

PROGRESS.

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TOO MANY FREE PASSES.

TROOPER & HOUSE STOCKHOLDERS DISCUSS THEM.

And Some Ideas Are Given of How they Are Disposed Of—The Operations of the Company for the Year Did Not Pay—The Reason Why.

About forty stockholders of the St. John opera house company attended the adjourned meeting this week and listened to a verbal statement of the year's business from president and manager A. O. Skinner. The presentation was not a cheerful one, since the information showed that the company had gone behind in 1893. President Skinner seemed to shoulder all the responsibility for any lack of success during the year, and told those present that it was owing to his lack of judgment that the last engagement had been made. Nobody was to blame but himself. Though nothing was said in denial of this many of the stockholders were not half so ready to blame the president as he was to condemn himself. They knew that about all of the energy in the opera house management rests in himself but apart from having a voice, and, perhaps a decisive voice, in the management, that he is but one of a committee appointed for that purpose.

In regard to the last engagement it was made with the idea that a light opera at the holiday season would draw. The result has proved otherwise and the business done was the lightest in the history of the house. Even the two big days, Christmas and New Years with their matinees did not bring up the average. The loss on the engagement had been about \$1,200 which would probably be reduced by the success of the company in Halifax.

Mr. Skinner might have added that had the company been as well rehearsed and as smooth when it came to St. John as it was when it left for Halifax the houses would have been far better and the engagement less disastrous—it indeed, it would have been disastrous at all. There is no use in denying the fact that St. John has been too often simply a rehearsal town for other cities. Opera companies picked up at random in New York, no matter how good individuals they are, cannot work together and present two or three different operas a week at such short notice. The experience of the past has proved this. Then as Progress has always contended, it would be far better to advertise a performance simply as it is, and not as it was intended to be. The last engagement was announced curiously, artists promised who never appeared at all and a "New York orchestra" billed to appear that did not appear at all. Harrison's orchestra has done good service before in the same direction and no doubt will again—it would have been just as much of an attraction as a small New York orchestra, but even with so competent a leader as Mr. Intropodi, the members of the very best orchestra cannot get into working order at a day's notice.

There was some talk about an auditor who would look over the books—in fact the president asked for the appointment of a committee to look over the accounts and finally Messrs Ferguson and Olive were appointed. A good many thought that a regular auditor would do the work thoroughly, quickly and systematically and that it might be well to employ one but no practical suggestion to that end was made. A committee similar to this was appointed two or three years ago for the same purpose but never got to work. The task was too great and the committee composed of men too much engaged in their own business to give the time the work required. The affairs of the company are no doubt in more presentable shape now than they were then, but still the work is for a regular accountant who will give the stockholders a statement in due form and perhaps make some suggestion that would be valuable to the company's book keeping.

The election of officers returned President Skinner unanimously, and in thanking them for their confidence he said that it was not his custom to retire from a post of responsibility when affairs were not in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Mr. A. H. Bell was elected first vice-president, and Mr. J. F. Dockrill second vice, and Messrs. R. A. Payne, John Mitchell, J. L. Carleton, G. A. Hetherington, H. F. Quigley, Jas. McKinney, jr., and Frank Munroe as directors.

Dr. Godsoe raised a question that was discussed a good deal—that of free passes. He wanted to know where all of them came from, who gave them out and whether they had any rule for the purpose. In this connection he mentioned the fact that he had seen passes in the hands of persons who he thought had no right to them. He was not speaking in the character of an objector but asked for information since when he took stock in the company he did so with the understanding that there should be no free passes given. The answer of the president was that each newspaper received four passes the first

night—this was hardly correct, but was a slip, no doubt—and two for each of the following nights of the engagement. Then there were the American dramatic papers, perhaps some four or five, the representatives of which each received passes. Eight big showboards were another drain upon the pass book, to say nothing of 250 lithographs hung in windows, a privilege which in many cases had to be paid for in this fashion.

Mr. Skinner also explained that the managers of the shows that came here also gave away passes and perhaps those Mr. Godsoe saw came from that source.

Notwithstanding this explanation there was much discussion over the matter. Mr. Godsoe still contended that there should be some understanding about the matter. Either that there should be no free passes apart from the legitimate ones or that if they were given for the purpose of making the appearance of a full house, that the stockholders should distribute them. He preferred that every stockholder should pay his way but if any favors of this sort were given the stockholders should know something about it. He suggested that the passes should be signed by two persons, the president and vice president, but it was pointed out that this would be a difficult matter.

There was some argument over the by-laws of which the stockholders were for the main part ignorant. A suggestion that they be amended and printed was made, but it was stated that there were no funds to print them.

JUDGES MADE OUT VOUCHERS.

And Both Drew Their Hundred, But One of Them Refused the Amount.

There is an interesting story in circulation on the streets in connection with two of the Judges of our supreme court. It is not very often that a particular member of the bench gets left, as the saying is, but from the facts as related by one who should know, that distinguished gentleman on this occasion was certainly outdone.

By the law as prescribed in the Equity act, regular sittings of this court are held in only two counties in the province, namely St. John and York, and it is enacted in the same act that when it is necessary to hold sittings in any other county, a session may be held in any county by first publishing a notice of such in the Royal Gazette.

Now it so happened that on the same day the court was to hold a session for York at Fredericton. A sitting of the court for the county of Westmorland had been announced in the Royal Gazette to be held at Moncton. It was quite evident then that it was entirely impossible for the equity judge to be at both places on one and the same day. His honor then was placed in a kind of dilemma. What was he to do? It is said that he very much preferred going to Moncton, and it also reported that with each special session of the equity court there is a fee attached of \$100, but no one for a moment would accuse the judge of preferring Moncton on that account.

As the story is told it seems that his Honor did finally decide on taking the trip to Moncton and so accordingly he sent word to Fredericton saying in substance that as he had to go to Moncton it would be impossible for him to attend at the capital. At length Tuesday came, but something turned up and even on that day the Judge could not possibly leave for Moncton, but he was equal to the occasion. At this very time another Judge was holding the circuit court in the eastern section of the province and it reports are to be relied on it is said that to the latter a telegram was sent from St. John asking him to hold this equity sitting at Moncton.

Now, the circuit judge is a very obliging official, and so it did not take long for him to decide how to act. He opened the equity sitting at Moncton, but business was quite slim, and after a short session the court was adjourned sine die. This was all very well—the Judge had done his work nobly, and so when he arrived in St. John he made out his vouchers, as it is said is customary in such cases, presented these to the bank and received \$100. The equity judge found later that he could leave the city, and so, not wishing to impose too much on his brother judge, proceeded to Moncton to continue the session of the equity court. He must have been a little surprised on arriving at that town to find that the court had been adjourned sine die. But there was nothing left for him to do, and so he returned to St. John.

Reaching this city his vouchers were made out and presented to the bank, and he in turn received \$100. Thus far every body was happy and no one but the country was poorer for the above transactions. The Dominion government, however, became puzzled but it did not take it long to solve the difficulty with the result it is said that word was sent down from Ottawa informing the last judge who had drawn out the \$100 that this amount would have to be at once refunded. The amount was refunded, and so the little affair only cost the country one hundred dollars after all.

HE RAN HIS OWN COURT.

CORONER WEEKS AND HIS WAY OF HOLDING AN INQUEST.

He Might Have Been More Impressive Had he Been Here Sober—Drinks Between Depositions—His Commission From the Queen Direct.

HALIFAX, Jan. 11.—By the flooding of the Lyman-Kaye gold mine at Montague, the lives of four miners were lost. The cause of the accident was that the management did not know the extent of an adjoining old and abandoned workings which were filled with water. The miners ignorant of their danger, ran a tunnel east and west, following the lode, till at last the new and old mines were connected, and a tremendous body of water poured into the new mine filling it in a few minutes, and drowning four of the eight men at work. When the last shot was fired there was only a couple of feet between the new mine and the abandoned mine, filled as it was with water, whereas Mr. Woodhouse thought there was 100 feet of separating wall.

