

# PROGRESS.

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## CAME LIKE A CYCLONE.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH HAS TWO EDITORS-IN-CHIEF.

One is Mr. Hannay, who is there, and the other is Mr. McCready, who is not there—How it all happened without Mr. McCready being consulted.

The Telegraph company has at last effected a reorganization of its staff. There have been rumors of such a thing for the last year or so, or ever since the company was reported to have purchased the property from the Elder estate. It has taken a long time for the changes to come, but when they did arrive they came with the force and swiftness of a cyclone. Several people are surprised and one or two are understood to be amazed.

Mr. C. W. Weldon was at the head and front in the purchase of the paper. Mr. Weldon was one of the members for St. John then, and expected to continue one for an indefinite period in the future. He was in the receipt of a large income from his law practice—more than he could very well expend in an ordinary way—and he considered a daily paper would give him a chance to get rid of some of the surplus. He was right. The Telegraph has fully come up to his anticipations in this respect.

The Telegraph did good work for Mr. Weldon in the dominion election of 1891. He was held up as the candidate, with Mr. Rankine, a very decent man, whom it was hardly hoped to elect, and Mr. Ellis as a regrettable fact which could not be wholly ignored, but was hardly to be made prominent. Mr. Weldon did not write the articles, nor did he object to them. He accepted the Telegraph's estimate of himself as a current one, and so did his partner, Major Hugh H. McLean, who was one of the triumvirate of purchasers known as the company. The third was Major Joe Tucker, Mr. Weldon's brother-in-law. It was the aim of these gentlemen to impress the local liberal party with the vital importance of having Mr. Weldon as a leader, and on that basis to take stock to an extent slightly less than would amount to a controlling interest as against the triumvirate. In the meantime the election was run.

Mr. Weldon was not elected, and then some people expected that he would have plenty of time in which to direct Major McLean how to complete the organization with a view to restoring the Telegraph to the place it held twelve or fifteen years ago. Sure enough the company was incorporated, and when the names of the stockholders appeared, everybody admitted that they were good men and represented a wide range of territory. It was not stated how much stock they severally held or how much money any one of them, outside of the triumvirate, had put into the pool. Then there was a pause, then an election of officers, and then another pause. The re-organization was always to begin in the near future, but it never did begin, until it came all of a sudden.

In the meantime the paper continued to bear the imprint of John W. Gilmor, manager of the estate of William Elder. It is not there now. The company really did take hold last Saturday night and Mr. Gilmor stepped down and out. Mr. R. Murray Boyd is now acting as manager in his place.

Mr. J. E. B. McCready, a veteran in political warfare, has been editor of the Telegraph for the last eight or nine years. He has worked faithfully for the old and new proprietors, and has generally been supposed to be cognizant of all their plans for perfecting the long talked of organization of the staff. In any discussion of the matter Mr. McCready was always given to understand that he was to be editor-in-chief and that he was to have an assistant in the editorial work. Mr. Park A. Melville, the original "associate" editor of the maritime provinces, also supposed his 21 years of experience precluded the idea of his ever having to surrender his seat to another. The only dilemma seemed to be as to just what position Park should have. It was understood that he objected to anybody but Mr. McCready taking precedence of him, and it was equally understood that nobody who was fit to do editorial work would go on the staff to be under Park's supervision.

Mr. McCready wanted to go to Ottawa to refresh his already large store of political knowledge, and the management was quite willing that he should take a holiday. He left St. John without any suspicion of any change in the organization until his return. Associate editor Melville assumed the editorial chair.

The relations between Mr. McCready of the Telegraph and Mr. Hannay of the Gazette have been somewhat strained for the last year or two. Mr. Hannay is about the last man Mr. McCready would have chosen as an assistant. When Mr. McCready secured his pass for his journey, Mr. Hannay was vigorously defending the conservative policy and shattering with sturdy blows the assertions of the advocates of reciprocity, retrenchment and re-

form. He seemed as far away from the Telegraph as if he were in the land of the mikado.

The unexpected always happens. In the course of Mr. Hannay's meditations on the good and welfare of the country, he was surprised by the discovery that the conservative party had not done full justice to this province in several questions of importance. On investigating the matter, he was pained and shocked to learn that he had been committing a mistake in his support of that party, and that it was his duty to atone for the past by advocating the grand principles of free trade relations with the United States, and rallying to the standard of reciprocity, retrenchment and reform.

It is possible that when the news of this remarkable conversion reached the company it was received with mingled incredulity and joy. Mr. Hannay wields a vigorous, not to say virulent quill. He has spoken in the past in most emphatic terms of "the silly Telegraph" and its "dish of crow." The latter term meant that the paper was forced into a position where it ought to take back what it had previously said, a thing that apparently Mr. Hannay felt solemnly bound never to do. It seemed to the company that, as Mr. Hannay had experienced a political change of heart, it might be safe to approach him with a proposition to go on the staff. They did not wire Mr. McCready to ask his opinion in the matter.

It is understood that Mr. Hannay was first offered the position of assistant editor under Mr. McCready, with the intimation that in due time he should have full charge. To this he objected. He was not willing that Mr. McCready should have anything to say in regard to the matter that he supplied. Then the meeting adjourned and the company took time to consider.

The result was that Mr. Hannay's terms were accepted. He was to go on the staff as "associate" editor, quite independent of Mr. McCready's control. Mr. McCready would not be asked to resign. It was hoped the rival "associates" would live in unity, but if they did not and one of them felt it his duty to resign, it was not expected that one would be Mr. Hannay.

In other words, advantage was taken of Mr. McCready's absence to place Mr. Hannay in position as his rival. Mr. McCready has been a faithful man, but his service does not seem to have given him any rights that those whom he has served feel bound to respect.

Mr. Hannay is a valuable addition to the staff. It is a pity the company could not have seen its way clear to secure him by methods less open to question.

Mr. Hannay having become associate editor, that title is no longer the property of Mr. Melville. It is reported that the latter gentleman is to be placed on the retired list, though as yet he claims to have had no notice to that effect.

The Telegraph has a new reporter in the person of Mr. Ellis, who has had some experience on the Moncton Transcript. Of late years the Telegraph has not been able to hold its reporters very long, but its various editors, who compose the majority of the staff, have hung on like grim death.

"Prof." Wilbur and the Choir. The members of the Queen Square Methodist choir say there is another side to the story of the trouble between them and "Prof." Wilbur. The wedding referred to last week was the last chapter of it. It appears that at choir practice on the Saturday evening before the wedding "Prof." Wilbur played the organ so loud that the choir could not be heard and when reminded of the fact said it would be all right on Sunday, and went on playing louder than before. The leader of the choir stood it for awhile, but being unable to hear the voices well enough to tell whether there was discord or anything else, decided to cut the practice short. The "professor" took this as an insult, and evidently decided to put the choir at a disadvantage. And he succeeded.

Sunday morning the choir was in its place as usual, but the organist did not put in an appearance. When the first hymn was given out he was not there, and the leader took his place. Then a former organist, who happened to be in the congregation, was called upon. It is claimed that at the wedding referred to it was expected that Wilbur was to play, but that he stayed outside the church until the groom's coach came along to make sure of the fact before entering the church.

The Latest Prodigy Feat. A youngster of two years, by name Dexter Reid, has accomplished the somewhat wonderful feat of swallowing a piece of brass watch chain about four inches in length, and after exercising its digestive organs for some days succeeded after considerable vomiting in getting rid of the nauseous morsel. Dr. J. E. Hetherington, who vouches for the truth of the above, regards this particular infant's escape a very lucky one.

## WAR IN THE WEST END.

A CHURCH THE SCENE OF THE SKIRMISHING THIS TIME.

Pastor Godfrey Shore Takes Charge of the Church and Trustee Montgomery Objects—An Easter Offering—What the Presbytery Has to Say About It.

The first Presbyterian church of Carleton has been forcing the season by having its picnic this year before the grass was green. The committee on entertainment has consisted of Rev. Godfrey Shore and Mr. John Montgomery, principal of the Albert school. Trustees, deacons and other officials of the church have rendered more or less assistance in making the affair a success.

The Presbyterian body does not usually make a marked observance of the catholic festivals, but the Easter address of Mr. Shore, on Sunday, the 17th of April, was of a specially notable character, and quite out of the usual rut of the old school divinity. It consisted, apart from the ordinary service, of a lengthy document pertaining to Mr. Montgomery and making out that gentleman was a general disturber of the peace of the church. It was accompanied by selections from the Globe in regard to a little unpleasantness between Mr. Montgomery and one of his Carleton neighbors. Mr. Montgomery was not present to bear the discourse, but his wife was and she did not feel at all complimented by the attention given her husband. The result of the affair was that Mr. Montgomery had the matter brought before the presbytery at the meeting held last Tuesday. Mr. Montgomery spoke for an hour and a half, and Mr. Shore spoke for two hours. The presbytery evaded matters by passing a vote of censure on both of them. There is a general belief that this is not the end of the matter.

Mr. Shore is a Welshman who came here about four years ago. Mr. Montgomery is from the north of Ireland and has been a school teacher in Carleton for the last 30 years or so. He is one of the trustees of the church, and his grievance is that he and his fellow trustees have been put into a state of innocuous desuetude through the burning ambition of Mr. Shore to run things to suit himself.

The church is incorporated, and the act provides for the management of its affairs by a board of trustees. These are to choose a chairman who shall reside at all meetings. Mr. Shore, however, has acted on some provision which is known as the "blue book," and has continued to act as chairman and manage matters according to his view of things. This, according to Mr. Montgomery's view, has been in defiance of the act of incorporation, and he has regarded Mr. Shore as a usurper against whose assumption of temporal powers he felt bound to protest. Mr. Shore seems to have regarded Mr. Montgomery as an obnoxious obstruction in the path of progress, and has whipped along his chariot accordingly.

About two years ago, Mr. Shore seems to have devised a way of getting things in trim irrespective of what Mr. Montgomery thought about it. He called a meeting of the congregation, and had a board of deacons appointed. It is claimed there is a precedent for such a board, which is found in just one church in England. Mr. Shore's opponents contend that it was simply a sharp move on his part and that among these who were not at the meeting were a number of the prominent members of the church. The board of deacons was appointed and has had charge of things ever since.

Mr. Montgomery showed that he was a true blue north of Ireland protestant by protesting most vigorously against what he considered an invasion of the people's rights by the pastor. He expressed himself so freely that a petition was drawn up asking that he be disciplined. Only certain members of the congregation were asked to sign this. Among those who did sign, and asked others to sign, was Samuel McClelland, the tailor, whom Mr. Montgomery had supposed would stand by him. He called on the tailor for the purpose of discussing matters in a neighborly way, but came away with more haste than ceremony. During the interval between his arrival and departure, the principal of the Albert school was ignominiously laid on his back on the floor. The result was a police court case, in which Mr. McClelland cheerfully paid a fine of \$5 rather than violate his conscience by admitting that he had been at fault.

It is claimed by Mr. Montgomery's friends that about 21 of the congregation, including such prominent men as Squire Robinson, A. G. Gault and others, were not approached in the matter of the proposed discipline. It seemed to be an *ex parte* sort of an affair. Mr. Montgomery thought he required justice rather than discipline, and made up his mind to be heard at the church session. He wrote a letter to that effect, and one of his sons undertook to serve the notice on Mr.

Shore. With that intent he called at the manse and rang the bell.

Mr. Shore opened the door, recognized the messenger and shut the door without taking the letter. The latter and its bearer remained outside. Mr. Shore remained inside, with no indications of opening the door as long as the junior Montgomery was in the vicinity. The young man waited a while, then called to a passer-by to witness that he deposited the letter in a letter box at the door.

When the time for the session came, Mr. Montgomery went to the church and essayed to enter. Mr. Shore refused to admit him and shut the door in his face. He learned later that his case could not be considered, as the session was not constituted and an informal one took the place of it. Then he carried the burden of his woes to the door of the presbytery, where he and the pastor were mutually censured last Tuesday.

Mr. Montgomery's grievance is that Mr. Shore has usurped temporal powers that the law does not give him; that he has set aside the act of incorporation by creating a board of deacons in the place of trustees; that he has taken charge of the meetings and of things in general when he had no legal right to do so; that he has put the congregation to expenses which they did not authorize, and has acted in general in an arbitrary manner not warranted by any precedents in the scripture, the creed, the blue book, the acts of the general assembly of the church or the general assembly at Fredericton. In addition to all this is the charge that Mr. Shore has done Mr. Montgomery a series of wrongs by the way in which he "sailed for" him in and out of the pulpit. The presbytery so far agrees with these charges that it condemns the reading of the Easter manifesto from the pulpit and advises Mr. Shore to be more prudent in his interference with the temporal affairs of the church.

Mr. Shore's grievance is that Mr. Montgomery has been a turbulent and rebellious member of the flock, stirring up strife and inciting others to revolt, to say nothing of his interference with the pastor in the exercise of his functions. The presbytery so far shares this opinion that it censures Mr. Montgomery for interfering with the pastor and for bringing up in church meetings questions that had no place there.

It may be inferred that each of the parties deserved a grain of comfort from the fact that the other has been censured, but that neither is jubilant over the fact that he has also been told he is wrong. The action of the presbytery has not wholly quenched the flame.

In the meantime there is talk of an injunction to restrain Mr. Shore and his deacons. Should it be granted a counter injunction to restrain Mr. Montgomery may suggest itself to the pastor.

The Carleton folks have not secured a free ferry yet, but they are more than abundantly supplied with free discussion in re Montgomery et al. versus Shore et al.

## LUMBERMEN ARE ANXIOUS.

If There is No Rain Soon the Prospect for Work is Bad.

There about 2,000 men waiting for rain just now, and they have been waiting for some time past. At this season of the year the lumber drives ought to be in the booms, but they are not, nor will they be until there is a rain heavy enough to raise the water in the streams. These are the St. John, the North Shore, and along the Quebec and Maine boundaries, where New Brunswick men are carrying on operations. The booms, as an average, have not now more than enough logs for a month's sawing, and should this supply be exhausted before the hang-up drives can be brought down, the consequences will be serious enough. Such little rain as there has been has served only to raise the hopes of the lumbermen, and then disappoint them. There will be rain enough in time, no doubt, but meanwhile the operators are a little uneasy over the prospect.

No Earthquake As Yet. The chief engineer of the fire department made his appointments of district engineers this week. The dark horse proved to be Charles F. Brown of North End, who takes the place Mr. Wilkins wanted. Mr. Blackadar is the new man for the city. Other changes were made in the department, but so far there have been no resignations, as threatened, in consequence of the chief's action. The chief has not yet reported his action to the council, but when he does so, it is possible there will be some discussion of the matter. Some of the board are understood to be muttering vengeance because Mr. Wilkins was left out, but just how far their mutterings do or do not mean a storm remains to be seen. There are ominous rumblings, but no earthquake, as yet.

## Parlor Concert in Good Templars Hall.

"Seeing the Elephant" is the title of a parlor comedy which will be given in Good Templars hall Tuesday evening. A musical and literary programme will also be given.

## STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

SOME STRANGE THINGS THAT ARE GOING ON AROUND US DAILY.

How a Widow Was Treated by a Boarding House Keeper—The Chances for a Big Fire, and a Fire That is Making Things Unpleasant for Many.

The sympathies of the people living in the vicinity of Wall and Lombard streets were aroused last week, and there was some indignation expressed. The cause of it all was a young woman and her child who it was learned had been thrown on their own resources and were without a home.

Her husband was one of the victims of the Springhill disaster. By his death the wife and child were left destitute. About eight months ago they came to St. John, and after unfruitful efforts to obtain work, the woman and her little one went to the Alms house.

A Wall street grocer, who also keeps a boarding house, was looking for help about that time, and offered to give the woman employment. She went with her child to boarding house, and worked there until last week. Her remuneration was evidently small, if she ever got anything, except her board for she had no money when she left, and was in a very bad way.

One of the neighbors saw her wandering aimlessly around the streets and learned her story. She said she had been working hard lately, having assisted in giving the boarding house a thorough house-cleaning.

When the work was done, the proprietor informed her that she was wanted no longer and would have to leave the house. The neighbor took her in, and when she called upon the grocer to pay a bill, referred to the way in which the woman had been treated. This evidently made the grocer angry, for his language was anything but that of a gentleman. He ordered the customer out of the store. She went for good.

The widow also made him a visit, to see if he would assist her in getting back to Springhill, but the grocer would not listen to her.

Some of the people living near the boarding house were more considerate, however, and subscribed enough money to take the woman and child back to their old home.

## WHERE ARE THE KEYS KEPT?

A Question That is Usually Not Answered in a Hurry.

When a fire was discovered in the rear of PROGRESS office, Thursday afternoon, a run was made for box 23 in order to sound an alarm. There was nothing on the box to show where the key was kept, and after several applications had been made to places of business near by, a key was found at the Royal hotel, a block away. Nobody knew of a key nearer at hand. PROGRESS has pointed out before that over every box there should be the information of where the nearest key is to be had. There may be cases where the delay of minutes spent in a blind hunt around the neighborhood may result in a big fire, which could have been checked at the outset. Every citizen should know where a key is to be found when a fire is discovered in his neighborhood.

## New Tenants will get a Bad Impression.

The Courtenay bay ends of Orange, Princess and King streets have not been the most desirable places to live during the last week or so. At the end of each street is a dump, where refuse from all parts of the city is thrown. Some time ago it caught fire, and has been smouldering ever since. In wet weather it is almost unbearable, and some women living in the vicinity are making more afternoon calls on their friends in other parts of the city than they are accustomed to make. It is the only way they have of getting a breath of pure air; for along Courtenay bay that article is at a premium.

## Destroyers at Work.

A few years ago trees were planted in the three cornered field at the foot of Garden street. Recently they have been sharing the fate of young trees in other parts of the city. Men and boys who seem to have little else to do, find amusement in breaking through the fence and tearing them. The police are making efforts to find out who the offenders are, and if they are captured, people who take an interest in improving the appearance of the city and spend time in doing so, will expect to see them dealt with as they deserve.

## Say It Is Done In Train.

Reference has been made by PROGRESS to the fact that foreign letters are frequently received from the St. John post office with the stamps removed. A reliable clerk in the office says, however, that to his own knowledge the letters are frequently in the condition named when they reach here. The stamps have been removed at some point on the route where the mails are sorted. The practice should be stopped, wherever it happens.

## ON THE FIFTH YEAR.

"Progress" Has Grown Very Wonderfully for One of Its Age.

PROGRESS entered upon its fifth volume last week. A great deal might be said about what it has done and is doing, of how it has grown and is growing, but the paper speaks for itself. With a circulation never before attained by any paper in the maritime provinces, each week sees it going in large numbers to the old fields of circulation while at the same time it is steadily making itself known in new constituencies. It has had a phenomenal growth, beyond that which the most sanguine expectation dared to dream of four years ago. The limit has not been reached, nor does it seem any more likely to be than at any time in the past. The saying that "everybody reads PROGRESS" is one that nobody attempts to dispute. It is a local paper to thousands beyond the city of St. John, and to thousands of others it is more than any mere local paper can be. It has a big constituency, and that it is so heartily welcomed wherever it goes, is the best evidence that it suits all classes of intelligent people. Ten years ago, the prediction of a newspaper success such as PROGRESS has achieved would have been deemed the vision of a madman in the good city of St. John. Yet, the paper has been a success from the start. It has made its advances no less rapidly than surely. PROGRESS enters on its fifth volume with a stronger faith than ever in the country and [the people which have made such a newspaper success possible. Its patrons are its friends, and they are legion.

## HE FOUND IT EVERYWHERE.

"Progress" Makes Itself Useful in Warwick Castle, England.

A well known medical man who recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe and the continent has much to say about the extensive circulation of PROGRESS. He received copies of the paper in nearly every place he visited: indeed so frequently did it appear in unlooked for places that it was a constant source of surprise to him. His most interesting experience, however, was during a visit to Warwick castle, England. The doctor has views of the places he visited, and in PROGRESS office the other day was able to illustrate his story.

One of his photographs shows a large tower of Warwick castle. At the time he was there, a number of ladies had climbed up the winding stairs of the tower to a great height, when one of them fainted. The doctor was summoned and made the ascent as quickly as possible. His first object was to give the patient air, and he called for a fan. Then an unsuccessful search began. A fan could not be found anywhere. Suddenly one of the ladies remembered that she had a paper in her pocket. She handed it to the doctor. It was a copy of PROGRESS.

As the ladies were strangers to the doctor, his surprise was complete. Away up in the tower of Warwick castle was the last place he had expected to find PROGRESS.

## Don't Care for the Board.

The board of trade has lost about a score of members this spring, by resignation. No particular reason is assigned, except that the resigning members do not think it worth their while to pay their fees for another year. The board is not an executive body, but it ought to be given credit for a great deal that it has done, and should be supported accordingly. It is supposed to voice the sentiments of the mercantile community, and has much to say in regard to matters affecting the trade of the port. Singular to say, however, one of the men who has resigned is a member of parliament from St. John, Mr. J. D. Hazen. As he cannot plead poverty, the only inference is that the board of trade and its affairs fail to interest him. There are others on the list of resignators who ought to be able to pay the fee, and if they are able to do so seem to have no valid excuse for resigning.

