

# PROGRESS.

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## HIT FROM THE SHOULDER.

### DR. PAYZANT TURNS OUT A FORTIFIABLE SLUGGER.

In what he considered a good cause—He played upon the feelings and face of his brother-in-law—What led to the trouble and how it ended.

HALIFAX, August 2.—There is another assault case to record. Last week it was a woman who used a horse-whip over the shoulders of a doctor. This week it is one well-known doctor who disfigures the physiognomy of a brother medico. No, he was not exactly a "brother" medico, but he was his brother-in-law. That is the relationship that exists between James A. Payzant, M. D., and Clifford H. Fielding, M. D. Fielding is married to Payzant's sister, and yet he had to submit to a rubbing from him. The affair was rather sensational. A few years ago Dr. Fielding, while a student, married Miss Payzant, a daughter of a leading dentist of a western town. The marriage was a big surprise to the friends of the young lady. But they made the best of it. Their matrimonial sea does not seem to have been always calm. Mrs. Fielding became an invalid, and has been a sufferer for a considerable time. There were stories afloat that her husband neglected his wife. He certainly spent much time away from home and not always on professional business. His wife considered she was not altogether fairly treated. It was this condition of affairs that caused the sensation of a couple of days ago.

Mrs. Fielding's mother came to the city and repaired to the Fielding home. The doctor was in. What passed between medico and mother-in-law is not exactly known, but the results of the conference have been ascertained with accuracy. The mother-in-law was compelled to leave the house in haste. She repaired to the residence of her son, Dr. Payzant; told him she had been insulted, and that his sister was the victim of a bad husband. Fixed with indignation the son and brother ran out to secure vengeance. He boldly entered Dr. Fielding's premises, accused the doctor of perjury, and finally rushed at the object of his wrath to inflict corporeal punishment upon him. That Dr. Payzant proved himself perfectly competent to administer, for without receiving a scratch in return he "tapped" his brother-in-law's "claret," and disfigured his face generally. The janitor of the building heard the disturbance and seeing what was going on telephoned for the doctor's father. He came quickly, accompanied by a policeman, but in the meantime the victorious doctor had gone. He dreaded the cop. What Mrs. Fielding thought of the scene, or what part she took in it, is as much shrouded in mystery as is what the mother-in-law said or did during her visit not long before. She doubtless sympathized with her brother in every blow he struck.

That night Dr. Payzant, accompanied by Dr. Cameron, came to the police station, prepared to give bonds to stand trial on a charge of assault. It had been reported to him that a warrant was to be issued, and Dr. Payzant wished to avoid arrest, and anticipate Fielding. No complaint, however, had been lodged and the bonds were not required. No legal action of any kind has yet been instituted by Dr. Fielding.

The next move was a request to the chief of police O'Sullivan, made by Dr. Payzant, for police assistance and protection to him in proceeding to Fielding's house to remove therefrom Mrs. Fielding. The request was refused by the Chief, but instructions were given the police to be careful and prevent a breach of the peace. They were told not to interfere in a private quarrel, but to see that the peace was not broken. So Dr. Payzant went away without the policeman.

But he succeeded in his subsequent mission all the same. Accompanied by a friend he again entered the house of Dr. Fielding, this time not to beat the doctor, for he had already done that, but to remove therefrom his sister. Fielding was "not at home." The work was easy. The sister was taken out of her husband's house, placed in a carriage and driven off, to be cared for by friends and relatives.

Thus ends, in the meantime, a strange family quarrel, and its peculiar climax.

His Knowledge Was Limited.

HALIFAX, August 2.—The St. John's ambulance corps is an organization calculated to do, and doubtless has done, very much good wherever introduced. A branch has existed for two years or more in Halifax, and a large number of certificates have been granted to those who attended the courses of instruction and passed the examinations. It is an organization whose members are supposed to act promptly and intelligently in cases of accident or sudden illness before a regular physician can be called. Instances of good are not infrequently shown as a result of the knowledge gained by members of the St. John's ambulance corps. But a case where "a little knowledge" proved "a

dangerous thing" exists now at the Victoria general hospital in this city. Thomas McGrath, a sailor on the steamer Ulunda from Liverpool for Halifax, met with a serious accident to one of his fingers on the last trip of the steamer. The mate, Jenkins, had taken a course in the training of the St. John's ambulance corps and he, with the best intentions, volunteered to act as surgeon. He put a splint on the broken finger and bound it up. Then he washed the hand with pure carbolic acid, thinking he was guarding against disease by applying the regulation antiseptic. It was a horrible thing to do. Instead of rendering the wound antiseptic before applying the bandage, Jenkins first put on a splint, then bandaged the finger, and finally poured over the hand a quantity of the burning liquid in its pure state.

## POLITICIANS ARE IN IT.

### THE SCHOOL BOARD IS MADE UP IN THIS FASHION.

Civic and Provincial Politicians Have the Necessary Influence to get There and the Efficiency of the Schools is Suffering in Consequence.

One of the best times, perhaps, to inquire into the efficiency of the city schools is during the vacation season. The fact that there have been many complaints of late cannot be overlooked and there does not seem to be any disposition on the part of the trustees to remedy the defects. This is no doubt owing to the fact that the board is responsible, that its composition has changed so in the last few years, so many influences have governed the appointments that the best men have not always

that the law did not permit it. On another point of law which did not coincide with this sapient board's ideas of economy the board decided against the law, but always against the teacher. The law is that teachers shall be paid according to the days taught. The St. John board pays every month. Teachers engaged for the present term, though they may teach the whole number of days, have one-sixth of the term's pay deducted because they are not actively engaged during July. So it may be observed that it is a consistent board.

On the question of appointments the board is seen to be the best advantage. What care they take that the inefficiency of a large and increasing number of department is in every one's mouth—that it is well understood that experience and skill

## THE ABERDEENS ARRIVE.

### THEIR RECEPTION AND WELCOME IN THE CITY OF HALIFAX.

The Governor General met Lady Aberdeen at Moncton—Some Little Description of These Much Talked of People—Halifax Aldermen Turn out to do Them Honor.

MONCTON, Aug. 1.—"They have been here." Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been in Moncton. The private car used by Lord Aberdeen was standing on the side track at Moncton on Tuesday morning and as the day express from St. John came into the depot the spectators saw a gentleman dressed in a light suit of clothes rush along the platform and endeavor to enter the forward end of the last parlor car of the train. Being unsuccessful there he ran to the rear end, shouting, "Tell her to come to this

That explains why one would not turn out without pay, and why the other was quite ready to do so. Each corps was true to its traditions.

"Society" in Halifax, and the city's religious, benevolent and charitable enterprises will perhaps keep his excellency more busily engaged than at Ottawa during a session. They will work him hard here. The Presbyterian church will claim their excellencies as worshippers in Halifax.

"Closed Against Inspection."

There are some curious officials in the post office in certain quarters of the maritime provinces. PROGRESS has good reason to know this because correspondence that comes from those particular sections frequently has the stamp "closed against inspection" upon it. This, of course, means additional postage and more revenue for the government. Perhaps this is the idea of the zealous official who thus strives to recoup the government that tries to find something for him to do. PROGRESS is not objecting to the additional postage, but the delay is sometimes annoying and particularly so when, after all, the manuscript is open at both ends and only "closed" against inspection because the roll could not be opened and the contents read without breaking the outside wrapper. It must be admitted that much of the matter set PROGRESS is worth reading before it appears in print and there is some excuse for those clerks who having nothing much to do, thus make their official complaint about the manner the MSS. are sealed. If those who have made occasion to find fault in the past in this respect would only say so some arrangements might be made by the publisher whereby they could read the MS. and also see that it reached this office on time.

Their Eyes Open and Purses Shut.

Last year an individual calling himself John H. Watt, and giving his residence as Halifax, came to New Glasgow with a couple of bottles of what he said was part of an alluvial gold deposit at Middle River, C. B. He called on several New Glasgow men, and before the citizens of the town were well acquainted with the man or his methods, a "goodly number" contributed to the financial requirements of the undertaking. They afterwards found that Mr. Watt did not have any very serious intention of doing much mining, and that the mine was not likely to prove more profitable to stockholders than the Memramcook gold mine. It was simply a scheme to keep Mr. Watt supplied with the necessities of life. It is understood that this gentleman did some operating in Halifax, Cape Breton, and various other places, and that that gold mine has been a most profitable investment for Mr. Watt, who has "worked it" for two or three years. Mr. Watt is probably still operating, and it is certain that he has never been punished for his undue participation in the profits of the mine. The people of these provinces should keep their eyes open and their purses shut when they hear of Mr. Watt's being in town.

He Lent His Dress Suit.

An alderman who appeared at the noon reception in the city hall yesterday was substantially but not very fashionably nor artistically costumed by his tailor. He never is very particular what he wears, but lately has adopted a hard felt hat in lieu of the "bowery" he formerly liked so well. A story is going the rounds today that this alderman apologized in a kind of a way for his somewhat negligé attire by saying: "It's too bad. I lent my black suit to Ald. — for the reception at North street station last night. He has not returned it to me, and I had to come here today like this. He'll not get a chance to be so slow again, I can tell you that."

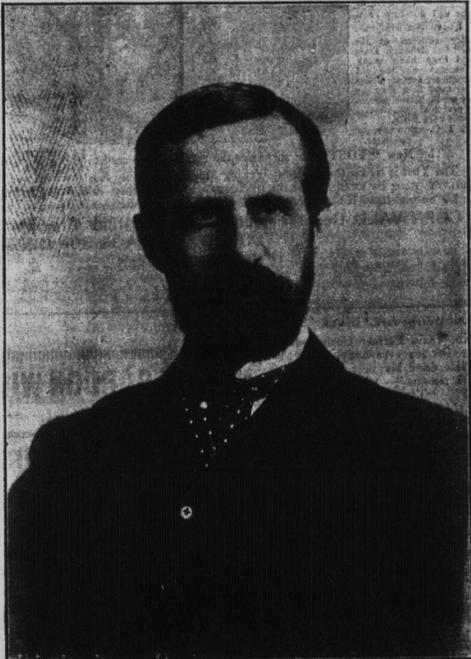
The borrowing alderman referred to certainly looked fairly well at the railway station; the clothes he wore seemed to fit. And the alleged lending alderman appeared complacent enough at the city hall while the address was being read and the reply made by his excellency, notwithstanding his dress. Quite possibly there was no transaction of the kind intimated by the gossips.

A Big Crowd For The Tournament.

The preparations of the firemen for their tournament are meeting with success and encouragement on all sides. The prospects are that the affair will be a grand success. The Committee have received assurances from Halifax, Houlton, Augusta, Sussex, Moncton, Amherst, Woodstock and other cities that they will be represented. If the firemen come that means that their friends will come too and there will be a big crowd in the city. Everybody will be welcome.

Plenty of Tourists Here.

"We have a dozen cots up to night" said the proprietor of the Victoria hotel to PROGRESS one evening this week. "and that is the way it has been every night. Travel has not been so good for years. It is a better class than usual too." This opinion is shared by all the hotels in the city. St. John is certainly getting its share of the tourists this year.



LORD ABERDEEN.



LADY ABERDEEN.

The splint saved the finger, but the carbolic acid was almost fatal to the hand. McGrath came to Halifax with his hand in a worse condition than if the broken finger had been unattended to. The forefinger was dead and had become as hard and dry as a bone, and it will have to be amputated. It will be as much as ever if the doctors succeed in saving the hand. Truly "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Dr. Lees-Hall, the head of the corps in Halifax, will have to see that none of his graduates are of the Jenkins stamp.

Captain Wadmore and the Horse.

On Thursday afternoon, writes a Fredericton correspondent, Mr. John Owens, the Queen street grocer, and his clerk, were busy engaged waiting on a shop full of customers. The man with the delivery team had just driven up to the door, when Capt. Wadmore of the I. S. Corps came along, stopped, looked at the horse, turned around to the shop door, and in his English military air, demanded that Mr. Owens give his horse a drink of water. Mr. Owens in a gentlemanly manner informed the captain that the horse did not require water, and that the horse was properly looked after.

In reply Captain Wadmore said, "I insist upon that horse having a drink, and if you can't get it, why I shall myself." He then went into the tinsmith's shop next door and ordered the clerk to take a tin pail that was hanging in the shop and water Mr. Owens' horse. The clerk, not knowing the circumstances, obeyed orders, and not having water in his own store, went into Mr. Owens' closely followed by Captain Wadmore. In the meantime, the delivery man had loaded up his team and was away. This enraged the captain so that he showered a lot of abuse on Mr. Owens, calling him a dirty mean cur, and onward and winding up by saying that any man who would refuse a horse a drink of water was nothing but a blooming cad. This was witnessed by eight or ten people and they all thought that it was the most bare-faced piece of impudence that they had ever heard. Some were of the opinion that the Captain was drunk, but I saw the affair myself and he showed no signs of being drunk. However, drunk or sober, he made a spectacle of himself.

A Photo Circus.

With the idea that there is always a circus on circus day, photographer Connelly proposes to have a small one in his studio on that date only. There won't be any lions or tigers but fifteen cabinets for three dollars will be the star feature of his programme.

been selected to govern this most important branch of the city service.

For what reason it is hard to tell but trusteeship are somewhat eagerly sought after and when once obtained, rarely so long as the appointee could wield influence enough to retain it. There is no pay attached to the position but it means influence and an occasional opportunity to "spread."

This may be all well enough from the standpoint of the trustees but it is well nigh fatal to the efficiency of the school.

To look at the board for a moment one is astonished to find that it is almost wholly made up of men who have been actively engaged in civic or provincial politics. The chairman Mr. C. W. Weldon needs no introduction to the politicians. It must be said however that the office sought him and while no one pretends for a moment that a busy man as he is can suddenly get up an interest in the schools yet he no doubt presides at the meetings of the board with much fairness.

