contest by any means. It was not a close fight, for the result showed there were only about 700 people out of nearly 3000 who voted who were not favorable to the scheme.

But early in the week more opposition developed than was manifested all the time of the brief campaign. The opponents of the plan in the North End awakened to the fact that the Tax Reduction Association was about to change the constitution of the city which change would probably leave the present aldermen of the North End out of civic politics. They also arrived at the conclusion that a city council would not be complete without a member by the name of Chesley or Kelly and they proceeded forthwith to argue, canvass and work against it. But it was of no use. The alarm had been rung at too late an hour, and the quiet, determined feeling of the citizens at large soon made itself known to them. So thoroughly was this the case that in the stronghold of the opposition—in Dufferin Ward itself—where the redoubtable ward manipulator and wire puller, Boss Kelly, had his headquarters the majority against the scheme was only eight votes, and in the whole of old Portland the majority against the change was but ten votes.

Even those who have worked hardest for the change that has been brought about will hardly realize how great has been the reform effected until they see a council chosen by all the people—a council whose personnel is likely to be so changed that the recent group photograph taken of the present body will not be easily recognized. Yet, according to the statement of the present aldermen the position of a civic ruler is not an enviable one. Mr. Kelly told Progress Thursday that \$500 a year would not pay a man for the time and trouble that the duties of the position called for. Committee meetings were called again and again and but a few, frequently not a quorum, attended them. The same meeting had to be called again and that took time from a man's business. "But whatever way it goes" said the alderman as he ran to stuff a "No" ballot into an undecided voter's hand, with a warm word of welcome for him "you won't find me growling."

According to Alderman McGoldrick, there are other duties dependent upon the position, it is not quite so unpleasant, much more expensive. To have friends in cities commend certain aldermen of their towns when upon their summer vacations to your kind care and attention is like making a sight draft upon a man for so much cash, for value to be received in the future. The junior alderman from Stanley no doubt knew what he was talking about since he is in the habit of putting himself out in his efforts to make things pleasant for people who are the bearers of introductions to him but he spoke in a general way. He did not worry himself much about the result since he knew it was a foregone conclusion.

The battle of the bill posters began on Tuesday night. The tax reduction people opened the ball by sending out enough paper to cover all the dead walls in town, and, in the morning, when the workman went to his work and the merchant and clerks to their places of business they were tersely invited to vote "yes" and reduce their taxation. This was too much of a red rag for the fighting members of the opposition, and late Wednesday afternoon rival bill posters began to decorate the walls with invitations to vote "No" and make real estate bear its just portion of taxation. It was a ridiculous statement but just such a one as would catch those who imagined that real estate owners were active members of the association. Again the association bill posters got at work and other three sheet bill covered all traces of the opposition's paper.

It was while one of the posters was at his work that Director Wisely reproved him for pasting his bills over those of the opposition. The director tried to council the bill poster that his offence was a serious one but made as little impression as the policemen who tried to interfere.

Then Dr. Gilchrist when he walked out Thursday morning was taken with an insatiable desire to do something and he stood at Lansdowne Ward for the opposition. He had good territory and succeeded in getting a good many "No" votes. Alderman Kelly was good humored most of the day but made one bad break when he snatched the ballot from a lady

voter's hand and endeavored to persuade her to accept his views in the same fashion as he handles some of his followers. Because he did not succeed was sufficient to make him give Count de Bary, who escorted the lady there, a piece of his political mind. This was about the only incident that might be called regrettable during the whole day's voting.

When the polls closed those favorable to the scheme and actively engaged in working for it wandered toward the headquarters of the association on Germain street and waited for the returns. That they were pleasing need not be said and when all of them were in President Skinner made a happy smiling speech that fitted into the niche very nicely. Then there were some kind words about the part Progress took in the campaign and votes of thanks to that portion of the press that supported the scheme were freely given.

Some of the opposition are good enough to blame Progress for bringing about the change. Alderman McGoldrick so expressed himself on Thursday in a good humored fashion. Progress has no objection to such a change as this since it has fought for a change ever since the union of the two cities was brought about. There are some other reforms that must follow just as surely as this has been accomplished. The new council will be more apt to consider them than the present one, but even then nothing but persistent effort will do the work.

## HIS FRIENDS STAND BY HIM.

One Instance Where a Man in Trouble is Not Deserted.

HALIFAX, Sept. 14.—It is not always true, after all, that when a man gets on the way down hill every one is ready to help him along with a kick. Sometimes the friends of one's more prosperous and happy days extend a helping hand in distress. An instance of this is furnished in the case of C. R. Barry, the ex-Canadian Pacific Railway agent in this city.

A year ago he was summarily dismissed from the company's employ, no reason being assigned, but it appears his accounts were not straight. To enable himself the more easily to obtain satisfaction against the company for alleged wrongful dismissal, Barry withheld payment of \$1,200 checks due the company. Mr. Barry later started a weekly paper, called the "Micmac" which had a very brief existence, but it took from him \$500 of the \$1,200. The balance slipped through his fingers all too quickly. The C. P. R. brought an action to recover the \$1,200; they gained the suit and judgment was entered.

On the eve of Barry's being brought before a commissioner for examination as to his means, he left for the United States. He was arrested in New York on a charge of embezzlement, and voluntarily came back to stand a trial. The C. P. R. in the meantime abandoned the civil action under which they obtained judgment, and now they are vigorously pushing their charge of embezzlement. They claim Barry falsified returns of the sale of tickets, withholding for his own use part of the proceeds received therefrom.

Barry was in with a good set in Halifax in his palmy days, ending not more than twelve months ago. He was one of the most esteemed members of the Polo club. But now he is in disgrace and a prisoner on a charge of embezzlement, all his friends have not deserted him by any means. They held a meeting in the Halifax Hotel the other day and made up a subscription of over \$400. Amounts were handed in varying from \$50 to \$10.

A \$50 subscription was from A. E. Ellis, manager of the Bank of British North America. This is a hard world, and a new proof of it is that people are going round saying that it is rather queer for a bank manager to subscribe on behalf of a man who has been dismissed from a position of trust, and is now on trial for embezzlement of funds in his charge. Mr. Ellis, like the others who gave, simply did so out of kindly regard for a man with whom they once had pleasant associations. They do not pretend to condone crime, though in some people's eyes it looks as if they did.

## WILL RETURN BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Word has been received from Rev. J. C. Titcombe, late of Fairville, who has been visiting Scotland, England and is now probably in France. Since his arrival in England he has been offered two positions, but has been obliged to decline as the climate is not suited to his state of health. He will probably return to St. John before Christmas, not wishing to run the risks of the damp English winter.

## THEY WILL GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

Rufus Somerby is coming again as the manager of the greatest horse show on earth. Somerby has made his reputation in St. John and the people can turn out to see anything he brings with the utmost confidence in getting their money's worth.

## SPEEDING FOR PURSES.

TWO DAYS RACING AT MOOSEPATH FOR \$850.

Harold M. Downs Katrina, and Roline Captures the Three Minute Race—Stranger Breaks the Track's Race Record—Brazilian Draws.

Stranger's race record breaking heat, Roline's good work, and the hard fought battle between her and Rampart Jr. and the close work between Harold M and Katrina were the features of the two days racing this week at Moosepath.

Brazilian was not in it after the first heat, not because he was not speedy enough for the party but because he has had too much hard work this season. The horse has fought out eleven hard races and now at the finish of the season he is too sore to move at his usual stride. He is lame and it would be hard to find a sorer set of feet than his.

Peter Carroll brought his standby Harold M., from St. Stephen, and won the 2:32 class. He went in with a mark of 2:27½, gained at Calais the week before, and had Katrina, 2:38 as a three-year-old last season, on the Fredericton track, for an opponent. Perhaps, the fact that the mare got the first heat was due more to the curious action of the starter than anything else. His name was Tompkins and so far as his ability to start a race was concerned Pumpkin would have been a more appropriate cognomen. He had a voice like a buzz saw and did lots of talking but he couldn't get the horses off together. When they did come down for about the tenth time about right he said "go," then rang the bell. Nine drivers out of ten are guided by the bell but the lucky one who heard the word was Charlie Bell and he settled down in his seat, got Katrina squared away nice and paid no attention to the bell tap. Peter Carroll, hearing the bell, stowed down at around the turn and then found that it was a go. Then Harold M. went away for all he was worth but the speedy daughter of Wilkes had too long a start and he could not catch her.

The next three heats were Carroll's however, though he had made any mistake Katrina was close enough to make him repent it. Before this the green starter had subeided into a back seat in the judges' stand and Registrar McLellan permitted his stentorian tones to waft over the course. The drivers took their hint and remembering that there were rules and fines got away more promptly.

It was no trouble for Roline to take the 3 minute race in three heats. Henderson's grey J. O. C., had a pretty race for the first half and kept strictly level all the time which was more than the black mare did but the latter lost so much by her breaking and broken gait that the judges gave her the heat.

In the free for all on the second day, Stranger gave every body something to talk about. The little horse has not had a happy life of it. Only last year he was knocking about Halifax in a grocery wagon and going into a race whenever the owner could spare him. Then he was raffled for \$175 and sold again to his present owner. He was in great shape Thursday and when he made his 2:29½ mark showed up so that Brazilian could save his distance. Willis deserves credit for the clever way he handled Minnie Grey, keeping the mare as level as a clock most of the way and when she did break squaring her away without much fuss. His effective handling of Roline also made him many friends. The mare is strongly inclined to pace and but for the hoppers would do so. She had a good race Wednesday and on Thursday went in to win the 2:45 class against the strong and speedy Rampart jr. She did take the first two heats, and but for her pacing tricks would have won the race. As it was, she showed the speed of the party, and chased Rampart jr., in 2:35½ in the fifth heat—the fastest of the race.

The attendance was not as good as it should have been but it is not likely that the track will lose any money. The management were forced to be stricter about those allowed in the judges' stand but they made a mistake the first day in excluding the press and everyone else from the inside of the enclosure. This was remedied on the second day and the result will probably be more attention to the rights of each in the future. Newspaper men have no business hobnobbing with the judges—nor has any one else, but they have a right to a place where they can get correct information and points about the race.

Fredericton races next week will draw a big crowd. The exhibition promises well. The excursion rates are enticing and a good crowd should attend.

I saw Arlight make a mile in 2:25 last Saturday—held the watch on him at the same time, and know it to be right. A few minutes later he put up a quarter in

35 seconds, according to me—3¼ by another—but it is seldom that two watches take the quarter the same.

The same day there was lots of fun on the track, Topsy, the little trotting mare from Nova Scotia, that can go, it is said, in 2:35 showed some pretty work, but she seemed to get too much of it. Then there was Bell Cigar entered for the 3 minute race this week, handled by Mr. Wm. McEvoy. She was not showing as steady a gait as could be wished, and Stockford told me that he could drive her in 2:50, but that is not fast enough for racing these days.

Then there was the turf veteran John Fitzpatrick, with his handy steed that seems to take any amount of work, and in a road wagon at that.

Phil Richford jogged around behind his olympus colt, and once in a while spurred for the fun there was in it.

King Bos., bay horse seemed to be as speedy as any of the local non-professional trotters, though the bay mare driven by W. B. Campbell when in condition will make some of them move.

Of course, Steve Goding was there with Minnie R., and Teddy Willis had both Minnie Grey and Roline out for a spin. Then there was Henderson's J. O. C., and some strange horses for a warming up. Dr. Taylor held a watch on his horse Arlight, while Bill drove him the 2:25 mile, and Mr. Jewett's time agreed with his.

## A YACHTSMAN'S HARD LUCK.

HALIFAX, September 14.—One of the very best members of the Nova Scotia yacht squadron is F. H. Murray, the affable and very popular chief clerk of the Queen hotel. But it must be concluded that in matters aquatic he is unlucky. Last season he owned the Lenore and his every race was lost, not only because the Youla and the Wym were faster boats, but because on the very verge of victory some accident invariably happened which snatched away the cup of triumph just as it was at the lips of the owner of the Lenore. This year Mr. Murray has not controlled the Lenore. On Saturday he sailed with his old rival the Youla for the Lord Lansdowne cup. Youla had fifty seconds of a lead on the home run, but the Youla's owners, who seemed to have a sure thing again, were "counting without their host," or they were looking at Lenore in the rear forgetting that Mr. Murray was on the Youla with them. A squall came and suddenly disabled the Youla slightly, giving the Lenore the necessary fifty seconds, in which to overtake her speedy rival, and it reached the finish line just two seconds ahead of the Youla. Yes, surely good Mr. Murray must be a little unlucky when on the briny, and now that he is out of the Lenore she has the Lansdowne cup.

## Official Economy.

The other day when the Shore Line train from St. Stephen was approaching Musquash station, the brakes were whistled on, then off, and the train began to back as if something pretty serious was the matter. Presently it met a small boy with a mail bag. The train had passed Clinch's store without getting that bag, and had to go back for it. No mails were taken aboard at Musquash station, but a short distance beyond at Carman's house, another bag was taken at the side of the track. Musquash is favored with two post offices, a mile apart, and the station is between them. Neither office is close to the track, and there has to be a carriage of mails in both cases. It is a short walk from either office to the station, and contracts for the delivery of mails at the latter place should cost little more than the present queer and clumsy arrangement. There ought to be a change.

## Nothing to Forbid Them.

When the new and fine bridge built by the local government at Little Lepreau Basin was finished, large signboards were put up on posts directing drivers to walk their horses when crossing. This prohibition did not suit some of the residents in the vicinity, and so the boards have been removed. The government did not direct them to be taken down, but one night somebody did the job without disturbing any of the neighbors. Instead of using an axe or a saw, which would have made a noise, holes were bored with an auger, so that the posts could be easily and quietly broken off, and since then the whereabouts of the sign boards has been a mystery. In the meantime, as there is nothing to forbid trotting, the drivers of teams go as they please when crossing.

## They Are Worth Hearing.

An admirably trained, musical organization called the Swedish Quartette appears in the Opera house next week under the local management of Mr. Morton L. Harrison. Mr. Harrison would not bring anything to St. John that is not worth hearing and the press notices Progress has seen of the company's performances warrant the statement that they are well worth attending.

## A MATTER OF INTEREST.

FIVE PER CENT OR SIX PER CENT AS THE CASE MAY BE.

The Banks and the Treasury Board Have Had a Little Discussion—The Local Institution Holds the Account—The Other Raises Its Rate.

It seems to be exceedingly cold weather for the North End aldermen.

The melancholy boss has come, the maddest of the year. The autumn winds sigh and sigh around the battlements of Fort Howe, and night seems to fall on Moore street with a deeper shadow than elsewhere. The world seems very dark sometimes.

Just look at the figures of the returns on Thursday, and see how the will of the minority was set at naught by the majority. It is enough to make a North End alderman vow that after his present year is up he will not sit in the council. It is likely enough he will not.

There has been an interesting little matter enjoying the attention of the Treasury Board of late, arising out of a happy thought which came to some of the North End aldermen in a matter of finance. The Chesleys are in it, of course, and perhaps that is why it did not succeed. It is unfortunate for these and some others of the council that in the perversity of human nature they are liable to be suspected whenever they show a special interest in any matter. Their motives may be of the highest, their scheme on its face may commend itself to the honest mind, but because they are in it there naturally arises a belief that in there is something else in it which the public do not understand. Whether this is more unfortunate for them than it is fortunate for the public interest is a question to debate.

The public interest is directly connected with the little scheme in question, for the question has been a financial one, in regard to the placing of the city's bank account. As most people know, this account is kept with the Bank of New Brunswick, which is a local institution and pays between \$6,000 and \$7,000 in taxes every year. The state of the city's bank account varies according to the season, and the school account is pydrdrawn for the greater portion of the year. Thunon the first of August the city's general account had \$2,000 to its credit, but the school account was overdrawn to the extent of \$77,000.

The bank charges interest on the overdrawn account, of course. The rate has been five per cent., but a month or so ago, in view of the stringency in the money market, the bank notified the city that it intended raising the rate to six per cent.

The Bank of British North America is a time-honored and respected institution with head quarters in London. It has had a branch in St. John for many years, and at the present time Mr. H. A. Harvey is the local manager. The bank used to pay city taxes to the amount of about \$4,600, but this year it is assessed only to the amount of \$1,600. This remarkable drop of \$3,000 is not due to any diminution of the bank's assets, or because it is poorer or does less business than it used to do. So far as is known, the bank has everything this year that it had last year, and is in a condition just as prosperous now as it was then. It has not as large a tax bill, that is all.

The secret of how to continue to prosper and reduce your taxes is a valuable one which a good many citizens are anxious to learn. Nobody doubts that in the case of the Bank of British North America the assessors have done their duty, or that the bank has made its returns in accordance with the law. How, then, has such a thing been done?

The bank has changed its system of book-keeping. That is all. What could be got at in the past can not be got at now. It may be that the head office would have made the change as a matter of internal convenience even had the local branches been exempt from taxation, but the fact remains that the change was made, and the city of St. John is \$3,000 out of pocket.

Mr. Harvey is understood to say that this is the fault of the assessment law. The city has had some dealings with the Bank of British North America. The Bank of New Brunswick does not negotiate bonds. It is a local institution, conservative to the verge of narrowness sometimes, and does its business around home, just as it started to do away back in the twenties. The Bank of British North America is a foreign corporation, and the branch in St. John is only one tentacle of the octopus.

It does a little in the bond business, and it is to be presumed, does not do it for the joke of it.

When the city issued bonds in connection with the Sand Point improvements, to the amount of 132,000, the Bank of British North America undertook to negotiate them. It now holds 106,000, and has advanced \$102,000 to the city. On the advances made up to the present time, it has charged interest at the rate of five per cent.

Not long ago a proposition was gently introduced by some of the aldermen that a

portion of the city's account now in the Bank of New Brunswick should be placed in the Bank of British North America. The latter was charging only five per cent, while the former had given notice of an increase to six per cent. There was an aroma of the North End about the proposition, and the Chesleys were in it. The matter was dealt with by the treasury board, and from all accounts there was a good deal of dickering over it, the result being a decision of the board to make no change at present in the placing of the account.

There are a great many reports as to the attitude of manager Harvey in the affair, and it is possible the varying views are due to the interpretation put on this or that in his words. Some of the board, for instance, understood him to threaten that unless his bank got a share of the account the rate of interest on advances on the bonds would be raised to six per cent. Mr. Harvey says he's made no threats, but has merely spoken of what his bank might do. He did not see what else it could do.

Mr. Harvey was unfortunate in the friends he had at the council, for they were such that the treasury board wanted to know all the ins and outs of the case. Mr. Harvey appeared before the board and presented his side of the matter.

The inference drawn from his remarks was that the Bank of British North America had been merely obliging the city of St. John in handling the bonds, though there is a current idea that banks do not do business that way, merely as a neighborly act or for the fun of the thing. He exhibited letters showing that his superiors had of late been eager to raise the rate on advances from five to six per cent., but that in view of the probable securing of the city's account, he had so far succeeded in averting the threatened catastrophe. What would happen if the bank did not get the account, he could not say. During the course of the talk the aldermen gathered the inference that the bank would have had nothing to do with the bonds but for the prospect of having the account.

In other words, it had been throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel. The city had supposed it had taken the bonds as a matter of ordinary business.

In the meantime the Bank of New Brunswick withdrew its notice of an increase to six per cent, and the city was so much the gainer by the breeze that had been raised.

The treasury board considered the affair in all its bearings, including Chesley & Co., and decided to make no change in the placing of the account.

This week notice was received that the Bank of British North America had advanced its rate of interest on advances on the bonds from five per cent to six per cent.

## JUST A LITTLE MIXED.

Newspapers made Father Davenport Do Some Queer Things.

About the only thing that annoyed Father Davenport during his stay in St. John was the report of one of the city papers of his sermon in Trinity church. It made him declare that St. Paul was an agnostic, when he neither said or meant anything of the kind. The reporter got two ideas mixed into one, and the result was as might have been expected.

A man may be a first class reporter in the secular affairs of this mundane sphere, and yet get into a terrific snarl when he tries to get at the facts in ecclesiastical matters. Just before Father Davenport left for Philadelphia two years ago, there was a gathering in his honor in the Mission School room. At the solicitations of some lovers of music he consented to sing a solo from one of the sacred oratorios, and in order to give the proper effect he sang it in the church. The next day one of the papers, which had a splendid account of everything else, gravely stated that he went into the church and sang "a song." Considering that from an Anglican point of view it is not permissible to even exchange greetings in a consecrated edifice the statement was somewhat startling.

## Encampment of St. John.

At the 37th annual assembly of the encampment of St. John Knights Templars, Thursday evening Mr. John A. Watson was re-elected commander by the unanimous choice of the members. This will make his third year in the office, and it is understood the encampment is in a very flourishing condition.

## To the World's Fair.

The C. P. R. has arranged a World's Fair excursion on Sept. 21 and 22, tickets good to return until Oct. 4th, with one fare for the round trip. No stop over allowed. There is a sleeping car from St. John to Chicago, without change, every Tuesday.

## Zera Is the Favorite Again.

Zera Semon opened Thursday night in the Mechanic's Institute to good business and as usual gave a show that pleased the people. Semon's entertainments are varied and yet so good that the same people go to hear him again and again.

## RAILWAYS.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## Fairs, Etc.,

on Tickets will be on St. John as follows:

## Fair at Chicago

ACH—Tourist Tickets good until \$30.00 EACH—Tourist Tickets on date only good good to stop over last thereof.

## ial Fair Toronto

ACH—SEPT. 9th to 14th, 4th at SEPT. 6th and 11th only, good to SEPT. 21st.

## Exhibition Fredericton

CH—SEPT. 15 to 21 inclusive; until SEPT. 23rd, and AT \$1.05 2nd only, good to return SEPT. 21st. Particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Co.

## H & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

ARRANGEMENT. Sunday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run Monday excepted) as follows:

## OUTH

Express daily 8 a.m. arrive at Annapolis at 10:30 a.m. arrive at Annapolis at 10:30 a.m. arrive at Annapolis at 10:30 a.m.

## APOLIS

Express daily at 1:05 p.m. arrive at Annapolis at 1:05 p.m. arrive at Annapolis at 1:05 p.m.

## OUTH

Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday 11 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11 a.m.

## NS

At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway with City of Montreal for St. John.

## Monial Railway.

ARRANGEMENT—1893. Monday, the 26th June, 1893, this Railway will run daily excepted—as follows:

## ILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Abelton, Pugwash, Pictou 7.00 for Point du Chene. 10.10

13.30 16.35 22.20

Express trains 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45

St. John for Quebec and Montreal Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Halifax (Monday excepted) 6.00

Quebec, Montreal, and Quebec (Monday) 8.30

Yarmouth (daily) 6.30

Point du Chene, 12.55

Halifax, Pictou and Camp- 18.30

fax and Sydney, 22.25

Intercolonial Railway are heated locomotives, and those between

St. John and Lewis, are lighted by

run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS.

NATIONAL S. S. CO.

TRIPS A WEEK.

BOSTON.

COMMENCING September 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 7:15 standard time.

Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and for Eastport and St. John by trip the steamer will not call at Eastport with steamer for St. John.

St. Stephen, 10:30 a.m., and for Eastport and St. John by trip the steamer will not call at Eastport with steamer for St. John.

C. E. LAOCHLER, Agent.

THE Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)

most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

quickest Time! from 15 to 17 hours.

Trips a Week

Boston. Steamers Yarmouth

Steamers will leave Yarmouth

Wednesday, Friday and Saturday

of Express from Halifax. Re-

turning will leave Yarmouth

Thursday and Friday at noon.

of St. John" will leave Yar-

mouth at 7 a.m., for Halifax, calling

at (St. John) Shelburne, Lockport,

and will leave Halifax every

Monday and Wednesday

at 8 a.m. Yarmouth for Boston

leaves St. John every Tuesday

at 8 a.m. for Yarmouth.

AKER, Managing Agent.

WNS LIKE BUCCHONNE

Hopewell, Salisbury

Chipman, Harvey, Vancouver

Fredericton, St. John, Fort Fair-

and scores of other places should

HE WILL BE WELCOME.

FATHER DAVENPORT IS LIKELY TO RETURN TO ST. JOHN.

He Cannot Refuse the General and Hearty Invitation. His Reception During His Recent Visit. Impressive Services at the Mission on Sunday.

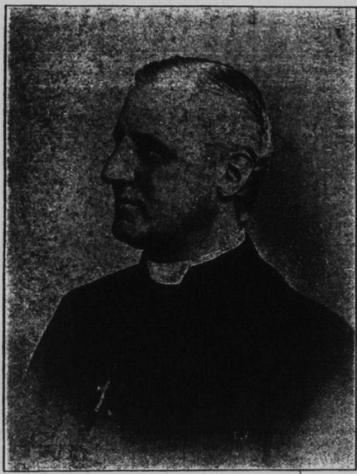
It is quite probable that before the first of November, Rev. J. M. Davenport will once more be priest in charge at the Mission church of St. John Baptist. When he left St. John for Philadelphia last Wednesday he had a return ticket, and the date of his return depends upon the time it will take to arrange with the vestry of St. Clement's church for the appointment of his successor as rector.

St. Clement's, as regards its influence in Anglo-catholic work, is one of the most important churches in America, and has a very

interpretation of the affirmation of catholic belief. The effect on this occasion when celebrant, priests and choristers reverently knelt at the "Incarnatus" can readily be realized, even though one was not present to see it.

Father Davenport was chaplain of the 62nd Fusiliers when he went to Philadelphia, and so much did they honor him that he was retained as honorary chaplain after his removal. They had their annual church parade, at Trinity church, at 11 o'clock, when Father Davenport preached to them. The large edifice, of course, was crowded to the doors, and many were unable to gain admission.