## Only a Few Left.

A colored man in the whitewashing business, who is kept busy about this time of year, found time the other day to tell his troubles to the woman in the house where he is working.

"Yes," said he, sorrowfully, "three of the children are dead, and we've only got a few left."

"How many children have you now?" asked one of the ladies sympathetically.

"Only seven," said the whitewasher man, as he brushed away a tear.

## A Chance to Help Them.

With the idea that its treasury will stand a good sized contribution the bicycle club has engaged a celebrated trick bicyclist, Mr. Maltby to perform on the stage of the Opera house Monday evening. The entertainment promises to be unique and as the boys have lots of friends the audience will be proportionate, no doubt, to their interest.

A TYPICAL MERCHANT.

ONE OF "PROGRESS" GENEROUS HALIFAX ADVERTISERS.

Mr. M. F. Eagar, a vigorous and energetic business man, prompt to decide and his conclusions seldom astray—something about him.

Some months ago Progress spoke of a brief call from Mr. M. F. Eagar of Halifax, whose name, always well-known in Canadian commercial circles, has become familiar to tens of thousands of the people through his generous advertising in these pages.

Mr. Eagar is a typical business man, always where he can be found, ready to decide and seldom astray in his conclusions. He has been a merchant in Halifax long enough to look back with wonder, and also with considerable pride, at the strides made by Canada.

When in Progress office he spoke briefly of the scenes in Halifax before the days of fast ocean steamers and railway connection, when the sailing ship and the stage coach did the work.

The arrival of an English mail was an event indeed, when the people were so eager for old country news. He mentioned especially that period during the war with Russia, when the foreign circulation of the English weeklies increased enormously.

In this country, and when the newspaper agencies were taxed to their utmost to supply that demand. He contrasted the methods of circulation then with the facilities afforded now, and laughed at the necessity which then existed to affix stamp to every paper.

Mr. Eagar is a liberal in politics and that fact, contrary to the belief expressed sometimes by the Tories, does not seem to make

him any the less a vigorous business man always on the look-out for trade and seeking where he may extend it. He believes in free trade, so far as it can be adopted by Canada, and bases his hopes of the future of the maritime provinces upon the original idea of a government railway Montreal which shall be run as a public service for the benefit of the people, and be untrammeled by combine freight rates.

In addition to his general business Mr. Eagar is well known as the representative of the following well known houses: Christopher James & Co., provision merchants, London; Brown, Rosenheim & Co., tea, London; Presser's Co., food and butter preserver, London; J. McKettrich, green and dried fruits, Liverpool; W. Edmunds, jr. & Co. Liverpool; Dimars

and Weiser, Antwerp; Bendorps Royal Dutch Co., Amsterdam, Holland, and Guerin, Bernard & Co., Cognac, France.

actor's fire that the unceasing boredom of a Paris house is loud expressions of disapproval have gone out of fashion, and are rather frowned down, but the uneasy restlessness of a house, face to face with a dull play is communicative and more eloquent of discontent than hisses and cat-calls. And the Parisian seldom, it ever, takes refuge in that favorite resource of the American, when he finds himself bored; leaving the theatre before the play is over and going home. He likes his dramatic musical pleasure in large doses, partly as a matter of taste, and partly also for reasons of economy; for an evening out means a saving of firewood and lamp oil at home.

When the Hearse Comes Back. A thing 'at's 'bout as tryin' as a healthy man kin meet. Is some poor feller's funeral 'joggin' 'long the street. The 'sorrow and the horses—slow enough, to say the least. Fer to even tax the patience of the gentleman 'proceedin'.

Meet it goin' to the cemetery, you'll want to drop yer eyes. But ef the plumes don't fetch you, it'll ketch you 'ere. You'll haf to see the casket, though you'd ort to look 'way. Yer sympathiz' won't wake yer sighs for any other day.

Yer leas won't thaw them hands o' his 'at's froze across his brows! Oh, ye gods, how—how c-could you deceive, ye gods, how—how c-could you deceive! Oh, oh, oh! And she fell sobbing into his arms.

Mr. Newmarie laid her trembling form upon the sofa, and bent over her in protestations of his innocence. "It is a wicked lie that some one has been telling you," he said. "Who was it?" "No one," she replied.

"I—I dreamed it, George," she said, "while I was taking a nap on the sofa this afternoon. And it all seemed so true! It isn't, is it, love?" And he replied—but there are some things that cannot be put in words.

The Parisian's Love for the Theatre. The French love for the theatre can hardly be over estimated. They love it for its own sake, for what they see and hear there. Even in Paris it is only the more thoughtless votaries of pleasure, the busy idlers of the "high-life" (pronounced "igr-lea") who look upon the theatre merely as one of the many environments in which social business is to be conducted.

The sort of unreasoning, automatic attraction toward the theatre, the love for its very atmosphere, and the daily recurring home-sickness for its thronged auditorium and deoxidated air, that one finds in almost all classes in Italy, are not characteristic of the average Frenchman, nor even the average Parisian. Leaving the "high-lifers" aside, you will find that, when the Paris idler goes to the theatre, or to a concert, he does so with the perfectly fixed intention of enjoying himself in a definite and predetermined way; he is careful to know beforehand just what he is to see or hear, and makes up his mind that the entertainment will be to his liking before he buys his ticket. In a definite and predetermined way; he is careful to know beforehand just what he is to see or hear, and makes up his mind that the entertainment will be to his liking before he buys his ticket.

Jackdaws Tamed by Jackdaws. A curious thing, says a Devonshire correspondent, happened with regard to a pair of jackdaws which we had here about twenty years ago. We had had them from the nest, and during the first summer we had slightly clipped their wings; but after this their wings were allowed to grow, and they lived at full liberty in the garden. They were perfectly tame, and would come into the house, and in the morning knock at the windows to ask for some breakfast. In the spring they used to fly away and join their wild companions, make their nests, and rear a family; but when this was over they came back, and were as tame as ever. But the curious thing was that, after one or two seasons, they brought another jackdaw with them, presumably the young of one of them, which was just as tame as themselves, although we had never done anything to tame it, so that we could not tell which were our original favourites, and which was the new one.

Curious Anomaly of English Law. An accident at Battersea which resulted in the death by drowning of an old man who fell into the Thames, brings to light a really curious anomaly of the English law. A man named Lloyd, who witnessed the accident, jumped into the water, and, at the risk of his own life, managed to bring the other ashore. The shock, however, was too great for the victim, who expired almost directly. Lloyd had fished a dead body out of the river he would have been entitled to the sum of five shillings. As it was the drowning man survived his rescue for a few minutes, and Lloyd was entitled to nothing.

Summer Drinks. For Spring and Summer Drinks, try the Celebrated Wilmot Spring Ginger Ale, Lemonade or the Havelock Mineral Spring Ginger Ale, Lemonade and Natural Water. Highly recommended by physicians and endorsed by temperance people. Sold by J. S. Armstrong & Bro. 32 Charlotte St.

DIAMONDS IN PLENTY.

THEY COST ONE DOLLAR AND A QUARTER INCLUDING A RING.

How Canadian Publishers and Mill Makers "Give Them Away" People who Possess Their Brains and Spend Their Money to Get Them.

HALIFAX, May 4.—That the people are to be gulled as easily nowadays as ever is certainly true when you consider the large amount of money the people of Halifax and elsewhere are paying out every day through swindling advertisements. There are a number of them, as Progress has before informed its readers, but one of the worst is the so-called Ladies' Pictorial Weekly of Toronto. This concerns advertisements to give to any person who answers correctly some questions propounded by them, pianos, horses and carriages, diamond rings, gold watches, etc. Of course the victims are all able to answer the questions correctly, as they are so simple; but it does not make any difference whether the questions are answered right or wrong—they get the names, and that's what they are after.

The following is a copy of the letter sent by the Pictorial concern to their intended prey:

DEAR MADAM: You have been awarded a special daily prize of one diamond ring in solid gold setting, for being one of the first whose answer to our prize problem was received and opened at our office on the day it reached. This is a special prize which has not been promised by us, but which will be given to you in place of the ring if you prefer to substitute for it in place of setting. The conditions of the award of this prize are that you send us three new six-months' money orders for \$1.00 each, payable to the order of the Pictorial Weekly, within 30 days from the receipt of this notification, and enclose with each order a photograph of 60 cents for ring or pin case; transportation and insurance charges.

These letters are all addressed "Dear Madam," whether sent to man, woman, or child. A flowery letter-head is on all their letters, but it is a significant fact that not a name of any person appears on it. One would suppose that such a large concern and public benefactor (?) would have a publisher, manager or editor who would be glad to have his name appear somewhere in connection with it; but no, they know too much for that, and there is no chance for their dupes to get a hold on them.

A prominent citizen of Halifax, in answer to the above letter, sent three subscribers names and \$3.00 in order to satisfy his boy, who wanted a diamond ring. Sure enough, the ring came, but the boy didn't want it so much, because it was only worth \$1.25—"a genuine diamond ring" for one dollar and a quarter. A prominent manufacturing jeweler concerning Halifax tendered for them at \$1.50 each, but lost the job as an ornithian concern tendered for them at \$1.25. The Canadian Express Co., of Halifax, have had a clerk doing hardly anything else since these advertisements appeared but write money orders for \$3.00 payable to Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, as the percentage of fools is no greater in Halifax than elsewhere, where, the harvest must be great. If the supply of the diamond rings (and they have 10,000 of them) don't exceed the demand it won't be the fault of Progress.

The Ladies Pictorial Weekly and the Canadian Queen may have large circulations; and the number of Ford's pills that are rolling around in Canada might make quite a pile if called in and thrown together; but the people who were duped into paying for them are not likely to make the same choice of literature and medicine next year.

It will be remembered that about this time last spring these firms had advertisements in nearly every paper in Canada. They do not advertise all the year round like reliable papers that are worth their subscription price. They make one great effort in the spring, and probably do not receive a subscription after their advertisement is stopped. It is all done before one person can be another who he has money one year are not likely to renew their subscriptions after they have expired more dupes must be found.

Judging by the number of letters and circulars, it is probable that a large number of people who fell victims to these concerns this spring must have been large, in this part of the dominion. This was probably due to the fact that one publication distributed some valuable prizes in St. John's, and advertised them to such an extent that all who entered the competition had participated.

The Halifax letter describes the system by which these firms induce people to send their money. The letter printed is much the same, as is used by all the concerns who do business in this way. Pewter spoons and "diamond" rings are plentiful this spring, but nobody seeing to take any special pride in possessing them. Indignant people who are anxious that these concerns should be "shown up," are equally numerous.

The great desire of the age seems to be to get something for nothing, without considering the means employed. As a result green goods men and shady publishers and pill makers find plenty of dupes, ready to answer seductive circulars.

Curious Anomaly of English Law. An accident at Battersea which resulted in the death by drowning of an old man who fell into the Thames, brings to light a really curious anomaly of the English law. A man named Lloyd, who witnessed the accident, jumped into the water, and, at the risk of his own life, managed to bring the other ashore. The shock, however, was too great for the victim, who expired almost directly. Lloyd had fished a dead body out of the river he would have been entitled to the sum of five shillings. As it was the drowning man survived his rescue for a few minutes, and Lloyd was entitled to nothing.

Summer Drinks. For Spring and Summer Drinks, try the Celebrated Wilmot Spring Ginger Ale, Lemonade or the Havelock Mineral Spring Ginger Ale, Lemonade and Natural Water. Highly recommended by physicians and endorsed by temperance people. Sold by J. S. Armstrong & Bro. 32 Charlotte St.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

LODGER WANTED for large pleasant south room, furnished or unfurnished; 2 1/2 minutes walk from Club. Apply at Postoffice Office, May 4, 1892.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Belleville, Ont. Most widely attended business college in America. 40 students from N. B. & N. S. have been in attendance since last fall. Send for the 2nd annual circular. Address, ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. May 7-1092

VEGETABLE PLANTS. CABBAGE, Tomato, Squash, Lettuce and Cucumbers, also transplanted flower plants shipped by mail. Orders amount of One Dollar postage paid. Orders solicited send for prices. P. E. CAMPBELL, St. John.

SHOW CASES. NICKEL PLATED, best, York manufacture. No. 1 cheapest, all sizes, New York. No. 2 live dealer can afford to buy without one. Sole Agents, LESTER & CO., General Commission Merchants, 83 Prince Wm. Street.

BUSY MEN WHO have no time to look after their advertisements and make them attract and read can have this work done in a way that will pay them. Printed samples furnished on application. Address "WRITER," Box 21, St. John.

MOCKING BIRD. I HAVE FOR SALE a Mocking Bird, one very fine, three years old, and has learned to sing all the songs of the Mocking Bird, good imitator and climber. Bird can be seen and heard at anytime at 114 Orange Street, St. John, N. B. A. K. sp. 30-21

NEW GOODS: WORSTED COATINGS, English Tweeds, Light Overcoatings, Flans, Checked and Striped Trouserings. Prices—Suits from \$14.00; Pants from \$4.00; Overcoats from \$18.00. A. GILMOUR, Tailor.

ADVERTISING IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, VERBEEB anything, any No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO., Round corner to Court, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00. C. FLOON & SONS, 21 and 23 King Street.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious and pleasant boarders can be accommodated in a well located house, 78 Sidney street—Mrs. McLEIN, May 7.

ENERGETIC CANVASERS, men or women, suitable for a position in the city or country. A special chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K. DRAVER 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-91

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H. A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration.

This branch of the famous Institute at Dwight, Ill., continues the same practice by the same remedies and methods. An experienced physician from Dwight in attendance. House delightfully situated; quiet house; modern conveniences; Forest Glen Springs. Reached by mountain division of Maine Central R. R., 40 miles from Portland, Me. Price for ten weeks, \$5.00. Board \$5.00 to \$6.00 per week. Communications confidential. Write for full particulars to Manager Keeley Institute, North Conway, N. H.

Incorporated, 1887, with Cash Capital of \$50,000. THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances.

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current that is readily felt.

POSITIVELY CURES THE FOLLOWING: Rheumatism, Neural Weakness, Sciatica, General Debility, Impotency, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Urinary Diseases, Varicocoe, Stricture, etc.

RHEUMATISM. It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a rheumatic remedy for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined, in fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood. As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing so equal as Electricity and Supervisory. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge the World to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for over ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined.

Electric Insulator.—Dr. Owen's Electric Insulator will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chills and Cramps in the feet and legs. Price \$1, by mail.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts. Our attention having been attracted to an imitation of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt, that is being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against it.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance Co. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO., 49 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper. Head Office, Chicago.

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

WHY Brantford's Fishing Tackle! They Have the Best Material! The Most Improvements! The Finest Finish! The GOLD BICYCLE CO. L'td., MAKERS. Best Makers. W. H. THORNE & CO., AGENTS, Market Square, ST. JOHN.

COOK STOVES and RANGES For SPRING TRADE. We offer the following well known and reliable Stoves, viz: THE CHARTER OAK, THE NEW HUB, THE MEDALLION, THE CLIMAX, THE PRIZE, THE PERFECTION, THE COAL ACORN, THE SILVER ACORN, THE ROYAL DIAMOND, THE STAR, THE WATERLOO, THE NIAGARA.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street. 50 FEET RUBBER HOSE. Complete with Couplings and Nozzle ready for use, for \$5.25 and upwards. The Nozzle is controlled by a regulator which allows the water to be discharged in a steady stream or in the form of spray.

T. McAVITY and SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. BICYCLES for BOYS. For Boys from 7 to 12 Years. For Boys and Youths from 12 to 18 Years.

Singer Safeties still lead, with Singer wired cushion or Pneumatic tires. See our Stock or send for complete Catalogue. Girls' Tricycles for \$10.00 to \$27.00. Boys' Velocipedes.

C. E. Burnham & Son, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Founded A. D. 1878.

Windsor, N. S. HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A.—Classics and Science, Toronto and Victoria Universities, Ont. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON—Mathematics, German, Trigonometry, Provinces of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. ROBERT GILMOUR—English and Classics, University of Toronto. FERRIS: CHARLES G. ABBOTT, Esq., B.A., Kings College. STAFF: WRITING, DRAWING AND BOOK-KEEPING: MR. S. G. SNELL. DEBIL AND GYMNASIUM INSTRUCTOR: HENRY A. CUNNINGHAM—Late Instructor in Military Gymnasium, Halifax. TEACHERS IN PIANO AND VIOLIN MUSIC: PROF. W. H. WATTS. MISS GOURLAY. MISS KING. VIOLIN—J. W. S. BOULT, Esq.

TRINITY TERM COMMENCES APRIL 6. Circulars giving full information, will be sent on application to THE HEAD MASTER.

MUSIC. The newly-elected church choir made its debut Sunday, the effect being a choir of amateur—a good volume of it, and their confidence; if well, the boys will be confident that the rapidly improve, and that musical prestidigitated.

The amateur music. They are very busy to the "Musical Club" whole of 25 members, and the orchestra part with great care, are time will be down to the stage, as before now be much better, have all been through maid's chorus, sung especially pretty, with the mark.

I have had the pleasure of attending the John Conservatory of Music, May 1892. All I could do to do what the success must be certain what is wanted in St. John's, and send their case they are just as they can and says "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The musical club will be a interesting one, list of works by Mendelssohn, Strauss, and others. The musical club will be a interesting one, list of works by Mendelssohn, Strauss, and others.

TALK OF THE ABORN. The Aborn com were not a few in time answer, "Good bye" salute.

Now that there is a constant "gilt" part of have heard and are yet to come. The wisdom anything in this color of the whole idea in conclusion that the difference of n are many persons for a "gilt" only avoid in tery. The inget originators of the son who bought a it's value at least in

The managing Aborn for all the of the part of the com declared he was a three opera a week when his company the work up they be careless. Miss Tay his misfortunes.

As yet there is n the drawing. I un 6,000 and 7,000 gift of which would give chances in the d also, that the reason taken place is the tickets or the m agents are ditatory other. The method decided by the ting to be called for all probability will b

The St. John's full rehearsal Tuesday who saw it are sat treat in store for Opera house on the company is larger a way than it was w three opera a week ance was given, and the boys have had something new in m in the first part, and idea was carried. Numerous rehearsals accomplished wonderful the company have al sidered thinking, a good enough to make of them have a more face is a combination music and fun, and sation. In the olic features will be in amateurs have no dot of their efforts.

The amateurs who in the opera house, hard at work rehearsal is under the management Carleton, who will says he has a surpr Many of the leading by ladies and gentlemen in public before, while make their debut a fiends. Richies is an essen perhaps for that reason. It abounds with strik of the loftiest sentiment with beautiful langua from the highest to excellent opportunity acting. Julie the chi women is an ideal ch touches the whole gam DeBaradas the re who stakes all and lose monk, the comedy o treachery of Huges, Fr fall all are essential ar forest while the charac over changing picture comedy, nervous fitne and determination lion and next the fox, ambitious statesman ag der or defiant priest co

**JOSEPH FINLEY,**  
65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

**ASSORTMENT**  
FROM THE  
**MAKERS.**  
AGENTS,  
Market Square, ST. JOHN.

**RANGES**  
GRADE.  
Stoves, viz:  
OAK,  
NEW HUB,  
THE MEDALLION,  
THE CLIMAX,  
THE PRIZE,  
ACORN,  
THE SILVER ACORN,  
DIAMOND,  
WATERLOO,  
THE NIAGARA.

Inspection and  
Wm. Street.  
HOSE

**SONS,**  
N. B.

**BOYS**  
from 12 to 18 years.

Ball Bearing 26 in.  
20 in. Wheels. Cushion  
Cushion tires, 9 1/2.

Pneum  
Stock or send for  
Velocipedes.

**Son,**  
N. B.

**COOL,**  
Founded A.D. 1878.

DOOR-KEEPERS:  
WELL.  
INSTRUCTOR in  
Late Instructor in  
VIOLET MURDO  
MISS GOULLEY.  
SOULT, Esq.  
6.  
MASTER

**MUSICAL THEATRICAL**

**IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.**

The newly-elected paid members of Trinity church choir made their first appearance on Sunday, the effect being in every way satisfactory. A choir of amateur boys must be well "backed" by a good volume of tenor and bass, which will give them confidence; if they hear the men singing out well, the boys will try to emulate them. I feel confident that the music in Trinity church will rapidly improve, and that the choir will receive that musical prestige to which it should be entitled.