Both Mr. D. R. Jack and Mr. John Connor have been ward politicians. They do not take a keen interest in the schools because they are both busy business men. Then there are W. D. Baskin, T. W. Peters and D. H. Nasse, all of whom are in the same class with the former, with the exception that they are more to the front in school matters. Then the professional end is looked after by Dr. Hetherington, who when appointed was not much of a politician but has since branched out in this direction. Messrs. Coll and Vroom are the only gentlemen who have no political connection, and their efficiency as trustees has never been questioned.

The school board, therefore, is rather ornamental. Few of the trustees are ever seen in or about the schools except on some public occasion, when there is a good chance to sit on the platform.

From these platforms, on different occasions, may be heard from the mouths of trustees the most eulogistic remarks concerning the teachers and schools of which they know so little. They meet regularly—at least some of them do. They gravely ponder over the superintendent's monthly reports. These are quickly passed over. Matters relating to the efficiency of the schools and the comfort of the pupils receive but scant attention. Whether teachers shall be paid on the first or tenth of the month has been known to consume the time of one meeting and the board has even grown warm upon the question as to the propriety of allowing an unfortunate teacher pay for a lost half day. It was decided against the teachers on the ground

count as nothing, but a pull with certain members of the board counts everything.

Before the advent of the ward politician the committee on teachers did not consist of the full board but since that time all that has been changed, and now log rolling is indulged in to the fullest extent. At the last meeting of the board it is understood that a further improvement was effected, voting for the different applicants was done by ballot. This is easily seen through and is admirable for all but the welfare of the schools. Two, perhaps three of the members of the board who are known to push their interests with the greatest zeal had each an applicant he favored—it was easy enough to get three votes on the principle "You vote for my candidate and I will vote for yours." Enough others on the board may be found who are either pliant or indifferent to give the required majority. What is the result. These inexperienced teachers are appointed and many others of well known ability and experience are passed over. Voting by ballot saves discussing the merits of a good teacher as compared with an indifferent one and does not expose him if he vote for the latter.

It matters not that the school officers have reported rooms unfit for use, supplies deficient and schools inefficient. The board pursues the even tenor of its way, and only wakes up to make bad appointments.

Ward politicians and politicians of all kinds must be excluded from our school boards, if the schools are to thrive.

Editor Hannay is Disturbed.

Editor Hannay, of the Telegraph, seems to be going to pieces. In the last fortnight he has furnished the critical readers of the city with more amusement than they usually find in a local newspaper. At first his efforts in this direction were confined to his laudation of the street railway and the C. P. R. Yesterday he branched out and selected the editor of PROGRESS for abuse. We prefer it to praise, from him. The well merited castigation he received from the pen of Mr. W. K. Reynolds this week, in the Sun, seems to have interfered with his digestion. Perhaps he never found so much truth in a column of the Sun, before. But Mr. Hannay's journalistic experience has been so varied that he should not be disturbed by such trifles. Any man who has edited and conducted an undertaker's journal has had unusual advantages. But even then, if history is correct, he could not be relied upon—the managing director was always to the front and not enjoying a fishing trip as the Telegraph's has been for some time.

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

NOTABLE CASES IN COURTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

How the Barque Saladin Went Ashore on the Coast of Nova Scotia—A Wreck with a Mystery—Suspicions that Grew into Certainties—Trial of the Pirates.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1814, some residents on the south shore of Nova Scotia, near County Harbor, nearly 150 miles east of Halifax, discovered a barque ashore behind an island in one of the numerous small bays which are to be found along this seaboard. She appeared to be in a bad plight, and word was sent to Capt. Cunningham, whose schooner, the Billow, was lying at anchor in another bay, on a voyage to Halifax. The wind had been blowing hard the previous day and night, and was still so heavy that Capt. Cunningham and some of his crew in a small boat were able to approach the wreck only with great difficulty. The barque presented a strange appearance as they drew near. Though it had gone ashore and was rolling heavily with the force of the wind and sea, the latter at times making a breach over the poop, all sail was set, even to the royals. Yet this did not appear to be for lack of hands to go aloft, for several forms were seen on deck, and one man was on the bowsprit, with a speaking trumpet, shouting for assistance.

With the heavy sea running, it was out of the question for the small boat to get close to the wreck, but the men on the barque begged Captain Cunningham to come on board, one man shouting that the crew were drunk and that there was nobody to take command. Bringing the boat as near as was safe, a line was thrown to it, a bowline made and Capt. Cunningham was pulled on board through the surf. On reaching the vessel he was more and more astonished as he looked around him and heard the story of the crew, or at least of such of them as were sober enough to give a connected narrative.

The barque was the Saladin, of Newcastle, England, a beautiful vessel of 550 tons, from Valparaiso for London, with a cargo of guano, 99 tons of copper, nearly a ton of silver bullion in bars of 150 pounds each, and \$8,500 in specie. According to the story of the men, the barque had sailed from Valparaiso on the 8th of February. The captain, Alexander McKenzie, had died on the 5th of April, and the mate had died a few days later. Subsequently the second mate and two of the crew had been lost overboard while aloft and drowned. Another of the crew had also been lost, so that only six remained out of the twelve that had sailed, and having no knowledge of navigation they had lost their way, got hundreds of miles out of their course, and did not know in what part of the world they had run ashore. They did not appear to have known there was such a place as Nova Scotia, though they had an idea of the locality of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Capt. Cunningham's first step on getting aboard was to let go the sheets and halyards and clew up the light sails, fearing lest the wind would shift to blow off shore and drive the vessel into deep water, where it would sink. In this task the crew gave him some assistance. He then proceeded to the cabin to make a further investigation, and took charge of the liquor in order to prevent the men getting any drunker than they were.

Prepared as he was for a scene of disorder, the captain was amazed at the sight the cabin presented. It had been beautifully finished in mahogany and correspondingly upholstered, the furnishings being more elegant than was usual, even in those days when vessels more frequently carried passengers than they do in this age of steamship lines. Everything was in the utmost disorder, however. Lockers had been ransacked, and chests opened and their contents thrown aside. Sextants, quadrants and other nautical instruments were lying around, and a costly chronometer had been taken apart by somebody who was evidently curious as to the mechanism. The crew had appropriated the best shore clothes of the officers, and at the time of the wreck were wearing fine linen shirts. They had, indeed, made themselves at home in the cabin, and a large quantity of bottles were strewn around, giving evidence of a protracted carousal. In the after cabin was a chest full to the lid of silver dollars. The men said they had brought it up from the lazaretto, so that it might be saved in event of the vessel being wrecked.

Captain Cunningham found the barque's papers and the log book. No entry had been made in the latter after the 14th of April, and though this date was several days after the time the captain was said to have died, the log made no mention of his death. This extraordinary circumstance naturally impressed Capt. Cunningham very much; and finding the miniature of a lady, he at first believed the captain's wife had been aboard. This idea he dismissed on finding no trace of ladies' apparel among the effects. He did, however, observe a quantity of clothing which would fit a lad of 15 or 16, and it was not of the quality ship's boys would wear. Besides, the boy apprentices were entered on the log as having run away in Valparaiso. There was much more mystery about the ship and its crew than the captain liked or could undertake to fathom. He kept his own counsel, however, and after staying aboard the wreck for six hours, his own men having in the meantime come alongside, he sent a letter ashore to the nearest magistrate. On the arrival of Mr. Archibald, the captain handed him over the property, cut the sails off the yards and took away the launch. By this time the

barque had fallen over on her starboard side and was bilged in several places.

Mr. Archibald was inclined to believe the story of the men, though he considered it a suspicious circumstance that the log made no mention of the captain's death. As there appeared no positive evidence of anything wrong, however, and as the valuables had been removed to a place of safety, no attempt was made to interfere with the sailors. Capt. Cunningham then returned to the Billow and made sail for Halifax.

The Billow arrived at the latter port on the following Saturday, the 25th of May, and the captain's story of the mysterious wreck created a great deal of excitement. Hon. Michael Tobin, Lloyd's agent, at once applied to Sir Charles Adam, vice-admiral, for a vessel to go to the wreck to endeavor to save the cargo. Her Majesty's schooner Fair Rosamond was thereupon despatched on Sunday, having Mr. Tobin, Capt. Cunningham, and Henry Boggs, deputy marshal, on board. In view of the peculiar circumstances, it was decided that the crew of the wrecked barque should be taken into custody, pending an investigation.

On the arrival of the schooner at County Harbor, it was found that the crew had deserted the Saladin and disappeared. They were easily traced, however, and were arrested about twenty miles from the scene of the wreck, taken to Halifax and lodged in prison.

The discoveries made at the wreck tended to still further increase the suspicions of foul play. The name on the stern had been painted over, and white paint had been used to change the appearance of the bronze figure-head. It was learned, too, that there had been a passenger, the master of a vessel which had been seized and confiscated at Valparaiso for smuggling, but there was nothing to show what had become of him.

The prisoners gave their names as Jones, Hazelton, Anderson, Johnston, Carr and Galloway. The four first named had shipped at Valparaiso, some of the former crew having deserted. Carr and Galloway had shipped at Newcastle for the full voyage. The former, a middle aged man, was coxswain, while Galloway, a youth of 19, was steward.

As the men were merely held on suspicion and not charged with any specific offence, they were doubtless questioned pretty closely while in custody, and finally, a few days after being in jail, Carr and Galloway sent for Mr. Tobin and made a confession to him, in presence of the sheriff and jailor, and subsequently to the attorney-general, Hon. James W. Johnston. The story they told exceeded in its horrors anything that had been anticipated, for it was a tale of piracy and wholesale murder on the high seas. Captain McKenzie, his officers, three of the crew and two passengers, one of them a mere boy, had been either slaughtered on the deck or been bound and thrown overboard.

Carr and Galloway argued that they had been forced to assist in the murders against their will, in order to save their own lives. Soon after this, Jones, Hazelton and Anderson also made confessions, corroborating the story of Carr and Galloway and giving further particulars.

On these disclosures being made, a session of the Admiralty court was at once convened, and the prisoners arraigned on the charges of piracy and murder. In the meantime, the prisoners were removed from the county jail, and placed in the new penitentiary, to prevent any possibility of their escape. The court was composed of Vice-Admiral Adam, the chief justice, Sir Brenton Halliburton, and judges Bliss, Hill and Halliburton. The trial began on Thursday, July 18, 1814.

The prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, and the prisoners were defended by Messrs. J. B. Thickett, W. Young and L. O. Doyle. The jury was composed of Joseph Whytal, foreman, Stephen H. Harrington, Charles Nayler, George Bolton, John Nugent, Henry T. Wright, Andrew Downs, John Uhlman, J. G. Ross, John H. Symonds, James Barrett and Wm. H. Gureham.

Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Johnston were arraigned on the charge of piracy. Johnston (alias Trevasakie) at first pleaded not guilty, but afterwards withdrew the plea and acknowledged himself guilty, handing in a written statement and confession. These acknowledgements, of course, greatly simplified the proceedings, the evidence taken apart from them relating only to what had transpired at County Harbor. On the following morning the four were arraigned for murder and also pleaded guilty.

Carr and Galloway were then put on their trial for the murder of the passenger, Fielding, and acquitted. They were then tried for the murder of Fielding's son and also acquitted. In order to understand the reason for this distinction, the history of the Saladin must be told, as gathered from the various statements and confessions of the sailors. The story is one which, in the atrocities which are revealed, would seem to belong to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, rather than to the present age, a time when the memory of very many is now living. The length of this story will not permit of its publication this week, and it will be given in the next issue of Progress, together with some further particulars of the trial and execution of the guilty men.

Very Professional. A well-known attorney in this city has a very bright clerk. He is so brilliant that some day he'll be a lawyer. One day the attorney entered the office and the clerk said: "Mr. B.—was here to retain you, sir." "Did he say he would come again?" "No; but I took a retainer." "Bright boy! What was the retainer?" "Fifty dollars, sir." "Fifty dollars! My retainer fee, you know, is a hundred. You have been very unprofessional." "But he said fifty was all he had." "Hum! And you took it? Good! Very professional, my boy; very professional!" In Boston. Conductor—Fare, please. Passenger—What is the fare? Conductor—It is the tariff or tax levied by the corporation owning and controlling the charter and franchise of this street car line, on those persons who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the company, to secure more rapid and agreeable transportation than pedal locomotion. Passenger—How much is the fare? Conductor—Five cents, please.

HALIFAX BANKERS' GALETTIES.

How it Was That the Public Know So Little of Their Dinner.

HALIFAX, Aug. 2.—The bankers' dinner, and the bankers' regatta, are things of the past. The regatta was a great success and attracted thousands of spectators to the North West Arm. The Union bank crew established its claim to the bank championship. The protest entered by Colonel Worsley against the winning boat was humorous. His son was a member of the bank of Montreal crew. The young man was too sensible to think or talk of a protest, but the father, with paternal solicitude, protested for him. He noticed a boat alongside the leader for a short distance on the home stretch and concluded it was a pace-making crew. Colonel Worsley saw the narrow margin at the finish between the Union and Montreal crews and he solemnly handed in his protest on behalf of Worsley junior. Of course it was not entertained, as the "pacing" boat was there by accident, and anyhow the Unions knew nothing about it. Some people are always on the look-out for suspicious circumstances; always thinking some one is conspiring against them or theirs. Possibly this ludicrous incident may prove a lesson to them.

