

BURGAN AND HIS CRIME.

ERRORS OF HISTORY IN REGARD TO A NOTED TRIAL.

Judge Chipman's Course Vindicated—Burgan was not a Mere Boy Who Stole a Quarter of a Dollar, but a Burglar Guilty of Two Depredations in One Night.

The tradition of "the boy who was hanged for stealing a loaf of bread," in St. John, many years ago, has been widely accepted as true, and I once saw a mention of it in a leading United States paper, as an instance of the severity of the penal laws in former times. It is probable that thousands of people nearer home give credit to the same remarkable statement, and I have myself met many who believed it to be true. In some cases a fitting, and equally false, addition to the story is given to the effect that Judge Chipman's last days were embittered by remorse for his cruelty, that his deathbed was attended by singularly repulsive incidents, and that one of his dying requests was that he should be laid in his coffin with his face downward that his fellow men might not look upon him. How such extraordinary gossip ever gained currency and received credence is something difficult to understand, as Judge Chipman lived for nearly a quarter of a century after Burgan was hanged, dying at the age of 64, the chief justice of New Brunswick, and with no indication of feeling otherwise than that he had faithfully fulfilled the high trust so long reposed in him.

A less apocryphal version, and one which has been generally accepted, is that the "boy" was hanged for stealing a quarter of a dollar from the till of his master's shop. Only a few months ago, an editorial writer in one of the daily papers went out of his way in an attempt to blacken the memory of Judge Chipman by instancing his cruelty in condemning a boy to death for stealing this paltry sum. The ignorance of that writer in regard to the amount taken may be excusable on the assumption that he, like others, was misled by a statement in Lawrence's "Footprints." Even then, however, a knowledge of the elementary principles of the administration of laws should have shown that were anybody to blame it was not Judge Chipman but Governor Douglas, to whom, as Mr. Lawrence states, the petition for mercy was forwarded.

Every student of local history must feel deeply grateful for the great service rendered by Mr. Lawrence, in his lifetime, in the collection and preservation of data in regard to the early history of the city and province. Had it not been for his efforts, and for the impetus he gave to historical research by others, much that is now available must have been lost. Careful and conscientious as Mr. Lawrence was, "Footprints" is usually so accurate that the wonder becomes greater that he should have fallen into a grave error in regard to the crime of the noted "boy," Patrick Burgan. By what was undoubtedly an unintentional failure to state all the circumstances of the case, Mr. Lawrence has conveyed an impression wholly at variance with the facts.

It would be presumption to say this had I not taken time and trouble to ascertain the truth of the matter from the best available sources. These are, first, the statements of men who were living at the time, and of an age to be acquainted with the facts, and second, the contemporary records. Most of those with whom I have talked in past years have now passed away, but in every instance they were of the opinion that, as the law then stood, Burgan was properly condemned and hanged. There is, however, yet living in St. John a well known citizen who distinctly remembers all the circumstances of the case and who was, moreover, well acquainted with Burgan and all the parties concerned.

According to "Footprints," at the January term of the court of oyer and terminer held at St. John in January, 1828, Judge Chipman presiding:

Patrick Burgan, a boy of 18 years, was placed at the bar, charged with entering the dwelling, in the night, of his master, John B. Smith, manufacturer of ginger beer, corner of Union street and Drury lane, and robbing the till of one quarter of a dollar. He was arrested the day after by John McArthur, constable. * * * As the evidence of guilt was clear no other course was open to the jury than a verdict of guilty,—with this was a recommendation to mercy. Yet the judge, in sentencing the prisoner to be executed, told him there was no hope for mercy, and he should lose no time in preparing for death.

A petition was sent to the lieutenant-governor, Sir Howard Douglas, asking the interposition of the prerogative in behalf of the prisoner. Yet notwithstanding the recommendation of the jury and the coronation oath of the sovereign, requiring "His Majesty to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all his judgments," the law was allowed to take its course.

The impression given by this account is that Burgan was very harshly treated for a very slight offence. He is spoken of as "a boy," though he was 18, and some say 19, years of age. The picture drawn represents this boy, to the ordinary imagination, as entering in the night the dwelling of his master, where he had a right to enter during the day, and taking from the till a paltry silver coin which he thought would never be missed, and which he wanted for some boyish pleasure, or as the story sometimes goes, to buy bread to satisfy his hunger. The whole head and front of his offending seems to be an act differing in degree but not in kind from the abstracting of cake or candy from a shelf when the master's back was turned. That, I repeat,

is the impression conveyed by this statement of the case. It was the impression I had until I took a notion to inquire further into the matter, and I find that the story has been generally accepted from the same point of view. So, too, when one reads simply that Burgan was arrested the next day, the supposition may be that he was either playing with his companions, or innocently engaged in the ordinary duties of his master's establishment. It is no wonder that so much sympathy has been wasted on "the boy who was hanged for stealing."

The newspapers of three-score and odd years ago did not pay much attention to local news, and, in most instances are found to be disappointingly brief in regard to occurrence which are now considered of historic importance. The idea seems to have been that as everybody knew what was happening in town, the columns could be better utilized by printing long extracts from English papers which were seen by only a limited number of people in this country. When local news was given, however, it was written with a scrupulous care as to facts, for if it were untrue the falsity would be at once recognized and the conservative minded subscriber would at once bring the editor to shame. In those days, a man with an axe to grind could not attempt to gain some end by handing a reporter a paragraph so totally untrue that the editor, in a subsequent issue, would be obliged to explain that the blunder was due to the loose way in which the paper was run. The paper came out once a week, and there was no rushing of getting to press at a certain hour and minute. What was stated was published with a positive knowledge that it was true, and when there was the least doubt there was some such guarded phrase as "we are informed," or "it is stated." The newspapers are therefore to be considered good evidence of what actually happened, which is much more than can be said for some of their successors at the present day.

The Courier was the most reliable among the reliables in those times. Here is the account of Burgan's crime, as given in the issue of the 22nd of September, 1827. The Courier's account was copied in the next issue of the City Gazette four days later, which is a corroboration of its accuracy, because the Gazette editor, with a knowledge of the facts, gave the Courier's story in preference to writing his own version of it. This, in those times, would be an endorsement of it as strictly accurate. The Courier says:

Yesterday Patrick Burgan was apprehended on a charge of Burglary and brought before Mr. Alderman Peters for examination. It appears that Burgan had lived as a servant man in the house of Mr. John B. Smith, at York Point, a year ago. That on the night previous to his being taken into custody he found means of entering Mr. Smith's house by one of the windows, and had succeeded in getting into the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. S., between twelve and one o'clock. He secured a silver watch which was in the room, and afterwards rifled the pockets of Mr. and Mrs. S., in which were some money and the keys of the desk. On his getting hold of the latter, he began to make use of them, but the noise occasioned by his doing so awoke Mr. S., who immediately started from bed and seized the thief, but was unable to keep hold of him. He escaped from Mr. Smith's house, but as it being detected in one crime only emboldened him to a repetition of it, he immediately entered the house of Mr. Coss, near that of Mr. Smith's, and stole from thence sundry articles of wearing apparel. The Constable sent in search of him in the morning overtook him on his way towards the French Village. He was fully committed for trial.

This account put a very different construction on the affair. The "boy," in the first place, was considered a servant "man" a year before that time, and on this occasion was big enough and bold enough to successfully resist Mr. Smith when the latter grappled with him. He did not steal from the house of his master, but came back to the place where he had worked a year before, utilizing his knowledge of the premises to enter the house to commit a burglary. He did not tremblingly abstract a coin from the till and depart, but he coolly proceeded to rifle the pockets of a sleeping man and woman, and to help himself to the loose change he found there. Not satisfied with this he took the keys of the desk in order to make a haul of all the money Mr. Smith had in the house, and would have carried away all he could get, had not he bungled and made a noise. It was not through any good will on his part that he did not carry off everything of value he could lay his hands on. That he had started out to rob in earnest is further shown by the fact that when disappointed of getting all he wanted at Smith's, he lost no time in breaking into the house of Mr. Coss, where for lack of anything better, he carried off a quantity of wearing apparel. The next day he was caught, not a terror-stricken boy but a lusty fugitive, making the best of his way to the French Village, doubtless in order to dispose of his plunder and get out of the country. French Village was at what is now known as Newdigowauk, in Kings county, and seems to have been the objective point of a number of the malefactors who used to flee from St. John to evade the demands of justice.

So much for the contemporary records of the crime of Patrick Burgan. Now for a living witness. John R. Marshall, the late chief of police, now living in St. John, was a lad of 16 in the year 1828, and was well acquainted with the young man whom he knew as "Faddy" Burgan. Mr. Marshall's account of the burglary, the circumstances of which he very clearly remembers, agrees in all the essentials with the story told by the Courier. Still more, it is entirely independent of the latter, which he has never seen, unless possibly he read it in the paper at the time. He was surprised to find that I knew of the breaking into the house of Coss, as he had never seen that mentioned; and it is indeed a remarkable fact that this very important

evidence of Burgan's criminal propensity seems to have been unknown to Mr. Lawrence and other writers. Mr. Marshall relates some additional facts which will be of interest.

The premises of John B. Smith were at the corner of Union street and Drury lane, on the west side of the latter, and he was known as "Ginger Beer Smith." This was not because some wit of that day construed the initials "J. B." to stand for "Ginger Beer," but because it was the custom of the time to distinguish men of the same patronymic by prefixing the name of their occupation. Thus it was that William Smith, the first man to introduce sloop garments into St. John, about 1820, was known as "Ready-made Smith." The modern convenience of a hyphenated name was not then in vogue, otherwise the beer man might have assumed the name of, possibly, Boingbroke-Smith, while the clothing man, with equal propriety, could have handed his name down to posterity as Mr. W. Shoddy-Smith.

J. B. Smith owed his designation and his fame to a particularly good quality of ginger beer which he had made and sold, and often when John R. Marshall was passing Faddy's ginger beer stand, he would treat him. The two thus became very well acquainted. Burgan was two or three years the elder of Marshall, and at the time of the burglary was a man as far as strength and stature were concerned. He was quiet and inoffensive in respect to disposition, and appeared to be the only one of his family in St. John, as Mr. Marshall does not remember that he had any known relatives.

Mr. Coss lived on Union street, nearly opposite Smith's place, and kept a sailors' boarding house, on a part of the property now occupied by the works of the Consolidated Electric company. Burgan, therefore, merely crossed the street in his attempt to atone for the disappointment he felt in not being able to rob Mr. Smith as fully as he had intended. Mr. Marshall remembers that he took two pairs of boots from the house of Coss, and this would imply that he did not steal to supply his own needs but to make something by disposing of the plunder. According to Mr. Marshall, Burgan stole at least three or four dollars' worth of boots.

Thus it will be seen that the crime committed was no mere robbery of a till, but a breaking and entering at night, or a burglary in both the legal and popular sense of the term. Though the penalty has of late years been mitigated, burglary is even now a very serious offence and is severely punished when the law is properly enforced. In those days, while the penalties could be modified for petty larceny, such as the mere stealing of a quarter of a dollar would be itself, burglary was punishable by death in the case of a clergyman. Whether the law was a just one is not the question. It is enough to know that it was the law and that the duty of the courts and of the king's representative was to enforce it. In those days, in a community like St. John, where the first bank was a new institution, citizens were accustomed to keep their specie at their stores and houses, and it was necessary for the common good that one example should be made of any burglar whose guilt was clearly proven. The offence in Burgan's case was not a petty one, and he secured a thousand pounds. The amount he actually got was not in issue, and it would seem very clear that he had the intent and purpose to take all he could secure.

Burgan had a fair trial before a jury composed of good citizens, the names of some of whom are set in honorable remembrance to this day. They were John Cunningham, foreman; William Cormick, Amos Robertson, David Schurman, Gilbert T. Ray, M. J. Lowrey, William Stout, James Rankin, Isaac Flewelling, Nehemiah Vail, George Hutchinson and William B. Coss. He had William B. Kinneer for his counsel, assigned to him by the court, and the prosecuting officer, John T. Murray, clerk of the crown, had merely to establish the undisputed facts in order to secure a conviction.

That the jury should recommend the prisoner to mercy meant no more than it means in many cases in these days. There was probably a desire that the young man should not be hanged, just as there may be now a reluctance to see the dread penalty inflicted on a murderer who is undoubtedly guilty. Judge Chipman, however, did more than prove himself a sound jurist when he told Burgan there was no hope of mercy and warned him to prepare for death. What else could he have said to a man who had rendered himself liable to the extreme penalty by the course of one night?

It can be well understood that a petition for a commutation of the sentence was got up and forwarded to the governor. Burgan was young, and had previously borne a good character, and these facts would be sufficient to enlist sympathy without at all assuming any mitigation in the sentence. I have known of a largely signed petition in more recent times when the object of sympathy was the perpetrator of a deliberately planned inexcusable murder, and so it will be as long as men have hearts and capital punishment exists. Sir Howard Douglas did not bear the character of a hard-hearted or unjust man, and it may well be assumed that could he have exercised the prerogative consistently with his oath, he would have done so. As it was the facts of the case precluded any interference.

There is another bit of history which has been overlooked by those who have helped to create the current belief in regard to the case. In the Nova Scotian of the 13th of February, 1828, is an account, from the New Brunswick papers, of an attempt of this alleged martyr to secure his freedom by burning the St. John jail, after his trial and sentence. About 11 o'clock on Sunday night, the 3rd, the jailer, Mr. Nowlin, found the hall full of smoke, and on investigating found it coming from Burgan's cell, in the lower story. The prisoner had taken the wood left to keep him comfortable during the night and placed it all at once on the fire. After it had become sufficiently ignited, he took all the fire off the bench and placed it, together with the blazing wood, against the wooden door of his cell, in order, he admitted, to burn a hole by which to escape.

Burgan was hanged on the 21st of February, 1828, at the old jail, which stood about where the registry office is now, on the top of the rock. The execution took place from a window of the second story, at the west end of the building, which would be a little in the rear of the present court house, then in course of construction.

The trial had taken place in the old city hall on Market Square. The execution was witnessed by an immense crowd. According to Mr. Lawrence, the executioner was an Englishman named Bizzard Baine, a convict under imprisonment for robbery, who was rewarded with a pardon and ten pounds in cash, with which he left the city.

It is an unpleasant task to deal with the dead for the purpose of proving them more culpable than they have been thought to be. In the instance of Burgan, however, it is a duty not only in the interests of historical accuracy, but because an opprobrium wholly undesired has been attached to the memories of Governor Douglas and Judge Chipman for their course in the matter. Both of these men may have done much that was wrong in their lives, but in Burgan's case they acted simply according to their oaths, of office and in conformity with the law of England and her colonies, under which Burgan was fairly tried and condemned. Mr. Marshall remembers that Judge Chipman felt very badly over the matter, but that he felt he had done no more than his duty. The judge is well remembered by many as a kind and charitable man.

Ginger Beer Smith died in 1839, and at the time of his death was proprietor of a licensed tavern on the east side of King square, not far from the scene of Burgan's execution.

Eleven years ago when the workmen were excavating for the foundations of St. Peter's church, North end, a number of coffins were taken up from the old graveyard which was the site of the edifice. Among others was a small one bearing the initials "P. B." Some of the local antiquaries assuming that the letters must stand for "Patrick Burgan," had, I believe, a learned discussion in some of the newspapers. As a matter of fact, Burgan's grave was not there, nor in any other burying ground. The body was interred somewhere outside the city limits, but Mr. Marshall is not quite sure whether it was in the neighborhood of Mount Pleasant or Courtenay Bay, but thinks it was the latter. If the coffin could be discovered, it would be found to be that of a full grown man.

To find an undoubted judicial murder in New Brunswick one must go back beyond the time of Burgan. That there was at least one such is established on undoubted oral testimony, though I have neither the date nor the name of the victim. The fact that he was a negro, and that hanging was common in those days, may account for the lack of data, but I fear there is no doubt as to the fact.

In the case in question a man saw a barrel of pork in front of a store door, and watching his chance when the owner was absent, rolled it away a short distance. Whether the thief owned a Nova Scotia schooner, an up river wood-boat or was a citizen of Carleton with a boat, does not appear, but he was anxious to get the stolen article to the wharf without risk to himself. A colored man, on the lookout for a job and knowing nothing of the circumstances, readily undertook to roll the barrel down the hill, and was doing so when he was apprehended as the thief, the other man having, of course, disappeared. The negro's story was not credited, the proof of his guilt seemed clear and he was sentenced to death. The luckless wretch does not seem to have understood matters fully until he was brought out to be hanged, but when that happened he began to protest in earnest. Grey with terror and his eyes swelling with astonishment and fear, he turned to those who were adjusting the noose, loudly exclaiming, "What you gwine to hang me to? I ain't done nuffin!" And so he continued to reiterate until the rope cut short his speech and he was left kicking in the air, a victim of circumstantial evidence. His lot was a good deal harder than that of Paddy Burgan.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Not a little talk has been indulged in during the week respecting an episode in connection with the Oratorio Society resulting in the resignation of Miss Armstrong of her position as pianist of the society. It will be remembered by all newspaper readers that this young lady received the appointment a few weeks ago as successor to Miss Godard, who was in every respect so capable and so deservedly held in the highest esteem by every member of the society, both for her amiability and her admitted capacity. The episode referred to, so far as inquiry shows, is not one of any special public importance and really is one with which the general public is not concerned and in which they would not be likely to be interested. In societies it is frequently found necessary, for one reason or other, to change their employes or officials out of regard to what may be considered by the directors or board of management, as the case may be, in the best interests of the organization; and actuated by similar interests and influenced by similar considerations such appointments so removed or substituted, as a general rule, accepts the action of the directors without murmur or protest. I have not heard that Miss Armstrong has, in this connection, made any protest; indeed I do not see how she could do so, because, giving her credit for sincerity in tendering her resignation, she meant it, and the board of management saw fit to accept it, this being a course they had an undoubted right to take and one which in the best interests of the society and in the preservation of discipline they perhaps felt bound to take. Moreover it might not be so easy to justify them if they had decided to deny the lady's request. At the rehearsal last Monday there was a particularly large attendance and much enthusiasm among the members. Mr. Fisher, the conductor of the society, presided at the piano for the occasion. The honorary members I observe avail themselves of their privilege of attending these rehearsals in large numbers. The society will give a chamber concert on the 25th inst. and for the reason that there has been a dearth of local musical entertainment as well as because of the choice programme prepared for the occasion, the probabilities are the concert will be liberally patronized. The news that Prof. Heine, the blind violinist, had been stricken with paralysis at St. Stephen last Sunday caused a shock to all who had listened to his beautiful playing in concerts here so recently as well as to all those who had met him and knew him personally. One's sympathy naturally goes out to one so gifted and deprived of sight as he is, yet he lived in a world of sweet sounds, which, at will, he could people with the personalities of all who were distinguished in the realm of music. But now, however, that it has pleased an All-Wise Providence to add yet another affliction, the sympathies of all go out spontaneously to the gifted patient and his no less gifted and devoted wife and daughter. Miss Bertha Lake's engagement at St. Andrew's church has terminated, and the young lady is now studying with Professor Titus. It is said she intends prosecuting her musical studies in the best school of the United States and will shortly go there with that purpose.

which was given last Saturday evening, comprised selections from Cherubini, Beethoven, Gluck, Chabrier and Wagner.

Emperor William's song will be made public in Berlin on the 28th inst. Copies of it have been sent to all reigning sovereigns and the original MS. has been deposited among the royal archives.

Madame Nordica, who will sail for America in November, has been requested by the Imperial Chamberlain to let him know the date of her arrival in Berlin, as he is to arrange for her appearance before the Emperor.

A little blind boy fifteen years of age, who died at the Bellefield asylum, Pa., last week, was a sort of musical prodigy, he was like Blind Tom in being able to play correctly any piece of music he had heard. His name was Tommy Little and he was the son of a Pennsylvania miner.

Mlle. Jeanne Nuola, who has lately joined the ranks of Sir Augustus Harris' prime donne, made her debut in France about two years ago, and received many compliments from the late M. Gounod and his confrere Massenet. Miss Nuola is an American and a native of New Orleans.

Madame Melba has been engaged for the coming year at the Opera Comique, Paris, and will receive fifteen hundred francs each night. Mr. Abbey, in America, pays her five thousand francs nightly. "She comes to America to make money," says a Boston paper, "but she sings in Paris to establish her reputation."

Next Thursday, 25th inst., Johann Strauss, or "Johann, the Waltz King," will celebrate the 69th anniversary of his birth. His father, also Johann Strauss, bore the title of "Waltz King" before him. His hair is now beginning to assume a whitish tint, but its abundance continues. He walks with the elastic step of a youth, his eye has lost none of its magnetic lustre and the young-old maestro never knows an unhappy or sick hour. His first piece of music was composed when he was six years of age.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mrs. Brown-Potter will produce "Mari- on de Lorme."

Miss Georgia Cayvan of the "Amazons" company is an enthusiastic cyclist.

Mrs. Kendall disapproves of wheels for women and says that bloomers "are abominable."

James O'Neil has accepted a new play entitled "Don Carlos of Seville." It is by Eugene Felner of Boston.

In early days, in Rome, it a person became an actor he forfeited his right of voting as a Roman citizen.

The jewellery used in the jewellery store scene in "Sam'l of Posen" is genuine and is valued at \$3000. This is M. B. Curtis' play.

Rumor has it that Miss Olga Netherole is objecting to some of the actors engaged to support her that they are "too American."

Fashionable theatre parties were in order during the recent star engagement of Miss Ada Rehan at the Hollis theatre, Boston.

Henry Herman, the author of "The Silver King" and "Claudius" died in England the week before last. He was a naturalized American.

"The Cotton King," the new play by Sutton Vane, played at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, last week, is credited with a pronounced success.

"A Baggage Check," which was recently produced in this city is being played at the Grand Opera House, Boston, this week. This is the company of which Arthur E. Moulton is the star. There are said to be 23 people in the company.

Actresses first appeared on the stage about the time of the restoration. Prior to this the female parts in each drama were performed by men. The first Englishwoman to appear on the regular stage was Mrs. Coleman, who in 1656 performed the role of Ianthie in "The Siege of Rhodes," by Sir William Davenant.

James Nolan, who, for a long period was a popular member of the Boston Museum stock company, is said to be dying at the McLean asylum, where he has been an inmate for four years, owing to softening of the brain consequent upon injuries received during the war. He is the husband of Kate Ryan, who was herself a great Boston favorite.

An author hissing his own play is the latest development in the new craze of disapproval at the theatre. The actors who were the object of this gentleman's sibilant demonstration were neglecting their duty and reciting their lines in a perfunctory manner. After thus sharply calling the performers to order the dramatic author rose and calmly left the theatre. Coming from the source it did, this hissing is considered "a heroic reproof."