Coroner Weeks promptly announced he would hold an inquest. It was perfectly right he should. Indignation was great against Managing Director Woodhouse and his assistant, Clancy. A searching inquiry was needed to lay the blame for the disaster on the proper shoulders. Coroner Weeks swore in a jury and fixed day and hour for holding the inquest. Counsel was engaged to appear on behalf of the relatives of the miners, the management, and the provincial government.

The hour for the inquest arrived and jury, counsel and witnesses were on hand.

Coroner Weeks was not—but he appeared upon the scene an hour late—and he was to put it mildly not sober. That the coroner was intoxicated was evident to every man on the jury and every spectator. And Coroner Weeks was not only in that condition when he began the inquest, but he left the court room frequently to indulge further in "fire-water." He emptied his flask between witnesses.

Before the farce of taking evidence began, Lawyer MacInnes called attention to the illegal composition of the jury, three of them being workmen in the mine. The lawyer's only satisfaction was to hear the intoxicated coroner shout at him: "Sit down, I say, I won't hear you," and, on Mr. MacInnes persisting to press his point, the threat was hurled at him: "If you don't sit down I'll arrest you."

Director Woodhouse was called, and after one or two questions and replies, Mr. MacInnes ventured to examine the witness. This time the coroner glanced at the lawyer and said: "If you worry this inquest any more I'll have you arrested and taken home."

Coroner Weeks was taking few or no notes, though pretending to write fully, and when one of the parties interested suggested to him that some one should be engaged to take down the evidence, the coroner refused, and laid down the maxim that "he never allowed another man to mix his whiskey."

The "inquest" was becoming such a screaming farce, and the coroner's conduct so unbearable, that one of the counsel turned to the jury and said: "This man is unfit to hold an inquest, and I will report him to the government. Do you bear me out?" The jurors replied: "We will," whilst Coroner Weeks gave the lawyer his opinion of him in eight words: "I am fit enough to shut your mug." That was enough for Lawyer MacInnes, and he left the court, whether from fear or disgust did not appear, for the Coroner shouted after him that he was above the paltry local government, for he represented Queen Victoria direct.

When witness Miller was on the stand a jurymen tried to get him to say whether, as a practical miner, he did not think there should be another means of escape than by the single shaft which existed. Coroner Weeks ordered the witness not to answer, saying the question was one for an engineer and not for a miner, who knew nothing about it. Then the battle of words was transferred to counsel and coroner. Finally the intoxicated coroner, for the twentieth time, threatened with dramatic emphasis, to arrest any one before him, who dared to say the proceedings of his august court were not regular. That ended the matter, and the coroner took the opportunity to retire long enough to get another drink, as he had already several times done.

The spectacle of a drunken coroner holding an inquest on four dead miners, with a jury composed half and half of relatives of the deceased and employees of the mine, was continued for some time longer.

At last the coroner left the jury to themselves to prepare their verdict. They found that the wholesale drowning was the result of an accident, and they recommended that means be taken to secure accurate plans of all old workings. The inquest was useless in throwing a single ray of light upon the tragedy or its cause.

A long step has been taken towards bushing up the affair, so far as an examination into the capability of the management or the mines department is concerned. The brief testimony of mine inspector Gilpin is lamentably unsatisfactory. For instance, in answer to a question at the "inquest," he said that not having examined the mine he could not say whether the accident might have been avoided or not, and the reason he had not gone into the mine, he subsequently stated, was that it was not in a fit condition for him to descend. Such an easy-going inspector as that might be improved upon.

Lawyer MacInnes informed Coroner Weeks that he would report his conduct to the government. That he has done so is not known, but Mr. Jones, who appeared on behalf of the attorney-general, stated the case to Hon. J. W. Longley, so that the government is officially aware of what took place on that memorable afternoon at Montague. Whether any action will be taken by the government or legislature remains to be seen. The scandal should not end where it now stands.

MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

Lively Times In Sussex Over the Scott Act Enforcement.

There have been rather lively times at Sussex and vicinity the present week, and the week to come promises to be full of excitement at that town. The trouble was this, a difficulty as to whether the prayer meetings should be turned into temperance meetings or not.

The mischief has been brewing for some time. The Scott act violators are being prosecuted and certain of the clergy favor this prosecution, while there are others who are not so desperately temperate.

On Tuesday night last one of the regular union prayer meetings was announced in the Baptist church and on that evening all denominations, and both Scott Act and Anti-Scott Act devotees, attended. All went smoothly for half an hour, when several of the clergy decided that the remaining half hour of the meeting could be better devoted to temperance than to prayer and so announced.

Then Revs. Crisp, Hubley and Sutherland, with about a dozen followers, arose, shook the dust from their feet and left the meeting.

Then Thomas Roach took the chair, and resolutions were passed supporting William Saunders in his crusade against Patrick Doherty, a liquor seller. Doherty had been summoned as a violator of the Scott Act, and had not appeared at court the day appointed. Saunders swore that he had served the summons on Doherty as by law directed, but it afterwards appeared that it was Doherty's brother who was served. Saunders was then arrested on Doherty's complaint for perjury, and is now on trial. The half-hour thus surreptitiously taken from the time of prayer was for the purpose of expressing sympathy for Saunders.

Then to help along the case the temperance party agreed in their own minds that Justice Morrison was not the impartial and law abiding and preserving judge that he had sworn to be and so they decided to hurl a resolution at him, and it was done as follows: "Whereas, the prejudice of the said Justice Morrison was so manifest that he was charged in open court with being in the conspiracy to prosecute Saunders. Resolved, etc., the said Justice Morrison is not a person fit to be entrusted with the administration of justice."

Wednesday night, the ministers who had dissented got in their chance. A union prayer meeting was held and the Rev. Messrs Grant, Erb and Nobles attended. But Rev. Messrs Crisp, Hubley and Sutherland decided that the meeting was theirs and so they occupied the time, the temperance clergymen not getting an opportunity to speak or exhort, greatly to their own dismay and that of their friends. It is feared that the week of prayer, especially at Sussex, might have been more beneficially improved. Several exciting events are promised for next week.

To Investigate the Police Court. HALIFAX, Jan. 11.—About two months ago PROGRESS called attention to the administration of justice in the city police court, or rather to the inability of Stipendiary Motton to further perform his duty. The condition of affairs is not improved. Notwithstanding that fact PROGRESS is the only newspaper that has yet dared to tell the truth. At Tuesday night's meeting of the city council a letter was received from one Sarah Smith, who threatened an action against the city to recover \$4 which Mr. Motton had illegally imposed upon her as a fine in the police court. The aldermen had to take some notice of the letter, and it afforded them a chance, in referring it to a committee for investigation, to comply with the order to do so a hint to look into the conduct of affairs in the police court.

Quite a Work of Art

The calendar issued by Manchester, Robertson & Allison, is very artistic. It is in the form of a miniature folding screen, has beautiful colored illustrations of the season, and is in every way worthy of the house it represents.

LIKE A VARIETY SHOW.

FEATURES OF THE SHATFORD CASE NOT IN THE EVIDENCE.

Big Success of the Sensational Social Drama—Large and Interested Audiences—Judge Tuck Comments on Law and Morals—The End.

While the opera house people have been putting their money into a hole in the ground, during the last year, the snug little variety show in the upper floor of the Palmer Building has had crowded houses from first to last. The financial results of the season just closed are not yet announced nor will they be known until the lawyers have their grand final of addition, multiplication and taxation. "For further particulars see small bills."

(One thing is assured, however, and it is that the business end of the show will not lose money by the season's operations, though it is to be feared that the leading actors in this interesting social drama will meet the frequent luck of those who walk the stage, in being out of pocket by their engagement. If to be known is as good as to be lucky, however, none of them have any reason to complain.)