Everybody regretted the absence of Clinch and Cameron in the open double scull race. The explanation of their absence, correct as it happens to be, is ridiculousness itself. They had their boat sent to the train at St. John too late to get it on board, and here in Halifax poor "Jack" Lithgow, of the Savings Bank, went up to the station prepared to take delivery of it, or assist in having it sent to the Arm. When he reached North street there was no boat but an achting wheel within himself.

The regatta was perfectly managed and went off without a hitch.

The banker's dinner is also said to have been a success. That is only known, however, from hearsay. No one but the company of bankers and their privileged guests know anything about it. Five banks, with their head offices in this city, had the chief part in the management of the dinner. These institutions pay large dividends; have immense capital and reserve funds, and are very wealthy. The visiting bankers, and possibly some of the home men who had charge of the dinner, would have liked so brilliant a "function" to have had a corresponding measure of newspaper publicity. But with all their wealth the bankers inaugurated a new policy, a "two-penny-in-the-pot" policy, as some one described it, and they found that with their resources, after a company of 150 had been selected, there were no means in sight which would warrant an invitation to representatives of the press to share in the hospitality of the bankers. Perhaps it is not strange that the newspapers should have been ignored but seeing that they were, it is remarkable that a toast to "the press" should have been included on the programme. The "two-penny-in-the-pot" policy was to secure one of the bank directors, who is also a newspaper proprietor, to step into the gap and respond for the fourth estate. That citizen had to be at the dinner anyhow, and, utilizing him as a responder to the press toast, the management saw their way clear to save the expense of tickets to three newspaper offices (\$15). The plan succeeded, but no one knows much about the dinner. It undoubtedly took place.

Probably local newspaper men were pleased that they were not on the list. In Halifax, it is said, the reporters make a light for it to see who shall not go to endure the tediousness of those dinners. They were this time saved the trouble of sacrificing one of the staff to report the affair. It is also just as likely that the readers of the morning papers were glad the press was not represented, because they were not called upon to waste time reading long-winded reports of the affair.

An Impressionist. Flipbutt (the famous young art critic)—"Uilo! What's this pencil sketch I've just found on this easel?" Our Artist—Oh, it's by Flumpkin, the impressionist fellow all you young chaps are so enthusiastic about, you know. Clever, ain't it? Flipbutt—Clever! Why, it's divine! Such freshness, such naivete! Such a splendid scorn of mere conventional technique! Such a—

Our Artist—"Uilo, old man! A thousand pardons! That's the wrong thing you've got hold of! That's just a scribble by this little scamp of a grandson of mine. His first attempt! Not very promising, I fear; but he's only four!"

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

"HOW TO MAKE PHOTOS" Our new Book on Photography, and Illustrated Catalogue, is now ready. Send 3 cent stamp for one by mail. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 Germain St., St. John, N. B. 84

WANTED TO WORK in a Photograph Gallery, a Lady who is a Printer and Retoucher. Apply, stating salary, experience and references. J. J. MERRILL, Photographer, Chatham, N. B. 84

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AGENTS WANTED In every town throughout the Dominion to sell our commission staple articles, used by all families. From three to five dollars easily earned daily. Send for circular. James B. Dimmar, Chathamport, Nova Scotia. 731-2

STAMPS of every description for Hand Printing, Merchants, Manufacturers, Banks and Railways furnished with Stamps, Seals and Stencils. Catalogue free. Robertson Printing Stamp Works, 94 Germain St., St. John 84

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YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 100 blank, guaranteed self-measuring blanks, whereby you can have your visiting card to order and sent to any express or P. O. for \$2.00. Suite from \$15 up. Agents wanted. PLEASANT PARTS CO., 35 Mill St. St. John, N. B. 84

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RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or rent for the summer months. That some one known as the "Times" property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Robbsey road. Best reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fessenden, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 21-2-4

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EMBEL'S DIETETIC. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. here are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualified in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. A. GOWLES, Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. It is Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; W. L. Boucher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowledge Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dimmar, Chathamport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Coleman "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Brown, Amherst; W. P. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Westmouth, N. B.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Caser, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

An Overpowerer's Healthy Man. "No," said Farmer Corntassel's wife, "fame ain't for everybody. There's Josiah. He done his best, but he never will get famous." "What was his ambition?" "Ter get his pinter in the paper. He set up nights tryin' to think of some ailment ter take patent medicine fur; but he was so overpowerer' healthy that there wasn't a single thing fur 'im ter get cured of."

A gentleman enters a telegraph office: "I beg pardon, but as I was coming along this afternoon, I saw myriads of flies settled on your wires. Can you suggest any explanation?" "About what time was it, sir?" "About four o'clock." "Ah that accounts for it; that's the time I send quotations for sugar and honey."

Learn something thoroughly and there is work enough if you want it. If your time is limited take one course, though four to five is enough for both. You can learn shorthand by mail or money returned (\$10). SNEEL'S COLLEGE, - - - Truro, N. S.

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St. JOHN, N. B., June 28th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City. Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly, MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. YARMOUTH, N. S., July 3rd, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 25 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide is considered invaluable, as it overcomes the great weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. SPENNEY, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agent, &c., &c.

GORDON WIRE NAIL WORKS. SUPERIOR WIRE NAILS. From extra quality steel wire, polished or blued. Orders promptly filled at lowest prices by W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John, SELLING AGENTS.

WOOD MANTELS For Open Fires, with Tile Facings and Hearths. If you contemplate a change in your Drawing Room or Library Fire Places just call and look at our WOOD MANTELS, we have them in Cherry, Oak and Quartered Oak, (and the style and finish is unsurpassed). We also carry a large variety of Brass Andirons, Fenders, Tiles, Facings, Hearths, &c. You are cordially invited to call and see for yourselves. 75 TO 79 PRINCE WM. ST.

Emerson & Fisher, THE CELEBRATED French Rat and Mouse Trap. The most popular TRAP in the market. Made in three sizes. Record 10 to 20 Rats or Mice each night. These TRAPS are particularly well adapted for use in Hotels, Public Institutions, Stables, Market Houses, Farms, Storage Warehouses, and will be fully appreciated after a trial. No. 1 Size \$2.50 each. No. 5 (Mouse) 50c. each. No. 8 (FAMILY SIZE) \$1.50 Each. T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

BICYCLES. Brantford Bicycles, New Designs, We have received a shipment of the above Bicycles. They are entirely new in every particular combining all the best features of this year's patents. Elegant in Design and Perfect in Workmanship. Every wheel is Guaranteed. Call and see them or send for catalogue. BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY, PRICES RIGHT. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. G. A. OULF, Special Agent.





Social and Personal.

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

JAR RINGS FOR PRESERVE JARS. Pint and Quart Sizes. Buy what you require NOW and have your Preserves air-proof.

Camp Blankets, Fishing Coats, Ladies' Pure Gum Rubbers, with Deep Heels, sent by mail to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John. If You Don't Advertise You Die.

"We are Dyeing," but we still keep advertising. We only mention our name, you know the rest.

American Dye Works Co., Works, Elm Street, North End. Office, South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.

Ventilated Human Hair Goods. Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order, also half and full wigs. Specialty: Fine Ventilating for the trade.

MISS KATIE HENNESSY, 113 Charlotte Street, Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

Make Your Own SODA WATER. During the warm weather a drink of cool Soda Water is very nice. By using one of our Seltzogenes you can always have it on hand. PRICE \$8. SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 King Street, St. John, N. B.

F. W. SANFORD. Will give Special Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES for the next week. Just received a fine assortment of LADIES' DONCOLA KID OXFORDS and BUTTON BOOTS.

REDUCED PRICE. Wool Challies. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CHALLIES TO 25c. A YARD. Former Prices 40 and 45c. a Yard. S. C. PORTER, 38 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Had it not been for the very sad drowning accident Mr. D. Russell Jack's picnic would have been one of the pleasantest functions of the season...

Mr. Ernest S. Ruel together with his two brothers had been camping at Robtessy the past few weeks with a number of friends...

Mr. W. H. Smith and his son Walter have gone to spend a week or two at their home in Marysville on Monday...

Mr. D. Russell Jack entertained a large number of his friends at a picnic at his Robtessy residence on Saturday last...

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NEW FLAVORINGS.

THE great success of fine cookery of all kinds consists in the delicate and careful use of seasonings...

Dearborn's Pure FLAVORING Extracts AND SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON THE LABEL.

DEARBORN & Co., 95 Prince Wm. St., 34 and 36 Water St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

TOILET WATERS. HAIR GOODS. Hand Mirrors. Brushes and Combs. Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins.

CIRCUS DAY, August the 6th, ONE DAY ONLY. 15 CABINETS FOR \$3.00. J. H. CONNOLLEY, 75 Charlotte Street.

We Lead in Prices. OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW.

Parlor Suites in the City. OUR \$60.00 Wilton Rug Suites cannot be equalled.

A. L. RAWLINS & SON, 54 KING STREET.

We have opened a lot of new Tweed Mixtures for Travelling Dresses in Grey, Fawn and Brown Colorings, 54 in. wide at 1.15 a yard.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.







PROGRESS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

WOMEN AND CHURCHES.

WILL CHURCHES GO DOWN IN THE COMING AGE OF WOMAN?

"Astra" Shows How Women are, Nowadays, the Churches' Chief Support: But Asks, Will the Coming Women, with Their Multiplicity of Duties, Have Time to be So?

I wonder if any of our "advanced" sisters have ever stopped to think how their progress towards entire emancipation is going to effect the church? Somehow I don't think they have, because up to the present time of writing I have not seen any remarks on the subject in the various journals I read, so I suppose I may fairly take credit for some originality in being the first, as far as I know, to suggest the relation between the two.

The opponents of higher education, and professional careers for women, have usually brought forward as their strongest argument, the disastrous effect such a course would have upon the home. The church would be deserted and the homes desolate because there would not be enough women left to guide the domestic machinery, and men would have to take to woman's occupations in self defence, since women had usurped theirs.

So far the prophecy has not been fulfilled to any great extent, the educated woman continues to make a fair wife and a reasonably good mother when she gets the chance; her hearth is neither unkept nor cold, except of course in warm weather, when she utilizes the knowledge of hygiene and chemistry she acquired at college, in order to obtain the same result from an oil or gas stove as her mother got from a red hot cooking stove; and with one-quarter the expenditure of vital force and fuel.

She has given her children the same care that the mothers in Israel gave theirs, and if she has exercised a little more wisdom in bringing them up, and shown a good deal more knowledge of their physical and mental needs than her great-grandmother ever displayed why her liberal education is largely responsible for the improvement, and, as I have said before, the children of an intelligent, highly educated woman have much to be thankful for, since it is a well established fact in physiology that children inherit far more of their mother's than their father's nature. In short, the home instinct has triumphed over the professional education, up to the present date, and the woman of to day does not show any marked deterioration, as a home mother, to be the result of a better cultivated intellect, the balance being rather on the other side of the sheet.

But when it comes to her church work, I am not by any means so sure. I think it beyond dispute that churches are supported very largely by the efforts of women, and that if they were to depend exclusively upon the stronger sex for aid, too many would be obliged to close their doors for want of money to light and heat the sacred edifices, not to mention the sum required to pay the pastor and the sexton, the organist and the choir. Lovely woman has always found her highest pleasure in working for the church. She has willingly devoted her time to working for bazaars, getting up teas, concerts, garden parties and amateur theatricals in order to raise money for the support of the church. The dainty woman and the fragile girl who are not obliged to work hard at home and who have servants to wait at their own tables will spend weary hours in the hottest weather rushing about at the beck and call of every class of "customer" waiting at a table, at a church tea. She will get through an amount of work which would simply have killed her, if she had undertaken it at home, and she will spend her last cent of pocket money in buying useless trifles at a church bazaar, "just for the good of the church." While her husband or father finds himself far too busy engaged in earning a living to do more than pay the small subscription, which he gives rather grudgingly towards the keeping up of the church.

I don't think I am exaggerating, when I say that for every one man who teaches Sunday school there are ten women, and girls, just as there are nearly ten per cent. more women in the congregation of every church, than men. On our feeble shoulders rests the responsibility of seeing that church work is well and carefully done, and that the churches are supplied with sufficient funds to keep them up. Therefore it seems to me that the relation between the advanced woman of the future, and the work of supporting the church is a very important one. For instance—it is quite impossible that the trained stenographer, or telegrapher, who works for her daily bread, just as her brothers do, or the artist, the musician, or the teacher, whose hours of labor are the same as their male relatives, can devote the same time to church bazaars and teas, as she did when they were free! Already the difference is to be seen, and teachers and workers are growing more scarce every day, even in the attendance at the churches, it may be observed, and active as woman are in charities, and all philanthropic works, they are no longer such rigid attendants at church as formerly. The woman who once thought it little short of a sin not to go to church twice every Sunday, now contents herself with attending once, and quite calmly gives you her opinion that the churches should be closed for three months of the hottest weather, and both clergyman and congregation given a holiday. If this is growing sentiment what is to become of the churches of the future when women, like men, are to much engrossed with their own concerns to have any spare time to devote to the support of the church? Will the need suggest a remedy, or will the day ever come when our religious welfare will be looked after by ministers supported by a sort of general assessment? ASTRA

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A CALL TO LIBERALS.

A Correspondent Wants His Party to Organize and Win.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Knowing your willingness to permit at all times through your valuable columns a free interchange of ideas between political co-religionists (whether liberal or conservative) I deem this an opportune time to draw the attention of the liberals of New Brunswick to a few observations, which I wish to make, relative to the standing of the party in this province. Believing as I do that a dissolution will take place before another session of parliament; and that before many months we will be engaged in the fierce conflict of a general election; and knowing that the liberal party labor under many disadvantages, I deem immediate organization to be of the utmost importance. The conservatives holding as they do fourteen of the sixteen New Brunswick seats, have one great advantage in already knowing who most of their standard bearers are to be in the coming contest; while it is a well-known fact that in each of several of the constituencies there are on our side a number of gentlemen desirous either from the certainty of a liberal victory throughout the Dominion or from the more laudable reason—a patriotic wish to serve their country—of becoming candidates for parliamentary honors.