In the evening, Father Davenport preached at the Mission, and that edifice was more crowded than at any time since the night he preached his farewell sermon. The service used was that of Morley, and



wealthy congregation. Two years ago when it needed a rector, the famous Father Hall, then of Boston, and recently elected Bishop of Vermont, considered that Father Davenport was the man for the place, and put it so strongly as a matter of duty that Father Davenport reluctantly gave up his very successful work in St. John and went there. Others can now, doubtless, be found to take up the work, and so soon as a rector is chosen Father Davenport will return to the church where for ten years he labored so faithfully and so well. He does so at the earnest solicitation of his people, and there is little doubt the step will be equally satisfactory to himself.

Apart from this, everybody wants him to come. During the past week petitions have been circulated by members of the St. George's Society, the 62nd Fusiliers, and private individuals, and hundreds of signatures of all sorts and conditions of men have been gladly appended to them. The signers represent all creeds and faiths, including that of the Jewish religion, and they come from all walks in life. Such a thing is without a parallel in the records of St. John, and it is an eloquent tribute to the worth of Father Davenport as a man and a citizen, wholly apart from the question of his religious views.

Had Father Davenport had any doubt before he came whether he would be welcome it would have been very speedily dispelled. From his arrival to his departure he was kept busy receiving and returning greetings from old friends, and in hundreds of cases the personal appeal was made to him to come back to St. John. In the face of such a general invitation he could not well refuse.

The present priest at the Mission church, Dr. Williams, has never been formally inducted and has frequently expressed himself ready and willing to retire whenever another could be found to take his place. He is a gentleman of means independent of his salary, and can always find opportunities to exercise his talents in other fields. The way is therefore clear for Father Davenport to return at any time.

The services in which Father Davenport took part last Sunday were attended by exceedingly large congregations. The choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist at the Mission at 8 a. m., was one of the most memorable in the history of that church. Morley's magnificent service was used and the choir was in splendid voice, while Mr. Wilson's accompaniment is praised by competent critics. Father Davenport, the celebrant, was assisted by priests Owen Jones, of the Davenport Roman and Scott of Montreal. The Roman use, with its dignified accessories of ritual, was carried out as never before in an Anglican church in this city or province. The most careful attention was paid to every detail and the result was most impressive. It could not well be otherwise even to the simply curious stranger, who could but in part comprehend the great central truths of which ritual, however grand, is but the accessory.

The "Credo in Unum" of Morley was written with a special reference to the significance of each clause. It was the work of a master whose soul guided his hand. It would speak to the heart even were one a stranger to the words. It is a thorough

the occasion was in many ways like a leaf from the book of long ago.

Father Davenport has changed but little in his appearance since he was a resident here. He is a trill-stouter and his hair is a trill more gray. In his manner he has changed none, though in the pleasure of seeing him once more his old friends may have fancied that his face is more than ever kindly and sympathetic.

Twice since he has been here he has crossed and re-crossed the ocean, an annual pilgrimage prompted by filial affection. The portrait given above is of him as he looked before he bade adieu to St. John, and it is as true a portrait of him to-day as it was at that time. It is in many ways a good picture, but it falls far short of giving that kind and tender expression which is such a charm to those, even strangers, who meet him face to face and listen to his voice.

Married Women as Earners. A married woman is not usually supposed to contribute directly to the family purse, her time and strength being sufficiently taxed when she keeps house, manages children and servants, and administers carefully the domestic affairs which lie within her province. That the husband shall provide the means, and the wife attend to their outlay, saving and economizing as thrifty as she can, is the ordinary arrangement, sanctioned by custom, and agreeable to our ideas of justice and of a fair division of labor.

It is not quite usual, however, for married women to supplement the income of the family by the exercise of some gift or accomplishment. They write, or teach, or lecture, or paint pictures; they embroider, or make pickles and preserves. With a delightful feeling of independence, and the most generous and tender selflessness, wives who earn money by some effort of this kind spend it for family uses. It goes to pay school bills and purchase shoes. Wherever there is a deficiency the supplementary earnings of the wife fit in so easily and in so timely a manner that both husband and wife count on this added source of income as if it were in the anticipated order of things. Often a style of living rather more expensive than would be practicable on the husband's salary or on the profits from his business is adopted because of the wife's earnings; a larger rent is undertaken, or the living of the family is on a broader scale. It is not usual for a wife to hoard or invest her earnings separately; they go into the common purse, and are spent either for luxuries or for the benefit of the children. "When Will gets into a very tight place," said, one day, a woman who wields a ready pen, "I sit down and write two or three stories to help him out."

Sometimes a woman has impecunious relatives whom she very much wishes to assist, while she does not feel justified in taxing her husband's resources for the purposes. "I have a dear old auntie who depends on me for the butter for her bread," remarked such a person. "Her little income is only enough for bread: in other words, for bare necessities. An occasional little outing, a new book, a small indulgence of any kind, is beyond her means; but I have the greatest pleasure in brightening her lot through what I make myself.—Harper's Bazar.

For Every Day. Sweet Cream and all the fruits in season, Ginger Ale and Mineral Waters, Choice Butter, Cheese and fresh Eggs, Canned Meats, Vegetables and soups at 32 Charlotte St. from J. S. ARMSTRONG and BEO. Grocers.

"Progress" in Boston. PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

FROGS AND THEIR WAYS.

Curious Characteristics Which Few Have Ever Observed.

A remarkable thing about frogs, says a writer in St. Nicholas, is that a larger part of the breathing is done through the skin. In fact, it is said that this supply of air is a necessary addition to that taken in by ordinary breathing, as the latter does not supply sufficient air to support life in a frog.

Another peculiar thing about the skin of the frog is its powerful absorption of water. This is due, of course, to the numberless minute pores with which their skin is provided. It has been proved that a frog can thus soak up half its weight of water in an hour. The skin of the stomach is most active in this way, and, at the same time, is most often in contact with moisture, such as mud, dewy grass, wet ground, and leaves afforded. As the skin perspires quite as freely as it absorbs, it is easily seen why contact with moisture is so necessary. Besides the loss from evaporation, there is the stopping of skin-breathing also, because the skin has to be kept nice and soft, to absorb fresh air and give off used air from the system. The soaking of water is what gives the frog's skin such a cold, clammy, and uncanny feeling when handled. And it explains a queer thing. Though a bullfrog were poked with a red-hot iron, it would not feel it enough to move out of its tracks; for the moisture on the skin forms a kind of film of vapor between it and the iron, which it takes time to heat through; and so the frog would not feel pain from the heat. Yet, if hot water is dropped upon him, he will instantly jump from pain, as this heat at once strikes into the skin.

A frog is another safeguard against drying up—that is, a kind of interior sack for storing water. Like the camel, it thus keeps a supply which carries it over many a dry place, when it would otherwise lose all its moisture and die. The water is as pure and tasteless as that of any spring. In Australia it is said, one species of frog prepares for a drought in a wonderful way. Sometimes the traveller suffering from thirst will come to a bush, and, digging into the ground a foot or two, will find a clay ball. He cracks it open, and out jumps a frog! Stranger still, inside the ball is found a good drink of pure water! And with this the man quenches his thirst.

Frogs are mainly juice. If they try to make more of a long journey away from moisture, in a drought, they will perish for want of water; and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft that he scarcely leaves any skeleton.

A frog meets with remarkable changes during his natural life. He begins as an egg, hatches out a fish. That is, a tadpole, or pollywog, at first has gills, breathing water alone. In his early days, however, the tadpole soon loses the outside part of his gills and breathes air; so that he has to come to the surface of the water every few minutes, like a porpoise, to get a fresh gulp of breath.

During the first part of his career, he swims by sculling with his long tail. After a while his legs begin to grow out, his tail becomes shorter and shorter, and when he is a complete frog, he has no tail at all, but swims by kicking. When half frog and half tadpole, he still has a good deal of tail, and, in addition, big hind legs and mere sprouts of fore legs; so that he is a very funny-looking fellow. A full-grown tadpole at this stage seems "neither of heaven nor of earth."

Again, the tadpole eats water-plants; but when he becomes a frog, he feeds on animal life. Tadpoles eat the green moss or "scum" that we see so often on logs and plants in a stagnant pool, and they show a good appetite for soft decaying water-growth. The fouler the pool, the happier the tadpoles. As they are numerous, and thus devour a great amount of material that would make it very unhealthy to live near a stagnant pond, they are really useful creatures.

The common frog gets his final shape in the first season; but the bullfrog grows under the mud for the winter, while still a tadpole, and another summer, and sometimes more, before he has full right to be called a frog. He is some four years from the egg in getting full growth, and does not become old for about ten years more.

As to their condition during the winter season, our cold-blooded friends pass the time in a comfortable way, in a state of torpor called hibernation. The place selected seems anything but comfortable,—a tomb in the mud in the margin or bottom of a pond. Hibernation is a state of entire or partial torpor. It seems like sleep but it is proved to be not really the same. In torpor, the breathing, circulation of the blood, digestion, are almost entirely stopped; and in sleep these all go on. An animal is awakened from sleep by mere jostling; while in complete torpor it will not be roused, even if subjected to treatment usually fatal.

The frog is sustained, when he ceases to eat, by food of fat stored inside his body for that purpose. This is another means of meeting privation which our amphibious friends share with the camel, whose humps are little else but stores of fat. As to diet, the general rule is that frogs eat, or are eaten by, almost everything. Slugs, water-bugs, grasshoppers and other insects are specially relished. There is a peculiar arrangement for catching insects. The tongue is hung by the outer instead of the inner end, so as to flap forward and back like a flash, and entrap its prey. It happens that insects, curiously enough, disappear for the winter and reappear in the spring at just the times when the frogs hibernate and come on again. Bullfrogs indulge also in small fish, field-mice and ducklings. They will often eat their own tadpoles. When in captivity they will learn to eat almost any food given them.—Sept. St. Nicholas.

Hard to Convince. The other morning Mrs. Blank was talking to her husband. "I noticed in the Daily Hindoo that Mr. Blikkins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband; "he died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half-dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly

CENTS:

We are going to hit hard this time. In the outset we would ask our fellow-merchants to not criticize us too sharply for what we are going to do—bosh, what are we talking about? Patrons, we are "gang our own gait," and what do we care of the actions or expressions of our competitors, it's your interests, coupled with our own, that we are looking after.

What do you think of SCOTCH LAMB'S WOOL UNDERWEAR, with ribbed finishings, being sold for 82 1/2c. each, or \$1.65 A SUIT. Before we went into business these goods were sold for \$1.30 each, here is a saving of 95c. on a suit.

Are you grateful to us for the saving?

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 King Street. We will prepay freight on two suits to any part of the lower provinces.

couldn't have made the same mistake over and over again." The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

TIME IS AN

Object where one wishes to get to earning as soon as possible. We think of time and save it, but we think more of careful preparation. But write for primer, free. Snell's Business College, - - Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each in-advance. Five cents extra for every additional line.

PRESS THE BUTTON," and we will "do the rest." Send us your Films and Plates to be developed, etc., etc. Dark room 8x10 in connection. ROBERTSON'S, 94 GERMANS ST. 16-9-11

LADIES SEND 15c. SILVER or (9) nine 3 ct. stamps, and receive by return mail The Columbian Souvenir Needle Casket. A Souvenir of the World's Exposition. Every lady should have one. Agents wanted. Address: J. M. JENKINS, 51 EXMOUTH ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B. 16-9-24

LADIES READ THIS. Send us 12 cents in stamps for a Package of our new Lightning Mender Rubber Tissue. Mends neatly and very quickly any kind of Clothing, Dresses, Kid Gloves, etc. Everyone thoroughly pleased. American Rubber Store, St. John, N. B. 16-9-11

KODAK is what you want for your Holiday Trip. We have them from \$8.00 up. We supply any other instrument made, lower than you can import. Call or write. LEB. ROBERTSON & Co., 94 GERMANS ST. 16-9-11

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY TO RENT. A well equipped Photographing Business, on Main street in the business centre of the town, an old established stand for the past twenty years, in good repair. Possession given September 1st. For further particulars enquire of B. B. MANZER, Woodstock, N. B. 16-9-24

STAMPS for Hand Printing, Linen Markers, Monograms, Autographs Crests, Business Stamps, Changeable Type, Daters, Seal Presses, Stencils, etc. and Printing. LEB. ROBERTSON & Co., 94 GERMANS ST. 16-9-11

"ILDERIM" ROAN GELDING, EIGHT yrs. old, half brother to "Helen" 2344, bred by "Olympus," has shown a mile in 2:37 1/2. Eligible for 3 minute class. Is now being handled by W. A. Henderson at Moncton. For further particulars enquire of J. M. KUNSEAR, Sussex, N. B. 29-4-11

PHOTO SUPPLIES for Amateurs, Dry Plates, Films, Artistic and Bromide Paper, Developers and Fixing Baths, Printing Frames, Card Mounts, Baby Lanterns, etc., etc. in stock. LEB. ROBERTSON & Co., 94 GERMANS ST. 16-9-11

WANTED—Three experienced sales' Ladies. Apply to B. MYERS, 708 Main St., North End. 16-9-11

WANTED—A live man in every town and village in the Maritime Provinces to take orders for PILLSBURY PASTRY—the greatest pair of \$3.00 trousers made in Canada. Liberal terms. Address once to The Pilgrim Pants Co., P. O. Box 260, St. John, N. B. 16-9-11

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REMINGTON BICYCLES have every improvement up to date. Learn all up before ordering your new wheel by sending postal for a catalogue to REMINGTON BICYCLES, 54 King Street, St. John, N. B. 16-9-11

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A COTTAGE, minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 16-9-11

VISITORS requiring rooms only, will find ample accommodation and within a block of the street cars going to the Fair grounds. For full particulars address Rooms 737 63rd court, Newwood, Chicago, Ill. For references apply at Progress Office. 29-3-11

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis Ave., St. John, N. B. is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZEE, Principal. 16-9-11

BOARDING, Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 75 Sidney street. Mrs. Molsons. 16-9-11

RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated home known as the "Tina" property about one and a half miles from Rothsay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FROST, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 24-6-11

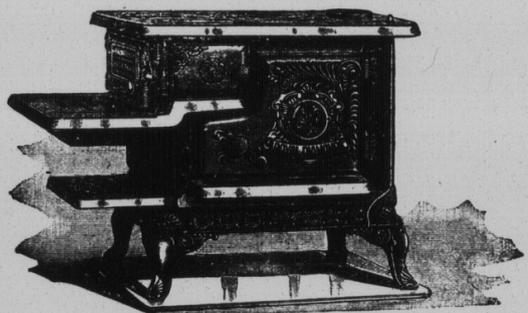
A SAFE for sale at a bargain. Just the thing for home or office. In use one year when a larger one was necessary for subscriber's business. Particulars at Progress office. 16-9-11

A PUBLISHER can secure a Mustang Miller paper coat of cost by applying at Progress office, where a Royal Mail order machine has become necessary. Address THE FRUITERS. 16-9-11

SCHULTZE SMOKELESS POWDER. Has greater penetration, With closer and more even pattern. Less recoil, less report. Less smoke, less fouling than any other explosive. SILVER MEDAL, INTERNATIONAL INVENTORS EXHIBITION. Highest award to any GUN POWDER. Must be used only with special shell. Made by Union Metal Cartridge Co.

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THE ROYAL DIAMOND. King of Wood Cook Stoves.



The most popular Wood Stove in the market. Strictly first class in construction, and highly finished at a very moderate price. Made either with or without water tank.

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FIRE! FIRE! \$5,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS DAMAGED BY FIRE AND WATER. Great Bargains, 50 and 75 per cent Discount on Goods to Clear. MUST BE SOLD TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW STOCK. Sale Commences WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13th. AND CONTINUES UNTIL ALL DAMAGED GOODS ARE SOLD. CALL EARLY AND GET YOUR BARGAINS.

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A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT COMPRISING

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A Maine newspaper notes the fact that H. Price Webber is on the road again with the Boston Comedy Company and says this about the performance:—

H. Price Webber concluded a most successful seven nights' engagement in Townsend Hall, last Thursday evening. All the plays have been produced in a manner worthy of the large patronage given. The acting of each member has been the subject of warm praise by the audience, especially the fine impersonations of Miss Grey. The costumes were elegant and appropriate, and are much better than travelling companies usually carry.

Webber writes to PROGRESS that he opens again in the Maritime Provinces September 18, picking up his tour at Antigonish where it was broken off by the disastrous Truro fire.

HIS GREAT STAGE HITS.

The "Back Fall" of the Late Joe Nagle Which Crowned His Fame as an Actor.

"None of the newspaper notices of the death of the old-time actor, Joseph E. Nagle, the other day, mention one great piece of business that he prided himself on, which made him famous in the days of his prime, gaining him the nickname of Back-fall Nagle, by which he was familiarly known in the profession everywhere," said a contemporary of the dead actor.

"In the days when legitimate actors were not expected to be acrobats as well, the business of the stage known as the back fall had more terror to the actor, and was attempted with more apprehension by him, than any other physical accessory of the part. There was one man on the stage though, and the only one I ever saw, who could do the back fall to perfection, and who was not only not afraid to do it, but who insisted on working it in on about every part he played, and that was Joe Nagle. As I remember him at his best he was a man over six feet tall, and his gigantic frame was splendidly proportioned to his height. His principal stamping ground was in the untamed West, but he was also years ago a favorite at the Old Bowery Theatre and at Wood's Museum on Broadway, in the robust plays that generally hold the boards at those houses of a past and gone generation. He was an excellent representative of that school the drama, and, with his effective back fall to help him, his climaxes never failed to bring down the house."

"Joe was as straight as an Indian. And that great form of his toppling over and falling backward, as stiff as a falling tree, and with no more apparent resistance to the consciousness of the fall than a tree would have, was something so startling realistic that it never failed to draw even the coldest audience to applause. He would come down with a thud that showed plainly there was no nonsense about the fall, but at the same time he caught all of his weight on his hands, the same as any actor does in doing an ordinary, every-day fall."

"Whenever Nagle was to play with a strange company he always rehearsed this backfall to the members, so that they might become familiar with it, for he knew it would sprang it on them without warning it would more than likely break them up for the whole performance. But even after the perilous acrobatic feat had been done before the company time and time again, actors were yet so nervous and rattled when Nagle came to do his fall that they would frequently start forward involuntarily with outstretched hands, as if to catch him, so real and unstagey was the act."

"Frank Murdoch, who was a good actor, but got more fame and money out of the play 'Davy Crockett,' which he wrote for Frank Mayo, than he did out of his art as a player, came near giving Joe his last back fall through the nervousness and involuntary interference in the performance of the act. Joe had noticed Frank's nervousness and had warned him on several occasions to control himself."

"I've got to do this fall all alone," he said, "and I've got to have my mind entirely on it. If it isn't I'm more likely to break my neck than my fall."

"One night Joe stiffened himself for the great fall under particularly exciting circumstances. Frank's business was to be near him: in fact it was some overwhelming bit of news in the play that he had hurried at Joe as the hero that was to cause the mighty fall. The news had been hurried and Joe began to fall. When Frank saw that big form of Nagle's when he tumbled over like some great column, the sight was so real that he lost control of himself and stepped quickly forward and stretched his arm out under the falling actor before he knew what he was doing. The arm touched Joe. Instead of coming down on the stage rigid and straight as was his wont, he fell all in a heap, and was so badly hurt that he had to be carried off the stage."

"I guess Clara Morris has a vivid recollection of poor old Joe, for the story they tell in Cleveland is true. It was years ago, before Miss Morris became great, and she was learning the alphabet of her art by playing minor parts at John Eisler's theatre in Cleveland. Joe was playing a star engagement, but what the play was I don't know. Whatever it was, Miss Morris was cast as the daughter of the hero, who was Joe. There came a crisis in the play that nothing could meet but Joe's back fall. The crisis was when his daughter was bidding him farewell. Although his hands played a very important part in his fall, Joe caught Miss Morris's hands through some strange whim, and took her down with him in his awful tumble. According to the story, Miss Morris afterward said that it seemed to her as if she was falling from some great height, as she went down in one grand sweep with the gigantic form of the actor. Joe had not the support of his hands in this fall, but he spread his length out upon the stage without the relaxation of a muscle, and as the astonished and frightened daughter disentangled herself safe and unharmed from the awful wreck of her father, the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and Back-fall Nagle never received such a recognition of his over-topping genius as he received on that occasion."

A STRING OF PEARLS.

PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF SUFFERING THOUSANDS.

What St. John Druggists Say of the Hawker Standard Remedies.

It is one thing to say you have a good article, but quite another thing to get proof of the statement.

The Hawker Medicine Co. have already furnished to the public ample proof of the priceless value of their standard remedies to all who are afflicted with disease. The following testimony freely given by the wholesale and retail druggists of St. John will give the public elsewhere some idea of the great popularity of these remedies in the city where they are manufactured and where the proprietors are best known. No more convincing evidence of the value of the Hawker remedies could be submitted.

What St. John Druggists Say.

T. B. Barker & Sons are an old St. John firm of high standing and conduct one of the largest wholesale drug houses in the maritime provinces. Messrs. Barker & Sons say dealers from all parts of the province are increasing their orders for Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Liver Pills, Hawker's Catarrh Cure and Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry.

W. C. R. Allen, King street, West End, says there is a steadily increasing demand for the Hawker Medicine Co.'s remedies. Geo. A. Moore, 109 Brussels street, says the Hawker Medicine Co.'s preparations are standard medicines.

S. McDiarmid, 49 King street, has a large and well assorted stock of medicines and receives a good share of the wholesale drug business. Mr. McDiarmid says Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry are the best selling medicines in the wholesale department.

E. J. Mahoney, 88 Main St., North End, says his customers are well pleased with The Hawker Medicines Co. remedies. He has sold Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry for several years.

C. P. Clarke, 100 King St., has a fine city trade and is well known as a superior chemist. Mr. Clarke says there has been a remarkable growth in the sales of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, Hawker's Catarrh Cure and Dr. Manning's German Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure.

R. M. Knight, cor. King and Ludlow St. West End, says there is a great demand in Carleton, for the Hawker's Medicines Co's Preparations.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St., do a good city business and have a fine Branch Store at Bathurst, N. B.

Mr. Struan Robertson of this firm says there is a wonderful increase in the demand for Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. Their Branch Store at Bathurst, N. B., has had several shipments of The Hawker Remedies this year and report satisfactory results.

Chas. F. Wade, Wall St., North End, says:—The Hawker Preparations are leading. Mr. Wade has received a number of Testimonials for Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

Dr. Wm Christie, Main St., North End, finds an improved demand for The Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies and has all the Preparations in stock.

Hazen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St., says Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Liver Pills, Hawker's Catarrh Cure and Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry are a fast selling line of Preparations. R. E. Coupe, cor. Main & Acadia St., North End, says there has been a rapid increase in the sales of Hawker's Liver Pills, Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Pile Cure and Dr. Manning's German Rheumatism and Neuralgia Cure.

S. Waters, cor. King and Union St., West End, says there is a good demand for The Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies.

Parker Bros., 19 Market Square, occupy one of the oldest drug stands in St. John. Mr. Parker says there is a great improvement in the sale of the Hawker Medicine Co's preparations.

James McKinney, Jr., corner Charlotte and St. James street, says he has sold Hawker's Preparations for upwards of ten years and finds the demand increasing for Hawker's Tonic and Hawker's Liver Pills, which are considered a superior purgative, anti-bilious and blood purifying medicine. Chas. McGregor, 137 Charlotte street, says Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Catarrh Cure, and Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry are selling in good form.

Dr. H. McLean, 39 Main St., North End, carries a full line of the Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies.

W. H. Mowatt, Hay-market Square, says Hawker's Preparations are selling rapidly. He has received testimonials for Hawker's Tonic and Dr. Manning's German Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure.

Geo. W. Hoben, Union Hall 219 Main St. North End, finds the demand increasing for Hawker's Remedies and says his customers speak highly of Hawker's nerve and stomach Tonic as a good nerve and brain invigorator blood builder and appetizer.

Morris V. Paddock, Cor. Union & Coburg St., has a good demand for Hawker's Pills, Hawker's Tonic, Hawker's Catarrh Cure and Dr. Manning's German Remedy. Mr. Paddock says they are very satisfactory preparations.

Thos. A. Crockett, 162 Princess street, says there is a growing demand for the Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies.

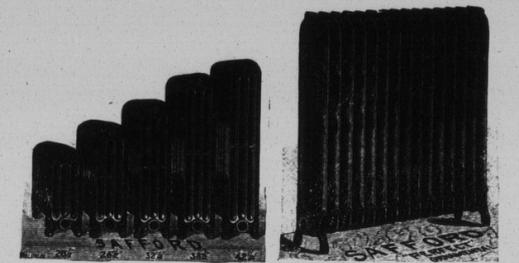
W. Benj. Smith, 24 Dock street, has all the Remedies in stock. Mr. Smith says the sales are increasing rapidly.

W. S. Barker, 35 King St., says the Hawker Medicine Co's remedies are a fast selling line of medicines, and notes a rapid increase in the demand for Hawker's Liver Pills, Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and Hawker's Pile Cure.

Chas. K. Short, 53 Garden St., says there has been a healthy growth in the demand for The Hawker Medicine Co's Preparations. R. B. Travis, Corner of Maine and Port-

SAFFORD RADIATORS.

Hot Water and Steam Heating.



NO BOLTS, PACKING, LEAKY JOINTS.

The only RADIATOR with Screwed Nipple Connections, and without bolts, packing, or red lead. No more leaks and spoiled carpets.

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Received at W. ALEX. PORTER'S

5 Cases Clam Bouillon; 5 Cases Clam Chowder in Cans; 15 Cases Pudding, Assorted Flavors; 10 Cases Assorted Soups (white label)—with a full supply of fruit each boat.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Cor. Union and Waterloo. Branch Store 70 Mill Street.

land Streets, North End, says Hawker's nerve and stomach Tonic, Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Balsam are having a good sale.

Dr. J. H. Wilson, corner of Charlotte and St. James St., carries a full line of The Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies.

J. J. Cochran, 625 Main St., says there is a big demand for The Hawker Medicine Co's Preparations he has all the Remedies in stock.

Orlando V. D. Jones, Golden Ball corner sells the Hawker Medicine Co's Remedies.