The wonderful freedom enjoyed in this country can be only fully appreciated when it is understood that in some countries, England and France for instance, a rigid censorship is observed in regard to what is put upon the stage, and thus the public are taught to be virtuous and happy, even though they do miss lots of fun. There is nothing of the kind in this country, or the reading of some of the affidavits in the sensational social drama of "The Shatford case" would have been hedged around with as many barriers to the public as are erected when somebody is hanged by due process of law.

The show went on, however, and was literally much more of a "howling" success than the promoters had anticipated. The audience never failed to come to time, and the results never failed to come up to their expectations. They were not the kind of audiences that usually fill the parquette and dress circle of the Opera House, nor were they altogether such as are found in the gallery when the sensational drama is on the boards. There were not enough boys among them for that. They were just such a crowd, on the whole, as may be found outside the barrier in the circuit court when there is a criminal case on. The Idle Sons of Rest sent a large delegation.

The apartment in which the show was given will probably hold a hundred people and a writing table, when the audience is steeved properly. A few more might be crowded in, but in that case the judge, counsel and actors would either have to take seats on the table or stand with their arms held close to their sides. Outside of the chamber is the law library, which will hold a good many more, who can see little of the show, but can hear almost everything if the lawyers speak loud enough, as they usually did in this case.

The ceilings are low, and the windows cannot be raised or lowered. When the judge's chambers were located there the supposition was that only the limited few who were affected by the usually dreary platitudes of lawyers would ever attend. When the place became packed with a miscellaneous mob, many of whom were in evidence to the senses as opponents of water for internal or external use, hot was only one of the least descriptive terms of the state of the atmosphere.

The precaution suggested by one man, to avoid poisoning, was to take three drinks of whiskey before going there and keep a piece of chewing tobacco in the mouth during the proceedings. This idea found favor, judging by the indications.

Judge Tuck stood the ordeal well, though there must have been times when, as a matter of personal comfort he would have been glad to exchange seats with his brother Ritchie in the King street Pantatechnicon. He was never too hot or too tired to tell the counsel on both sides that he agreed with them in their interpretation of the law, and sometimes he interpolated his own views as sort of parentheses, from which anybody would know in a moment just what the law was and what it was not. "Law taught while you wait," might have been inscribed over the door of the chamber with perfect propriety.

Then, too, the judge uttered a great many moral axioms which, if collated, would be as practical and possibly poetical as the proverbial philosophy of the late lamented Martin Farquhar Tupper. These were, usually in the way of ejaculatory assent to dicta of counsel regarding the moral law, but occasionally a proposition was advanced in contravention of some principle pleaded. An instance of the latter was when his honor asserted that attendance at church was no criterion of moral worth. Some of the best men in St. John never went to church, he said, and some of the precious bad ones always attended. Nobody called for "names" at this stage.

After one of the sessions, somebody congratulated the judge on having a really more social assembly than is found at the police court, because in the latter applause and laughter are prohibited, while in chambers, apparently, they are not. As a whole, however, the judge thought they kept wonderful order.

"Perhaps they are afraid your honor will commit them for contempt," was suggested.

"Oh, no, no. That's not it. They are afraid I will clear the court and that they will miss something," was the rejoinder.

For hard swearing, amounting in some cases to admitted perjury, the Shatford case easily beats the record in social sensational dramas in this part of the world. The moral status of Mr. Charles Campbell, for instance, can only be determined by knowledge of him apart from the evidence adduced. It has been sworn positively that he was guilty of gross and habitual immorality, and as positively asserted, from the same source, that he was not. The public can take their choice, and they may put it to his credit that a man of such moral reputation as Archdeacon Brigstocke has sworn that he considers Mr. Campbell to be a "good churchman."

It is, however, most unfortunate for Mr. Campbell and the ladies in the case that all the dreadful things which have been said the horrible mire that has been waded through, would not have been public property had not the first shot been fired from their side. When Jefferson Davis Shatford, emulating the example of the man for whom he was named, donned woman's garments and fled, a year or so ago, he did not propose to return and create a disturbance in the family. It was thought apparently, that nothing could induce him to come back. He came in a hurry, however, and when he was least wanted or expected.

In the too little read play of Henry VIII is the advice, "Heat not a furnace for thy toe so hot that it doth singe thyself." The first charge of immorality and general cussedness comes from Mrs. Shatford's side of the case. Mr. Shatford met fire with fire, and he has given the public a great deal more to talk about than the other side has given against him. Finally the court has given him the custody of the children.

It would be easy to draw a picture of the appearance and actions of the contending parties during the proceedings in court. They were a study in themselves, apart from the evidence. Let the curtain fall here, however, unless they again raise it.

BACKED BY THE DEPARTMENT

A Bold Soldier Talks of Declaring War Against "Progress."

HALIFAX, Jan. 12.—Sometime ago, PROGRESS published a Halifax letter which gave an account of some of the alleged deeds or misdeeds of Lieut. MacGowan, of the Royal Artillery.

This was after Lieut. MacGowan had left for England whether he went on a two months leave of absence. Lieut. MacGowan since reaching the other side, has received an appointment as Adjutant of volunteers in the county of Norfolk. He will be located near Sandringham, the seat of the Prince of Wales.

Lieut. MacGowan was directed by the war department to bring a libel suit against PROGRESS for the publication of the article referred to and the matter is in the hands of a Halifax law firm.

[This would be an excellent advertisement for any newspaper, and when the war department and Lieut. MacGowan are ready PROGRESS will also be prepared. If the details of half of the escapades of this precocious officer were printed there would not be room enough in a page of PROGRESS for them. What a picnic such a suit would be!]

Halifax Citizens Want Reform.

The Halifax Citizens Reform Association has formulated a scheme of reform in civic government. A statement is being made that Recorder MacCoy had a hand in framing the plan. That cannot surely be, and people hardly think it likely, for the story goes that when the draft left MacCoy's hands to go to Senator Parker for finishing touches and supervision there was a clause that the Recorder should perform the combined duties of his office and the stipendiary magistrature, for \$3,200 per annum. When the bill had been printed by the Senator the salary for the new post was found by the public to be only \$2,400. No one who knows Mr. MacCoy credits the story.

Won One Suit and Settled the Others.

PROGRESS did a partial injustice to Mr. Peters in its account of the city court suit in which he was plaintiff and Mr. A. H. Bell defendant, inasmuch as there were two suits instead of one, and in the first Mr. Peters obtained judgment, while in the second Mr. Bell's contra account was allowed with certain items—which Mr. Peters claimed were incorrect—thrown out. Mr. Bell paid the costs of the court, and the matter was settled at the suggestion of the magistrates.



MUSICAL & DRAMATICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. The Standard Opera company under the management of W. McCaffrey, closed their season somewhat abruptly last Friday (5th inst). They "folded their tent like the Arab and as silently stole away" to Halifax. The fact that they give performances at the Academy of Music at all is evidence that their terms must have been materially changed, since the ultimatum of the manager to Mr. Clarke as mentioned in this column last week.

There is little doubt the Opera House management has farmed out this company. The rental or per centage only yet remains private. While conceding the possession of good voices and musical talent to some, it is not all of the leading members of this company, it is a little surprising that even the lower priced seats in the Opera House were not better filled during their stay. Some business managers like some houses, and some houses under certain management, as is perhaps well known, almost invariably do poor business despite every effort to the contrary. When a venture such as this is attempted with such evident want of success every one who speaks of it is ready with a theory, or a reason for it, some attributing it to one cause, some to another. All these may be wrong. It is rather prejudicial however at any time in business of that kind to be known as having been connected or identified with even a single failure. The Aborn opera company season is well remembered; so also is the Summer Stock (dramatic) Company. Clever people undoubtedly were among the members of the latter, but business was poor. Is there such a thing as a "Hoo-doo" and if so, is the Opera House a victim?