Now, in order to reconcile these several aspirants and their adherents, county conventions in connection with political picnics should be held during the next six weeks throughout this province. I am aware that Restigouche has her liberal candidate chosen. So that these remarks will apply to the rest of the province. Manifestly would be the advantages accruing from the adoption of the course above suggested. In the first place the "hand of time" would do much to obliterate the ill feelings of the disappointed claimants and their friends; whereas if we wait until a few weeks before the election before choosing our candidates there may be many dissidents, who would not mark their ballots right on polling day. Again the candidate, knowing that he has been chosen by the party, will be anxious to commence work in the constituency; he will bring himself into closer touch with the electorate; and by means of his good looks, persuasive eloquence, charming manners and various other accomplishments contribute in no small degree to his own as well as to the general success of the party.

The time has come, when we want a literal verification of the injunction:—"Old men for counsel; and young men for war." We want men who can and will fight; we want a healing of all past local political differences. I am surprised that men, who helped to build up the liberal party, could on provincial issues allow themselves to be driven from their ranks. There must be no more of the shameful conduct of allowing a seat to go by default; and that too, when two conservatives were contending for the mastery. I detest the conservative policy, but I admire their spirit and pluck in contesting every constituency, whenever a vacancy occurs. My advice to the liberals is:—to fight whenever and wherever an opportunity offers, no matter how unfavorable the circumstances may appear. Let our motto be immediate organization for victory. MICHAEL KELLY, St. Martins, N. B., July 17th, 1894.

Many Resemble Daniel That Way.

The Kansas City Mail tells a story of a congressman who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?" "Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose?" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure. "No, sah, 'he it's yo' bress?"

Cohenstien (to an officer, who is about to fire at fleeing clothing thief)—"Shoot 'im in der pants! Shoot 'im in der pants! Der goat and vest ish mine!"

Jack—'I'd ask you to be my wife if there wasn't such a distance between us. Jess, archly: "Then why don't you lessen it?"

HE WAS NOT KNIGHTED

BUT HIS SYSTEM OF SHORTHAND WAS A GOOD ONE.

The Excellent Scovill System, Which was Originated by a New Brunswick Clergyman—Mr. Scovill Never Received a Letter in His Shorthand that He Could Not Decipher.

In Scribner's Monthly of October 1878, there is an article on Neophography by James Richardson. In the same year there was a book published with the following title:—A Shorthand legible as the plainest writing and requiring no teacher but the book. With a simplified system of Verbatim Reporting. By the Rev. W. E. Scovill, M. A. New York: H. Campbell & Co., law booksellers and publishers, 140—142 Nassau St. This book is entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by Henry B. Robinson in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

The author of this work was the rector of Kingston, Kings Co., N. B., Canada, and while he neglected no duties of his profession and was beloved and honored both by his clerical and lay brethren in the diocese of Fredericton, I feel confident in saying that this little book of shorthand was the work of his life; those who knew him (as the writer did) intimately, must acknowledge that he labored for years with unwearied patience in the formation of his system of shorthand. He had correspondence from all quarters of Canada and the States. He was ever prompt to answer those who solicited aid in their attempts to learn his system, and to show one amongst many evidences of his skill in deciphering (what to me seemed a hopeless task) the crude attempts of beginners with his book; I recollect him saying one day—"I have never yet received a letter or postal-card which I could not decipher, as I can tell from the context what the writer intends saying, even if he should write what seems exactly the contrary; it is just as easy for me to read these imperfect attempts at shorthand, as it would be to a scholar to read a letter in longhand written by an illiterate person."

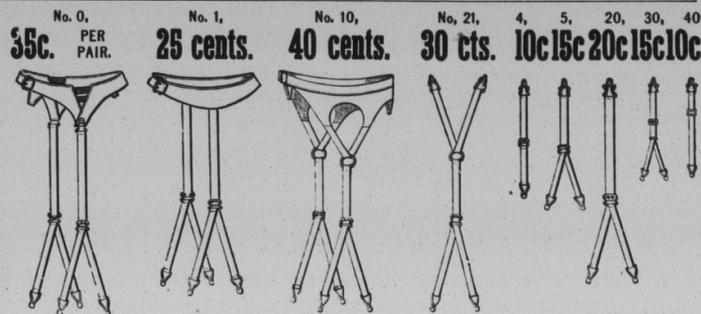
Mr. Richardson, in the article above referred to, gives ten conditions that any system of shorthand should have before it can be considered perfect, and five conditions in addition it is highly desirable that such a system should have.—Now I firmly believe that Mr. Scovill came nearer to the first ten conditions, and also approximated more closely to the additional five, than any systematizer of shorthand in the world, in spite of the knighthood of Sir Isaac Pitman.

It has been a matter of surprise that reporters generally have not seized upon the many excellent qualities of this system: for it certainly fulfills the provinces of its title page. First:—"It is legible as the plainest writing." Second:—"It requires no teacher but the book." Third:—"After a short acquaintance with its stenography, his 'simplified system of verbatim reporting' can be written as rapidly as any other, with this advantage:—that it never loses its stenographic character, but can be read years after it has been written without much difficulty.

The book contains many testimonials from men "of known character and position," both in Canada and U. S., of which I shall only trouble the reader of this article with one from the Hon. W. E. Curtis, LL. D., Justice of Superior Court, New York. "I take great pleasure in recommending your system of shorthand reporting, as the simplest and most accurate in use. It should be taught in our leading schools, and known by all students." I do not know whether the book is still in print; if not, it should be. I have a copy of the twelfth American edition before me as I write, and I think the work deserves a greater attention to its merits than it has yet received. It can be acquired by anyone of ordinary intelligence in one month, by giving half an hour each day to its lessons, so far as the stenography is concerned; and, even this, as Mr. Scovill said in his first edition, is such a gain of speed as may be compared to a good roadster and a dray horse; while in a year's time of half an hour each day, the speed would have to be compared to a fast trotter and the dray horse.

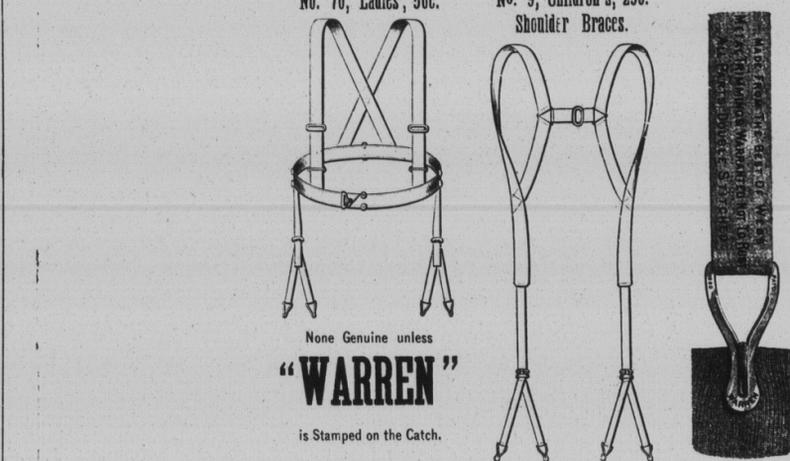
I have not and never had any pecuniary interest in this work of Mr. Scovill, but my own personal interest happened when he was bringing out a new and larger edition of his work, and I was an eye-witness for some time of his energy, patience and concentration. I was then a firm believer in his methods, and time has only confirmed my faith, for I have neither heard, seen or read any other system since that time which contains any better conditions of what ought to be an universal system of shorthand: one easily learned by any intelligent scholar of either sex, and which would save years of labor to the student in college, the clergyman in his study, and the lawyer at the bar;—and is adapted to every employment where writing is needed in the English tongue.

If I shall have increased the fee v.



THE BEST IN USE. Ask for them at the stores and be sure you get the "WARREN"

No. 50, Boys', 45c. No. 60, Girls', 45c. No. 70, Ladies', 50c. No. 7, Ladies', 30c. No. 8, Misses', 25c. No. 9, Children's, 25c. Shoulder Braces.



None Genuine unless "WARREN" is Stamped on the Catch. The WARREN FASTENER has a ROUNDED Rib around the part which holds the stocking, thus making it impossible to cut or injure the finest and most delicate fabric. The Trade supplied at lowest prices by

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those who already know its merits, or awakened the curiosity of the ignorant to an acquaintance of it, I shall rejoice in having had the privilege of rendering a tribute to one whom I loved and revered, and of pointing the way to a successful system that never fails its followers.

CURSOR.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!" How a Modern Captain Kidd Unexpectedly Heard the Familiar Words.

Colonel Aleck Smart, U. S. A., while not a great inventor, has a creative imagination which he has applied to the ordinary affairs of life with remunerative results. Colonel Smart conceived the idea of introducing the phonograph into a government fog-horn, by which ships many miles out at sea should be made to listen to official warnings.

Colonel Smart recently induced the United States to place an Edison phonograph in one of its largest steam horns located on the pier outside the lake-front at Chicago, in order to enable vessels more easily to make port through the smoke which floats out from the city.

The other day the good lumber-lugger Star, Captain Kidd, was feeling its way toward that port. Captain Kidd had previously made the harbor by the odor, color and density of the Chicago river water, which sweeps out into the lake for miles. He had not heard of Colonel Smart's adaptation of the phonograph. Having entered the great black cloud which hides the city, Captain Kidd was exerting his olfactory organs to strike the trail when a distant voice said in tones of thunder, "Keep off the grass!"

"Hard starboard the helm!" roared the captain. "They've sealed the Chicago river."

It Was Safe.

Clerk.—There has been a mistake made, and your package has gone to Milltown, New York, instead of Milltown, New Jersey. I will have it forwarded to the right place.

Disturbed Foreigner.—Perhaps some one has been and got it already. Clerk (patiently).—You know that no one but your brother could get it.

Foreigner.—But somebody of the same name might. Clerk.—What is your brother's name? Foreigner.—Vasilii Ozeretzkoffsky.

Lincoln as a Bartender. Abraham Lincoln once took out a license to sell liquor. The records of Sangamon county, Ill., show that he had his partner, who kept a public house, took out such a

license and maintained a bar for the use and convenience of their guests. A veteran Indiana editor says that he was present at one of the seven meetings which was held during the Lincoln and Douglas senatorial campaign, in 1858, and that on that occasion Lincoln publicly acknowledged that he had been an inn-keeper and all that implied. Douglas having made playful allusion to Lincoln's practice at the bar, the latter retorted that it was true, but that it applied with equal force to his distinguished opponent, "for while I have practiced behind the bar Douglas has practiced before it."

Calling up Another World.

He was one of a number of drummers sitting in the hotel office, and he stepped up to the telephone with the remark that he was going to spring a little joke on the girl at the central office. "Hello!" he called through the 'phone; "give me St. Peter, please." "Then he listened; and as he listened, his face took on a queer expression. After a minute he signaled that he was through with the wire, shrugged his shoulders and sat down.

"What did St. Peter say to you, Bob?" asked a friend. "She didn't give me St. Peter," said Bob; "she gave me the devil."

He Was Allowed to Come Down.

"Now, my dear," said the fond mother, as she put her little son to bed on the evening of the party, "be a good boy while mother goes downstairs to see the company. God and the angels will be with you." During the evening a call was heard from the upper room. The mother hastened to her child. "What is it, dear?" she anxiously exclaimed. "Mamma, don't you want to stay up here with God and the angels, and let me go downstairs just a little while?"

Labor Note.

Mrs. Mulvany (the eminent washer-lady).—"An' that did yez all do at the mornin', Denis?"

Mr. Mulvany (the well-known coal-heaver).—Yez will have to ask for an advance of seven cents on collars an' two cents on shirts, Mrs. Mulvany, for yer husband has gone out on a sympathetic strike."

A Division of Responsibility.

Her father.—"What, you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her. I can hardly do it myself." Suitor (blankly).—"C-c-can't we chip in together?"

Politics is the child of civilization, but oftentimes one would think it had no mother at all, so dirty gets its face.

MOTHERS.

Physicians will tell you that more than one-half the troubles of children are caused by worms; The following are the symptoms:

The countenance pale; eyes dull and pupil dilated; picking of the nose; occasional headache; with throbbing of the ears; slimy or purulent discharges from the mouth; breath generally in the morning; appetite changeable; belly swollen and hard; a gnawing or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the navel; the bowels constipated or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood; stools slimy; urine turbid; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; starting up out of sleep; breathing occasionally difficult; generally with hiccupus; temper changeable, but generally irritable.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist

DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS may be depended upon to effect A POSITIVE CURE. Sold by all Druggists. 25c a Box.

No One Who is Inclined to be Sick Should go Sea Without



Some people have the absurd idea that it is best to be sick, especially if one is inclined to Biliousness.

Note that there are two bottles in the package. One is to counteract any bilious tendency and the other to settle the stomach in case of any inclination to nausea.

For sale by Druggists. 25 cents a bottle, or mailed on receipt of price. PRESTON PELLET CO., LTD., St. John, N. B.



Sunday Reading.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

How Aunt Sibyl Preached the Young Man a Helpful sermon.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I'm mighty fo' handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese sanctified col'd folk who grab their liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

"Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she became her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk."

"Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gray turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, 'You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a respectable dé'ot of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckon! But for dese heff'wenty-five years, I've been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoof—I is one of de house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints! What kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's you never heard tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lord's got one on 'em at any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?" "Yes, sonny, dat is me!" "Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?" "Well, I mean dat I've been t'rough all de stories of my father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I've fairly on de very ruff—yes, de very ruff pole—and dere I sits and sings and sees heaven, like you never sees it t'rough de clouds down yere?"