Missed Connections. In a certain theatre the announced bill was changed at short notice, "Capitole" being substituted. A local patron, Herr Pimpel, who knew nothing of the fact, was heard to murmur as the curtain fell: "It's a good enough play, but I can't for the life of me understand why it should be called 'Joan of Arc.'"

RELIEF AT LAST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDON-BORN YOUNG LADY

A Victim of Severe Pains, Dizziness and Watery Blood—At Times Could Not Go Up a Step—How She Regained Health and Strength.

(From the Clinton New Era.)

Miss Kate Longman is a young lady of about 22 years of age, who lives with her mother in the pretty little village of London-boro, six miles from the town of Clinton. Both are well-known and highly esteemed by their friends. The New Era having learned that Miss Longman had been a great sufferer and had recently been restored to health by the timely use of a well-known popular remedy, dispatched a representative to get the particulars of the case. In reply to the reporter's inquiries Miss Longman said that if her experience might be the means of helping some other sufferer, she was quite willing that it should be made public. "For a long time," she said, "I was very poorly, I was weak, and run down, and at times suffered pains in my back that were simply awful. My blood was in a watery condition, and I was subject to spells of weakness to such an extent that I could not step up a door step to save my life. I doctored a great deal for my sickness, but without avail. At last, after having frequently read in the New Era of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to give them a trial. The result was that my health soon began to return and the pains and weakness left and I was again restored to strength." At this moment Mrs. Longman entered and being informed who the visitor was and what was his mission, said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine known. My daughter was so sick that I feared she would die, and she continually grew weaker until she began the use of Pink Pills and they have cured her, as she has not a recurrence of the trouble since." Miss Longman is now the picture of health, and declares that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entitled to the credit. The New Era knows of many others who have benefited by this remarkable remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to the pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

The Wedding Cake.

Our young ladies who are thinking of entering the blissful state of matrimony will be interested in an advertisement which appears in another column. The name of Harry Webb, of Toronto, is one that has attained a national reputation as that of a provider of good things. His elaborate banquets and wedding breakfasts are at times out of reach of the maritime province people, but the grand essential for a wedding—the wedding cake—may, in spite of the distance, be obtained from this celebrated caterer, who is now arranging special express rates for shipments to the maritime provinces. The employment of experienced packers enables Mr. Webb to guarantee safe arrival at the furthest away points in the Dominion to which he ships.

A PRINTER'S ILLS.

A Bradford Compositor Has Diabetes—He Drops 40 Pounds in Weight in a Short Time—How He Was Cured.

BRADFORD, Oct. 15.—Thomas Hazlehurst, a compositor in the Courier office in this city, has been some time down with health within the last three months. Last spring he found himself suffering from diabetes in a very severe form. In a few weeks he lost forty pounds in weight. His system kept on running down and Mr. Hazlehurst was very naturally alarmed. After trying many remedies without benefit, he began using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes made a big change in his condition and six boxes worked a complete cure. Mr. Hazlehurst is today better than he has been for years. Add one more to the list of diabetes cases cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Signs of Progress.

One of the most marked signs of our progressive age is the growing demand for Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a Spring medicine. It shows not only that people are rapidly abandoning their "yarbs" and bitters, but still better, that they appreciate the difference between a genuine pharmaceutical preparation and the much-vaunted nostrums of quackery. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a transient tonic, causing one to "feel good" for a while, nor merely something to stimulate a weak appetite, nor to afford a temporary bracing up; it is a constitutional medicine, producing a radical change in the system by renovating every particle of the blood, and so building up from the foundation. After using this remedy, the stomach, liver, bowels, heart, kidneys, and even the brain and the nerves acquire unwonted strength and efficiency, enabling these vital organs to perform all their functions with wonderful vigor and satisfaction. Therefore, as a Spring medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal in the whole range of pharmacy—the only Sarsaparilla judged worthy of exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

Minnie Hauk and Ravelli.

Minnie Hauk annoyed Ravelli very much while playing Carmen to his Don Jose. For some reason she suddenly embraced him in the middle of a high note. He was so

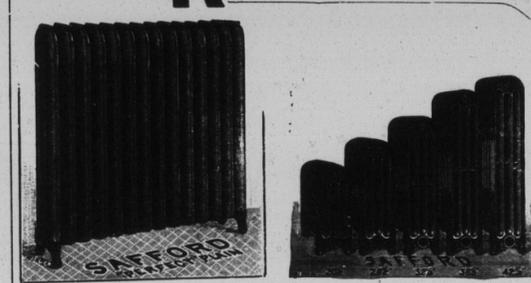
furiously that he tried to throw her into the orchestra. She held tightly to him to save herself, he shouting to her to let go the while, until her grip wrenched all the buttons off his waistcoat. Ravelli rushed to the footlights, and shouted, "Look, she has torn my waistcoat!" The audience thought it was all acting, and responded with thunders of applause. After this scene, Minnie Hauk's husband stood at the wings every night, armed with a revolver, ready to blow out Don Jose's brains if he dared to touch Carmen, while Ravelli threatened her with a huge knife if she attempted to approach him. As Jose is supposed to be madly in love with the girl, it looked very absurd to see them dodging away from each other all around the stage.

YOU Don't know anything about.....

Home Comforts in Cold Weather

IF YOUR BUILDING IS NOT HEATED WITH SAFFORD

RADIATORS



NO Bolts, Packing, Leaky Joints. ALL Tested to 160 lbs Fully Guaranteed. Made by Intelligent Labor.

Use these RADIATORS and save your Carpets and Ceilings. The Highest Award at the Toronto Exhibition, 1894.

For sale to the trade only by W. A. MACLAUGHLAN, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces: 51 Dock Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

WAGONS and CARTS.

Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon.

An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right.



A Good Road Cart.

In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Advertisement for Humpreys' Witch Hazel Oil, featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and a list of ailments cured by the product.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including words like 'USE, SQUARE.', 'PUBLICATIONS', 'Montreal.', 'CUTLERY', 'MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.', 'Iron.', 'OAK WOOD.', 'AZOR.', 'ST. JOHN.'

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progres will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every major city of the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Advertisements should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, Cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 20.

POLITICAL BACK NUMBERS.

Politicians have poor memories. When Mr. ELLIS was the honored representative of the city of St. John in the house of assembly he gave the BLAIR government his support, though at that time it included such good conservatives as JAMES MITCHELL, of Charlotte County, P. S. RYAN, of Gloucester, and G. S. TURNER, of Albert. The editor of the Globe in his representative capacity found no fault with these gentlemen. One of them is still in the government and holds the important portfolio of provincial secretary. Mr. TURNER has passed to the silent majority but the county is represented in the Government by that good liberal HENRY R. EMMERSON, who also has an important office in the administration. The conservative, Mr. RYAN, has given place to the conservative Mr. TWEEDIE, St. John member, a liberal, is also in the Government. And yet the esteemed but variable editor of the Globe finds fault because the government is not liberal or all conservatives. Fault finding is his forte. Perhaps, if Mr. BLAIR was not so prominent as a liberal, not so much in the minds of the rank and file as the only man who can extricate the party from its perilous condition, he would not be subject to such virulent criticism. The time has passed when the liberals of this country will consent to be represented solely by Messrs. Weldon and Ellis. Politically they are back numbers and the sooner they and their friends realize that fact the better for the prospects of the liberals in this city and country.

LORD ABERDEEN'S MISTAKE.

"Lord ABERDEEN," says the Toronto Mail, "is promoting education along new lines. The offer he made at Brandon to give a medal to the boy or girl whose politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others are most marked is unique." And then the Mail proceeds to pat the governor-general on the back for his work in "the cultivation of such qualities."

Lord ABERDEEN is a popular man. An explanation of his popularity that has been freely made by the newspapers is that it is because he is "a close student of human nature." That this supposition is nothing more than a supposition is evident from his Brandon offer, which shows that he is not a close student of human nature, and so leads us to believe what we before suspected—that his popularity is due to his genuine "politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others."

It is evident that Lord ABERDEEN made his offer to the Brandon children without consulting his estimable wife, for such a close student of boy-nature and girl-nature—that is, of human nature—as the associate editor of Wee Willie Winkie has proved herself to be, would never sanction a scheme so likely to graduate prize and hypocrites.

A correct corollary to the proposition "Honesty is the best policy," is "The man who practises honesty simply because it is the best policy is not an honest man." As with honesty, so with politeness.

Who is to judge which student is the most polite, or the most open-hearted, or the most considerate? It would surely be a hard task for any mortal. Many of us who have gone to school, know that in even such branches of study as geography and history, a teacher is not an infallible judge of a scholar's superiority. He is not even as good a judge as any of his scholars who knows the judged pupil better than the teacher does. A superficial student—a mere mouth—often gets more credit than a more modest but more understanding youth. There are some students who push their small knowledge to the front with the success that often comes to the shallow in a school that is taught by one who knows the real character of his students but little. There are often many pupils in a class who realize just how little the mouthing students know, and who respect their own self-respect too highly to emulate

them, or who despising the avidity with which the shallow ones answer some simple question that is asked of the whole class, allow these to do all the answering. It would seem to many that teachers should be good enough judges of human nature to see through such things, but it is a fact that many teachers are not—a fact that will be more freely corroborated by students than by teachers.

In that Brandon school, unless Brandon children are different from other children, there will be a straining for effect by some competitors for the prize. Some children will strive to be what they consider polite, and open-hearted, and considerate. Others—the best children in the school—will see through this straining and striving, and will despise the doing of good deeds that the doers may be seen of their teacher. How is the teacher to judge? There is no greater truth than the maxim of BURNS:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord, its various tone, Each spring, its various bias.

What does the teacher of many children know of the mechanism of the mind of one of those children? And how is he going to "shadow" all the children, wherever they go—for surely he will have to do so, if he is to make even an approximate judgment?

It is a very different thing, the giving of prizes for geography and history, from the giving of prizes for politeness and similar qualities. The student of geography and history is not only striving for a prize—he is learning more geography or history than he would learn if there were no prize. A student's attainments in these branches, as has already been shown, is not always accurately gaged by teacher, but examinations in history and geography are certainly apt to be more fairly conducted than ones in politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others. The competitor for a prize for these qualities is not learning more genuine politeness and consideration than if he were not striving for a prize. The scheme of Canada's worthy and beloved governor-general is far more likely to be productive of jealousy, sycophancy, hypocrisy and griggishness, than any of the virtues which only One greater than Lord ABERDEEN can rightly judge or reward.

A GOOD MAN'S ERRORS.

Dr. PARKHURST, at the first of his crusade against vice, thoughtlessly did some very unwise and cruel things in his wrath and zeal. Since that time, however, that energetic clergyman has more than compensated for his early mistakes. His recent attacks upon immorality have shown prevision, whereas his first ones showed an utter lack of plan—something, in such a crusade as he was leading, deserving of severe censure. Dr. PARKHURST has done much of late to bring about splendid reforms. He has received praise from the world's best men, and not only from the papers whose political ideas are different from those which prevail at Tammany Hall.

It is, then, a great pity that Dr. PARKHURST seems to have again strayed down another by-way in the maze of thoughtless zeal. It is reported on good authority that he promises the payment of a large fee to any young lawyer in New York who will impeach a police justice. It seems as though the good clergyman, by so doing, is placing himself in the unenviable position of being a criminal and abettor of crime.

There is an offence on the United States penal code known as champerty—and this seems dangerously like what Dr. PARKHURST is doing.

Says the yachting critic of the Chatham World:

Progress does not agree with The World's estimate of the relative importance of Dr. HOLMES' "Autocrat" papers and other works. This is all right. We shall not quarrel with it for not accepting our opinion. It need not, however, in expressing its dissent, have intimated that The World had not read the papers referred to. That was a gratuitous impertinence, wholly uncalculated. We do not change our opinion because it is not shared by Progress, but we are not so "stuck on our shape," in a literary sense, as to suppose that those who decline to accept our views have not read the works in question.

Progress said nothing which would justify the supposition either that it did or did not "agree with the World's estimate of the relative importance of Dr. HOLMES' 'Autocrat' papers and other works." It did not "express its dissent" at any thing The World had to say. The World said that Dr. HOLMES' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers "were minor productions in comparison with his poetry and other writings." Such a remark would certainly justify the intimation that Progress made, viz., that the World man, at the time of writing his editorial, "was not aware" that the "Autocrat" papers contain poetry, whereas it contains "much of the most famous"—Progress was non-committal as to whether or not it was the best—poetry Dr. HOLMES ever wrote. It is certainly evident that at the time of writing the former editorial paragraph The World had either not read the "Autocrat" papers, or had forgotten them to such an extent as to make his opinions upon their merits in comparison with other works of very little value.

Lady SOMERSET recently delivered a lecture on "Causes that Hinder Temperance." The chief cause that hinders temperance is the desire some people have to

drink. As long as people have this desire, it will be difficult to obtain total abstinence or absolute prohibition.

The ostracism which MADELINE POLLARD is suffering from managers of opera companies in which she is endeavoring to secure a situation is as cheering to the friends of what is good and clean as was the defeat of this shameless woman's shameless paramour.

An American tourist residing in Boston tells the editor of the Book of Nations that more and better books are read in St. John than in cultured Boston.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Rose Song.

Your voice is in the rose, my love, As sweet as love can be; And that's the reason why, my love, The roses sing to me. And ever when their leaves unfold, The music is the same; They sing the sweetest song in life, A song of your sweet name. And when the crimson morning comes Blushing down the sky; Then your low voice comes to me, Where the roses sigh— From the waking dream of night, Comes Love's message true, Whispered from the tender theme Roses sing for you.

Your voice is in the rose, my love, No ever can learn its tone; As sweet as love can be, And in my longing soul I know That music is your own. Love's minstrel fingers strike the chord, And wake in sweetest strain; The dreaming language of your love, 'Tis silence gives us pain.

Now singing from the rose, my love, What'er it fain would say, Steals the magic love note forth, O'er the light of day. Fallin' on my life to bring Close the heaven of thine; Sing, O summer roses still; To put on the winter's cold or summer's heat. Rose Vale, Oct. 1894. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Farmer's Will.

Like tech vines close! when the sun goes down, Or fadder crips! at the harvest noon, My plant of life droops low, my leaves are brown; The season's spent, the end is nouse too soon. I've ploughed the field both ways an' kept it clean, Until the crop's 'laid by'; the prospect's fair, And I'll not let the cool an' creepin' evenin' air. I don't fear death; the future life I'll greet As any springtime comes an' in to stay, Would or would not the spring be so late, But just an everlastin' growin' day.

The farm an' its belongings, stock an' store, I leave to wife, the near horse of the team; My plant of life droops low, my leaves are brown; The precious bloom float on our life stream.

An' now, some few requests I wish obeyed, Relatin' to my funeral obsequies, At which I want to be without parade Of black-plumed hearse or boxed-up carriages.

The wagon bed, on springs to break the jar, Will do to bear me to the churchyard's rest. The country way has served me well so far; So note it be, the simplest is the best.

A coffin cheap as can be bought or made Is good enough to lay a mortal in; For one must turn to dust, the other fade, An' all that's left to go to earth an' lie.

Lay out my body in my common cloth, No boughen shroud of thine coat an' vest, A suit that every friend an' neighbor knows, An' all that's left to go to earth an' lie. For all it's homespun an' home made an' plain, My God has walked with me in it down here; An' I should feel most foolish, weak, and vain, To put on any way more than Him so here.

I'd like to have my neighbors dig the grave, As I have helped to do without expense; It ain't the cost I mind, all that I'd waive, Is that I won't be stopp'd an' no bear me hence.

At last, a sweet madra or a rose, A little listen to their wallowing peal, A look rare well to all terrestrial woes; The preacher's benediction, Amen. —Clarence Ousley, in the N. Y. Sun.

Returned.

The old cathedral bells sound sweet and clear, A light of life fills my streaming eyes, A Jacob's ladder reaching to the skies. —Louis A. Robertson, in Boston Transcript.

A CLERIC SAW THE SIGHTS.

He was Guided by the Drummers and Fell Into a Snare.

A gentleman who carries the title of professor in front of his name and who has had a record as a preacher though he was never ordained, had a strange experience at the hands of a number of commercial travellers a few days ago. He was being travelling through the province and was in St. John for a time. But it was in Fredericton that the event happened. There he became acquainted with a number of commercial men and he proved to be a pleasant and agreeable gentleman. It is needless to say that the commercial men proved also to be pleasant and agreeable. They always are.

They reached the place sought and it was not until then that the erstwhile preacher knew where they were going and that a joke had been played upon him. He, however, took it in good part, and sat with the wagging drummers for a while. He, however, did not accept of any hospitality in the way of drinks, and shortly after arose and departed.

One night they invited him out for a stroll. He accepted the invitation and supposed that they were going to some club, though the destination was not explicitly mentioned. They proceeded up Queen street and turned off the street.

He is a man who appreciates a joke and his pleasant relations with the travellers were not jarred. Afterward, when he spoke of it to others, he did so with a smile. All he was afraid was that people would place a wrong construction on the affair.

The best part of the whole joke was that

the worthy professor and preacher was invited to preach in one of the Fredericton churches the same week.

A MORAL BARBER SHOP.

Where the "Police Gazette" and the Nudie in Art are Never Found.

The reporter saw a barber's pole by the side of a building the other day, and as he was in need of a shave, entered the building. His first question was, "Is this a barber shop?"

"Is this a barber shop?" repeated the surprised proprietor. "Are you blind?" "No, I'm not," said the reporter, "and that's why I thought it couldn't be a barber shop. Its true that there are razors flying through the air, and all that sort of thing, but where's your Police Gazette?"

"Oh," said the barber. "Well, I guess this is a little different from the majority of the barber shops in St. John in that particular. And I'm proud of it, sir; I'm proud of it."

Some time before, the reporter had read in the Young Men's Era a scheme of concocted by some of the women of Chicago, whom the over-zealous Mr. Sted had criticized so freely. These good women proposed to present all the barber shops of that wicked city with copies of such papers as the Young Men's Era, the Christian Guardian, tracts and such. These women thought that the barbers would relish the idea of getting their literature for nothing, where formerly they had to pay hard cash for it, and they also seemed to think that they would be very much pleased to have the selection of this literature done by people who had better literary taste than could be expected from the average barber.

They were, therefore, not only doing an immense service to the men who visited the shops, but also to the barbers themselves. The above are not the exact words used by Young Men's Era, but the idea seemed to be the same. The reporter remembered that he had thought in the article, which was written in all seriousness, was one of the humorous pieces that he had ever read. So it was with considerable surprise that he discovered that, right here in St. John, was a barber who was evidently a man after these ladies' own hearts. Wishing to find out whether he took the Young Men's Era for the benefit of his customers, he sounded him on the subject.

"No," was the artist's answer. "I don't care for such papers, any more than I do for the Police News or Gazette. As you see, he continued, abstractedly filling the reporter's eye with lather, "I take the best magazines, and all the St. John newspapers. They are just as interesting, after a young or an old man gets educated up to them, as the Police Gazette. Yes, sir, I'm proud that I haven't got a pink-colored paper in the shop."

"And that's not the only thing I'm proud of, either. I'm happy to say that I don't have any pictures of living pictures. Now just look at what takes their place. Do you see that picture up there? 'Now isn't that as sweet a specimen of maidenly purity as ever you saw?' That's an emulating sir, absolutely emulating. And look at that picture on the other side of the glass there. Just such a girl as any young man would like to marry. I consider, sir, that I'm a public benefactor. Do you care for a shampoo, sir, with soap that's ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths pure? Thank you. Good day, sir."

The reporter, as he went up the street, "wid a bran' new shave upon him and the whiskers all his face," was, for a time, lost in admiration for the singular barber. But then, a feeling of doubt came over the spirit of his dream. Might not the barber be in the purity business because there was money in it? Might he not have in view the patronage of all the Y. M. C. A. members, as well as that of any of the baser element who might wander in? After much thought on the subject he concluded that he would give the barber the benefit of the doubt. His decision was hastened by the good character men in various walks of life credited the barber with. The only thing the reporter did not like about the barber and his reform was that the former talked too much with his mouth about the latter. But then he was a barber; and the reporter remembered that he had drawn him out.

Encourage This Enterprise.

Messrs. Skillings & Knowles have an undertaking in hand—the publication of Illustrated St. John and New Brunswick—that should be encouraged by every citizen. The book is not a guide book, not an advertising venture, but proposes to represent the best of what is around us—the best streets, the handsomest public buildings and residences, the squares and gardens and the proposed park, scenes on the noble river St. John and such views as will give a stranger a good and adequate idea of our city. There will be some 40 or 50 pages of illustration for which special photographs have been taken by a competent artist and which will be engraved by the best workmen in the country. These with letter press from the facile pen of Mr. W. K. Reynolds, will make a volume of nearly 100 pages handsomely bound. To sell enough of these at one dollar to guarantee such an expensive undertaking is the present aim of Messrs. Skillings & Knowles. They are meeting with generous success but, really, instead of having to hunt up people to subscribe the people should send their names to them, for St. John needs such a book badly.

Our Heavy Sarges

Made into double-breasted sack suits may be worn well into the winter for street wear, and make a fine skating suit. We haven't said much about them lately but they have been selling just the same. GILMOUR, Tailor, 73 Germain St.

THIS MAN HAS NERVE.

The Courage of a Western Detective Who Never Killed a Man.

Until the discovery of the Sayres murder monopolized the attention of Portland's detective force recently, the members thereof were interested in the plucky capture of an assassin at Seattle by Detective Cudibee of that city. Cudibee is very well and favorably known in Portland police circles, having visited there several times on professional business, and there are also in Portland several non-official persons who are qualified by long acquaintance with him to give intelligent testimony as to his value as a man hunter. It was one of the latter who talked about him in this way:

"Cudibee's police training was received in a school from which no coward or blockhead could graduate with honor. It was in Leadville, Col., that he first donned his star, and he wore it through the most troublous period of that great and wicked mining camp's history. When silver was first discovered there, in 1878, nearly all the thugs and thieves in the West, and many of the worst characters of the East, started for the new Eldorado, and when the town was a year old its rulers were desperadoes. There was a reign of terror, and it naturally resulted in the organization, of a law-and-order party by the respectable element. The new party got control of the municipal government, and at once began purging the camp of its rascals. A large force of picked men was enlisted and Ed Cudibee was one of the first volunteers accepted. Then began the cleaning-out process. Hardly a day passed without a policeman shooting a thug or being shot by one. The chief was assassinated by a bully who rode away and escaped, and the dead man's official shoes were immediately filled by the next in command, and Cudibee was raised from the ranks to a captaincy. The war was continued until decency triumphed, and Cudibee was finally elevated to the city marshaling. He literally fought his way to the place, for in every dangerous duty he was at the front."