The amateur minstrel is ready for the fray. They are very busy putting on the final touches to the various portions of their programme, and the whole promises to be a great success. All the accompaniment is done by the piano, and the orchestra of eleven pieces and the pianoforte, and the orchestra parts, which have been prepared with great care, are effective. The orchestra this time will be down below the footlights, and not on the stage, as before; the musical effect will therefore be much better. In the afterpiece the choruses have all been thoroughly well rehearsed; the bride-maid's chorus, sung by the choros of boys, being especially pretty, while the soloists are all "up to the mark."

I have had the pleasure of reading over the St. John Conservatory of Music's new prospectus for May 1892. All I can say is that if they are enabled to do what their prospectus promises their success must be certain. This kind of education is what is wanted in St. John. At present many parents do not send their children to the conservatory, as they are just waiting to see what the conservatory can do for them. An old proverb says "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and if the people find that the conservatory is giving a high class education at low rates, they will not hesitate to send their children there. Announcement is made that at the June recital Mr. Ogden of Boston will give some "cello solos." Mr. Ogden is quite a young man, an excellent player and very popular in Boston.

The musical club meeting on Tuesday next, should be an interesting one, for the programme is a list of works by Mendelssohn. Unfortunately the string sextette did not meet, as the Mendelssohn's lovely part songs and quartets; Miss Goddard will give one or more piano-forte solos, which, together with some of the great composer's songs, will make up a nice programme.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The Aborn company has gone, and there were not a few inclined to give the old-time answer, "Good riddance" to their "good bye" salute.

That they have come and gone there is a constant and natural inquiry for the "gilt" part of the performance. We have heard and seen the "opera," the gifts are yet to come. I do not propose to discuss the wisdom of "gilt opera" or gift anything in this column. The resemblance of the whole idea to a lottery compels the conclusion that the only distinction lies in the difference of names. No doubt there are many persons who would buy tickets for a "gilt opera" and studiously avoid investing in a lottery. The ingenious argument of the originators of the plan was that every person who bought a ticket got a portion of its value at least in attending the opera.

The managing directors blame Mr. Aborn for all the omissions and lapses on the part of the company, while Mr. Aborn declared he was not engaged to put on three operas a week, but two, and that when his company found they could not get the work up they became discouraged and careless. Miss Taylor's illness added to his misfortunes.

As yet there is no definite date fixed for the drawing. I understand that between 6,000 and 7,000 gift tickets were disposed of which would give the house say 3,000 chances in the drawing. I understand, also, that the reason the drawing has not taken place is the difficulty in collecting the tickets or the money for them. Local agents are dilatory for one reason and another. The method of drawing will likely be decided by the ticket holders at a meeting to be called for that purpose which in all probability will be an interesting one.

The St. John Amateur minstrels had a full rehearsal Tuesday evening, and those who saw it are satisfied that there is a treat in store for those who go to the Opera house on the 11th and 12th. The company is larger and stronger in every way than it was when the last performance was given, and what is another thing, the boys have had more experience. Something new in minstrelsy will be given in the first part, and at the rehearsal the idea was carried out to perfection. Numerous rehearsals and hard work has accomplished wonders. The members of the company have also been doing considerable thinking, and the jokes are all good enough to make a laugh, while some of them have a more startling effect. The farce is a combination of bright ideas, in music and fun, and should cause a sensation. In the olio a number of new features will be introduced, and the amateurs have no doubt as to the success of their efforts.

The amateurs who will put on *Richieu* in the opera house, May 18 and 19, are hard at work rehearsing. The company is under the management of Mr. John L. Carleton, who will play *Richieu*. He says he has a surprise for the people. Many of the leading parts will be taken by ladies and gentlemen who have appeared in public before, while several who will make their debut are looked upon as finds.

*Richieu* is an essentially a stage play and perhaps for that reason a very popular one. It abounds with striking situations, is full of the loftiest sentiments, fairly sparkles with beautiful language, and every part from the highest to the lowest affords excellent opportunities for splendid acting. Julie the child, the wife, and the women is an ideal character, DeMauprat touches the whole gamut of human passion, DeBaradas the reckless conspirator who stakes all and loses, the unfathomable monk, the comely DeBeringhen, the treachery of Hugot, Francoise who does not fail, all are essential and of the utmost interest while the character of *Richieu* is an ever changing picture of strength and will, coming, nervous fitful power, persuasiveness and determination; at one moment the lion and next the fox, now the wily, crafty ambitious statesman, again the broken, tender or defiant priest confidant of a strength

**ROYAL HOBBIES.**

How Kings and Queens are Employed When Not Attending to Business.

Those folks who possess a passion for hobbies—and we possess their name in legion—will doubtless be interested in knowing that this particular characteristic is also exhibited by the blue blood of the earth—many kings and queens being hobby-lovers in a most interesting and varied fashion, as the following authentic details will prove.

Queen Victoria is very fond of gardening, and all her children have been taught to dig and plant flowers and vegetables in season. Her majesty is also passionately fond of dogs and ponies, her special favorite being an old black pony named Jessie.

The Duke of Edinburgh is an ardent stamp collector, and now possesses one of the finest collections of stamps in the world. The Queen of Italy has a peculiar hobby. She delights in the collection of gloves, boots, and shoes which have been worn at different periods by royal and imperial personages. She had a pair of white slippers and shoes which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, also shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine.

King Humbert of Italy takes delight in amateur cooking, in which he shows no mean skill. The Emperor of Russia is very fond of fishing, and spends many consecutive days every season on his favorite resort, the Langilla Salmon Fishery, Finland, amidst the most romantic scenery. The Empress and family assist in cooking the fish at a spacious villa built for the purpose.

The Queen of Denmark is an enthusiastic musician, and is extremely fond of playing pianoforte duets with her daughters. The Empress of Germany is quite a champion knitter, and uses large wooden needles for the work she does.

The Empress of Japan is distinguished for her clever manipulation of the koto, a Japanese instrument resembling the zither. The Queen of Greece spends a deal of her time in fancy needlework, and is said to be the finest royal needlewoman in Europe.

The favorite employment of the Prince of Montenegro is the composition of war-songs and historical dramas, in which he delights to sing and act with great vigor. The Dowager Queen of Portugal is passionately fond of shooting, and spends a deal of time at her country place, on the seaboard at Caldas, where she amuses herself by aiming with a rifle from a high window at bottles placed in the sea for that purpose. She is said to be an excellent marksman.—*Tit Bits.*

**What a Bad Digestion Does.**

A doctor has been comparing the state of mind of a man before dinner and after who suffers indigestion. Before dinner, the patient's thoughts are something of this kind:—"What a jolly thing life is! How grand it is to breathe the pure air, to revel in the glorious sunshine, to laugh and be merry! With friends all round, a prosperous future before one, all one's hopes and plans turn out well! It may safely be said that we live in a good country, and that life is the most enjoyable state imaginable."

But after dinner, when the salmon and the cucumber and the lobster salad have begun to do their deadly work, the same man thinks something like this:—"Life is a fraud. Those who say life is worth living are humbugs. We go about the world with a heavy load of care, and from morning till night our time is spent in battling with new annoyances. Bills pour in on every side, and we stare us in the face, every cherished hope is dashed to the ground. Bah! The whole thing is humbug!"

**Easy For the Waiters.**

An invention to lighten the labors of the hotel and restaurant waiters has been perfected by Thomas E. Thompson, of Chicago. The invention consists of a device in common with the parcel railway, and is used in the large establishments there, and is to consist of a train of slow moving cars, which, starting in and operated from the kitchen, will make the circuit of the dining-room at a walking pace, and will be filled, and then return by the same route. When used in such counters the train can be arranged to run under the counter within easy reach of the waiter. The motive power will be electricity, and the inventor claims that his machine will insure prompt service, and cause a great saving in help.

**The Queen Hears "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."**

The queen, as most people know, is exceedingly fond of music of all kinds, and likes to know the popular songs of the day are like. One of the stipulations in the appointment of maids of honor is that they must be accomplished musicians; principally to play duets with Princess Beatrice, who cares for nothing but classical music. One of the ladies in waiting (the Hon. Bertha Lambert) is very fond of singing to the queen such songs as she hears in the streets. After a recent visit to London she asked the queen's permission to sing the song which is in everybody's mouth, viz., "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." Her majesty and the princess were greatly taken with it, and asked for it again and again. Miss Lambert regretted she could not show the accompanying dance. The queen's pleasure in the song was short-lived, for after three days she complained that she could not get the refrain out of her head.

**He Liked a "Nerve Bath."**

One of the peculiar incidents of the execution of Guitane, who shot President Garfield, and which was mentioned in none of the reports of that time, was the presence there of a distinguished naval officer in a cell directly overlooking the scaffold. He had come on specially from Boston to attend the execution, and had a special cell where he could with a powerful glass study at his leisure every shade of agony of the forlorn wretch on the scaffold. He was what is French would call an amateur executioner. He told me that he watched 275th of execution he had witnessed, and he never missed one within 250 miles. He said:—"You have no idea what a splendid shock it is to your nerves. I really call it a nerve bath."

**Madame Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets.**



**CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,**  
77 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**INSTRUCTION.**

**My Method of Business.**

If you get anything from me or any of my agents that is not just right in every particular, you shall have your money back again, every cent of it. I get the best I can find; if I make a mistake; I lose not my customer. What do you think of a business conducted on that plan?

**SHORTHAND**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain a thorough knowledge of shorthand and penmanship, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted)—7 to 8. Apply to:

**J. HARRY PEPPER,**  
Conductor of Shorthand Department,  
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

**Private Preparatory School for Children**  
106 KING ST. EAST.

**MISS E. W. MORLEY, A. Mus. L. C. M.**  
assisted by the Misses Haydon, will open on May 16th, at the above address, classes for Children under 14 years of age. Hours—9.30 to 12.30. Subjects—Thorough English, French (acquired by several years residence in France), Latin, Class Singing and Elementary Drawing. Fees—\$2 per Term of Ten Weeks. A small class for young Ladies from 12 years old and upwards, wishing to study the higher branches of the above subjects (including Theory of Music), will be opened on the same evening. Fees—\$2 per Term. ap23 41

**LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**

**MISS E. W. MORLEY, A. Mus. L. C. M.**  
Representative of the London College of Music, will give lessons on the Pianoforte; also in Musical Theory, Harmony and Elocution. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the College Examinations which are held three times each year, St. John being now a local centre. Terms on application at 13 German Street.

**LANGUAGES French, German, Spanish, Italian**

Actually Spoken and Mastered in Ten Weeks without leaving your homes by Dr. Rosenthal's Metempsychast System. 3500. Thousands Pupils taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher.

Terms for **MASTERSHIP** membership \$5.00. All questions answered and all exercises corrected free of charge. Specimen Copies, Part I, 25 cents. Send for Circulars.

**THE MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.**  
No. 196 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

**IN 10 WEEKS.**

**Spring Cloths.**

The Subscriber has just received his Full Line of Spring Cloths in

**Over Coating, Suitings and Trouserings.**

Inspection Solicited, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**A. R. CAMPBELL - 64 German St.**

**Partnership Notice.**

THE subscriber having entered into partnership with J. B. Woodburn, the business in future will be conducted under the name of E. S. STEPHENSON & CO.

E. S. STEPHENSON, Machinist.

Referring to the above, we beg to say that having entered into possession of the Pender Building 17 and 18 Nelson street, our facilities for the manufacture and repair of all kinds of LIGHT MACHINERY are greatly increased. We solicit a continuance of the trade so liberally bestowed upon our Mr. Stephenson, and we hope by strict and prompt attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—We will manufacture the "Woodburn Patent Pulverizer" and will also Pulverize for the trade.

E. S. STEPHENSON & CO.,  
Engineers and Machinists, 17 and 18 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

**Tenders for Printing.**

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's Office up to 11 o'clock in the forenoon of TUESDAY, the 15th day of May next, from persons willing to undertake the work of printing the Corporation Accounts and reports for the year of 1891.

Further information may be obtained at the office of the Common Clerk.

Not bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

**CHARLES McLAUCHLAN,**  
Chairman of Treasury Board.  
St. John, N. B., 28th April, 1892.

**"RIGBY" "RIGBY" "RIGBY"**

This popular article is growing in favor every day. Its merits are known and are thoroughly appreciated. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and our repeat orders prove beyond argument that there is only one porous Waterproof compound. The fact that having found it out, are bound to have it. See our Fish Pond all over the country, made of Rigby Cloth. Living fish in these ponds prove that there are no injurious ingredients in the Rigby compound. The fact that it is prepared by a leading scientist, one of England's greatest chemical Engineers, and endorsed by the public everywhere is a satisfactory guarantee that Rigby is no humbug, but will stand the test of time. We claim that age will improve the waterproof qualities of Rigby. There are Foot-proof coats on the market, but they are not in it. Rigby is absolutely porous and waterproof.

**H. SHOREY & CO.,**  
CLOTHING MANUFACTURER, Montreal.

**"Everfast Stainless" Black Cotton Hosiery.**

The Best on Earth

Because: The dyeing it performed by a process known only to the dyer, which renders the color immovably fast, and which many years of study have brought to a state of superiority unequalled and unrivalled. For sale only by

**BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.**

**W. ALEX. PORTER**

Has for the Spring Trade a large and well assorted stock of fine Groceries, Teas, Coffee, etc. Also Brooms, Pails, Washboards, Washtubs, Scrub, Shoe and Stove Brushes, Whisks, etc., with a full line of Grocery Sundries. Particular attention given to family trade.

N. B.—Cheapest all-round Store for the best quality of Goods.

Corner UNION and WATERLOO, and MILL and POND STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**Kerr CREAM CHIPS AND OPERA CREAMS.**

**OPERA HOUSE**

**The St. John Amateur Minstrel CLUB.**

**May 11 and 12.**

**An Evening with the Minstrels!**

Everything New and Sparkling. Bright and Catchy Music. Fresh and Taking Songs.

**MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES AND NOVEL IDEAS.**

**The Great Musical Quartette.**

Concluding with "BREACH OF PROMISE" A laughable court scene, in which the entire Club will take. Be sure to hear the bewitching Pianist. Be sure to see the buxom Bride-maid. There is a regular galaxy of dazzling beauties from the Orient and elsewhere.

Seats on sale at the Opera House Music Store Monday, 9th May.

**Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.**

**Harry Wilkes, 1896.**

**Season of 1892 at St. John.**

**TERMS—\$25.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.**

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 619, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall. He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road.

The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

March 30th, 1892. **JULIUS L. TREKERS.**

**JOHN H. SELFRIDGE,**  
101 Charlotte Street, Opposite Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

opposite Hotel Dufferin, where, with an entire new stock of American and Canadian Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces and Kitchen Furnishings of all kinds, I hope to see all my old friends, and I can assure them that with the facilities which I now possess my prices will be always right.

**JOBING AND REPAIRING SOLICITED** and as consider myself master of my craft, I have no hesitation in asking for a share of your patronage. There is nothing in my line too large or too small. I am open for them all. FURNACE FITTING has been studied and brought to perfection in the city by me, and is with excusable pride that I refer to over 1000 Furnaces which I have fitted up in public and private buildings in St. John. WAIT FOR ME and I will guarantee satisfaction.

**JOHN H. SELFRIDGE,**  
101 Charlotte Street, Opposite Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

**NOTICE.**

**CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.**

**Style, Quality & Price**

Our Millinery is Second to None.

Also Headquarters for Ladies' Misses' and Children's CORSETS.

**CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.**

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; 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 very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for five cents each.

Remittances 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 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7.

HOW WOULD IT SUIT HERE?

The federal system of civic government, adopted by the city of Cleveland, Ohio, is an experiment which seems likely to result in success. It has been tried for a year, and the fact that it has changed from an extravagant and corrupt system to a model one is likely to lead to its adoption in many more cities which are now burdened with high taxation. It is quite different from any plan heretofore tried.

The charter created by the citizens last year created a system of responsible government in civic affairs. The old plan provided for forty aldermen and a mayor, with committees of the same nature as are found in St. John. The new charter masterly reduces the size of the council, while the mayor is assisted by an executive council composed of the six heads of departments, namely, public works, law, accounts, police, fire and charities. These appear to be chosen by the mayor with a view to securing the best men and those who will co-operate in the work of civic reform. They are paid good salaries, presumably on the ground that they are worth the money—that inefficient men are dear at any price. The result of the first year's trial of the new charter is thus summarized by an exchange:

The expenditure has been greatly reduced while the effective work done has been enormously increased. Official reports show that though the revenues were \$75,464 less than those of the previous year, which of course means that that amount remains in the pockets of the citizens, which under ordinary circumstances would have been withdrawn from all departments closed the year without any unpaid bills or the making of advance appropriations, and \$47,523 in deficits from the old government have been paid. But this is not all. In the department of public works there has been an increase in miles of paving laid of no less than 2 per cent., and in miles of sewers built 33 per cent., yet the expenditures in this department were \$24,272 less than in the year before. This is one of the most interesting features of the department of charities has been greatly increased, but a saving has been effected of \$22,341.

In a city of the size of St. John the system could be modified to suit the existing conditions. So far as the experience of Cleveland goes, the principle of responsible government thus applied works with the most satisfactory results. The plan is worth inquiring into by all who take an interest in civic reform and are anxious for a lightening of taxes.

THE BORE BELL.

A device of great utility, which appears to have been in limited private use for some time, is announced from the other side of the water. It is what is known as the bore bell, and as it is not patented—and is not patentable—there is no reason why it should not be used by anybody in this part of the world. The idea is simplicity itself, and is made possible to all kinds of people and places. It is equally applicable to the largest structure and the smallest office. It is inexpensive, easily managed and most efficient in its method of securing the desired result—freedom from the long winded assaults of all sorts and conditions of bores.

There are summary ways of getting rid of bores, if one is not ashamed of being rude, but most bores are of a class whom one does not wish to openly offend, and who are deaf to any but the most open hints. Everybody who is in the habit of receiving office visitors knows of such bores. They are often people whom he is glad to see, for a little while, and with whom it is his policy to keep on the best of terms. That they are not in a hurry to leave may be really a compliment to the person whom they bore. It may show that they appreciate his society and take a pleasure in his words. All the same, it may be his busy day, and much as he likes them, he has other affairs which demand his time and attention. What is he to do?

Some of the English doctors have found out the way to keep friendly with patients who are bores, and yet to avoid being bored too much. The bore bell does it. Concealed near the chair of the doctor is

an electric button which is operated by a slight pressure of the foot. The result is the ringing of a bell in the apartments of the attendant, who at once appears with the announcement that a visitor is in waiting, or that some special emergency requires the doctor's attention. The bore therefore hastens to retire, quite innocent of the deception, while the doctor is left in peace.

The various uses to which a bore bell may be applied will readily suggest themselves. Editors, lawyers and doctors, will find them of special service, of course, but the utility of them may be made apparent in many other ways. Let one be privately put in the board of trade rooms, for instance, so that some judicious manipulator could have a messenger arrive to shut off some winter port orator. Let one be put in the legislative chamber, in the common council chamber, and in some other places where men are apt to make long speeches. The result in the saving of time would be enormous. The greatest care would have to be taken to keep the secret from the persons to be "operated upon," but if the management of the affair were entrusted to representatives of the press the service would doubtless be well performed. The newspaper men are generally pretty good judges of how much oratory is allowable in respect to subjects under discussion.

In the meantime, the idea of the bore bell is one that commends itself as pointing the way to the supplying of a long felt want. The electric bell hangers ought to look forward to a rush of business ere long.

PRAYER CAUSES A BOYCOTT.

A very peculiar labor difficulty has been attracting attention in New York for some time. Everybody who has had occasion to take cheap lunches in that city, or indeed in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other big cities of the union, knows something of DENNETT'S lunch counters and tables. He caters to a class which wants a bite in a hurry and does not want to pay too much for it. Coffee and cakes, pork and beans and other ten and fifteen cent orders are the rule, and there are enough of them to make the business a very profitable one. It may be added, too, that the visitor gets the full value of his money.

The most peculiar thing which strikes the stranger in Mr. DENNETT'S restaurants is the frequency with which neatly framed texts of scripture adorn the walls, mixed up with business announcements. One may see something like this, for instance, "I'll be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land—Isaiah I. 12" and immediately under this will be the legend, "Ham and Beans, 10 cents." There is an impression among those who do not know better that the parading of religion and business is purely an advertisement, but as a matter of fact Mr. DENNETT is really a conscientious man who carries out his principles in all details of his business. His all-night restaurants close an hour before midnight on Saturdays and remain closed tight and fast until 1 a. m. on Monday, when they again begin an interrupted six days work. DENNETT is a philanthropist, who has done a great deal of good in various ways. One of the rules for the government of his employees has been that they shall attend prayer meeting every morning. Three or four weeks ago, however, one of the New York waiters, of the Roman Catholic faith, refused, for conscience sake, to attend at a form of worship not recognized by his church. He was therefore fined fifty cents, which he refused to pay and carried the matter before the labor union of which he was a member. The result of the matter has been a boycott on the DENNETT restaurant all over the country. At last accounts efforts at a compromise has not succeeded. Mr. DENNETT refuses to give up his daily prayer meeting, and the labor union refuses to take off the boycott unless the clause be repealed so as to allow workmen the option of attending or not as they please. A boycott on restaurants so largely depending on the working classes is likely to be a serious matter, but Mr. DENNETT can probably afford to go out of business entirely, and he may do so rather than yield in the stand he has taken.