Richard W. McCarty 185 Union St. is a druggist of advanced experience. Mr. McCarty says The Hawker Medicine Co's Preparations are the best selling Remedies in this market. He has received a number of Testimonials for Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Pile Cure.

McArthur Drug Store, 59 Charl'te St., is an old and well established drug house. Mr. James W. Racine, manager, says Hawker's Preparations are having a wonderful sale. Customers speak highly of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, Hawker's Liver Pills and Hawker's Catarrh Cure.

Who the Company Are. The testimonials just quoted need no comment. They speak for themselves. The gentlemen whose names follow comprise the directorate and officers of the Hawker Medicine Co., whose stockholders list comprises many other names quite as widely known. There is no more sound and representative corporation in any province of Canada.

THE HAWKER MEDICINE COY., Ltd. St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

DIRECTORS: Howard D. Troop, John F. Taylor, James Manchester, Charles E. Taylor, W. Malcolm Mackay.

John F. Taylor, pres., W. Malcolm Mackay, vice pres., David Russell, manager, H. Percy Chestnut, Travellers, Frank G. Wheaton.

Manufacturers and Proprietors of HAWKER'S

Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam, Nerve and Stomach Tonic, Liver Pills, Catarrh Cure, Pile Cure.

Dr. Manning's German Remedy, the great Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure.

A Lake of Ink. A scientific paper tells of the existence in Mexico of one of the most remarkable phenomena of which we have any record. The surrounding country is literally studded with volcanoes, and in their midst is the "Lake of Ink," which covers about an acre of ground. The body of water, or ink, or whatever it is, is so covered with the ashes from the adjacent volcanoes as to appear a part of the surrounding ground, which is all the same dull gray tint. The ashes are only a thin veil for a thick, inky-like fluid of the consistency of thin molasses, only black as shoe blacking.

At first the party of pioneers who discovered the lake inclined to the theory that it was but a mire hole, but the condition of the clothes of one of their party who fell into it quickly disproved this, for the dirt left an indelible stain. It was called ink-torch, and as it blended readily with alcohol, one of the draughtsmen of the party took the occasion of supplying himself with a good cheap quality of drawing ink. Where this liquid comes from, what its chemical properties may be, where or how extensive the supply is, are matters of conjecture.

THE ST. MARTIN'S SEMINARY. Faculty of Instruction.

AUSTEN K. deBLOIS, M. A., Ph. D., Acadia and Brown Universities and the University of Berlin, PRINCIPAL.

Literary Department. GEORGE E. CHIPMAN, B. A., Acadia University, VICE-PRINCIPAL. MISS MARY A. TUCKER, B. A., Wellesley College, PRECEPTRESS. SHIRLEY J. CASE, B. A., Acadia University, MATHEMATICAL MASTER. REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, M. A., McMaster University, Toronto, INSTRUCTOR IN ETHICS AND BIBLE STUDY.

Musical Department. FRAULEIN ELISBETH MEYER, late Teacher of Music in Berlin, Germany Pupil of Herr Scharwenka, DIRECTOR. MISS ANNIE L. VAUGHAN, N. F. Conservatory, PIANO AND ORGAN. MISS LILA F. WILLIAMS, Pupil of Herr Klimentzoid, PIANO AND VIOLIN. PROFESSOR G. M. ROBINSON, VOCAL MUSIC.

Elocution Department. GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON, (Late Professor of Pantomime in Boston School of Expression and Harvard Summer School), DIRECTOR. MISS HELLE J. BUTTERFIELD, Abbott Academy and Boston School of Expression, ASSOCIATE INSTRUCTOR.

Art Department. MISS MARION E. VAUGHAN, Ottawa Art School, DIRECTOR. MISS L. E. MAUDPYE Shorthand and Typewriting INSTRUCTOR. YORKE A. KING Telegraphy INSTRUCTOR. LEONARD H. CRANDALL Preparatory Department INSTRUCTOR.

This institution now offers unexcelled inducements to intending students. A large number of new music rooms are being finished. All Departments are under the care of Trained Specialists. Send at once for Calendar to.....AUSTEN K. deBLOIS, Principals

University of New Brunswick

At the beginning of the Academic year, 1893-4, on the 28th day of September next, the Scholarships for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Kent, Westmorland, Albert, St. John, Sunbury, York, and Victoria will be vacant.

The Department of Civil Engineering and Surveying is now open to properly qualified students. A Physical Laboratory was opened during the Academic year 1891-2. Special facilities for the practice of Elementary Electrical Measurements are offered to intending Electrical Engineers.

Copies of the University Calendar for 1892-3 may be had from

WILLIAM WILSON, B. A., Fredericton, N. B. Registrar of the University

MISS INA S. BROWN,

Graduate Boston School of Oratory. PUBLIC READER and teacher of ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For terms, dates, etc., address: ROCKLAND ROAD, ST. JOHN.

THE LAW SCHOOL,

St. John, N. B., October. For Calendars apply to ALLEN O. KABLE, Dean; or J. R. CAMPBELL, Secy. and Treas. 15 August, 1893.

VERBUM DOMINI

HOW we have acquired our present standing and prosperity: (1) By giving the most complete Business Course, the most thorough Short Hand and Type Writing Training, and the best Penmanship instruction obtainable in Canada. (2) By devoting our entire time, energies, and all to the interests of our students. (3) By making no promises we have not kept. Genuine Specimens of Penmanship Circulars containing full information respecting terms, course of study, etc., mailed to any address. KRER & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

Black Duck & Teal Duck.

ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S. BEEF.—LAMB, VEAL AND MUTTON.—TURKEY LEAF LARD, in small casks.—FRESH AND PICKLED PORK.—TURKEYS, DUCKS AND CHICKENS.—Celery, Squash and Corn, and all Vegetables.—DEAN'S SAUSAGES.—Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. On and after MONDAY, the 18th SEPT.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at INDIANTOWN, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock for Chapel Grove, New Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton, and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton wharf on the same days at 5.30 p. m. for St. John and intermediate points.

R. G. Earle, Captain.

In stock a full assortment of Mme. Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets Highly recommended by the MEDICAL PROFESSION. \$3.25 A PAIR. For sale only by CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 KING STREET.

The Sunday Sun.

During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - \$8 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Kindergarten,

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT. A roll of Pretty Fancy Colored Paper for making Paper Dolls and for Kindergarten work. PRICE 10 CENTS. FOR SALE AT J. & A. McMILLAN'S.

"THE DAVENPORT SCHOOL FOR BOYS." SAINT JOHN. This school will re-open on Monday, September 14, 1893. FOUR RESIDENT MASTERS. Thorough tuition in (Latin, Mathematics, English, German, French, Scripture History, Catechism, Book keeping, Writing, Shorthand, Music, Etc. Special attention given to boys preparing for Colleges or for Commercial pursuits. Fees moderate. For particulars apply to Head Master, Portland Manor, St. John, N.B.



RE-OPENED SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Belleville, Ont. (25th year) is the most widely attended Business College in America. SEND for the new 144-page Catalogue. Address: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont.

The Morley Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music.

(In union with the London College of Music.) 84 PRINCESS ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. Under the patronage of the Hon. Sir Leonard Tilley, G. C. M. G., LL. D., Lieut. Governor of the province of New Brunswick; Lady Tilley; the Ven. Arch. Deacon Bragotock; Rev. Donald MacLachlan, D. D.; T. W. Peter, Esq., Mayor of St. John; Simon Jones, Esq.; James F. Robertson, Esq.; J. Morris Robinson, Esq.; J. Allison, Esq. MISS MORLEY, A. Mus., L. C. M. (Representative of the London College of Music), and Mrs. LAYTON, will open the above Institution on September 4th.

College Staff: Mrs. Paikine, the Misses Haydon, Miss Ada M. Gordon, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, and Charles Haydon, Esq., (from Epsom Medical College and Matriculation Graduate of the London University, England).

Conservatory Staff: PIANOFORTE—Miss Morley, A. Mus. L. C. M.; Glee Collection, Mrs. A. L. Laurin. VIOLIN—Miss M. Ogden. ORGAN—Geo. Collinson, Esq. HARMONY—Miss Morley, A. Mus. L. C. M.; Glee Collection, Esq.

Parents who are desirous of sending their children to the college may depend upon a thorough English education in all its branches. A Kindergarten is in connection with the college, which opens September 4th. Prospectus on application. Private Address: MISS MORLEY, 104 King Street, East, St. John, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Three years ago, in the summer of 1890, Progress began to advocate a better system of municipal government for St. John having for its prominent features a reduction in the size of the council and the abolition of ward elections. Progress had, in the previous year, accomplished the union of the cities by its exposure of the ring rule in Portland. There were hundreds of people in the latter city, who were tired of the CHELSEY rule, and when they read how much worse it was than they suspected they gladly seized the opportunity which gave promise of better things by a union of the cities. Thus they voted for union where otherwise they would not have done so, and a new city was the result.

The consequences were more alarming than had been foreseen. Portland, it is true, gained much. It got rid of the incubus of the ring, and it secured the benefit of good streets, efficient police, and all that, in reason, it could ask. But the old city of St. John got the CHELSEYS, JOHN KELLY and some other of the same "caliper," as one of the present North End aldermen would say. The old Portland council simply shifted its quarters and became an inflection on the citizens who had before only known of it by its record on its native soil.

The North End element, it is true, could not control the St. John council, but it could and did make a good deal of trouble. It had been done that was intended to be done, there would have been fun in earnest, but most of the schemes were nipped in the bud until JOHN KELLY came to the front with the Moore street job. Progress promptly told the story, and illustrated it to the bargain. This was last winter. A week or two ago Progress had the pleasure of recording the death blow given to the scheme by the council, and the vow of the amiable Mr. KELLY to be an obstructionist until his job was sanctioned.

Close upon the exposure of the Moore street job came the foundation of the tax reduction association, with a plan of civic reform in line with that previously advocated by Progress. The idea long before advanced had taken hold upon the minds of many, and when the time came the effect was manifest.

The submission of the proposed changes in the charter was a wise step, and the result of Thursday's voting can leave no doubt as to the will of the people for a change. Despite the indifference of the daily papers and the open opposition of one of them, considerably more than two thousand electors thought it worth while to go to the polls and vote "yes." A strong personal canvass by North End aldermen accounts for a good proportion of the seven hundred who voted "no." There were many who negated the proposition because they believed they were right, but they were a small proportion of the forlorn minority.

The bill passed by the legislature is far from perfect, but it is a long step in the right direction. It is a very important event in the history of the city of St. John. The act will come in force when proclaimed, but there will be no change in the council until next May.

And then there is likely to be seen the singular spectacle of a council without the CHELSEYS, JOHN KELLY and others of that ilk. There will be a new order of things, and in the North, the West and the East will be found those who are not in it.

It is no wonder that one of the features which distinguished the election was the frantic effort of KELLY and company to obscure the wall posters which advised the electors to vote "yes." The letters were the handwriting on the wall telling them that they, like the unfaithful king of old, had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

A MILLIONAIRE DIES.

Last Wednesday morning a dead body was found in a stateroom of one of the Fall River steamers. It was that of FREDERICK L. AMES, of Boston, the richest man in New England, and it is estimated that he left behind him an estate valued at thirty-five millions of dollars.

There is always a sermon in the expression that a man "leaves" this much or that much when he dies, as if he could carry it with him. On the day the millionaire died there were deaths, perhaps within a hundred miles of him, of those whose end came because of the hopeless struggle for a mere means of existence. Suicide in some cases; in others the dying out of the flame which had flickered until it expired for the want of fuel in the starved system. FREDERICK L. AMES died of apoplexy, but his less happy fellows died of despair or starvation. And yet in death they are not divided. A corpse is found on the palace steamer and one is discovered in a tenement attic. In their lives the two were at an immeasurable distance from each other. In their deaths they are equal, so far as regards all that men value in earthly possessions.

Everybody having any knowledge of Boston and its people knows something of

Mr. AMES. Against his memory there cannot be hurled the blast of denunciation that followed JAY GOULD to his grave and did not cease when the earth was heaped upon his coffin. The AMES corporation has been prominent in the industrial world, and the AMES brothers were valued beyond their wealth for their intrinsic worth. They gave bread to many mouths, and they did much to benefit the country over which their operations extended. They were good types of the progressive and large-minded New England capitalists.

There was much in the environment of FREDERICK L. AMES that made life worth living for him. Some natures are so nurtured and dwarfed in the quest for wealth that tortures bring them no happiness when acquired. It was not so with him. He enjoyed life apart from his cares, in the true Boston fashion. He was charitable and sought to do good. He had his home, his library, his friends and his guests. He was "in society," and to be in society in Boston means much more of real living than can be found in society in New York. Mr. AMES had all that wealth could bring him, and yet he was found lying dead, even as was found the dweller in the crowded tenement. There was this difference, the one was well nurtured and well clad, had money in his pocket, and lay in an upholstered stateroom. The other was emaciated, threadbare, penniless and lay on a bare floor in a stifling room. Yet in death they were not divided, and as they brought nothing into this world, so took they nothing out of it.

No, nothing, as the world values possessions. Yet with each was the record of good or ill, to be seen of the All Wise Judge. The dweller in the tenement may have been an enemy of society in the eyes of his fellows, yet none may read his heart or know how far he tried to do right, though he fell again and again. The millionaire was honored, respected and esteemed charitable, yet who may read his heart and know how far he, with the immense power of thirty-five millions of dollars, did more than pauper and sinner? God alone readeth the heart. He alone can judge how far environment and circumstances are to be allowed for in the records of individual lives.

It is a wonderful achievement to amass thirty-five million dollars, but when it is done the end is death.

The greatest wealth in the world is that which is in our souls, and which we can carry beyond this life. In the possession of that the millionaire and the dweller in the tenement are alike, even as the gold and the silver are alike in their death.

Few of the exchanges that reach Progress are as carefully glanced at as our Dumb Animals published by Geo. P. Angell, president of the American Humane Society, Boston. Mr. Angell is doing a good work in making a very interesting paper that cannot fail to appeal to the humanity of any one who reads it.

Mr. Watson, of this city who has been connected with the press of New York city for some time returned to his desk again this week after spending an enjoyable vacation in his cooler latitude.

Mr. Patterson of the Amherst Press has a type-setting machine at work in his office. So far as Progress knows this is the first type-setting machine brought to the Maritime provinces. Mr. Patterson purchased the press from Mr. Stewart, formerly of the Kentville Star. There should be plenty of room for a small and bright daily to prosper in Amherst.

Bruce McDougall still continues to publish the Plain Dealer and print paragraphs and stories that he will not care to be reminded of some day. Progress believes in plain, straight-forward talk, but not the style of some of that in the Plain Dealer. Mr. McDougall has too good a head on him—when it is perfectly level—to abuse it as he has been since he started the Plain Dealer.

Changed His Location.

The friends of Mr. F. E. Craibe, late of F. E. Craibe & Co., King street, are glad to see him looking well and happy at the drug store of A. C. Smith & Co., Market Building.

Man's Peculiarities.

His emotions are like unto musical instruments, inasmuch as they are quite often played upon. The drum of his ear is unlike his emotions. Because his "heart gets up in his mouth," is no guarantee of strangulation.

He "takes the cars," instead of allowing the same to take him. His anticipations and realizations are frequently at loggerheads, in fact they are the "Frog and Con" of his existence.

You can "take his breath away" without seriously affecting his anatomy. When his spirits are down he endeavors to raise them by "downing" some more.

The "costing" of his stomach is not provided for by his tailor, but is often supplied by his grocer. He often reverses the order of "soup" by getting into his biscuit.

He can sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," with as much ardor as "Old Hundred," or "Nearer My God to Thee."

He often wishes to "be in some other fellow's boots," notwithstanding the liability of mud, and his inability to occupy the same.

His whole nature bristles sometimes, so does his swinefish. His eyes dance without consulting his feet. The pupils of the same attend the day and night school of observation.

FELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"Good policy is to be used, that the treasures and money in a state be not gathered into a few hands, for otherwise a state may have great stock and still starve; and money is like muck, not good except it be spread."—Lord Bacon.

There are evidences that the worst of the present financial depression has been seen and matters appear to be mending. This depression has been of a rather extraordinary character, especially in the United States, but there has been nothing like a "panic" such as has occurred at other times of financial trouble. It is strange that this depression has come at a time when there are "good crops" of everything, when there is an abundance of manufactured products and when ordinary business was reported "good" in most lines. Another extraordinary feature is the fact that in a majority of the failures that have taken place, that may be called "legitimate," the assets have been reported as far exceeding the liabilities. There has been a scarcity of money and currency. To seek the bottom causes of these troubles and search out remedies are beyond the scope of this column. Though this period of depression may soon pass away the money problem will remain. The substitution of "currency" for money has reached an extraordinary development in modern times. Trade is carried on with a very small amount of real money and checks, drafts, telegraphic transfers and endless other devices carry on the business of the world. These obligations are supposed to be payable in gold, but the amount of gold in the world is in reality very small compared with the wants of commerce. Silver and gold have from the earliest times been recognized as money. The business of many countries has been carried on successfully with a silver currency and the argument in favor of bi-metallicism is a very strong one.

Canadian banks and business houses may well feel proud that this side of commercial depression, which has swept with such violence over the United States and borne down so many before it, has hardly touched them at all. In fact, in many cases, it has put money in their pockets. In St. John there has been no great stringency in money matters. Business has gone on in about the even tenor of its way. Worthy of note are the efforts being made to induce the establishment here of more manufacturing industries. The facilities are good and should attract increased attention from manufacturers. Fortune has not always been kind to St. John and its progress has been slow in the last twenty-five years. The glory of the wooden ship has largely departed, and she no longer turns in big and easily-earned dividends to the plethoric pocket of her owners as of yore; yet so strong is the ingenuity for "shipping" in St. John, that we have gone over to the Clyde and built and bought iron ships there, thus keeping our investments in the same channels and in the business with which St. John men are proverbially most familiar. The confederation of 1867 did not help the trade of St. John or the Maritime provinces at first. The merchants and manufacturers in this section were unaccustomed to large fields and had not the ability to hold their own against those of Montreal and other upper province steadily extended. The C. P. R. is here and is going to do something for us, as well as for every other place in Canada, especially when it gets well paid for it. We have a grain elevator, an open harbor and a board of trade. What lack we? We should undoubtedly be able to maintain and strengthen our position as the great commercial emporium of Eastern British North America.

This week a "heresy trial" opened in Montreal. Some Mr. Campbell has been saying things that, in the opinion of some of his fellow-ministers, he should not have said and is accused by them of holding very incorrect theological views. He believes not in holding to a "creed out-worn" and, hence is summoned before his "Peers" who will investigate him theologically and decide whether he be sound or unsound. Fortunately the court has not the power to pronounce a death penalty or indeed much of a penalty of any description. Once upon a time women were tried for witchcraft and, when adjudged guilty, were burned or drowned. This is the closing decade of the much-vaunted nineteenth century yet it is quite possible that, in time to come, people may look back upon such persecutions as those of Briggs, Campbell and others with a singular curiosity to which we today look upon the old trials for witchcraft. The world moves and the movement is not backward, but forward and upward into broader daylight and clearer light. Dark and misty creeds, which cannot bear the light, must fall to pieces and disappear.

ROOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Songs of the Common Day, by C. G. F. Roberts, published in London, Montreal and Halifax. For sale by Messrs J. & M. McMillan. Price \$1.25.

The primer of elocution and action, illustrated, by F. Townsend Southwick, published by Edgar S. Warner, 118 1/2 street, New York, price 75 cents, postpaid.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Chas. Moore's Bookstore, in Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

Sept. 12.—Capt. David Taylor, wife, and little daughter, of New York, are the guests of Mrs. S. B. Atkinson.

Miss Annie Allison of "Brookside" has gone to Newfoundland to remain some weeks.

Mrs. Cecil Higgins and two children have gone to Charlottetown.

Miss Laura Palmer of Dorchester, spent Sunday with her father, Mr. Harvey Palmer.

Miss Carrie Atkinson gave a small party on Monday for her friends, Miss McLeod.

Mrs. S. Taylor and children are visiting in "Toronto." Mr. Herbert Henderson of Sackville, Messrs. Smith, Campbell and Silliker, of Middle Sackville, left last week for the "World's Fair."

Mr. Arthur Wallace, of Dorchester, was in town on Sunday.

Hattie Cahill, is in Campbelltown visiting her brother Mr. Charlie Cahill.

Capt. and Mrs. Hansen are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Minnie Robb, of Oxford, was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. S. B. Atkinson spent Monday in Amherst. Mr. Alex. Ford and Mr. R. P. Foster drove to Memramcook on Saturday.

Miss Josephine, daughter of Frederick, in town on Tuesday, the guest of Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Mrs. George Chandler, of Dorchester, was in town on Tuesday, the guest of Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Miss Grace Wilson, of Dorchester, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Arthur Wallace, of Dorchester, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Louise Webb has gone to Nova Scotia for a few weeks' visit.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

Sept. 13.—On Tuesday evening Mrs. W. C. Miller gave a most enjoyable dance at her home on Bridge street, the party being given in honor of Miss Pauline Bell, who is soon to leave Sackville for Bermuda. Among those present were: Misses Emma Ayer, Mabel Ayer, Emily Willis, Gertrude Towse, Grace Fawcett, Jane Fawcett, Mabel Rennie, Ethel Smith, Sarah King, Alice MacIntyre, Pauline Bell, Eleanor Wood.

Miss Grace Fawcett wore a charming costume of cream India mull with trimmings of pale apple green.

Miss Emily Willis, pretty gown of white cashmere and lace.

Miss Mabel Ayer, changeable dress of cadet blue with trimmings of ribbon on train.

Miss Ethel Smith, becoming dress of maize color silk, heavily embroidered with jewel trimmings on train.

Miss Mabel Rennie, very pretty garment of cream India mull with trimmings of pale apple green.

Miss Jane Fawcett, sweet dress of baby blue cashmere.

Miss Pauline Bell, dainty white dress of dotted muslin, corsage bouqued at collar.

Miss Louise Webb, dress of white cashmere and lace.

Miss Emma Ayer, dress of white cashmere and lace.

FREDERICTON.

Sept. 13.—General Herbert arrived in the city today and is being wined and dined at the officers mess this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell of Margyville entertained a large number of friends on Monday evening, it being the twentieth anniversary of their wedding day. During the evening they were happily surprised by the presentation of a very handsome silver tea service, the presentation being made by Mr. and Mrs. Logan of the assembled guests.

Miss Davidson of Chatham is in the city the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Major Armstrong of St. John is here giving course to the proceeds of the dinner which is being given in honor of General Herbert.

The Misses Handolph will entertain a few friends at a social gathering on Friday evening.

Prof. and Mrs. Pope of Boston visited Mr. and Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher this week as they were returning from their summer outing at P. E. I.

Miss Jennie McLeod, left on Monday for Montreal, to visit Miss Stewart.

Mr. A. S. Johnson, of P. E. I., is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Everitt, have returned home from their trip to Nova Scotia.

Miss Edna Crockett, left on Monday to visit her brother at Houlton.

Mr. Robt. F. Handolph, has returned from his trip to the World's Fair.

Capt. and Mrs. Hemming, have returned from their trip to Ontario.

Miss My Brown, of Hampton, is visiting Mrs. E. C. Crockett.

The Misses Day and Mr. Morrow of St. John left on Monday for a few days here the guests of the Misses McNally.

Mr. Robert Rankine of St. John spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. J. McBratney and Miss Mamie McHugh of St. John are here the guests of Mrs. D. Leith.

Mrs. Marie has returned from her visit to Hampton.

Rev. Mr. Macdonald arrived home from Boston on Friday.

Miss Yvonne is visiting friends at Southampton.

Miss Carman left on Monday for Sussex, where she will be the guest of Mrs. T. C. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George and family have returned from the Bay Shore.

Miss Newsack left on Monday for a visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, and on her return will visit friends in Ontario.

Mrs. Gilmour, formerly of this city but now of Ottawa, is visiting friends here.

Mr. James Tibbets is expected home in about two weeks. He is at present in Missions on his return trip.

Mrs. J. H. Barry entertained a number of guests at a five o'clock on Monday.

Mrs. John O'Brien and Miss Polley Quigley, of Newcastle, are visiting Mr. O'Brien's mother, Mrs. C. Crowley, at Montreal, in her visiting Mrs. Pithblod.

Miss Lizzy Burns is home from Boston, visiting her father and mother.

Mr. Robert Watson has been spending a few days here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. D. Brown.

SHEDDIAK.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac at R. W. Abernethy and Fred Inglis.]

Sept. 13.—Miss Ham, who has been spending the summer here, left on Thursday for Washington.

Mr. John Talbot of Bermuda, is spending a few days here.

On Monday Mrs. J. S. Bendick gave a very pleasant driving party to a number of her friends.

Mrs. Bouzouk, who has been an invalid for some months, is now, much to the delight of her many friends, on a fair road to recovery.

Miss Beatrice Harper gave a party on Monday evening, in honor of Master Charles Edmunds, who leaves for his home in Montreal, on Wednesday.

Mr. Patreille, who has been ill in Montreal for several weeks, is now visiting his mother, who has taken up her residence here.

Mrs. Dixon of Amherst, was in town on Saturday, the guest of her sister, Miss Copp.

Mr. Stephen Ayer of Sackville, was also in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Narcissa Landry and her family returned to their home in Bathurst, last week.

Mrs. Wilson of Winnipeg, who has been spending the summer here with her parents, left on Friday morning for her home. She was accompanied as far as Montreal by her sister, Mrs. James Gleason.

Mrs. Williams of St. John, is the guest of the Misses Fries.

Mr. and Mrs. Barryett and Mr. and Mrs. Ackman, who have been summing in the Abercrombie cottage, returned to their homes on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur went to Bouchette on Monday, where they will remain for some days.

On Tuesday evening the Misses Harper entertained a large number of their friends at Miss Deal's residence. Dancing and games were the amusement.

Mr. James of Bermuda, is in town, the guest of Mr. R. C. Fair.