"He has told me that he never killed a man, and I know that he has frequently refrained from taking human life when a less courageous or cool-headed man in his place would have shot to kill, and his reputation for daring doubtless made many a desperado surrender quietly to him who would not have voluntarily succumbed to any other member of the force. Cudibee's conduct in that Seattle affair reminded me of an almost similar incident in which he figured, and of which I was an eye-witness. It happened in 1883, when Cudibee was a captain. A big and burly Irishman, while frenzied by drink, shot a man in a saloon, and was the sole living occupant of the place when Cudibee and one of his officers arrived. He was standing over his victim and brandishing his revolver when Cudibee entered the door, and when the murderer looked up and saw the police uniform, he pointed the pistol directly at that part of it which covered the wearer's heart, and shouted: 'If you come near me, I'll kill you!' Cudibee did not stop, did not even falter, but holding out his empty hands, continued advancing, gazing steadily at the eyes of the desperate man as he did so. There was something in that gaze that seemed to fascinate or perhaps the murderer was overcome with astonishment at the fearlessness of the advancing officer. At any rate, the trigger was not pulled, and Cudibee, quietly saying 'I want that,' wrenched the weapon from the still extended hand, and in an instant had the big man manacled."

"That was the greatest exhibition of cool courage I ever saw in my life. When Cudibee entered the door of the saloon the murderer was standing about a dozen yards away from him, and fully twelve seconds were consumed in his slow and deliberate advance to the muzzle of the pistol aimed at his breast."

A Handy Pocket Companion.

Waterman's fountain pen is considered the best pen of that kind upon the market. It gives satisfaction to all who use it and this is saying a good deal for it. The flow of ink is steady and regular and the customer can be suited with any kind of a pen that he wishes—fine or broad pointed. The convenience of such a pen that is always ready for use and with which one can write all day and not stop for the regular dip, dip, with an ink bottle, can hardly be over-estimated. Merchants and commercial men, professional gentlemen—in fact anyone who has use for a pen at any and all times will find the Waterman a desirable pocket companion. Messrs. C. Flood & Sons are the agents here and from their variety one could not fail to select a pen that will satisfy him.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year"—the time when it behooves women to look their brightest. This is what the Delineator for November shows them how to do. It has just been received from Macaulay Bros. & Co., and is an epitome of the latest fall fashions.

A Place Worth Visiting.

Such a place as described in the above heading is the store of Hardress Clarke, on Princess street. As will be seen by his advertisement, he has, like the party at the famous Irish christening, "all sorts of tays."

Change of Hour.

Attention is called to the change of time of the "May Queen," which leaves her wharf, Indiantown, every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 o'clock local time, instead of 8:30 as formerly.

A Mean Rival.

A belle of Manhattan beach wore a fancy bathing dress well padded at the shoulders. A rival had secretly removed the padding from the right shoulder, and substituted salt. When she was five minutes in the water she was a fright. One of her graceful shoulders had melted.

If the Japs advance on Pekin Mr. Chang will probably be deprived of his boots and socks by an Imperial edict. Chiblain and a broken heart will do the rest.

THE GUN KICKED.

And the African Thought it was a Little too Strong for Him.

When Mr. Montague, the English traveler, was in Africa, he gave to a native an old single-barreled gun, and the fellow was delighted. He put in a small handful of powder, and about a quarter of a newspaper on the top of it, and finally a ball, and then rammed the whole charge down. Then he departed. In the evening he returned, with his face battered and swollen almost beyond recognition.

"What have you been doing?" asked the Englishman, in amazement. "The native sat down on the ground and said sorrowfully: "A little after noon I found the track of the elands, and I followed it until I found them feeding. I crept up to one of them. He was twenty yards away. I rested the barrel of the gun on a stone, placed the butt against my nose, directed the muzzle toward the eland and pulled the trigger. I do not know what happened, for I was blind and deaf for some time, but when I came to I found myself lying at the bottom of the gully. There was besides me, my face was as you now see it, and the elands had gone away. Son of a white man, but it was very kind of you to give me a gun, but it is too good a gun for me—too strong, too powerful. It needs the wisdom of a white man to rule it. Take it back. Farewell!"

The State of Her Mind.

There were little red streaks in her face and a blaze in her eye, as she came into a country telegraph office not a thousand miles from Detroit.

"I want to telegraph to my husband," she said with a snap of her large and shapely jaw.

"Yes, madam," responded the operator, handing her some blanks.

"How much will it be," she inquired.

"I don't know, madam," replied the operator with keen politeness and a faint smile.

"Don't know?" she exclaimed. "What are you here for?"

"To tell people what I know, madam, and to send and receive messages."

"Well, why don't you know how much a telegram will cost?"

"Because, madam, I don't know where it is to be sent."

"Well, you needn't be so smart," she snapped. "It is to go to Detroit."

"Thank you, madam; it will be twenty-five cents."

She made no further remarks, but took the blanks, and in the course of time returned with about ten pages of closely-written matter.

"There," she said, laying a quarter down with the message, "see that."

"But, madam," explained the operator, "it is twenty-five cents for ten words."

"What?" she ejaculated.

"You can only send ten words for twenty-five cents."

She looked him square in the face as she tried to suppress her feelings.

"Are you a married man?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you must be an idiot if you don't know that a woman can't give her husband a piece of her mind in ten words," and, without waiting to hear anything more from him, she floated herself out of the office, taking her message with her.

Amusement for Two.

A good story is told of William Swisher, one of the veterans who is present at the Grand Army encampment in Pittsburgh. He was in a Colorado town not long ago without money, but with a great thirst. He was sitting up a saloon outfit from a corner seat, when a Westerner invited him to take a drink.

"No," replied Bill deliberately, "I will not drink to day."

"Won't you, Mr. Biled Shirt?" replied the cowboy. "We shall see." Then he turned to the bartender. "Put ten whiskey glasses along the bar in a row. Now fill 'em up."

When they were filled he drew a pistol and cocked.

"Drink now the line," he commanded.

Bill slowly drained each glass. When the last was down, he placed it on the counter, set the ten glasses in line, and turned to the cowboy.

"Now, mister," said he, "if you have 'em filled again I'll drink my way back."

King Milan at a Banquet.

King Milan of Serbia once went to the hotel of a distinguished lady who was giving a bazaar for the benefit of the poor children of Paris. As soon as the king appeared upon the scene she advanced toward him with a splendid silver salver in her hand on which was beautifully emblazoned the family arms. On it lay a pretty little bunch of violets. "How much, madame?" asked the king. "Twenty-four lois, sire," was her soft response. Milan paid her the sum she had asked, with a courteous bow, took the salver from her hands, placed the bouquet in his buttonhole and walked off with the tray under his arm.

Hiding a Yawn.

Why does a well-bred person put his hand over his mouth when he yawns? Not one in a thousand knows the reason. The Cleveland Leader says the origin of the custom was as follows: Four or five hundred years ago there was a superstition common in Europe that the devil was always lying in wait to enter a man's body and take possession of him. Satan generally went in by the mouth, but when he had waited a reasonable time and the man did not open his mouth the devil made him yawn, and when his mouth was open jumped down his throat. So many cases of this kind occurred that the people learned to make the sign of the cross over their mouths whenever they yawned in order to scare away the devil. The peasantry in Italy and Spain still adhere to this method, but most other people have dispensed with the cross sign, and kept out the devil by simply placing the hand before the lips. It is a most remarkable survival of a practice after the significance has perished."

The Missing Word Man.

Thomas Foster, who originated the missing word contests that were a craze in England, has just been—to three years in a London—for a number of petty frauds.

Patient—Doctor, why does whiskey make me nose red? Doctor.—It's because you drink it, sir.

...thought it was a little too...
...the English trav...
...he gave to a native an...
...and the fellow was...
...in a small handful of...
...a quarter of a new...
...of it, and finally a ball...
...the whole charge down...
...in the evening he re...
...battered and swollen...
...ognition.

...of Her Mind.
...red streaks in her face...
...eye, as she came into...
...office not a thought...
...graph to my husband,"...
...nap of her large and...
...responded the operator...
...blanks.
...it be she inquired.

...said, explaining a quarter...
...sage; "send that."
...madam," replied the...
...politeness and a faint...
...she exclaimed. "What...
...what I know, madam...
...ceptive messages."
...you know how much...
...I don't know where...
...n't be so smart," she...
...go to D-trici."

...square in the face as...
...her feelings.
...man?" she asked.
...be an idiot if you don't...
...can't give her husband...
...in ten words," and...
...or hearing anything more...
...her out of the...
...message with her.
...ent for two.
...old of William Swisher...
...who is present at the...
...at the...
...do town not long ago...
...at with a great thrut...
...a saloon outfit from a...
...Westerner invited him...
...Bill deliberately, "I...
...Mr. Biled Shirt?" re...
..."We shall see." Then...
...bartender. "Put ten...
...over the bar in a row.

...filled he drew a pistol...
...line," he commanded...
...each glass. When...
...he placed it on the...
...in glasses in line, and...
...y.
...said he, "if you have...
...drink my way back."
...n at a Banquet.
...ria once went to the...
...shed lady who was giv...
...benefit of the poor...
...As soon as the king...
...e scene she advanced...
...splendid silver salver...
...which was beautifully...
...family arms. On it lay...
...ch of violets. "How...
...ked the king. "Twenty...
...was her soft response...
...e sum she had asked...
...w, took the salver from...
...the bouquet in his but...
...off with the tray un...

...a Yawn.
...ll-bred person put his...
...when he yawns? Not...
...knows the reason...
...eader says the origin...
...as follows: "Four or...
...ago there was a super...
...Europe that the devil...
...wait to enter a man's...
...sion of him." Satan...
...y the mouth, but when...
...asonable time and the...
...is mouth the devil made...
...en his mouth was open...
...throat. So many...
...kind occurred, that...
...d to make the...
...over their mouths...
...wed in order to scare...
...the peasantry in Italy...
...re to this method, but...
...ave dispensed with the...
...ept out the devil by...
...hand before the lips...
...able survival of a prac...
...cance has perished."

...ng Word Man.
...who originated the mis...
...that were crass in...
...to three years...
...or a number of petty...
...why does whiskey...
...use you drink it, air.

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

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE. WORTH \$1.75 EACH. Rubber Sheeting. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

HEATING STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Larger Than Ever. PRICES VERY LOW. SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

New Dress Goods. NEW CLOTHES. Newest and Most Fashionable Fall and Winter Designs. LOW PRICES.

Novelties in Dress Trimmings. Our Ladies' GLOVES. LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS. S. C. PORTER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South End. There was a quiet wedding on Monday evening at the residence of Mr. W. W. Wintmore, King street east, when his daughter, Miss Lena Wetmore, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Smith, of New York. Rev. W. O. Raymond performed the ceremony.

St. John—North End. Mr. Henry Hilyard left on Monday night for a short visit to New York. Mrs. Robert D. McArthur, of St. Martins, spent last week with her sister, Miss Ritchie, Main street.

St. John—North End. Mrs. Robert McLeod, of Black River, is visiting her mother Mrs. Foster, Waterloo street. Miss Ketchum, of St. Andrews, is the guest of Lady Tilley, Germaine street.

St. John—North End. Mrs. W. B. Lefebvre has been spending the past few weeks with Mrs. J. J. Landry has returned to her home in Quebec. Mrs. Meagher, of Fredericton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. McDade, Waterloo street.

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CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. Disperses forever the most critical and uncertain moments between the Bed and the Breakfast table. Always ready. For sale at the Hardware stores. John R. Carle, 169 Main Street, St. John.

DEARBORN & CO'S. SPECIALTIES. Pure Flavoring Extracts. Water - White Vanilla, Apricot, Blood Orange, Banana, Cherry, Peach, Pear, Raspberry, Strawberry, Limes, Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Rose, Pineapple, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmeg, Coffee, Wintergreen.

ABSOLUTELY PURE HERBS AND SPICES. Sage, Savory, Marjoram, Thyme, Mixed Spice, Pickle Spice, Pure Mustard Flour, Cayenne, Cloves, Ginger, Cinnamon, Allspice. These goods are the best it is possible to produce, we guarantee them as represented; use them if you want the best. Yours for purity, DEARBORN & CO.

TEA! TEA! TEA! NEW FALL GOODS. My New Season Teas. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. HAVE ARRIVED. Flour, Meal, Rolled Out, Standard, (fine), Corn, Buckwheat, Beans, Sugars, Syrups.

Hardress Clarke. 73 Sydney Street, near Princess. PERFUMES. Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, Various other Toilet Articles. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte St., (over Warlock's).

To Out-of-Town Buyers. We will send you a half dozen Jackets on approval and pay expressage one way. In ordering state size and color.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street
MORROW & CO., 111 Halls street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Halls street
HAYES & MYLERS, Morris street
CORRELL'S BOOK STORE, George street
HICKLEY'S DRUG STORES, Spring Garden Road
POWERS' DRUG STORES, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
F. J. SHIPPIN, Railway depot
CLARA NEWS CO., Granville street
W. E. HENB, 10 Halls street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N.S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Wickwire gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea at their handsome house on Morris street. The large rooms were filled to overflowing by about two hundred and fifty guests.

The officers of the King's also gave an exhibition of sports at the Crescents' grounds Wednesday afternoon. Owing to the showery afternoon the attendance was not as large as it might have been otherwise.

Mrs. Crawford held a fancy sale at her house on Morris, for the benefit of the missionary fund. Saturday there were still two more teas, one at Mrs. H. Troop's, Victoria road, the other at Bellevue.

At both places there was a fair number of guests who had nearly all just come from witnessing the exciting football match between the Wanderers and the navy.

Invitations are out for a large dance at Admiralty house on the 25th of this month. The ships are to leave on the 21st. A very interesting ceremony was performed at Robie street Methodist church at the early hour of half past six Tuesday morning when Mr. B. W. Caldwell and Miss S. H. Caldwell were married.

The Rev. S. W. Smith performed the ceremony. The bride, who looked very well in a gown of brown cloth with hat to match, was attended by Miss Lizzie Heustis, who was also gowned in brown. Mr. H. W. Cameron supported the bridegroom.

The bride and groom were both members of the choir which was in attendance. Mr. W. F. Compton played the wedding march. The bridesmaids were fortunate recipients of many handsome and useful presents. A large number of friends assembled at the station to wish the happy pair good luck. The honeymoon is to be spent in Boston.

The groom was a member of the W. H. Johnson Piano Co. A string quartet across Granville street from the warrens is in honor of the event. The death of Mrs. McKay, wife of Mr. A. McKay, supervisor of schools, occurred yesterday.

The cause of this sad event is supposed to be typhoid fever. This deceased lady's last illness was quite short and much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family, for the loss of such an admirable wife and mother.

Mrs. C. D. Long is again at home after her visit to the Upper Provinces. LITTLE JANE. A quiet wedding took place at the Garrison church on Tuesday last, the principals being Dr. Major A. J. Ball and Miss Lillian Hoag, daughter of Quartermaster Sergeant Hoag, O. S. A. R. A. Rev. N. LeMoine performed the ceremony.

The bride was given away by her father, and wore a handsome gown of cream satin, with trimmings of lace and ribbon, veil and orange blossoms. Miss Nettie Duff, as bridesmaid, wore a pretty dress of pink cashmere, and carried a bouquet similar to that of the bride.

Grace Hoag and Miss Eva Wild. They both wore pink cashmere dresses, with trimmings of lace and ribbon, and carried baskets of chrysanthemums. Armourer Sergeant J. Benham supported the groom. At the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was awaiting the guests. Many of the handsome and valuable presents received by the young couple.

Mrs. C. W. McKee spent this week in Amherst, the guest of Mrs. A. Robb. Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson, and Miss Robertson have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the last few months.

Mrs. C. N. Strickland is in Boston, where she will spend the next few weeks with friends. Intelligence was received this week of the death of Mr. Robert S. McFarlane, son of Dr. McFarlane, of this city, which occurred at Natick, Mass., on Thursday last. The body was brought to this city for interment.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, the new curate for St. Luke's cathedral, has arrived in the city, and on Sunday conducted the services in the cathedral. Mr. G. R. Johnson, formerly well known in this city, but now a resident of Riverside, California, is on a visit to his old friends here.

80 Medals. PURE COCOA Strongest, Purest and Best. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Agents.

was a pronounced success. Miss Hudson and Miss Jones were attired in empire gowns and favored those present with some very admirable examples of the Emerson and DeLaurian methods.

Mrs. Brock who has been spending the summer with friends here left yesterday for Boston. Mr. A. C. Patterson is in the city for a day or two.

Prof. Lee Russell and Mrs. Russell are domiciled at the "Willow," Halifax Road. Mr. Rod Hewson left yesterday for Bridgewater to take a position in the Halifax Banking Company's agency at that place.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Frischar and H. H. Henderson.] Oct. 17.—The most elaborate affair in the way of a "Supper Party" was last night given at the "Norfolk House," to Mr. Bois DeVeber, the popular agent of the Halifax Banking Co., who on Friday morning will say farewell to his bachelor days—and join the order of Benedictines.

The decorations were not only unique but handsome. The after supper speeches were characteristic and brim full of wit—showing what jolly good fellows the company were and how much they esteemed their honored guest. A magnificent solid silver tea service suitably engraved, was during the evening presented to Mr. DeVeber, by his most intimate friends. They were Hon. A. C. Bell, H. T. Sutherland, Donald Grant, H. K. Fitzpatrick, George Murray, W. H. Stiles, Howard Cavanagh, C. J. McKinnon, J. F. McLean, Howard Murray, T. F. Conrod, and H. J. Townsend.

The other gentlemen present were His Worship Mayor McIntosh, Dr. Kennedy, W. D. Ross, C. T. Best, Roy Stewart, Johnston Chisholm, Geo. A. Fraser, George Patterson, J. Fred McDonald, Jas. Eastwood, Mayor Munroe (Westville), S. W. Cummings, (Truro), Principal D. Solom, A. O. McKee. Mrs. Primrose, who for some weeks has been the guest of the Misses Jenison, returned to her home on Monday.

Mr. John McLeod, of Charlottetown, was visiting here last week. Mrs. Alfred Fraser leaves here this week for Windsor to place her two sons in college. She will then spend some weeks in Antigonish, after which she will reside in Windsor until next summer.

Miss Maud McKenzie goes to Halifax tomorrow, where she will be the guest of the Misses Quik, Spring Garden Road. Mr. G. A. Dixon went to Charlottetown on Monday. Mr. McDermott is expected home from New York on Monday.

New Glasgow has at last, a philanthropic society, organized by Professor Clark. The members will meet at the professor's house on Friday evening, when some choice music will be rehearsed. A concert is spoken of for the month of December. Miss Jessie McDonald, of Madbon, C. B., who has been visiting Mrs. J. C. Reid, returns home to day.

Mr. A. Allen, bank inspector, Halifax, is in town this week, relieving Mr. Bois DeVeber, agent of the Halifax Banking Co. Mr. R. H. Graham spent Sunday in Sackville. Afternoon receptions, at homes and five o'clock teas are very popular just now. Among those who produced the most delightful, were given by Mrs. R. C. Wright on Thursday last week, by Mrs. Raymond Dand on Friday, and Mrs. J. McCall on Monday of this week, at all of which a large number of guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. George Townsend returned from their wedding tour yesterday afternoon, and went at once to their own private home, where they entertained a number of their relatives in the evening. The "Algonquin club" will on Friday evening have a reception and dance in Bell's hall. Mr. W. L. Stewart, of New York city, has been spending some days in town a guest at "the Vendome."

It is rumored that Dr. McKay, of Thorburn, is to come to town to reside. His many friends will give him a hearty welcome. Mrs. Albert Dennis spent part of last week visiting friends in Pictou. Rev. Mr. Coady, Thorburn, was the guest of Rev. R. McDonald this week. Sheriff Harris, of Pictou, was visiting here last week. Superintendent Laurie returns this week from Cape Breton.

BRIDGETOWN. [Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Elderkin.] Oct. 17.—Mrs. L. G. DeBlais spent a few days in Annapolis last week. Mr. Frank Fowler of Fairville spent a few days in town last week. Miss Mary Rogers of St. John is the guest of Mrs. George Hoyt. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chesley left on Saturday for Granton to visit their daughter, Mrs. Grant R. Bowles.

Mrs. Fred Crosskill left on Saturday to visit friends in Boston and New York. Rev. H. P. Treasures, wife and daughter, returned from their trip to Boston on Saturday last. Miss Vinnie Bent, after a pleasant visit of five weeks with her friends in Bridgewater, Hantsport and Halifax, returned home last week. Mr. William Chipman and family left for Wolfville a few days ago, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. A. F. Shaffer of Clarendonport is the guest of her mother, Mrs. D. Dennison. Mr. and Mrs. George Prat of Wolfville, and Mr. and Mrs. Strazan of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Frank Prat.

Dr. M. Y. E. Marshall left on Friday for a two weeks visit to Boston. Mr. Bart Kenney, of Boston, is on a visit to his old home. Miss Hattie Joyce of Barrington, after a long and pleasant trip through Nova Scotia, is now the guest of her friend, Miss Beata Murdoch.

Mr. Harry Butee is spending two weeks in Mid-dleton. Mr. T. Dearens spent a few days in Annapolis this week. Mr. Frank L. Miller left last week to make his relatives and friends at Roundhill a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Miller of Annapolis spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. William Miller. Miss Stroop is visiting at Wolfville. Mrs. R. S. Whidden and her little son Jack have come to Eaton, the guests of Mrs. Smith. Rev. James MacLean of Great Village, and Mrs. McLean are visiting Dr. John Cameron and their niece, Miss Carwell of Toronto. BIRDS.

PARROBRO. [Progress is for sale at Parrobro Book Store.] Oct. 12.—On the evening of Friday the 4th, Mrs. A. S. Townshend gave a progressive euchre party at which were worn some new and pretty gowns and the prizes were elegant. A delightful evening it was.

The members of the baptist congregation are holding a tea in St. George's hall this evening. Dr. Townshend, Mr. McKenna, Mr. C. S. Muir, and Mr. N. H. Upham went to Amherst last week to attend court. Principal McKay went to Halifax yesterday on account of his mother's illness.

Mr. C. De W. White, of New Ross, spent a day or two here recently. Mr. J. Smith, of St. Bees college, England, is the new reader assisting Rev. S. Gibbons in place of Rev. Francis Berry, who has taken his departure. Mrs. McGregor, of Amherst, has been paying a visit to Mrs. McDougall. She returned home last week.

Mrs. Cook and Miss Killam went to St. John for a day or two recently. Mrs. Primrose is back from Boston. Mr. Frank Gillespie has gone to attend the Halifax Medical college and Mr. Will Gillespie is taking a trip in the States. Miss Sutherland, of Windsor, is visiting Mrs. Copp.