So far as the matter appears on the surface Mr. DENNETT seems to have a perfect right to conduct his business as he pleases. If the conditions as to prayer meetings are clearly understood in advance, the men seeking positions can find other places if the terms do not suit them. It appears to be one of the instances in which organized labor goes beyond the sphere of duty and undertakes to do some bullying.

There was a keen sarcasm in the invitation which a New York clergyman extended to his flock, the other day. The well known Father HUNTINGTON has a mission among the poor, and it was these he asked to go with him on an expedition to see how the wealthy live. This is reversing the order of things. It has been the custom for the rich to go prying into the lives of the poor in a patronizing sort of a way, with no better object than a curiosity to see "how the other half lives." The other half has surely a right to return the compliment. First avenue has as much of which it ought to be ashamed as has First avenue, if the truth

were known. All the vices of New York are not concentrated in the slums. It is but fair to say, however, that Fr. HUNTINGTON disclaims his intention to do any "slumming," as it is termed. He wants his people to get ideas by which their own condition will be bettered. He will show them the bright rather than the seamy side of life among the wealthy. This is somewhat better than the plan of Dr. PARKHURST.

An English paper, in speaking of the progress in the English language made by PADREWSKI, the pianist, during his stay in America says that "fortunately, however, he has not caught the peculiar intonation and accent that disfigure the mother tongue when spoken by Americans." That is because he mingled with educated people who speak quite as good English as is heard in England itself. The "peculiar intonation" is heard here often enough from English immigrants, who certainly do not pronounce their mother tongue with any reference to the rules of the language. There are as bad dialects in England as in America, and a good many simon-pure Britons have a considerably more pronounced nasal twang than can be found in the state of Maine.

A writer in Public Opinion asserts that the average American works one month out of the year for the sake of being governed. How long does the average Canadian work with the same object in view? In the city of St. John, the local takes makes him work more than a week, at the least. If he is a property owner he works more than that. On income alone, however, to say nothing of water rates, etc., the annual assessment takes nearly all the earnings of a week. The head of a family has to consider what he is taxed on what he consumes, under the protective tariff. All in all, the Canadian probably pays as much as the citizen of the republic for the privilege of being governed.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES. Mr. Bellevue is on Deck. Mr. James Bellevue is having his house improved by a nice coat of paint—Tarmouth Light. His Big Contract. McKinnon, our chief of police, is keeping the streets quiet and orderly. He does his work with-out any fuss or bluster—Dignity Canadian.

The Man Who Laughs. I think some people would mind moving a foot rather quickly after that wire clothes line man who has looked at all into buying his patent line—Parrishboro Leader.

Why Samuel Returned. Many of the Durham folks wondered at Samuel Johnson coming back from the Northwest, but now they think it all explained as he and Miss Dabe McLean were married on Friday last, the 22nd inst.—Fon Herald.

The Time They Got Left. Quite a crowd of men and women gathered at the Scotch Corner school house Tuesday evening for the purpose of hearing Mr. Robinson lecture on better making out for some reason or other. Mr. Robinson did not make his appearance—Carlton Sentinel.

Spring in Nova Scotia. Planting, fencing, brush burning, young lambs, etc., testify to the presence of spring; however, your correspondent has not seen any goslings yet, for we fancy it is going to be a poor summer for geese, notwithstanding the fact of it being leap year—Parrishboro Leader.

He Must Live on an Island. Four negroes were lynched in Florida on Monday night. They were taken from jail, and strung up to trees by the roadside. Thus justice smoothly tulle its functions in the continent to which, thank heaven, we do not altogether belong. Tararaboom-de-ay—Lunenburg Argus.

Lottery, Dance and Revival. The last of these gatherings was at W. Green's, where a quilt was sold by lottery. In the dance thirty dollars were raised, and the money was given to the usual object and next week Rev. Mr. Ganong will begin a series of special meetings—Apple River Cor. Parrishboro Leader.

The Dark Side of City Life. A young son of George C. Hastings left home yesterday afternoon to help some people to move, and not returning at dark, his parents thought he was lost. The next day returned about ten o'clock last night—Sun.

It is some time since four persons have been arrested in the city during the day for drunkenness—as was the case yesterday—Sun.

An intoxicated man named Woods raised quite a rumpus on Sydney street early last evening while being taken home by a couple of friends—Sun.

PROGRESS' Halifax correspondent writes: The long looked for "Special number of The Dominion Illustrated, devoted to Halifax," has at last appeared, but it is a matter of congratulation to the people of Halifax that its circulation, from present indications, will be little if any. Each advertiser has been supplied with a number of copies, but a great number of them had become so disgusted with the delay of the issue, and the appearance of it when it did come, that they refused to take any part in it, or honor the drafts made on them. It is not surprising that the people were disappointed with it, as many of the scenes illustrated have been published and republished time and again. The business houses, illustrated and otherwise, are all right as far as they go, but a stranger looking at this "Halifax Special" would form a very incorrect idea of the business done here—as there are so many large industries not touched or mentioned—but it is to be hoped that no Halifaxian will let one copy get out of the city if he loves it at all.

Duffort's Feather Bed Renovator. Send your feather beds, pillows, and bolsters to the Renovator, 22, Waterloo street, and have them thoroughly cleaned. This machine takes out all dirt, dust and relics of diseases, and makes the feathers lighter and purer than when new. Mr. John Frodham, the proprietor, will give prompt attention to all orders.—A.

HAVE YOU BEEN MOVING?

IF SO, YOUR NAME OUGHT TO BE IN THE LIST BELOW.

It is Your Own Fault if It is Not There—Two Hundred Others who Have Had the Fun, and Otherwise, Getting Out of Town, Let Us Know.

A good many people seem to be moving this year. It is the same way every season. The streets on May day, and for days before and after, show a succession of processions made up of all sorts of sorts loaded with all sorts of household goods. Every time a team is seen, it means that somebody is moving—and it implies toil, trouble, worry and confusion. Everybody who has moved knows just what it means. Those who have never moved can never realize what has to be endured, and they need never want to know.

Nobody ever knows how many people move in the course of a season. There is no official record kept. There is no way of finding out without an elaborate system of enumeration by blocks, and then the whole truth would not be told, any more than it is when a census is taken. Nor can there, under ordinary circumstances, be even an approximation to the actual number of people who change quarters with others, for better or for worse, for another twelvemonth.

PROGRESS gives a partial list of removals this year. It is not complete, nor was it expected to be. The people who moved were invited to send notice of the fact, and many of them have done so. In other cases, their neighbors have done so for them. Anybody who looks to find his name on the list and does not can reflect that he has only himself to blame that he is not in it. In the same way, while every care has been taken to guard against error in house numbers, etc., if any are found the fault rests with the tenants who have failed to send the full particulars of the location of their new homes.

About 200 removals are recorded below. While this does not represent all, it means a great deal when one comes to think of it. It implies that just so many households have been upset and 1000 or so mortals made miserable for several days, to say nothing of the weeks of anticipation. It implies confusion on a big scale, loss of time, patience and money. Yet people will move. Some of them must move, and following the ancient custom, the year must end the 1st of May and the tenancy begin at that date. In some parts of America people are accustomed to rent houses by the month and move when they desire to do so. Here they rent by the year and there is no day like May day. So it has been, and so it is likely to be.

The list here given explains itself. Alger, Ed., Portland to High street. Allen, Fred, Gardiner to Charlotte. Thomas, Wm., Portland to Gardiner, cor. Charles. Andrews, Dr. J., 45 Garden to Garden. Armstrong, Mrs. Robt., 4 Hazen to 3 Elliott row. Somerville, E. H., 247 King to 121 Dorchester. Atherton, Mrs., 64 Waterloo to 58 Brussels.

The Wanderer. Far o'er the prairie wide, Far up the mountain, All o'er the rolling plains Laying between, Goeth the wanderer Seeking contentment Where contentment and peace Semeath reigns supreme.

Passing the mountain fair, Scenes changing so vastly, Holding the mortal's heart, In wondrous appeal, High peaks no mortals gaze, Depths chasms, beauty rare, Nature's truly goddes there, Her primal home.

And o'er the rolling hills, Daughter of the mountains, Mother of the prairie land, Nature's splendor's scene, Near to mortal's eye, Here in contentment lie Small sisters of the mountain peaks, And of the mountain streams.

But o'er the prairie land Sweet peace extendeth, Nature in harmony, Every where serene, Here where the wild deer play, Calm, fair and solitary, The heart in true gladness Proclaims nature Queen.

Rest here, thou wanderer, E'en though the heart be bruised, Hope dies for aye, Here peace to nature's smile Soon shall heart's pain beguile, And soon in contentment bid— Away, false love, away.

Swift Current. To the Front With Another Idea. Mr. R. Rodgers comes around periodically with a new idea, and it is usually a good one. This time his announcement on another page will interest all masons, and as he invites applications for sub-agents his mail should be a heavy one next week. To explain the scheme here would take more space than PROGRESS can spare, or Mr. Rodgers bargained for. His advertisement will be found on the eighth page.

Joining the Fold. One of the new advertisers in this issue of PROGRESS is the well known firm of Messrs. W. H. Thorne & Co. Their space will always be found on the second page in such good company as Messrs. Joseph Finley, Emerson & Fisher, T. McAvity & Sons, etc. This week Messrs. Thorne & Co. talk about bicycles and fishing tackle, two subjects that are worrying the minds and pockets of a good many people at this season of the year.

Leonard, Harry H., Prince to do. J. B. Beatty's new house. Little, Mrs. Beck, to Summers. Lordy, A. J., King to Horsfield.

Macdonald, C. A., King to 117 Union. Machum, E., High to Duke. Magee, Dr., Queen to Mt. Pleasant avenue. Marshall, Wm., St. Andrews to West end. Mitchell, Geo., Castle to 140 L. armtham. Moonah, F. W., Windsor to Johnson. Morgan, A. St. Davids to 20 Canal. Morley, Miss E. W., German, to 196 King. Morrison, W. C., Dublin, to 71 City row. Mott, H. H., King, to 127 Leinster. Mowat, Jas., King to Wellington row. Mullis, A., Union, to Paradise row. Munsie, F., 61 Peters, to 11 Elliott row. Murphy, Mrs. D., 201 Waterloo, to 94 do.

McArthur, D., High, to Grand Bay. McCarthy, D., Richmond, to 191 Union. McCarthy, James, 50 Charlotte, to 247 do. McChristian, Chas., Pitt, to 178 Westworth. McChubb, R., 47 Crown to 207 King E. McDonald, Rev. G. W., Ottawa house to Leinster. McConville, Mrs., Carleton to City road. McCreary, Wm., St. Paul's, to Stanley. McGrath, J., Waterloo, to 21 Richmond. McInnes, J. F., Colborne, to 121 Union. McIntyre, Peter, Douglas ave. to 73 do. McKelvey, G., Exmouth, to St. David. McKendrick, D., Waterloo, to 41 Padlock. McKilgus, W., 205 Brussels, to 17 do. McLean, J., 121 Queen, to King square. McLean, James, Sumner, to Goodrich. McLeod, Jas., John, Pitt, to 68 Queen. McNichol, Mrs. John, Pitt, to 17 do. McQuarrie, Geo., City road, to Winter. Mac, M., Main, to 50 Padlock. McRoberts, John A., Elliot row to 48 St. Davids.

Nelson, Robt., Douglas ave. to Harrison. Nichols, Geo., High, to Portland. Northrup, E. B., Celebration, to Exmouth. Northrup, Mrs. J. M., Castle, to 52 Exmouth. Northrup, Isaac, Cliff to 1 St. David.

O'Brien, M., Brunswick, to Patrick. Oty, Mrs. Allen, Horsfield to Germain. Ostrum, —, Union to Charles.

Parker, A. E., City road to Boston, Mas. Payne, B. St. Paul, to Winter. Perley, Mrs. G. H., Pitt, to Sydney. Pickett, J. M., Leinster, to 11 Elliott row. Peake, Robt., 121 King, to 35 Sewell. Prince, Jas., 35 Sewell, to 57 Dorchester.

Quinn, John, Portland, to Main. Ratchford, —, Pond, to 14 City road. Raymond, Wm., E. 219 King, to 31 Dorchester. Raymond, Rev. W. O., 41 Padlock, to 24 do. Redmond, Mrs., Richmond, to 184 Union. Rising, E. L., Pitt, to Queen. Robinson, Wm., —, to 84 Sydney. Rogers, J. W., Bellevue, to Charles. Rodgers, P., 183 Waterloo, to Germain. Ross, M., Main, to 50 Padlock. Rubin, John, Main, to Portland.

Saunders, Rev. J. H., Elliott row, to Queen. Sanderson, Geo., Wright, to Germain. Scamell, Mrs., Prince Wm., to Garden. Scott, Mrs., 121 Dorchester, to 72 Sydney. Scott, W., Albert, to 49 Hazen. Seely, Richard, 12 Dorchester, to 73 King. Selfridge, John H., Brussels, to 25 Exmouth. Sharp, Mrs., Portland, to Garden, cor. Charles. Simpson, W. C., 37 Elliott row, to 270 King. Smith, R. M., 292 Prince, to Elliott row. Smith, Wm., St. Paul, to Spring. Smith, Wm., Elliott row, to 52 Elliott row. Somerville, E. H., 247 King, to 121 Dorchester. Stevens, Mrs., Union, to 48 Union. Sweika, G., Paradise row, to Wall.

Tait, William J., 108 Brussels, to 108 Patrick. Taylor, C. L., Castle, to 158 Union. Taylor, J. E., Brussels, to 13 Garden. Thomas, F. S., St. David, to Main. Thorne, Wm., 167 Charlotte, to Elliott row. Timmerman, H. P., Hazen, to 121 Union. Trus, F. E., 57 St. James, to 218 Pitt. Tobin, J., Dorchester, to 8 Hazen. Trethewey, O. S., 14 Germain, to 111 Germain. Troop, S. M., 151 Union, to 101 Charlotte.

Wallace, T. C., 361 Union, to 219 King. Wainmaker, James, Brindley, to 46 City road. Waring, G. H., 42 Brindley, to 94 St. James. Waring, Wm., Fairville, to Main. Warren, Geo., Duke, to Carmarthen. Watson, Walter, Hanover to 342 Union. Wilson, Rev. Robert, King, to 224 Duke. Wilson, Dr. S. F., 142 1/2 King, to 72 Sydney. Wilson, Dr. J. H., 90 St. James, to 89 do. Wharft, Mrs. Allison, Queen, to 207 Prince. Withers, George, Rebecca to Spring. Withers, George, Rebecca to Spring. Woods, George, Fort, to 131 Winter. Worden, Geo. H., 34 Pitt to 32 Charles. Wright, Arthur, —, to Goodrich.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

YARBOUTH. [PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, T. F. Knight, Harris & Horsfall and Dr. Lovell's Drug Store.]

Mr. K. G. T. Webster who has been attending Dalhousie college for the past two years, returned home last week, having completed his course at that university. Mr. Webster is one of the students who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the convocation held at Halifax last Tuesday. Mr. Webster, I understand, intends resuming his studies at some higher college later on.

Mrs. T. S. Cartwright, of Cartwright, rector of Holy Trinity church, left on Tuesday for England where she will remain for some time. Her return the family will occupy the next passage on William street which is at present undergoing repairs.

Mr. Alexander Lawson of the Herald spent a few days in Boston last week. Mr. Lawson returned home this week. Miss Kate Burill has returned from St. John. Miss Kate Burill was the guest of Miss Dunlop of Colborne street.

Mrs. Chas. Saunders and son, Master Raymond of Chicago are here on a visit to Mr. John Young. The Philharmonic society advertised a grand sacred concert in Wesley church, Milton, on the evening of Thursday, May 13. Mr. Young's "Hymn of Praise" and other sacred selections will be rendered under the management of Prof. J. B. Hopley. Mrs. A. W. Masters formerly of St. John, has been sent for by Boston for the occasion, and will be one of the soloists. The soloists are Miss Fannie Potter, Miss Nathan, of Boston; Mr. D. C. Gillis, of Halifax, and Mr. W. H. Perry, of the church will be well filled.

Miss Lovitt and Miss Emily Lovitt returned from Boston this morning. Miss Allen who has been spending the past two months with relatives in New York, returned home this week. Master Richard Cartwright spent a few days in Massachusetts and returned home on Tuesday. Miss Minnie Burill is visiting relatives in Weymouth.

Among those who have been absent from Yarmouth for the past month, is Miss Julia Moody who returned from New York this week, having greatly enjoyed the musical season in that city. On Thursday week there will be a recital in Music hall, by the pupils of Mr. G. K. Hatfield, consisting of piano trios, duets, solos, and choruses. Master Geo. Beux, of Boston, will assist in the programme.

Capt. Jos. H. Cann is home from a fortnight's trip to Boston, Mass. Miss Notting returned from Montreal last week. Mr. Geo. Butler returned from Dalhousie last week, having come out first in several studies at the college. The wedding of Mr. E. H. Armstrong, of Yarmouth, and Miss Grant, of Weymouth, took place this evening at the home of the bride at Weymouth.

HALIFAX. MAY 5.—The Orpheus concert on Thursday does not afford much scope for criticism. The club sang some very pretty music very well, the orchestra played most creditably, but all through the programme there was no very striking number or any very striking rendering to be found. Moszkowski's "The shepherd donned his Sunday best" was very fresh and charming in character, and was charmingly sung; and Meyer-Hellmuth's "The song of the evening," most poetic, left nothing to be desired in the two first verses though the last was not so happy. "The Lady of Shalott" which was the piece de resistance, was very nicely done, and was sung with a high economy of style. It was owing to the composer, not to the club, who did it more than justice. Here and there the music is exquisite, and Miss Homer sang the solo part most acceptably if not with that dramatic power to which we are accustomed in her singing. The song of the evening, Mrs. Taylor's "Douglas Gordon" she was in capital voice and recited it with a feeling which she did not accept. Mrs. Lear was also excellent, but Miss Homer's three songs did not carry her audience, though the first was very lovely, and had a delightful accompaniment. She was very prettily dressed and she had a beautiful hairdo. It is to be congratulated on the improvement in his orchestra which was most marked. On the whole the concert was a great success. MORIS GRANTVILLE.

Advertisement for White Paint and other products, including 'WA', 'Takes Little AS', 'IRON RO', 'SHERA', '38 King', 'QUA', 'ARE', 'THE BEST!', 'Send for Price List.', 'RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.', 'ARTHUR P', 'Stati', 'LARGE as Package, Also Blank', 'lanecous Bo', 'McArthur', 'Any SPRING PAINT To Be Done', 'DAISY', 'By permi', 'Dais', 'Ask your Grocer an', 'WHITE', 'I'VE USED IT.', 'CALL BUPPEE, THORNE'

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**St. John-South End.**  
The death occurred on Saturday last of a well known old resident of this city, Mr. J. Albert Venning, who formerly in partnership with Mr. Walter Board, carried on a large dry goods business in St. John, but who for the past seven years has resided at Upper Sheffield where he died after a short illness of congestion of the lungs. His remains were brought to the city for interment.

Mrs. Collier and family left on Friday last for Scotland where they will in future make their home. Mr. L. J. Almon went to Halifax this week in consequence of the death of her niece Miss Lalah Almon which occurred there on Monday last after a long illness.

Miss Agnes Warner returned this week from Montreal where she has been attending McGill college coming in in her exams with very high honors. Mrs. Isaac Burpee is visiting friends at Bangor and Boston.

Miss Susan Murphy of Halifax, is visiting her sister Mrs. Byron G. Taylor, Queen square. Miss Wilson who has been visiting Mrs. MacLaren, was called to Toronto this week in consequence of the illness of her brother, Mr. Turner Wilson.

Mrs. Keator largely contributed to the enjoyment of the young people this week by giving two delightful dances, one on Wednesday and one on Friday at her residence, Princess street, not being sufficiently roomy to accommodate all her friends on these occasions. There were upwards of 50 guests at each dance. A few married couples were present on Wednesday, but young people predominated on Friday evening.

Mrs. Charles F. Harrison was at home this week to receive her friends at her residence, Germain street, where numbers called to offer their congratulations. She was becomingly attired in a tea gown of silk green and white with green lace trimmings.

Mr. George Dean is, this week, the guest of Mrs. Fred Harding, Westport street. She leaves the first of next week for Belleville, Ont., to spend the summer with her mother.

Mr. W. A. MacLachlan's illness of last week has, I hear, developed into typhoid fever. Miss Amy Carman has returned from Fredericton. Mr. G. C. Carman has removed from Summer street to Wright street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mowat and family are residing at Mrs. Sander's, Wellington row. Miss Isabel Jarvis, who has spent the last few months with friends in Philadelphia, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. H. Geare arrived from Boston this week as the guest of Mrs. George Schofield, Wright street. Misses Katie and Edna Jones are visiting New York.