SATURDAY.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst at McInley's Grocery store.]

Sept. 13.—I have this week to record the death of Mr. Robert Ramsay, which occurred last week. Although he had been an invalid for some time his death was not looked for so soon, and was a great shock to his many friends and relatives. The bereaved family have much sympathy in their affliction.

Mr. Fred Ramsay spent a few days with his home people, having come from Portland, Me., to attend his father's funeral.

Miss Lena and George Burns have returned to Mount St. Vincent to resume their studies.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Barry. The arrival in the city of Mr. Barry, Mr. A. J. H. Stewart returned from Kingston, Kent Co., last week, bringing with him a life partner, who was Miss Isabel Morrison of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have the sincere wishes of hosts of friends for a long life of prosperity and happiness.

Miss Crawford, Mrs. Stewart's friend, has been her guest at the White Horse a few days.

Mr. W. P. Pepper, is spending a vacation with people in St. John.

Miss Laura Miller and Miss Ida Nelson, of Campbellton, were the guests last week of Miss Laura Eddy.

Miss Busted, of Dalhousie, is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Barry.

Mr. R. H. Lee Young, of Carleton, is visiting her aunt, Mr. Ferguson.

Miss Ellis, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Barry.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Sept. 12.—The principal event of interest this week was the marriage of Mr. Archibald Irving, business manager of the Examiner Publishing Co., to Miss Helen Mason, daughter of Mr. J. D. Mason. Misses Gertrude and Ethel Mason, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. G. B. G. Bagwell and Mr. R. A. Earle were groomsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stanley have returned from a business trip to England, and he from a visit to friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown have returned from their honeymoon and settled down in their residence on Upper Prince street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore are off on an American tour, and intend visiting the World's Fair before they return.

Mr. A. S. Johnson left yesterday on a trip to Fredericton and other New Brunswick cities. He will probably be gone about six weeks, and purposes returning via British Columbia and the World's Fair.

The Misses Angus have returned to the city, after their summer's outing at Lunenburg Beach.

The Misses Cole have returned on a visit with their children to Lunenburg, the other from a sojourn at Acadia Hotel, St. John.

Dr. Harry D. Johnson has returned from a trip to Chicago. Mr. Johnson also has returned on a visit to friends in Eton.

Mrs. Geo. Moore spent last week with Mrs. Capt. Evans, at Shediac, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas White are having a two-weeks' trip to Cape Breton.

Prof. and Mrs. Hawley have started on a trip, he to visit the World's Fair, and she to visit friends in Ontario.

Major Haviland and the Misses Haviland have returned from their outing at Acadia Hotel, Tracadie.

Mrs. J. M. Campbell has been visiting friends in the country.

Mr. W. D. McKay has gone to visit the Toronto exhibition.

Mr. Benj. Bremner is off on a trip to the World's Fair.

Miss Alice Turner leaves on Saturday for her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after spending the summer with numerous friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Dyer of St. John, N. B., are here on a honeymoon trip.

ANAGANAS.

Sept. 13.—Mrs. J. H. Davidson and Master Roy and Mrs. George Davidson spent Wednesday in Essex the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dalry.

Mr. R. A. Brown, (station agent) of Bloomfield with Mrs. Brown and little daughter are visiting Mr. Brown's mother at "Cora Hill."

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davidson entertained a number of their friends to tea on Tuesday of last week. Among the number invited and present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Davidson and Mrs. F. W. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, ("Apple Hill") Miss Bertie Davidson, Messrs. Davidson and Mr. Edward E. Stockton of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davidson and Master Roy of St. John are spending a couple of weeks at the "Forty Lions" Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Melick and children of St. John are enjoying the "Fortage House."

Mrs. Fred Davidson, of Fortage, was visiting relatives in Peddieville last week.

Miss Nellie McNaughton, who has been visiting friends and relations in St. John for the past month, left here last week for Spruceford, N. B.

Mr. Jeff C. Smith, who left here last week for Malden, Mass., has returned home again.

Their Golden Wedding.

Comparatively few couples are permitted to enjoy the pleasure of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage; their golden wedding, but such was the good fortune of Dr. Frederick and Mrs. Hannahs on August 1. The reception took place at the Memorial Hotel, their country seat, of which place is none handsomer on Jersey coast, the grounds running to the broad Atlantic; the fine, beautiful house of "many gables" was even more attractive than ever, when decked with golden flowers, and when there was gathered beneath its hospitable roof, children, grand-children, kindred and friends from far and near. The dresses of the ladies, the strains of sweet music, the fragrance of flowers and the many rich and rare presents gave the effect of fairy-land. The scene seemed complete the central figure, erect and as handsome as of yore, Dr. Hannahs, and his sweet-faced wife, golden-haired and beaming, stood with the children, loving cup was passed from hand to hand. Each lip of the rich wine was accompanied by a silent prayer for the continued happiness of our host and hostess.





Two Thousand... CHILDREN'S... AND MISSES... NOW IN STOCK... Fall and Winter... NEWEST FASHIONS, IN... Colors... \$2.50 to \$45.00... Sizes, 30 to 46 inch Bust.

Men's and Maids Jackets... from 4 to 18 years... SON & ALLISON... N. B.

TE. NO. OTHER... MENSION

LAND, SAINT JOHN CO.

we suffered everything but... MARY GULLIS... in the market, but Han-

You'll Feel Better... ALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER... is a food. Beneficial alike to... ALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER CO. LTD.

MOM'S... & COCOAS

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master... [Progress is for sale in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Sarr. 12.—"Surr" cottage, the summer residence... Miss Mattle Harris is visiting friends in New Hampshire.

General Warner returned to St. John on Saturday... Miss Annie Colter has returned from Fredericton.

Bishop Nealey of Maine, arrived in Calais on Tuesday... Miss Alice Robinson left this morning for Boston.

Mr. B. S. Herbert, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of his friend Mr. Charles Copeland.

Mr. B. S. Herbert, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of his friend Mr. Charles Copeland.

Those suffering from indigestion are the first to be attacked by cholera. K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age for indigestion.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will speedily and certainly relieve? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a bottle of Fowler's...

RIOHIBUOTO.

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

Sarr. 6.—A number of young men gave a dancing party in the Temperance Hall on Thursday evening last, of which report says was very enjoyable.

Mr. Frank Phinney returned to Fredericton on Friday last.

Mr. Alfred Steeves, of Antigonish, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Sawyer until Tuesday when he left for Campbellton.

Mr. B. S. Herbert, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of his friend Mr. Charles Copeland.

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SALIBUBUY.

Sarr. 12.—Mrs. H. C. Barnes gave a small party last Thursday evening. The evening was pleasantly spent with music, conversation and cards.

Mr. J. L. Trites is visiting in St. John. Mrs. Wm. Colter of St. Croix, was at the Byron Hotel last week.

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HERVEY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent, and it was late when the party dispersed. Among those present were the Misses Murray, Welling and Bateman.

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JOE NOBLE, Jr., THE SHOEMAKER, MAKES SHOES TO FIT THE FOOT. 78 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.



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Anti-Cholera DISINFECTANT. The Best Disinfectant Made. Price 25c. CROCKETT, COR. PRINCESS & STONEY.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

St. John.—North End.

Miss Grace Rowan of Mount Pleasant, entertained a few of her friends last Friday evening.

Mr. P. Days left on Saturday last for a fortnight's vacation in New York.

Miss Purdy, matron of the Halifax hospital, is here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. David Pitt and family of Wood, stock, are the guests of Mr. Frank Whippley. Their son Edmund left on Tuesday for St. Martin's Seminary.

Mrs. T. P. Connor entertained a few friends on Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Connor of Quebec.

Mr. Albert Roberts left on Monday for the Boston College of Pharmacy.

Miss Helen Girdler, who was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Shaw the past month, left for her home in Boston on Monday.

Mr. A. Tapley is suffering from a relapse.

Miss Ina Rowan, who has been visiting the Misses Shaw the past few weeks, left for her home in Ohio this week.

An interesting event occurred on Tuesday evening when Miss May McKinney, daughter of Mr. James McKinney, sr., of Broad street, was married to the popular and well known contractor, Mr. Geo. McArthur, of Main street. Miss Henderson of West End acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Albert McArthur, brother of the groom acted as best man.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham at the residence of Dr. Macrae. The couple left Thursday morning for Newfoundland, where Mr. McArthur has contracts enough at present to keep him busy for the next two years.

Miss Nellie Craigie returned last week after a tour of Nova Scotia and of the West Indies. Miss Craigie won great praise for herself at each and every place visited during the trip. She will leave shortly for the New York conservatory, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Lou O'Connor, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. Carleton, Southwark street.

Miss McCarthy, of Portland street, left on Monday for a trip to Boston.

Miss Blanche Wisely entertained a number of her young friends on Wednesday evening.

Picnic was had last week by Misses Mand Bickel and Nellie Rivers, to their many friends.

Mr. S. F. Welch, of the Halifax Hotel, was the guest of Mr. Frank Mahon, at the residence of Mrs. Mahon, of City Road. Rev. Fr. Walsh performed the ceremony. Miss Eva Holly was bridesmaid and Mrs. Fred Nichols best man. Messrs. Wm. Broderick, and C. Carleton were ushers. A large number assembled at the home of Mrs. Mahon, where a ceremony, and partook of a sumptuous repast, after which, the happy couple left for Quebec, their future home, carrying the best wishes of their many friends.

PEANUTS.

HALIFAX.

Mrs. Montgomery Moore, had a most successful small dance at Bellevue House, Friday evening of about thirty couple all told. General Montgomery Moore and party left this week for Toronto and Chicago, which deprived the present gaieties of their presence. Mrs. Moore has before her departure started a new society here, the object of which is to send books and magazines to the North west, to people who are much in want of reading matter. Many of the leading ladies of the town are among the members.

Next Saturday will be given up to the Garrison regatta which we have all heard so much. The only new developments this week are the plans of different people regarding the interval between the races and the illumination of the harbor which will have a refreshment tent at Oakland for their friends, and Colonel and Mrs. Leach will also have one, while nearly every house of any importance on the Arm has a small supper party either in the fore named interval, or after the affair is over. I hear that the host most likely will be the ladies' race in that of Miss A. Curran and Mr. Tracy, but the ladies who have done their practicing on the Arm may prove very formidable "dark horses". If the day is only fine, the success of the affair seems certain.

Monday afternoon saw the very close and exciting finish of the garrison tennis tournament when Major and Mrs. Maycock beat Captain Alexander and Mrs. Charles Hoy by one game and a very even fight indeed. The only other thing going on was a small tea at Mrs. J. F. Kenny's. The Misses Dobell of Montreal are staying with Mrs. Kenny, and will finish out the week here.

Monday evening Mrs. Fielding had a small evening party for Mr. L. Davies, M. P. who had arrived from Charlottetown. Mrs. Davies was among the guests at Mrs. Daly's ball on Tuesday evening.

Sir George Leach, father of Colonel Leach, R. S. is spending a short time at Oaklands with his son.

Mr. Porter and Herr Maxwell the new violinist have arrived, and work at the conservatory begins at once.

Mrs. G. S. Tiving who has been spending some time with Mrs. Brewster, south Park St. left this week for New York.

Mrs. Ambrose and her daughter sister Catherine of St. Margaret's Sisterhood, left on Saturday for Boston.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Roberts gave a very pleasant little tennis party at Fernwood, the day being perfect for outdoor amusements.

On Thursday afternoon invitations were issued for a small but very well picnic, the host being Commander Bayley of H. M. S. Blaker.

A small sailing party which was to have been given on Saturday afternoon by Captain and Mrs. J. Taylor Wood for their guest Miss Shoemaker, was put off by the sad news received of the death of a near relative of the latter. Miss Shoemaker left on Saturday for home.

Mrs. Mellor leaves very shortly for England, and will be much missed by many friends she has made here.

Mr. F. Jones also leaves on Saturday for England. It is a long while since so large and brilliant a dance has taken place in Halifax, as that given by Mrs. Daly on Tuesday evening. People were very punctual in arriving, and the reception room was absolutely packed with a dancing throng at a very few minutes past nine, for every one arrived at precisely the hour named.

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Daly received in the drawing-room, the dining-room being given up to supper, and partially closed off by screens.

All the arrangements were good, would be to use a rather feeble expression about this dance, for no pains nor trouble had been spared in any way. The accommodation for people who "sat out" was perfect. The rooms, upstairs, all connecting, were lit with colored lights, filled with comfortable chairs, and made lovely to two senses, by the quantities of flowers, which were placed everywhere.

In the garden was a large marble, connected with the house by a well carpeted walk, and delightfully furnished inside with not only chairs and lights, as is the evil custom of the measure at a dance, but with tables, flowers, a floor and a good thick carpet underfoot. Any retreat more unlike the traditional text at a dance cannot be imagined, and it was too much appreciated by every one who found it out.

The ball room was prettily decorated with flowers and ferns massed in banks on the mantelpieces and other safe places where no ungainly dancer could deposit them on the floor, and at the lower end of the room the band of the King's regiment was stationed. The music was good and the dancing very energetic, but for which the total absence of long trains among the very smartest women in the ball room accounted for in a great measure.

It was altogether an evening in which smart gowns predominated, and one of the handsomest in the room was worn by the hostess, who was looking particularly well. Mrs. Daly's dress was of a very pink shade of bellflower silk, with a great deal of a much darker shade and a great deal of lace. Mrs. Daly has a charming gown of dark white, with light green velvet and a little gold about it. Lady Hopkins was looking very smart in white, which, by the way, a very great deal was worn by debutantes and others.

Mrs. Leach was very prettily dressed in black embroidered with pink silk, and a very nice looking neck and shoulders. Mrs. Leach's jewels were much admired, being quite the best in the room. Mrs. A. F. Kenny was in blue and pink, and Miss K. Kenny looked well in a pretty frock of the latest color. Mrs. Lambington, one of the new comers of Halifax society, wore a pale blue gown with a front of beautiful gold embroidery of Indian workmanship. Mrs. Hamilton was especially lovely in pale blue, as was Miss Kinneer who looked pretty in blue satin

New Autumn Dress Materials.

We have opened during the last few days and are now showing a LARGE AND HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF New Dress Materials, FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR, IN ALL The Newest and Most Fashionable Goods.

—“And Exceptionally Low in Price.”

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The North American Life.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, ESQ., PRESIDENT. WM. McCABE, F. I. A., L. L. B., MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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and are issued by the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE, the first Canadian Company in the country to adopt the Tontine System, which the public has shown a marked preference for, and has become so popular that nearly all the Companies (several of them after denouncing it for years) now issue Tontine Policies in one form or another.

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Financial Strength.

The assets of a Life Company, however large they may be, cannot be regarded as the strength of the institution, for the assets are in reality only debts due to existing policy holders, but what ought to be looked to is the Percentage of the General Surplus of Assets, and this is the essential point. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE compares most favorably with all the leading Life Insurance Companies, either American or Canadian.

This fact can be readily ascertained by referring to the Blue Books issued by the Insurance Department at Ottawa. A portion of THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE'S Record for the past five years:

Table with 2 columns: Policy Type and Amount. Insurance in Force 1887: \$ 6,974,390.00; Insurance in Force 1892: 12,053,080.00; Surplus for Security of Policy Holders 1887: 114,895.00; Surplus for Security of Policy Holders 1892: 541,635.00; Assets 1887: 542,318.99; Assets 1892: 1,421,981.80.

T. B. LAVERS, Provincial Manager, St. John, N. B. MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, St. John, N. B.

trimmings with bunches of pink roses. Among the young ladies making their first appearance were Miss Weeks, who was dressed in white; Mrs. A. Doucette, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Look at this Offer! HALF PRICE.

Stock in all Departments Complete.

O. Skinner.

Call early and don't get disappointed as stock is limited.

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MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, the Central Book Store, A. H. Jones, Main street, and by J. E. McCoy.]

Sept. 13.—The new pipe organ recently brought to Moncton has been instrumental in starting a regular boom in musical education.

One of the organists—Prof. W. Harry Watts—is due the credit of furnishing us with our first "Choral Society." The concert last spring was largely appreciated, and from the increase of talent being added to the organization which is again starting, (the first meeting being held last Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall), it is evident that they intend to out-do their former efforts.

Following the importation of the organ came a large number of music teachers, all of whom seem to be prospering, and no doubt, their instructions after the effect of which will be commensurate, will bear fruit later, and I am sure Moncton, will at least, in the musical line.

Mr. C. D. Thomson left Friday night to visit the World's Fair.

Mrs. Marion May O'Doherty, of Boston, formerly of Moncton, is in town, she will give an art recital in the Opera House on Wednesday evening. Mrs. O'Doherty has been spending the summer in Shelburne.

Mr. W. W. Wells, C. C. left on Sunday morning for Boston to take evidence under commission in the case of the Joggins railway against the merchant's Bank. From Boston Mr. Wells goes to visit his mother.

On Friday night Mr. A. H. Jones left for Toronto. Miss Mary Haddow of Boston was in town last week for a few days the guest of Mrs. S. McKean, Main street.

Miss Edith Nae returned last week from a two month visit to friends in Toronto, Ottawa and Niagara.

Mr. Frank Holstetter who has been home visiting his mother Mr. Elliott, Boston street returned to St. John Tuesday.

Mrs. Roberts was looking remarkably well in St. John Tuesday.

Mr. Simon of the I. C. R. office is spending a few weeks with friends in St. John and Fredericton.

Mr. Geo. J. Robb city clerk, left Friday for a driving tour through the country he will be absent two weeks.

Miss May Col. of St. John is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris.

Last Thursday Mrs. A. H. Jones went to Sussex to spend a few weeks with friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ross returned on Friday from their trip to the World's Fair.

Mrs. George McCreaney left Thursday for Chicago accompanied by her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fry, of Summerside P. E. I.

Mr. Fred Fowler of St. John is visiting his friend Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Faulkner left Thursday night for Chicago to take in the World's Fair.

Dr. DeBartens, George McInerney M. P. and E. G. Evans left Friday night by Quebec Express for Ottawa on business in connection with the Bepoutche and Moncton Railway.

Mr. J. E. Price, District Superintendent of the I. C. R., is in town Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Marie returned last week from a long visit in St. John her former home.

MAUGERVILLE.

The many friends of Mrs. Harvey Atkinson will be glad to know she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. W. C. Ross, who has been relieving Mr. R. M. Stevens at Truro, returned to Moncton on Wednesday.

Miss Lyons and the daughter of Mr. J. M. Lyons, Mrs. J. C. Lyons, have returned from Halifax, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. R. W. Simpson has recovered from his illness and left town for Montreal on Monday night.

MAUGERVILLE.

Sept. 12.—The many friends of the Rev. H. E. Dibblee regret to learn that he is confined to the house with a lame ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Burpee are visiting friends at the Lake and Managerville.

Mrs. R. A. McFadden has returned home after an extended visit to Fredericton and Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Faulkner left Thursday night for Fredericton and Lincoln.

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ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

Sept. 12.—St. Mark's church was filled to the doors on Wednesday evening to witness the marriage of Miss Frances M. Mann and Mr. Charles A. Spofford of Lynn, Mass. The bride, who is a brunette, looked lovely in a bridal toilet of white cashmere, with veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of white flowers tied with long white ribbon.

The bridesmaid, Miss Mann, wore a very pretty Empire gown of light blue and carried a bouquet of pink flowers. The groom was attended by Mr. Jack. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. E. Smith, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Spofford left on Thursday morning for their home in Lynn, Mass.

Mr. Dan Gillmore arrived from Montreal on Friday and left on Monday accompanied by his little daughter, for a trip to Halifax.

Mrs. George Hill and son, Milawa, St. Stephen, Mrs. Galiside and children, Alaska, are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Epps and Miss MacVicar gave a very pleasant party on Friday evening, at the residence of Miss Epps, in honor of Miss Ida Ward and Mr. Desloup.

Mr. Read of Harvey, Albert county, is the guest of Mrs. James O'Brien.

Mr. J. F. Kenny was in blue and pink, and Miss K. Kenny looked well in a pretty frock of the latest color.

Mrs. Hamilton was especially lovely in pale blue, as was Miss Kinneer who looked pretty in blue satin

trimmings with bunches of pink roses. Among the young ladies making their first appearance were Miss Weeks, who was dressed in white; Mrs. A. Doucette, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black; Mrs. J. F. Kenny, who was dressed in white and black.

Monday afternoon saw the very close and exciting finish of the garrison tennis tournament when Major and Mrs. Maycock beat Captain Alexander and Mrs. Charles Hoy by one game and a very even fight indeed.

Monday evening Mrs. Fielding had a small evening party for Mr. L. Davies, M. P. who had arrived from Charlottetown. Mrs. Davies was among the guests at Mrs. Daly's ball on Tuesday evening.

Sir George Leach, father of Colonel Leach, R. S. is spending a short time at Oaklands with his son.

Mr. Porter and Herr Maxwell the new violinist have arrived, and work at the conservatory begins at once.

Mrs. G. S. Tiving who has been spending some time with Mrs. Brewster, south Park St. left this week for New York.

Mrs. Ambrose and her daughter sister Catherine of St. Margaret's Sisterhood, left on Saturday for Boston.

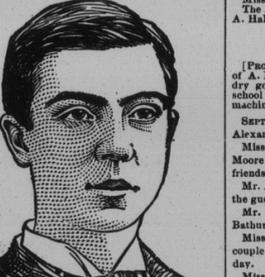
On Wednesday afternoon Miss Roberts gave a very pleasant little tennis party at Fernwood, the day being perfect for outdoor amusements.

On Thursday afternoon invitations were issued for a small but very well picnic, the host being Commander Bayley of H. M. S. Blaker.

A small sailing party which was to have been given on Saturday afternoon by Captain and Mrs. J. Taylor Wood for their guest Miss Shoemaker, was put off by the sad news received of the death of a near relative of the latter. Miss Shoemaker left on Saturday for home.

Mrs. Mellor leaves very shortly for England, and will be much missed by many friends she has made here.

Mr. F. Jones also leaves on Saturday for England. It is a long while since so large and brilliant a dance has taken place in Halifax, as that given by Mrs. Daly on Tuesday evening.



Mr. Herman Hicks of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year

Caused by Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTION

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

REAR ROOMS.

Offer!

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anner.

McLean have the sympathy

of the people of Campbell

C. A. Landry has gone on a

of Dorchester, is visiting her

of Dorchester is also visiting

YANKEE TOWN TOPICS.

THE WAYS MASSACHUSETTS HAS IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The System of Aldermen and Councilmen—How it Works—A Sample Town Meeting—Points for St. John Voters.

LOWELL, Sept. 12.—Some months ago a member of the Lowell common council died, and an election was held the other day to decide upon his successor.

Not one person in one hundred knew an election was being held, yet it cost the city several hundreds of dollars to elect a councilman for a term of three months.

It was very much like a St. John municipal election, when people have to be dragged to the polls; where people do not seem to care who is elected to office, but kick like steers when the tax bills come in year after year; when people who become almost frantic over a Dominion election seemed to think nothing of municipal affairs, in which they should be as much interested as in ones private business.

Here a different state of affairs exist, for as I stated some time ago local politics are run on national lines, and there are always two opposing parties in the city government. One watches the other, and the result is beneficial.

Then again they have a common council and a board of aldermen, the former elected by wards and the latter by the city at large.

There is always talk about abolishing the common council, but the present form of government finds popular favor, and there is much to be said which would warrant its continuance. I heard it stated not long ago that nobody could name a "job" to defraud the city, which had originated in the common council, while scores of them had been started and often times worked successfully by the aldermen.

The members of the common council are as a rule young men, budding politicians who enter it as a stepping stone to higher office; who take an interest in the affairs of the city, and are willing to remain silent for a year, perhaps, while they get the run of things, and learn enough to enable them to hold their own in debate.

The older members do most of the talking; and the new men, of both parties get along swimmingly under their leadership, for there are seldom any "breaks" on either side.

It is only of recent years that young men have been able to obtain recognition in St. John, and the few who have succeeded in getting elected to office have put a new aspect on provincial politics. Here in Massachusetts the younger men have a hand in almost everything; from municipal to national affairs, and they usually come out of the fray right side up. "Boy candidates" are plentiful enough, so plentiful that youthfulness is hardly ever referred to in a campaign, and the young fellows take their stand alongside the bald-heads and wise-acres, and count for something too.

However, talking about the common council, the word "common" means something. The young men who compose it get right down among the common people; they know them, know their wants; know what they expect, mingle with them, and are their true representatives.

The aldermen, on the other hand, elected by the city at large, are better known; business, or professional men, who are supposed to take a broader view of public affairs than the young men who represent the people of some particular section, and have not the opportunity, or experience, which would give them that "weight" necessary in a body of men who shall give the final decision in matters numbering thousands and tens of thousands of dollars of public money.

So, one body acts as a balance for the other, and when a measure passes both and is signed by the mayor, it is more likely to be all right than it would be were it decided by a body of men all powerful, few in number; so few that a wily contractor could smile upon them all and cover them with soft soap in a single afternoon.

Not long ago, I heard ex mayor Hart of Boston, who is now a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, say in his opinion more wisdom, more bright ideas, and more good suggestions for the public good originated in the city of Boston than any body with which he had ever come in contact.

Up this way, the country town meeting is looked upon as the model form of government, and it is claimed that the common council of the city government is the nearest approach to it possible.

These meetings are very different from those held in the country towns of New Brunswick, where public affairs, on much the same principal as those of the cities.

A town meeting in Massachusetts is decidedly interesting, and during the last eight months I have had the pleasure of attending a number of them in different parts of the country.

The town hall is one of the sights in every village, and often times it is a picturesque little building, of which the

people are proud, even if it has placed the district head over heels in debt.

In it, however, all the questions of the day are discussed at that town meeting, and one man is as good as another.

The "town warrant" is prepared and printed before the meeting, and everybody gets a copy of it, long enough beforehand to discuss at the village store, the railway depot, or around the hearthstone, every proposition it contains.

In some places there are bitter fights between different sections of the town, as regards the location.