Mrs. Townshend went to Sackville, N.B., on Saturday. Mrs. Cecil Parsons and her children returned to Springfield last week. Mr. Charles McCabe is back from Boston to be present at the marriage of her son, Mr. F. R. Eaton, to Miss North on last Wednesday.

Mrs. Woodworth has returned from a visit to Kenville. Mr. Edgar Corbett is visiting relatives at Yarmouth. Rev. Mr. Archibald of P. E. I. conducted the presbytery services on Sunday. BAIE VERTE. Oct. 17.—Mrs. Edward Ogden and Mrs. Dixon visited Mrs. (Dr.) Black last week.

Mrs. and Mrs. Stanley Sutherland, of Amers, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. C. Gooden. Mrs. (Dr.) Black went to Sackville on Saturday. Mrs. Albert Wilson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Black, returned to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. T. H. Prescott, of Sackville, spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Copp, of Brooklyn, passed through Baie Verte on their way to the exhibition in Port Elgin on Saturday. Miss Baxter, who has been visiting at her home in Amherst, returned last week and was warmly welcomed by her many friends.

This week's wedding was officiated at St. Luke's church during his summer vacation has decided to remain to the end of the year much to the satisfaction of his own flock and many others to whom he has endeared himself during his stay. This week's wedding was officiated at St. Luke's church by Mr. George Silliker, of Fort Moncton, to Miss Murray, daughter of William Murray, of Davis Road, which took place at her father's residence Wednesday evening at six o'clock. A large party witnessed the ceremony. The bride who was a very popular young lady, received many beautiful presents. BONAN.

HARCOURT. Oct. 17.—Mr. Philip Woods, of Richibucto, spent Sunday in Harcourt. Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, was here on Saturday, and returned home on Sunday morning. Mr. Charles Atkinson, station agent at Charlo, returned home yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Atkinson, who was visiting relatives at Moremore. Mrs. James Livingston, of Mortimore, has been visiting Mrs. Wm. Nicholson, the past few weeks. Mr. W. W. Fride, with three of his children, went to Amherst, on Saturday. Mr. Wm. Rennels, of Campbellton, spent Tuesday afternoon in Harcourt.

Mr. Andrew Dunn went to St. John, on Tuesday and returned home last evening. Mrs. C. C. Seely returned on Wednesday from a pleasant visit to Moncton. Miss Bertie Watt went to Woodstock on Thursday to visit friends. Miss McDonald who has spent the summer at "The Ridge", returned to Chatham on Saturday. Mrs. E. Daggett has gone to Woodstock to attend the baptist conference. Dr. Price has gone to Havelock to visit his parents. Mrs. C. Dixon went to Eastport on Thursday to visit relatives. Mr. S. J. Naves and Miss Mary Naves returned from St. John on Wednesday. SEAWOOD.

GRAND MANAN. Oct. 15.—Rev. W. L. Covert spent a few days of last week in St. John. Mrs. C. C. Seely returned on Wednesday from a pleasant visit to Moncton. Miss Bertie Watt went to Woodstock on Thursday to visit friends. Miss McDonald who has spent the summer at "The Ridge", returned to Chatham on Saturday. Mrs. E. Daggett has gone to Woodstock to attend the baptist conference. Dr. Price has gone to Havelock to visit his parents. Mrs. C. Dixon went to Eastport on Thursday to visit relatives. Mr. S. J. Naves and Miss Mary Naves returned from St. John on Wednesday. SEAWOOD.

where she will attend the Normal School for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marshall and children are here from Bridgewater visiting Mrs. A. J. Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. Pyke are at Kentville visiting friends. All regret to hear that "Grove Mansion" will lose its present owner, Mrs. J. C. Hill, who has no longer lived in our midst and kept in such proper order one of the oldest and best places in town. CECILEY.

ANTIGONISH. [Progress is for sale in Antigonish at I. R. MacLennan & Co.'s book store.] Oct. 17.—Mr. E. Summer, of Montreal, spent last Sunday in town. Mrs. Crowe, Truro, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. S. Archibald. Mr. F. Parker Colwell spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. C. E. Gregory. Mr. V. G. Cunningham, left on Thursday for Philadelphia, to attend college there this winter. Mrs. Randall gave a large dance at her home, on Main street, last Thursday evening. Needless to say it was very enjoyable. Mrs. McKeon entertained a large number of married friends at five o'clock tea Monday evening. FANCT.

SYDNEY, C. B. [Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKenna and G. J. McKinnon.] Oct. 14.—Miss Bown, of North Sydney, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Leonard, at Burdick. Miss A. M. Ingraham is staying with her grandmother, Mrs. H. V. Brown at Escalon. Mrs. W. A. G. Hills is visiting Halifax. Colonel Ludlow, who has been superintending erection of improved coal shipping machines at International pier, leaves shortly for home, to return at the new year. Mr. C. E. Cook has been touring Cape Breton on his bicycle during the past week. CHERRY RIPS.

SUSSEX. [Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. H. White & Co.] Oct. 17.—Sponsor Primrose of Pictou spent Sunday in our town. Mrs. W. J. Ogle, of Truro, N. S., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hallett, "Hazel Hill." Mr. T. E. Arnold spent Wednesday in St. John. Rev. Mr. Sutherland, who has been spending his vacation in Nova Scotia, is at home again. Rev. Mr. Fraser, of Hampton, preached in the presbyterian church on Sunday, making a very favorable impression. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. White left for Fredericton on Monday to spend a few days. Rev. Mr. Fraser, of Hampton, preached in the presbyterian church on Sunday, making a very favorable impression. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kinser. Miss May McIntyre left on Tuesday for Boston to spend a few months. Miss Violet Kinser, who is attending the Rothery school for girls, came home to spend Sunday. Mrs. Currier, of Clinton, Mass., who has been spending a few weeks in Sussex, returned to her home on Tuesday. Miss Carrie McLeod, of Dorchester, N. B., spent Sunday here with her parents. Rev. C. F. Hamington, of Johnston, Queen's Co., spent Tuesday in this town. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. White left for home on Thursday last and before his departure made a flying visit to Dobby. Mr. Campbell, of St. John, left for home today. The many friends of Miss M. E. Foley are glad to learn that she is to remain with them this winter. Dr. Hayes paid a visit to Chatham last week. Miss Madam Cochran is going to spend the winter in Boston. CLOVEN.

NEBSON. Oct. 15.—The opening of St. Patrick's new stone church, at Nelson, is to take place on the 8th Nov. Miss Nellie Monahan, and Amy O'Neill, leaves next week for Portland, Me. Miss O'Connor, of St. John, spent a few days at Presbytery the guest of Mrs. McCormack. Miss L. Monahan, and Maggie Sutton, paid a visit last Saturday to Upper Derby. Mrs. John Flett of the Pines is visiting friends in Boston. Miss Hattie Povey, Derby, is the guest of Mrs. McCormack at the manse. Mr. F. J. Mooney paid a flying visit to Nelson, on Wednesday on his way from Blackville. Mr. M. Monahan and Mr. A. McPherson left last week for Boston. Miss May Wheeler, Newcastle, spent last Monday in town the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Hayes. Mr. J. Silvey, of St. John, left for home on Thursday last and before his departure made a flying visit to Dobby. Mr. Campbell, of St. John, left for home today. The many friends of Miss M. E. Foley are glad to learn that she is to remain with them this winter. Dr. Hayes paid a visit to Chatham last week. Miss Madam Cochran is going to spend the winter in Boston. CLOVEN.

DO YOU WANT A LEADER IN MANTLINGS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, CLOVES, HOSIERY, RIBBONS, VELVETS, OR ANY OTHER LINE? Our Great Clearance Sale Will furnish an opportunity to every buyer visiting the city to secure genuine bargains.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, GRANVILLE & DUKE STS., HALIFAX.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the tast by all means try

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with recipes, can be had at all leading grocers or druggists! Price 25 cents. Don't accept substitutes or imitations.

MurphyGoldCure INSTITUTE FOR the treatment of ALCOHOLISM, the MORPHINE and TOBACCO habits. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Indorsed by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential. MOUNT PLEASANT - ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

Wedding Cakes OF FINEST QUALITY, SUPERBLY DECORATED. Shipped to all parts of the Dominion. Sole arrival guaranteed. Write for estimate to HARRY WEBB, TORONTO. The largest catering establishment and Wedding Cake manufactory in Canada.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 19 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetzel.

BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 6c. SMALLIQ UREEN.

Fall and Winter. THE EMPRESS FLANNEL.

The above unshrinkable and resistible White, All-Wool Flannel has been successfully tested and found, in all cases, when properly washed, to meet the reputation claimed. Single width 29 in., double width 45 in.

Unshrinkable Fancy Flannel Shirtings, Light and Heavyweight. Gilbert American White Unshrinkable Flannels in Four Qualities. French Opera Flannels, White and Colors. French Fancy Flannels for Blouses and Tea Gowns.

GREY FLANNELS. NAVY FLANNELS. Velour Skirtings, Shaker Flannels, Embroidered Flannel Skirtings, Domestic White and Grey Blanketing in 36 and 72 inches wide. One lot of Grey Blankets at very low prices. All the above in Flannel Department, first floor, rear store.

Manchester Robertson & Allison NELSON. Oct. 15.—The opening of St. Patrick's new stone church, at Nelson, is to take place on the 8th Nov. Miss Nellie Monahan, and Amy O'Neill, leaves next week for Portland, Me. Miss O'Connor, of St. John, spent a few days at Presbytery the guest of Mrs. McCormack. Miss L. Monahan, and Maggie Sutton, paid a visit last Saturday to Upper Derby. Mrs. John Flett of the Pines is visiting friends in Boston. Miss Hattie Povey, Derby, is the guest of Mrs. McCormack at the manse. Mr. F. J. Mooney paid a flying visit to Nelson, on Wednesday on his way from Blackville. Mr. M. Monahan and Mr. A. McPherson left last week for Boston. Miss May Wheeler, Newcastle, spent last Monday in town the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Hayes. Mr. J. Silvey, of St. John, left for home on Thursday last and before his departure made a flying visit to Dobby. Mr. Campbell, of St. John, left for home today. The many friends of Miss M. E. Foley are glad to learn that she is to remain with them this winter. Dr. Hayes paid a visit to Chatham last week. Miss Madam Cochran is going to spend the winter in Boston. CLOVEN.

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ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 19 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetzel.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Procession for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Oct. 17.—After their marriage on Wednesday...

A very happy wedding occurred at the home...

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian church...

Mr. Thomas Rippey's very many friends will...

Dr. L. N. Bourque spent last Sunday with friends...

Mr. Fred Fowler, of St. John, is in town...

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hall gave a delightful...

Miss Wright, of St. John, who has been visiting...

Mr. E. S. Oubase left on Tuesday morning...

Miss Maggie Foley, of Buxton, spent a few...

Miss Rippey returned last week from a pleasant...

Miss Fannie McBeath, who has been spending...

Mr. D. I. Welch, left on Monday afternoon...

Miss Purvis, of Pictou, is in the city...

Mr. Fred Walker, who is at present acting as...

Mr. G. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

Ald. W. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

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Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

Ald. W. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

MONCTON.

[Procession for sale in Moncton at the Moncton...

Oct. 17.—Sunday last St. George's Church of...

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian church...

Mr. Thomas Rippey's very many friends will...

Dr. L. N. Bourque spent last Sunday with friends...

Mr. Fred Fowler, of St. John, is in town...

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hall gave a delightful...

Miss Wright, of St. John, who has been visiting...

Mr. E. S. Oubase left on Tuesday morning...

Miss Maggie Foley, of Buxton, spent a few...

Miss Rippey returned last week from a pleasant...

Miss Fannie McBeath, who has been spending...

Mr. D. I. Welch, left on Monday afternoon...

Miss Purvis, of Pictou, is in the city...

Mr. Fred Walker, who is at present acting as...

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Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

Ald. W. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

FREDERICTON.

[Procession for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H....

Oct. 17.—Lovers of music had a great treat in...

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian church...

Mr. Thomas Rippey's very many friends will...

Dr. L. N. Bourque spent last Sunday with friends...

Mr. Fred Fowler, of St. John, is in town...

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hall gave a delightful...

Miss Wright, of St. John, who has been visiting...

Mr. E. S. Oubase left on Tuesday morning...

Miss Maggie Foley, of Buxton, spent a few...

Miss Rippey returned last week from a pleasant...

Miss Fannie McBeath, who has been spending...

Mr. D. I. Welch, left on Monday afternoon...

Miss Purvis, of Pictou, is in the city...

Mr. Fred Walker, who is at present acting as...

Mr. G. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

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Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

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Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

Ald. W. W. Ayer, who was in Montreal for a...

Mr. Bruce N. Caldwell, of the Bank of Nova Scotia...

Miss Mabel Willis left for Halifax on Saturday...

Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH...

HAROLD GLIMO, 85 GERMAL STREET.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[Procession for sale in Charlottetown by S. Grey...

Oct. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Sanderson have returned...

Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Miller left on Friday...

Mr. Richard Heintz went to Truro last week...

Mr. Gregory left on Wednesday for his home in...

Miss M. W. Chisholm, who was in Halifax for...

Mr. James Graham, Inglewood, Ont., was in...

Mr. Ernest Ings and her mother, Mrs. Dodge...

The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Howland...

For the Summer exhibition on Thursday...

The brick Methodist church presented a very...

Mr. C. Lehigh, Jr., was in Summerside last week...

Mr. and Mrs. David MacLennan returned from...

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weddell entertained the...

Mr. A. G. Beck with wife to New York on...

Miss Ethel E. of St. John, is having a pleasant...

Miss Irene Woodbridge has gone to Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

MAGNET SOAP advertisement with decorative border.

This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali...

J. T. LOCAN, MANUFACTURER, 20 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION advertisement.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce advertisement.

Mortgagee's Sale advertisement.

FOR SALE advertisement for Robb-Armstrong boiler.

W. H. STIRLING, T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE advertisement.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.

DORCHESTER.

[Procession for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Oct. 17.—There were two or three small parties...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

ANAGANOE.

At the meek beasts in the garden came flocking...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

ST. MARTIN'S.

[Procession for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug...

Oct. 17.—Mrs. Geo. S. Parker arrived home from...

Miss Laura Phinney has been obliged, on account...

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cahels are visiting Boston...

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of Sussex, are...

Miss Mary Akerley is in Boston visiting her...

Mr. Holly Coy, of Charlottetown, St. John, is...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, of St. John, are...

Vertical advertisement on the left edge of the page.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. J. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

Oct. 17.—Miss Florence White and Mr. Edward White, of Shelburne, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner.

Mr. Thos. Murray has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Lizzie Cahill is back again from St. John, where she has spent the last month.

Miss Emma Ayer is spending a few weeks in Dorchester, where she is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Oulton.

A most interesting and exciting game of Rugby football was played on Saturday afternoon between Mount Allison and Moncton, Mount Allison winning with a score of 3-0. A large and delighted crowd watched the games. The visiting team was entertained at tea in the new college residence.

The many friends of Miss Ethel Smith regret to learn that she still continues very ill of typhoid fever.

The death occurred on Sunday evening at the rectory, of Robert Selwyn, eldest son of Rev. C. F. Wiggins. He had been in ill-health for some time and had been a most patient sufferer. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, was very largely attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. V. E. Harris, of Amherst. The pallbearers were six of his young schoolmates, namely, Ralph Powell, Rollie Raine, Willie Wood, Rev. Allison, Perry Everett and Willie Harrison.

Mr. H. G. C. Kitchum, of Amherst, Miss Parker, of Amherst, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hanford, of Fort Lawrence, were in town on Tuesday.

NEBBS.

Oct. 17.—A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. Henry Nae, the event being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Susan M. Nae, to Mr. W. J. McKenzie. The bride looked very pretty, dressed in white crepe, trimmed with satin ribbon and lace; her veil being tied with white chrysanthemums; she also carried a bouquet of the same. The bridesmaids who were Miss Nellie Nae, cousin of the bride, and Miss Josie Boyes, both looked very nice dressed in white. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Philip McKenzie.

Among the wedding presents were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, handsome clock; Mr. S. Ross, \$5.00 in gold; Mrs. A. H. Lingley, silver pie knife; Mrs. F. C. Nae, glass cake plate; B. W. Leitch, silver gravy spoon; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. McKenzie, lamp; Mr. Frank Lingley, silver sugar spoon and butter knife; Mr. Beverly Lingley, silver cake basket; Mr. Edward Lingley, gold sugar spoon; Mr. Thomas Lingley, silver sugar bowl; Mrs. (Capt.) Robt. Perry, half dozen silver knives; Miss Mabel Fanjoy, silver berry spoon; E. E. Fraser, silver breakfast casters; Miss Lida Brundage, silver salt and pepper bottles; Mr. Henry Nae, half dozen silver knives and forks.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SALISBURY.

Oct. 17.—Miss John Wilson returned home last week after a pleasant visit with friends in Boston. The Misses Terry and Alma Wilson, of St. John, who have been the guests of Miss Laura Crandall, returned to their home last week.

Mr. E. A. Moore spent two days of this week in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baird and Master Harry went to Pt. de Bute this morning, to attend the wedding of Mrs. Baird's sister, Miss Eva Bowser. Mr. Frank Wilton and Miss Annie Wilton left on Monday for Roxbury, Mass., to spend the winter with their sister.

Mrs. John I. Steeves, Hillsboro, was in Salisbury this week.

Rev. H. C. Barnes was in Moncton on Monday. Rev. Mr. Reid, of Moncton, was the guest of Rev. E. E. Lippie part of last week. Also Rev. Mr. Matthews.

Mrs. E. Kay was in Moncton last week. Rev. E. Chapman made a short visit to his home last week.

THELMA.

MAUGERVILLE.

Oct. 16.—Miss Nellie Taylor and Miss Janet Rossborough, our popular school teachers, spent Sunday at their homes in Fredericton.

Mrs. George Howland, of Hampton, spent a few days with her brother, Mr. George Foster, last week.

Mrs. P. McCuskey and Mrs. Burns spent Sunday with friends in St. John.

Miss Agnes Miles spent Sunday at her home. Her sister, Miss Ella, is slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. Wm. Magee, who has been visiting friends at St. John and Moncton, returned home today. Miss Barker, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Archibald Harrison, returned home today.

Miss Louisa Penley died last evening at the residence of her sister, Mrs. G. A. Tridwell. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, of Houlton, have been visiting Mr. Plummer's sister, Mrs. J. S. Miles.

CHATTERBOX.

APONAQUI.

Oct. 16.—Miss Annie Wetmore spent Saturday in Bloomfield.

Mrs. J. H. Wannamaker left on Monday to visit in Fredericton.

Mrs. G. N. Pearson, Sussex, spent Saturday with friends here.

Mr. W. McD. Campbell, Moncton, came on Saturday to attend the funeral of his uncle and returned on Monday.

Miss Georgia Biecker spent Sunday with her father, Mr. J. Biecker.

Mrs. M. Fenwick is in Carleton county attending the conference of the P. C. B. churches. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Taylor, of Sussex, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. H. Montgomery-Campbell, of "Fox Hill", left on Saturday for Chatham, where her parents reside.

CHATTERBOX.

LOCKPORT.

[Progress is for sale at Lockport at the "Nimble Saxe".]

Oct. 16.—Mrs. Robt. Irvin, of Shelburne, with her little granddaughter, Mabel, is staying for a short time in town.

LATER CHARLOTTETOWN NOTES.

Oct. 16.—Miss Alice McKimlin, who has been visiting friends in St. Stephen, returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Vere Hyndman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hunt, Summerside.

Mr. W. R. Carmichael, Montreal, is here on a business trip.

Mr. Alex. Bruce has gone to Boston and New York. He will be absent two or three weeks.

Hon. William Richards, Bideford, is in the city. Mr. W. C. DesBrisay, who has been the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Howland, left for Ottawa on Wednesday last.

Mrs. R. B. Fitzgerald gave a party on Thursday evening to about thirty young people. Like all her entertainments it was very enjoyable.

Mr. Reginald, son of Mr. A. A. McDonald, is home on a visit. Mr. McDonald is now agent of the People's Bank of Halifax at Fort Hood, Cape Breton.

Mr. Charles B. MacMahon, of Boston, is in Charlottetown visiting his sisters.

Miss Evelyn Carney and Miss Amy Palmer crossed to the mainland via Point du Chene on Monday.

Mr. M. F. Plant, manager of the Plant line of steamers, spent a few days in Charlottetown last week.

Mr. George Gardiner left on Tuesday morning for the United States.

Mrs. W. W. Beer has returned from Sackville, where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Gordon.

Mr. Frank Bayfield, son of Edward Bayfield, has matriculated at Fredericton University and is now taking the arts course at that institution.

Miss W. Crookall, who has been in Boston for several weeks, returned home on Friday last.

Mr. Francis Bam, who has been very ill, is reported to be somewhat better.

Mrs. Donald Gartherson and her daughter Ella have returned from their trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. Harry Stirling has gone to Boston, where he will join his mother, Mrs. Stirling.

Society is glad to welcome the genial officers of the "Golfers," which came into port on Tuesday. I hope they will make a little stir in social circles for Charlottetown has been painfully quiet of late.

DANA.

ANNAPOLIS.

[Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Atlee, at the Royal Drug Store.]

Oct. 16.—Mrs. Savary is visiting her old home in Dartmouth.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie has gone to Boston on business.

Miss Nellie Rensman has gone to spend some months in Boston with her friend, Miss Harrington. Mr. Herbert Rensman accompanied her on her journey and will return in a few days.

Mr. W. M. DeBlots has returned from his trip to the "Hub."

THEY HAD TO FIGHT.

How a Blunt Captain Enforced Discipline Aboard Ship.

The British ship City of Florence was lying at anchor off San Francisco waiting to sail. There was a breeze of excitement on board, the result of a lively "scrap" between two sailors and a plunge for liberty into the bay. The crew had been engaged for some days, and the steward and the cook had become great cronies, and Capt. Leask noticed that the steward spent most of his time in the galley, and he took him to one side and spoke to him "like a father."

He told him that it was very bad policy to get chummy with the cook, for it would be sure to end in a disagreement. As the captain had predicted it came to pass that the cook went to him with a long complaint about the steward, and scarcely had he gone out of the cabin when the steward came in with a similar tale.

"Wait a bit," said Capt. Leask, and he passed the word for the cook. When the latter entered the cabin the captain said: "Now, then, you two gentlemen have started to fight, and we sail tomorrow. It will be a continual fight on the home voyage, so the two of you go out there on the main deck and pummel each other until one cries enough, and let me hear no more of this."