Mr. Shuford and his son, Mr. Wesley Shuford, (Hubbards Cove) spent this week in the city. Mrs. Tracoe, who has been visiting her parents, Senator and Mrs. Dever, has returned to England. Congratulations to Mr. A. MacLachlan and Mr. Alfred Morrissey on the birth of little sons.

Letters were received on Monday from Hon. James Fellows and party who sailed from New York for England on the 16th of April and arrived home safely, after a very quick passage, thus ending their trip around the world, for which they started in November last.

Rev. George F. Maynard, who has had charge of the parish of St. Andrew's for the last few months, will leave for England, he has been appointed to the parish of St. Andrew's, in the city of Fredericton, where he has been for the last few weeks the guest of Mrs. Steves at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, has returned home.

Mr. E. Hazen Drury is now visiting his mother, Mrs. W. C. Drury at the residence of Dr. F. A. Barker, Mount Pleasant.

The ladies of St. Paul's (Valley church) Needlework society, have been invited to assemble on Monday evening next, at the residence of Dr. F. A. Barker, Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Herbert A. Dill left for Quebec last Monday evening, for the purpose of attending a military examination there.

The death is announced, at Toronto, of Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Hon. Peter Mitchell. In former years she was much in our city, and was greatly interested in church work. Mrs. Mitchell was sister of Hon. J. S. Carvell, Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Arthur Wright has removed from his late residence to another in Grand street. Mr. Willard Macdonald, of Fredericton is in the city.

Mr. E. J. Wetmore has been confined to his house through illness this week. Mrs. John A. Rouds, who has been for the last few days in Boston, has returned to St. John, and is stopping at the Victoria hotel.

Mr. H. H. Hodge, of St. John's church, has gone to spend a short vacation in Chatham. Mr. J. B. Dixon, who has been in the city for some time, is now in the city of Fredericton, where he expects to remain for about six weeks.

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

The out of town readers of PROGRESS are invited when in our city to examine our **SILK, WOOL AND PRINTED COTTON Dress Fabrics Departments.**

For Novelties, Qualities and Value they are representation Departments, and cannot be excelled in Canada. Samples by mail. Write for them and they will be forwarded promptly. Mention PROGRESS when you write.

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When you've got a thing to say, Say it! Don't take half a day. When your tale's got little in it, Crowd the whole thing in a minute! Life is short—a fleeting vapor—Don't you fill the world with a paper, Say it! Don't take half a day!

**To Be Brief.** Our LINE IS GROCERIES. We have everything in the line of Groceries, can we have your orders? Call on us, Telephone No. 188, or we can call on you for orders.

## BONNELL & COWAN, - 200 Union St. Boy's

Grained Leather Balmorals, Tap Sole, extra High Cut, guaranteed Waterproof, \$1.50. Youth's Balmorals same as above, \$1.25. Also, Youth's Balmorals from 65c. up, Boy's Balmorals from 75c. up. Come in and examine them.

## G. B. HALLET, - 108 KING STREET.

On 2nd Floor is now complete with a splendid variety of **Ladies' Misses' and Children's Underwear, Corsets, Waists, etc.**

We have a very useful line of RIBBED COTTON VESTS for Summer Wear.

**Price—25 cts. for Two Vests.** MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

## Daniel & Robertson, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. St. John, N. B.

Rev. O. S. Newham, St. Stephen, was in town last week. Miss May Titus is visiting friends in St. Martin's. Mr. Robert Murray has returned from Halifax. Miss Burrell has returned to Yarmouth, N. S. Capt. and Mrs. Lane (nee Miss Robinson) are receiving congratulations this week. The stranger is a son.

Mrs. W. H. Callier and family, who intend making their future home in Scotland, were passengers by the Allan line steamer from Halifax on Saturday. Mr. L. B. McEath left on Wednesday last for Boston, where a position awaits him. Mrs. Ellice Jones, who has been enjoying a long vacation at her home on Elliot row, returned on Saturday to the Mount Pleasant convent. Miss Lillie Brock went to Rothesay on Monday. Mrs. W. H. Callier and family, who have been the guests of Mrs. L. J. Timmerman, Hixon street, left this week for their home in Montreal. Mrs. G. Hays, who has been confined to the house the past week, is now better. The pupils of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Mount Pleasant, had a very successful fancy sale on Wednesday afternoon. Invitations were out on Thursday for a ball to be given in the Puresly building on Wednesday next. Mr. A. J. Baxter spent a day or two in Musquash last week. Mrs. J. Aubrey, wife of the late Capt. Thomas Aubrey, has returned from Charleston, Mass., where she has been visiting for the last few months. Her friends are glad to see her looking so well after her trip. Mr. F. Street and Mr. John B. Grievous, of Fredericton, were in the city last week attending the masonic gathering. Mrs. Stephen Hall of Rothesay, arrived in the city Saturday, and is stopping at the Berton house.





SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONTEPELIER.

It is not always May! was once a poet's plaint, 'Tis not a bard, and say 'Tis jolly glad it is!'

Major Snow and Mr. Boyd, editor of the Times, were in Hillsboro last Friday.

Mr. Sumner, of Montreal, was here on Monday.

Mr. Vanarsdall, of Montreal, spent a day or two in Hillsboro last week, and has now gone out to inspect the mannanse mine.

Mr. Spauld, of Boston, was here for a few days last week.

Capt. and Mrs. Janson Edgett arrived here on Friday from France, after an absence of two years.

Mr. John C. Beck, of Surrey, is also in Boston.

Mr. Lewis is visiting friends in Boston.

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HILLSBORO.

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"In she not more than painting can express, Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

To be well dressed is to feel well, dress is taste, refinement, and comfort, the goods we offer are beautiful in color, fine in texture, striking yet neat in pattern.

Our reasonable attractions in Dress Goods, Chalcies, Sateens, Batistes, and Prints await the inspection of buyers. These goods are all new and fresh, and prices low.

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Dear Sir—I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of your cheque for \$50.00 in payment of my claim for two weeks disability.

Dear Sir—Many thanks for your cheque for \$52.86 in settlement of my claim for disability for two weeks and a day.

R. RODGERS Esq., Genl. Agt. Maritime Prov. of the American Masonic Accident Assn. of Mpls. Minn.

Sir—I am in receipt of your cheque for \$10.00 in full compensation for a partial injury.

- List of Members in the City of St. John of the AMERICAN MASONIC ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION. Includes names like John A. Watson, G. H. Miles, A. F. M. Custance, T. R. Jones, R. P. Hazen, H. G. Fenety, Charles McLaughlin, W. R. Humphrey, E. C. McFarlane, F. H. Nichols, John S. Cullen, J. W. Holly, H. R. McAllister, E. J. Sheldon, J. P. Gagn, George J. McEneaney, John B. Nickerson, John Henderson, Robert Marshall, Henry Gilbert, Jr., James Collins, G. D. Frost, George K. McLeod, Louis Donald, Fred Sandall, R. D. Clarke, J. H. Patten, W. Smith, F. W. Thompson, Andrew McNiel, R. L. Smith, Herbert Howe, George A. Day, J. M. Scovill, F. L. Her, A. H. Bell, W. A. Leckhart, H. G. Hunt, Thomas F. Mot, T. Niel Robertson, G. Gordon Boyne, John B. Andrews, Sherman Hoyt, W. L. Dobbin, G. F. Harding, LeBaron R. Thompson, W. C. R. Allen, R. W. Thorne, W. M. Bingray, W. Parren, W. Y. Barbour, C. C. Cameron, W. A. Black, Thos. Key, G. E. Herton, W. E. Wilson, James Bourke, W. A. Cathers, W. A. Black, John Rubin.

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R. RODGERS, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

PUGWASH. (Progress is for sale in Pugwash at Mrs. John Johnston's hall.)

MAY 4.—A very sad event took place last Wednesday evening in the death of Mrs. Luther at her brother's residence, Mr. Mark Bergman.

Another old and respected churchman, Mr. Isaac Henny, passed away last week at the age of 82.

There was a very pleasant party last week at "Seaside cottage," the residence of Mrs. Robert McNeill.

Some of young ladies are just commencing their first attempt to teach the young idea how to read.

Miss Hall, our very popular music teacher and organist of the Baptist church was lastly summoned to the Central home, where everyone had a pleasant time.

Mr. A. A. Stevens has resigned the position of Norwegian consul of this port in consequence of ill health.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS IN

Irish Point and Swiss Applique Curtains!

From \$3.50 per pair.

SEE SHOW WINDOWS.

A. O. SKINNER.



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HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

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Is Closed for the Present

We have secured the Store No. 68 King St. and in a few days will offer the balance of the Stock, together with a full stock of Desirable and Seasonable

New Goods at Reduced Prices.

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A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, BINDERING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book.



It is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away.

- LAST LYNN, By Mrs. Henry Wood. VANITY FAIR, By Jane Austen. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By H. E. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone.

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also

Progress for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 60 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents.

NEWCASTLE.

MAY 4.—The first excursion party of the season was given by Commodore Miller on Lis steam yacht The Laura last Friday.

After a pleasant trip to Boston, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacLagan left last Saturday for St. John, where they intend remaining for some time.

Mr. E. Lee Street and Col. Call spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mr. J. J. McPeake made a brief visit here last week.

Miss M. McCoy returned home last week.

MISS LITTLE HUNTLEY

Is the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley of Cortland, N. Y., a well known carpenter and builder.

There was no hope and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed.

A Waste of Money but finding it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bloating began to subside.

First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Has done for her the worthiest highest confidence.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills.

History of Trinity Church 1791-1891.

Compiled and Edited by the Rev. Canon BRIGSTOCKE, D. D., Rector.

Illustrated with Portraits of the Bishops of the Diocese, and the Rectors of Trinity Church during 100 years, also views of the Old and New Churches, Sunday School Buildings, etc., etc.

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DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, Soko Square Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England.

Electricity used after the methods of Apostoli. Superior Results Effected by Electrolysis.

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LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

By Mrs. Henry Wood.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

By H. E. Bulwer Lytton.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN.

By Alexander Dumas.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

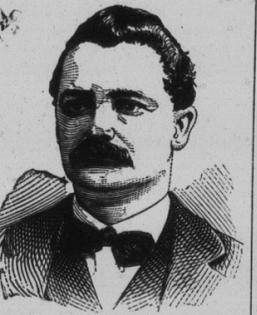
A MAN OF THE OLD GUARD

ONE OF THE VETERANS IN CITY NEWSPAPER WORK.

He was active in the Pioneer Days of Daily Journalism, and is a Young Man Yet—Everybody in the Business Knows Gordon Livingston.

A history of the press of St. John would be incomplete without more than a passing reference to the name of Livingston. Several brothers of the family have been prominently identified with the daily and weekly papers in the past, and some of the most successful of the existing dailies are at this day monuments of the Livingston work in journalism. The brothers best known are John and Gordon Livingston, the former of whom is now in the Northwest, while the latter resides at Harcourt, Kent county.

Gordon Livingston is a Westmorland boy, and was born at at Shediak, August



12, 1844. He was educated at the Madras school, Shediak, and came to St. John at the age of 21. The Telegraph at that time was issued tri-weekly and weekly, for the day of daily papers in St. John had not come. Mr. Livingston was engaged as reporter and accountant, and did good work in both capacities. He remained with the Telegraph until 1869, after which he was engaged for a time on the Morning Journal, owned and edited by Rev. Wm. Elder.

This paper and the Telegraph were amalgamated in the following year and made a daily under the somewhat lengthy name of the St. John Daily Telegraph and Morning Journal. At a later period the latter half of the title was dropped.

The first Guide to St. John worthy of the name was that issued by Mr. Livingston in 1869-70. It was a handy little volume, well arranged and containing much information in brief compass. In point of concise and clear description and system of arrangement, it has not been surpassed by later and more ambitious attempts of others. Livingston's pocket plan of the city was also a very convenient article for strangers and citizens alike.

The St. John Advertiser, a paper published by Mr. Livingston in 1870-71 was very spicy sheet. It was very outspoken on the political and other questions of the day, and devoted special attention to the Intercolonial railway management.

In 1873, John Livingston became owner of the Moncton Times, which was then a respectable weekly full of life, from the fact that it was not on the government side in dominion politics. Gordon Livingston helped to make the Times lively until 1874, when he became editor and manager of the Sackville Borderer, a paper into which he infused new life, making it one of the best country weeklies in New Brunswick. Severing his connection with the Borderer in 1876, he took a position in the office of the collector of customs at Richibucto, remaining there for 13 years. Of late he has conducted a general agency business at Harcourt, Kent county.

Mr. Livingston represented the important parish of Richibucto in the municipal council for six years, and in the last year of his service was unanimously chosen to the position of warden of the municipality. He has twice been offered nominations as a candidate for the local legislature, and has declined the honor both times.

In politics, Mr. Livingston belongs to the old school of liberalism, and was strongly opposed to the confederation scheme. Socially, he is everywhere known as "one of the boys," whose frank and open nature has made him many friends and no enemies who are worth regarding as such. As a writer, he wields a facile pen and is very cogent in his style. He can be very caustic when occasion requires and fears nobody when he has anything to say, nor does he express any opinions which he is not prepared to discuss to a conclusion.

The portrait given herewith will be readily recognized by the very large circle of Mr. Livingston's friends.

It Seemed Funny. "I was in a little town in the mountains of Kentucky not long ago," remarked the drummer, as he showed his sample case aside to let another man in to hear the story, "and having a half day off, I concluded I'd take a look at the dispensation of justice by the city judge. He was a queer old jaker, and his education had evidently not been of the college kind. The case before him was that of a colored man for assault and the way he hustled it through was not tardy by any means. He assessed a fine of \$50, redeemable by ninety days in jail, and turning to a constable he remarked with dignity: "Here, Bill, take out this nigger and bring in the gentleman that stole them steers."

"I struck me as funny, but nobody else in the court room seemed to take it that way, and I didn't even smile."

CONTORTING THE BODY.

John Ames, Barnum & Bailey's Star Twister, Tells Something About It.

You can't bend bones, but you can stretch cartilages. That is where a great many people who go to see a contortionist twist and bend himself out of all semblance to the human form divine are misled. The human snake, the living corkscrew, the man with the rubber bones, the man who has no bones and all the rest of the list of contortionists who earn a livelihood by amusing and interesting the public with their feats do not and cannot bend their bones. But they seem to do so.

A performer crosses his arms and twines his legs. Then he turns his wrists and ankles and twists his hips at the hip joints, turns his tibias and fibulas, his ulnuses and radiuses, and that is all he can do with those parts of his body. The real bending, twisting, turning and contorting is done with the back. In some cases the neck is of use, and that, too, is twisted.

This sums the ability of the contortionist up in a general statement. But to tie one's self up into knots, or even into one knot, is a physical impossibility. Of all contorting, back bending or turning backward and twisting the body out of shape is the most difficult. Forward bending is comparatively easy, because the backbone, which lie like thick waters between the vertebrae of the backbone, are thicker on the outside than on the inside, and so offer less obstruction to bending forward than they do to bending backward.

Forward bending is done with the performer standing on his feet or with a portion of his body lying on the floor. To be a good back-balancer, because the best and most difficult work is done by bending more the weight of the body rests on the hands. Of course it is good backward bending to stand on your feet and bend over backward until your head is thrust forward between your legs at the knees, and to do a dozen other things of a similar character. But it is more difficult to stand on your hands and bend backward until you sit in an upside down position on your head. That is hard and but few can do it.

Another and a more difficult feat is to get your chest on the floor, face downward, and, bending backward, place your toes under your shoulders.

But even that, which as you readily see is quite difficult, requires no bending of the arms or legs, although these members seem to be twisted out of all shape.

The most difficult thing to do that I know of is what I call my teeth balancing an invitation to talk to the patients of a lunatic asylum. In his address he said he tried to talk on subjects they could grasp readily, and his subject was simple. One of the subjects treated was that of the mothers who threw their children into the Ganges, thinking they were appeasing the wrath of the gods. During his talk about this Mr. L. noticed one of his congregations, a man, who had his eyes riveted upon him. The man's face was a study. His attitude was so direct and so fateful that it annoyed the speaker.

After the discourse Mr. L. went among the patients. He met the man with the glaring eyes and took his hand. The minister to the man, and gradually he came into some portions of the sermon. "I noticed," said Mr. L., "that you were particularly interested when I spoke about the mothers throwing their babies into the River Ganges. I would like to know, my good fellow, what was passing through your mind while I was talking on this subject?"

The man glared again at the preacher and replied, "I was wondering why your mother didn't throw you in."

He Slept Under the Bed.

An English resident of Russia describes the peculiar value of that country as a good position in society. He had a fine house and gorgeous furniture, and gives sumptuous feasts; but he really sighs for the simple life which he formerly led as a peasant. The corporation of a country town, however, means the clock, carpets, silver, and gold. I was called on to exhaust my vocabulary of admiration. Among the rest he showed me his own bedroom, furnished with a very fine bed, and he asked me the invariable question—"What did I think of that?" I admired it properly. I thought it magnificent. It was covered with blue silk and lace. "Yes," he said, "that cost a good deal of money, but, with a wink such as nobody but a Russian knows how to give, 'I don't sleep a-top of that bed. I sleep under it.'"

Did Not Want to be Knighted.

Sir James Porter Corry, who died last year, was made a baronet against his will. He entered parliament in 1874 as member for Belfast, and from 1886 till his death represented mid-Armagh. When a baronetcy was first offered to him he declined it. His friends, official and personal, pressed it on his acceptance, but he still persisted in refusing. The matter was then settled without his consent, for, having gone abroad for a short time, he was, before his return, gazetted a baronet. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton against his will was knighted by Edward VI., to whom he was page and whipping-boy. In this latter office a boy was educated with a prince and had to bear his chastisements for him. Edward used to tell Throckmorton that he really felt the whippings as much as if he had to bear them in his own person, and promised to reward him when he had the power. After he had become king he one day pursued Throckmorton with a sword to knight him, who tried to escape, knowing that, if Edward succeeded, the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the king and protector of the realm, would be angry. But the king managed to strike him on the shoulder, and he rose Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Austrian Hospitality.

Austrian station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says: "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you please." A writer says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech-loaders, axes and servants. Such hospitality is rarely given, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where the guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome. One station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two.

Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with his horses, dogs and guns, developed an insatiable appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed, and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away. —Manchester Times.

THE DANCE OF THE DAY.

Some of the Features of the Evening's Entertainment.

The girl of the period has grown recklessly independent. Now the independent young dandy has all at once taken it into her head to take a very big step again in the direction of what she pleases to call equality. What until quite recently was a ball or a dance without dancing men? A failure, and a thing of which a hostess stood in greater dread than of failure of the piece de resistance at the dinner or supper table. The dancing man knew his value, and tried to augment it by giving himself the air of a martyr when entering a ball room; the girl suffered him for awhile in this character, and then—since she has grown so very energetic and independent—determined to do without him.

Now she gives a skirt dance or a minuet with a beautiful impartiality that deserves admiration, and the men may admire or stay away as they please; it is immaterial to the girls. Girls dance after a dinner party as formerly they gave a song. You see, the style of dress that is required for these dances is almost identical with the ordinary dinner dress. A dress with a train does beautifully for a minuet, and the umbrella shaped skirt of this season is just the right thing for skirt dancing. It must be twelve yards wide, so that it can be gracefully taken up by the dancer, and the fashions go that is no extraordinary width. It is not the only daring feat she has the heart to perform singly before a drawing room of spectators. Skirt dancing will be very general indeed at this season's dancing. Step dancing will, indeed, be "all the rage" and the fashion will not end with the season.

One thing which is greatly in favor of skirt dancing is the fact that it is so much more artistic and beautiful than the ordinary round dances. But this is not the chief reason of its popularity. Men are very lazy. They won't dance, and it gets more and more difficult to get them to learn and practice dancing. Girls, on the other hand, are extremely fond of it. Of course two girls can dance a round dance together, and I have often seen it done, but it does not look well. With step dancing and skirt dancing it is quite different. It looks very charming if two girls dance a minuet or a national dance, or if one girl alone does skirt dancing. It makes them entirely independent of men as partners in a dance, and, of course, is of the greatest importance.—N. Y. Press.

What He Was Wondering.

Mr. L., a clergyman, had accepted an invitation to talk to the patients of a lunatic asylum. In his address he said he tried to talk on subjects they could grasp readily, and his subject was simple. One of the subjects treated was that of the mothers who threw their children into the Ganges, thinking they were appeasing the wrath of the gods. During his talk about this Mr. L. noticed one of his congregations, a man, who had his eyes riveted upon him. The man's face was a study. His attitude was so direct and so fateful that it annoyed the speaker. After the discourse Mr. L. went among the patients. He met the man with the glaring eyes and took his hand. The minister to the man, and gradually he came into some portions of the sermon. "I noticed," said Mr. L., "that you were particularly interested when I spoke about the mothers throwing their babies into the River Ganges. I would like to know, my good fellow, what was passing through your mind while I was talking on this subject?"