Of a school house for instance, or whether the children of a certain section shall be driven to school or walk it; or perhaps there will be a big factory in one part of the town, and the other a farming district, and the operations and the farmers will have different interests.

About 20 miles from Boston, there is a very pretty little town called Billerica, which comprises Billerica Centre, North Billerica, East Billerica, and a whole lot more other Billericas, the town being divided pretty much as I have described. The result is some pretty warm town meetings.

The town hall has a large room with a platform at one end and a railing for voters to pass through much the same as those usually found in front of a ticket office.

On the platform sit the moderator, the selectmen and the town clerk, and in the body of the hall all the people.

When the warrant is read everybody is at liberty to discuss it; mill operatives deliver addresses that would astonish a St. John alderman, and an old farmer will talk more horse sense in a minute than a lawyer-alderman would in an hour,—and they do a vast amount of business.

Not long ago there was a bitter war in Billerica, which will go to show how the people of a town up this way fight for their own interests.

The north and the centre were divided. The fight was bitter. The mills of the north shut down to give the operatives a chance to vote, and all the farmers of the centre mustered in larger number.

The north wanted their children to be driven to school, and the farmers wanted money expended on the park at the centre. The town couldn't afford to do both, and the fight was to see whether the north or the centre should have its way.

A lot of side issues entered into the question, and the discussion lasted until night-fall. The farmers were defeated in regard to the park appropriation, and the north thought it would have everything its own way, so some of the voters went home before dark. The farmers captured the meeting and defended the north, on the school question; then had the park appropriation reconsidered and got that too.

This is the way they go at it in some of the country towns, but the great point is that every body can have a say in affairs of the town. When a vote is taken the people speak. There is very little show for outside parties who want to fleece the district, for it would be pretty hard to buy up every body in the place.

The system of government is looked upon as the best possible and the common council of a city is thought to be the nearest large community can get to a town meeting.

The question of local government is always being discussed no matter where one happens to be, and today in St. John the people are voting with a change in view.

Here in Lowell the people will vote on a revision of the city charter a month or so hence, and if the revision is passed some very radical changes will be made.

Hitherto the alderman had been elected for one year. The new charter proposes that they shall be elected for two years, and that a certain number of them shall retire each year.

By this means it is intended that a complete change in the Board will not be possible each year; that there will always be members fully informed in regard to public improvements unfinished at the end of a year, and new men will not have to take up work where others left off.

In St. John under the present system, there is very little possibility of a complete change in the board of aldermen. The new association may bring it about, and the foregoing idea will be appreciated.

STRANGE GODS.

The post-office in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives, that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter-boxes are worshipped.

A man will post his letter in a box, and then shout out its destination to the presiding spirit, whom he supposes to be inside; while others will humbly take off their sandals while approaching the receptacle, go through the various ceremonies of piety before and after posting the letter, and finally place a small gift before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humanity.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring time. "Ah yes," said the wee miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

HALIFAX SCHOOL BOARD.

CLEAR CUT PICTURES OF THE MEN WHO COMPOSE IT.

They Rival the City Council in Their Ideas of Liberal Expenditure—Inside Facts Told in Plain Words—Good and Bad Points Shown.

HALIFAX, Sept. 14.—PROGRESS has given some attention to extravagant civic expenditure in Halifax, and has merited the approbation of prudent citizens in doing so. There is great need of caution, and if people would only think for a little, the seriousness of the situation would be more fully realized. Ex-Mayor Mackintosh is a leading broker of the city, and one who is well able to form an opinion. He says the fact that a loan advertised for by the city for weeks, and which at the end of that time received no offers, except one for half the amount, at a very high rate, should set people thinking. He holds that when a city's debt is equal to 10 per cent of the assessed value of the property, then it is time to "call a halt." That is how the proportion of debt and property stand in Halifax today, and he asks the public to draw their own conclusions. Notwithstanding this, our reckless aldermen go on spending every cent they can get. One of the most wasteful things they are doing is tearing up fairly good brick sidewalks and putting down concrete pavements. The latest example of this is a sidewalk along the west side of Granville street past the Herald office, where alderman Dennis is employed. A good enough sidewalk has been there, but to please certain parties possibly his employers of the Herald, Alderman Dennis used his influence to have thousands of dollars spent there, not satisfied, as he certainly might have been, with squandering over \$60,000 in the suburbs, where he had property which he wished to improve in value. Dennis knows how to work the oracle.

But the city council is not the only body that is extravagantly spending the citizens' money. The board of school commissioners for Halifax find no difficulty in parting with \$101,500 a year. Every year the amount demanded by the school board increases. Improvements, no doubt, are introduced from time to time, but the property of the city does not warrant those "improvements," which are profited in mainly by the more well-to-do people, rather than the poorer tax-payer. The supervisor of schools for the city is largely responsible for the sudden manner in which the high water mark in school expenditure has been reached. A considerable proportion of supervisor McKay's time is taken up apparently in devising something new in connection with the school system, and something which invariably adds more to the taxation. But it looks as though the supervisor had reached the end of his spending tether. There are men in the school board now, whose chief reason for holding their seats is that retrenchment may be accomplished. Though they are yet in the minority, their influence is being more and more felt.

PROGRESS some time ago gave a pen and ink sketch of the members of the city council. A similar effort on behalf of the school board will probably furnish interesting reading, and enable people to see what chance there is for a more economic administration of affairs in the future. The board consists of twelve men with the secretary and supervisor. Six of the twelve are aldermen, appointed by the city council. They are commissioners Duggan, Hubley, Wier, Eden, Morrow and Ryan.

PROGRESS has already described them in their character as city fathers, and the representation holds equally true of the six school commissioners. The other six are appointed by the provincial government. They hold office for a term of three years.

Are they, with the aldermen, the kind of people to properly spend \$101,500 annually, and keep that outlay from increasing? Look at them.

The chairman of the board, J. H. Symons, in the first place, has only the remotest idea how a meeting should be conducted. Unless the board runs with perfect smoothness he absolutely loses control of it and looks on helplessly, though fitfully he tries to appear authoritative. He made a fortune in the tobacco and fishing tackle business on Granville street in the old times, when there was no competition. Mr. Symons has for some time been retired from the business, satisfied to draw his dividends from the Gas Company and the Union Bank in both of which institutions he is a director. But educationally he is far behind the age—though perhaps fully abreast of the times—say Columbus.

Some time ago in discussing a certain question he remarked that that was a result of those "modern public schools, which teach so much more than they should." The three R's are all the instruction that should be imparted, in his opinion, in the schools, but Mr. Symons has not strength of character sufficient to do more than protest. He let matters drift. His great public achievement was securing the chairmanship of the board, to do which he had to de-

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Rainbow or Loie Fuller effects. Fancy Mixed Hopsacking. Hopsacking—plain colors, Basket and Straw weaves. Ombre striped Hopsacking. Fancy suiting, leading colorings, the new Honeycomb weaves. Shot Boucle, with colored spots. Fancy Diagonals, two-toned colorings. Broadcloths in all the fashionable shades—see our special line at \$1.00 per yard. Shaded Striped Boucles, Fancy Wool Mixtures. Fancy Granite Suitings. Striped Skirtings. Moreen Skirtings.

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Always something new and interesting in it for you. We change every week in a weekly and every day in a daily. Watch them closely for the good things we tell you about.

The half price sale of men's suits closes today.

OAK HALL, The Big Store on the Corner. SCOVIL, FRASER & Co., King St. St. John.

feast Alderman Wier, the leader of the Anti-Archbishop party in the board. Personally Mr. Symons is a kindly man, affable and good-natured with benign countenance and is very well liked by teachers and public. If there is a tie on a question of expenditure Mr. Symons may be depended on to cast his vote to keep the money in the treasury.

Mr. James R. Cragg is a pronounced Liberal in politics. He is a Roman Catholic and a peculiar combination of liberality and narrowness in his ideas. While Alderman Wier is the enemy of Archbishop, Commissioner Cragg, on the other hand, is his Grace's champion. Whatever will please the Archbishop will certainly please Commissioner Cragg. Apart from semi-religious matters Mr. Cragg is progressive and enterprising. He is a well-informed, intelligent man, and is one of the rising business men of Halifax. He goes in for generous expenditure on the educational system.

Commissioner E. W. Bremner, is a member of the firm of Bremner Brothers, commission merchants. He was appointed a member of the board for one thing only, and that was to vote for the erection of the new Brunel street school building, which carried by a majority of one, contrary to the wish of Archbishop O'Brien. Mr. Bremner never thinks of expressing an opinion in the discussion at the board, but has a happy faculty of looking very wise. His high forehead, with hair well brushed back, enables him to do so effectively.

Commissioner Bremner has been heard to speak, though when what he said consisted of half a dozen platitudes rather ungrammatically, but carefully expressed. He says economy must be practiced.

Commissioner Archibald S. Mitchell is, perhaps the most intelligent man on the board. He is upright and conscientious. Though he is not a great speaker, what he does say is to the point. First, last, and always, Mr. Mitchell seeks after retrenchment. If anything can be dispensed with without absolutely impairing the efficiency of the school system Mr. Mitchell is strongly in favor of that course. He wants to see the most rigid commercial principles adopted in school management, so that nothing shall be paid for if not received, and no money shall be spent for that is not positively necessary.

Commissioner W. J. Butler is a man who thinks he is destined to shine in the political arena. He is a young man of great ambition, and is said to have some ability concealed somewhere about him. He thinks it merely a question of time when he will loom up as a prominent figure in the liberal party in Canada. His father was Hon. James Butler, a merchant prince of this city in his day, and W. J. inherits his father's fortune. The fact is that Mr. Butler has some friends who share with him the belief that at the next general election he will be a colleague at Ottawa along with the Protestant member. At all events he wants to be a candidate. As a school commissioner Mr. Butler makes an average success. He poses as an educationist who knows nearly as much as any other two or three on the board.

Commissioner Longard makes the sixth

of the government appointees. A man of set and decided opinions, and wonderful self-confidence he is feared on the board more than he is loved. He has a funeral and melancholy cast of countenance, which induces caution when one meets him, and sends precautionary cold shivers through the person who suddenly meets him for the first time. But he is a well-meaning, conscientious member of the board. A liberal in politics, Mr. Longard has a strong tendency to look at everything through party spectacles, though he is not worse in that respect than some of his conservative fellow commissioners. He and commissioner Butler are the double team which leads the anti-archbishop crusade in the Russell street school business, and there are many who, with good reason, say it was politics that started them both in that direction quite as much as principle. His Grace is a conservative in Dominion affairs. Commissioner Longard was some years ago an alderman and now the burden of his song very often is: "When I was in the Council." He is not a spendthrift in school matters.

There are two paid officials of the board, though only one is needed. The secretary could easily do his own work and that of the supervisor. R. J. Wilson is the secretary, and Alex. McKay the supervisor. Were the offices combined \$1400 a year would be saved; there would be less friction in school management, and the efficiency of the schools would be just as effectively maintained.

Secretary Wilson is a peculiar man, a stickler for usage and method, and likes to put in his word at meetings of the board. In this connection the commissioners like to snub him, and they do it. He is an old-time teacher and looks just like a pedagogue. He is cordially disliked by teachers and school janitors, and if he can impose an additional burden upon them Mr. Wilson is sure to load it upon their shoulders. But he is a hard-working man, and painstaking official.

Supervisor McKay, also, may be hard-working in a sense, but a great deal of his labor is mis-directed effort. It is he whom citizens may largely thank for the vastly increased expensiveness of the school system of Halifax. He was not a success as a teacher, and it was a good thing for the high school when he was removed from that institution. He has high-flown ideas in regard to education, just the opposite of those of Chairman Symons, and both gentlemen are extremists. The evils of Mr. McKay's extremism is that it has become unbearably expensive.

Autographs that Sell High. The signature of Christopher Columbus can always find a buyer at \$800. The one letter written by Corneille which fetched \$600 and an epistle of Raphael's to some fair dame \$300.

Moliere never seems to have written a letter; his signature alone is worth \$300. The one letter written by Corneille which was ever in the trade was sold to Mr. Alfred Morrison, the great English collector, for the sum of \$800.

The value of any particular letter varies exceedingly. Thus Napoleon I.'s last letter to the Empress Marie Louise was sold for \$800, yet one of his ordinary letters can be bought for \$100.

Royal autographs always command a certain price. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. signatures are worth \$200.

CONGO CANNIBALISM.

Terrible Atrocities in Some Portions of the Dark Continent.

The accounts given by the Belgian explorer, M. de Meuse, of the state of affairs on the upper reaches of the Congo show that atrocities and cannibalism of the most terrible nature are practiced there still. During the three years and three months M. de Meuse was traveling in the country he everywhere saw that human life was held in the slightest possible regard—indeed, human beings, both men and women, were for sale in every village for the purpose of being killed and eaten. The individuals who were slaves appeared indifferent to their fate. They invariably had a look-like branch of a tree-twig round their necks, which prevented them from walking about. Purchasers could come and select which part of the living man's flesh they would buy, and when the poor fellow was killed the flesh indicated was apportioned out. This practice prevailed in every village, and "tom-toms" were sounded to tell people of the approaching slaughter. The victim sat down with the tree branch round his neck, and was generally killed by a sharp instrument being thrust into his side near the heart. Every effort was made to prevent the body losing blood, so that the flesh would be more moist to eat.

Cannibalism was practiced throughout the whole district. The bands of slaves organized by the Arabs, whenever there was a scarcity of rice or other food, subsisted on their fellow creatures. This was carried to such a pitch that after a fight the natives would whip out their knives and cut two pieces of flesh from any of their comrades who had fallen. The fleshy part of the thigh was selected, the men putting the human steaks in their pockets, intending to cook them at night time, and continued on their march. Then again, when these marauding bands were travelling, they frequently run short of food. On such an occasion there are several of their men sick, and one of these they kill for food. Scarcely a week passed during M. de Meuse's journey but he had to fight with the natives, whose weapons were arrows. On one occasion he lost thirty-five of his men out of fifty, and had to fall back on a large Arab village for safety. He calculated it would take three generations to lapse after the introduction of civilization before cannibalism could hope to be eradicated.

An Epitome of a Tragedy.

Eugene Aram was a Yorkshireman, born at Ramskill, in 1794. He received very little education, but showed a desire to learn, married young and settled at Netherdale, and there studied Latin and Greek. In 1734 he removed to Knarsborough, where he taught school for eleven years. In 1745 a friend of Aram, named Daniel Clark, suddenly disappeared, and Aram was accused of being an accomplice in some suspected swindling operations. He was acquitted however. Then he deserted his wife and travelled about as an "usher" in various schools. In 1759 he was at Lynn, in Norfolkshire. In February a skeleton was dug up at Knarsborough, believed to be that of Clark, and Mrs. Aram hinted that her husband and a man named Houseman could explain Clark's disappearance. Houseman was arrested and declared that the particular bones were not Clark's, but he offered to show where Clark's body was. A skeleton was found where he said, and Aram was arrested. Houseman testified against Aram, who, under the law, had no counsel, but conducted his defense with great ability. He could not rebut Houseman's testimony, but he attacked circumstantial evidence in general. He was convicted, however, and before his execution confessed that he had killed Clark because of an intimacy between him and Mrs. Aram. He tried to commit suicide, but failed, and was hanged August 6, 1759. Hood has written a poem on the story, Bulwer a novel, and Wells a play—

IT IS A CHESTNUT NOW.

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR HAS BECOME VERY COMMON.

People Who Stay at Home Are Tired of Hearing of It—One Who is Exclusive Has Something to Say About the Matter—How to Spend Thirteen Cents.

I scarcely know whether I shall be expressing a popular sentiment or merely courting unpopularity if I venture to say that most of us are getting very tired of the World's Fair? Of course I don't mean to assert that those who have been there, or are there now, have grown tired of the great exposition because I have not had much opportunity of judging, but I mean we who are staying at home, and looking after the interests of Canada, from a short instead of a long range, are getting very weary of being asked if we have been there, and if not, when we are going, or, most aggravating query of all, "Why are you not going?" just as if people had nothing to do in this world but decide where they wanted to go, and then go!

A story is told of a lady who suffered much at the hands of her friends during the Centennial exhibition some years ago, because her means would not permit her to indulge in a trip to the Mecca of '76. People who had been there gave her quantities of excellent advice as to what she should wear, when she went, how many clothes she ought to take, which was the best, and cheapest hotel to stay at, and many of the more kindly disposed insisted on presenting her with a sheaf of cards setting forth the advantages of the particular hotel they had taken under their especial patronage, generally adding—"just show one of those cards to Mr. Fleecem the proprietor, and tell him you got it from ME! He will be sure to do everything in his power for your comfort there because I told him when I was leaving that I would be sure to send all my friends to his house, and he said I might rest assured that they would be treated as if they were presidents of the United States. So just mention my name, and you will be certain of the best of the house contains."

People who were on the verge of departure invited this long suffering woman to join them and come right along without even waiting to pack up; and those who were not going until later in the season recommended her to wait, and join their party. So at last patience ceased to be a virtue, and forbearance did not count at all, and when the next person asked the sorely tried woman if she had ever been to the Centennial, and when she was going and why she was not going, she looked quietly into her tormentor's eyes and answered haughtily "because it is getting to be so common, that it is really like going to the theatre on Saturday night, positively vulgar! The really exclusive people are those who stay at home, and have the idea of lowering myself by following the common herd." Didn't the visitor wilt? she simply collapsed and left her stay at home neighbor complete mistress of the field; why she was almost ashamed to say she had been at the fair, after that, and the heroine of the occasion pursued the same policy on several subsequent occasions, with triumphant success.

Now I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am exclusive too, and I am not going to make little of myself by going to the World's Fair! I shall stay at home and be aristocratic even if I don't have a very good time, and I would advise all the other maids and matrons who cannot go to do the same, it will be so much more distinguished than a mere vulgar enjoyment of the beauties of the Fair, and we should be perfectly certain to be disappointed because we have heard so much about it, and everyone knows that no reality ever quite fulfilled the anticipation of it.

Of course you will laugh girls, and want to remind me of a fox, who lived in ancient history, on account of his philosophic views about grapes which grew just out of reach. But I have always thought poor Iheynd taught us a valuable lesson on contentment, which entitled him to more honor than he has ever received, he could not get the grapes at all so he resolved not only to take his defeat cheerfully, but actually rejoice over it and make it a subject of congratulation.

Remember that we, who are condemned to remain at home are spared the trial of seeing many lovely things we could scarcely afford to buy, and even if we bought we could never carry home. Remember that physicians say their visiting lists are crowded with the names of women who have come home from the Fair worn out mentally, and physically with the over fatigue they have willingly endured, in their efforts to see everything there was to be seen, during a brief visit to the White City; and that these medicines also say, their trade will be brisk for months to come, in repairing the ravages which the World's Fair fever has wrought upon many feeble constitutions. Remember also that if you are a Canadian you stand an excellent chance of bringing home a choice sample of malaria amongst the other souvenirs of your visit, because over fatigue and a low state of vitality, are just the most favorable conditions for catching it. And last of all, remember that there are numbers of others besides yourself, who cannot go, and that it always pays better in the end to make the best of things, and, like the genial old gentleman who was prevented from going to the Centennial, comfort yourself with the reflection that you are not able to attend the next one yourself, your great grandchildren will probably be there to represent you.

By the way, anyone who has not been to the great Fair and who wishes to obtain the best idea of it which I have yet seen, will do well to invest thirteen cents in the September number of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which is the World's Fair, number and has been devoted almost entirely to giving its readers the best possible description of the great Fair. Articles from such distinguished people as Walter Besant, Julian Hawthorne, Murat Halstead, and ex-President Harrison, present vivid word pictures of the chief points of interest while nearly a hundred fine illustrations give so clear an idea of how everything looks,

that one can almost imagine herself on the spot. I have just finished re-reading this delightful number. So it is no wonder I am inclined to wax enthusiastic on the subject, and while I am upon it, perhaps it might be as well to remind all the readers of PROGRESS that this excellent magazine may be had for the trifling sum of 85 cents a year, provided it is taken in connection with PROGRESS. Just think of it! a magazine which some years ago would have been impossible to obtain under four dollars a year, and which is almost a liberal education in itself, for such a trifle! so try, and get some friend who does not take PROGRESS now, to give you a subscription for it, add 85 cents of your own and you will secure one of the best magazines published in America.

EMIN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

What Has Become of the Child Whom All His Affections Clustered?

When it seemed no longer possible to hope for the safety of Emin Pasha, the first thought in the minds of many people must have been: "What has become of little Farida?" This was Emin's little daughter, and she was idolized by her father and accompanied him in all his journeys.

While Emin was Governor of the equatorial province of Egypt he took unto himself as wife a beautiful Abyssinian woman. He was a devoted husband, and his wife was worthy of his affection. She was a woman of gentle nature and of superior position in her own country, and she had the famous Governor lived happily together.

Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The boy died soon after he was born, and, to the great relief of Emin, the mother died soon after giving birth to the little girl. When Emin welcomed Stanley and his relief expedition, on the shores of Albert Nyanza, Farida was about four years old. One of the best and smartest of the hundreds of Egyptian women in the province was her nurse and guardian; but all the time that Emin could spare from public affairs and his scientific pursuits was given to his little girl.

Mr. Montenegro-Jepson, who lived long with Emin before they went to the coast, says that Emin was very much devoted to the child, and was still feeling deeply his wife's death. "The little Farida is all that is left to me in the world," Emin said. Jepson says that Farida was a very pretty little girl not dark in complexion than her father, and greatly resembling him. She lived in a large, comfortable, and nicely kept hut, surrounded by a pretty garden, in which were many orange and custard apple trees in full bearing.

Farida was a happy and contented little girl as long as her father had no great troubles to bear him down. But the day soon came when rebels arose in the province, and they finally took Emin prisoner, and for weeks they debated the question what they should do with him. It was in those troublous days, when the Governor was not permitted to send any word to his daughter, that the rebel chief went to see Jepson, accompanied by his nurse.

"Why have you not brought my Baba to see me?" she said in her childish distress. She knew that something was wrong, but could not understand what it was. A few days Jepson, who had been released by the rebels, was about to return down the Nile to the place where Emin was imprisoned, and Farida came to say good-by to him. Taking a necklace of beads from her neck she gave them to Jepson.

"Take them to my Baba," she said. "They tell Farida that had men down in Dufule do not give my Baba much to eat. Tell him to take these beads and buy chickens with them."

"Poor little thing!" said Jepson. "What European child 4 years old would have thought of such a thing?" Emin asked Jepson if anything happened to him to take care of Farida. In the end, however, a part of the rebels relented and Emin was released, and soon after, with a small part of his followers he started with Stanley for the coast. A hammock was extemporized out of two big beds, which were slung on a large tight bamboo and carried by two men. In this conveyance the child was carried all the way to the coast. While Emin was preparing to start he wrote a letter to Jepson, in which he said:

"I am greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of my girl; she is of course, here and kisses your hand."

"Two of the most respectable Zanzibari chiefs," says Jepson, "had the honor of conveying Emin's daughter in a hammock to the coast, and several armed porters were detailed to help his servants to carry his luggage."

59 AND 18.

TWO EXPERIENCES IN KEMPTVILLE OF INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mr. Hugh Brownlee Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica After Much Suffering—Miss Della Main's Suffered From Trouble Incident to Girlhood—Her Case Critical—How She Found Relief.

(From the Kemptville Advance.)

One of the best known men in the county of Grenville and the adjacent county of Carleton, is Mr. Hugh Brownlee of Kemptville. Mr. Brownlee was born in Carleton county in the year 1834, and until about five years ago resided in the township of North Gower. Having by industry and good business ability acquired a competence he determined to retire from the somewhat laborious life of a farmer, and taking up his abode in a beautiful home in the village of Kemptville, has since continued to reside here. It is well known to Mr. Brownlee's friends and acquaintances that he has suffered for years from Sciatica of a violent form, and it has lately been understood that he has at last been relieved from the pangs of this excruciating disease. Recently while in conversation with Mr. Brownlee, a reporter of the Advance asked him to give his experience for the benefit of other sufferers, which he gladly consented to do.

"You are aware," said Mr. Brownlee, "that most of my life has been spent upon a farm, and in addition to farming I followed the business of buying cattle, sheep and lambs. In doing so I was exposed to all sorts of weather and over-exertion, which brought on severe attacks of sciatica. I suffered for about ten years, trying all sorts of powerful remedies, but without doing me a particle of good. During this long period of suffering I was deprived of much sleep and many a night I tumbled about in bed nearly all night long suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact I was rapidly approaching the condition of a chronic cripple. I had tried so many remedies that I was becoming discouraged, and almost despairing of obtaining relief. While in this condition I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the pills for some time without any noticeable results, but feeling as if they were a last resort I continued their use. Then came a slight change for the better, and every day added to my steady improvement, until now I am nearly as well as I ever was, being almost entirely free from pain. I am still using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and feel confident that my cure will be permanent. You may be sure that I am grateful for what Pink Pills have done for me and I am only too glad to bear testimony to their merits. Indeed I believe they deserve of every good that can be said of them."

Mrs. Brownlee was present and said that she, too, could vouch for the beneficial effects derived from the use of Pink Pills. She had suffered for nearly four years with terrible sciatica, and the reporter next asked her how she was relieved. Mrs. Brownlee said that she had been afflicted with the disease for nearly four years, and that she had been almost entirely free from pain. She had the greatest confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and believes them the greatest medicine of the age.

A YOUNG LADIES EXPERIENCE.

Having heard that Miss Della Main, a young lady who lives with her parents not far from Mr. Brownlee's residence, had also been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, the reporter next called upon her. Miss Main is a handsome young lady, eighteen years of age, with the glow of health in her cheeks. In reply to enquiries, Miss Main said that some two years ago she began to be affected with weakness peculiar to many young girls. Her face was pale, she was troubled with heart palpitation, and the least exertion led to a feeling of great tiredness. She had good medical treatment but without getting relief, and at last her condition became so bad that her parents and friends feared she was going into a decline and almost despaired of her recovery. At this juncture Miss Main was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an untailing specific in cases of this kind. Having lost all confidence in medicine, Miss Main took Pink Pills irregularly at first, but finding that they were helping her she began to take them regularly according to directions. From this time up improvement in her case was steady and rapid, and after the use of a dozen boxes she found herself fully restored. "I believe," said Miss Main, "that it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be alive today, and I strongly recommend them to all girls who find themselves in a condition similar to what mine was."