There is rather a dearth of musical matter locally this week but unless all things fall there is promise of much entertainment at the concert to be given at the Opera House next week, in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd. The names of Herr Walker and Mrs. Harrison are already mentioned in connection with the occasion.

Grand opera will be next in order as an organization bearing the name American Grand English Opera company is coming here to open on 22nd inst. for a short season. It is said they will produce Il Trovatore, Lucia-de-Lammermoor etc. These works are not usually considered English operas, but they are promised by this company to our citizens. The name of the company is somewhat composite in character. Except that they played in Bangor quite recently I have not heard the name before. Possibly they too have organized for a winter season in the provinces. Their quality will be known later on.

Tones and Under-tones. Maria Pettini, is the name of a young Italian singer, who the critics think will create a sensation. Her only instructor has been her mother who is a singer of some distinction. The diploma of merit of the Roman Academy of St. Cecilia was recently awarded to her without one dissenting voice. There was competition. The audience before whom she sang was the most critical Rome could produce, but her hearers were so delighted that contrary to their usual custom, they applauded loudly.

A funny story is told of Felicien David, the distinguished French composer. When a young man he gave a successful concert at Cairo, and was sent for by the Khedive who asked him if he would give a few lessons to the ladies of the harem. Visions of rare Oriental beauties presented themselves to his mind's eye and he consented with enthusiasm. He was ushered into a large empty room in which was a piano. He waited. Shortly a burly negro appeared and stood silent for several moments. He at last asked David when he was going to give the lesson. "When my pupils come in," replied David. "Oh," said the negro promptly, "you are to give the lesson to me, and I am to give it to the ladies."

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the English composer, is coming out as a racing man. His name figures among the list of subscribers to the Two thousand Guineas of 1895. Lillian Russell has bought a new opera entitled "Cleopatra." The libretto, which is by Philip, is now being translated into English by Alexander Neumann. "Princes Kam," or "Venus," by the Camille D'Arville company, has just closed a successful engagement in Boston. They open in New York again towards the end of this month. Mr. Carrodus, the eminent violinist, who is the possessor of the famous Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu violin, known as the Canon Joseph, which is valued at £1,000, has recently added another fine specimen

if the same make to his interesting collection. Its characteristics are great power and a wonderful sweetness of tone, and it is said to be equal in some respects to the historic fiddle supposed to have been gambled away by Paganini. The instrument is dated 1741. It has had the good fortune nearly always to fall into the hands of distinguished professional performers, and is consequently in a perfect state of preservation.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Madame Elsonora Duse, the famous actress, has had a triumph in Berlin by playing Sudermann's "Heimath" better than any German actress. She was called more than a dozen times before the curtain and the author expressed his delight.

Kendal and Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt sit down to serious study and allow nothing whatever to interfere with them during the time they are learning a part by heart. They study and consider every word as they go along and mark and score the book containing their words in every possible manner.

Fritz Williams, who played here some five or six years ago, the leading juvenile roles in Arthur Rehan's company, is now playing in "Our Country Cousin" at the Lyceum theatre New York.

"Shore Acres" which had such a long run at the Boston museum is now on at Daly's (N. Y.) theatre, and it is said will continue there for a long time to come. It is spoken of as "a great play, the equal of which has yet to be seen."

Lewis Morrison is playing in Philadelphia this week.

Clara Morris and Roland Reed, who have been "resting," resumed their respective tours on the 8th inst, the former at Columbus, Ohio, and the latter at Buffalo, N. Y., in a new comedy called "Dakota."

Thomas W. Keene, whose Richard 3rd, at the Mechanics Institute some years ago will be pleasingly remembered, is appearing in a round of legitimate plays in Boston this week.

A new comedy entitled "The Sleep-walker" by C. H. Abbot, has been secured by Robert Hilliard and Paul Arthur. It will be produced about the end of the month.

TOLD OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

Its Origin and Its Use in Various Lands by All Classes. Twenty years or more ago a New York lawyer was sitting in his office when a Brooklyn Sunday school superintendent called on him. As the latter turned to go, a printed page fell from a package in his hand. Picking it up, he exclaimed: "Ah, this is a hymn I've had printed for my Sunday school. If it only had music I'm sure they would sing it." The lawyer took it, read the first line, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" and asked, "Can you wait fifteen minutes?" He caught up a sheet of letter paper, ruled it, and dashed down the music to which that familiar hymn has since been sung the world round.

The author of the words is unknown. Attributed to Dr. Bonar, he has disclaimed them. The composer of the tune, which has become as well known as "Old Hundred" or "America," is Mr. Charles C. Converse, a successful business man, a facile writer, and an accomplished musician. His youthful compositions are very popular. He mastered the science of music in the famous school at Leipzig, and won the highest commendations of the leading musicians there. On his way home he played before Prince Albert, the prince also playing for him; but after his return he decided upon a business career. Many of his hymn-tunes and songs, jotted down in leisure moments, perhaps in the cars upon backs of letters, have become the common possession of the singing world. Some of his more elaborate compositions have been played by the Thomas orchestra in New York and Chicago.

But it is the history of the hymn re-ferred to, with the music, which has made it familiar and dear to millions, to which this article would call attention. Over fifty million impressions of the piece are known to have been made. Mr. Sankey says that it is the favorite with more people wherever he has sung than any other. The hymn has been translated into many languages and sung to the same tune in all parts of the globe. A neighbor of Judge Converse returning from Europe heard singing in the steerage of the steamer. He went down and found that the motley company were singing: "What a Friend we have in Jesus," in various languages. One foreigner after another joined the comingling strain, even some Chinese who had learned the hymn in their own language adding their voices, till it seemed as though a musical Pentecost had visited the steerage. The effect upon singers and listeners was most impressive, for all seemed to feel that Jesus was indeed among them to hear, protect and save.

This is one of the tunes which the people make their own—a sacred folk-song. Bands and hand-organs play it. More than one criminal has asked to have it sung as he faced death upon the scaffold. It was the favorite of Jesse James, and was sung, by his request, at his funeral. As its familiar strains were heard, tears rolled down the cheeks of his hardened associates. Lost women hearing children sing its lines in the streets of Chicago and other cities, have been known to weep and resolve to lead a better life, in the hope that such a Friend would not cast them out, but receive and save them. At the recent anniversary of the Bowery Mission a well-dressed, good-looking man told this story of his conversion: Eleven years before he was walking the Bowery in despair, a penniless drunkard. His family were scattered, and no one would give him work. As he passed the open door of the mission room he heard the hymn. "What a friend we have in Jesus," sung heartily as though it were true. "I said to myself," he testified, "I have no friend but one. I'll go in and see if there's any hope for me." At the close of the meeting I lifted my hand for prayer, and then, in the after-meeting, a Christian lady pointed me to Christ. I went out that night happy in my new found Friend, and now I have as good a home as anybody, with all my family around me, a responsible business position, and I have an organ of my own, with which I love to sing: "What a friend I have in Jesus!" When the secrets of hearts and the full history of gospel triumphs are published at the last day, what a story of inspiration, comfort and help will be that of this simple hymn by the unknown author, as it has sung its way to millions and millions of human souls in the stormy passage through life! "I would rather have written that tune," said the chairman of the International Y. M. C. A. Convention at Atlanta, than possess all the money of a Gould or a Vanderbilt! Heaven alone will disclose the value of the ministry of consecrated songs. N. Y. Observer.

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The Nine Muses.