The men went out and fought each other to a finish. There was little science displayed, but both could fight. The steward begged to be excused at the end of half an hour, but the captain insisted that the fight be continued. The steward arose to the occasion and landed on the cook's starboard ear, and the cook responded with a blow that knocked all the wind out of the steward's sails. The steward failed to come to time and sat on the deck until he recovered his wind.

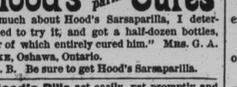
"Go forward," said the captain to the cook. The steward began to strip himself.

"What are you doing?" demanded the captain.

"I'm going ashore," said the steward surlily; "I've had enough of this ship."

"Have you? Well, take your clothes with you. I don't want them. Put on that coat."

The steward put on his coat and then



FRANK LEAKE, Ottawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Ottawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and delicately on the liver and bowels. 25c.

went to the side. Capt. Leask did not interfere with him, and he sprang lightly to the rail and took a header into the bay. "Follow that man in a boat," cried the captain quickly to the mate, "and let him swim till he can't swim any more, than bring him back."

The orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the boat followed the unfortunate steward until he appealed to the mate to take him back to the ship. He was taken back and landed on the ship a soaked, repentant, and crestfallen steward.

SAVING HIS BOY.

A Man's Adventure While Boating With His Little Son.

"My story is short," said he, "I heard the dog booming down from the mountains; heard the deer in the woods just where I was listening to him; saw him break out into the open exactly where I was watching for him, and then I shot him."

"And he was the spot you aimed for, I suppose?" said his companion.

"Not precisely. It was an inch and a quarter to the left, for he was traveling fast, and I did not try for extra fine sighting. But this was not my first, and as we agreed to give each other our first deer stories, you may as well have mine now. It was years ago. I got him under the jack light, 'floating' it is now called. It was a simple case of brutalizing assassination and it would be easy to 'loot' the highest waves ever met in these waters; but any greenhorn can get under one in an instant if flat water."

"I was careless. The boat tipped and nearly filled and then righted. I instantly placed each hand on the opposite gunwales of the boat and, strengthening my arms, raised my body free from the boat and gently balanced myself out into the lake and swam to the end of the log. Of course, in balancing out I completely filled the boat with water, but I kept it right side up and hoped that, swamped as it was, it would sustain the boy and also allow me to bear a part of my weight on it while I swam and pushed it along. The boat sank at first until the water came up to Russell's mouth. I bore no more weight on it and kept soothing and encouraging him to sit absolutely still. The water was bitterly cold. My hunting clothes and boots were heavy. I swam and pushed as steadily and carefully as I could, aiming for the point of an island. It was slow—terribly slow. I economized my strength in every way, and began to speculate on the time when complete exhaustion would overcome me. It was certain to come long before I could reach the island. In encouraging and directing the boy to sit perfectly still, and at intervals to scream at the top of his voice, I used the fewest possible words and expended the least possible amount of breath.

"A numbness, beginning at my feet, crept gradually up my legs until they were all but useless. I swam only with my arms, and at every second or third stroke pushed the boat carefully with one hand. It was plain now that I could not possibly 'get to the island, and that no boat could possibly get to us in time to be of any service to me. I therefore gave Russell's final precise directions; trying to give him the impression that I was simply going away after help. I waved, oh, so much, to say goodbye to him, and to give a message to the top of his voice. I did not dare risk the little fellow's emotions.

"My pains were now so intense that it required no courage to let myself slowly sink. It came as a blessed relief. It came almost as a disappointment after I had sunk to find that my feet struck bottom.

"We had just reached the edge of shale and were in a trifle over six feet of water. I thought that I was hoping against hope that footing gave was on a languid stimulus. It was the thinking of my dear courageous boy that gave enough vitality to thrust my head above the surface again. A few more strokes and a few more thrusts brought me to wading ground.

"Are you on bottom, papa?"

"I had only enough strength to say, 'yes, my son, and I slowly—very slowly—pushed the boat to the island. I lifted the boy out and said, 'Russell, say thank God!'"

"Thank God, papa."

Two Efficient Sight-Spotters.

Next to the universal dotted-veil habit in working injury to the sight is the very popular use of colored lamp shades. In hall or drawing-room the green, yellow, red or pink "umbrella" shades are charming; in the room where people read, write or sew, they are out of place. White alone should shade the lights in such a room. Two members of one family went to a specialist to consult him about their eyes, which were giving them much trouble why neither they nor he seemed able to determine. Calling on them at their home one evening, he exclaimed almost immediately on entering the sitting-room, "I know what is the matter with your eyes—too much yellow!" Bright terra cotta and yellow ruled in the decorations, and of two lamps used, two were of highly polished and highly reflecting brass, and the centre table lamp sent a very yellow flame through one of the golden "fish-scale" globes. White porcelain shades were ordered for the lamps immediately.

Genuine

"Here" said the secretary of the Cure-quick Tonic Manufacturing Company, "here is a testimonial that seems to be genuine. He says that he has not been able to get out of the house for five years, but now, after taking one bottle of our remedy, he is able to walk three miles."

"Who is it signed by?" asked the President.

"Jerry Bites."

"Jerry Bites." Oh, yes. He just got out of the penitentiary last week."

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

This Pin Cushion FREE. Zera Semon.

If your grocer is out of them ask him to send for more.



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

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

ST. JOHN

Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION.

188 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th. TEACHING STAFF:

M. S. Whitman, Piano and Harmony. Mrs. R. A. Parker, Elocution. Miss Alice Ristig, Vocal Music. Mr. Carl Walker, Violin.

M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

Spruce Gum!

Just received another lot of that lovely

SPRUCE GUM

That everyone likes so much.

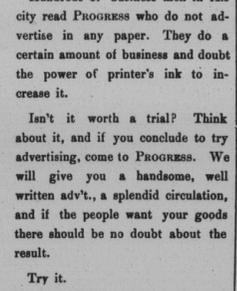
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Drugist and Chemist, 35 KING STREET.

Worth A Trial.

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

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

Try it.



KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER-PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

The Improved KNITTER Family. WILL knit 15 pairs of socks a day. Will do all knitting required in a family, business or factory. SIMPLEST KNITTER on the Market. This is the one to use. A child can operate it. We guarantee every machine to do good work. We can furnish ribbing attachments. Agents wanted. Write for particulars.

DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO., DUNDAS, ONT.



TO-NIGHT AT THE Mechanics' Institute.

BONNELL'S GROCERY

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

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

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

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

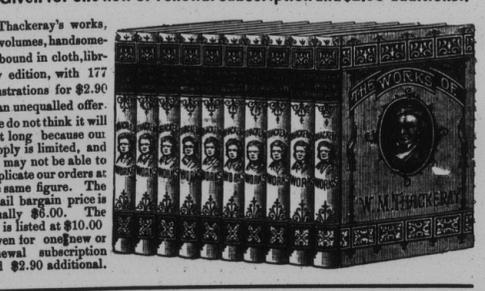
"RIGBY."

This is the season when we properly appreciate a warm, comfortable, Porous waterproof coat. Always ask for "Rigby."

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.



ADVERTISE IN "PROGRESS."

IT BRINGS RESULTS. IT REACHES THE HOMES.

ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the medicine's benefits for joint pain.

W. T. BARD'S Jewels and Optical Store, 51 KING ST.

MAKE ST. JOHN LIVELY.

THE SPLENDID ADVICE OF A ST. JOHN MAN IN BOSTON.

"First Impressions Count for Much"—All the World Admires a Lively City—Such Are His Tents—How to Keep Young Folks in St. John—Let the Bands Play.

Boston, Oct. 17.—First impressions count for much.

A few miles out from Boston on the southern division of the Boston and Maine railway, there is a little stone depot on the side of a hill.

The depot is much the same in style as a number of others along the line, but its surroundings are somewhat different.

Once upon a time the hill was as shaggy and unattractive as the hills through which a railroad bed has been cut usually are, and there are any amount of such hills hereabout today. But Winter Hill station, to which I refer, is remarkable. It is a part of Somerville, and perhaps not in one hundred of the people who pass it daily have ever stopped off there, but they have an idea what people who live at the Winter Hill have nice homes with nice surroundings.

Perhaps they have, but the chances are that they are no better than, if as good as, those of the people who live near a score or more other stations along the line.

It is a case where a first impression counts for much.

Winter Hill station is attractive. On each side of the track a hill rises above the cars, and on one side the little stone depot sits, with steps leading up the side of the embankment.

People in the cars cannot see much, but what they can see is pleasing to the eye; it gives them a good opinion of Winter Hill and the people who live there, and several times I have heard friends talking of the beauties of Winter Hill, who when questioned further could not tell whether the top of the hill was a sand bank, a willow, a manufacturing district, or a summer resort of swelldom.

All they saw when the train stopped was two big hills or embankments rounded off and covered with grass closely cut, green and well kept and watered, one great green bank from the asphalt walk to the top of the hill, with perhaps a few flowers here and there.

It is pretty and attractive, yet simplicity itself, and I don't suppose it costs \$50 a year, perhaps not half that amount, to make the depot a beauty spot, but it is a great advertisement for Winter Hill, and I have no doubt, has been the greatest factor in making it a thickly settled residential district.

It is pleasing to the people who live there and take pride in their homes; it strikes the fancy of people who pass in the trains and makes them say, "that is a pretty place in which to live;" people think of it when they decide to move.

Do you see the point? It is the little things that tell. It is always necessary to pass around a town to do something big; in order to raise the wind.

Thousands of strangers visited St. John last summer. Whether they will go there again all depends upon the impression the city and the people made upon them.

What did St. John do to entertain its visitors? I have been told that it did not entertain them at all; made them walk the streets at night, in fact, and beg private citizens for a place to sleep.

I do not know how true this is, for I also understand that Mr. McCormack, of the Victoria, found accommodations for all who came along—not at the hotel, at private houses.

However the case may be, I do know that the impression has gone abroad that people who go to St. John have to take chances, and summer tourists on a vacation do not take kindly to sleeping in a public square.

Yet there may be a good deal in the theory advanced by the late Mr. Barnum, that, when the people learn of a place of entertainment where the crowd is so great as to make it uncomfortable, everybody is seized with a desire to go there.

But supposing the theory to be a good one, a great deal will depend on the character of the place. If there is "something going on," something to cause adventure, people sometimes forget discomfort.

What has been going on in St. John? The invariable reply of people I met while in the city recently, was "nothing." Then young men without exception, followed it up with enquiries about "the chances" in Boston.

They wanted life, and what young man or young woman who ever expects to amount to anything does not? If there is nothing to interest them in their own native town, no life, no activity, nothing but work, work, work, they will never be satisfied.

Supposing again a young man, a clerk in an office or store comes to Boston. He won't have very much more money to spend than he had in St. John. He can-

not afford to pay 75 cents or \$1.00 every night for a seat at the theatre. He will be as eager for cheap shows as ever he was in St. John.

But he will find something to entertain him. It is not so much the show but the crowds that go to see it. A band concert will attract thousands. Boston common is crowded with people every Sunday afternoon the band plays. The principal attraction advertised at the beaches during the summer, are band concerts and perhaps a singer or two—always a band. Yet the people flock there by thousands. The music gives life to the place, it animates the people. And yet 90 out of every 100 of them would say "I don't care anything for the band."

Remember the crowds that used to fill the walks of the King square, and perhaps walk on the grass, on band night, years ago; for I believe St. John did not have a band concert this summer. Hundreds of people went there simply because it was "some place to go." The people came out and made the town lively; it kept the people active, made them realize that they were living units in the make up of a big city.

Take the Saturday night crowd that walk up and down King street, along Union and Charlotte streets. What brings it out? Not twenty per cent. of the people leaves home with the intention of buying, but a greater percentage sees something it thinks it needs and buys it. The great majority comes out because it expects to find somebody else out, and the average person likes a crowd.

If the streets of St. John were crowded often like they are Saturday evenings, they would not be half so many young people thinking seriously of coming to the United States.

There are as many people in town Mondays as there are Saturdays, but where are they? I met a St. John man in Boston recently who was down there on the Queen's birthday. He told me that the walkway on the north end of the ferry floats in an alleyway of the forenoon and did not have half a dozen people.

They were all out of town, he says. No, they weren't. There are thousands of people in St. John who cannot afford to go to town, even one day in the year. They are poor, but they are people who are not poor. They are people who are not poor. They are people who are not poor. They are people who are not poor.

How could you do it? Hire a band if nothing else. It wouldn't be necessary to transport the flower beds on the King Square. Hire some music on the Market Square. Hire some people to come out, the town would have some life in it; if a man happened to take a walk over town he would not think he was the only one left of 50,000. I suppose you could get a band to play on the King Square all day for \$20. Who is going to pay for it? That's the cursed question.

Now I've merely mentioned a band, because it is the first thing that comes to my mind. It is a means of putting life into a town should be suggested. It is not ridiculous; the more you think of it the more you realize the necessity of putting some life into the people, of keeping them on the jump, keeping them interested, of keeping them at that point which they sometimes reach when they cheer the old flag in the Mechanics' Institute.

Look out for the young people. They are the ones upon whom the future of the country depends, and it would be very easy to put a little courage into them, to make them believe life in St. John is worth living. But this will never be done by vetoing everything that promises any excitement. An exhibition may not bring immediate returns, but there's a heap of fun in it; if it affords one a chance to spread himself, to show the world that he plays a part, even though many would not suspect it; it gives a man a realization of his own importance and the importance of his business and city, which cannot fail to bring results when this feeling becomes general. It's worth the money spent.

Working along day in, day out, year in, year out in a workshop, an office, meeting the same people, talking on the same subjects, feeling that the great outside world knows nothing of your work,—it's a bad thing, it's monotonous, to both the employe and the employer, if they only knew it, and it would be worth all the money an exhibit would cost,—to say nothing of returns—to make a spread.

An active people are ambitious, they keep money in circulation, they make things good, they consume more, and more has to be produced.

But who should pay for the band? The city should do it, but it would pay the business men to do it. The most successful business men in St. John today are those who take the greatest interest in public affairs. But they take too great an interest in public affairs, in business; they never think of fun, of amusement, and that is why the young men—the boys—get dissatisfied.

The work, work, work policy doesn't pay, and St. John is the worst place I know of to get a day off, if all I ever heard is true. Give the boys a chance to spread themselves, with summer carnivals, election parades, labor day parades, exhibitions, band concerts, let them keep on the move. They will have some ambition, get out of ruts, see that the city is alive, and in the summer visitors will be loth to leave. When they come home they will advertise you.

All the world admires a lively city. First impressions count for much. R. G. LARSEN.

A CITY'S WATER SUPPLY.

HALIFAX INCREASING ITS SERVICE IN THIS RESPECT.

Some Interesting Facts About the Necessity of This and Why it was Necessary—An Expenditure that Will Run Away with the Estimates—The Mill Owners' Claim.

HALIFAX, Oct. 18.—The water supply system of Halifax city is just fifty years old. It was in 1844 that a private company first undertook the business of bringing in the water from a series of lakes five to eight miles west of the city. The private ownership of a franchise so important to citizens was found to be inimical to the city's well being, and a few years afterwards the company's rights and property were purchased by the city corporation. The source has been improved annually since then. But of recent years the supply has been growing poorer and poorer. The cause was not a very much greater increase in population as much as it was the prodigal waste. There has indeed been a considerable extension in the pipes laid, but not sufficient to account for the distribution of water pressure in the city. It was recently proved that an amount of water was delivered sufficient for a city with double the population of Halifax, and that the cause of all the trouble, the reason why there was an insufficient pressure, was that there was tremendous waste in the city. Antiquated sanitary arrangements, poor plumbing generally, and a constant flow from houses, night and day in winter, to prevent freezing, was responsible for the lack of water or legitimate purposes in the north end of the city, not served by the high pressure pipes. There was a leak from the north end for water. They did not know how they got it or at what cost, but it was a constant drain. City engineer Keating and city engineer Doane alike held that the remedy was in the hands of citizens themselves. All that was needed to make the supply amply adequate, they clearly showed, was to make the plumbing in the houses what it should be, and without one cent of public taxation the water service of Halifax would become perfectly satisfactory. But citizens, backed up by self-seeking aldermen, refused to entertain this plan of helping themselves, and demanded that the city should remedy the evil for them out of the public purse.

A scheme for a new pipe line from the lakes to the city was agitated. Engineer Doane pronounced against it in most positive language, but north end aldermen and citizens fought for it so persistently that Mr. Doane was induced to go back on his previous opinions, and the project was decided upon by a majority of the city council. It was estimated that \$150,000 would be required to carry out the plan, and authority to borrow that amount was obtained from the legislature. The work was begun, dragged slowly along, and now, after two years' it is fairly well advanced, though it is probable next spring's snows will have melted ere the water will be turned on and the cost will run up nearly \$50,000 more than estimated. All this outlay because of waste in the houses of the people, which the authorities had not nerve enough to stop. It was easier for them to borrow and sink this city yet deeper in debt.

So much of this business nearly everybody knows about. Here is a phase of it which is not so well known. There are certain mill owners who have claims to rights on the supply lakes. They hold that they control the storage in the Chain lakes, and that all the city has a right to the power to conduct the waters of Long lake through Chain lake, and thence into the main. There has been constant friction on this point between the city and these mill owners. Engineer Keating, who preceded Mr. Doane, had a scheme to increase the storage capacity of the lakes by building a dam a quarter of a mile east of the terminus of Chain lake and connecting two points of high land. The city council had power to expropriate the land between this proposed dam and the lakes. This land was the property of the mill owners. Engineer Doane, when he made his plans for the new pipe line, and the board of works adopted the location of the dam as selected by Mr. Keating. Everybody understood the dam was to be built at the Keating site, but it is not. One of the first things done after the abolition of the board of works which formerly controlled such things, was for Mayor Keele and Engineer Doane to change the location of the dam. They decided to place it at the end of the lake, over 1,200 feet further from the city. In this way they avoided the necessity of an immediate arrangement with the mill owners for the land that would have been expropriated and a settlement of their claims on the water storage in Chain lake. The city postponed that settlement, but they did so at a tremendous cost.

Take a few instances as illustrating this: In the first place the concrete dam that is now being erected is three times as long as the other would have been and costs nearly in proportion. Secondly, a quarter of a mile of new road that was built with a

Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Gaiters. FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

We have the above in NAVY, FAWN, BROWN and BLACK. Ladies' Sizes from No. 2 to 5, in 8 1-2, 11 and 14 inches. Misses and Children's Sizes from No. 1 to 4, in suitable lengths in Cloth and Stockinette.

Scotch Lamb's Wool Hose.

This most reliable and grand wearing Hosiery we are now showing for Boys, Misses, and Ladies, sizes from 5 in. to 10 in. feet. Heavy Domestic Wool Hose, for Boys. Light and heavyweight Cashmere Hose. New Ribbons, New Embroidered Chiffons.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Given the simple factors of a man, and a bug of any kind, from the stalwart and boisterous June bug, to the gentle harmless lady bug, or the busy little ant, and you have all the requisites. It will not be necessary for the bug to take an active interest in the proceedings at all, his part will be passive, but yet a great deal will depend on the man too, more than he deserves of, because that tiny crawling thing so insignificant in its helplessness will bring out his true nature better than anything else in the world. If he pauses in passing, to plant his foot on it with a vicious scrape so as to insure its being ground to fragments, or if it chances to alight upon his hand, and he instantly smashes the life out of it; he is a good man to avoid! He may be a church deacon, the president of a Y. M. C. A. or even the most pious of clergymen—for I have noticed that christianity fails to influence the truly good in their treatment of the lower creation—and he may stop at the next street corner and take the number of a truckman who is ill treating his horse, with a view of reporting the man and getting him punished, but at the same time the savage lurks just below the surface, in his composition, and his nature is a cruel one, even though his hair and eyebrows should match to the twentieth part of a shade.

IT DON'T MATTER

Whether you are in mourning or not. Black always looks well, and no matter how faded or worn your old clothes may be, they will dye a good Black. Try your old Dress or Overcoat at UNGAR'S before buying a new one.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

Do You Know ???

DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL, With Pancreatine, Hypophosphites and Extract Bechtree Creatine.

That it is prescribed by physicians because it has no equal. That it contains more pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion, or so-called extract or Preparation. That it is ten times more efficacious than plain Cod Liver Oil. That it is as palatable as cream. That, containing Pancreatine, it will enable the weakest stomach to retain it. That it is the best known remedy for Bronchitis (acute or chronic), Chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all wasting diseases, either in young or old. That when you ask for, see that you get Dawson's Royal Emulsion, Sold by all Druggists. WALLACE DAWSON, CHEMIST, MONTREAL.

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, L'TD., TORONTO.

THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER, which are now taking the place of the Best Imported. Our Ales and Porters are known and used from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are in General Favor. ASK FOR THEM and see that our Brand is on every Cork. JOHN O'REGAN, ST. JOHN, N. B. Agent for the Dominion Brewery Co. and Salvador Lager.

WHAT A BUG WILL DO.

A True Barometer of Human Nature—It Will Give Men Away.

There never was a truer proverb written, or a larger amount of solid wisdom condensed into a few words than is contained in the homely saw, "straws show which way the wind blows!" It is an unimportant little saying, at the first glance, savouring very much of the "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves"—order of wisdom, in mildly advising the human race not to neglect trifles altogether, to give them their due weight occasionally, and pay some heed to their admonitions. But to my mind that saying has a much deeper meaning; and if we only understood it better, and applied the test it suggests more rigidly to those with whom we are brought into contact in our daily lives, it would teach us some valuable lessons.

For example, it would teach us that no indication is too small to guide us in reading the true character of a man, or a woman, if we will only take the trouble to spell out the easy cipher properly. In fact a man's most trifling actions when he is off his guard if rightly interpreted are usually the short cuts to a better understanding of his character, than years of constant association with him when he is on his best behavior, would afford.

That wise old physiologist and physiognomist, Sarater, laid it down as a distinct rule that the person whose finger nails turned in, and were inclined to fold over the fingers something like the talons of a bird, was bound to possess a cruel nature. I don't think myself that Sarater was by any means infallible, because he also warned his disciples never to trust anyone with hair and eyebrows of a different color; and I have known many estimable people even in my limited experience whose hair and eyebrows were very far indeed from being en suite. I have met charming women with fair hair, dark brown eyebrows, and black lashes whom I could safely have trusted with a secret, and men with red hair, and white finishing touches to their faces, to whom I might have confided my entire fortune with perfect impunity; while the trustworthy person of both sexes, possessing gray hair, and dark brows and lashes, whom I have encountered I could number by the score. Naturally I prefer my own experience to Sarater's.