Miss Main's mother was present and fully endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she fully believed Pink Pills had saved her life.

Mr. Angus Buchanan, druggist, who is also reeve of the village, was asked if any Pink Pills are sold. His reply was that they have a larger sale than any medicine, and still the demand steadily increases, which is the best evidence that Pink Pills are a great remedy, and there can be no question of the great good they accomplish.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an untailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, restores the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions, and relieve the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from

mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes covered with the firm's wrapper and made mark. (Never a loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Long Sentences to Prison.

The longest period of imprisonment to which a prisoner has been sentenced is three thousand and thirty-eight years, that having been the sentence upon Don Jose Galinda, Mayor of Alba, who had been convicted of falsifying public documents and of forgery. The trial took place at Valencia in July last, and the prisoner, having been convicted of the offences charged against him, under 21 separate indictments was sentenced to 217 terms of fourteen years each, making in all the very formidable total of 3,038 years. It will certainly puzzle the officials how to make their prisoner serve even a hundredth part of it. If the convictions had taken place in this country, the whole of the sentence, or all but two of the terms, would have been directed to run concurrently; but either this was not allowable under Spanish law, or it did not occur to the judge to see direct. In Texas, recently, a man was sentenced to ninety years' imprisonment for the murder of a city marshal. Major Bernarde, who conspired against the life of William III of England, passed upwards of forty years in gaol and died there. A longer instance, however, occurred in the Colony of Victoria, in Australia, where a man died in prison in 1891, aged 101 years, who had spent the last seventy-one of them in gaol.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Love is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS

I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish, N. S. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie, N. S. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

Faith overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eye only to the end.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal, a Bridge of Sighs;

But Putnam's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health

Which all sick men should prize.

A loud hallooish shout does not glorify God half so much as a quiet smile bestowed upon some unfortunate one.

Misplacement of a Comma.

A popular captain's wife was more than usually anxious over the safety of her husband, and accordingly handed a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morning, bearing the words—"Captain Wilson, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Unfortunately, by the misplacement of the comma after the "sea," the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation on his behalf."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Lovely Closets.

Mrs. B.—"Dear me! What lovely closets this flat has!" Agent—"Madam, those are not the closets. They are the bedrooms."

BARCLAY FOUNTAIN SYRINGE.

Two Quarts, Three Hard Rubber Pipes, Six Feet Rubber Tubing.

Quality considered, the lowest price Syringe on the market. Will last as long as a Syringe double its price.

Send for Illustrated Price List to

Moore's Drug Store,

Cor. Brussels and Richmond Sts., St. John, N. B.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Bostwick deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, and Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in said Decreeal Order mentioned and described as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called).

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scammell and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 6 of Records, pages 416 and 418, and therein described as situate (and being) in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Decreeal Order of the said Court, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgiana Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of Messrs. Wilson, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill.

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated the 8th day of August, A. D. 1893.

CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity.

J. TWING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor.



SURPRISE SOAP DID IT.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap gives the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too.

Surprise is stamped on every cake.

Beauty is Skin-Deep.

The best way to realize this is to take a suit, old, shabby and faded, and let Ungar dye it. Your old suit will get a new skin, and one which cannot fail to meet with your approval. UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Feathers, Gloves, Dresses, Suits and Curtains when cleansed and dyed by Ungar are bound to give satisfaction.

One Trial Convinces.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Urean's Steam Laundry and Dry Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

UNCAR'S.

COMPARING BABIES.



is apt to result in a difference of opinion, but all nurses agree that the only safe Soap to use for the babies' delicate skin is BABY'S OWN. See that you are not imposed upon by any of the imitations extant which your grocer may be dishonest enough to say "are just as good."

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

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ALWAYS INSURE PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAIDING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st. 1891.

Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000

Reserve for Unadjusted Losses..... 208,831 17

Reserve for Re-Insurance..... 1,618,908 88

NET SURPLUS..... 1,617,078 88

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$5,624,814 73

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HAROLD PERLEY, GEO. F. CALKIN,

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B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

Sunday Reading.

A CHILDS KISS.

A Touching Incident Related of the Death of "Bounty Jumper".

He was a bounty-jumper and had been shot down, while trying to escape from the guardhouse. He was a burly, big man, fierce of look and rough in speech, and when they brought him into the hospital he cursed and raved in a way to make you chill.

"Bahl! What of it! The only favor I have to ask is that you keep sniveling away. I want no prayin' and singin' about me!"

He had been a wicked man, he boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the Bible and religion.

Men and women came to speak with him, so that he might not die as a dog, but be mocked and cursed them. We who were watching for the end saw the shadow of death when he realized that life was ebbing, but still he cursed and reviled.

An hour before he died the wife of a wounded sergeant came in to visit her husband. She brought with her a little fair-haired girl 4 or 5 years old, and as she talked the child slipped away and wandered up and down the aisles to inspect the coats and their occupants. A score of us tried to coax her nearer, but she was coy and bashful. When she reached the cot whereon lay the bounty-jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him.

When he saw her a smile flitted over his face and the fierce light died out of his eyes for the first time. He beckoned her to approach, and to our great surprise she hesitatingly advanced until she stood beside his cot. The mother rose up in alarm, but the nurse whispered to her not to call the child.

"Is you sick?" queried the little one as the man reached out his hand and touched her golden curls.

"Aye! child, I'm dying!" he whispered.

"And ain't you got nobody to speak to you?"

"I didn't want them."

"But you said, didn't you?"

"Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shot just like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ise so sorry! I guess I'll kiss you!"

As her lips touched his cheek the death-rattle in his throat frightened her, and she ran away to her mother. The kiss was still warm when her eyes closed, his head fell back, and he shivered and died.

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse.

Aye! it was wonderful. The hard lines had melted out and there was a smile hovering about the mouth. That savage expression which had intensified as the hours passed, and the end came nearer, had been kissed away by the little child. But her mother would have died cursing his God. Mayhap, in the seconds between the kiss and the dissolution, he had asked for mercy.

Parental Authority.

Let no one imagine that a child's faults are only those of immaturity, writes Charlotte Whitton Calkins. Without the cardinal virtues of truthfulness and obedience, it is impossible to build up anything like character. The commands may be few—the fewer the better—but once given they must never be disregarded. Punishment of some sort (and the writer is a believer in gentle measures) must as inevitably follow disobedience as the setting follows the rising of the sun, and this without regard to consequences, whether trivial or important, of the disobedience.

Opposed to such firm and decisive exercise of authority, are two kinds of interference with a child's development. One is the interference which comes from an earnest desire that the child shall grow up free from all possible defects in mind and body. The most anxious watchfulness is maintained. Nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the parental censor. The child is trained till all mental and moral spontaneity are lost, and he becomes at best a mere automaton, moving only as the strings are pulled.

The other form of interference is a kind of haphazard way of thwarting a child's plans and wishes, with the vague idea that, if we are not so doing, we are failing in our duty. "A child must be governed" is our theory. His tastes may be reasonable, his plans involve no harm, but we may have an uneasy sense that we are not doing as we should, unless he is made to feel all the time that he is under our control.

Besides the two classes of over-authoritative-parents, there are, of course, always those who fail to recognize that any control is needed, who throw off all sense of responsibility under the impression that somehow or other their children will grow up and "come out all right."

The whole difference between over-government, and no government, may be summed up in the remark of a friend in commenting upon two young people, just emerging from childhood:

"The daughter would have made a fine girl if she had not had too much mother; and the other is almost as badly off, though there is more hope for her, because she has had too little mother!"

Thus it will be seen that even the gentlest rule the world knows—the rule of a loving parent—may be abused, to the child's hurt.

Every Day Religion.

There is as much necessity today to seek and save the rich as the poor. A very rich man in a certain city heard me preach, and sat in front of my pulpit, and some inspiration gave me courage enough to take my wife, and calling a cab, to drive out of town a little way and go after him. His wife and himself seemed to enjoy our visit very much; we had a talk of half an hour, and it came around to the point where it seemed a desirable thing to pray with that man, and I suggested it might be pleasant if we had a moment's prayer before we went away. When he got up from his knees tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he said, "I want to thank you for doing that, for you know my wife and I have lived together for thirty years, and had our own home, and no man ever came to pray with us before." It is necessary to go after folks to save them. Under the present condition of

things there is no necessity for any church to have empty seats if Christians but follow out the spirits of the New Testament, and go after people and seek for them, and save them.

We must convince people that we are not only seeking after souls, but that as men and women we are interested in everything that interests them. The expression, "saving souls," gets to be a cant expression. Many people drift away from the church because they believe it is a canting expression. I have heard a man speak with unction about saving souls, who had drawn 90 per cent dividends from a company that meant destruction to the men and women living there. The Master was always anxious about the bodies as well as the souls of men; he was as careful to heal them of fever, and make the lame man walk again, as to save souls. You cannot read the life of Jesus without feeling that he was interested in men and women as well as souls. And I have found that all the souls I have been able to reach and save have lived in human bodies, and it made a great deal of difference whether they had three square meals a day or not; it made a difference what kind of work they had; whether they were treated justly or not. We are dealing not with souls simply, not with something vague and ethereal, but with men and women in the flesh; and if we can convince them that the people in the church are interested in them as men and women you can fill your church. They will come.

The Drink Curse in Africa.

Mr. C. H. Harvey, who has spent twelve years on the Congo in Missionary work, writes in a recent number of "Regions Beyond" from Baza Maneka, of the awful havoc which strong drink is making among the natives of Africa. He says:

"My heart is much pained and my soul stirred by the present ravages of drink among the natives—of course I do not refer to the Christians. The sad thing about it all is that the drinking habits here are only the beginning of evil, and are bound to become, if not grappled with soon, a very abominable desolation to these perpetually wronged people. I know that one weak voice cannot make itself heard sufficiently to effect any restraint upon this 'all-powerful interest.' Oh, that the Lord would make it speak! Still, if the Christians in England and America get to know the facts of the case and speak out about them, I do not fear the ultimate issue. European nations are more guilty to-day than they were half a century ago, for it has now been demonstrated that to introduce liquor among aboriginal tribes means nothing less than their perdition and extinction."

"I was especially struck during my recent trip down country, and during my stay at Matadi, with the awful strides that the drink traffic is making in this country. Wherever you go you see the natives engaged in the one pursuit of buying, selling, or drinking the 'malala monopu,' or gin. On my way down country my carriers could talk of nothing else but where to buy it, the price, etc., etc., and it was evident that their chief aim in getting cloth for carrying was that they might spend it in liquor. At the Lower Bridge, where we stayed the first night, they succeeded in buying some gin, and not only they, but the six or seven other caravans camping there were almost to a man the worse for drink before they fell off to sleep; whilst good numbers were carousing far into the night."

Rich for a Moment.

The ship Britannia, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large lot of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for the men was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off when a midshipman rushed back to see if anyone was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted he. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man: "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a man a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can clap to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. They will continue and will afford joy and comfort when earthly riches are useless.

The Hidden Motive On The Ring.

Years ago, a lad returning home from school, picked up a gold ring. The owner could never be found, and the lad said to his mother, as he committed the ring to her care, that if ever he were married he should like to have it for his wife's wedding ring. Years passed by, and, in a little village church, his youthful wish was fulfilled. But the ring had a special mission to accomplish. Looking carefully at the ring soon after finding it, the lad discovered that it had engraven on the inside the motto: "God's providence, mine inheritance."

The lad pondered over the words and thought to himself, how great was the blessing they described. "Yes," he said to himself, that shall be the motto of my life: God's providence, mine inheritance; that means God's love, God's care, and will be my estate, my riches. I shall be rich and happy indeed, if all my life through I have God to love me and provide for me." In this way he received the message of the ring; and the motto taken for life was marvelously fulfilled. On his tombstone is cut a representation of the ring, with the motto upon it. Beneath his name was inscribed the last text which he was ever able to read: "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." (Psa. 73:24.)

The Missionary's Enemy.

A pathetic lament comes from Mr. Whiteside who is laboring at Baitundu, Africa. In writing to the American boards he says: "The other day hearing that the king had called his council together, I wanted to see what was going on, and I saw there about 200 men waiting anxiously the arrival of a trader. He soon came and with him a keg of whiskey. After filling a few bottles, which the king put aside, the rest was distributed to the crowd. It is said to see how anxious the men are for the whiskey, and not only the men but the boys as well."

"About a year ago when at the ombala (the king's village) as they were drinking whiskey, I noticed how one little fellow, not more than eight or nine years old, a bright little lad, managed to get as many as a half-dozen little drinks. I learned that he was the king's son, and by his head wife, and this is the reason that they were so ready to give him some of their whiskey. The effect on this little fellow is clearly seen. He has lost much of the brightness of his looks, and Mrs. Woodside says he is like a half-drunken man. Another of the king's sons, who has been coming to the ombala school and is remarkably bright, seemed rather stupid one day, and Mrs. Woodside asked him what was the matter with him, whether he was drunk, and he said he had been drinking whiskey, but that he would not do so again."

"A few weeks since I found Muenekalia the man next to the king, at whose place we have our meetings, very much the worse for liquor. I have told him plainly of it afterward, when I found him sober. He admits it, says it is bad, and that he will not drink any more, which promise he faithfully keeps until he can get more, when he drinks as before. I think that whiskey drinking will be a very great hindrance to our work at the ombala, and more and more so throughout the country, especially among the old men."

Honor the Dear Old Mother.

Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek—but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips which have kissed many a sweet tear from the childish cheek are the sweetest lips in all the world.

The eyes dim, yet it glows with the rapt radiance of a holy love which can never fade.

Oh, yes, she is a dear old mother. Her hands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is they will go further and reach down lower for you than any other can earth.

You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you can never mount the scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you.

In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall despise and forsake you—when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of all her virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disgraced by vice.

Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—The Bugle Call.

A Boy Philanthropist.

A society in Paris makes an annual gift of a gold medal to persons who have distinguished themselves by acts of kindness and in honor. At the Lower Bridge, where we stayed the first night, they succeeded in buying some gin, and not only they, but the six or seven other caravans camping there were almost to a man the worse for drink before they fell off to sleep; whilst good numbers were carousing far into the night."

"During the last twenty-five years," writes a missionary, "Persia has suffered from two scourges of cholera, two of famine, one of black plague and one of war. While these have had damaging effects upon business interests of all kinds as well as upon the distribution of Scriptures, we have reason to believe that the people have learned some valuable lessons. One effect has been to break down deep-rooted Moslem prejudices against Christians in general, and missionaries in particular. Another is the gradual and manifest weakening of the Moslem church in fatalism. During the first stage of cholera, few of the 'faithful' fled from the city; in last summer's epidemic every one who could, did so. Again, the exemption of christian communities from fatal cases of cholera has been most marked. In the Croomiah field, with over two thousand church members, not one communicant died of the cholera—

only one in Tabreez, one in Teheran, none in Halmas. This leads the Moslems to question whether they may not be mistaken in their doctrines. They say to one another: 'If these unclean infidels are spared so remarkably, while we, the faithful, are swept away like flies, what are we to think of God? He is great. Possibly they are correct and we are mistaken.' Such things lead us to believe that a rich blessing is in store for this interesting land."

A System Worthy of Imitation.

It is said that the people of New Zealand look down upon copper coins and will never use them if they can help it. An English clergyman who had one day taken the place of another preacher in Auckland says that in the collection of something over eight pounds there were two hundred and fifty-six threepenny pieces and only four coppers.

It is well understood that these smaller silver coins will be used in church collections that the threepenny pieces have received a name.

One day a young lady wanted some small change from a chinaman, who was the family grocer, and he drew out a handful of coppers.

"No, no, I don't want that!" she said. "Ah, I see what missey wants," said he. "Churchy money!"

And he handed over a quantity of threepenny pieces.

A Livingstone Tablet.

The Royal Geographical Society of England some four years since, appropriated a sum of money for a present to the chief Chitambo, who was so kind to Dr. Livingstone while living and who permitted the removal of his body after his death. They also prepared a bronze plate to be affixed to the tree by the side of which Livingstone died. Mr. Frank S. Arnot undertook to convey the present, but transferred his charge to Lieutenant Franqui, who has at last accomplished the trust. The bronze plate has the inscription: "Livingstone died here, May 1, 1873."

Longfellow and the Young Man.

It is said that when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a professor in college he gave as motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best that is in you." We cannot vouch for the anecdote and do not know what its authority, but the thought it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man. One says, "Have a good time, never mind to-morrow;" the other says: "Love not pleasures, love God; this is the everlasting yea." One seeks to gratify desire, appetite, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right.

Byms by the Thosaid.

Says London Tid-bits in its chats with readers:—"G. B., is a collector of hymns, and possesses considerably more than 20,000. Yet he modestly asserts this number is insignificant compared with the collections of some hymnologists. We should have thought that they were scarcely more than 20,000 printed hymns in the language. Perhaps any reaper with a larger collection will communicate."

Heaven smiles with love and admiration on those who seek to cheer the desponding heart, or lighten by act, or word, or look the burden borne by the weary soul.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house." Psalm 116, 18-19.

"They that feared the Lord shall have one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Malachi 3, 16.

"And another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Revelation 20, 12.

"Save me, O God; for the waters are come unto my neck. I shall not die, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." Psalm 69, 1-2.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: Be thou my strong habitation, where I may continually resort." Psalm 71, 1-3.

"And Jesus said: I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never thirst; and he that believeth on me shall never hunger; and he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6, 35-37.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11, 29.

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OLD GIPSY FAMILIES.

NAMES OF NOTE IN THE HISTORY OF OLD SCOTLAND.

Found Camping on the Ground Made Famous by Great Writers—What Camp Life is Like—Walks and Talks in Quaint Old Corners and With Odd People.

LOCKERBIE, Scotland, Sept. 1.—Tramping over the hills which separate the Land of Burns in Ayrshire from the Land of Burns in Dumfriesshire, on a vague and indolent sort of pilgrimage to the birthplace of Carlyle in Annandale, I came upon a little band of Scottish Gypsies among whom were some old and prized acquaintances. I found them in the nest-like hollow of a winsome brae beside the winding Annan river. They were between Jardine Hall and the ancient clachan, Applegarth, where Edward I., on his way to the siege of Caerlaverock, made oblations at the altars of St. Nicholas and Thomas a Becket, in the once noted but now extinct Applegarth church; and I could just see, as I was tramping southward along the great turnpike road from Carlisle to Glasgow, the hoods of their tents and their "whummeled" or upturned carts in ragged outline against the blue sheen of the gentle river below.

My impulse was to press on to Lochmaben or Lockerbie for the night; but there is I, fear, that taint of Gypsy blood within me that ever draws me irresistibly to this outcast, vagabond race. I resolutely turned my face to the south. After a little I halted. A tiny coppiced hillock had hid the brown tents. Where I stopped the road wound with the river bank. I looked back around the brae. I saw now the camp-fires; the pots hanging from the kettle-sticks; the bairns romping among the donkeys and dogs; some men stretched lazily upon the sward; and swartly women crouching over their daily gossip together. This banished my resolution. All my own vagabond sentiment for the life of the tent and the road swept in upon my heart like a tide of home-coming cheer. In a moment more I was being hugged, actually hugged! by a score of gypsies, men and women; receiving royal greetings of welcome; and soothing as best I could shrill reproaches for having had the thought to pass them by. And yet this down in simple recital, for it led to my being conducted by a Scottish Gypsy, prince to the ancient home of a Scottish patriot king whose ancestral habitation was here in the very heart of beauteous Annandale.

Between Esbale on the east and Nithdale on the west lies this sweet and pastoral Annandale. Though not among the most noted, yet it is still one of the most lovely valleys of the Scottish Border. To the leisured and sentimental pilgrim tarrying among its pleasing scenes, it appeals with goodly fascination. It is but a tiny vale 30 miles long; the river Annan, from which it takes its name, having its source in the Hartfell mountains, and winding with gentle flow through and between characteristic Scottish villages, its banks dotted with humble crofts, larger farmsteads, and all the lang syte features of Scottish country homes. Though the valley is accorded no special fame among the Scottish people themselves, and is scarcely ever visited by tourists, to me it seems that in a few particulars it possesses extraordinary interest.

Within the distance of one day's tramp across five parishes through which winds the gentle Annan, can be seen one of the most ancient and certainly one of the most historic, castle ruins of Scotland, the first home in Scotland of Robert the Bruce, at Lochmaben; the birthplace at Annan of the greatest and most unfortunate of all Scottish preachers, Edward Irving; the wonderful phenomena of the tide of the Solway Firth, which are perhaps better observed from the great Annan viaduct connecting England with Scotland than at any other spot along the Solway shores; and the birthplace and burial place of the one philosopher, critic and essayist who has undoubtedly left a deeper impression upon intellectual minds in great Britain and America than any other individual who ever adorned and perplexed this country—crabbed, crafty, mighty and glorious old Thomas Carlyle.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when I found my Gypsy friends. Many of the band were absent. Those who remained were chiefly old men left to mind the camp and potter at all manner of tinkering upon broken donkey carts, donkey gear that required mending, and pans, pots and kettles which were being renewed in true tinmith style for peasant housewives round about; many young chausvies (Gypsy children) at all sorts of rustic games, fairly dressed and roystering happy; and the gaunt old spawies, too far advanced in years for the labors and artifices of the road, who still always serve to hold the reins of good government in any Gypsy camp well in hand, while bravely preparing the evening meals against the younger wanderers' return.

During the interval I had leisure for examination of the picturesque camp and time for learning much of the ways and annual journeyings of this single community of Scottish Gypsies. There were twelve tents and half a dozen "whummeled" carts. The whumming of a Scottish or northern English Gypsy cart means the turning of the same upside down. This, with the addition of a blanket or some fir branches, makes a capital roof under which to pass a summer night. Altogether there was accommodation for from two to three score Gypsies. The hollowed birch chosen for the camp always had its patch of sunlight, which Gypsies dearly love. Larch, fir, and a few fine ash trees were at either side; and the purring river, convenient for campside needs for men and beasts, from which a

luscious fish could occasionally be legally taken, as their camping place was duly visited from the laird of the manor, was almost at their feet.

Here were representatives of all the Scottish Gypsy families of note—the Dumbar, East, Galls, Baillys, Boswells and Blythes; most of their descendants from Clydesdale and Yetholm Gypsies whose progenitors figured, if not in the history, in the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland. They were originally potters, packers and tinkers. Their olden capital city was the now deserted village of Yetholm, by Bowmont-side where the Tenth Hills stand out from Scotland's view the wild Northumberland moors and the hated field of Flodden. In olden times they made much of the rude dell ware used by the Scottish peasantry. They still journey into Staffordshire, England, over the old Liverpool, Carlisle and Glasgow coach road, dealing in the cheaper and "faultry" porcelains, and occasionally trading with the gentry in "Minton" and "Wedgewoods." Now they have their winter homes in Dundries, Annan, Lockerbie and Glasgow; and before the snowdrops fade from the roadsides and the hedges in their olden haunts, they are to be seen in their olden haunts. The men trade and dicker at the horse and cattle fairs, some pursuing their olden calling of tinkering and oser work; while the women sell willow ware and trinkets and dukler (tell fortunes) among the guidwives and lassies of the Scottish peasantry.

Wanderer as I am, it was like a delicious home-coming to see the genuine Gypsy belongings that were here. There, were the rude forges that could be slung under the creaking carts. There, innumerable odds and ends of the real tinker's craft. There, the camp-fires, which, low as they may smolder, are never allowed to wholly go out, because they represent an ever loyal trace of olden Aryan fire-worship. There, crouching by cart, or tent, or fire, or on haunches at the camp entrance, as if sentineling the glad eventide return of absent masters, were the brave, loyal, gaunt and voiceless Gypsy dogs. Here and there were the kettle-sticks, like an old mother's stout old sheaf stretched over bows of ash and fastened with polished oaken skewers; all so snug and strong that no ordinary storm can wreck these tiny Gypsy homes.

By and by as the shadows lengthened the camp gradually began to awaken with returning life. The first rays which had entered the day through, were renewed by the now bustling old Gypsy women, and the pots and kettles sung merrily of good things to come. Gypsy men and women began coming into camp from all directions, and nearly all came single or in groups to the tent I had been allotted to camp in, the welcome I had been given as the "Gorgie Chal" (the non-Gypsy friend of the Gypsy) who was already known for his wanderings with their "brothers and sisters" in the far-off, wonderland, America. Nearly all brought trophies of the day's outing. Women who had been among the outlying farms were laden with poultry, butter, eggs and cheese, knots of homespun yarn, and many an article representing hours of toil, which had been exchanged for a bit of gibberish and a "fortune."

While the camp was thus renewing its eventide life an activity, a little commotion near the roadside attracted my attention. Gypsy men and women seemed disputing excitedly. On going to the group I found a rough-looking fellow being pulled towards the camp by some, while others were attempting to force him back to the highway. I earnestly went the protestations for hospitable treatment, but they were the denunciations and protests. The man's face was familiar to me; but a shaggy beard and an unusually woe-begone and hang-dog appearance for the moment prevented a recognition. He looked at me appealingly, and at the same moment one of the Gypsy women cried out: "Ye're na prince o' the Nokkums (provincial Yetholm Romany for Gypsies). Ye're gang t' the diel a' t'gither!" I knew him then. It was Prince Robert, by royal right king of all the Scottish Gypsies, but so hopeless a tramp and vagabond that he had become a permanent outcast of this outcast Romany race. The women were the most implacable; but I carried white coin and kind words among them, and soon had Prince Robert's admittance to the camp assured. Then I made him wash in the river; got some presentable Gypsy gear upon him; saw that he was shaven and shaven by my own hands; and brought him a penitent and comfortable, if not an altogether welcome guest to our Annandale evening meal.