The muses are supposed to be nine in number. Their names and particular provinces are as follows:—Clio, the goddess of history; Eraterpe, the goddess of music; Thalia, the goddess of comedy; Melpomene, the goddess of tragedy; Terpsichore, the goddess of dancing; Erato, the goddess of amorous poetry; Polyhymnia, the goddess of memory and oratory; Urania, the goddess of astronomy; and Calliope, the goddess of heroic poetry. It is quite impossible to determine the number of cough remedies in the world; we believe they are legion. One point, however, has been clearly established to the satisfaction of thousands in Canada; it is that Harvard bronchial syrup is the safest, most effective and best of all preparations the world ever heard of. Mr. C. P. Fletcher, town-man for Messrs. Cunningham Bros., St. Lawrence Marble Works, Montreal, writes as follows:—"We have used many different cough remedies in our family and find that the Harvard bronchial syrup gives by far the best satisfaction, and we always find pleasure in recommending it to our friends."

GRAND FALLS.

JAN. 10.—Mrs. Rainsford, and Miss Rainsford have the sympathy of all, in the death of Mr. Frank E. Watson. The news was a shock to all who heard it, although, it was known that, for many days, his sister, Mrs. Rainsford, had discouraging news of his illness. Miss Rainsford went to Houlton last Saturday and remained with him until he passed away Monday morning, returning here to accompany her mother to Andover, where the interment will take place today. Many will be the mourners and the best tribute, "the veneration due to human worth by the hearts of men," will be paid. Rumor did not deceive when she whispered that two teachers, Mr. White, and Miss Maxwell, were, during the holidays, going to join hands. All best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. White, who have resumed their duties, in the schools here. Now another pleasant event is anticipated during the present month. A young medical practitioner, and a young lady, who has resided in our midst for the past year, are spoken of as the principals. Mr. Hume, of British Columbia, and his sister Miss Louise Hume of Fredericton, arrived here last Wednesday, and remained until Monday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Henderson. Mrs. George West of Van Buren, Me. was here Monday night on her return from Houlton Me. Mr. J. F. McClintock is quite ill, the result of gripple.

APPOHQI, N. B.

JAN. 9.—Miss Laura Murray left yesterday morning for Halifax, to attend the ladies' collars. Miss Carrie Thompson, St. Stephen, and Miss Ada McLeod, St. John, who have been the guests of the Misses Burgess, have returned to their homes. Miss Annie Wetmore returned last week from Fort Fairfield, Maine. Miss Grace Hibbard accompanied her, and will remain for some time. Miss Lena Fenwick is suffering from a severe attack of the gripple. Mrs. Charles Secord, Moncton, is visiting among her friends here. Miss Georgie Riecker spent part of last week in Sussex. Miss Olive Fairweather has returned from her visit to friends in N. W. York. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Parlee returned last Wednesday from their wedding trip through the upper provinces. Mr. Clarence McCready was in Sussex on Saturday. J. B. Belding spent a few days of last week in Halifax. Mr. L. A. Fenwick leaves this week to attend the cemetery at St. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Belyea, St. John, are visiting Mrs. Belyea's brother here. Mr. J. A. Campbell, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent. Mr. H. A. Simpson went to Sackville on Saturday to resume his studies at the university. Miss Sadie Campbell, who has been visiting here during the holidays, returned on Saturday to school in Moncton. CHATELIER, X.

Training for the Match.

George—Whatever you are studying so desperately at this time of night? Jack—A book of nautical terms and the language of flowers. "Grand goodness, what do you mean? Gone crazy?" "No, I'm in love with the daughter of a sea captain, and have to talk both."

For a Seat in the Exchange.

The most recent sale of a seat in the New York Stock Exchange was made for \$20,000. The "par value" of a seat is about \$20,000, and no sale at less than that value has been made for many years. Within five or six years the highest price paid for a seat reached \$32,000. During the war the price declined to \$3,000.

The Tie is the Trouble.

"What do you mean by a cat-and-dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife. "Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug. I wish men lived half as graciously with their wives." "Stop!" said the lady. "Tie them together, and see how they will agree."

Nothing to Worry About.

Young Mother (displaying the baby)—Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Qilby? Mr. Qilby—Well, ye-es, there is a family resemblance, but it isn't striking enough to worry about.

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FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Peasey and J. H. Hawthorne.]

JAN. 10.—On Tuesday afternoon at Farrall's place, Government house, was held the first of Mrs. Fraser's Tuesday afternoon receptions. The hall and some rooms were profusely decorated with cut flowers, and baskets of flowers filled odd nooks. The exceeding cold of the day without, seemed to add to the beauty of the cosy home life within. Mrs. Fraser received in a very handsome gown, the groundwork of a very dark green, with petticoat and bodice elaborately embroidered in bright silk, and court train trimmed with green velvet. Her Honor and Major Gordon, A. D. C., assisted Mrs. Fraser in entertaining. Light refreshments with hot tea and coffee were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edgecombe are being congratulated upon the arrival of a little baby daughter. Miss Besse Jack is here visiting at Sir John Allen's.

The whist club met last Friday night with Miss Taber, Sunbury street. The latest engagement announced; is that of a popular young bachelor, an ex-member, and the eldest daughter of a professional gentleman.

Mr. Horace Hume is here from British Columbia, visiting his father who is still very ill.

Mrs. Will Robinson, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.

Mr. A. H. McDonnell has been confined to barracks through illness, since his return from St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. L. Tibbitts have returned from their visit to Presque Isle and Ashland.

Preparations are in progress for a ball to be given at the university early next month.

Miss Mollie Coen, of Woodstock, who has been spending some days with her friend, Miss Mary Monehan has returned home.

Miss Annie McKay has returned from a visit to Moncton.

Mrs. J. H. Kerr, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Ross, returned last week to her home in New Jersey.

Mr. Fred Forrester, has been renewing old acquaintances, and visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gregory have returned from their visit to Boston.

Mr. A. S. Murray is confined to the house with a gripple.

Miss Nellie Stealing gave a delightful carpet dance on Thursday evening to about thirty of her friends. Tea was served between the dances and at midnight supper was served. Among those present were Miss Burnham, Miss Ida Allan, Miss Jack, the Misses Fisher, Miss George, Miss Sally, the Misses Babbit, Miss Cropper, Miss Myra Hall, Miss Eddy, Miss Logan, Miss Neil, Miss Eckwith, Miss Marsh and Messrs. Torson, Corrie, H. V. Edgecombe, A. R. Tibbitts, L. Bailey, C. Neil, L. Eddy, Geo. Black, H. McNeil, A. Shute, H. Chestnut, A. Porter and S. Campbell.

After absence of several years spent in Ontario Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Elliott are welcomed back as permanent residents of Fredericton.

Mrs. Minnie Gordon has also returned to Fredericton and will make her home with Mrs. John Thomas for the winter.

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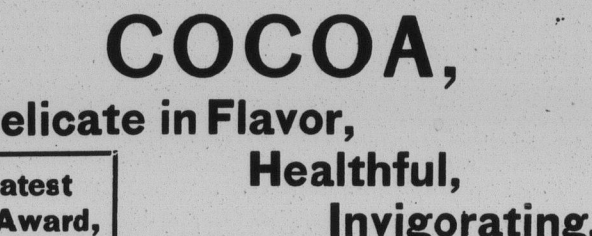


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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 13.

CHARITY AND CHATTER.

The proposition to establish a central charitable organization in this city is a happy thought which has occurred to a number of philanthropic gentlemen, who have already made a start. The beginning of the movement was undertaken some weeks ago, and up to the present, apparently, the promoters have had their time fully occupied in discussing constitutional matters, drawing up bye-laws and otherwise proceeding very much in the way they would were they organizing a rival to the Union club or some such select organization in which membership is presumably a privilege. A fee for admission has been fixed for those who wish to join, and the sum charged, though only a dollar, will doubtless be quite sufficient to exclude the rough element. It may be that some fastidious folk may carp at the fee being made so low, but it may be pointed out that the amount is the same as that charged for honorary membership in the Oratorio society, the roll of which contains the names of many prominent citizens. In order to draw the line somewhere, however, the new organization proposes to have a sort of a reserved seat contingent of life members, consisting of those who pay twenty-five dollars spot cash. Only one or two have so far given indications of a desire to achieve this honorable distinction, and they are men who would have contributed as much without that kind of a reward. Every other man, however, who has an expectation of life, as actuaries put it, for more than a quarter of a century hence, can not only gain honors now, but actually save money for the rest of his life after the twenty-five years have expired.