"How did you get there, Auntie?" "How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta's thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; and yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?" "Sartin, sonny. Sta's don't get people up 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta's leading up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is? Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blacking o' your boots, he's de husband o' my bossom, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor down-cellar 'scap, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta's! I say to him, 'Sibyl, 'Brudder—'I's allus called my 'Brudder' since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?"

"O," says he, 'Sibyl, I see too unworthy; I don't deserve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'" "Phoo," says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter ole missus' death? Miss Alice was as poor as an unleathered chicken; but did she go down cellar rite among de pok barrels and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta's? Not she! She tuk her place at de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacy and jewelry massa give her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin' 'I's no more de poor gov'ness, 'I's de Col'n's 'loved wife, and I stan' for de mother of his chil';' as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and sittin' down cellar 'mong de pok barrels!"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so far it haint fetched him up! De deluded creature thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelin' like I! It's unworthy of a blood bought soul for to stick in de cold dark cellar, when he might live in delight and warmth, up on de house-top?" "That's de way, Sibyl; but few of us reach de house-top!" said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den?" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and he sta's is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien,' come up higher! He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothin'.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de creetur's in de cellar, an' parlor, an' chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, Auntie?" asked the young man. "Parlor Christians, honey? Why dem is de ones dat gets bar'v out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creature dey was down here! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de world's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show. Our old massa, see used to train 'mong her col'd folks, wuss den King Fazio did 'mong de 'Cyprians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come 'long, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out."

"I do think massa got to heaven, wid all her 'ligion; but she didn't get very high till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one day de night, 'Oh, Sibyl, says she—she tight on to my han'—'Oh, Sibyl, if you could only go long o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd hope o' gettin' through de shinin' gate, 'your clothes, and your face, and your hands, shine like silver, Sibyl!' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine—I it all come 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere it keeps more o' it; to shine on you and de poor massa; dere dat will come near enough to stob de rays!"

"Oh," says she, 'Sibyl, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God! and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says: "Good manners are made up of pretty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices one for another."

"But now, oh, Sibyl, I'd like to touch the hem o' your garment, and wipe the dust off your shoes, if I could only catch a glimpse o' Christ."

"Do you believe dat you's a sinner, massa?" says I. "Yes, de chief of sinners," says she, with a groan. "Do you believe dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out his plan?" says I. "Yes," says she. "Well, den," says I, 'if you's sinner enough, and Christ is Saviour enough, what's to hinder your being saved? If you quit looking at yourself, and look to Him."

"De she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; an' her face lit up like dat yar hour till she went up. She died a-singin'—

"In my han' no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling."

"But she thought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de humiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things, but dey ain't made for folks to spend their whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, Auntie?" asked the young man. "Chamber-saints is dem dat's escaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de home-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is wantin' o' rest. Dey say, 'Well we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clear up to glory. And sometimes dey forget dat dey's only half-way up, and dey's dey's come off conquerors a-ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid der hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhere now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoozes der soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get any help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is de sort o' half-way house, made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roosting place. You trow Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No." "What, never heard tell o' John Bunyan?" "Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston, as dat! Well you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and lost his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de world.' Dey fall asleep and lose deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all de time, Auntie?" asked the young learner. "I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a continual watch, I keep de head ob de old serpent mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I have such power given me to stomp on him, dat I can hear his bones crack—mosty I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he most gin me up for los'."

"Now Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"'Keep o' ways,' she replied. 'Some-times I get up in de mornin', and I see work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my nerves is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibyl, dat ar' work is got to be done! You's sick and tired already! Your los' a mighty hard one, sister Sibyl—Satan often has de impudence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Clepatry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat dere pile o' shirts ironed and tucked in de kitchen, and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter.' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'm weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in de word o' Scrip'ter, 'Clar out and get behind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile of shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes basket; and says to 'em, 'You lay down dar till tomorrow, will you! I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hymn to cheer up my spirit, if I like. And den Satan drops his tail, and sinks off, most general; and I goes 'bout my work singin'—"

"My Master bruise de serpent's head, And bind him wid a chain; Come, brudder, holdin' shoot, Wid all yer might and main! Hallelulah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the stranger. "No, bless you, honey; sometime, he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn, and in times gone, I used to get low in liquor, and my hope tailed, and I den was such a fool I thought Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weapons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him. I loves, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bear 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help him up de hill wid de load o' poor, bruised, and wounded, and sick sinners He's got on his hands, and His heart to get up to glory! But, ha, honey, how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one of my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gives Satan 'vantage over him. Come up to my place some day and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

"Pretty good sermon."

"The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever the familiarity exists there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says: "Good manners are made up of pretty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices one for another."

"NOW THAT THERE IS WAR." And Rumors of War, Dr. Talmage, Like Oracles, Calls for Peace.

Most wars do not pay. A poor way to make up for the destroyed lives of five or six men would be to kill 5,000 men. A poor way to pay for a few thousand damages would be to destroy property worth millions of dollars. What cannot be settled by pen cannot be settled by sword. It is so long now since the Christmas star twinkled through the Bethlehem sky that the world is becoming opposed to bloodshed. Men die too fast by grip, by consumption, by pneumonia, by typhoid and aneurysm, by boiler explosions, to make any wholesale murder by battle desirable. Arbitration has already done the work which in earlier days would have been tempted by cannonade. The fishery dispute between Canada and the United States and the Behring sea difference, if they had occurred seventy years ago, would have put our fathers in the sea with loaded musket and English men-of-war would have met American men-of-war on the high seas and their decks would have been slippery with the blood.

War is a relic of barbarism, and civilization will yet have no more to do with it than with thumb screws and iron boots of torture and martyrs' stakes. The time is coming—if not in your day and mine, then in the days afterward—when wandering in the land of antiquities a child shall take hold of a sword and say, "Father, what was that for?" and the answer will be, "My child, that is what was called a sword in the barbaric ages." "What did they do with it?" the child will ask. "Cut people's heads off and thrust their bodies through and through," will answer the father. "Is it possible?" will ask the child. "What are those round pieces of iron?" "Bullets," will answer the father. "What were they for?" "Well, those were shot out of guns to break human jaws and put out human eyes and make people go limping through life, while others were tumbled into graves, and the land was filled with widows and orphans." "Then the child will ask, "Were there any good people in those days?" "Oh, yes," will say the father. "Well, why didn't they stop it?" Then the father will say: "Oh, they couldn't stop it."

We are coming near the close of this nineteenth century. No doubt it has been the most enlightened and the most kindly of all the centuries, but what a record of bloodshed and financial expenditure! In two score years over \$12,000,000,000 spent in war, and 1,743,000 men killed in battle. And still we are building forts, and still Russia and Germany and England and France and Italy and the United States are talking about putting things on a war footing. How long, oh, Lord, how long? May the God of peace take possession of all nations. Let us talk peace and write peace and sing peace and pray peace until the last quarrel in all the earth shall be buried and the question how to save life instead of how to destroy it, how to bless instead of how to curse, shall employ all the ingenuity of the nations. Do you not really think that it is time the cavalry horse stopped eating out of the manger in which Christ was born?

"THE HAPPIEST TIME OF LIFE." We Should Strive to Make All Our Lives as Happy as Childhood.

"That childhood is the happiest time in life" is a hackneyed phrase, but it is true. There may be a difference of opinion, but I think, while childhood ought to be happy and care free, that life ought to grow richer and better with every added year. A woman whom I know well has endured a great deal in her thirty years of life, but she is happy and sees the bright side of life. As a child she had no real home, being left an orphan and obliged to take upon herself a woman's work long before her time. Her battle with the world was so hard, that twenty years of age found her sick and a helpless invalid. After seven years of physical and mental suffering, she was able to take up her work in the world again, but life's hard lessons had not made her either a pessimist or a cynic.

She says, "The idea that childhood is the happiest time in life is absurd. The child ought to be happy, and the human being ought to be happy all the way along." If we could all live up to this, what a pleasant place this old world of ours would be! There is a sort of Spartan doctrine held by some parents, that what is generally termed "petting" will unfit their children for a struggle with the world, should that struggle come. The idea of withholding loving words and appreciation from a child, to make it better able to cope with the hard world, is a good deal on the principle of withholding food that when the famine comes the privations will be less felt.

Life, for the true man or woman, grows richer and brighter every day, and the wealth of happiness is within reach of all. Especially this is true of mother, the choicest joys of life are hers. She has her treasures, whatever losses there may be in the mercantile life, whatever fail there may be in real estate or however the money market may stand.

If life does not grow better for us as we grow older, is it not our own fault? There are riches which are possible for every one, but we cannot gain them by searching for other people's faults or by treasuring our own troubles. Love is the best wealth that earth or heaven holds.

Life grows rich as it grows old. And life's latest gains are its gains of gold. A New Remarkable Word.

A remarkable utterance by the famous ethical teacher, Felix Adler, is quoted by the Congregationalist. He is reported as saying: "I am, as you know, a Jew. For more than eighteen centuries my race has been shut out from its own. Even the name of Jesus was not mentioned among us. After these eighteen centuries I and others like myself, emerging from this isolation, come face to face with one who was ours, of whom, strangely enough, we have been bereaved, of whose deep influence we have not felt the benefits. I hardly know whether you who have been nurtured under Christian influences, who have breathed the

atmosphere of Jesus' thought since your childhood, can put yourself entirely into the place of one who comes to him as a new-comer, and is amazed and rept at what he finds."

Gospel Work in Italy. Since Rev. Edward Clarke began his school work among the children of Italy, great good has been accomplished. A clergyman who has been helping in the school writes that the progress of his work has been almost remarkable. To-day, as they looked from Turin and the east of Venice and the Alps, they would see some thirty stations. Sabbath after Sabbath, God's word is preached, and where services are also held on the week day. They would see eight Sunday schools and also nineteen day schools at work during the week. If they looked at these schools they could see them attended by seven hundred children coming from Roman Catholic homes every day, a fact which certainly would not be without its important influence in the future of the Italian people. Gradually multiplying workers and sending them on from village to village. Some years ago there had been a terrible visitation of cholera: it was sad and sudden and yet good had come of it. Roman Catholic priests went everywhere visiting, and the workers of the Mission had been graciously multiplying workers and sending them on from village to village. Some years ago there had been a terrible visitation of cholera: it was sad and sudden and yet good had come of it. Roman Catholic priests went everywhere visiting, and the workers of the Mission had been graciously multiplying workers and sending them on from village to village. Some years ago there had been a terrible visitation of cholera: it was sad and sudden and yet good had come of it. Roman Catholic priests went everywhere visiting, and the workers of the Mission had been graciously multiplying workers and sending them on from village to village.

The Old Man's Blessing. A clerk and his country fatherly entered a restaurant one evening lately, and took seats at a table, at which sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old gentleman bowed, and was about to say grace, when a waiter hurried up, crying out: "Beaststeak, codfish balls and sausages."

Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low nervous tone: "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants."

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God, wherever I am," said the old man. For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beaststeak and bowed his head, and the reporter put back his fish-ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who didn't feel the short and simple prayer that didn't respect for the old farmer in this showing faithfulness to his religious belief.

Messages of Help for the Week. "I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple."—Psalm 5: 7. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."—Psalm 19: 12. "Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. 30: 8. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."—Isaiah 1: 19. "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."—John 3: 14. "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."—Luke 8: 11. "Where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth."—Prov. 26: 20.

Blasts from "The Ram's Horn." All heaven listens when we send up a heartfelt prayer for an enemy's good. The devil never asks anybody to go very far away from home with him the first time. When people get to quarrelling about their creeds, the devil stops being anxious about their deeds. An empty cradle is a convincing argument for a future life. A dead babe brings a father very near to heaven.

"For Years," Says CARIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton-weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to breathe. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective.

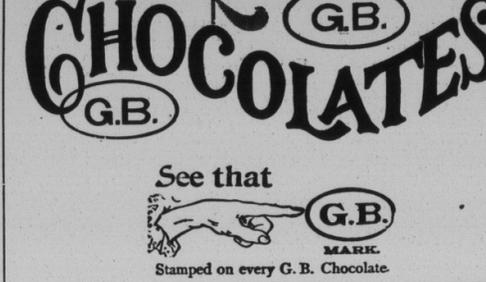
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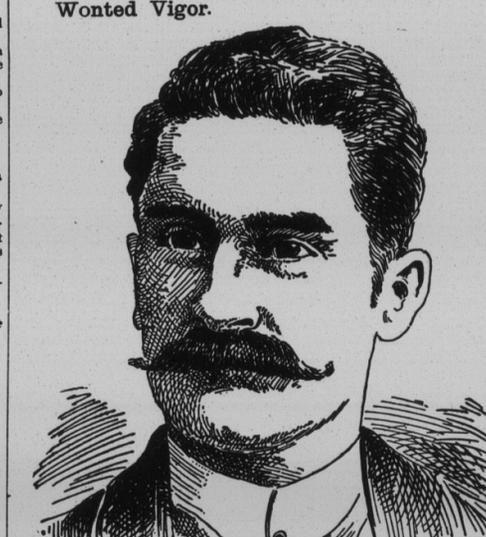
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"Flowers that bloom in the Spring" have not a sweeter perfume than BABY'S OWN SOAP. Made out of the finest Castile Soap, and delicately perfumed, it leaves the skin soft, white and with a deliciously "fresh" feeling. Your Grocer or Druggist may try to sell you some other kind on which he makes more profit, but insist on getting BABY'S OWN. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

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Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest until "Nature's Sweet Restorer," South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Wearied and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wonted Vigor.