The man glared again at the preacher and replied, "I was wondering why your mother didn't throw you in."

Some Self-Made Women.

We hear a great deal about self-made men, and a self-made woman has compiled some interesting facts concerning some women who are well known at the present time, from which it appears that some of the most noted began life very humbly. Sarah Bernhardt is a dressmaker's apprentice. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse. Miss Braddon, the novelist, played small parts in the provinces. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of a poor people. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old story of a face being a fortune proved true in her case.

The great French actress Rachel had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a woman. Ragged, barefooted, and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally she was illiterate and vulgar. Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant's daughter in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German, and a shoemaker, in the most straightened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest state was Jeanne d'Arc, who led wine.

Some Pretty Tall People.

Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 12ft. in height. M. Thevet, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11ft. 5in. in length. The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured 15ft. in height. Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10ft. 2in. in height. Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9ft. 9in. the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I., was 9ft. 3in. in height; his hand was 17in. long and 8 1/2 in. broad, says Dr. Plott in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8ft. 10in. A skeleton in the Museum of Trinity college, Dublin, is 8ft. 6in. in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8ft. 4in. The tallest living man is Chan-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant. His height is 8ft. 3in.

Girls Reefers.

Black, Navy Blue and Greys — IN — SERGE CLOTH.

Sizes—3 to 15 Years. Prices—\$2.10 to \$5.00.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

AT THE GATES OF DEATH.

The Experiences of a Soldier Left to Die on the Field.

Baron de Marbot, late Lieut. General in the French army, wounded many times, but at the battle of Eylau he was very "nearly done for." His horse had fallen and rolled over him. His memoirs say: Stretched on the snow, among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I faintly "quite away, without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing me. I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me no doubt had restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained black from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of blood-stained snow, and as I rolled my blood-dimmed eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, and utterly prostrate was I. But I had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and my mother. Marbot made up his mind that he had to die, but deliverance came in a singular manner. He had some time before done a kindness to Marshal Augereau's valet, Danuel, who, when the transport man made his display, recognized Marbot's pelisse. The valet went to have a last look at Marbot's body, found that death had not taken place, and had him carried where he was duly attended to and finally recovered.

A GRAND STORE FRONT.

BUT NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT IS SEEN INSIDE.

What Oak Hall is Like Since the Fence Was Taken Down—A Great Big Clothing House With Mountains of Ready-Made Suits, Behind Forty Feet of Plate Glass.

Forty feet of plate glass front has been one of the attractions on King street ever since the carpenters took down the high fence that surrounded it while they were at work. Now everything is beginning to get into shape and it is becoming more attractive every day. Oak Hall is becoming better known than ever. When Messrs. Scovill, Fraser & Co. began business a little over three years ago, it was their idea to make Oak Hall one of the best known houses in the provinces. They have succeeded. "Well and favorably known," is an old way of expressing it, but it covers the ground.

From Market Square to the corner of King and Germain streets, was one of the first moves of the firm, which had already worked up a phenomenal trade in ready-

made clothing. They sold goods that were well made and of good material, at the lowest paying prices; and people went there the next time. They also told their friends. They have been doing the same thing ever since, and the business has been growing every year. "More room," has been the cry all the time; and now, anyone who walks around behind the 40 feet of plate glass front on King street cannot help wondering where the firm would store another consignment of goods if it came along.

Mountains of ready-made clothing! That expresses it. Long tables piled up so high with clothing that buyers in one part of the store can just see the heads of those on the other side. All sizes and makes from a pair of knee breeches for the smallest kind of a boy to a coat that would look well and feel comfortable on the largest man in town. And spring overcoats! The man who has been paying big prices for the custom made article has a surprise in store for him. The very latest, made to fit like a glove, lay on the counters all ready to put on.

It was not the intention to talk about the stock, but when one sees anything that strikes him as out of the ordinary he always wants to tell everybody about it—especially if the sight-seer is a newspaper man.

The new store is something that interests everyone who delights in seeing the streets of St. John becoming more metropolitan every year. Here is a firm that has worked up a business in three years, and finds it necessary to have a store that would attract attention in one of the largest cities on the continent. Just now everything is new. On a fine day when the awnings are down, the corner of King and



OUR Mantle - Department

IS REPLETE WITH ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

Cloth Capes and Jackets,

Size or Prices not in Stock MADE UP TO ORDER at short notice.

If ordering, send Bust, Waist, Neck, length of Waist in Back and length of (under arm) Sleeve. State Color required and limit in price.

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Germain looks all that one would wish. They shade the goods behind the 40 feet of plate glass, goods that will become as well known for the part they are taking in making a handsome window as those of the big dry goods firms of the city. For, although the windows have not yet been dressed as the firm intend they shall, enough has been done to show that the front of a clothing store can look as well as that of a dry goods establishment.

Inside the store is even more interesting. Large, bright and well lighted, by forty feet of plate glass front in the day time, and both are and incandescent lights at night, there is every opportunity to examine the goods and know just what one is buying.

To the right of the store on entering is the children's clothing department, where everything that can make a father "proud of his young son" is displayed, from a sailor suit to kilts, or a coat that will make him look for all the world like a little man. Past the children's counters and one comes to the shirt department at the rear of the store, and Scovill, Fraser & Co. claim to have one of the finest assortments in the provinces. Something that will probably



made clothing. They sold goods that were well made and of good material, at the lowest paying prices; and people went there the next time. They also told their friends. They have been doing the same thing ever since, and the business has been growing every year. "More room," has been the cry all the time; and now, anyone who walks around behind the 40 feet of plate glass front on King street cannot help wondering where the firm would store another consignment of goods if it came along.

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be all the rage this summer, was shown to a customer while the writer was in the store a few days ago. It was a colored linen shirt with collar and cuffs attached, and the combinations of colors were pretty, not gaudy, but pretty. Walking along you pass the office, up in its old corner, only made brighter by a coat of white paint; then coming toward King street again is the gentlemen's furnishing department. It contains everything. What more can be said? except that the stock of four-in-hand ties is something fine or that the Rigby Waterproofs are guaranteed "Sanitary, porous and economical."

The centre of the floor is taken up with the "mountains of ready-made clothing," before referred to—men's, young men's, and youths', made in the latest styles and latest shades, with the idea of making it impossible to tell them from a custom made suit. But something that must strike everyone who examines everything. There it is in plain figures—no need to ask. A child could buy his own clothing at Oak Hall just the same as if his parents were with him.

Go up stairs and you find more long tables, and everyone of these groaning under huge stacks of coats, vests, and trousers, until one comes to the conclusion that there is enough clothing in Oak Hall to give every man and boy in St. John a full suit. On the second story is a special line of men's trousers that tell the price. There it is in plain figures—no need to ask. A child could buy his own clothing at Oak Hall just the same as if his parents were with him.

A description of such a house as Oak Hall could not possibly leave the impression that one would receive from a walk through the building, but Messrs. Scovill, Fraser & Co. never object to visitors even if they have no intention of buying. People who visit St. John from outside places, miss something if they do not go through Oak Hall.

WORTH HUNTING FOR.

PRICELESS OLD VOLUMES LYING ON SOMEBODY'S SHELF.

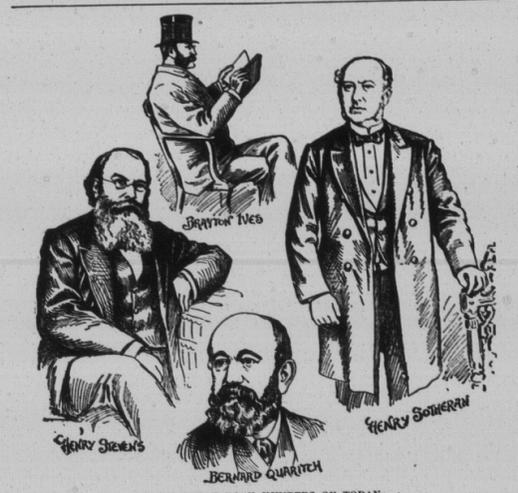
They Are the First Books Printed on the North American Continent and One of Them is Worth \$25,000—The Great Book Hunters of Today.

RODIGHIOUS! And we could well quote the favorite expression of the old bibliomaniac "Dominie" Sampson. Fifty thousand dollars paid for a single dusty, musty and rusty volume, or that is to say, more than the annual income of a hundred ten dollar a week laborer. A thousand dollars a page waiting for the fortunate book hunter who may happen by a streak of good luck to discover two lost books, and those the very first printed on the North American continent and in New England.

Yet that was the resolution adopted at the convention held by the dilettante bibliophile, Richard Halkett Lord and myself,



mind, true book hunters, as they leave the finding of books to the great booksellers of this country and Europe. That wonderful man Quaritch whom I mentioned, stands pre-eminently at the head of the biblioplists and he thinks nothing of asking, as he did not long since, \$26,250.00 for a copy of Fust and Schoeffer's Psalter of 1459, the second book printed with a date and one of the very rarest of the earliest monuments of printing. Now he and his great rival, your uncle, Henry Sotherton of London, who has published one set of books, those on Natural History by John Gould at the enormous price per set of some 40 volumes for five thousand dollars with all the plates colored by hand—both do most of the bookhunting for these people, and is it not marvelous what bargains they occasionally secure? Some years ago it was common talk among bookmen on the other side, that for five thousand dollars they had secured a copy of the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, for a new family Bible and ten bright silver English shillings that is about two dollars and a half, and which he afterwards quarried for three thousand dollars. Imagine Quaritch's broken heart and lury at learning of this great piece of luck of his rival. But more interesting than either of these individuals is to my mind the late Henry Stevens of Vermont, a ripe scholar and book savant, who for years obtained for the Astor and Lenox libraries nearly all the treasures contained in them. Stevens lived for years in London, and he showed the English bookdealers as well as the French, such men as Damascene, Morgand and Fontaine of the Palais Royal, that they could not hold a candle to him



THE GREAT BOOK HUNTERS OF TODAY.

as we sat together one afternoon during my recent stay with him at his snugery, at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Lord is a man of money and a man of books. He has wandered on all continents and it is immaterial to him whether he sleeps in a hamper or balances himself on the top of the North Pole. He has fought Maoris, has edited newspapers at the Antipodes and had two literary stepfathers, the one Fearon, an early traveller through the United States, and the other Horace Mayhew, one of the founders of Punch, or the London Charivari. During my visit to the whilom Long Island whaling village the reminiscences that my friend Lord gave me of young Charles Dickens, with whom he had collaborated some books, and of George Augustus Sala, Henry Irving and other members of the Savage and Greenroom clubs, who had been his cronies in England, were only second in interest to me to the talks we had together on old books and the fad of collecting and hunting for them. His mind seemed to be more absorbed with the subject of book finds than aught else for to him the discovery of lost books and buying treasures for next to nothing from badly posted booksellers led to him all the delights combined that a fox hunter would appreciate at trying to get in at the death and secure the brush.

"There are two books," continued Halkett Lord, "that I shall not die happy without discovering. As an American by descent, for my people settled in Connecticut in the middle of the seventeenth century, I wish to gladden my eyes and those of my brother bibliophiles with the sight of those which were first printed on the North American continent and in New England. Strange to say, we are aware of the existence of such volumes, but no human eye that we know of has seen them for centuries. The first volume of which the type was set up and printed off a press on this continent, is, as lost to the collectors, as is the first book printed in what is now the United States. The man who can find either of these will have in his possession treasures that are worth thousands of dollars apiece. They are making a great fuss in London over the discovery of the Greek text of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens,' and we had the original text in Spanish of the Columbus letter written up to death, at the time of the Brayton Ives sale, but these two volumes are of far greater interest to me than either of those I have last named. Let us go over the story together.

"Before doing so, however, do we not both agree on this? Is it not a fact that volumes have been picked up for a comparative song that are now worth hundreds and thousands of dollars? Of course, you say. Now, if it is the truth that a Gutenberg or Mazarin Bible is worth fifteen thousand dollars, or a Columbus letter of some half dozen pages as much as ten thousand dollars, if it be the real 'Spanish Letter,' or a first folio Shakespeare anywhere from six thousand to two thousand dollars I think we shall not quarrel when I insist that book hunting can be not only made profitable, but interesting. Volumes are hidden away in libraries.

"The first book printed in America is a translation of a devotional treatise by St. Johannes Climacus, i. e., San Juan Climaco. Its full title is 'Escala Espiritual para llegar al Cielo, traducido de Latin en Castellano por el Venerable Padre Fr. Juan de la Magdalena, Religioso Dominicano.' Its printer was Juan Pablos, the place of publication the City of Mexico, and its date 1550-55.

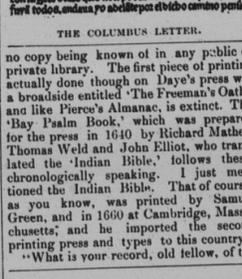
"Now we know from two authorities, Archbishop Davila Padilla of San Domingo, and Alonso Fernandez, that the volume had an existence. Both of them mention it in their works and that the book was printed exclusively for the novices of the monastery of St. Dominic in the City of Mexico, where the first printing press was located in the 'Three Americas.' All bibliographical authorities are absolutely certain of its having had an existence and that it antedates what is now the first book actually known to be preserved, and that is Cabrera's 'Memorial of Adults,' of which there are only a few fragments in a private library at Madrid, but on one of which we read that the printer, Kromberger, finished it in the city of Mexico on December 13, 1540. Here then is a prize to be found, and I seriously think of paying a long visit to our sister republic to hunt for the 'Spiritual Ladder,' which was turned off the presses of the first American printer, Juan Pablos.

"This fact is only known to a few men like us two," the bookworm went on, "but the existence of the first book printed in New England, is more generally recognized on account of old Isaiah Thomas in his 'History of Printing,' having made us acquainted with the fact. Thomas tells us that in January 1639, 'printing was first performed in that part of North America, which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Frozen Ocean.' The first press and font of type were imported to New England by the Rev. Jesse Glover, who defrayed a part of the expense, the balance being contributed by several other persons in New

England and Amsterdam. The first printer who settled in what is now the United States, and turned out books here, was a Londoner named Stephen Daye, who came along with the printing plant, and was set to work at Cambridge in Massachusetts. It is generally supposed by many that the 'Bay Psalm Book,' imprinted in 1640, and of which a copy sold at the Harris sale for fifteen hundred dollars, has the honor of being the first New England book, but it is not so, as it was really an 'Almanack' for the year 1640 which, according to Thomas and Winthrop, the historian, was compiled for New England by Mr. William Pierce, mariner. That is a lost book.

no copy being known of in any public or private library. The first piece of printing actually done though on Daye's press was a broadside entitled 'The Freeman's Oath,' and like Piere's Almanac, is extinct. The 'Bay Psalm Book,' which was prepared for the press in 1640 by Richard Mather, Thomas Weld and John Elliot, who translated the 'Indian Bible,' follows these chronologically speaking. I just mentioned the Indian Bible. That of course, as you know, was printed by Samuel Green, and in 1690 at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and he imported the second printing press and types to this country.

"What is your record, old fellow, of the highest price ever paid in these times for a book?" I asked of Halkett Lord, who responded: "The German government paid fifty thousand dollars a few years ago to the Duke of Hamilton for a purple vellum missal presented by Pope Leo the Tenth to Henry the Eighth of England, and which accompanied the document making the bluff old monarch, Defender of the Faith. The highest price ever offered for a volume is said to be that with which the Jews of Venice tempted one of the popes for a Hebrew Bible in the Vatican library. They were to give his holiness its weight in gold and as the tome was so heavy that it



DIANA OF POTLITTERS BINDING.

book men to lift it and they staggered under the load, it is believed that no less than one hundred thousand dollars would have been paid for this 'Old Testament.' Brayton Ives, who is a Marceon in his collecting, gave Quaritch of London, fifteen thousand dollars for his Gutenberg Bible, the first book supposed to have been printed with movable types, and then a first folio Shakespeare was bought by N. Q. Pope of Brooklyn for, it is stated, some six thousand dollars.

"These men are not, however, to my mind, true book hunters, as they leave the finding of books to the great booksellers of this country and Europe. That wonderful man Quaritch whom I mentioned, stands pre-eminently at the head of the biblioplists and he thinks nothing of asking, as he did not long since, \$26,250.00 for a copy of Fust and Schoeffer's Psalter of 1459, the second book printed with a date and one of the very rarest of the earliest monuments of printing. Now he and his great rival, your uncle, Henry Sotherton of London, who has published one set of books, those on Natural History by John Gould at the enormous price per set of some 40 volumes for five thousand dollars with all the plates colored by hand—both do most of the bookhunting for these people, and is it not marvelous what bargains they occasionally secure? Some years ago it was common talk among bookmen on the other side, that for five thousand dollars they had secured a copy of the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, for a new family Bible and ten bright silver English shillings that is about two dollars and a half, and which he afterwards quarried for three thousand dollars. Imagine Quaritch's broken heart and lury at learning of this great piece of luck of his rival. But more interesting than either of these individuals is to my mind the late Henry Stevens of Vermont, a ripe scholar and book savant, who for years obtained for the Astor and Lenox libraries nearly all the treasures contained in them. Stevens lived for years in London, and he showed the English bookdealers as well as the French, such men as Damascene, Morgand and Fontaine of the Palais Royal, that they could not hold a candle to him



RICHARD HALKETT LORD.

unlike where the opalescence is very slight the liquor is essentially an imitation article, to which a proportion of genuine liquor has been added. Since in every case in which a high degree of certainty exists as to the origin of a pot-still liquor a very decided opalescence has been found."

HOW TO TELL GOOD WHISKEY.

The Chief Analyst of the Canadian Government informs the People.

A 43-page pamphlet recently issued by the Inland Revenue department, under the title of "Bulletin No. 27," furnishes information concerning the quality of liquors of such an interesting and valuable character as to make it an excellent guide book for importers, retailers and consumers; and one that should be in the hands of all who desire to know the names of reliable distillers and dealers, and the way to tell high-class liquors from inferior grades. The information contained in the pamphlet is very full, and is presented in a manner that reflects credit on the Laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue department.

On page 41, referring to Scotch Whiskies, the Analyst says:—"These whiskies claim, I believe, to be produced by distillation of malted grain, or a mixture of malted and unmalted grain, in pot-stills. They are characterized when new by the very large amount of so-called 'emphyreumatic oils' which they contain. The new or raw spirit, being quite unfit for use, is aged in wooden vessels, and in the course of time, through the changes which take place, the oils are oxidized or otherwise converted into products which give the characteristic bouquet or flavor to these whiskies."

Page 35 says:—"Any volatile oils present in a liquor are carried over with the vapor of alcohol, and are therefore found in the alcoholic distillate. Such oils are, as a rule, insoluble in water and rarely insoluble in very dilute alcohol. In consequence of this when water is added to the distillate, so that its volume is double that of the liquor distilled, the oils are largely thrown out of solution, and the emulsion so produced becomes decidedly opalescent. In genuine Scotch Whiskey such oils are necessarily present. Grain spirit (alcohol) is free from these oils and gives no opalescence on dilution with water. As rye whiskey is generally made from such spirit we find no opalescence on diluting the distillate from this liquor. Six samples of artificial liquors were produced in the laboratory from patent still spirit and essences. None of the distillates from them gave any opalescence on diluting with water. It is not

when it came to a question of bookhunting. Many are the interesting stories that he tells of the commissions given to him by James Lenox, in his published reminiscences. Think of a man waiting for a revolution to break out in Spain so as to enable him to secure original manuscripts written about the time of and relative to the discovery of this country as he did, and successfully accomplished for the late James Lenox, in his published reminiscences. Think of a man waiting for a revolution to break out in Spain so as to enable him to secure original manuscripts written about the time of and relative to the discovery of this country as he did, and successfully accomplished for the late James Lenox, in his published reminiscences. Think of a man waiting for a revolution to break out in Spain so as to enable him to secure original manuscripts written about the time of and relative to the discovery of this country as he did, and successfully accomplished for the late James Lenox, in his published reminiscences.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

It is right to be contented with what we have; never with what we are.—Sir James Mackintosh.

K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion.

The youth who is to marry an heiress finds life smooth sailing, and is pleased as he thinks of the rocks ahead.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia or money refunded.

Fancied troubles sometimes trouble us as much as real troubles, but they have this in their favor, that they are easier got over.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action.

A man's true wealth is in the good he does in the world. Men may ask what he leaves behind, but God will ask what he sends before.

Be a well man, a free man, a happy man, by taking K. D. C.—the great restorative for all stomach troubles.

The prudent sees only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages, of a great enterprise; the hero sees both, diminishes those, makes these predominate, and conquers.—Lavater.