When the society has fully organized itself to its own satisfaction, the work it has in view will, no doubt, have due attention. In the meantime the month of January is nearly half gone, and it is to be hoped the society will ere long feel that it has complied with all the formal preliminaries necessary to enable it to do some practical charitable work.

That some organization for the prompt and judicious relief of distress has long been needed, nobody can doubt. To what extent it is essential that it should have such a constitution, bye laws and circumlocutory machinery generally, is another question. At the present time the poverty which is apt to get the most attention is that which is most forward in its applications, while that which is slow to ask relief is very liable to be overlooked. One disastrous result of this is that just enough suspicion is created in the minds of some citizens to make them slow to assist the poor unless they have evidence that the wolf is really at the door of the applicant for charity. Somebody has told them that he—or more likely she—has heard that the so-and-so family had got a mere trifle from that source and was really in want. Nevertheless, on the suspicion raised by the word of a wrongly informed man or gossiping woman, the supply to the so-and-so family is shut off. A good many people seem to think that they are absolved from aiding in certain cases if any other person has given aid.

A case in point came to the notice of Progress during the last week. A city clergyman, who is one of the promoters of the central charitable organization, was applied to for aid from his church for one of his parishioners, a blind man with a dependent family. The applicant was not a member of that church, but knew the man was in need of immediate help. The clergyman declined to give any assistance, saying he understood the blind man was receiving "outside aid." He probably

meant outside of the church organization, but he might have remembered that it was not outside of the pale of christian charity. The truth is, in some cases, churches and individuals are limited both in their means and their system of helping the needy. Surely a man or a family who is kept on very short commons by somebody who has him or them in charge is committing no crime in trying to mitigate his misery by seeking aid from others. It is quite true, there are cases where the charitable are imposed upon, but he who is sincere in his desire to help others will take the chances and have a better conscience than if he had excused his lack of generosity by the plea of prudence. The lot of those who ask aid is pitiable at the best, and even if they occasionally do get two loads of coal or two baskets of food or clothing from different sources on the same day, their deception should not exclude them from further sympathy and aid.

A good deal is said about the "deserving poor," by which term, probably, are meant those whose poverty is due to no taint of vice or laziness. When their poverty is from such a vice as drunkenness, for instance, some kinds of professional philanthropists think they should suffer the consequences by being left severely alone. That a man or woman who is lazy and drunken should not be encouraged to depend on charity is clear enough, but even such are "deserving," if they are in want. If we were all to suffer in this world from our neglect of God's law, our waste of opportunities and our failures to live up to the light that has been given us, where would some of us be? That the environment of hereditary ignorance and poverty have kept men, women, and families wretched and degraded, should be thought of by those who attempt to dole out charity on finely drawn lines of distinction between good and bad. All poor are deserving poor if "naked and destitute of daily food," and the philanthropist who weighs his dole by the weight of morality on the other side of the scale should learn anew from the Master's teachings.

Individual charity in cities, however, must be incomplete at the best, and wholly inadequate to the needs of the poor. The idea of a central body is good, and its opportunities are great, if it be not hampered by too much machinery and too much official formality. The quicker and more simply it does its work, the less it strives to assume the importance of a corporation and the characteristics of a debating club, the more promptly and cordially will the public be likely to aid in its work. There are hundreds of people who are willing to give a dollar, or more, if asked, who have no ambition to be members of a formal society. Besides if a working man gives only a quarter of a dollar, he may give in proportion to his means more than many a member of the society, and should have equally a vote when a vote is required. Every subscriber should be ipso facto a member of the society without "joining," and that provision, with a section providing for an executive with a secretary, treasurer, was about all the constitution and bye-laws the organization required. To the outside observer, it would seem that a good deal of time has been wasted. In the meanwhile there is plenty of scope for organized charity. Funds are needed, rather than opinions, but they can only be raised when the promoters of the organization make up their minds to have less talk and do more work.

WATCH IT AND SEE.

When the first issue of Progress appeared, nearly six years ago, it was very brief in its announcement of advent, and still less communicative in regard to its plans and prospects for the future. This has been its principle ever since—to speak for itself by its contents, from week to week, so that its readers will always know that new features of interest are sure to come in the future.

While it is customary for many leading periodical publications to outline their programme at the beginning of the year, and while Progress has arranged for much that will prove of interest in the next twelve months, the principle of promising little and striving to do much is still believed to be a sound one. It may be said however, arrangements have been made for a number of articles on live topics by writers of note, and that it is intended, at an early day, to add new departments, to be under the direction of writers who are specially qualified, so that whatever Progress gives its readers will be the best to be had.

One of the features of Progress for the current year is already known to the public. It is the publication from week to week of Mr. GEORGE E. FENETY's second volume of "Political Notes," a work which is historically of a value not to be fixed even at the present time, and which will be carefully treasured in the future. For many years, it has seemed that Mr. FENETY's work would end with the first volume, and that the notes and observations, made by him in the last half century would never be given to the public. The fact that the long unfinished work will be completed in the columns of Progress, and can be secured by no other means, will of itself make the paper of wonderful value to all who are interested in the hitherto un-

PHILHARM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Today has St. Hilary marked opposite it. Hence the Hilary term. It may be of interest to unsophisticated laymen to know that in this province the four terms of the Supreme Court are as follows:—Hilary, beginning the last Tuesday in January; Easter, the second Tuesday in April; Trinity, the second Tuesday in June and Michaelmas, the first Tuesday in October. We follow the English names but the dates are different. If you have much a case, you can easily get it carried through all these terms. You must not grumble at the costs though. "Law is a technical arrangement for the creation of costs."

One of the problems of cities today is how to provide safe, rapid and cheap transit, with the least possible interference with regular street traffic. Roads are run on the surface and up in the air and now Boston is about to try putting them under ground, after the English fashion, which is very likely to prove the best of all. The "deadly" trolley, at all events, must go sooner or later. Any one who looks at the awkward system of overhead wires, at present necessary for the running of electric cars, must realize that the system is not a permanent one. It is the best device up to the present, but man's ingenuity is bound to improvise upon it before very long. The question is, who is going to make a fortune by devising some method of furnishing electric power to run the cars, without the present system of wires? One company (the Metropolitan, of New York) has, I believe, offered a prize of fifty thousand dollars for such a method.

When the band plays "America" in the United States, and "God save the Queen" here in Canada, it plays just the same tune. Among the other good things our Yankee friends got from England was this tune, but of course it would not do to call it "God save the Queen" there. New York papers have been trying to prove that the tune is not of English origin. By-and-by they will be trying to prove that their language is not of English origin. But there is no getting over the fact that it is, notwithstanding the queer twang some of them give it over there. The Atlantic Journal, however, says that the tune was undoubtedly composed by Dr. John Bull, music teacher to Queen Elizabeth, about 1600. This is, perhaps, questionable, but the air is certainly of English extraction, like the people of the United States themselves. They have absorbed many foreign airs, but the English element rules. They can establish no distinct nationality, but should be proud that they are a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. The race is proud of its offspring.