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For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power. Mr Adolphe LaBodie, B.C.L., J.P., etc., has for seventeen years been actively engaged in the legal profession, living as the duties of intellectual men of this fast age demand, beyond the reserve limit of natural nerve force, requiring more of the nerve centres at the base of the brain than they can possibly fulfil, which always results in nervous prostration, dyspepsia, hot flashes, insomnia, constipation, and attendant evils.

Mr. LaBodie spared neither time nor money to obtain relief, went to Europe for special treatment, all to no purpose. His attention being directed to South American Nervine Tonic, he concluded to try it. Result—immediate relief from insomnia, and a perfect and permanent cure from all other disorders, with but five bottles of the Nervine.

There is reason in all things: business reasons in business, truthful reasons in truth. Mr. LaBodie's statement herewith is the truthful reason why, if South American Nervine Tonic cured him, it will cure you. It is the nerve builder for brain workers. Brain and stomach cannot both work at the same time with healthful and happy issues. One must suffer. Intense intellectual activity produces indigestion because the brain is consuming all the nerve power. South American Nervine Tonic holds nature to a happy pace, and life and its duties swing to fruitful success. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37, Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. H. Coupe, 575 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 28 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

ROGERS' LONDON HOME. THE BANKER-POET AS VIRTUOSO AND MAN OF TASTE.

His Beautiful House in St. James' Place, Where Nothing Could be Wanted to the Guests he Loved to Entertain—The Poems of His Declining Days.

Upon the death of his father, in 1793, the poet took lodgings in London, and left the family estate to his younger brother, Henry, and his sisters. Two were already gone, before their father—an infant sister, and his brother Thomas, associated with him in the bank. So intimate were they, and of such kindred nature, that his loss made a great blank in the poet's life, as may be inferred from these lines in "The Pleasures of Memory."

"Oh! thou! with whom my heart was wont to share From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care; With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know The humble walks of happiness below; If thy blest nature now unites above An angel's pity with a brother's love, Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control, Correct my views and elevate my soul, Grant me thy peace and purity of mind, Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned."

In a few isolate lines we have depicted his vigils by the bed-side of his father, while midnight passes, and at length "morning through the shutter streams."

His city chambers were in Paper Buildings, the Temple; and here he continued till the year 1800, when he sold them, and for a few years lived in hired rooms. Rogers belongs in the list of bachelor-poets, and with such elect spirits, so fitted to "make a happy fireside cline" who never knew the tender connubial tie. Of these, also, were Montgomery, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Thompson, Lamb, Halleck, Irving, Swinburne and others. In his later life Rogers "regretted that he had not married and taken on himself the duties of a husband and a father."

He would quote Goldsmith's description of the Vicar of Wakefield, who united in himself the three greatest characters in the world; he was a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family.

subsequent history must have been different from what by his continued city residence it became. Disappointed in obtaining the object of his choice, he seems to have made no further search, but "contented himself with building his house on paper."

From his "Epistle to a Friend," we must learn what the poet would have liked: "Still must I partial pencil love to dwell On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell; Before my shut-door, there by glimpses seen; And the brown pathway, that with careless flow leads and is lost among the trees below."

But it remained for him to decorate more sumptuously than he had imagined. The real masterpiece of many hands were to adorn his walls. His intercourse with his brother-in-law, Sutton Sharpe, had quickened his love of the fine arts, and directed his poetic taste to the study of the plastic and pictorial. Accordingly, when he built his house in St. James' place, Westminster, he employed not only the architect but the artist; and for over half a century made it the repository of the art treasures he collected, as well as the famed resort of artists and literary men.

"Amid the buzz of crowd, the whirl of wheels," unique, in its way, as Westminster Abbey. The house is plain without, and its front overlooks the green park, and its front a gateway into it. Large bow windows give pleasant glimpses of turf and trees in the sunset. Flaxman laid himself out upon the mantel-piece, and the ornamental ceiling. The very cabinets and sideboard were made picturesque and beautiful by the hand of the artist. The pencil and brush of Stothard had illuminated his closet of antiquities, while in the dining room Chantry had exhibited his skill in carving articles of furniture, modelled upon Greek patterns, which were bestowed in the various apartments. A Panathenian possession made classic the fire-room; the pencil-case, taken from the Elgin marbles. With economical expenditure of his liberal income he purchased and bestowed here a richer treasury of painting, sculpture and bric-a-brac, than others had been able to procure for a similar sum. A collection of choice when sold, after his decease, brought to his estate the sum of 50,000 l.—the sale continuing twenty-two days. Here were coins, vases, portfolios of drawings and engravings, manuscripts, and rare volumes, arranged in the most careful and systematic way. Here were the masterpieces of the most celebrated painters; child-faces, like the Strawberry-Girl of Reynolds, "with her hands simply folded, a basket under her arm, standing in her white frock, looking full at the spectator with her fine large eyes;" masterpieces of English painters, of Gainsborough, of Wilson; fresco paintings of Giotto; Raphael's Madonna and altar-paintings; the richness and depth of color in Sacchi, Titian, and Rubens; the exquisite gem, wherein Corraire has pictured the lonely shepherd playing his pipe amid his sheep in the peaceful, soft-lighted evening; landscape of Poussin; a sketch of Titoretto, and Bassano's "Rich Man and Lazarus" aglow with color; Raphael's "Entombment;" Durer's "Weeping Child," and many others, not one of which but had genuineness and value; all so placed as never to seem crowded or ill displayed. The visitor here had much to engage him, whether for ear or eye. Nothing could be wanting to the guest that the banker-poet delighted to entertain.

PASTOR FELIX. What was in Little Clarence's Mind. Little Clarence—"Pa!" Mr. Callipers—"That will do, my son, I do not know how much of a snake is body and how much is tail, nor why Wednesday does not come on Saturday, nor anything of the kind. You will save us both considerable trouble if you go to bed right away."

A Remarkable Old Man. Baggs—I have just been reading a remarkable story of old age. Amos Johnson was 100 years old last week, and— Jaggs—Oh, yes, I know; he can walk five miles before breakfast and read the finest print without glasses.

Rare and Curious Gems. The rarest and costliest gems, though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pigeon's blood rubies; fine opals and diamonds that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of enormous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden green was valued, uncut, at eighteen hundred dollars.

Mrs Weeds (in a bookstore)—Have you "Baxter's Saints' Rest?" Clerklets (who used to work in a drug store)—No-o, I'm afraid not; but we have something just as good that we put up ourselves. The young man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" The young woman (wiping away a tear)—He doesn't see anything in you, Algeron; that's why he objects.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend. (From the Smith's Falls Record.)

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into a decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a Pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood purifier and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., the pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry, excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Fine Manners of the French. The children of the nobles of France as soon as they could form words were taught to speak with wit and tact and courtesy, and to bear pain in silence. The little Duc d'Angoulême, when he was three years old, when the old servant Sanbrun entered his presence unexpectedly, said, touching the book in his hand: "Ah, monsieur, I am in the company of Plutarch's men. You could not come at a moment more appropriate. The little Duc d'Angoulême, beheaded in his tenth year, stood erect and calm in the cart until he reached the guillotine. The headman lifted his long curls. "Merci, monsieur," said the boy with a bow and smile. The next moment his head rolled in the dust.

Fine manners took the place in Paris of virtue, good sense and religion. The man or woman, Taine tells us, who showed any signs of pretension or self conceit was not received at court. Profound deference was shown to women and to the aged. Well-bred men heard of their own ruin with a bon-mot, and went out to fight each other to the death with such grace and courtesy that the duel seemed a sacrament of friendship. But under all this training or exquisite manners they were voluptuous and cruel.

How to Start a Bank. Just now with money scarce, dull times, and generally little doing, perhaps some of my readers would like to start a bank. I feel like a little bit of speculation myself, but I am no hog, and am willing some other fellows should have a show at a good thing. Here is the story of how some Western banks have been started, as supplied to me by "One Who Has Been There":—"A cork broker or a pork broker, feeling out for an extension of business puts a few dollars into a bank and is given credit in another bank whose owner nominally puts up a like amount. This process is repeated, and a thousand dollars are made out of forty as bank capital in a dozen counties. Indianapolis was disgraced for a generation by its wildcat banking methods, and was only beginning to get over it when the cork-pork brokerage system was introduced. The first financial flurry of course brought these banks down, but they came back again, and took care to clear out the time, and cleared out, too, very much ahead."

The rare and costliest gems, though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pigeon's blood rubies; fine opals and diamonds that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of enormous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden green was valued, uncut, at eighteen hundred dollars. A families' green pearl is very rare. A curious stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set very like a fine topaz or amethyst in large showy rings surrounded by diamonds.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the stomach and purify the blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of the thousands who use them—once fill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 2 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

By the light of day the Alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine lustre, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone, deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the flashlight, one ignorant of its vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

"I want you to publish these poems in book-form," said a seely looking man to a New York publisher. "Publishers—I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name." "Poet—That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith"

"That's a delightful little morceau Miss Edgerly is singing." "Yes, but—" "But?" "Yes, I wish it were a little less so, as it were."

Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Cures COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN AND ADULTS. Price 35cts. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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CHASE'S BACKACHE PURIFY ONE CENT YOUR BLOOD BACKACHE

KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS THE CURE FOR 25 CENTS A BOX KIDNEY DISEASE BACKACHE

WOMAN'S NEED Women suffer unpeppable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution. One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes. For purifying the blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDWARDS, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

The Improved "RIDER" Compression Hot-Air Pumping Engine. These Engines are Used for Pumping Water for a Great Variety of Purposes. FOR CITY HOUSES, where the water from the mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the cellar and the tank on the roof; the water is pumped directly from the mains up to the tank. This arrangement furnishes running water on every floor of the highest houses. FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCES they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view alone, and the luxury of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection in case of fire.

Advantages. J. S. CURRIE, - 41 Dock St. THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter, This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks--71 in all. Easy to understand--learned in 5 minutes. Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds--most portable. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room. Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Writing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike--easily mastered. Corrections and Insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am afraid the foundation skirt, that bugbear of four or five years ago, is with us again, or soon will be, in all its old-time ugliness and inconvenience. It is utterly impossible to have a long overskirt without some sort of foundation to attach

trim, sensible, tailor-made skirt which was all it pretended to be and had nothing to conceal, was ever deposed. However, I suppose it is useless to lament over a departing fashion however pretty it may have been; no doubt we should have grown



NOVELTIES IN SUMMER ATTIRE.

The figure on the right shows a novel arrangement of soutache braid on a plain blouse, giving a slender effect. The center figure shows a printed mohair gown with cape, sleeves and ruche of lace. The figure seated on the left shows a polka dot taffeta with novel bertha collar. The figure at the rear on the left shows the back of the cape of the same costume.

it to, because even if we could all afford to be so reckless of material as to make the underskirt of the same fabric as the drapery it would be much too heavy for comfort, except in the very lightest materials; therefore the underskirt is a necessary evil, but such an unpleasant one! For one thing you never can succeed in holding up both skirts together when you wish to keep your new gown clear of the muddy sidewalk; you grasp your skirts with a firmness which strains your glove and makes your hand ache, fondly believing that you have them both, but after awhile a suspicious scraping on the sidewalk and a disagreeable banging on your well-polished heels tells the sad tale that you are merely crumpling your upper skirt to no purpose while letting the important part of your costume drag in the mud, and incidentally exposing the fact that it is composed of silesia, in a shade which does not quite match your dress, and faced for a short distance above the hem

tired of it in time, and at any rate if we only live long enough, it is certain to reappear in time. Fortunately the tailor costumier, which by the way is not dead yet, has left its impress on the fashions to such an extent that its influence will be felt for many a day yet in the studied plainness of the fashionable woman's street costume, and the trimness and neatness of all her belongings. For street wear this summer, the most inconspicuous colors are chosen by woman of good taste. Even the pretty black chilies of last season with its bright flowers and garniture of lace, which was so pretty and summer-like, seems to have retired from its former place, and instead one sees plain costumes of taupe, gray and brown shades, some of which look almost too heavy for the broiling days of July and August, made with the inevitable coat and skirt and lightened by the cool silk or lawn blouse; or else the duck suit with starched



COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

The figure on the right shows a tartan plaid frock, accented plaited, with belt and sleeves of blue silk, and a lace gimp. At the extreme left is a white serge gown trimmed with lace and insertion. The left center gown is of dark blue serge with white hercules braid. The gimp is of serge with very wide white braid nearly covering it. The coat is of white braid. The right center figure is a skirt suit for a small boy, of light and dark blue serge, with knickerbockers of the light.

with a "deceptive strip of material which is the only part of it meant to show. Oh, I know all about the foundation skirt and its vagaries, for haven't I suffered at its hands just as all the rest of our sex have? And I cannot understand why the

collar and shirt and stiff cuffs, which is not half as cool as it looks. A very pretty variation from the shirt waist which is getting almost too universal, is a short open coat of some fancy silk, either flowered, pompadour, moire or bro-

cade, opening over a vest, literally trimmed with lace, in jabot fashion. They are worn with a black skirt, and are very pretty for theatre or evening wear. Speaking of vests—the fondness for yokes, and yoke effects, is so great this season, that the yoke is even seen on vests of dresses, it is placed at the top in a point and has a very pretty effect especially where the yoke is of some contrasting color to the vest, as in the case of a grey llama stripe with pink and white, in which the vest was of white chiffon with tiny yoke of pink moire.