You want K. D. C.—you want to be cured of dyspepsia. Then take K. D. C. and be cured of dyspepsia.

The Phenix folding bed is advertised. These beds should be excellent for people suffering from smallpox or measles, who would look forward with hope to rising from their rashes.

W. P. King, Esq., Insurance Agent, Truro, N. S., certifies that for several years he had dyspepsia of the worst kind with great pain and distress after eating, in fact, pain almost all the time, until getting so bad, before Quaritch reached there, Sotherton managed to secure from the host of the rural inn where they had to put up, a genuine first folio Shakespeare of 1623, for a new family Bible and ten bright silver English shillings that is about two dollars and a half, and which he afterwards quarried for three thousand dollars. Imagine Quaritch's broken heart and lury at learning of this great piece of luck of his rival. But more interesting than either of these individuals is to my mind the late Henry Stevens of Vermont, a ripe scholar and book savant, who for years obtained for the Astor and Lenox libraries nearly all the treasures contained in them. Stevens lived for years in London, and he showed the English bookdealers as well as the French, such men as Damascene, Morgand and Fontaine of the Palais Royal, that they could not hold a candle to him

likely Proved Garments are the Best, being thoroughly waterproof, furnishing a combination of overcoats and waterproof coats. These garments have for their trial to be approved, once worn no man could be persuaded to wear the old-fashioned Rubber or Macintosh coat.

This age will have the best, and the public will very soon return to use any but a porous waterproof garment.

Ten in a Family makes a big washing.

Surprise Soap reduces the work so much that you would almost believe there must be but four or five to wash for.

Mrs. Duncan McKay, Paris, Ont., writes: SURPRISE SOAP is the best soap I have ever used. I can do a large washing for ten of a family, have them all out by dinner-time, and cook for them as well and not feel tired when I am through.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap makes the wash day so easy, so simple, that even the largest wash can be done in two to three hours.

READ the directions on the wrapper.



Perhaps your husband happens to be in the same position this Spring, and you cannot see your way clear to get a New Dress. Why not make him happy by sending your old black silk or velvet to Ungar's and have it dyed any of the fashionable shades; or even if you have a new dress, you can have another one just as good as new at a small cost. Many of the nice looking dresses you see up town on a fine Sunday looked as old and faded as yours does now, before they were sent to Ungar's and made to look as you see them.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dry Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 24. Or Halifax: 65 and 67 Grandville street. It'll be done right, it does at UNGAR'S.

NEW DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT

IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND CAN BE USED BY ANY CHILD. SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. Trade Mark. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairline \$2. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send today. Address QUEEN'S CHEMICAL CO., 14 Race Street, GINGHAM, O. You can send your letter to any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$100 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL: We ladies who have used our friends' bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairline, will present with a FREE GIFT, 14 grade best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.

HOME REPRESENTIVES—The Lytle Safe and Lock Co., 146 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 245 Race Street, and John D. Park & Sons Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Children's Clothing Department.

Our high reputation for Juvenile Garments is well established, and this season we have excelled all previous efforts. In ordering, state chest measure and age of boy, and we will Ship Goods for Selection, subject to being returned at our expense.

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SERMON.

The Tenth Commandment. By Rev. F. W. FABER, D. D., Archbishop of Westminster, Preached in Westminster Abbey.

"Thou shalt not covet."—EXODUS XX. 17.

It would be difficult to treat of any one of the Commandments adequately in a single sermon, it is not of all difficult to deal adequately with this. We can only pray that God will enable us to learn some fragments of the Divine teaching which He meant to convey to us.

Observe, first, that this is a unique commandment. Search all the laws of all the world and you will not find one which resembles it. The Sixth, the Seventh, the Eighth and Ninth you will find in all codes, though only as prohibitions of crimes which are asensible to human justice, and yet as heart-searching rules of self-examination which Christ meant them to be.

The Tenth Commandment is the complement of all the rest; it shows that God requires of us not only outward virtue, but inward holiness, that He demands in us sacrifice of the will from which wicked actions spring, that sinful imaginations are a crime against Him, as well as wicked acts. Human laws can only prohibit crimes of which human eyes can take cognizance; the hearts of men are beyond their reach. The tyrant can only command the outward obedience of his slave, but he cannot subdue the fierce rebellion which rages in that slave's heart; he cannot hush the unspoken curses which blight him with the white lightning of their heat. He makes an attempt to order what he is impotent to enforce.

The heart of fallen man is only the chamber of unclean imagery like that which horrified the prophet Ezekiel when in the house of God his eyes surveyed the dark idolatries of alienated Judah, but it is shrouded in impenetrable darkness, it is the hidden knowledge, the mysterious depths of that individuality which in each of us is an island surrounded by an unvoyageable sea. None can enter, none can even approach the heart, but that Divine Legislator who would transform it from a haunt of devils into a sanctuary of God. The unique command which prohibits not only commissions but concupiscence can be uttered by God alone. And herein the ten commands on Sinai anticipated the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount. The law says, "Thou shalt not desire," the gospel says, "Blessed are the pure in heart." And from this divine statute we see one marked by divine wisdom and supreme tenderness, it is a commandment pre-eminently spiritual, it cuts at the root of all formalism, each man is not what he seems, to be to men, but what he is in the eyes of God. This lesson which the tenth commandment teaches us is that God must be obeyed not with eye service as men please but with singleness of heart. As the thinker, says Solomon of the dissembler, "so he hid his." Priests often lead men to be content with the cleansing of the outside of the cup and the platter, yet the law with its demands for human sincerity might have taught them that all outward formalities are an abomination to God, if they be offered as substitutes for justice, humility and love. Even the heathen say that the God with whom we have to do is one with whom nothing avails except heart obedience. "Wickedness and injustice," says Aristotle, "lie in the intention." He, says Juvenal, "who thinks in silent wickedness within himself incurs the guilt of the deed."

And this command is tender as well as unique for it is designed to save us from error; it is meant not to terrify us but to train; it reveals to us as with a flash out of God's eternity what and how the work of our life has to be done; it says to us as the prophet Jeremiah said to Jerusalem: "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" It says unto Solomon, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, because out of it are the issues of life." Ah, there is the difficulty. It is quite easy to be outwardly respectable, most of us are at least that; it is easy to keep the letter of the commandments, but to obey with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our soul, with all our strength, to keep the law in its entirety without reservation for one darling idol, one besetting or bosom sin, to keep it always in willful boyhood, in fretful youth, in tempted manhood, and in disillusioned age—which of us in this upright man and perfect? Still, alas, is this possible when we have not been faithful in the past? Now this commandment shows us that there is no sound cure for any disease without the removal of the cause. Can a polluted fountain send forth sweet waters? Are good fruits borne from a corrupt tree? Ah, my brethren, the salt must be flung into the bubbling spring or the stream will be full of death, and the roots of the corrupt tree must be taken up, not merely its buds nipped or even its branches lopped. To leave off old sins is something, and even much, but it is not enough. We must not only stop sinning but stop desiring to sin. If we would still like to sin we are not regenerate; we must die to sin. This is what St. Paul meant when, haunted by the agonies of personal experience, he says over and over again that we must have the true circumcision of the heart, that we must crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, that we must mortify the deeds of the body, mortify our members that are upon the earth, evil desires and covetousness, which is idolatry; for because of these things the wrath of God is ever arising upon the sins of disobedience. It is thus concupiscence, this evil impulse, which must be hushed within us by the Spirit of Christ. The lust of the flesh, thoughts of our bodily appetites, the lust

of the eyes, the vain desires and passions of the mind, the braggart vaunt of wealth, our mammon worship, our selfishness, our arrogant vain ambition—these we must denigrate. It is at the root of all these that the axe of this commandment is uplifted, until they are hewn down and cast into the fire; Moses as well as Christ will teach us that we are not converted and we shall not be safe.

"Thou shalt not covet." The literal meaning of the commandment is, "Thou shalt not covetously or unrightfully, thou shalt not unrightfully or unrightfully, desire anything which thou canst not innocently and uprightly possess." Perhaps you think, "What harm can a mere desire do when I have not even expressed it? What wrong can there be in such an airy nothing, that impalpable thought as you call it, is a real thing; it is seen in heaven, it is heard in heaven, in heaven it needs forgiveness, and consequently that thought will, if I dwell upon, be certainly the prolific mother of all sins; it is the cockatrice's egg which brings forth the vapour of the flying serpent. Guilty longings are the avatars of the performance of guilty lusts concealed in the guise of a harmless fancy, the guilty curiosity, the guilty lingering on the confines of temptation; the guilty wish pushes open the wicked gate, and then when it has done so it springs into the menacing stature of a giant demon. What great harm you say is there in a mere guilty look, a mere guilty wish, a mere guilty longing if it stops there? Well, are they so harmless if they stop there? Do they stop there? The guilty look of David at Bathsheba from his palace roof, the guilty longing of Achan for the ingot of gold, the guilty desire of Ahab for Naboth's vineyards; did nothing come of them? In the first case the bad desire led to idolatry, in the second it led to theft, and in the third it led to murder. The sole way to keep ourselves from the infinite possibility of sin is only to follow the exhortation of St. James: "Cleanse your hearts, ye sinners, purify your hearts, ye double-minded." It is with the latter form of concupiscence, with the covetousness which is idolatry, that the extension of the commandment chiefly deals. It warns us against the greed of accumulation and the thirst for gold. Is it not an awful thought that beside all the other mass of sin which the desire for money is constantly causing among mankind, even the apostle could be perverted by the love of gain? And have we not the fearful proofs in every generation that the love of money is still the root of all men's evil? Does it not make the heart bleed to think of women rich in a good man's love, of men high in reputation, and students eminent in their attainments, who even in these last few months have also been dragged by the lust of ill-gotten gain into the unspeakable misery and mire? And do not nations also find the lesson, does not England find it? Is there no star that avarice, the counterfeiter of capital and of labor, should fall like the star wormwood of the Apocalypse and poison all her streams with deathly bitterness? Is there no fear of cut-throat competition from selfish luxury in one class and raging envy in another? Was not this the cause and the blighting ruin of medieval Spain? Did not Cortes say to Montezuma: "Send us gold, for we Spaniards have a disease of the heart that can only be cured by gold." "Since first the dominion of man was asserted over the ocean—with these words a celebrated book begins—"three thrones beyond all others have been set upon its sands—the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, and of England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains. Which will be the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forgets their example, may be led through brighter eminence to less pitted destruction." This commandment says to our England of today, "Which wilt thou be, the freeman of Christ or the bond slave of mammon? Which wilt thou be, the protector of the helpless or its destroyer? Which wilt thou be, an example to the world or its corrupter? Which wilt thou be, an evangelist of the world, or its beast of burden? Rich thou art beyond all nations and art ever becoming more and more rich. But wealth means real, means well being, it does not mean riches and woe to thy woe, if the Pactolus of thy riches lose itself in the Phlegethon of drink or in the scum and sludge of selfish accumulations. If so, thy glory, as the great statesman said, "shall be like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palace." And to myriads of Englishmen at this moment who, tossed with the mad intoxication of an insatiable greed, sell honor, honesty, uprightness, peace, to get rich, bartering with the Eternal God, to them the Tenth Commandment says: "Try to be rich to God, godliness is a great gain," if a man be content with that he will be secure. "Take heed," said Jesus, "and beware, for man's life consisteth not in the multitude of the things that he possesseth." But this commandment teaches us something more than contentment, lovely, indeed, and full of happiness as a virtue.

Utter content is but the passive form of the most fruitful of all virtues, it is self-sacrifice, but he who has ceased to desire will rejoice also to abstain; he who desires to cease that selfish greediness for what does not belong to him, or what he ought largely to share with others will be eager to give with wise generosity. He will find that herein is happiness. St. Edmund of Canterbury, one of our sweet English saints, used to leave his money on the sill of the window of his staircase for any one to take who would, and sometimes he would sprinkle dust over it saying, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Another great man said, "We have no time to get rich, the explosive power of good expressions leaves no time for meaner passions. The lives of such saints poured silent contempt on gold, and his great is their reward? They are uplifted above the base temptations which surround the tolling, molling multitude. St. Paul recalls the fifth commandment the first com-

mandment that promises, but though the promise is unexpected every commandment is a commandment with the richest promise, every obedience is accompanied by its immense benediction. Love taught us by the sixth has bliss; purity taught us by the seventh has heavenness; honesty taught us by the eighth has confidence; the mastery of the tongue taught us by the ninth has perfection; and this tenth commandment, whilst being the root of all the others, combines all the others' benedictions. Self-abnegation, the subduer of concupiscence, Disinclination is the necessary cure of worldly life. "Vanity of vanity," says one of the best known novels of the century, "which of us has what he desires, and having it is satisfied? Answer me, children of the world, retire to self-indulgence, slaves of gold, answer me and confess your misery. Can you have your souls in this heap of mud, are you such poor mean beings that it is a sufficient end of life for you to have a good balance in your banker's? Or have not you too heard the sound of happy wings over your lodgers and your gold? Those harpies are the ghosts of vicious, fretful lawless passions, the vain, meagre spirits of wasted energy and the unpossessed flames of unattained hope." Contrast with this the peace of those whose passions are subdued, and whose heart is given to God. God gives him exactly what the world cannot give—perfect satisfaction. The picture of the world is "wickedness shall burn like fire, no man shall spare his brother, he shall snatch on the right hand, and he shall eat on the left hand and not be satisfied; but the good man is satisfied from himself, the meek shall eat and be satisfied, they shall be satisfied with the goodness of God's house, God shall give them drink of his pleasure as out of a river. Covetousness means a curse, but he who gives all to Christ gains all from Christ; he who will lose his life for Christ's sake will always find it. Can you imagine a more struggling and apparently miserable lot than that of some poor unlearned missionary in the depths of Africa? Not long ago a dying missionary wrote home from the wilds of Africa: "Tell my family and all my friends that I rejoice to have left all for Christ. Were I my sacrifice to make again, I think as I lie here dying in a strange land I would make it again a thousand times. I would not change my lot for all the happiness of the world."

And lastly, since this Commandment is thus deep and broad, it is not strange that it should have wrought most memorable effects in the spiritual history of mankind. It brought to light men's covetousness which have changed the conditions of the world and of the church. It made St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles, it made Luther the herald of the Reformation. You heard what St. Paul says in the lesson which was read to you. He tells us there that the day had been when he felt no sense of sin. Sin was dormant in him; it lay like a torpid snake amid the flowers of his self-satisfaction; he was unconscious of resistance to God and alienation from God, but this commandment: "Thou shalt not covet, and besides, of students eminent in their attainments, who even in these last few months have also been dragged by the lust of ill-gotten gain into the unspeakable misery and mire? And do not nations also find the lesson, does not England find it? Is there no star that avarice, the counterfeiter of capital and of labor, should fall like the star wormwood of the Apocalypse and poison all her streams with deathly bitterness? Is there no fear of cut-throat competition from selfish luxury in one class and raging envy in another? Was not this the cause and the blighting ruin of medieval Spain? Did not Cortes say to Montezuma: "Send us gold, for we Spaniards have a disease of the heart that can only be cured by gold." "Since first the dominion of man was asserted over the ocean—with these words a celebrated book begins—"three thrones beyond all others have been set upon its sands—the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, and of England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains. Which will be the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forgets their example, may be led through brighter eminence to less pitted destruction." This commandment says to our England of today, "Which wilt thou be, the freeman of Christ or the bond slave of mammon? Which wilt thou be, the protector of the helpless or its destroyer? Which wilt thou be, an example to the world or its corrupter? Which wilt thou be, an evangelist of the world, or its beast of burden? Rich thou art beyond all nations and art ever becoming more and more rich. But wealth means real, means well being, it does not mean riches and woe to thy woe, if the Pactolus of thy riches lose itself in the Phlegethon of drink or in the scum and sludge of selfish accumulations. If so, thy glory, as the great statesman said, "shall be like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palace." And to myriads of Englishmen at this moment who, tossed with the mad intoxication of an insatiable greed, sell honor, honesty, uprightness, peace, to get rich, bartering with the Eternal God, to them the Tenth Commandment says: "Try to be rich to God, godliness is a great gain," if a man be content with that he will be secure. "Take heed," said Jesus, "and beware, for man's life consisteth not in the multitude of the things that he possesseth." But this commandment teaches us something more than contentment, lovely, indeed, and full of happiness as a virtue.

Utter content is but the passive form of the most fruitful of all virtues, it is self-sacrifice, but he who has ceased to desire will rejoice also to abstain; he who desires to cease that selfish greediness for what does not belong to him, or what he ought largely to share with others will be eager to give with wise generosity. He will find that herein is happiness. St. Edmund of Canterbury, one of our sweet English saints, used to leave his money on the sill of the window of his staircase for any one to take who would, and sometimes he would sprinkle dust over it saying, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Another great man said, "We have no time to get rich, the explosive power of good expressions leaves no time for meaner passions. The lives of such saints poured silent contempt on gold, and his great is their reward? They are uplifted above the base temptations which surround the tolling, molling multitude. St. Paul recalls the fifth commandment the first com-

mandment that promises, but though the promise is unexpected every commandment is a commandment with the richest promise, every obedience is accompanied by its immense benediction. Love taught us by the sixth has bliss; purity taught us by the seventh has heavenness; honesty taught us by the eighth has confidence; the mastery of the tongue taught us by the ninth has perfection; and this tenth commandment, whilst being the root of all the others, combines all the others' benedictions. Self-abnegation, the subduer of concupiscence, Disinclination is the necessary cure of worldly life. "Vanity of vanity," says one of the best known novels of the century, "which of us has what he desires, and having it is satisfied? Answer me, children of the world, retire to self-indulgence, slaves of gold, answer me and confess your misery. Can you have your souls in this heap of mud, are you such poor mean beings that it is a sufficient end of life for you to have a good balance in your banker's? Or have not you too heard the sound of happy wings over your lodgers and your gold? Those harpies are the ghosts of vicious, fretful lawless passions, the vain, meagre spirits of wasted energy and the unpossessed flames of unattained hope." Contrast with this the peace of those whose passions are subdued, and whose heart is given to God. God gives him exactly what the world cannot give—perfect satisfaction. The picture of the world is "wickedness shall burn like fire, no man shall spare his brother, he shall snatch on the right hand, and he shall eat on the left hand and not be satisfied; but the good man is satisfied from himself, the meek shall eat and be satisfied, they shall be satisfied with the goodness of God's house, God shall give them drink of his pleasure as out of a river. Covetousness means a curse, but he who gives all to Christ gains all from Christ; he who will lose his life for Christ's sake will always find it. Can you imagine a more struggling and apparently miserable lot than that of some poor unlearned missionary in the depths of Africa? Not long ago a dying missionary wrote home from the wilds of Africa: "Tell my family and all my friends that I rejoice to have left all for Christ. Were I my sacrifice to make again, I think as I lie here dying in a strange land I would make it again a thousand times. I would not change my lot for all the happiness of the world."

church self-will is manifested by partisan-ship and subterranean intrigues, in a society it creates an atmosphere of gossip, scandal, and spite; in each individual heart this self-will is a source of overflowing egotism, of claims of exaggerated self-importance, of an abject passion or admiration of self. Only Christ can deliver us; and the end of all commandments, and this commandment most of all, is Christ. The commandments in our English service are most happily linked with the communion. We cannot have the joy of the one without obedience to the other. If we lose the commandment to the nation we lose the gospel to mankind. When the law has taught us to embrace the gospel, the gospel enables us to fulfil the law. It turns a deathful letter into the promise of life, it turns the fire of Sinai into the dew of Hermon, and Moses and Elias are side by side with our transfigured Lord. Covetousness springs from perverted self—the death of self is the life of Christ within us. But we cannot by our own power lay self. The law first evokes in us the resistance to a holy will, and then convinces us of our guilt; then shows us our own utter helplessness, and, last of all, drives us helpless and self-condemned to the feet of Christ our Lord, to ask there with tears of penitence for His freely-given grace, and to find our sole hope and help, to find our very life and light in Him first, Him last, Him most, and without end.

Statistics in India. The recent census gives the following figures about religions in India: Hindus, 207,654,407; Mohammedans, 57,365,204; Animal worshippers, 9,302,083; Buddhists, 7,101,037; Christians, 2,284,191; Sikhs, 1,937,836; Jains, 1,416,109; Parsees, 85,877; Jews, 17,180; Atheists and Agnostics, 289.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? PARSONS' PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made"

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL as well as EXTERNAL use. ORIGINATED By an Old Family Physician.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

New Goods. IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS. CARPETS, CURTAINS, UPHOLSTERING GOODS, FURNITURE, MANTLES, MILLINERY, READY-MADE CLOTHING, LADIES' BOOTS and SHOES, STATIONERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, ETC.

Finest Assortment In Canada.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

McKinney's Night Dispensary.

TO THE PEOPLE.—These notices that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and be prepared to fill prescriptions at all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence. JAMES MCKINNEY, Druggist.