A friend of mine has recently been studying heredity and thinks that he is now getting his laws down to such a fine point that he can account for about all the physical and psychical peculiarities which appear sometimes in people. He thinks he can find out everything but he is young yet and does not know that there are things which "no fellow can find out." He is, as Mr. Kipling would say, such an aggressive, cocksure, you-be-damned sort of fellow that it is no use to talk reason to him at all. We were out walking the other day and chanced to fall in with a man who, we soon noticed, walked with a most peculiar gait. He had a very singular fling to his right leg. My friend immediately "got on" to this gait and as soon as an *entente cordiale* was established, turned the conversation to his favorite theme of heredity and finally began questioning the man as to whether his father had shown this peculiarity in walking. "No," said the man. "Nor your grandfather?" pursued my friend. "Yes, he had it," was the reply. "I expected so," said the questioner, "turned up jubilantly said it then from your grandfather." "Yes," said the man, "I inherited it from him. Its the only one in the family. Its a cork leg."

People who journey from St. John to Boston by rail, and most of us make the trip to that Mecca of the Bluesnoes more or less frequently, cannot help but be struck by the difference, in speech and manner, of the people, as soon as one gets on to Yankee soil. Even the brakemen seem to announce the stations in a different manner. It is curious sometimes to notice the pronunciations of stations when they are called out. Last time I was over this ground, when nearing Ipswich, one man flung open the door at his end of the car and called "Ipswich Ipswich," immediately following, the door at the other end opened and the other man announced "Ipswich, Ipswich," in a quiet, unassuming way, looking up and asked "Ipswich?"

In some sections there are many places of the same name with the addition of East, West, Centre, Lower, Upper, etc., such as Newton, Massachusetts, or Orange, New Jersey. On the latter division the brakeman, instead of calling out the different names, abbreviates, by giving forth, "This train for East Orange and all the other Oranges."

There is a lot of humor in brakemen. I remember a man over on the V. and A. Road in Nova Scotia who would call out very sharply "Paradise, Paradise," and just when everybody was alert and thinking that this would be an excellent place to stop for good, he would quietly add, in an explanatory tone, "N. S."

Is President Cleveland's jaw all right? This is a question which seems to be causing considerable anxiety in the United States. Unfortunately there is no question about the jaws of all the members of the United States Congress being solid.

The man who drew a blank who is in the habit of speaking of life as a lottery.

The man who fears being taken at his true value is always on the alert for slights.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Morn'g Watch.
O the lonely, lonely watch before the morning!
In the cold, grey shadows ere the day's first dawn:
When our sore heart from the coming cross is
shrinking,
And our tired brain is throbbing with long thinking!
With that white face on the pillow strangely staring!
His loving eyes, unknowing, on us glancing—
And the dear, cold hands amid the shadows groping:
When our broken heart is done with hope—and
hoping!
Oh! the lonely, lonely watch before the morning
O, that lonely watch before the grey dawn's break
ing;
The last dark hour before the soul's awaking;
When through the silence, sobbing prayers are
calling,
And on unheeding brows our tears are falling;
When, far away, we hear the first cock-crowing,
And watch with aching eyes the faint light growing;
Till from that patient face, the night has drifted,
And from that loving heart—the cross is lifted!

Never again, through long, long nights of sorrow,
He'll pray for strength to bear its weight "to-mor-
row";
Never again, thank God, he'll share my weeping,
Grieving for me,—my long watch keeping!
Around his brow, a glory seems to hover,
As the bright sunbeams creep his dear face over;
Rays from the Brighter Light his soul adorning,
When, after earth's darkest hour, he has found the
morning.
JAN. 1894. JEAN E. L. NEALIS.

Nearing the Shore.
I'm drawing near the unknown land
Beyond times' depths and shoals of sand,
The watchman signals to my boat,
Across the sea where still I float;
I see the dim forever more
As daily I draw near the shore.
The evening shadows silent grow,
The stormy winds no longer blow
From out the drifting mists of night,
Gleams steadily a friendly light;
And happy voices come before,
Now call me as I near the shore.

Dear unknown land though there I'm known,
Land where no heart is sad and lone,
Land where all worldly strife is stilled
And where no life with tears is filled,
Where no sweet souls dark days deplore,
To-night I'm drawing near the shore.
O land of light to thee resigned,
I leave this dream life far behind;
Singing loud silent still I know,
Fills the dear home to which I go:
Love beckons from the open door,
As daily I draw near the shore.

"Ode" to a Tailor.
There was a little tailor
Who trusted every man,
Some paid him very promptly,
Some the "installment plan."
But there was quite a number
That dressed quite *à la mode*,
Who never did intend to pay
And hence this little "owed."

ALL ABOUT A CORNET.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Is the Canadian government bordering on bankruptcy or is it ignorant of the contemptible manner in which its laws are carried out by officious employees? On Dec. 6th, I left St. John, N. B., via steamer to Victoria, B. C. with my instrument, a cornet which I purchased six months ago and have used it constantly since that time, it being a means of livelihood. The inspector at Victoria had no complaint to make, why should he? It did not require four eyes to see that the instrument was in the best of order. Coming from Montreal to Boston the instrument passed another inspector. Common sense and decency had not deserted him, consequently it went through without a word, but at Vancouver the cornet was held up. J. S. Connelly, a young man ran to fever heat—reminiscence was of no avail—he wanted duty. Musical instruments could not be admitted free, no matter how much they had been used. Personal property met the same fate at his hands. The cry was duty! duty!
Upon requesting him to send the cornet through to Sussex, his reply was that "he couldn't do it," but would bond it to St. John, thinking it was unknown at that point and would experience more difficulty in obtaining it. We have a Collector of Customs here. I know articles have been bonded from the United States direct to Sussex, still Mr. Connelly "couldn't do it." The instrument was forwarded from St. John, manifest attached, with imperative orders to collect duty thereon. Our collector here could do nothing but comply with orders, and as a last resort called on J. H. Ruel, collector of customs, St. J. N. After explaining the case to him, he gave me a note to the collector at McAdam, which I must show him on my way through to the U. S., and he must be very sure the instrument returns to American territory, and then he must cancel the manifest. Now does Mr. Connelly think the Cape Bretoners, Nova Scotians, P. E. Islanders and New Brunswickers are a lot of "fish" that they don't know anything? Does he think their cheeks pale at the sight of an officer and when he yells duty, they will spout it like a whale does water? What a delusion to labor under! Still he did frighten 75 cents out of a fellow on a pair of rubber boots, with the heels partly worn off, 50 cents on a set of old boxing gloves, 81 on a gun that had been used twenty years. These were but a few instances of his magnanimous treatment towards Canadian citizens. Surely the Canadian government does not sanction or approve of such ignominious dealings, such outrageous extortion from its inhabitants. Is it any wonder Canada's sons and daughters get disgusted and ashamed of such home treatment and turn their faces to foreign countries where they can command common decency and justice. AZ

This is a Good Advertisement.
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In the article referring to me in the last issue of your paper, your Halifax correspondent was true to his reputation and his statements therefore were very incorrect. The points in the article which are harmless I need not of course refer to. It is true that I was assaulted some weeks ago by a man who fills a somewhat important official position but in justice to him it must be said that at the time he was not accountable for his actions. For me there was but one course that I could pursue, namely; to restrain him until his friends arrived and pacified him. I am glad I was able to do so without resorting to self-control or hurting a hair of my assailant's head. The tenderness and patience exhibited seems to have impressed your correspondent for he kindly styles me "a very religious doctor."

Now, I assure you, Mr. Editor, there was nothing unusual in my conduct, and it is not an uncommon experience for a physician to be brought in contact with individuals in wild delirium with homicidal tendencies. It is simply a medical accomplishment to know how to manage them until proper officers arrive and have them carefully padded apartments.

I must deny the statement that my consulting rooms are to be removed, and I hereby inform my old patients and friends that I am still on Hollis

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Thanking you for your paper, I remain, yours respectfully,
A. I. MADEN, M. D.
Halifax, Jan. 8.