The pretty and durable mohair and alpaca which have been out of style so long, are once more in favor, and made up in stylish costumes for visiting, plain dresses, for travelling, boating and outing generally. One charming dress was made of fine lustrous gray alpaca, and was made with a cotton coat, quite short and opening over a vest of pale blue chiffon. The revers of the coat were faced with white moire silk and extended into a turned over collar; the sleeves were full leg of mutton and trimmed with milliner's folds of the alpaca; the entire coat was lined with white satin, and the plain gored skirt was trimmed



THE LATEST IN HATS.

The hat on the left is of foundation covered with point de gene lace. The crown is of bunched ribbon. The hat at the right is of white fancy straw with iridescent wire gauze ribbon and a bunch of wheat ears. The bonnet in the center is of porcupine straw, trimmed with enormous bows of ribbon, and a deep fall of lace in front. The lower left figure shows the arrangement of the trimming in the back. This is the Marie Louise bonnet, and one of the styles expected to be most prominent next fall and winter.

with folds of the alpaca to match the sleeves. Such a dress was suitable for almost any occasion, ladylike, unassuming, and in thoroughly good style.

Another charming gown for a young girl was of pure white mohair, and suitable for an evening dress; it was made with an accordion pleated skirt, and bodice, and was entirely without trimming, except for a quaint decoration of yellow ribbon which was worn with it; this garniture consisted of collar and belt each having a bow in front, and two rosettes at the back. Starting from shoulder knots, were braces, of the ribbon, which met the belt at back and front, with four long ends hanging from thence almost to the foot of the skirt. Instead of being finished with a bow, or a rosette, the ends were merely cut in forks, to add to the lightness of the costume. Eleven yards of ribbon were required for this novel trimming.

Entire dresses of embroidered muslin are much worn at afternoon teas, and garden parties, as well as muslins in the different shades of ecru, and buff, from palest cream, to the yellow shade known as butter color, which is much prettier than its sounds. A lovely summer dress of blue and white

at the top with a tiny line of black moire. The bodice is of the muslin with a vest of white Valenciennes lace over blue chiffon, a folded collar of the chiffon, and a sash of black chiffon. With this dress was worn a large black lace hat, trimmed with blue corvolulus and bows of blue moire ribbon.

Feather boas are worn again, this time in black and white, and pure white for evening wear. I cannot say I ever admired the feather boa even in its palmy days, but every one to his taste. ASTRA.

### The Inconsistency of Women.

A certain city man was talking at the dinner table, in his usual clever manner, about the inconsistency of women. "These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry," he broke out—"everybody knows that they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity!" He paused, and evidently hoped that his wife would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman held her tongue. "Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself! I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive." "Well, I didn't," said his wife.

Mrs. Hicks—"Are you sure that you married me for myself alone?" Hicks—"Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine."

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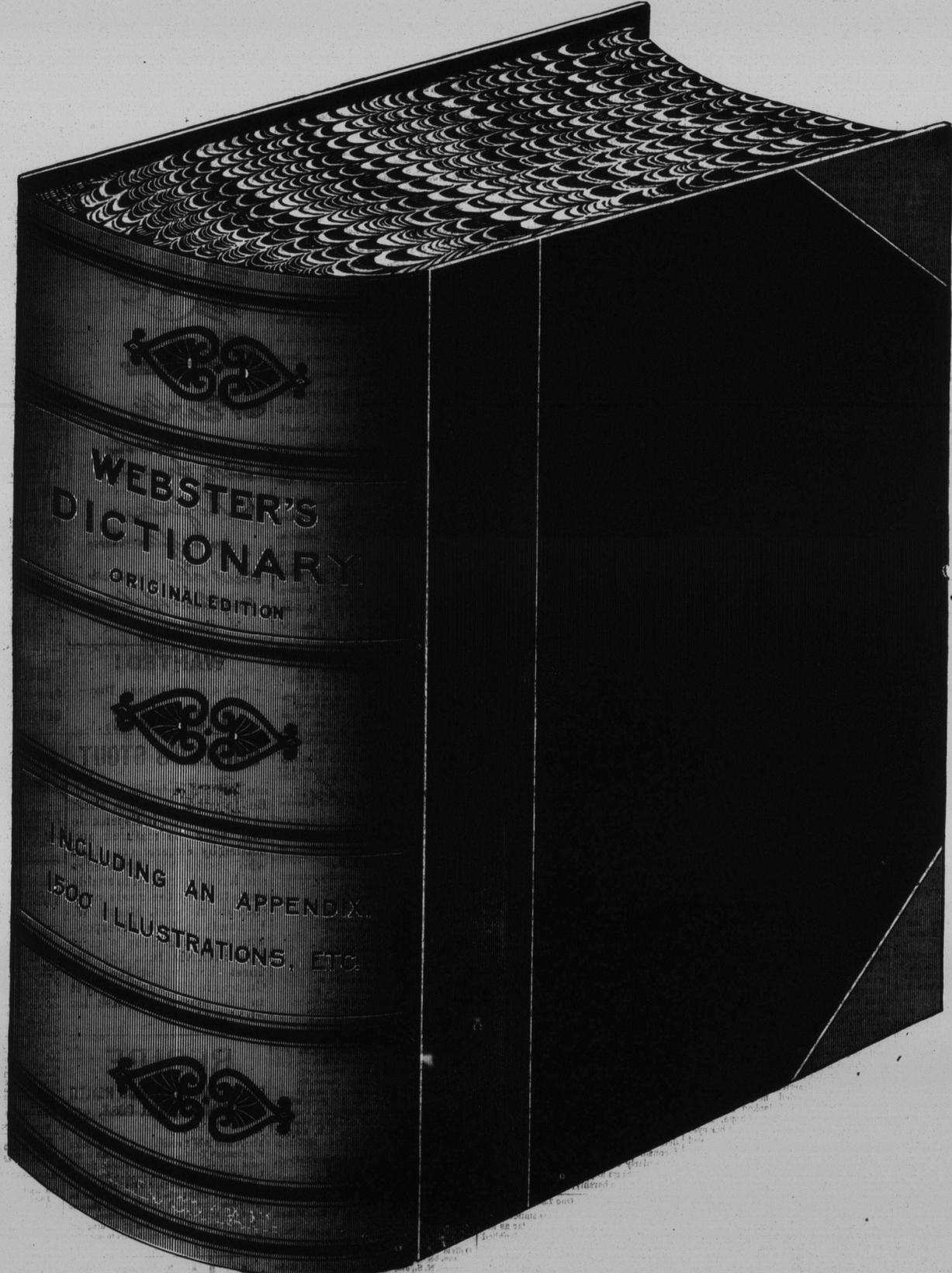


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THE THREE CIGARETTES.

"Well, Reggie, I must be off," said Major Oldham, rising from the breakfast table and addressing his nephew...

When his uncle had gone, Reggie finished breakfast at his ease, and then went, key in hand, to search for a cigarette...

"Just like my luck!" he growled. "And those Bond street wretches have not yet sent me the box of Egyptians which I ordered..."

He applied the key to some of the lower drawers, which he drew out and overturned, in search of what he wanted...

But the tobacco was there, and Reggie, the principal matter, he looked at the cigarettes in his mouth and lit it...

The tobacco pleased him. It was old, but good. It possessed a peculiar aromatic flavor, which in a short time grew more pleasant to the palate...

Major Oldham's Highland shooting-box stood in a beautiful valley amid the moors. Reggie was the old soldier's favourite nephew...

After more than a week, during which time he had experienced the average difficulty in avoiding Bedouins and in obtaining proper food and shelter in one Arab village and another...

The major was a man of peculiar temperament, but on the whole, goodnatured. Perhaps his worst fault was a tendency to fly into extremes whenever anything aroused him...

The major returned home just in time to dress for dinner. There being no other guests in the house, the uncle and nephew were alone...

They settled themselves in arm-chairs on either side of the fireplace, and so, under the most favourable conditions for storytelling, the one proceeded to relate and the other to listen...

"You promised the other day to tell me a story of your adventures in Morocco; but something has always happened to prevent you from giving me the treat...

Major Oldham took a long puff at his cigar, and poured forth the smoke meditatively from his lips...

"They settled themselves in arm-chairs on either side of the fireplace, and so, under the most favourable conditions for storytelling, the one proceeded to relate and the other to listen..."

When it was a young man—just about your age, Reggie—I was possessed of an overwhelming passion for adventure...

"No two men alive, however, could have differed more completely than we did, in one respect. Dicky cared not a button for a petticoat would have made me go through fire and water..."

"The rest may be told in Reggie's own words..."

"My uncle ceased speaking. For a minute he buried his face in his hands. When he rose his eyes were wet, and his lips pressed hard together..."

"I forgot to say," he remarked, "that as I laid her down on the floor of the mud hut a little packet containing three cigarettes dropped from the folds of her dress..."

"Presently he came to himself and poured out another glass of wine..."

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sufficiently large sum of money as a reward for faithfulness. We accordingly presented ourselves, with our credentials, to the wicked abductor of Zara, the merchant's daughter...

The sheik received us cordially enough, little suspecting the object of our visit. Though our conduct was not particularly straightforward, we considered ourselves justified by the exigencies of the case...

Mommi soon saw his way to communicating with the captive Zara. The go-between was an old hag who acted as companion and guardian to Zara, and to whom Mommi falsely and shamelessly made love...

Suffice it to say, we succeeded beyond our expectations. With the old woman's assistance the brave girl let herself down by a rope from a window. In a moment more I held her in my arms as she sat before me on the saddle, and the fleetest horse in all Morocco shot away with us toward the north...

Before the dawn arrived, and the wicked old sheik discovered his loss, we were a good thirty miles away and safe from pursuit, in the hills...

How shall I describe the mad ecstasy of falling in love under such romantic conditions? Zara was young, beautiful and sweet-tempered; she loved me in return. How could she do otherwise than show her gratitude to her deliverer? Never was such happiness as ours!

All went merry as a marriage bell, as I thought. But Mommi would always be calling on us to spur forward; while Dicky Blount would shake his head again and again, and declare that we were not yet 'out of the woods'...

The long, tedious and hurried journey began to tell at last upon little Zara. True, she never uttered a word of complaint; but I could feel that her soft arms hung more heavily around my neck, and that her courage was gradually giving way under the strain...

After more than a week, during which time we had experienced the average difficulty in avoiding Bedouins and in obtaining proper food and shelter in one Arab village and another, we approached the districts bordering on the coast and felt that in a few hours we should be safe from the wandering tribes, who were the only enemies from whom serious danger need be feared...

Alas, we began to congratulate ourselves too soon! One evening, as we ascended by a magnificent gorge in the mountains, beyond which we could feel sure of safety, we found ourselves confronted by a small troop of mounted Arabs...

Our first thought, that of prudence, was to retire with as little loss of dignity as possible. But to our dismay, we found that another and a larger company of threatening enemies had followed us and cut off our rear. Mommi declared at once that they meant mischief, and observed that, unlike the troop in front of us, the Arabs in the rear carried muskets...

As usual it was Dicky Blount's business to get us out of this dilemma. He decided instantly. Calling me to place Zara behind me on the saddle (both for her safety and to enable me to use my weapons if necessary), he called on Mommi to charge and force the enemy in front to take to their heels. Luckily for us, Mommi valued our prospective gratitude higher than his countrymen's personal vengeance, and he charged like a hero...

A short and desperate contest was the result. Fortunately we carried fire-arms, while the handful of ruffians before us depended upon their steel alone...

The victory was in our favor. Two or three well aimed shots disabled some of the Bedouin troop, and we dashed through the remainder at full gallop...

At this moment the Bedouins in the rear, seeing that we were better mounted than they, and that they had not the least chance of overtaking us, discharged their musket at our retreating figures. A low cry from Zara seemed to tell me of the fear she felt of the bullets that whistled by, I passed my arm gently around her and lifted her in front of me...

We were soon out of danger. Another mile down the slope of the mountains brought us to the open plain beyond. And here Dick and Mommi, who were in advance, drew rein to see how we fared...

A cry from the former warned me, for the first time, that something was wrong with Zara. Her long white veil, which fell over her shoulders, was stained with blood. A horrible dread grew upon me that all our efforts had been vain...

Coming to a deserted mud hut, we dismounted and carried her within. She laid her down, and I looked in despair into her face for some sign of hope. There was none. Once only she opened her eyes and smiled at me. Once only she moved her lips and spoke my name, adding "Beloved!" in Arabic...

She never spoke again. In the dim twilight evening the beautiful black eyes closed forever, and the gentle heart ceased to beat. As for me, I felt stunned...

Dick Blount and Mommi watched all night in fear of a surprise. However, no one disturbed us. Zara lay pale and beautiful—as if asleep!

In the grey light of morning we dug a grave in the sand and laid her in it. Only a little pile of stones marked where the poor child was buried...

The rest may be told in Reggie's own words...

"My uncle ceased speaking. For a minute he buried his face in his hands. When he rose his eyes were wet, and his lips pressed hard together. I could say nothing..."

"Presently he came to himself and poured out another glass of wine..."

"I forgot to say," he remarked, "that as I laid her down on the floor of the mud hut a little packet containing three cigarettes dropped from the folds of her dress..."

"Presently he came to himself and poured out another glass of wine..."

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"Presently he came to himself and poured out another glass of wine..."

them to you to-morrow. They are in a drawer of my desk—Good Heavens, I feel the matter is serious. Something was wrong with me, he characterizedly forgot his own sad thoughts...

I told him what the reader has already guessed. In my ignorance, that morning, I had taken the three cigarettes—and they were now in ashes. I could have shot myself. It seemed horrible to have to give him such pain. The words of regret poured from my lips...

My uncle raised his hand and stopped me. I could see that he ruthlessly thrust his own sensitiveness into the background. For some minutes he seemed buried in profound thought. The glitter that first came into his eyes faded into a sallow look of sympathy with my distress...