On the morning of the second day I left my Gypsy friends by Annandale with vagabond Prince Robert for company. Some discourse among the Romany crew touching upon Scottish Gypsy family lines and their antiquity prompted the remark from an old spaw who outcast Prince Robert's blood had the strain of the Bruce's in it, through his mother, Esther Faa Blythe Rutherford, late queen of all the Scottish Gypsies.

"Then yemicht weel gae t' your forbar's, King Robert's, auld castle hame, at Lochmaben, an' tak aries (pledge) t' mend your ways; or ye'll na ha' strae-death (a natural death) at t' end!" tauntingly replied another.

The whim seized Prince Robert to do it. I had never seen the old castle ruins, and it easily came about that we should go together; and we departed after many solemn adjurations from the Gypsies that I should refuse all pleadings of Prince Robert for liquor, or, in the event of yielding to his certain demands for drink, about the him "weel lickit in Lochmaben gaol," rather than to permit him to return to the Annandale camp.

burgh of quaint old granite homes, with thatched roofs, inhabited by quaint old granite-faced Scotch folk. Great square houses, great square doors, and great square windows with great, square blacked faces in them, tell the story of olden opulence, older border prowess, and present indolence and decay. The place was once full of hand-loom and thrift. To-day so deserted and lifeless seems the burgh that your own foot-fall on its ragged and uneven stones impels you onward, with an almost startled sense of fear.

About a mile from the ancient town, on a thin-shelved peninsula which extends into the lake called the castle-loch, we found the ruins of the grandest fortress the Border ever knew. The lake upon the shores of which the ruins stand, as well as all others of the pretty group, have low, sedgey shores. In these are found the venetian fash, from five to six inches in length nowhere else discoverable in Great Britain, of a brilliant silvery appearance, and in anatomy and flavor much resembling those famous American ciscoes, which in June attract such host of anglers to the shores of Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin. They are the most delicate fish known to the British gourmand. Their heads are extraordinarily marked, in a puce-colored transparent stance, with the perfectly defined figure of a heart, through which, when freshly caught, the brain can easily be seen. Prince Robert disclosed a curious bit of superstition concerning this heart shaped figure in the head of the vendace. Every one remembers the pious pilgrimage of James Douglas with the heart of the dead king, in an effort to reach Jerusalem the precious relic might be buried in the Holy City; and after that the tragic death of Douglas and his friends, Sinclair and Logan, the heart was buried in the king's heart was recovered, and was sepulture in Melrose Abbey. There is a lingering belief with the superstitious among the Annandale peasantry that the figure of the heart in the head of the vendace fish of Lochmaben is of miraculous origin, and represents the pious act of King Robert the Bruce and the heroism of his loyal friends.

Along the haughs and moss-banks of the lochs the deadly adder lurks; and the peasantry tell you that these dreadful reptiles are kept down by their implacable and venomous herons, which are certainly continually seen dodging in and out among, and hovering over, the surrounding reeds and mosses. Whether or not it was the original residence of the Bruce, succeeded by David I. in 1124, or an enlarged structure built in the thirteenth century, it covers a sixteen acres of ground, and is known to have been abandoned and abandoned before the invention of gunpowder, and the stupendous and magnificent pile, and the care and perfection with which it was built attested in the immense walls still traceable and in the fact that though its masonry has been exposed to the elements for 600 years, one will scarcely be able to break the stone itself as separate by strike with a pickaxe, and the stones and mortar with which the walls were constructed.

A mighty host of reflections and historic memories crowd upon the onlooker here. For not only was the fiercest of border wars waged around about the castle's once mighty walls, but it was the very spot the compact between the two claimants for the Scottish crown, which led to Scotland's eventual greatness, was made. It was to this spot Bruce came in his flight for his life from Edward's court. And it was here, after Red Comyn's peridy was discovered, that he sought refuge, to avenge that treachery with Comyn's blood, before the very altar of ancient Gray Friars Church. There came his coronation; at Stone; his first defeat; almost the extinction of his family; his own wanderings and wanderings like a beast of the forest; his brilliant and glorious patrimonial castle here; and then all the glorious romances from Glensack past Bannockburn to Inverury, and Scotia's long-time splendor, power and peace.

It seems unfortunate that so noble a ruin could not have been given better care and more of the preservation. One part of the structures of Lochmaben have been built of stone material in the majestic stone pile. Cow-houses and byre-walls for half a dozen miles in every direction disclose the source from which their material was ravaged in protruding moulding, splendid ashlar work or grinning gargoyle. It is said that a citizen of the burgh warned his abbas at an identical pair of jambs which once rested on the paternal hearth of Bruce, and the old key to the outer gate of the splendid pile, in which had been nurtured the proudest line of Scottish patriots kings, on being discovered a half-century since by the leaden-headed hind of the district, was regarded as such an antiquarian prize, as he viewed several pounds, that it was at once turned over to the Lochmaben blacksmith for conversion into a pair of utilitarian turf-spades!

Showing Him the Contrary. During the reign of Nicholas I. of Russia, the poet Relbief, accused of conspiracy, was sentenced to be hanged, like any ordinary felon. At the moment when the executioner launched him into space the rope broke, and the prisoner rolled on the scaffold.

"They do not know how to make anything in Russia," said Relbief, "not even a rope."

An accident of this kind is usually followed by a free pardon. A messenger was sent to the palace to inquire the good pleasure of the Czar.

"What did he say," Nicholas inquired. "Sir, he said that he did not even know how to twist a rope in Russia."

"Very well," the Czar went on to say, "let him be shown the contrary."

ALL BY AN ACCIDENT.

The Art of Lithography Discovered Through a Gust of Wind.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of "Don Juan," and the theatre was deserted by all save one man, Alois Sennefelder, who, after making a routine inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the night following.

When he entered his apartments he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone which he had purchased for sharpening razors; a ticket-stamp, still moistened with printing ink, and a check on the treasurer of the theatre for his weekly salary.

As he placed the latter upon the table, a gust of wind swept it high up in his room, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could, and then weighed it down with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing-stamp.

When he returned to his room the following morning, he was astonished at seeing the letters printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. Wondered whether, but some such matter, he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all know, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography.

The Oldest Newspaper in the World.

In Peking there is a newspaper entitled "Ching-Pao" (news from the capital), which is said to have been in existence since the year 740 before the Christian era. The matter published in its columns is vastly instructive. We find here, among other official announcements, the precise date on which the Emperor has decreed that the winter hat is to make way for the summer hat. Further on we read that six Chinese candidates for the office of teacher were above 90, and thirteen others above 80 years of age; from which we are enabled to form an idea as to the limits of age for examinations in the Celestial Empire. The "Ching-Pao" is especially remarkable for one thing, viz, that not a single misprint is to be found in its pages. Readers and foremen are very well paid, but the slightest error would, we are told, cost the head of the culprit—neither more nor less! Thus it comes to pass that the "Ching-Pao" is not only the oldest but the most correct paper in the world.

A Titled Chef.

Which of all European sovereigns has done the most to advance the art of dining to the dignity of a fine art? It is the Emperor of Russia. He curiously combines quality with quantity. His appetite is large and his taste delicate.

The office of imperial caterer at St. Petersburg is no sinecure. The caterer, if hard worked, is well paid. Of course the chef is a Frenchman. Strasbourg has the honor of his birthplace, and France is glad to emphasize the fact that when he had to choose a nationality he remained a Frenchman.

The Czar knew the treasure he had secured, gave him the rank of colonel, which allows him to bear a sword as well as a stepman, and recognizing his patriotic sentiments, considerably glossed over the rule which should compel his chef to be a Russian subject. Colonel Krautz, though imperial caterer to the Emperor of All the Russias, remains a citizen of France.

For Sleeplessness.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if the woman who goes shopping, taking either a whole day or a long afternoon to the work, and breaking the fatigue by long rests upon the comparatively comfortable seats provided in all shops for customers, and yet who goes home utterly tired out, with an aching head and "a broken back," as she says: I wonder if she ever stops to compare her feelings with those of the patient, good-tempered girl who served her, who answered all her questions so politely, and never murmured, or showed the least fatigue, as she took down roll after roll of heavy goods for her customer's inspection, every one of which she had to replace, and who said "good afternoon" almost as pleasantly as if the shopper had made an extensive purchase? I don't, imagining many women ever give the matter a thought, they are so accustomed to being well served that they take it for granted, and consider it only their right. More than that they would be very indignant if any salesgirl failed in her duty towards them and very probably complain to the girl's employer. And yet that girl has probably been upon her feet since eight o'clock in the morning with only an interval of one hour at the most, for dinner, and most likely half of that time was taken up in walking to and from her home, or being house, and if her day ends at six o'clock in the evening, she may count herself lucky, because in many small country towns it lasts until eight every day in the week but Saturday, and then it extends itself up to ten o'clock, at least.

Just think of it, fortunate sisters, who toil not neither spin! All day and every day spent in a ceaseless effort to efface yourself and please others, to anticipate the wishes and frequently put up with the rudeness of women who differ from you only in the one essential of having more money. To stand on aching feet hour after hour until your back feels as if it must break, to do your very best to please and then fail, watching the customer, to whom you have to sell at least twenty dollars worth, walk out of the shop with a dissatisfied expression and to know that the foot-walker is watching her too and making unfavorable mental comments upon your skill as a saleswoman and then to go home too tired to do anything but rest for an hour after tea and creep into bed. This is the daily life of some shop girls, and yet I have often heard ladies complain of their indigestion and carelessness. I wonder how many of us would manage, and whether we should display any more amiability in their places.

I think I can truthfully say that I have never yet met with an impertinent or disobliging salesgirl, and I have known only one or two who seemed indifferent to their customer's requirements or inclined to resent being given too much trouble; while I have often marvelled at their wonderful patience and cheerfulness under provocation which would try the temper of a saint.

I don't believe for a moment that women are intentionally unkind, or willingly make the lives of the working bees, in the hive of the world, harder than they should be, but the well-to-do or wealthy woman is often very thoughtless about those who serve her. Who has not watched a lady, or perhaps a bevy of ladies, stroll into a store at about two minutes before the appointed hour for closing, just as the weary shop girls are covering up their counters, and perhaps one or two have their hats and jackets on ready for departure? Of course these ladies are well aware that if they came at one minute past eight they could not gain admittance, but if they can reach the door before the closing hour they may remain as long as they please and one girl must remain to wait on them. If they were always purchasers it would not matter so much, but unfortunately some shoppers choose this time to look over goods, simply because the shop will be quiet and they can take their time to turn over everything in the shop if they please, and one can command the exclusive attention of one of the girls without feeling that some other customer is waiting her turn.

I have seen this happen frequently, and been surprised at the patience and courtesy of the much tried salesgirl, who has taken down roll after roll, and box after box of goods, without a murmur, and even bowed her forerunners out politely when they did go at last, leaving her with shelves and counters to re-arrange, and perhaps half-an-hour, perhaps more, of her scanty freedom, wasted for no purpose. I tell you "my friends" as the parsons say, that there are some tired little girls standing behind counters to-day, who are nearer being angels than we have any idea of, and they get so little credit for it too! How do I know all this, you ask? Well, one must understand something about a subject before she undertakes to write upon it, and so I have managed to be in a shop just about closing time, on several occasions, and I have noticed lots of things without seeming to be looking.

Think it over, girls who are not obliged to stand behind counters all day, and make up your minds to leave a shop in future ten minutes before the time of closing, if you possibly can; if not for any other reason, just to oblige your friend.

My dear housekeepers, I hope you will not be offended when you read the extract

which follows this, and imagine Astra is "setting herself up" to be a better housekeeper than you, and almost accusing you of having dirty ovens. I have not the least intention of being such a thing, but I was so much struck by the good common sense contained in those three paragraphs, that I thought I would give all young housekeepers the benefit of it. I really believe that most of us who depend too blind a confidence upon "the girl" would be rather surprised if we could turn the searching rays of a strong electric light, upon the innermost recesses of the oven, in our own kitchen.

**Care of the Oven.**  
The condition of the average stove oven in which food and pastry are baked is not such as to inspire admiration. In fact, a perfunctory sort of sweeping is about all the cleaning our stove ovens ever receive. In a great many cases remnants of dishes which have boiled over remain for months charred on the oven bottom.

Now, all this negligence in the care of the oven undoubtedly affects the food cooked in it. In some parts of England where brick ovens are used the walls of them are whitewashed. This purifies them, as common whitewash, it is well known is an excellent disinfectant. Of course it would not be possible to treat an ordinary stove oven in this way, as the lime would corrode the oven. In some parts of Europe the ovens are tiled, and these may be easily washed clean. There is no possible objection to washing out the oven of an iron range. If this is done systematically at least once a week from the beginning, the oven will never get in the black sooty condition in which it is so frequently found.

When anything boils over in the oven, it should be allowed to burn to a char, as it then may be easily scraped off and brushed out. After this, the oven should be thoroughly aired. It is a great mistake to bake a delicate dessert or cake or pie in the same oven with a dish of meat which has been flavored with onions or strong spices. The flavor of the meat will invariably affect the more delicate dishes. The shallow closet under the baking oven, commonly called the heating closet, where dishes may be temporarily kept warm after they are cooked, should be kept as clean as the stove oven. It is certainly a very disagreeable and hard job to clean a stove which has been neglected, but it is a small matter to keep a stove clean if you begin at the beginning and never allow it to become clogged with soot and dust and the debris of food. The flues of every oven should be cleaned out once a month.

Now that we have the oven not only swept but washed out and all ready for cooking, I am going to give my readers some recipes for good practical every day cookery, the kind which makes the least show for the amount of labor expended, but which, after all, is the very foundation of good cooking, and more necessary for us all to be proficient in than all the cakes, pies and creams that ever haunted a girl's dreams, or gave her indigestion. "No girl is fit to be married until she can make a loaf of bread," the old ladies say, and as good yeast is the first essential in its manufacture we will begin with an excellent recipe for yeast, sent me by a friend to whom I am frequently indebted for "expert advice" in my cookery column, and has sent me some of my best recipes. I give them in her own words because she makes the different processes much more clear than I could and also because every artist can explain his own methods much more clearly than another person could, and the little interpretations my friend has put in her MSS. have been of great assistance to me, so I am sure they will help you also.

**Hop Yeast.**  
A handful of hops (I use the pressed hops so a small handful is sufficient) tied up in a piece of cotton and boiled for ten or fifteen minutes in two quarts water (boiling water from the first) while the hops are boiling mix in a bowl, two tablepoons flour, make a smooth paste with a little cold water, one cup brown sugar half cup coarse salt, one dessert spoon ginger, squeeze all the liquor out of the hops before throwing them into the fire, then add the flour, etc, stirring well and boil for about five minutes. When lukewarm add 1 cent worth of sweet potato yeast (by sweet potato yeast I mean not sour, and not yeast made of sweet potato) and set to rise all night. It is fit to use in 24 hours from the time it rises. I make my yeast as early in the morning as possible boiling it and letting it rise in a porcelain lined preserving kettle closely covered and set in a warm but not hot place. After it has risen or worked for about 24 hours I pour it into a jug, cork tightly and set in a cool place for future use.

**Bread.**  
For a small batch, 2 quarts of flour, warm if the weather is cold, make a hole in the centre of the flour put in one teaspoon coarse salt, 1/2 gill the yeast given above, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, a dessert spoon of white sugar and a pint of lukewarm water. Stir a little of the flour in, just enough to make a batter, and scatter flour from the margin over the batter, cover with a cloth and set to rise from noon till 10 o'clock P. M. Then add another pint of lukewarm water, mix with a knife until it is dough and knead it smooth, adding a little more flour, or until the dough ceases to stick to the hand or pan cover with a cloth and set in a warm place to rise, and in the morning you will find your dough as light and sweet as possible, make into loaves any weight you please. I find 1 and 1/2 pound make very nice little loaves, and cut into nice sized slices. Have the bakes pans warm and let the loaves rise for an hour and put it in a hot oven for an hour, or even hour and quarter.

**Muffins.**  
3 cups of flour 1 egg, 2 tea-spoons C. Tartar, 1/2 cup light brown sugar, piece of butter size of a small egg, 1 teaspoon soda in 1/2 pint sweet milk beat all together

thoroughly with a knife, warm a pan, and muffin rings, rub them with lard or butter, put the rings in the pan and fill. This quantity makes a dozen muffins. Bake in a quick oven 30 minutes. Some split the muffins & toast them, and once eaten washed in that way, spoils one's taste for them in any other.

**Tea Muffins.**  
Three half pints, or rather one pint of half flour, three tea-spoons C. Tartar, 1/2 cup Soda, dissolved in a half pint milk or cold water, add as much more water, or milk as will make a soft dough. Roll out to about a half an inch thick, crush them into smaller rounds or biscuits, before putting them into a warm buttered pan. Bake in a hot oven, for about twenty minutes.

**To Brew a Good Cup of Tea.**  
In China they pour boiling water into a cup and turn some tea into it, and when the leaves sink to the bottom, which happens in a few seconds, they pour the water off and drink it. We, on the contrary, let the tea "stand" sometimes, even an hour, drawing-room, while in the servants' hall it is allowed regularly to steep on the stove until a brown decoction of equal strength and bitterness is ready to be served, to the detriment of the nerves of all who drink it on account of the tannin squeezed, as it is called, out of the stewed tea leaves. Now, it never allowing tea to steep in this way for more than three minutes at most, or better still, to have it made in one teapot and poured off into another.

**Improved Lettuce Salad.**  
A bowl of lettuce salad can be made to look very pretty by the use of stuffed eggs in the place of plain mayonnaise. Boil the eggs hard, then cut in half and remove the yolks. Mix this with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil. A suspension of mustard sometimes improves it. Fill the whites with this mixture and put the two halves together again. These served with the salad are not only attractive, but delicious.

**EGALITINE, St. John.**—I am afraid I cannot help you very much, as there is nothing more difficult in housekeeping than to remove that peculiarly close, unpleasant smell which seems to belong to some rooms. We moved into a house once in which we had the same trouble and could never entirely get rid of it. I believe it is caused by the paste with which the paper is put on, turning musty from not having been properly dried when the room was first papered. Have you tried burning coffee in the room? If not, take a shovell of red coals from the kitchen fire, sprinkle them liberally with ground coffee, and carry about the room frequently, or place on the hearthstone and let it burn, renewing the coffee often. Sprinkling the floor with camphor is also good, but I am really afraid the paper will not be removed before you can banish the smell. I am sorry I cannot give you the recipes for sweet pickles today, but I will hunt some up for you before it is too late in the season.

**GOLDEN ROOM.**—With the greatest pleasure. The groom and his best man drive directly to the church together and wait in the vestry until the arrival of the bride is announced. Then the clergyman enters the chancel, followed by the groom and groomsmen. The bride and her party wait in the church porch until the groom has taken his place at the chancel railings and then they enter preceded by the ushers, who walk two and two. If there is but one bridesmaid she is now called the maid of honor, and walks along directly in front of the bride who comes last, leaning on the arm of her father or some near relative who is to give her away. The groom and best man stand at the clergyman's left hand, the bride and bridesmaid at his right, and the brides father just a little behind and to the right of the groom's relatives sit at the right hand of the chancel and are thus at the right hand. The bride's relatives always precede her to the church the bride and her father being the last to leave the house. The bride removes her glove, when the ring is to be put on and hands it with her bouquet to the maid of honor, who, in return, it is to throw the bride's veil back from her face after the ceremony, at the first convenient opportunity, which sometimes does not occur until the party enter the vestry to sign the register, but it should be done as soon as possible. On leaving the church the bride and groom walk first, the groomsmen give his arm to the maid of honor and the bride's father may either escort his wife, if she be present, or the bridegroom's mother. Where there are two bridesmaids they follow the bride and groom, and the bride's father and the best man follow them, walking together. It is quite customary in fashionable circles for the bride and her maids to walk to the church, when it is very near the house and the day is fine, but if the church is at any distance the bridal party drive. Now if there is anything else I can do for you I shall be very happy, and for additional information on this subject refer to PROGRESS of last June or July, I really cannot remember the exact date, but I know I devoted some columns to wedding etiquette. Let me wish you all happiness, if the wedding is your own. ASTRA.

**It Had Its Use.**  
They had tried all the nickle-in-the-slot machines on the pier, until at last they came to one that didn't respond to their magic coin.

"Look here, my man," said Crumbles to the pier attendant, "that machine is to try your weight; the next, your height; the next, your strength; then your sight; and now I've put a penny in this thing, but I didn't see what it's for."

"That, sir," replied the pierman: "oh, that one is to try your temper, sir." And it did.

**Must Have Been in Ohio.**  
Not very long ago, troubles in a well-known family were the cause of divorce proceedings. The wife obtained a divorce. In a few months the ex-wife was again married. One evening recently, at a large reception, the two men met unexpectedly, and an acquaintance, not well up in the family history, was proceeding to introduce them. "Oh, we've met before," said the last husband; "we're husbands-in-law."

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### WAS A WISE OLD FOX.

The Pasha's Ingenious Devices to Keep Peace Among His Wives.  
One day, when I was at Constantinople, I asked a Turkish minister if it was true that the sultan had turned his back on the triple or quadruple alliance, and had given in his adhesion to the Franco-Russian instead. He replied that the policy of the Porte was to flirt with all the powers without attaching itself to any one of them, and to declare confidentially to each sovereign that it preferred him to any other. "It is the system of Ahmed Pasha," he added, "and it is the best for preservation of the peace at home. By-the-by, do you know the story of the Pasha and his forty wives?" And he went on to relate what follows, says a writer in the London Sketch.

Ahmed, a sturdy fellow from Anatolia, has covered the person of the sultan with his body in a riot of the janissaries. This act of devotion had won for him the eternal friendship of his sovereign, who showed him wealth upon him, and in the end made him a full-blown pasha.

Having to spend his days in a vast konak, which was put at his disposal by the Commander of the Faithful, Ahmed Pasha found the means of improving a Mohammedan paradise on a small scale. He had four legitimate wives and thirty-six odalisques, or slaves, who were ready to obey his every caprice.

This motley household—you would hardly believe it—was nevertheless, the most peaceful in Stamboul. Jealousy did not make consumptions of a portion of these young creatures as was the case in other harems. They never had recourse to their magicians who boasted their powers of divining the favorite, whether by shuffling cards, or throwing beans, or counting the beads of a chaplet, or looking into a well, a mysterious book, or the hand of the subject. The new crossed the threshold of Dyuymuk Hodi's cabin to ask him the secret of gaining the exclusive affection of her husband, nor did they visit the house of the witch to whom public opinion attributed the gift of warming anew the heart of the lover, by placing close to the fire a plate on which she wrote down cabalistic letters. They did not seek to rid themselves of their rivals by uttering charms on a lock of their hair, the parings of their nails, or the rents in their garments, nor in seasoning with witchcraft, if not with poison, their food and their drink. This unalterable peace was the topic of all the neighborhood, and the old Turk, looking at their heads, being unable to penetrate the mystery. One of them had the courage one day to ask the secret from the Pasha. He answered with a smile. "I have a talisman man, it is true, but it will only be a woman."

The happy mortal was pleased to call together from time to time his forty wives to the salon of the haremlik. While puffing away at his chibouk he passed them in review; he looked as proud as a cock in his hen-house, and said, laughing to himself: "I get as all beautiful, *mahabbat*, but my heart belongs to the one who has the turquoise ring. She alone is my favorite." And each one answered with a cunning smile: "Dear Pasha, to whom, then, have you offered this ring? I would have given up everything to be in her place!"