IT IS CERTAINLY A GREAT TRIBUTE TO MELISSA THAT SUCH PERSISTENT ATTEMPTS ARE MADE TO PRODUCE IMITATIONS.



Counterfeit money to pass current even among the most ignorant must be made to resemble genuine coin.

In like manner it is found necessary to even copy Melissa patterns and styles in the frantic effort to place imitation goods on the market.

ALL IN VAIN. The public are not so easily humbugged, and regard with undisguised contempt such an underhand and paltry manner of doing business.

Our Melissa Cloths are manufactured by the largest and best mills in the country. All our patterns are made specially for us and the mills guarantee they will neither reproduce them in any other cloth, nor sell them to any other firm.

WE NEITHER DEAL IN COUNTERFEITS NOR PLAY SECOND FIDDLE. Copies of Melissa patterns must therefore be obtained from some of the smaller inferior mills in lower grades of cloth.

NOTHING EQUAL TO MELISSA HAS EVER HERETOFORE BEEN PRODUCED either for Ladies' Cloakings or Men's Ulsterings. There is a large range of the most fashionable colorings and patterns to choose from. The Cloth being thoroughly Rainproof you get, in a Melissa Cloak or Overcoat, a beautiful fine soft Woollen Garment having all the advantages of a Waterproof without any of the disagreeable or unhealthy qualities.

Melissa Goods are now being sold by all the Leading Dealers throughout the Dominion.

All genuine porous rainproof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa Garments have the above trade mark label attached. None other genuine.

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Great Clothing Sale. At the Blue Store, cor. Mill and Main Streets, North End, best stock of Ready-Made Clothing in the City at the lowest prices. Also a first-class stock of Ready-Made and Custom Clothing at the City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

We have only a few Children's Carriages.

On hand, and we will sell them Low to clear.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

GEORGE ELIOT'S HOME.

WHERE THE EARLY DAYS OF HER LIFE WERE SPENT.

People Who Remember Her, and All Have a Good Word—The Evans Family of the Present: Misses Whose Names are Known Throughout the County.

It is not long ago that one of the noblest of American women said to me:

"If there is any earthly influence that might repress the presumption, impudence and immodesty of that rapidly-increasing class of my countrywomen who seem possessed of a mad craze to unsex themselves for the pitiable reward of temporary public recognition or notoriety, it would be a genuine study of the genius of George Eliot, coupled with a pilgrimage to the localities upon which her everyday life as a maid and a woman left the grand impress of her personal worth."

"This much of an object-lesson would be learned—if such women are capable of receiving grave and serious instruction—as would also result from a like study of the genius of Harriet Martineau, the Cary sisters, Rosa Bonheur, Dinah Mulock Craik, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, and all other women who are to remain among the immortals: That where genius has been the original gift of woman, in the precise degree that has been eventually achieved and accorded, has that woman shrunk from offensive exhibitions of her own personality and importance. Another as impressive truth would have logical revelation. Where any woman charges upon the public with demands for its attention and homage, in the same degree of her insistence and clamor will it, in time, be withheld and prove her doom to merited oblivion."

However this may be, remembering George Eliot's work, which, in its hold upon the intellect and heart of all English-speaking people, is instinctively grouped with that of Scott and Shakespeare, and her grand, strong, plain face which you instinctively group with that of Dante, Brontë, Savonarola and Liszt, you come to the pleasant region where she grew to her full stature of person and genius with something akin to the same indefinable feeling of dreamlike unreality, touched with reverence and almost hushed with awe, as when you tread the quiet streets of old Stratford, close to the shrine of the immortal bard of Avon.

Indeed the Shakespeare country is truly George Eliot's land. Stratford, Warwick, Leamington, Coventry and Nuneaton all lie in a direct line from the southwest to the northeast boundaries of Warwickshire. One of the finest highways in England, unshaded for more than half its length, connects them all. Eliot's Warwickshire was the Arden of Shakespeare. The same Avon smiled back from its murmuring waters upon them both. The same billowy hills, gentle slopes and sunny valleys gave both their inspiration and imagery. Their hearts warmed to the same peasantry. In the subtle delineation of these, Eliot was to the early Victorian age, at least in a degree, what Shakespeare was to the early Elizabethan. And Shakespeare's birthplace and grave at Stratford, are not thirty miles distant from George Eliot's girlhood home.

It lies on the olden highway between Coventry and Nuneaton. These towns are but nine miles apart. Bedworth, a sleepy old pit village, is midway between; and about half way from Bedworth to Nuneaton, near Arbury hall, the seat of the Newdigates, is Griff, a fine old English farm home and steadings, belonging to the great Arbury estates now as when George Eliot's (Mary Ann Evans) baby eyes first looked upon the great firs, cedars, elms and limes which shade this old and ample stone structure. In this house of many gables and tiny windows, where George Eliot lived from March, 1820, when she was a babe but four months old, until March, 1841, when her family removed from Griff to Foleshill, Coventry, a period of twenty-one years. These were the twenty-one years in which were nurtured and nurtured all those bodily, heart and mental forces which gave her the highest place in literature of any woman that ever lived.

Her father, Robert Evans, was a tenant of Mr. Francis Newdigate, at Kirk Hallum, Derbyshire. On the death of old Sir Roger Newdigate the Arbury estate in Warwickshire came to Francis Newdigate for life, and Robert Evans accompanied him to Arbury as his tenant and agent. By a first wife he had two children. Their mother died in 1809. Their father married Christiana Pearson in 1813. Three children were born of this union—Christiana in 1814, Isaac in 1816; and Mary Ann (George Eliot) in 1819, at the "South Farm," Arbury, which had been given the father and named in his honor. The three Evans children, then, most and longest associated with Griff were the three born upon the Arbury estates. Christiana married a surgeon named Clark, of Meridian, Warwickshire, and died in 1859. George Eliot died in 1880. Isaac, as I learned after arrival here, who had remained at Griff and succeeded the novelist's father as its tenant and the Newdigates' agent, suddenly died in his chair on returning from service at Chilvers Coton church, in October, 1890.

His children, nephews and nieces of George Eliot, are four in number. It is an unpleasant but truthful statement that while they command a certain deference on account of a relationship without which their own small affairs would never have reached the confines of their little parish, they are unlovable and unloved by the few of quality and the thousands of lowly around them. They are stern, cold, miserably money-grabbers, all; offensively conscious of their radiated importance and snappishly churlish and repellent to all who bring a whole-hearted reverence to a spot made luminous by the presence of a mighty soul.

One daughter, a maiden lady of severe and awful aspect, was Isaac's housekeeper for many years at Griff. She now resides at Bedworth, and the lowly of the place dread her austere visage and her cruel platitudes, they freely confessed to me, when her purse, hand and gentle words might relieve great suffering. A brother, the Rev. Frederic Evans, is the present rector of Bedworth. He performs his canonical offices with mechanical accuracy and metallic sordidness; enjoys his fat

"living" as though the Almighty had arranged the parishes and population of England with especial reference to the vicarious relations of the Evans family to any place in England. There is not half enough for half the year for half the folk to do. These clutch at any life-sustaining labor with positive ferocity; and I could take the Rev. Frederic Evans into not only a dozen but a hundred pitiful homes in Bedworth where attention, sympathy, consolation and even now and then a few copper pence, would make the name and the religion of a Bedworth rector stand for much that is seemly in any minister of Christ.

Another sister is the wife of a clergyman named Griffith. The other brother is Walter Evans, Esq., the present tenant of Griff and agent for Col. Newdigate, the present owner of Arbury estate. In all England I have not found any man who has seemed so capable of justly incurring the resentment of English pilgrims to an English shrine; and during five years largely passed in wandering up and down the face of this historic land, I have never before come upon any human being who has seemed so thoroughly illustrated the fact that in nearly every family of good repute there somewhere runs the curiish strain of blood. All this family who remain are rich through miserliness. The hard, stern nature was not in Robert Evans. It began with Isaac, the novelist's brother, who dropped dead in his chair after all his niggardly gaining. The peasant folk lest how he watched in the hedges lest his laborers might toss a potato to a hungry cottager or tramp in the highway; how a poor old servant named Crabstock was chased away from Griff because he had fallen from his cart; and how another old servant named Jackson hung himself in the farm office behind Griff from sheer desperation at the niggardliness and brutality of miser Isaac Evans. If you even come to Griff and Walter Evans, Esq., is still its tenant—unless this picture of himself may change his nature—you will be turned away, as have been myself and hundreds of others, with the brutal and soulless sneer that Griff is no place for sentiment; people must keep away; they bother the occupants and lessen the value of the rentals.

Alas, it was another sort of soul whose eyes once looked through those pleasant windows upon all who passed or came; whose heart bled for the poverty and suffering around her; whose tender spirit sought out all who were in ignorance and ignorance; who ministered to the sick, relieved the needy and taught poor miner's children; until all the greed and injustice that have blighted the spot for the last forty years cannot efface the brightness that one gentle presence left upon it; and in the memories of gray old men and women, and Griff is still Griff with sad and tender charm. It will not be long until these few hungry human crabs who bear another's deathless name will have passed away and have left for a day, as time is reckoned, a little shadow here. Then all may come, with a reverent blessing for George Eliot's girlhood home.

To the literary pilgrim there are many charming surprises in the neighborhood of Griff during a quest. The three towns are but nine miles apart. Bedworth, a sleepy old pit village, is midway between; and about half way from Bedworth to Nuneaton, near Arbury hall, the seat of the Newdigates, is Griff, a fine old English farm home and steadings, belonging to the great Arbury estates now as when George Eliot's (Mary Ann Evans) baby eyes first looked upon the great firs, cedars, elms and limes which shade this old and ample stone structure. In this house of many gables and tiny windows, where George Eliot lived from March, 1820, when she was a babe but four months old, until March, 1841, when her family removed from Griff to Foleshill, Coventry, a period of twenty-one years. These were the twenty-one years in which were nurtured and nurtured all those bodily, heart and mental forces which gave her the highest place in literature of any woman that ever lived.

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they all came together again when she taught them from the scriptures and some simple melodies of the same.

"God bless us, sir!" said old William Moore, the tears trickling down his wrinkled face. "I can see 'er hangel face—she wor a plain sort 'o hangel, sir—this minute afore my eyes. Mary Ann teacht 'er 'ardus for high onto her toes. Sit, wor a great scholar, sir, an' a 'oman true!"

To me that old cottage where that kindly work was done is almost the sweetest place about Griff. If the present occupants will let you who come get as far as the door of the old mansion, the two huge, tiny-paned windows at its left will bring another picture clear and true on which the mind loves to dwell: "An old fashioned child, already living in a world of her own imagination, impossible to her finger-tips" is the center of the simple home side evening scene. There are the energetic mother, knitting ever, the brother busy at his books or keepsakes, an "elder girl prim and tidy with her work before her," and a grave, stern, but kindly father who is turning the pages of some picture-book with precient anxiety and boundless love in his gray eyes, as he looks now upon the book and now upon the rebellious hair that tumbles over that wise young daughter's head.

And you will turn away from Griff with a blessing for the father who made this girl his inseparable companion until her years of womanhood had come, and almost with a blessing on Griff itself, despite the hateful atmosphere of today, for what came out of the old man's eyes; circling and widening until it had zoned with the fruit of one woman's genius all our good old globe.

AN UNEXPECTED CLAIM.

How the Bell Family Were Compelled to Work on Shares with the Crown.

Queer things are continually happening in out-of-the-way places, of which the world at large knows nothing. A planter in Samoa, who was turning the pages of some picture-book with precient anxiety and boundless love in his gray eyes, as he looks now upon the book and now upon the rebellious hair that tumbles over that wise young daughter's head.

A few days later he informed the lover of his daughter, a British gentleman, of his discovery of a British gunboat, and he might work on shares with the Crown. The annexation also included the island of Samoa, which was then a British colony. The gunboat sailed away, leaving the new-fledged British subject behind to meditate upon the remarkable change that had just occurred in the political status of his farm.

A Famous Ship's Old Age.

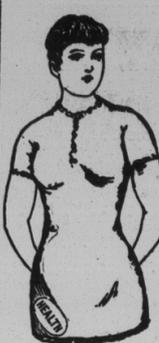
It is not generally known that the Chesapeake, famous for her historic encounter with the British ship, the Shannon, in 1813, is in existence today, as sound and staunch as the day she was launched. She is now in the inglorious capacity of a flour mill, and is making money for a hearty Hampshire miller in the little parish of Wickham.

A Hard Profession.

Old Dr. Johnson once said addressing a class of medical students, that the study of medicine was a most arduous undertaking; that the most comprehensive mind and the most industrious student could scarcely do more than explore the portals of medical knowledge during the brief time allotted to study before commencing practice, but that through his whole life the responsibilities of his profession should rest upon him like a night mare.

A Sure Sign of Death.

From time to time we are horrified by learning that some person has been buried alive, after assurances have been given of death. Under these circumstances the opinion of a rising French physician upon the subject becomes of world-wide interest; for since the tests which have been in use for years have been found unreliable, no means should be left untried to prove beyond a doubt that life is actually extinct before conveying our loved one to the grave. Dr. Martinot asserts that an unailing test may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the body by holding the flame of a candle to the same for a few seconds, or until the blister is formed, which will always occur. If the blister contains any fluid it is evidence of life, and the blister only that produced by an ordinary burn; if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be asserted that life is extinct. The explanation is as follows: A corpse is nothing more than inert matter, under the immediate control of physical laws, which causes all liquid heated to a certain temperature to become steam; the epidermis is raised, the blister produced, it breaks with the little noise, and the steam escapes. But, in spite of appearances, there is any remnant of life, the organic mechanism continues to be governed by physiological laws, and the blister will contain serious matter, as in the case of any ordinary burn. The test is as simple as the proof is conclusive. Dry blister, death; liquid blister, life. Anyone may try it; there is no error possible.—Opinion Nacional de Caracas.



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ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN. WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING. Statement January 1st 1891. Cash Capital, \$2,000,000. Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, \$263,311. Reserve for Re-insurance, \$183,903. NET SURPLUS, \$2,447,214. TOTAL ASSETS, \$5,624,814.73.

MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK or Face Glove.

The following are the claims Made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to Ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching and preserving the Complexion.

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable, can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Mark. 2nd. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape. 3rd. It has been Analyzed by eminent Chemists and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless. 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its VALUABLE PROPERTIES NEVER DEGRADE. 5th. The Mask is protected by patent laws, has raised European vegetables and is the only Genuine article of the kind. 6th. It is Recommended by eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a SUBSTITUTE FOR MERCURIOUS COSMETICS. 7th. The Mask is as Useful for the fraudulent applications used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as DAY IS TO NIGHT, and it bears no analogy to them. 8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy (desired). The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.



- 9th. It is a Natural Brantifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin and Removing Complexional Imperfections. 10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and ONE PURCHASE ENDS THE EXPENSE. 11th. Hundreds of dollars needlessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it. 12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results. 13th. It is safe, simple, clean and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin. 14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied WITH EQUALLY GOOD RESULTS, at ANY TIME, to suit the convenience of the wearer. 15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to woman-kind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS: "I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion." "Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with this Mask." "My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's." "I am perfectly delighted with it." "As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled." "It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure." "It does even more than is claimed for it." "I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance." "I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface." "The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and cleaner, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application." "Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes." "Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one." "For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good." "I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction." "I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

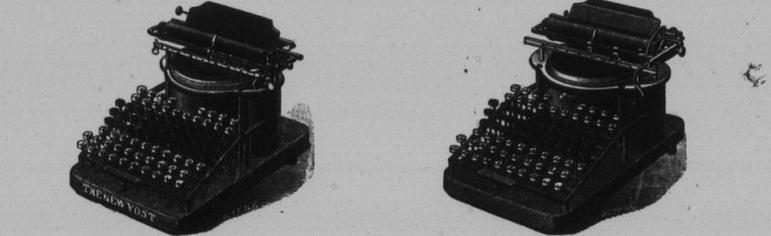
Complexion Blemishes May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES Wrinkles. FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by THE TOILET MASK CO., 1164 Broadway, New York.

None to Compare with It!

BUT (and there's always a "but," you know)—when you have learned of the cumbersome, old-fashioned construction of all other typewriters in comparison you will promptly select the

NEW YOST WRITING MACHINE

the residuum of all that's good, the correction of all that's bad, in the former productions out of which the same great genius has evolved it.



The New Yost No. 1. This is our very latest and most approved design of machine for all around quick correspondence, and rapid, artistic work of every kind. Contains all the unique features that made the Yost's marvellous record of the past, with the most recent improvements of type, keys and keyboard, paper feed and internal mechanism. It is the Leader of all typewriting machines. The New Yost No. 2. This machine is intended for experts where the greatest speed is required. Has the automatic type bar lock, by which the type is locked at the end of every line and prevents one letter being printed over the other. Also the new one motion line spacer in addition to all improvements on No. 1. It is the only typewriter with direct printing, automatic inking system (discarding ribbon); wonderful centre guide alignment; velocity touch; scientific keyboard; ease, durability and superb construction. Exhaustively tested and widely accepted as the New and Higher Standard.

Remember and purchase only the NEW YOST, easily known by the enlarged Keyboard and round Keys.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.





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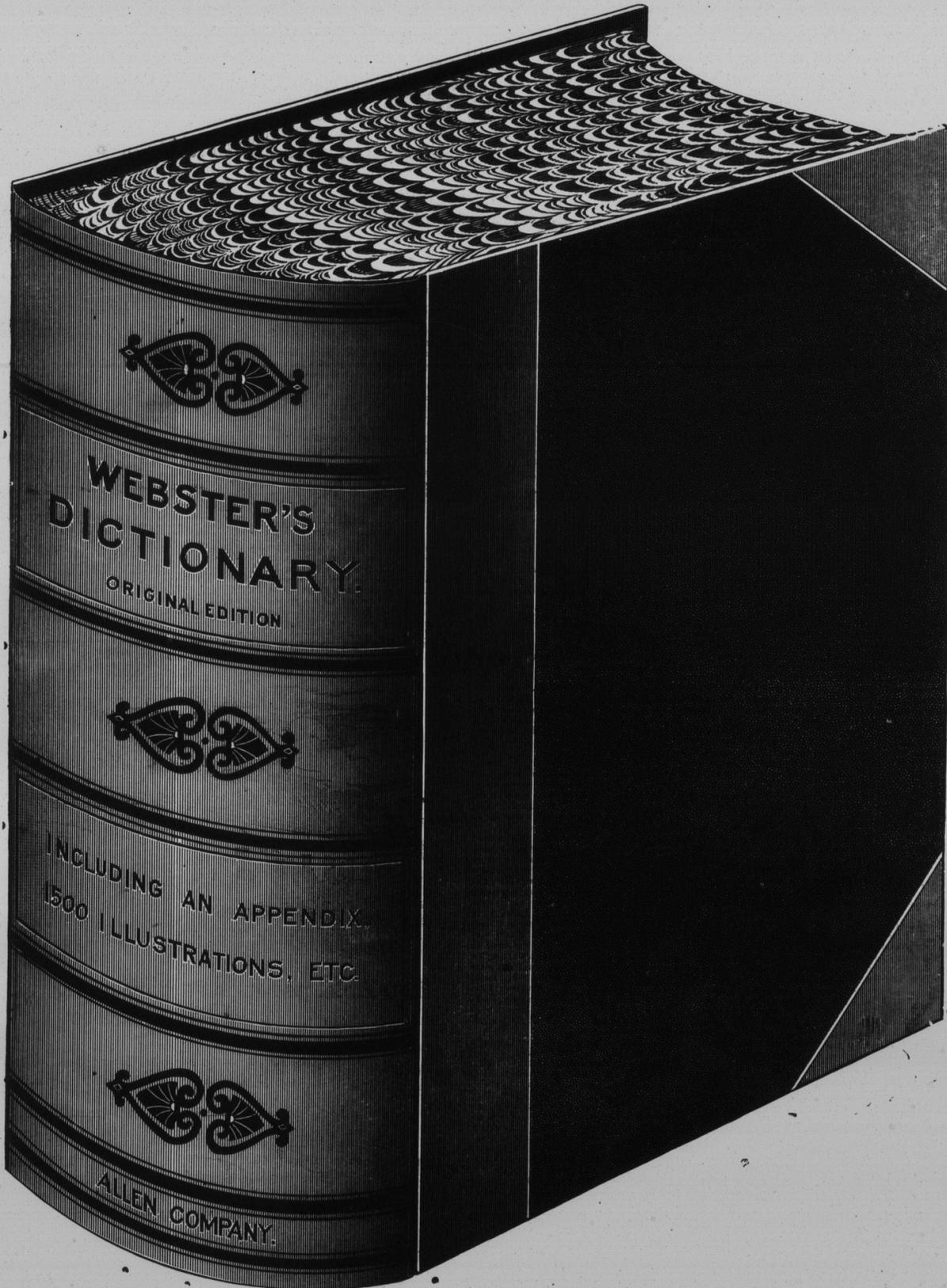
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