But I know that the ancient philosopher's conclusions were the result of deep study, that he devoted a lifetime to his researches, and it seems almost a pity that so much time and energy should have been expended in determining the correct indication of a cruel nature, when a simple experiment calling for only the commonest of materials would have given the same result in two minutes, as he took years of careful observation to arrive at.

Dr. Holmes' Last Poem. [Read on the occasion of the Author's Burial, Feb. 23rd, 1893.]

Teacher of teachers, yours the task, Noblest that noble mind can ask, High up Ionia's marmarous mount, To watch, to guard the sacred fount, To guide the hurrying flood that fills A thousand silver rippling rills In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields That bounteous nature kindly yields, But later grows the kindly yields, Flung deep by thoughts and wearied toil In learning's broad domain.

And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits, Without your watering at the roots, To fill each branching path?

Welcome the author's truest friends, Your voice, the sweetest God's dead lends, Of you the growing mind demands, The patient care, the guiding hands, Through all the world of men, You know the truest need, Your prudent wisdom sows the seed To live the years unborn.

A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

Prince Edward Island is peculiarly inaccessible in winter on account of the formation of ice around its coast. In very cold and stormy weather ice boats are its only means of communication with the mainland.

They are so constructed that they can either skim over the ice or sail through the water. This is necessary because the ice, constantly subject to the tides and currents, may break up suddenly and leave large spaces of open water between the fields.

Prince Edward Island is well known for its fine draught-horses, so superior in size and strength that buyers go there from the New England States.

In the fall of 1885 I went to the island to buy some Clydesdales for a firm in Boston. Being barely eighteen years old, I was very young to be sent on such an errand, but I had earned the confidence which the mission implied.

While making my purchases I stumbled over an opportunity to buy a large quantity of oats cheap, and decided to do a little speculating on my own account.

The buying and shipping of the horses and the attention my own venture required detained me much longer than I expected, and by the time all was completed the weather had become very cold and boisterous. Owing to this the steambark service from Shediac and Pictou suddenly ceased, and I found that I would have to stay weeks on the island, or get over to the mainland on the ice boat which carried the mail in such contingencies.

Passengers are taken by the mail-carriers, but are always informed of the danger they are likely to encounter, and warned that no responsibility for any mishaps or delays will be assumed by the owners of the boats. Many lives have been lost on these trips, and many limbs frozen.

"We'll take you all right, sir," the captain of the hybrid craft assured me, "if you're bound to go, but we don't ensure no passenger that he'll get there, and in case of trouble all passengers have got to turn in and work their passage."

"What trouble do you usually have?" I asked. "Well, ordinarily we don't have any, but we might chance on a snow-storm when we get about half-way across, and lose our way, and drift round on the strait till we are all froze or starved to death. Two boat-loads were most wiped out that way 'twixt here and Cape Tormentine inside the recollections of some of the old folks round here, so we always 'low it might happen again. We don't start unless the chances are reasonable good, but once we're off, every man's got to look out."

These conditions did not shake my resolve to get away by the only route open to me, and on the spot I paid my passage money. The next morning I found three other travellers ready to brave the dangers of a passage across the strait. They were all Canadian "drummers," who, like myself had been shut up by Jack Frost in "P. E. I." They were stout, athletic fellows, and proved to be most agreeable companions.

The morning was very cold, but the sky was cloudless and the wind in the right quarter for ice-boats to carry a sail, and a fair wind is of great importance. Without one, the crew have to push their ice-boat over the ice with great exertion.

At the breakfast-table of the inn at Summerside, near our embarking place, Captain Hawkins informed us that the chances were "reasonable good," and that as soon as we had provisioned ourselves for the trip we must go on board.

"Eat hearty, gents," he advised between huge bites of buckwheat-cakes and sausages, "eat hearty. It's hungry work a-crossthe strait. There's some beef and hardtack aboard in case of accidents, but ye won't get a good square meal again, until ye're at the cape. So ye'd best eat hearty, gents."

We "ate hearty" accordingly, and provided to the best of our ability against a resort to the beef and hardtack.

When we got under way about eleven o'clock, the sky was perfectly clear and the wind fair, and there was every prospect that in about three or four hours we should reach our destination. Ice boats travel with great velocity when the wind is with them, and the distance from the point of departure to Cape Tormentine, our objective point on the New Brunswick side, is only about twenty miles.

With a clear sky, a fair wind and plenty of wraps, commend me to an ice-boat as the most agreeable method of progress in the whole wide world. No pen could do justice to the delight of being the only living thing on a great wide expanse of clear, glassy ice, and of skimming over it at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The bracing wind that blew in our faces made every nerve tingle, and gave such vigour and tenacity to every muscle that when we were half an hour on our way we were all declaring that if we could "ship our weight in wildcats," or something to that effect. Before we reached the snowbanks on the opposite shore we had ample opportunity to show what we could do.

When we were something less than halfway across. The steering-gear broke loose. In order to repair the damage the Wolverine had to be unloaded, and her bow slightly raised.

We all took hold and worked, as we had been told we must if anything went amiss; but there was much to do, and we were only amateur carpenters. So much time was lost by our inexperience that when the repairs were at last completed the short winter day was nearly done. Now, too, the snow had begun to fall in great thick flakes, and we could not see the shore on either side. Our situation, which was so pleasing a few hours before, had grown decidedly dangerous.

Captain Hawkins proved himself to be a brave navigator, and the cheerfulness with which he faced this emergency kept us all in good spirits.

"We'll sample the Wolverine's stores, boys," he said, "when she is sailing trim once more, and then we'll put her nose to the cape and keep it there till she drives it ashore."

But even while he was speaking he discovered that the wind was veering round, and the prospects were that in a few moments it would be blowing through the strait instead of across it, which would oblige us to turn out and haul our boat, instead of having our boat carry us.

Coffee was made over an alcohol lamp by one of the boat's crew, and panettinis of which sandwiches of beef and hardtack were distributed. Once more Captain Hawkins adjured us to "eat hearty."

"I don't conceal from ye, gents," he added, "that we're a-goin' to have a rough time. The lighthouse on Jourmain Island lies thereaway," he continued, thrusting out his arm. "It can't be many miles off and soon as we hear the gong we're all right, but if the wind keeps like this it'll be a steady pull until we fetch it, and every one on ye'll have to take his spell. I'm sorry for ye, gents, but ye was told, ye know."

Yes, we knew we "was told," but we were beginning to be sorry for ourselves, for it was very plain to the least weather-wise amongst us that a big storm originally brewed on the Atlantic Ocean was rushing through the strait toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and that if there was not maul enough amongst us to pull the Wolverine against the wind until the shore could be reached we should be swept out into the gulf.

We drank our coffee and ate our rations hastily, and then started in on a stout struggle for life as ever eight men engaged in.

These boats are the merest cockle-shells, but even so their weight is not a trifle, and ours was loaded heavily with the mail matter that had been delayed by the recent storms.

Two pushed at the back. Two got into a sort of harness rigged at the bow and pulled. So we "spelled" it as the captain warned us we should have to do.

Lois blasts drove down against us, and whirled the snow around us so that we were literally enveloped in clouds of it. It chilled us to the very heart, and in spite of our severe exertions frost-bite became imminent.

The first man to give out was "Jim," one of the crew. He fell face downward in the snow, and was unable to raise himself, so benumbed were his legs and feet. We were obliged to place him in the boat, and as the terrible haul was beginning to tell on all of us, the mail matter had to be taken out and left in the snow.

We covered Jim up carefully with everything that we could spare from our own necessities, but we could hear his teeth chattering like castanets all the time. Every few moments we had to stop for some one to rub his frost-bitten hands or feet with snow, and we were all beginning to feel more or less numbness in our feet and legs.

Another of the crew succumbed. They were not so warmly clothed as we who were passengers. He, too, had to be placed in the boat, and then we noticed for the first time that Jim's teeth had ceased chattering. The poor fellow was dead.

We lifted him out, and laid him in the snow. It seemed heartless, and the captain muttered something about "not being able to face his folks," but we could do nothing more for him, and our own chances would have been materially lessened by not leaving him behind.

Next one of my drummer friends gave out. He stumbled and fell at every step, and two of us had to drag him along by the arms.

The captain now decided to abandon the boat, as the struggle had narrowed right down to a fight for him to tell in which direction it pointed. At last there was not a match left, and nothing to do but blunder around until daylight broke.

Everything depended on our power of endurance. That the poor fellow whom we were assisting along by turns could not hold out until daylight was only too evident. We were all utterly benumbed and exhausted, and but for the captain's frequent assurances that we might stumble up against the base of Jourmain Island lighthouse any moment, would have sunk into the snow and given up the struggle.

"It's hereaway, gents—it's hereaway," he declared, "few moments ago I've lived around here, boy and man, for twelve years, and fetched it hundreds o' times and can't have made no mistake"—but it struck me now and then that he talked like one who was trying to convince himself.

At last he stopped—stopped so suddenly that the sole survivor of his crew, who were plodding along right behind him, was sent head over heels into the snow. We could not see the captain's face, but the moment he spoke we knew we were saved.

"Do you hear it?" he asked. "At first we could hear nothing above the wild howling of the gale. Then a sound like the tolling of a bell came across the snowy wastes."

"It's the lighthouse gong," he briefly observed, and turning started on again. We followed in his wake with feelings that can only be entered into fully by those who have come suddenly out of a great and prolonged peril.

In less than an hour we were in safety and at a comfortable little inn, not a stone's throw from the lighthouse, and were receiving every attention that our exhausted and benumbed condition required.

As soon as day broke, a party was organized to go in search of the boat and the bodies of those whom we were obliged to abandon. They were the sons of farmers who lived in the neighborhood.

A melancholy procession it was that came off the ice that afternoon, and wound over and around the great snow-drifts in which the storm had almost buried the neighbouring hamlets. We, who had so barely escaped a place in its sorrowful ranks, watched it out of sight with bared heads and thankful hearts.

This is a true story. It was told to me last summer by the horse-buyer who escaped.

Her Shaming Experience.

An amusing story is told of a West Walnut street young woman who having read strange tales of slumming in London, determined to visit Philadelphia's own very tough alums district and see what life there was like. As a sort of preliminary she sup-

plied herself with a number of tracts, having a vague idea that the benighted residents there were in need of spiritual instruction. Boarding a Seventh street car she got off at Bainbridge and to the first man she saw, who was leaning idly against a lamppost, she very politely handed one of the tracts.

He took it good-naturedly, and, after glancing at it returned it with the smiling remark that he was a married man. Greatly mystified by this expression, she looked at the tract and saw that it was entitled "Abide With Me." She took the next car home, vowing vengeance against tracts and slumming.

CANDLES MADE FROM CORPSES.

Not long ago four men in the Government of Kursk, in Russia, murdered a girl in order to make candles of her body, the notion being that the light from such a horrible source not only renders the perpetrators of robberies invisible but prevents the people of the house from awakening.

A dead man's hand is sometimes used for the same purpose. The thieves anoint it with an unguent, light it, and the fingers flame. Let the fetid oil fall; the threatened household is aroused in spite of the charms and proceeds to defend his property.

Isn't it almost impossible to conceive that such abominable and absurd superstitions can exist in these days? Yet they exist right there in England; and not by any means among the cruder classes only. The learned physicians, we grieve to say, reluctantly abandon theories of disease which science proves untenable.

"The medical profession," says one of its brightest members, "is but slowly emerging from the darkness of barbarism." Take an illustration. Under date of September 22nd, 1892, Mrs. Eliza Matthews, of 1, North Road, Burnt Oak, Edgeware, near London, writes:

"I first became ill just about one year ago. The attack was marked by loss of appetite, a foul taste in the mouth, vomiting of my food, pain in the chest and sides after eating, and a sinking, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach. My eyes were yellow, skin dark and sallow, and constant pain between my shoulders. I was also badly constipated, and the least exertion sent my heart thumping so I could hardly get my breath."

I had frequent attacks of sick headache which confined me to my room for days together. At such times I could not touch a morsel of food. I got little or no sleep at night, and would toss on the bed for hours. I became thin and weak and was no good for work."

"I thought at first it was the change of life that caused all this—as I was in my fortieth year when I was taken bad. I had a doctor and took medicines, but nothing did me any real good, and I continued to suffer year after year."

Now will the reader please note what Mrs. Matthews' doctor told her was the cause of her illness? We quote her own words: "The doctor said that my ailments were brought about by the smell of the farm-yard."

On this he ordered a change of air—a logical deduction from his diagnosis. The lady obeyed. Her husband gave up his situation on his wife's account, and they moved from Bentley Priory, Stanmore, to Burnt Oak. With what result? She tells it: "I got no better for the change," as she would have done if the farm-yard smells had been at the bottom of her troubles.

Finally, Mr. Mathews says, he sent at Chelmsford recommended Mothers Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave relief, and in two months she was strong and well as ever. She says, "Mother Seigel's medicine after all others had tried and failed."

What can be said in the way of comment on a thing like this? But for the medical man with his "army" idea of disease the lady might have known what really ailed and got hold of the remedy long ago. She suffered from indigestion, dyspepsia. The farm-yard didn't cause it, and moving about couldn't cure it. But what a shame that suffering people should be so played upon and misguided.

Indeed, it does appear to be true that about all the light some men enjoy comes from the remote past—from the anointed hands of dead men.

Still, there's a better day coming, and Commonense, Science, and Mother Seigel are hurrying it along.

ROMANCES OF ROYALTY.

Love Doesn't Always Run Smooth Even in Palaces.

"More strange and romantic episodes occur in the palaces of Europe than can be found in all the novels of a circulating library at the present time. Victoria, rules in confidential relations with royalty."

"Apropos of the Prince of Wales' formal denial of the Duke of York's secret marriage at Malta," continued this gossip, "here is the true story of Prince George's love and courtship of his present wife."

"No one here in America can imagine how completely Queen Victoria rules in her own family. Over her kingdom she may not rule, but merely reigns, but in the circle of her own kinship she reigns paramount, and rules with a rod of iron."

"To show you how exacting she is, even in details, the Duchess of Edinburgh—sister of the present czar—once took the liberty of presenting herself before the queen one morning in a negligee, and so offended the punctilious old sovereign that this descendant of the emperors of all the Russias received no more invitations to visit any one of the royal residences for three entire years."

"Prince George is easily the handsomest, cleverest and best young prince in Europe, and Princess May has few superiors anywhere, royal or non-royal, in all the sweet qualities befitting a woman."

"No one were of an age, and were playmates and comrades from childhood. So in course of time those about them began to bracket their names, and all their confidants knew how it was between them. But after the fashion of sensible, practical old people, the queen was not occupying herself with thoughts of love-making or young folks' fancies. She considered May a healthy, amiable young person well suited for dignities and responsibilities; she knew her people would like the heir to make an English marriage, and she thought it high time Clarence settled down and gave up his foolish flirtation with the Princess Helene of Orleans, who as a French catholic princess in exile would certainly never be accepted by parliament

for England's future consort. Nobody dared whisper. When grandammas say certain things are to be, no one of the family presumes even faintly to murmur. Clarence knew quite well that Helene and he could never marry. May did not dare refuse the offer of the future king of England. While as for George, he made no comments at all, but asked for distant sea duty, and remained persistently with his ship during all the gaudies and rejoicings in honor of Clarence's marriage.

"Suddenly fate took a hand in the affair, however, and fate is even less to be gained than royal grandmammas. The Duke of Clarence, who had seemed moody and distrust all through the gauding and speechmaking, the balls and dinners of the betrothal period, suddenly succumbed to a slight cold, and then his family learned for the first time, through the ravings of his delirium, how deeply his affections were engaged by the French exile and how far matters had gone between them before the dictum went forth for his marriage with May. After a swift and fatal decline the two lovers and playmates found the obstacle to their happiness removed beyond the reach of all earthly disappointments and hopes, and they, who had resigned themselves to life-long sorrow and separation, reunited again.

"Of all the romantic happenings among the royals, none has been more romantic than the love story of the Duke and Duchess of York; and those who tell this foolish tale about the secret marriage in Malta have small conception of what happens between the two young people who are some day to govern England have found in their longed-for union. So devoted are they to each other that George cannot bear to let his wife be separated from him for even a day. If duty compels him to travel, Princess May leaves even the dearly-loved new baby behind and follows the sailor-prince where ever he goes—remembering how nearly their separation was for life."

This same gossip traveller, speaking of the meek submission shown by members of the royal families of Europe when the question of marriage is decided for them by their elders, said the Princess Alixe of Hesse, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, was also badly constipated, and the least exertion sent my heart thumping so I could hardly get my breath."

I had frequent attacks of sick headache which confined me to my room for days together. At such times I could not touch a morsel of food. I got little or no sleep at night, and would toss on the bed for hours. I became thin and weak and was no good for work."

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Now that little Alixe has grown up to be even more lovely than her beautiful sister, her fairness has opened to her a wonderfully brilliant future. If one considers it from a worldly point of view, it is to be expressed of Russia is a great rise in the world for a princess of Hesse, but it is common talk in Germany, that Alixe knowing what her sister's private life has been, is very distrustful of all Russians and enters upon her married life with many and great misgivings.

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SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper. The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

HAMILTON'S DELICIOUS caramels DELIGHT ALL CANDY LOVERS. (AND OTHER LOVERS.)

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES. No More Misery. ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Gives Instant Relief. PIV WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than itching piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. STEAMERS. STEAMER CLIFTON. Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. Saved Her Life. Mrs. C. J. Woodman, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure. Wm. McEULKIN, Agent at In'weston.

WHERE WISE MEN LIVED.

OUR OLD FRIEND PELHAM WALKER THROUGH CONCORD.

Where Thoreau and the Alcotts Died—Hawthorne's "Old Manse"—The School of Philosophy—Sleepy Hollow Cemetery—Emerson's Grave—Curious Epitaphs.

On a certain fine day in the fine month of September I set forth on a pilgrimage, which I had been anticipating ever since being in Boston, to the little town of Concord, Mass.—Concord, the picturesque, the centre of so much literary and historic interest, the home of the School of Philosophy and the habitat of the Concord grape.

The distance from Boston is about fifty miles by railway and both the Newburg and Boston and Maine roads go here. In taking either road one leaves from the new Union station on Causeway street. In this case I boarded a Fitchburg train, on number ten track, and was soon landed at my objective point.

On stepping from the Concord station one is at once reminded of the associations of the place by seeing that he is upon "Thoreau" street. Thence making one's way up through the quiet streets, now thickly covered with autumn leaves, one soon comes upon objects of interest. The third house on Main street is the one in which Thoreau died, after living in it for some years, and is now the property of Mrs. Pratt, the "Meg" of "Little Women." Here also Mrs. Alcott died and Louisa Alcott lived during the most successful part of her career. Not far distant is the excellent public library, which contains much of interest relating to the history of Concord and its people.

Crossing the square, in which stands the monument raised to the memory of soldiers who fell in the civil war, and about which are many buildings of historic interest, the scene of the old Concord fight is reached. At Lexington, and here at Concord bridge, were those first shots fired which ushered in the war of the revolution. A granite monument marks the place where the British formed at the Concord end of the North bridge. At the other end of the bridge stands the statue of the minute-man in the act of leaving his plough, and grasping in his right hand his old flint-lock musket. This figure is the work of Mr. French of Concord. Between the two monuments flows peacefully (if it flows at all) the quaint quiet Concord river. I observed some anglers on this stream and asking a small boy, who was near at hand what fish were now caught there, I got the interesting reply that there were pickerel, perch, black bass, horn-pout, kivers and shiners.

Not far from the bank of the river stands a house bearing evidence of the fighting in the shape of a bullet-hole through the side of it. The place is carefully marked out, and, as a resident of the place remarked to me, whatever became of the house this hole would be always carefully preserved. There is another hole, however, with a more or less authentic record, right through one of the old grave-stones in the old Hillside cemetery.

Looking across the road from the bullet-hole house the thoughts are at once turned from scenes of war to things of calm and peace, for there stands the famous Old Manse where Hawthorne lived for a time and where he wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse." In it yet is the small square room, with high wainscot and oaken beams, where the ghost used to appear and where on a winter night, the door-latch used to lift without human aid and a gust of cold air swept into the room. This Old Manse was also, at different times, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and from one of its windows Emerson's grandfather, the Reverend William Emerson, is said to have watched the fight at the York Bridge.

Turning from this interesting spot I next visited Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Here on Ridge Path, are graves to which many pilgrims come. Here is the grave of Emerson, between two great pines, and with the great piece of unwhipped quartz rock for its monument. There was no inscription, until quite recently, when a bronze tablet was set in the rock bearing the following:

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Died in Concord, April 27, 1882. The passive master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planned. Ambitious boys offer for sale chips of the stone made in cutting for the tablet. The grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne is here, surrounded by a green hedge and marked by a small stone, inscribed only: "Hawthorne". Right opposite are the five Alcott graves, marked only by the initials, L. M. A., M. A. N., E. S. A., A. M. A., and A. B. A., with the dates of birth and death. Close at hand is the grave of the gentle Henry D. Thoreau and also that of his brother, John.

False Statements.

AWAY WITH THEM.

It is Only the Lever of Truth that Moves the Whole World

Statements made in face of Pain's Celery Compound Always Ring With Honesty.

A Marvellous Cure in Virdon, Manitoba.

A Minister of the Gospel Can Enforce the Testimony.

It is a statement made in the face of a time when the world is full of false statements made in face of Pain's Celery Compound, after the failure of all other remedies, and after trying of the most skillful and experienced physicians, that the only power lever of truth that can move intelligent communities and peoples, is the honest and true testimony of those who have been cured by the use of Pain's Celery Compound.

The marvellous cure of Mr. Leverington, of Virdon, Manitoba, by the use of Pain's Celery Compound, after the failure of all other remedies, and after trying of the most skillful and experienced physicians, is sufficient proof for all false-minded men and women who are honestly seeking for health, strength and life.

Mr. Leverington writes as follows about his success with Pain's Celery Compound: "I think it my duty, with satisfaction, to state that I have been cured of my rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, headache, nervousness, headaches, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and general debility, and I feel as strong and healthy as ever."

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Advertisement for Norway Pine Syrup. Features a globe with the text "ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS".

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap. Features an illustration of a baby and the text "THE FAIRIES HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MFRS., MONTREAL."

Advertisement for Charles Dickens' Complete Works. Features an illustration of a book set and the text "Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional."

Large advertisement for "THE NEW YOST" typewriter. Features a detailed illustration of the typewriter and extensive testimonials from users. Text includes "THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD. THE NEW YOST Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. They are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements."

WOMAN and HER WORK.

If any old fashioned people have been cherishing the hope that fashion had at last reached the highest point of extravagance with regard to sleeves, and that they might soon behold a reaction in favor of simpler styles, they are doomed to disappointment,

the sanction of the best New York modistes, is one that is fearfully made to form part of the shoulder and neck team. I can scarcely describe it, but it runs straight up to the neck in the oddest manner, and is not exactly calculated to improve the fig-



HANDSOME FALL COSTUMES.