"Well, well," he said, "all things come to an end. I shall soon be gone myself, and Zara will none the less live in my memory. It was so like him. He had forgiven me..."

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM. How Her Admirer Regained the Affection of Girl Number Two.

That all is fair in love and war was recently exemplified in the case of an uptown young man who had a falling out with his best girl, all on account of another fair charmer...

Girl No. 1 heard of the existence of girl No. 2 and immediately became as cool toward the unfortunate young man as one well can in this kind of weather. The swain in question was most anxious to be restored to the good graces of his best girl, but all his advances met with a rigid reception. For several days he was in despair, thoroughly convinced that there was no balm in Gilead...

Finally he hit upon a brilliant scheme. Inditing a letter to girl No. 2, in which he requested her to cease annoying him with her unwelcome attentions, he placed it in envelope and carefully addressed it to girl No. 1. The next day he sent her a telegram saying that he had made a mistake in placing two letters in the envelope, and that she had probably received a letter which he intended for her. Would she please return it?

The scheme worked like a charm. The foxy epistle was returned with a very gracious note, and now everything is moving along smoothly once more.

The Piece the Shah Liked. The Shah of Persia when visiting the late Emperor of Germany some years ago, was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music. He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb. The Emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece...

"No," said the Shah, "that's not it." Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor, "it's not that either." Finally the orchestra began to tune their instruments...

"That's it!" cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and to the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned and untuned, and returned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair while his face wore a look of unpeepable enjoyment...

She Knew. "Yes," said the parson at ten o'clock, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening, and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out, and the buggy smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse..."

"He must not be driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charming mien...

And then everybody exclaimed in chorus "Why, Edith!"

A Natural Inference. "I understand that when the steam gets into the piston, it drives the cylinder out, and that moves the coupling-bar on the big wheels; but what I don't see is how the little ones—" he began, addressing a mechanic in the station-yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad; but the mechanic interrupted him by shouting to the yard-master: "Hi, Jim, here's a Stoop-Intendant or Manager or suthin' from the New York'n New Haven, come to get some points on railroadin'. Take him round the yard, will yer, an' show him things, only don't tell him too much all at once, or you'll frighten him."

Bobby in His Capacity as Brother. Mr. Guesty.—Well, Bobby, that was a pretty close game, wasn't it? Bobby.—Yes, Mr. Guesty; it was; but there is a little matter I feel my duty to speak to you about. When the score was 30—Love, I noticed that you told my sister of the state of the game with rather more emphasis than the case seemed to demand; and, as my sister's only brother, I consider it my duty to ask you more particularly regarding your intentions before matters go any further. I trust I have not spoken too harshly, Mr. Guesty.

Mrs. Siddons' One Laugh. It is said that Mrs. Siddons smiled only once in the course of her life, so far as her friends observed, "and then she laughed aloud." She was visiting a house where wine was offered her at the table. She declined it, adding, "But I should like a little porter." A boy was at once sent out with the literal direction "bring in a little porter." He was gone a long time, and when he returned was accompanied by a little man with strings of beads in his coat. "Here, sir," the boy panted, "is the smallest porter I could find!" And Mrs. Siddons laughed.

Did Coxey's Army Start Them? Massachusetts is making a systematic attempt to have a grand system of so-called Telford roads, a form of macadamized road which bears the name of its originator in England. Fitchburg and Brighton are laying miles of these magnificent roads, the contract cost of which is from \$6000 to \$8000 a mile, according to how far the stone has to be drawn. The Commonwealth has already appropriated \$300,000 to help towns to build similar roads.

BORN.

Newton, N. S., July 18, Janet, daughter of the late Simon Fraser, 80. Nelson, July 20, Jean, daughter of Charles and Annie Blackman, 25. New River, July 20, Rachel, widow of the late Michael Hagey, 67. Cambridge, July 22, Harriet, widow of the late Rev. Leslie Morrison, 82. Cape George Point, N. S., July 13, Duncan, son of Donald McDonald, 29. Pleasant Ridge, N. B., July 12, of heart disease, William Stewart, 56. Shediac, July 23, Kenneth Blair, son of Gordon and Mary Blair, 14 months. Fort Eliza, July 12, Dorothy, daughter of Clarence and Florence Holland, 17. Bridgewater, July 17, Lillian, daughter of John R. and Florence Holland, 17. Halifax, July 20, Kenneth Earle, son of Robert and Mary Allison, 2 months. Clifton, N. S., July 20, Eliza Harris, widow of the late James Archibald, 81. Halifax, July 20, Annie, daughter of Richard and Annie Harland, 6 months. Three Brooks, N. S., July 19, Cassie, daughter of Christopher A. Irvine, 12. St. John, July 20, Sophie Dill, daughter of Edgar and the late Mary Spink, 19. Upper Sackville, July 21, Mary Miller, daughter of the late Alexander Miller, 23. Lower Sackville, July 16, Marlene Taunton, daughter of A. M. and Sarah Anthony, 18. New Glasgow, July 20, Graham, son of James K. and Isabella Fraser, 9 months. Halifax, July 20, Mary Georgia, daughter of John H. and Margaret Waterfield, 14. St. John, July 20, Edna May, daughter of Thomas and Isabella Marshall, 6 months. St. John, July 21, Ella Mand, daughter of William R. and Della Farmer, 10 months. St. John, July 21, Lionel Randolph, son of Joseph and Hattie Woodland, 10 months. Moncton, July 20, Christina, daughter of Thomas and the late Francis Glendinning, 15. Blue Mountain, July 20, paralytic, Alexander, son of William and Margaret G. Ross. Fort Lawrence, N. S., July 22, Margaret A., daughter of J. Z. Bliss, of Amherst, 57. Yarmouth, July 19, of scarlet fever, Gwendoline Mary, daughter of J. M. and Lillian, Durfee, 4. Quebec, July 20, of heart disease, Arthur, son of the late John and Ellen Meagher; of Halifax, 17.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 24, by Rev. John Robbins, David Ryan to Agnes Cox. Mira, C. B., July 19, Joseph D. Spencer to Harriet C. R. July 24, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, John Irvine to Mary Waters. Halifax, July 20, by Rev. J. H. Mosher, H. P. Scott, to Annie Wilson. St. Stephen, July 20, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, William Gibson to Mrs. J. Ross. St. John, July 20, by Rev. Father Donahue, John Dawson to Alice Colrin. Hebron, July 21, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Samuel L. Galt to Mrs. M. Porter. Seal Cove, July 21, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Henry Benson to Helen Benson. Truro, July 20, by Rev. Thos. Cumming, Donald Cameron to Ellen Fraser. Sackville, July 23, by Rev. Father L'Abbe, Edgar Corlemer to Mary Legere. Halifax, July 21, by Rev. Mr. Almon, L. C. McDonald to Miss Victoria Cleary. Tremont, July 25, by Rev. E. E. Gullison, Zenas L. Lent to Mary Alice Foster. Spryfield, July 20, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Benjamin Davie to Lizzie McCollum. Dartmouth, July 24, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Henry E. Wain to Mrs. J. Matthews. St. John, July 25, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, John Lelacheur to Annie E. Mowat. Halifax, July 27, by Rev. E. H. Hall, James C. Wain to Miss B. Langille. Campbellton, July 18, by Rev. Charles W. Sabies, Charles S. Maskell to Katie Cook. West Chezzetook, July 25, by Rev. F. Labrecque, Tom-Jacques Victor Cleary. New Glasgow, July 20, by Rev. W. I. Croft, W. E. Arbeloe to M. Georgina Andrews. Dartmouth, July 24, by Rev. J. Matthews, Capt. John Marks to Mrs. Jennie Ritchie. Rustanogish, July 20, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Frank A. Mason to Beatrice Phillips. Upper Sackville, July 24, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Alexander H. Fields to Mary Fulton. Curryville, July 18, by Rev. D. H. Lodge, W. Temple White to Sarah J. Matthews. Moncton, July 25, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, William Oliver Staples to Mary Isabella McNeill. Pettitcove, July 7, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Wallace Brantley to Bertha Brantley. Bear Point, July 21, by Rev. William Halliday, Carol A. Nickerson to Mrs. Maria Blades. Newville, July 21, by Rev. William Aiken, Howard Whitney to Elizabeth Jane McAllister. Cape Tormentine, July 20, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, William Roddenham to Beatrice Tremblay. Halifax, July 20, by Rev. D. G. MacDonald, William A. Robertson to Bessie Blanche Paulie. Barney's Brook, N. S., July 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Benjamin Green to Annie McDillitray. Sackville, July 19, by Rev. C. Stewart assisted by Rev. W. Harrison, Rev. James Smith to Alice J. O'Brien. Dartmouth, July 20, by Rev. A. C. Chute, assisted by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Rev. E. M. Kierstead to Mary A. B. Brown. Montague, July 18, by Rev. E. J. Gillis, assisted by Rev. W. Phelps, R. J. MacDonald to Marie Josephine MacDonald.

DIED.

St. John, July 27, Richard Dinn, 62. Halifax, July 26, John T. Farrell, 88. Little Ridge, July 20, Clara Porter, 50. Truro, July 20, William Sutherland, 58. Liverpool, July 20, Duncan Allanach, 83. West Pubnico, July 18, James A. D'Kon. Sheffield, July 20, Whitehead Barker, 55. Milltown, July 20, Thomas J. Caswell, 85. Bathurst, July 21, William Alexander, 88. Westville, N. S., July 25, Simon Fraser, 82. Buctouche, July 20, Mother Mary Francis. Brookton, N. S., July 23, Reginald Rhyta, 23. Folly, N. S., July 25, Daniel McPherson, 47. Port Hawkesbury, C. B., John McIsaac, 65. Maryville, July 20, Harrison McIsaac, 22. St. Mary's, July 16, son of Richard Philip, 10. Dartmouth, July 20, William D. Brennan, 67. St. John, July 21, Robert Richard Barnes, 65. New Minas, N. S., July 21, Robert Seddon, 84. Jerusalem, N. B., July 20, Frederick Webb, 60. Halifax, July 27, Emily, daughter of C. D. Cook, 22. Middle Musquodoboik, July 24, Mrs. Francis Layton. Rothesay, July 25, Ernest S., son of J. E. Ruel, 21. Cariboo Island, July 17, Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, 83. Havelock, July 20, of consumption, James McHugh, 40. Anover, July 23, Jennie, wife of Lewis Duncan, 52. St. John, July 25, Mary Hobb, wife of John Steele, 82. Liverpool, July 24, Mary, wife of William Millard, 82. Halifax, July 20, Eliza, widow of the late Philip Letson. Ogilvie Wharf, N. S., July 14, William H. Robin son, 84. Tremont, N. S., July 24, Jennie, daughter of Major Sprout. Truro, July 25, Mabel, daughter of James McDermott. Halifax, July 20, Mary, widow of the late William Rose, 75. Greenville, July 15, Sarah, widow of the late James G. Lee, 84. Black Point, N. S., July 23, Rachel, wife of Joseph Lunn, 82. Dartmouth, July 20, widow of the late Alexander Warner, 20. Liverpool, July 23, Ellen, widow of the late George G. G. G. Halifax, July 30, the Hon. and Rev. Burnhamo Mungrave, 73. Halifax, July 27, Isabel, daughter of Abraham Fairbairn, 18. Clifton, N. S., July 12, Martha, widow of the late Robert Higgins. Carleton, N. S., July 28, Hannah, widow of the late Smith Hilton, 65. St. John, July 20, Myrtle, daughter of G. Fred and Alice McKeown, 4. Kentville, N. S., son of Frederick W. Campbell, 32.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON will leave for Halifax MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Ruddy Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 4 40 a. m. for St. John and returning points. S. W. R. A. H. S. Captain.

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The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning, leaving for Boston at 10 o'clock, returning will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave at Yarmouth Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN.

GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN", C. W. BLANKEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled and inspected, will, until further notice, run the above-named place, leaving for St. John, Monday, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8:30 o'clock, local time.

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SE-Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favourite" Excursion Steamer is chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

ALL FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board.

Special Notice—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets at all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return on Monday following.

No return tickets less than 40 cents.

Wm. McEULKIN, Agent at Yarmouth.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John for Fredericton (Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 10 a. m. for St. John. Every SATURDAY and SUNDAY at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing July 20, Steamer Olivette will leave St. John every SATURDAY at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and intermediate landings and will arrive at Fredericton every MONDAY morning at 5, due at Woodstock at 8:30.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON.

Until further notice the steamer "MAY QUEEN" will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7:30 (excepted) for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston. Tuesday and Friday morning for Portland and Boston, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calis, St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

For further information apply to C. E. LAEHLER, Agent.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:10 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 2:10 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1:05 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 8:10 a. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the P. & M. R. Co. for Montreal and St. John daily at Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Boston every Tuesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool through tickets may be obtained at 188 Halifax, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. B. DENNIS, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway

1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894. On and after MONDAY, the 26th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax... 7:30. Accommodation for Pictou... 8:30. Express for Halifax, Pictou and Camp... 12:40. Express for Quebec, and points as far as... Commencing 2nd July, Express for Halifax... 5:30.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 12:00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal and Quebec... 8:30. Express from Moncton (daily)... 8:30. Accommodation from Pictou de Chene... 12:40. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp... 12:40. Commencing 2nd July, Express from Halifax... 5:30.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive and are lighted by electricity.

Express trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGE, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., 20 June, 1894.

Lehigh Coal

NUT OR STOVE SIZE. LANDING. Very Cheap for Cash. To arrive: Caledonia House Coal. J. F. MORRISON. CONSUMPTION.

Adam's Root Beer Extract... one bottle. Fleischmann's Yeast... half a cake. Sugar... two pounds. Lickwater Water... two gallons. Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place in ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 50 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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