But it is written that everything shall come to an end in this vile world. One night a great commotion suddenly roused the whole quarter. Ahmed Pasha was dead, and his forty wives heaved piteous sighs over his corpse. "Ah!" cried a Georgian woman. "I shall not be able to survive my poor Pasha. He had forty wives, but he told me once and over again that I was his only favorite, and as a proof of his predilection for me he handed me in secret this turquoise ring." And she took the precious talisman from her pocket. At these words each of the thirty-nine widows displayed a similar ring, and declared that they deceased had the same declaration being made to her. The stratagem of the old fox was unmasked, but too late to alter his happiness. He had lived forty years in the society of forty rivals, and the peace of his harem had not been disturbed for an instant. T.T.S.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A letter written in London made a tour of the world in sixty-two days. The worth of a ton of diamonds at the present day is estimated at \$35,000,000. A chestnut tree on Mount Etna is the largest in the world. Its circumference is 204 feet. The sea is not of uniform saltness at all depths, for the saltness occasionally increases with its depth. The United States has produced two-thirds of the cotton consumed by the world for the last sixty-seven years. Out of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Spain, exactly 11,045,870 are ignorant of the art of reading and writing. Worn sovereigns and half-sovereigns, to the amount of £16,000,000, were withdrawn from circulation last year. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land. It is stated that no Japanese is ever guilty of swearing, for the simple reason that oaths are unknown to the Japanese language. In a square inch of the human scalp the hair number about one thousand, and the whole number on an adult scalp is about one hundred and twenty thousand. The railways in France employ 24,080 women, the majority of whom, however, receive a small sum merely for opening and shutting gates where roads cross the track. Three good washes are received by an Abyssinian during his career—at his birth, on his marriage morn, and at his death. At all other times he shuns soap and water. There are no undertakers in Japan. Each family buries his own dead in an economical manner, and the morning doesn't commence until the object of grief has been disposed of. Many of the South Sea Islanders believe that Paradise can be inherited only by persons of perfect physical forms. Where this belief prevails, a man will die rather than submit to amputation. In order to realize the size of a water molecule, you must imagine a drop of water to be magnified big as this earth, and then a molecule would be between the size of a small shot and a cricket ball. The Clothworkers' Company, founded in the reign of Edward IV., has amongst its valuable collection of plate a loving cup presented by Samuel Pepys, of "Diary" fame, when he was master of the company. Sir John Lubbock once fed some ants on food soaked with alcohol. Like human beings, they became "tipsy." When the other ants discovered their condition they picked them up and dropped them into the nearest water. Scorpions are so numerous in Durango, Mexico, that there is a bounty of sixty cents (about half a dollar) a hundred for them. The persons who are legalised to hunt for them are authorised to enter and search private houses. Once again a cure for cancer has been announced. The alleged discoverer, Dr. Patschelt, of Moscow, is about to visit Paris and describe his mode of treatment, the chief feature of which is a course of sulphur baths for two hours each day. The imperial Canal, of China, is the longest in the world, and the greatest in point of traffic. Its length is about 1,000 miles, and it connects forty-one cities situated on his banks. It was completed in 1350, after six-hundred years had been devoted to its construction. Rio de la Plata means River of Silver; Orinoco, Coiled Serpent; Jamaica, Land of Wood and Water; Porto Rico, Rich Port; Andes, Metal, especially Copper; Venezuela, Little Venice; Valparaiso, Vale of Paradise; Alleghany, Endless; Himalaya, abode of snow; Arizona, Sand Hills; Azores, a Hawk; Merrimac Swift Water; Palestine, Land of Wanderers. The interest on money is so high in Siam that when a man once gets in debt the most he can possibly hope for by the hardest kind of work is to pay the interest on what he owes. This, of course, has discouraged industry, and has encouraged the practice of allowing women to do most of the work. Man, being proud and ambitious, soon tires of industry indulged in for its own sake. The telephone is now used by deep water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head he can speak into the telephone and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work, for reporting progress or receiving instructions is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord. An ingenious general information machine has been set up in a railway station of Melbourne. By pressing different electric buttons the following among other things will appear: a list of the best hotels in the city, a list of the plays at the theatres, with their play bills, a list of omnibus routes, and the cab fares to the various points of interest. The principle of the machine is capable of indefinite expansion. The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, matures in fresh waters, and passes its adult life on land. Once a year these creatures migrate in thousands from the uplands of Jamaica, deposit their ova in the sea, then migrate to the rivers and streams, pass through a fresh-water stage, after which they follow their parents to land until the time comes for them to return to the sea to lay their eggs in turn. A "snail's pace" no longer be used as a term more or less indefinite. Those skilled in the science of "analogy" can tell you just to a dot the snail's rate of travel. These interesting facts were ascertained by some wonderful experiments in Florence, and it was all done in this way: Half a dozen of the molluscs were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Exact time was kept from the start to finish, and thus the average "pace" was ascertained. The experimenters reduced their figures into tables of feet, yards, rods, furlongs, etc., and thus found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to travel a mile.

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A TRAIL OF HORROR.

A Story of a Mad Dog and His Victims. It was after the noonday meal, and I lay on a heap of new-mown hay on the barn floor, with the doors open and the gentle breeze blowing through. The horses, with harness still on were munching their oats, in the stable, and at the door was a load of hay to be drawn in by and by. Fifty rods down the dusty highway was a schoolhouse, and the shouts of children at their games came plainly to my ears. The swallows chattered and chattered under the eaves of the big barn—now and then a humblebee came sailing about as if wondering what was going on—and from a hollow stump just back of the barn I caught the "cheep! cheep!" of young bluebirds as the mother brought them food. It was an hour of peace and good will. Lying there half asleep and too lethargic to move a finger. I thought how monstrous content I was a voice whispered that there was danger to any soul in that peaceful neighborhood. Of a sudden there was a sniffling and whining at the open front doors. I lay facing them, and had to top open my eyes to see the farmer's dog standing there looking directly at me. He was a monstrous dog in size, and for two or three days had been skulking about in dark spots and uttering low growls of annoyance when any one came near. At the first glance my heart choked me. I had once looked into the eyes of a mad dog, and instantly realized that this was another case. It terror, distress, passion, thirst, hunger, and savageness can be combined in a look, you have it in the dilated eyes of the canine when the frenzy first comes upon him and he is undecided what to do. Clots of foam fell from the dog's breast and on the floor as he worked his jaws, and every hair on his body seemed to stand erect as he fastened his eyes on mine. He may have been blind for the moment, or he may have thought me dead. Neither of the horses could see the dog, but it was clearly remembered that they suddenly ceased feeding and even seemed to hold their breaths. Instinct must have warned them.

For a long minute the dog looked straight into my eyes, and had I not been lying down I believe I should have fallen. Then he suddenly raised his head, uttered a long-drawn howl, and I heard him growl fiercely as he sprang away. A cow was approaching the barn. He hung over savagely in the air, and made straight for the house. The old farmer sat under the shade of a cherry tree by the kitchen door, smoking his pipe. He was suddenly assaulted and rolled to the ground and his right ear almost torn from his head. He knew that it was his dog, but when he rose up the dog had disappeared. He took ten steps to the gate. Up the highway there was nothing in sight. Down the highway was a school house, with a dozen children on the grass in front. Between him and them was the dog, running with his head down and uttering no sound. The old man was his eyes, and he sprang into the air, and he saw the dog dash upon the first child. He heard the screams and shrieks of fright, and then his pain and distress brought him to the ground. As you have seen a shadow lit across a field so sped this dog. None saw or heard him until he suddenly sprang into the air, and he saw the dog dash upon the first child. He heard the screams and shrieks of fright, and then his pain and distress brought him to the ground. As you have seen a shadow lit across a field so sped this dog. None saw or heard him until he suddenly sprang into the air, and he saw the dog dash upon the first child. He heard the screams and shrieks of fright, and then his pain and distress brought him to the ground.

So rang the cry from field to field and from house to barn and barn to house along the dusty highway. A few heard it in time but only a few. Here and there the dog turned in to right or left—now and then he snarled some one as he held to the road. At the toll-gate he passed a woman by; a quarter of a mile below he turned aside and bit two dogs and a cow. At the bridge he bit a woman, but passed three men unnoticed. Straight on through the long main street of the village, appearing as suddenly as the lightning, the dog came almost before the pain of his bite had been felt. He marked a victim at almost every rod. Horses, oxen, cows, hogs, dogs, men women and children—whatever living thing came in his way felt his sharp fangs, and yet he seemingly did not halt for an instant. A tiger hunted to frenzy might have killed two or three in order to escape. A mad elephant, breaking loose, has been known to kill half a dozen people before he could be shot or secured. Even the blizzard of mid-winter or the terrible cyclone of summer would have left no such trail of horror across the land.

A Grateful Hamilton Husband. Husbands are not all ungrateful, as the following letter will prove: "Hamilton, Oct. 27th, 1892. I hereby certify that the Membray Medicine Co. can use my name in testimony of the benefits resulting obtained from the use of Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure, having cured my wife of kidney trouble. It deserves my gratitude. F. H. HOFFER, 405 James St. north. Sextons are proverbially long-lived men. Not many of them, however, can surpass the record of Mrs. Sarah Kitchen, who recently departed this life at the age of ninety-three, she having been the faithful sextoness of a Leicestershire church for seventy-four years. Thus it is proved that, in still another direction, women can meet men on the same ground and hold their own.

MEM AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mark Twain's 20-year-old daughter has already written a play. It is estimated that five millions of women are earning wages in the British Isles. The Empress of Austria not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day but during the course of the evening also gets through several "terribly strong cigars."

The Empress of Austria is said to have beaten the record in regard to being a juvenile grandmother, for she was only thirty-six when her first grandchild was presented to her. When the Princess of Wales was married, the King of the Belgians gave her lace of the value of \$10,000. Since that time the Princess has gone on collecting and now her lace is worth something like \$50,000. The Earl of Aberdeen, who is to leave for Canada on September 7th, belongs to perhaps the most long-lived family in the British Peerage. The title, which was granted in 1682, still possessed by the fourth bearer in 1860.

The Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian halpenny. The teapot is made out of a German tankard, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German principalities. In addressing the House of Commons Mr. Labouchere invariably adopts a colloquial style, never attempting any flights of eloquence. To a stranger he appears to be taking the House into his confidence, and he delivers his jokes and witticisms with a most unconscious air. In the matter of parasols the duchess of York is very rich. They number sixty, and all of these, or nearly all, were made to order and are covered with the same materials as the gowns. The lighter of the parasols are covered with silk, which is then draped with lace or chiffon, or loops of ribbon. Lieutenant Peary has taken with him to northern Greenland a cote of carrier pigeons, which he will use as messengers in connection with his explorations. He does not think the birds will find it too cold, but he is a little afraid that they will have trouble with the geranium, a bird of prey found in the Arctic regions.

It is not often that a royal princess indulges in a ride upon an engine, but the Infanta Eulalia enjoyed that experience during her visit to the United States. The speed put on was terrific, and the princess thoroughly appreciated the situation. When she bade the engineer "good-bye" she was able to boast that she had ridden at the rate of a mile a minute on a locomotive. Mlle. Almee Rapin, an armless artist who drew with her feet the pastel of the Duchess of York, is a young Genevese of rare intelligence. The eldest daughter of a Swiss barrister, she as a child drew with her feet better than those people draw with their hands, and at the age of 15 began her artistic studies in one of the best studios in Switzerland. A noticeable feature of the World's Fair attendance is the presence of so many Catholic Sisters among the sightseers. They are particularly interested in the monastery of La Rabida, where the carefully scrutinized relics of Columbus and the valuable loan collection of the Pope. They themselves, in their black gowns, give a finishing touch of realism to the building. Paul, a well-known London waiter who has just retired, in his younger days served the "Cock" in the morning, Simpson's in the afternoon, Evan's in the evening, and Rosherville Gardens at night, and there is a story of a nervous leader who took a meal at each of these places in town and fled home in fear at midnight, believing himself to be possessed by a demon waiter.

No one amongst the younger members of the Royal Family takes a greater delight in assuming an alias than Princess Maud of Wales, who, when she has finished her stay in Scotland, is hoping to pay her annual visit to her late governess, now married and living in Devonshire. When she goes down south she insists upon being called "Miss Mills," and upon being treated as a member of the family. She will have no ceremony of any kind. According to the 'Figaro', the largest family in the world is that of King Siam. His majesty has two official wives, eighty-eight wives of minor order, and seventy-two children. Even if he had not been blessed with any direct heirs, the throne would not have gone out of the family, for the King has fifty brothers and sisters, and 226 uncles and nephews. The King boards his relatives, and this explains why there should be as many as 200 cooks in the Royal kitchen. Amusing stories are told of the important airs which are assumed by juvenile prodigies. Little Jean Gerardy, threatened to leave an Edinburgh hotel altogether because the landlord had put him on the second floor. And the new little girl pianist never commences to play without saying: "Are the critics present?" Max Hamburg was perhaps the most blasé of all the child pianists. He had the greatest objection to being kissed, and used to be furious with the ladies who paid this tribute to his talents. There has been a pleasant sequel to the recent incident at the Leeds Assizes, when the Lord Chief Justice sentenced a boy to imprisonment for applauding in court. At the close of the case his lordship had the boy called into his room, and told him that while he retained his strong disapproval of his conduct, he was, perhaps, wrong in not making allowance in his case; people who were better educated had set him a bad example. Thereupon he set the boy at liberty, with a half-sovereign and some kindly advice. Princess Ghika, Queen Natalia of Serbia's sister, is an extraordinary woman. Like her illustrious relation, her only child is a boy. Being passionately fond of girls in order to preserve her son's girlish appearance beyond the years of baby-donning hair, a kind of divided skirt, and a bodice with short puffed sleeves. The little prince was often taken for an oddly-dressed girl. Now the Princess Ghika's relatives have interferred, and she is no longer allowed to work her own sweet will with the habiliments of her only son.

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A It was for coas vendic them. that a f of the steady time the was no r that Rob in cold h it neede prosecu that effe The ev ran as more fan while in a s profes morning several u kill the n cordingh his return the guest- found in knif stic Sullivan he had m that they maintain as a Wile money. tial evide perance attorney vined of client's pi The ju ing instr and auto some? of the assem readily be tradespeo there the strange out boldly which sur The pri his hands, tan, and w was his w breast, a teaching meagre, which hel silence w shabby co had cease buzz of a spider's w sound the Five mi still the ju impatience by the judg whispering depar that the b was apparenly sheriff man passages i jury were of the foree "No, w functional hangin' b He want an' says h before he' Giles Co was causi seated rat the best h an' a farm of any att his caste, it which inse server's mi trammelle was much his tea, to alike brow firm, squan no longer seemed in wraithful in pushing his head, and i in his woo "No, fri hand over evidence as use of cus blamed bit "Oh, bu broke in o this evide could doub Sullivan ki sit like a bu none of it. "The b' all think t a man; but way that so think differ but maybe case of th "You all why I don't very kni "You all over twe no eye I co an' catle, bu was owned him Jim Sa name—who his fortune, the first, an brothers the article I've told me he weeks later little thing y had lots of tumb'lin' do 'blue eyes, a Jim well, w like Milly in "She seen but it wasn' was a case o lots of excu a hard lit, things, an give 'em to an' late, ar somethin' mo "Maybe i right in time Jim went to farm' imple follow he no nothin' w with Jim Well, he coo

A STUBBORN JUROR.

It was out West. The jury had retired for consultation prior to bringing in the verdict of "guilty" which was expected of them.

The evidence, being briefly summed up, ran as follows: Robert, or as he was more familiarly called Bob Sullivan, had, while in a state of intoxication, quarrelled with and lost his last cent to Jack Wilder, a professional sharper.

One evening he came in late, tired and hungry, and found his wife and a man who he thought was his friend! He went wild for a while.

Sullivan was obliged to admit that he had met his enemy near this spot, and that they had a stormy interview, but maintained that they parted without blows, as Wilder promised him to restore his money.

Then he came to himself a little, and sold his ranch, and went back to his old home to wait—for he knew somehow that one day, sooner or later, the Lord would give him his revenge.

At last, twenty years afterward, when he was getting on in life, his time came. He was riding along, not thinking about anything in particular, when he happened to look up, and there, coming towards him, round a bend in the road, an' ridin' on a big horse, was the man he'd waited for all these years.

The prisoner sat with his face buried in his hands, which hands had lost their former tan, and were pale and trembling. Near him was his wife, hugging a sickly babe to her breast, and showing in her wild eyes, twitching mouth and staring stare, the meagre, stooping figure, the deadly terror which held her in its grasp.

Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, and still the jury had not come; a murmur of impatience began to be heard, and presently the judge beckoned the sheriff to him and, whispering a few words in his ear, saw him depart through the same door which had apparently swallowed up the intruder.

"No, we ain't!" gruffly responded that functionary. "There's eleven of us for hangin', but Conroy's the one that's in it. He wants to clear the feller out and out, an' says he'll stay with us till kingdom come before he'll budge an inch."

Giles Conway, the man whose obstinacy was causing such unnecessary delay, was seated rather apart from the rest, and wore the brown jeans and soft hat which marked him a farmer. Even had not the absence of any attempt at topknot proclaimed his caste, there was something about him which insensibly connected it in the observer's mind with the free winds and untrammelled sunshine of the country.

"No, friends, you won't ever get me to hand over a man to the gallows on such evidence as that, an' there ain't no special use of cussin' about it, for it won't do a blamed bit of good."

"Oh, but this such darned foolishness!" broke in one of the group. "Here's all this evidence, that no man in his senses could doubt, a-going to prove that Bob Sullivan killed Jack Wilder, and here you sit like a bump on a log and won't listen to none of it."

"That's just it," replied Conway. "You all think that evidence is like that other hangin' man; but if you'd seen as much of the way that sort of thing works as I have, you'd think different. I ain't much of a talker, but maybe you wouldn't mind listenin' to a case of this kind I happen to know about."

"Maybe it would have turned out all right in time if it hadn't been that one day Jim went to the nearest town to buy some farmin' implements an' fell in there with a fellow he used to know back home, an' nothin' would do but he must go home with Jim to see how he was fixed. Well, he come, an' it was a black day for

Jim when he set foot on his threshold, for from the minute he saw Milly he hadn't eyes for nothin' else, an' she being a woman would set up to think a city man would set such store by her.

"He made himself so pleasant an' so much at home that they begged him to stay all night, an' long about twelve o'clock he was, or pretended to be, took awful sick. They attended to him till he got better, an' wouldn't hear of his tryin' to go away next mornin'; so he stayed on, settin' in the big rockin' chair with a pillow behind him an' talkin' to Milly, while Jim was off at work. He didn't seem in no particular hurry about goin', but Jim never spiced for a minute that anything was wrong for he liked the fellow first rate, and wouldn't no more have thought of doubtin' Milly than he would the Lord that made him."

One evening he came in late, tired an' hungry, an' found his wife—his wife that he loved—had left him and gone away with a man that he thought was his friend! He went wild for a while.

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The prisoner sat with his face buried in his hands, which hands had lost their former tan, and were pale and trembling. Near him was his wife, hugging a sickly babe to her breast, and showing in her wild eyes, twitching mouth and staring stare, the meagre, stooping figure, the deadly terror which held her in its grasp.

Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, and still the jury had not come; a murmur of impatience began to be heard, and presently the judge beckoned the sheriff to him and, whispering a few words in his ear, saw him depart through the same door which had apparently swallowed up the intruder.

"No, we ain't!" gruffly responded that functionary. "There's eleven of us for hangin', but Conroy's the one that's in it. He wants to clear the feller out and out, an' says he'll stay with us till kingdom come before he'll budge an inch."

Giles Conway, the man whose obstinacy was causing such unnecessary delay, was seated rather apart from the rest, and wore the brown jeans and soft hat which marked him a farmer. Even had not the absence of any attempt at topknot proclaimed his caste, there was something about him which insensibly connected it in the observer's mind with the free winds and untrammelled sunshine of the country.

"No, friends, you won't ever get me to hand over a man to the gallows on such evidence as that, an' there ain't no special use of cussin' about it, for it won't do a blamed bit of good."

"Oh, but this such darned foolishness!" broke in one of the group. "Here's all this evidence, that no man in his senses could doubt, a-going to prove that Bob Sullivan killed Jack Wilder, and here you sit like a bump on a log and won't listen to none of it."

"That's just it," replied Conway. "You all think that evidence is like that other hangin' man; but if you'd seen as much of the way that sort of thing works as I have, you'd think different. I ain't much of a talker, but maybe you wouldn't mind listenin' to a case of this kind I happen to know about."

"Maybe it would have turned out all right in time if it hadn't been that one day Jim went to the nearest town to buy some farmin' implements an' fell in there with a fellow he used to know back home, an' nothin' would do but he must go home with Jim to see how he was fixed. Well, he come, an' it was a black day for

DEAR ME!  
Leut. Kiss Tells of the First Time He Heard the Expression.

"Dear me!" has become popular in New York since a resort unexpected, I have discovered," said Lieut. O'Casey King at the Lotos Club several nights ago, "and I remember the first time I ever heard the expression used in that way."

"It was in Cheyenne several years ago that I first heard this expression used in an unexpected way. I was stationed near there at the time and the cowboy bronco races were on. If you have ever seen any of these races, you know the motley kind of a coward that gathers round the boys of all descriptions and various degrees of badness were there with their broncos and their guns. They were out for sport and they were loaded with dust. The most noticeable man in the crowd, however, was an Englishman mounted on a well-groomed thoroughbred. His horse was high stepping and he looked very large by contrast with the broncos. The Englishman rode with short stirrups and that attracted attention. Moreover, he wore a pair of white 'bags' and patent leather boots, with a polish in which you could see your face."

Such an outfit never been seen in that part of the country. He clipped the cowboy as a show and they didn't like it. No one watched their races. Every one centered their attention on the gorgeous Englishman. That meant trouble for him.

"Bronco Pete, who was willing to admit that he was a bad man, always ready for a fight, followed the Englishman around, and just in front of the grand stand he rode past him with a rush, and fired his revolver close to the thoroughbred's ear. The horse did a skirt dance, kicked up a cloud of dust, and then bolted. His rider was missing. When the dust settled there was the dapper Englishman stretched out on the ground. Would he shoot by Bronco Pete was waiting to get the drop on him if he made a demonstration in that direction. It was a critical moment for a Cheyenne point of view. The Englishman arose to his feet slowly, looked at his horse running wild, and then at his dusty boots. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the dust from his patent leathers. Then he looked at the grand stand and said: 'Dear ah me.' There was a whoop that nearly raised the roof, and since then 'Dear ah me' has become a standard expression in Cheyenne for the unexpected."

Not Easy to Realize.  
The variety of ways in which a given number of articles may be placed is a source of wonder to those whose attention is called to such matters. An expert mathematician once set himself the nice little sum of calculating the number of ways in which any two cards of a pack can be distributed among four players, thirteen to each, taking every possible combination and permutation. It would be useless to present the answer here in a long row of figures, for no one can realize to himself what a numerical array really conveys, nor would it be much better to play with the words billions and trillions, seeing that these are mere words and nothing more to most of us; but the following illustration is easily grasped:

If the entire population of the earth, taken, say, at one thousand millions of persons, were to deal the cards incessantly, day and night, for one hundred millions of years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, they would not have exhausted the one hundred-thousandth part of the number of essentially different ways in which it is possible that the cards can be so distributed.

Dentistry on the Congo.  
In Ebanza it is considered a disgrace among the women to have white teeth. That is good "for the Whites or for dogs," but a female darky must have coloured teeth in order to insert a bead of a different colour.

Among the Bangalas all the women get their front teeth filed to a sharp point, with a space of about one-fifth of an inch between each tooth and the next one. The men of this tribe do not practice this custom; they are notorious cannibals, and their pointed teeth are similar to those of carnivorous beasts.

In the Bakongo tribe he alone is accounted a man who has removed the two front teeth of the lower jaw. The Mahalas have all their teeth pulled out except the four upper ones, and they perforate their lips with a long tapering piece of crystal glass or the spinal bone of a fish.

Sold.  
Wilkins came into the club the other night with a premonition of approaching triumph in his face, but he concealed it as well as he could and walked up to the crowd in the window.

"Have you heard about Mr. Gladstone and his hand?" he asked indiscriminately, with a face of simulated concern.  
"No," came the startled chorus.  
"What's the matter?"  
"Why," answered Wilkins, holding up the first and second fingers of his right hand, "he can't use these two fingers."

"What's the reason?" queried Dumbley.  
"Because they belong to me," said Wilkins.

Could Not Fool Him.  
An Irishman crossing the street one day chanced to find a sovereign. When spending it he was only allowed 19s 3d. in exchange, as it was a very thin one.

Some little time after he again saw a sovereign lying on the ground, but this time he turned away from it, exclaiming—"Stop there, ye dirty spalpeen, shure and I will have somethin' to do with ye, for I lost minepence by the last one I found."

enter houses, camps and mines for the express purpose of getting things that do not belong to them, they never take an article without leaving something in its place. They conduct a trade, and hence their name. They enter dwellings at night, and steal anything they can find, carrying away spoons, knives and forks, etc., but invariably leaving a chip or stone in the place of each article they take away.

IT GIVES LIFE!  
Dispels Suffering and Disease.  
WOMAN'S TOWER OF SAFETY.

After years of suffering and anxiety, Mrs. Fanny M. Huff, of Salmon Point, Ont., is firmly convinced of the great superiority of Paine's Celery Compound over all other forms of medicines. It established health after her physicians had failed to secure the prize for her. Every woman in Canada who is suffering will save many days and weeks of agony if Paine's Celery Compound is used instead of the unknown and dangerous drugs they are now using.

Mrs. Huff, for the benefit of women, writes thus:—"After receiving so much benefit from Paine's Celery Compound, I think it my duty to inform sufferers what this great medicine can do for all who wish to regain health and strength. I have been a great sufferer for years from nervousness and weakness, and have had the advice and attendance of doctors with little benefit. I was induced to use your Paine's Celery Compound some time ago, and I must confess it is the best medicine I ever used. Nothing else has ever done me so much good, and I now feel quite a different person."

I trust sufferers will not be influenced to use any other medicine while they can procure yours which does such good work. I cannot speak strongly enough in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and you may be assured I will always recommend it.

You are at liberty to publish this letter in your work.

NEW BRUNSWICK  
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FOR 1893.  
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-- District No. 34.

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Wednesday,  
and Thursday.  
September 19, 20 and 21.  
AT  
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Cash Prizes in all Departments; Horses, Cattle, Agricultural, Horticultural, Poultry, Sheep, Swine, Fruit, Dairy Products, Honey and Apiary Supplies, Fancy Work, etc.  
Prize Lists now ready on application to the Secretary. New and special attractions, of which due notice will be given. Races at Driving Park each day.  
A. S. MURRAY, JOHN A. CAMPBELL,  
Secretaries.  
Fredericton, August 5, 1893.

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RAILWAYS.  
CANADIAN  
PACIFIC RY.  
Fall Fairs, Etc.,  
Excursion Tickets will be on sale from St. John as follows:  
World's Fair at Chicago  
AT \$42.50 EACH. Tourist Tickets good until NOV. 15th AT \$30.00 EACH—Tourist Tickets good 30 days from date sold both good to stop over at Detroit and East thereon.

Industrial Fair—Toronto  
AT \$20.50 EACH—SEPT. 9th to 14th and at \$16.50 EACH—SEPT. 23rd and 24th only, good to return until SEPT. 21st.  
Provincial Exhibition at Fredericton  
AT \$2.00 EACH—SEPT. 18 to 21 inclusive; good to return until SEPT. 23rd, and AT \$1.25 EACH on SEPT. 23rd only, good to return SEPT. 21st. For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Agents.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.  
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.  
On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; 11.55 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.32 p.m.  
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m.  
CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with Windsor and Annapolis Railway (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings; (Sunday excepted) and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.  
Through tickets may be obtained at 125 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.  
J. BRIDWELL,  
Yarmouth, N. B. General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.  
1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.  
On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily --Sunday excepted--as follows:  
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:  
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
Accommodation from Point de Chene..... 12.10  
Express for Halifax..... 13.10  
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 16.35  
Express for Halifax..... 22.20

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock.  
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock.  
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:  
Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00  
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30  
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 8.50  
Accommodation from Point de Chene..... 12.55  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30  
Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

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