The figure at the right shows a child's dress of pink taffetas with an overlay of white silk muslin and silver stars worked around the bottom. The center figure is a gray and black silk, made surplice style. The figure at the left shows a gown of cloth, with more cash and a coat of snuff brown cloth; wide bretelles and elbow sleeves notched and worked with light tan silk and braided above the notches in darker brown braid.

because it has been announced by those who speak with authority that sleeves will be larger, more elaborate and also more fanciful and odd in design than ever. Indeed it might almost be said that the sleeves constitute the dress, because every other part of the costume seems to be subservient to them.

It is an absolute fact that as much material is required to make a pair of fashionable sleeves as it takes to make a skirt of the dress, and a skillful dressmaker has assured me that as much time and work are needed to make a pair of sleeves as the entire bodice requires.

One expected to see a great deal of work expended on the graceful puffed and lace trimmed sleeves of the numerous dresses, but when the autumn time it scarcely seemed likely that the severely tailor-made suits of heavy cloth would be encumbered with such an amount of extra material, especially when the necessity for

ure of any but the thinnest of women, it is at least very much up to date, and therefore, more elaborate and also more fanciful and odd in design than ever.

In fact the large sleeve must have been designed either by Sara Bernhardt herself, or else by some famous man modiste who possessed sufficient influence in the fashionable world to "float it", as they say of bonds, and an abnormally scrawny wife, whose lack of gracious curves he wished to conceal. Certainly the fashion is a most trying one for all of us who are fortunate enough to be what Joe Gargery called "a fine figure of a woman" at all; and unless one happens to possess a long thin back and a chest so narrow that it suggests consumption, she must look like a fully inflated balloon, or be satisfied to have her new dress bear the unenviable stamp of last year's fashion, as it is called, "the shadow of a woman's face of '94."

Sleeves are not only larger, but very

of the arm. Such sleeves are never finished with a full or ruffled cuff, but the hand or even the drooping puff without visible finish, being considered much more stylish.

A lovely sleeve for an evening dress, of tulle and reaches to just above the elbow. It is divided into two puffs by a wreath of fine pink, or blue flowers, which is placed on the sleeve two or three inches below the elbow.

Another pretty evening sleeve which may be developed either in silk or tulle, is a very full puff which drops a little over the long gloves, at the elbow, on the outside of the arm, extending from the shoulder down to the end of the sleeve; is a quilling, or ruche of satin ribbon which divides the sleeve into two perpendicular puffs, one at the back and one towards the front.

An odd sleeve suitable for a handsome house dress, either of silk or wool, is in the regulation leg of mutton shape, which forms the foundation of so many stylish sleeves, but the novelty consists of a very deep cuff of either black or white lace which is pointed so sharply at the top that the point reaches several inches above the elbow. I might go on almost indefinitely describing the different kinds of sleeves which are worn now and will be worn this winter, the theatre gown, the reception sleeve, the tea gown sleeve, the house dress sleeve and the tailor-made sleeve, but I did not intend to write a chapter on sleeves when I began, so I will describe one more and then pass on to less important, but still necessary garments.

A sleeve shown on a very tailor made gown recently, was composed entirely of tailor finished ruffles from the shoulder to the elbow. The foundation was a plain leg of mutton cut, and the ruffles, in graduated fullness were set on.

Speaking of tailor made gowns, they have taken rather a new departure to themselves this season, and instead of being plainness and simplicity itself as the name suggests, nothing is considered too costly to trim them with. Cheviots and tweeds are trimmed with silk and lace in lavish profusion, and the lovely smooth, lustrous broadcloths are loaded with trimmings of fur and velvet.

Tan and navy blue make very popular combination, and a very stylish gown showing those colors has a draped skirt of navy and tan cheviot caught up over an underskirt of cream colored silk, heavily trimmed with lace. The bodice is in coat fashion with vest of cream silk, and fastened with large pearl buttons. Large revers

FOR A FALL WEDDING.

The gown on the right is of old blue tulle trimmed with white lace and white ribbons. The bridal robe is of white bengaline, with rich heading of seed pearls around the skirt and on the waist. Orange blossoms are set on the corsage and right side of the skirt; tulle veil, bunched up on the head. The gown on the left is of purple and silvery gray brocade trimmed with jet and with black velvet revers and point lace bow and front.

much longer than they were last year, some of the sleeves in the handsomest imported dresses reaching to within an inch of the knuckles. Sometimes they are trimmed at the hand, but more frequently the plain effect is preserved until near the elbow, when the full puff, or the drooping leg of mutton folds begin. Sometimes this plain-

ness takes the form of a very deep and very much stiffened cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow and gives a very trim tailor-made look to a plain costume, but these are very inconvenient to wear with a coat of any kind, hard to put on over and almost impossible to remove once it is on, so I scarcely imagine they will be very popular for winter wear. The most popular cut for street, and every day wear is the leg of mutton, which is of ample proportions, and so stiffened with crinoline lining that the balloon effect is easily maintained, and such a sleeve will stand a good deal of crushing without being spoiled.

For the evening the variety of sleeves is almost endless, and though no special sleeve is imperative yet all show the puffed or balloon effect. Even when the dress is distinctly décolleté the sleeves are nearly always of elbow length. Sometimes there is one very large full puff ending just at the elbow in a band of passauenterie or insertion, and sometimes there are two puffs, one reaching from the shoulder to the wrist and two above the elbow, and the cuffs are much smaller, and extending just below the bend

of the arm. The cuffs are of the cream lace turn back from the waist-coat, and the little chemisette over which it buttons is of the cheviot covered with cream lace. The sleeves are large and require yards of cheviot to make the finished puffs. The cuffs are of



NEW HATS AND TEA CAPS.

The two central figures represent tea caps of lace, silk muslin and ribbon. The large hat above is of straw with plumes, flowers and velvet. The one at the right below is of lace over a frame with wallflowers and mordore ribbon. The central hat at the bottom is a "wedge" with masses of black plumes. The other is of gray wool felt, white wings and velvet rosettes, and a bunch of white heather in the middle.

Opportunities.

A crippled beggar was one day trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rough, rowdy boys gathered about him. They made sport of him, mocking his awkward movements and booting at his helplessness and ragged clothes. In a few minutes up came a noble looking little fellow, and elbowing his way through the crowd of idle boys, he helped the poor cripple pick up his gits and made them into a bundle for him. Then, after slipping a little money that he happened to have into the cripple's hand, he was starting to run away, when he heard a voice above him which said: "Little boy with a straw hat, look up," and looking up he saw a lady looking out of an upper window, and she said: "God bless you, my dear little fellow, God bless you for that." As he walked along home he could not help thinking how glad he had made his own heart by doing an act of kindness to another. He thought of the poor crippled beggar's surprised and grateful look; of the lady's smile and pleasant words; and, last and best of all, he could almost hear God whispering to him from heaven, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Let us all, "as we have opportunity, do good unto all men," and God will fill our lives with usefulness and our hearts with more happiness than we can possibly have any other way.

THE MODEL WIFE and DIAMOND DYES.

A Model wife can realize Great benefits from Diamond Dyes; No matter what her family's size, She dollars saves by Diamond Dyes; She happy makes her children's lives, By using often Diamond Dyes; Her home is bright as cloudless skies, Because she uses Diamond Dyes; All other brands she must despise, When she can choose the Diamond Dyes; Her faded dress she deftly tries To renovate with Diamond Dyes; Her husband's coats, vests, pants and ties Are soon renewed with Diamond Dyes; At fair this year she took the prize, For goods dyed with the Diamond Dyes; She causes wonder and surprise, By tinting walls with Diamond Dyes; She with the artist often vies, By coloring maps with Diamond Dyes; She's economical and wise, This comes through using Diamond Dyes; Good-nature sparkles in her eyes, Because she's helped by Diamond Dyes; On these grand colors she relies, She knows the best are Diamond Dyes.

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LADIES Who require a DONGOLA KID BUTTON BOOT at a Low Price, should not fail to see the line of Plain and Tipped Genuine Dongola Boots we are selling at

\$1.25 PER PAIR.

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J. S. CURRIE, Mill, Steamboat and Railway SUPPLIES. Has Moved to..... Magee Block, 57 Water St.

WE LEAD OTHERS TO FOLLOW. TRADE ONLY THE SUPPLIED. MENZIE TURNER & CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

A Beautiful Gown. It is a frequent experience with ladies that when the dress is bought with care, and made with taste, some indefinable thing is lacking to give it the perfect touch of beauty. It is the supplying of this that has made **PRIESTLEY'S DRESS FABRICS** universally esteemed. Priestley's Black Dress Goods, made in Henrietas, Crape Cloths, etc., are such a cunning and effective blend of silk and wool that when the dress is made it drapes in perfect gracefulness, giving to the figure that charm without which the costliest dress that Worth ever made is a mere distress.

Pure Quills Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone). To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.
Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.
No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.
Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.
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 June 23rd, 1894.
 IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
 City.
 Dear Sir: We have
 been using a "YOST"
 writing machine in our
 office daily for about four
 years, and it has given
 us every satisfaction.
 Yours truly,
 MANCHESTER,
 ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S.,
 July 3rd, 1894.
 Dear Sir: I beg to say
 that I have used the
 "YOST" typewriter for
 over 50 months, and the
 longer I use it the more I
 am convinced that it is
 superior to all other
 machines.
 I consider that it is a
 great improvement over
 the ribbon on account of
 its cleanliness, and, by
 great saving of expense.
 I find the pointer a great
 convenience for locating
 position. The type-guide
 is also a great convenience
 for locating position.
 I consider it invaluable, as
 it overcomes the greatest
 weakness in other typewriters,
 viz., imperfect
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 mend any intending
 purchasers to investigate
 the "YOST" before buy-
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 E. K. SEEVER,
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 W. B. Kempton, Yarmouth,
 N. S.; D. B. Stewart,
 Charlottetown, P. E. I.

RESPECT THEIR NAMES.

New-found-land and Fan-Fran-chie-co is the Way to Pronounce Them.

A man from St. John's, Newfoundland, and another man from San Francisco, Cal., met as strangers at a cafe table, but after some casual talk they happened to speak of the foreign pronunciation of the province from whence one hailed and the city of the other, and thus they soon became fervid friends, bound by a sympathetic tie, which was bountifully irrigated before they parted.

"It used to make us only weary, but now it makes us angry," explained the St. John's man. "Indeed, at first we did not know what visitors from the United States were talking about when they spoke of 'Nu-fun-lan,' with the accent on the first syllable. The name of my country is exactly as it is spelled, made up of three words, namely, 'new,' 'found,' and 'land.' If Lieut. Peary should find a new land this winter I wonder if New Yorkers, working in conversation, speak of it as the 'nu fun lan'?"

"That is pretty tough," said the San Franciscan, "but we suffer worse, because from a worse cause. People probably mispronounce the name of your country through carelessness, but easterners call my city out of its name with malicious purpose, and that none of them are forbearing people beyond all others. They call my city 'the speckler' at the word—they call it 'Frisco.' Why do they not call it 'Denise,' or 'Mars'? They have just as much right, and they seem to think they are doing something pleasant and smart; yet every San Franciscan loathes, with a murderous loathing, to hear his city so called. No man, here or resident of San Francisco ever calls it 'Frisco.' He would rather admit that its climate is bad. Californians never abbreviate their geographical names. Even 'San Bernardino,' 'San Luis Obispo,' 'San Buenaventura' are honored in every syllable."

SEE COULDN'T OR WOULDN'T.

Telltale Pantomime of a Stricken Gentleman in a Broadway Car.

When this gentleman got aboard a Broadway car at Forty-second street he must have been one of the cheerfulest creatures in New York. He was excellently dressed, was about 35 years of age, and had evidently passed the good days of summer in the free wind and the hot sun. He waved a hand blithely to some male friends standing at the curb, and then with a smile that lit up his face like a heliographic signal put the same hand in his pocket and drew out a letter. It was large and square, and as he opened it the odor oforris root filled the car as though some one had taken out the stopper of a big jar of sachet powder. The note was evidently not a long one, for he had read it and torn it into a hundred pieces while the conductor was ringing in his ears. Then the heliographic signal, was cut off, and even the fleeting summer's rudeness seemed to fade. Every line of his face that had gone up came down, his collar grew loose, and his nervous cuff slipped down over his hanging hands.

And every one in the street car knew that she couldn't or wouldn't.

Punishment for a Little Queen's Doll.

The Rev. Dr. William Prall, rector of St. John's Church, arrived home recently from Europe. Dr. Prall visited the Hague. "While there I was most agreeably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Quinby," said Dr. Prall. "Mr. Quinby told me that the Hollanders were very tender in their feelings toward their little queen, Wilhelmina, who is about 14 years of age. He told me a story of her that I am sure will interest the little people of America as well as their elders. It seems that all the citizens of the country, young and old alike, face about on the sidewalks when the Queen passes by and salute her. She bows always from the waist. This becomes often fatiguing to the little Queen, and she said to her mother, the Queen Regent, one day:

"Madama, must I bow?" Her mother said: "Yes, the people like it." The next day, while she was playing with her dolls, she was overheard to say to one of them:

"You are very naughty, and if you don't behave better you shall be queen and bow to the people."

The Tramp's See-Saw.

A tramp with a blasé manner lackadaisically walked up to the rear entrance of a farmhouse and gently tapped on the door with his finger tips. The door was opened by a sharp-faced vision, who inquired what the gentleman of leisure desired.

"Madam," he said, with a very profound bow, "I have a request to prefer."

"Well, sir, be quick about it," was the not encouraging reply.

"Madam, I would fan eat."

"Do you see that wood, sir?" she replied, pointing to a large pile of timber which had not been shortened to the required stove length. Slowly he turned his head and looked in the direction of the pointing finger, then with as much calmness as he could command he spoke thus:

"Madam, you saw me see the wood, but you won't see me saw the wood."

Before the woman had recovered from her surprise he had been wadded away with the parting breeze.

Pardonable Skepticism.

The South Carolina presbytery at a recent meeting received into its membership, after examination, the Rev. James Woodrow, D. D., who had been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about monkey business—that is to say, the descent of man—which he is supposed to have entertained. The examination was rigid and satisfactory. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained the Word of God, and answered that he did. Further:

"Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?" "Most of it, sir."

"What portion do you think he did not write?" "The account of his own death."

Is it Because they Drink Milk? Those races of men who are milk drinkers are the strongest and most enduring in the world. The Aryan folk are indeed characteristically drinkers of milk and users of its products, cheese and butter. It may well be that their power is in some measure due to this resource.

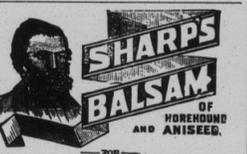
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THE 3-CARD GAME IN ENGLAND.

How Nimble-fingered Mr. Hunt got the Best of a Thimble Fakir.

In the early days the three card trick was not the national institution it has since become. The "gentlemen of the road" at that time used the three thimbles. The Cambridge line was much interested by these persons until cleared of them by a well known personage, whom I will call Mr. Hunt. He was a London money lender of great repute whom some of my young friends had dealings with, and perhaps he resented that the sovereigns which ought by right to have been his found their way into these rascals' pockets. At all events, he undertook the (to him) unusual role of the guardian of youth and public benefactor.

Mr. Hunt was a tall and powerful man, but had the agile fingers of a conjurer, and thimble rig was child's play to him. Attired richly, with studs and chain and with an agricultural cast of countenance, his entrance into their compartment was gladly welcomed by the three rogues. After a modest interval the thimbles were produced, and he lost a pound or two. Then pretending to be "pricked," as the gamblers call it, he offered to bet £25 that he would discover the pea. The money was staked on both sides and put up on a vacant seat. Then Mr. Hunt said, after an apparently careful inspection, "The pea is there," and there it was under the thimble. Then he seized the bank notes, crammed them into the same pocket, and disappeared. "Whoever touches me," he remarked, "is as good as dead."

The three sharpers had the sense to perceive that he was in earnest, and they were also astonished and demoralized by what they had witnessed, for nobody knew better than themselves that there had been no pea. Mr. Hunt also knew it and had brought one with him to supply the deficiency. They never troubled the Cambridge line again.

Lady Electrical Engineers.

Miss Millicent Fawcett, who in her University career distinguished herself by taking a place above the senior wrangler in 1890, subsequently adopted the profession of an electrical engineer. Miss Mary Bryant, a distinguished student of the London University and the Durham College of Science, has also attained distinction in the same vocation. In 1890, possessed a lady engineer who had successfully passed the ordeal of a rigid examination. She was not let off easily because she was a woman, but, in fact, examination was more severe than usual. She walked into the Board of Examiners' room in the City Hall, the great inventor, prefers women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical machines. He says that they possess a finer sense about machinery in one minute than most men attain during their whole lives. He proves his faith in his own statement by employing 200 of the female sex in his own works.

A Remarkably Fine Nose.

A good story is told of a well-known actor who, in a piece in which he was playing "on tour," had to "make up" his nose in rather large proportions. He generally used a special paste for this purpose; but at one place, falling short of paste, he sent a boy out at the last moment to buy some flour. He used this in the form of stiff dough, painted it to suit his purpose and went on the stage in due course. Presently the nose application deposited behind the footlights, the actor rushed to his dressing-room, tore off the superfluous of nose, again "made up" the rest, and returned to the stage. But still the nose grew, and it was not until the play was ended that the victim had leisure to read the inscription on the paper in which the material for his marvellous nose had been brought to him. Then for the first time he saw the words "Self-raising flour. Requires no yeast or baking powder. Mix with a little water and set in a warm place, and in a short time the dough will rise and be ready for baking."

Hurrying Him Up.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who in the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and moustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert tonight? Reginald and I will be there; and Jack, I want you to stand at the door and try to slip me a note; take care that Reggie sees you, too."

"What! you want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note; take care that Reggie sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awfully slow, and he's well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up, as it were."

The Latest Rosebery Anecdote.

An anecdote about Lord Rosebery is going the round of some French and German papers. It is alleged that once, while crossing from Liverpool to Dublin, or vice-versa, Lord Rosebery lost his favorite dog "Mutton" overboard. "Stop, captain, stop the steamer!" cried Lord Rosebery. But the captain replied that he was only allowed to stop if a man fell overboard. "Oh, that can soon be arranged," answered Lord Rosebery, and jumped into the sea. Of course, the captain had to order "Stop," and the peer and his dog were taken up safe and sound. This story has been told of several other great men besides Lord Rosebery.

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MEAL SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK.

HE REFERRED HER TO HIS WIFE.

His Splendid Nerve Saved Him a Hundred Dollars.

A good story is told of a prominent federal official, who was in office during the first Cleveland administration and his reception of a woman who endeavored to levy black-mail upon him. This woman came into his office one day, and after tearfully reciting her tale of woe and wrong to him and an amused onlooker—who had tried, ineffectually, to leave the room and let the couple attend to their own affairs—the woman demanded immediately a check for \$100.

"But I cannot give you that amount. I haven't got it," said the official.

"Well then, I will tell all about our dealings, and you won't show up very well," said the woman threateningly.

"Oh, I don't think you can make anybody believe such a tale as you would tell against me," came the unperturbed reply.

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" sneered the woman. "Well, I just need that \$100 and you've got to give it to me or I'll let out the whole business. Now are you ready to pony up?"

The official pondered a moment.

"The case would look pretty black against me. Wouldn't it?" he said reflectively.

"Yes, I'll see to that," was the woman's still more threatening answer.

"Well," said the official, after a few moments' thought, and with a suspicious twinkle in his eye, "I guess I see a way out of the difficulty. You know my wife holds the purse-strings of the family. Now you just go to her and tell her the whole story, and cry about it, and she might give you the amount you want. Good day," and he bowed the obnoxious caller out of the office, while she was too utterly dumfounded to protest.

She never bothered him again, apparently admiring his nerve.

A Smuggler's Device.

Several years ago I was an inspector of customs, and during my term of office I ran across some rather unique devices arranged for the purpose of getting contraband goods into this country duty free. One day I apprehended a woman who had just arrived on a steamer from Europe, suspecting that she had some smuggled tobacco in her possession. Upon examining her dress seventeen pounds of tobacco were found concealed under it; but the most remarkable of the expedients which she had resorted to for the purpose of deceiving the custom house officers was that of giving to the contraband leaf the resemblance of a loaf of bread. A quantity of our tobacco had been placed into a tin, over which a thin layer of dough was spread, and this being baked had the appearance of a veritable and edible loaf. The quantity of tobacco which the woman had contrived to secrete in this and other modes amounted to over seventy pounds.

Gold Production Large

The output of gold in 1894 in a revised estimate of the director of the mint, is put at \$174,000,000, or nearly \$20,000,000 more than in 1893. Of this increase the United States supplies \$7,000,000, Australia \$20,000,000, South Africa \$10,000,000. The gold produced in 1894 will exceed in value the combined output of silver and gold in the years from 1861 to 1865. From 1865 to 1873 the average value of both the silver and gold produced annually was about \$60,000,000, which will probably be equalled by the gold production of 1895. These figures indicate that there is no likelihood of a gold famine. Prices of commodities are fixed by the law of supply and demand, but even if they were low on account of an inadequate gold supply, they should now go up. The banks are abundantly supplied with gold in Europe and in this country and the supply is being rapidly increased.

England's Submarine Cable System.

The war in Corea has just brought out prominently the control which England has over the submarine cable system of the world. English companies own lines having a length of more than 150,000 miles, which cost over £30,000,000 and produce a revenue of more than £4,000,000. The government has done everything in its power to facilitate the laying of these cables by subvention and patronage, and the preliminary surveys have been nearly all made by the naval authorities. In return the companies are obliged to give priority to the dispatches of the imperial and colonial governments over all others, to employ no foreigners and to allow no wire to be under the control of foreign governments, and, in case of war, to replace their servants by government and officials when required.

How to make Damson Jelly.

A dark rich jelly may be made with damson plums, which are to be stoned and skinned. The proportion of sugar is "pound for pound," and the mixture is to be stewed as for jam. While it is stewing crack a few of the stones, peel the kernels and stew them among the fruit, to which they give a pleasant flavor suggestive of almonds. The cooking will be done in 20 minutes, when the mixture is poured into molds the top being covered with white paper which has been dipped in brandy.

Built for the Jersey Lily.

Madame Modjeska is travelling this season in the most palatial hotel car that has ever been constructed. It was built for Mrs. Langtry, but used very little owing to her failure to return to the States. The latter paid \$29,000 for it. It was built after plans which Mrs. Langtry drew. Its ceiling is of robin-egg blue satin, the walls of tufted plush of the same color, and the floor inlaid in art designs of expensive woods.

N. B. Methodist Ministers Better Off Now.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the commercial tourist, "but are you a travelling man?"

"Yes, sir," cheerfully replied the Methodist preacher on his way home from the annual conference. "Got to pack up and move again this year, same as usual."

"And he looked out of the car window and softly whistled, 'I would not live away!'"

"He's bilious," your friends say when you are irritable. Take Hawker's liver pills, they cure biliousness.

Safe and pleasant to take, sure to cure, Hawker's Balsam tans and wild cherry. A quick and pleasant cure for coughs and colds is Hawker's Balsam of tolu and wild cherry. Not only relieves, but positively cures catarrh, Hawker's catarrh cure.

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8-Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation... 25
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NEW AND BETTER LIVES

IS WHAT THE BELLINGER INSTITUTION CAUSES MEN TO LEAD.

Stories of How Drunkards were Lured from the gutter—Dr. Jules Richard's Ideas About the Morphine Habit Exploded—Interesting Interviews.

Joy and Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose. So wrote a quaint Norwegian poet, whose pithy verses have been well translated by Longfellow. If one may be permitted a "bull" the above couplet is not, however, as pithy as it might be were it not a couplet—that is to say, if rhyme and metre were ignored, the proverb could be made much more compact. The trinity of good things mentioned in the first line could all be expressed by the simple word "Temperance." For he that practices Temperance surely has Joy and Repose.

There is an institution in this city which promotes Temperance and its universal accompaniments—Joy and Repose. It is an institution which raises the fallen. It makes live men out of worthless, "dead and alive" creatures. It restores to those who have lost them the three cardinal virtues, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," which, as Tennyson declares, "alone lead life to sovereign power." In other words, it effectually cures the liquor habit.

This glorious institution is that of the Bellinger Co., whose headquarters are at 78 Sydney street.

Dr. Jules Richard, in the October number of the Union Medicale, draws a gloomy picture of the morphine habit in France and elsewhere. Women and doctors, he says, are, in his opinion, most deeply addicted to this drug. He says that the habit becomes incurable at the end of six months' indulgence. Dr. Richard certainly never heard of the Bellinger Company and its wonderful cures of this same morphine habit.

A representative of the BELLINGER had, however, and it was to interview the heads of the institution, as well as its patients, that he called at their rooms. The door was opened by Dr. Preston, who is well known in St. John as an excellent physician.

"Of the sixty patients that the Bellinger Institute has had so far," said the doctor, "I have only known of two lapses. And each of the patients acknowledged that they did so not because they wanted a drink particularly, but from pure devilment."

"Then you don't claim that the remedy in every case prevents people from ever drinking again?" asked the reporter. "Well," said the doctor smiling, "one way our system of doing things differs from any other cure which I have ever heard of, is that we do not promise a man that after taking our remedy he cannot drink. We claim that we put him into the same condition as he was before he ever tasted a drop of liquor. He has his will power as God gave it to him; he is once more a free agent, and not a slave. He can drink liquor if he wants to; but he will have to learn all over again. We absolutely guarantee that we can put him in the same position as he was before."

"We had a patient who lapsed while taking another cure. The proprietors of the other cure told him that he was absolutely cured; that he could not but have a longing for liquor ever afterward, that he absolutely couldn't drink. Well, for a while after his treatment he didn't touch liquor—simply because he was afraid to—though it would hurt him. But after a while—your know how it is with human nature—he decided out of pure contrariness, that he would take a drink if it killed him. He took it, and it didn't kill him. His faith in the cure was lost, just because its proprietors promised him too much; he went into the depths of dissipation as badly as ever. He came to us and we appealed to his common sense and manliness. We set him on his feet again, and he knows that he can touch it again but that he will have to learn to be a drunkard again, if he wants to be one."

"I have heard that you have had great success in breaking morphine patients," said the reporter. "Can you give me any particulars?"

"Our greatest success is in the treatment of the morphine habit, inasmuch as our method of treating this terrible disease is something never heard of before—a plan of thoroughly curing the dreadful habit, that is absolutely painless. The sufferings of patients that are being treated for the morphine habit have hitherto been of such a nature that they have given up in despair and their sufferings and insomnia have prevented others for attempting to be cured under our treatment patients sleep beautifully. I was cured myself of the morphine habit by the Bellinger remedy and I know whereof I speak. I know the wonders it wrought in my case, and so you needn't wonder that I am so enthusiastic. It is wonderful, wonderful, certainly didn't think a short time ago that I would be able to attend to my work here and also to such a large practice as I am now attending to," continued the Doctor as he packed his satchel preparatory to making a morning call on some of his patients. "I have one morphine patient who has been here for four weeks. His was a very bad case

and it is a great surprise to us, as well as to him, to think that now he has not the slightest wish for the drug." "What is this Bellinger club?" asked the reporter. "I've seen men wearing the pin, and they told me that the B. C. stood for Bellinger Club."

"Well, I'll tell you about that in a minute. A feature of that I mean to speak to you of before, was that we not only remove the desire of liquor from our patients, but we also try to change their associations. We try to break the habit of loafing, especially on Saturday night, after they have drawn their week's wages. We arranged a reading room here, started games, etc., and founded the Bellinger club, which started on the 11th of June, and has now thirty-one members. These are patients taking treatment, and graduates. We meet every Wednesday night, and it is a club well worth belonging to."

"Every Sunday we have a song service at 4.30 p. m. Ladies come and help us out. On a recent Sunday Rev. Mr. Wightman, who is an honorary member, gave a most interesting lecture. Then a little while ago the club had an excursion to Loch Lomond."

"You have an employment committee, haven't you?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, we have one, and have done some good work in getting positions for graduates. Then we have a fund committee. We select some deserving case, preferably a young man with a family, or a young man supporting a widowed mother, and advance him money which he pays back in instalments."

"I had some difficulty finding you at home, Dr. Preston. When are your hours?"

"Well, I'm very busy with a large practice since I have lost my taste for morphine," said the doctor, smiling. "But I'm to be found here from 8 till 9 in the morning, during the noon hour, and from four to five and 8 to 9 p. m."

"Do you give your patients medicine to take away from here?" asked the scribbler. "I noticed that several patients using other medicines carry them around in their pockets."

"We allow nothing of the kind," said the doctor. "Patients take all the medicine under the eyes of the physician. And now I must go," he exclaimed.

"But there's one thing I'd like you to mention, and that is that the Bellinger Club has a public meeting on the first Wednesday of each month. Anyone interested in practical temperance work is invited to attend."

The reporter then went to the Custom House, where he learned that there were two gentlemen in the government's employ who could give him some information about a case of intemperance that was cured by the Bellinger remedy. One of these gentlemen said that the Bellinger remedy deserved all the praise that anyone could give it. It had made a man of Bobby Wheaton, of Carleton.

"This isn't the only case that I know where it's done a world of good," said the gentleman. "I know of several others. If a man wants to be cured, there is no reason why he shouldn't be. I knew a man that I always thought drunk. I accused him of it one day when he was acting queerly. He denied it. A little while after he threw his hand up, and fell backwards on the floor. 'I know what'll fix him,' said a man that was with me. He went out and got a little something in a paper and gave it to the man. In a few minutes the man got up and went out. Well, it completely floored me; I didn't understand it. You see the man had the morphine habit, and it's a good deal worse than drinking. But he hasn't got it now and hasn't had it for six months. He took the Bellinger remedy. He was as far gone as a man could be, but he is as different a looking man as ever you saw now from what he was. He does an enormous amount of work too."

"What about the Carleton man?" queried the reporter.

"Bobby Wheaton? Oh, that gentleman upstairs you said that you were going to see, will tell you all about him. And don't mention my name; I'd nothing to do with it. Give all the praise you can to the fellow upstairs, for he deserves it."

So upstairs went the reporter, and was introduced to a very pleasant gentleman, who told what he knew about Bobby Wheaton only on condition that his own name should not appear in print.

"He was a cook on board of vessels," said the gentleman. "He was of a very respectable family, but he'd been a drunkard for years. He couldn't get any job at last—no vessel would take him. He was a nice fellow, when he was sober, but at last he was very rarely sober."

"Well, I used to talk to him every day I met him. I knew his folks, and I pitied the poor fellow a great deal. One day I saw him sitting on the West End floats. Some of us had been thinking of Bobby's case for quite a while. I said to him, 'Bobby, how would you like to take one of the cures?'"

"Well, you never saw a fellow so tickled in all your life," he said, "there's so-and-so, he took the Bellinger cure, and he was a great deal worse than I was. And now he's a man," and the poor fellow nearly cried at the thought of it.

"Well, I went around and talked to a

lot of Carleton people that day, and they all seemed anxious to help a man that seemed so anxious to help himself. And then we had a discussion as to which cure was doing the best work. A lot of us investigated the matter, and finally we came to the conclusion that the Bellinger was the best for Bobby. I'll never forget the expression on that man's face when we told him that we were going to give him a chance. 'W-y, it'll make a man of me, it'll make a man of me,' he kept saying.

"Now, somebody told you that I had a good deal to do with this matter. Now, I didn't have any more to do with it than the other people of Carleton, and I don't want you to put my name in the paper. The people of Carleton were so glad to help a fellow mortal in trouble that they fell in with the idea at once in first-class style. And it wasn't only the people of Carleton that helped him."

Why, I went to a store in town here, commissioned to buy a suit of clothes. They gave me a suit for almost nothing. Then we went to other stores and they clipped in fine style. Why, we had a man out of Bobby before ever he went to take the remedy, as far as clothes could make him one. And you never saw a more thoroughly gratified man in your life when we brought the clothes to Bobby, and told him everything was fixed. 'Why,' he says, 'this is like commencing to live again,' and he was mightily pleased. I tell you, 'I'm tired and sick of the old life,' he said, 'and now, by the help of God, I'm going to be a new man.'

"Well, now, you can easily guess the result. Why, they made a new man of that poor miserable wretch in mighty short time. He certainly did commence to be a new man, and he's a man now, and will continue to be one. It was simply wonderful. And a more grateful man than Robert Wheaton, the son of as fine an old man as ever lived and a mighty fine man himself now, it would be hard to find."

"Where is he now?" asked the thoroughly interested reporter.

"A week or so ago he got a position as steward on the schooner Sarah Hunter, and he was so delighted when he got that appointment! And now, just to show you how grateful he was—we never asked him for a cent of money, but he's made an arrangement with the owners of the vessel that a large percentage of his wages goes to pay for his cure."

"As to what I think of the Bellinger remedy, I believe it is a fine thing. I know of several other cases, that I consider wonderful."

"And as to Bob Wheaton's case," said the genial official, "I've just got this to say. My advice is for people to do likewise to men like Bobby was before he was cured. It only costs a dollar or two a head, and it's one of the grandest works in the world. It is certainly worth the powder. Good morning."

The next person that the scribe called upon was a lady who had been ordered to take laudanum by her physician, and so acquired a habit which was rapidly growing upon her. She was speedily cured by the Bellinger remedy, and can find no words too strong in which to praise the institution. She said that she knew a great many more people who were a good deal worse than she was, who were completely cured by the Bellinger remedy. "God bless Dr. Bellinger," fervently exclaimed the lady.

During the reporter's call on Dr. Preston, he was invited by the doctor to visit the institution some afternoon. The reporter availed himself of the invitation, and on being ushered into the doctor's cozy little office, expressed a desire to see some of the patients.

"There are not many disengaged now," said the doctor, "but I'll call in a very recent graduate." So in a few minutes the reporter was introduced to a St. John captain, who was a good specimen of hearty manhood.

"Captain," said the doctor, "this gentleman wants you to say all the hard things against the institution that you can."

"Well," said the captain, "I'm afraid I couldn't do that, unless I was to seriously depart from the truth. I can tell you an awful lot of good things about it, though, if that will do you."

"As to your case?" asked the reporter.

"As to my case," said the captain, "it was a hard one. It was the same old story of John Barleycorn getting the better of a man. I just couldn't wrestle with it at all. I'd been drinking for ten years or more; and for the last three or four I'd been drinking to excess."

The reporter bore in mind what Dr. Preston had told him concerning his firm belief that if a man believed he could be cured, by the Bellinger remedy, he would be cured, asked the captain concerning his faith when he began to be treated.

"Faith!" said the captain, "faith, I didn't have any. I didn't come here to suit myself; I came to please my folks. For the first week I had no belief in it, but the folks prevailed, and I stayed. After a week was over I began to feel that the treatment was what it was cracked up to be. After a fortnight I was convinced that the Bellinger remedy would cure any sane man of a taste for alcohol. Now, after a month's treatment, I've made made up my mind—that

I know—that I can live without whiskey." The captain wound up with this little lecture: "Whiskey is the most treacherous friend a man ever had. And I say to all men that have kept company with it for ten years, or more, or less, to say good-bye to it by taking this remedy. Now my nerves were all gone to smash when I began to say good-bye to it—but now! Well, sir, you can just put in the paper that it's my conviction that the Bellinger remedy can knock spots off of old Whiskey—yes, sir, knock blazes out of it."

"Well," said Dr. Preston, after the captain had gone out, "we're still averaging about fifteen patients, and all go out in good shape. Their entire physical being seems to be renovated."

"One patient we had never took any liquor to drink until he was thirty years old and then he drank for ten years. At the end of a week spent here, he said he wouldn't begrudge any money—he hadn't felt so well for many years. He's been here over a fortnight now and I can trust him with the giving of liquor to new patients. Now, what do you think of that? You're surprised? Why, we do that many a time, and we don't doctor the liquor we give to new patients. It's pure, good liquor."

"After a patient has been here for a few days, whiskey, if taken, will turn on his stomach. After a day or so, a patient will generally say, 'I guess I won't take any more, doctor. Only two persisted in taking the whiskey until it made them sick. They don't take it now, however.'"

"Any more morphine patients?" asked the scribbler.

"Yes," said the physician. "And its just wonderful about the morphine treatment. We have a patient here who took morphine for fifteen years—and during the last two years he took twenty-five grains a day hypodermically. Two weeks ago that patient came here; and now he doesn't want any, although there is a lot of it around. Another patient who has only been here a short time brought his bottles and his hypodermic syringe to me a few days ago and said, 'There, doctor, take them. I don't want them any more. I can get along without them in first class style.'"

"There is one thing I've noticed about the Bellinger treatment," said Mr. Fred Winslow Adams, the celebrated elocutionist and lecturer, who happened to be in at the time the reporter was making his visit, "is that the Bellinger patients never have delirium tremens."

The doctor corroborated Mr. Adams' statement, and told of a patient who had come there a short time ago. He had been drinking very hard for five weeks, and was just on the verge of delirium tremens, which it was his custom to have after such protracted sprees. His friends were greatly afraid that he would have a fit at the Bellinger rooms. "Well," said the Bellinger authorities, "let him have a fit, if he wants to. There's no better place in the world to have a fit. But if he has an attack of the delirium here, he'll be the first to do so."

The graduates are all very loyal to the Bellinger institute. They are extremely grateful for the opportunity given them to lead new lives, and happy ones, where the omens for such a culmination of events had appeared far from favorable.

Mr. F. W. Adams is Grand Lecturer for the I. O. G. T. of New Brunswick. He has just returned from a lecture tour. He found Bellinger graduates in the lodges throughout the province. They were loud in their praises of the temperance work that the Bellinger people are doing in St. John and their new branch in Kentville, Nova Scotia. In the last lodge that he visited three of the most prominent members had taken the remedy. Bellinger graduates are now represented in the Sons of Temperance, the I. O. G. T., the W. C. T. U., the various churches, and the Salvation Army. A prominent St. John clergyman says that last Sunday a former active member in his church took communion for the first time in ten years.

Such an institution as has been described should receive the warm support of the churches, of the newspapers and of everybody that is interested in the betterment of mankind. Speaking of newspapers reminds one that the Company has a paper of its own—the Bellinger News—from which monthly may be obtained a great deal of interesting intelligence regarding the good work which it is impossible to give in the crowded columns of a daily newspaper.

The British Empire. The British empire is a political creation unparalleled in the world's history, not only by its extent and population, in both which respects it is slightly surpassed by China, but because, with an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles and with 392,000,000 inhabitants, it is scattered over the whole globe. It embraces all zones from the icy wilderness of Hudson bay to the tropical jungles of India and the mahogany forests of Honduras; there is scarcely a product which a British province does not bring forth in excellent quality; and not less various are the degrees of civilization of its inhabitants, from the Kafirs of the Cape to the highly cultivated citizens of Toronto or Sydney. We find with Christians of all confessions 200,000,000 Hindoos, about 70,000,000 Mohammedans, and 8,000,000 Buddhists; and the Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects represented in the empire, yet, notwithstanding such promiscuous elements, the government, with rare exceptions, maintains order, and no sign of dissolution is visible.

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RECOIL OF LARGE GUNS. The Mechanism Necessary for Absorbing the "Kick" of the Big Weapons. Many of those who read with wonder of the 500-foot tons of striking energy in the half-ton shell fired from the 13-inch gun, give little thought to the gun carriage that must hold this monster. Almost every one has fired an ordinary small-arm rifle, and experienced the "kick" it gives when the charge of seventy grains of powder is exploded. The weight of the powder in the 13-inch gun is just 55,000 times as great as that of the rifle. Altogether the work of the explosion consists in propelling an 1,100-pound shot at the velocity of nearly a half-mile per second and in propelling the gun to the rear with an energy of 700 foot tons.

The problem is to get rid of the 700 foot tons of energy without injury to the gun, carriage or mechanism on the carriage that enables the gunner to manipulate the enormous weapon. Seven hundred foot tons is about equal to a power required to lift a good-sized sailing ship a foot; or the smashing effect that a large railway locomotive would have if dropped from the roadway of the Brooklyn bridge to the river. Now, all of this energy must be destroyed by allowing the gun to recoil until the total energy has been consumed. If a large amount of recoil were allowable, the work taken away each instant would be less; but the size of the turret or gun platform upon which the gun is mounted limits this distance, and for the big 13-inch guns of the battle ships, 52 inches is the maximum.

In the old days of wooden frigates, when 32 pound shots were considered tremendous, the gun was mounted on a strongly built framework of oak with two little wooden front wheels or "trucks," as they are called. A strong hemp rope, called breeching, and its two ends were made fast to bulwarks of the ship on either side of the gun port, while jaws at the breech of the gun clamped the middle of the breeching. When the gun recoiled the friction of the carriage rolling to the rear took up some of the energy, and what was left was expended in stretching the rope. The gun was loaded and run out to the ship's side and was then ready for another fire.

From the smallest gun to the largest, the hydraulic recoil cylinder is now used for checking recoil. It consists of a bronze or steel cylinder with an interior length a little greater than the recoil allowed. This cylinder is strongly bolted to that part of the carriage that is stationary in the turret; a piston is fitted in this cylinder with the piston rod projecting through the rear cover. The cylinder is grooved on its inner surface sufficient to allow the liquid with which it is filled to pass with difficulty from one side of the piston to the other when the recoil takes place, the rod which is made fast to the gun hauls the piston to the rear, and the resistance to flow presented by the constricted passage takes up the entire energy. So nicely are these grooves calculated and constructed that the big 13-inch gun at Indian Head is brought to rest within half an inch of the exact spot intended.

The carriage for one of these guns weighs about thirty tons and is built almost entirely of steel; indeed, if it were not for the fact that steel making has progressed as far as it has, it would be impossible not only to build the modern heavy guns, but to mount them on structures light enough to make it practicable to carry them on board ship. The 13-inch gun and oscillating bed upon which it slides to the rear weight about 150,000 pounds, and mechanism must be provided to elevate or depress this great weight. Ponderous cranes would be used on shore for handling such masses, but on ship-board weight and space forbid anything of the kind. The hydraulic press worked with water under a pressure of from 600 to 1,000 pounds per square inch is the means which has successfully surmounted the difficulty.

The gun captain turns a little lever, the water flows in, and the hydraulic ram raises the breech of the gun until the muzzle points to the correct height. Another valve lever is moved and powerful hydraulic engines revolve the turret about its centre until the gun is aligned on the target. Both of these movements require so little effort on the part of the operator that he does not need to remove his eye for an instant from the sights; he watches carefully as the gun sweeps around, moving the levers the while, controlling each motion of the gun as if it were a toy, when suddenly he drops the levers, presses an electric button and with a roar of thunder the gun leaps to the rear and the shell goes screaming to the target.

After the shot is fired, if there is little wind, several seconds must elapse before the smoke has cleared away sufficiently for another shot. Meanwhile all is bustle in the turret. The breech plug has been withdrawn, the bore washed out with a hose, (for it requires a powerful stream of water to loosen the heavy cakes of residue from the burnt powder) and a fresh charge of powder and shell has been run up to the gun ready for loading. But the gun must be run out "to battery," that is, it must be run out to the end of the carriage ready for the next recoil. Hydraulic power is again utilized, and the gun is run out, possibly up an incline of fifteen degrees in two or three seconds.

The idea of ramming home a projectile is vaguely connected in most minds with a man standing erect with a long wooden rammer in his hand, giving a smart sweep

of the arm when a slight thud announces that the gun is ready for firing. Not so with the 13-inch projectile; it weighs 1,100 pounds, and, as the loading must be done quickly, power must again be used. For this purpose the telescopic hydraulic rammer is designed. It looks like a large cylinder, and when the pressure is turned on it lengthens out into a huge telescope, forcing the shell before it into the bore. The powder comes up in two cylindrical woolen bags, 279 pounds in each bag, and the rammer must be withdrawn twice and run out again twice more before the operation of loading is completed. Now the breech is closed and the gun captain is already at work pointing the great gun at the object marked for destruction.

The larger gun carriages require months to build, and may cost \$30,000 to \$50,000. Nearly all of the heavier parts are of cast steel, and the metal must be absolutely flawless. Fire or six castings for one part may be rejected before one is accepted as perfect: the cost is therefore greatly increased.

Gun carriages for land fortifications are much heavier than for ships. A favorite type of the former, the "disappearing" mount, needs only to be constructed in a pit, and the surrounding land becomes a fortification. Upon being fired, the gun jumps to the rear down the pit, where it is loaded and by means of mirrors pointed for the next fire, entirely out of sight of the enemy. Upon opening a valve the gun rises above the level of the earth, is fired, and recoils out of sight again.

Race Mismatches.

The German servant girl in Chicago who has married an Americanized Chinese may not regret her act, as the Celestial is usually said to make a kind husband. Girls of her class usually make marriages of this sort to secure an easy life, and as they are not sensitive, they manage to escape the moral suffering that falls to the lot of better-bred women who make a misalliance. Probably the worst victims of ill-assorted marriages in the United States are the girls of good family who have married Indians. In nearly every case such girls have endured misery and shame, and have finally appealed to the divorce courts for freedom.



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