LOST THE CASE DISCOUNT.
Mr. Currey's Bill of Costs Has Grown, in Spite of the Cold Weather.
Shortly after the close of the proceedings in the Ellis contempt case, one of the staff of PROGRESS tried to find out from Mr. L. A. Currey what the costs were likely to be. There had been a current rumor that they would amount to \$4,000, but Mr. Currey asserted that such an idea was preposterous. He did not know what they would be, he asserted with one of his bland and knowing smiles, but he could safely say that they would not be even \$3,000. Indeed, he added, if Mr. Ellis were to come then and make him a cash offer for considerably less than \$2,000, he would take it and call the matter square.

According to the Globe, his bill has been made up and is in the vicinity of \$1,200. Mr. Ellis evidently missed it by not being able to take advantage of the cash discount Mr. Currey was willing to make at the time he was interviewed by PROGRESS.

Allowing for the amount contributed by sympathizers, Mr. Ellis will be about \$2,000 out of pocket. This is quite enough to pay for all the fun he has had.

"There is Something Wrong"
With the returned Exordium who can see nothing so good in his own land as he did abroad.

When a man advises you to try Jamaica ginger for the grippie, while patronizing Jamaica rum for similar afflictions. When a man admires another man's wife, but thanks heavens she is not his. When a man "kicks" about that "exorbitant tax bill" and displays perfect passive nature, when the bills of a less beneficent nature are presented.

When a society man finds so little in the society of his family. "When nothing goes right." "When people least expect it." "When you are not "at home" to anyone except a debtor.

When "frills" form the most conspicuous part of the personage. "When 'trouble' is the excuse for blues or jim-jams." "When 'collections' are mostly copper, when silver is expected.

When contentment no longer abides with a man. When the "fifth" commandment is persistently ignored. When all days appear gloomy.

THE Countess as an Advertisement.
Merchants are constantly looking around for some new way to present their goods to the public, and commercial travelers who can send their customers an advance notice that will attract their attention, have gained something. The latest and perhaps most audacious attempt of this kind is a card from Messrs H. Shorey & Co., of Montreal, upon one side of which is an excellent likeness of the Countess of Aberdeen. No doubt the firm's customers will be pleased to get such an announcement, but whether the pleasure of the Countess in having her features thus put to commercial use is as marked, is a matter for conjecture.

Money in Detective Work.
When Peter Carroll, of Picou was in St. John not long ago, he was on the charitable mission of assisting the imported Scott act "detectives" to skip back for Yankeeedom, after Nova Scotia had become too hot for them. It is reported that Peter got \$50 from the Scott act prosecutors to get the men out of the way of the liquor dealers. Sometimes it pays to be a detective and sometimes it does not.

Building Up to Them.
Customer.—These pants won't do; they are a mile too big friend the waist.
Dealer.—Mien friend, shust you leave dot cheap boarding house, und get your meals at mein brudder Isaac's fine restaurant, und dose bants fit you like a gourt plaster.

A great man is one who knows how to make somebody else paddle his canoe for him.

The man who is the life of the company, often bores to death the other fellows who want to talk.

By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him, they make up their minds to help some other man.

To appear helpless is woman's way of flattering man. It is because she allows man to look down upon her that man looks up to her.

It is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safe to tell it to somebody else, and just as effective in most instances.

Wife of American Minister—"Dear me, Mr. Penrose, who is that beautiful Russian in the shockingly deollete gown?" Mr. Penrose—"I think that must be one of the Orloffs."

In counsel it is good to see dangers, but in execution not to see them unless they are very great.

She (heatedly)—"I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon." He—"Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours."

street in the building, partly occupied by the Confederation Life Association, where besides routine practice, I study specially mental and nervous diseases.

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Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its little time and place is quite as proper as prayer.

Advertisement for SHEPHERD BOND featuring a compass and the text "SHEPHERD BOND" and "We have 150 Bolls. Also T. Bonnell's".

Social and Personal.

Sterling SOAP

LADIES'

Call and See our New PURE GUM RUBBERS.

Will wear longer than 3 pairs ordinary rubbers.

They cannot slip off the Heel

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Do You Drink Tea?

Everybody--or, to be more exact--nearly everybody drinks tea, and the flavor of that article is one of the little things that make life more or less pleasant.

We have three grades of three kinds of tea. The Pure Black, which some people like above all others, can be bought for 20, 24 and 30 cents. Then there is the Oolong, of delicious flavor, at 35, 40 and 50 cents. While the mixed--most popular of all--sells for 30, 35 and 40 cents.

We can recommend all of these, but more especially the mixed tea.

Of course all other groceries are in stock now and always--prices and quality right.

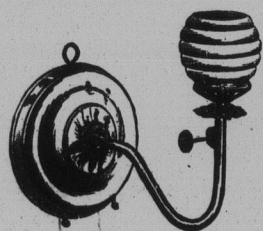
HARDRESS CLARKE,

73 and 77 Sydney Street, (near Princess)

Cash Grocery.

LITTLE JEWEL

OUR LITTLE JEWEL NIGHT LAMP.



The only perfect lamp for Halls, Basements, Bedrooms, etc., etc. Burns ordinary kerosene oil without odor or smoke. One filling of oil will burn for 36 hours.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER,

88 KING ST.

Telephone 856.

BONNELL'S GROCERY.

We have 150 Bbls. Potatoes, ass. kinds, viz: Snow Flakes, Kidneys, Coppers, &c. Also Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips and Beets, for sale low at Bonnell's Grocery, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

St. John--South End.

Rarely has a death called forth such universal regret and sympathy in society circles as that of Miss Maggie MacLaren, which occurred at her mother's residence, Charlotte street, on Sunday morning last.

Miss MacLaren was the third daughter of the late Dr. Laurence MacLaren, whose death occurred a little over a year ago.

Miss MacLaren, who had been seriously ill with pneumonia, is slowly improving.

Mr. Hugh Robertson and Mr. Greas, inspectors of the Bank of Montreal, arrived in the city on Tuesday to inspect the branch in St. John.

The funeral took place on Tuesday and was largely attended. The chief mourners were her two brothers, Mr. J. S. MacLaren and Dr. Murray MacLaren.

Mr. G. E. Farness, of the B. N. A., has been removed to the branch of the bank at Montreal, for which place he left last week.

Miss Jean Ferguson, Bathurst, came to St. John this week to attend the funeral of Miss Maggie MacLaren.

Postmaster Hanington has been suffering from an attack of la grippe.

Miss White, of Sussex, is making a visit to friends in this city.

The members of the Electric Reading club spent a very enjoyable evening last week at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Walker, Princess street.

Mrs. Geo. McLeod, of St. John, has been confined to her home for some days through illness.

Mr. A. H. Van Barravard, of the Magdalen Islands, spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. George T. Whitcomb has been re-visiting his old home in St. John.

Mrs. Armstrong, organist of the Baptist church, Fairville, was recently presented by the congregation with a purse of gold, as a mark of their appreciation of her services.

Mr. Reynolds, (son of Mr. James Reynolds of Union street), has gone back to Ottawa to resume his studies.

Mr. Hard Peters, C. E. spent part of this week in Montreal.

Miss Mary P. Dole has been confined to her residence, Sewell street, for some time through indisposition.

Mr. James Death, the well known amateur florist and traveller, has gone to reside at Dartmouth, N. S.

Mr. William Searle, has lately presented the Portland Methodist church of which Rev. W. V. Tippeit is pastor with a large and handsome clock.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. H. are receiving congratulations upon the recent birth of a little son.

Mr. John H. Bailey who was thought to be recovering, has had a relapse and now lies dangerously ill.

Miss Emma and Miss Josephine Faulkner have gone to visit friends at Annapolis, and will be absent for some months.

Mr. D. Russel Jack, gave a very successful party last Saturday evening at his rooms, Prince William street, in honor of his sister Miss Louise Jack, who is spending her vacation in St. John, and who in a very becoming toilette of pale pink made a charming hostess.

Mrs. H. H. Likely, and Mrs. A. E. Jardine acted as chaperones, and dancing was kept up with much spirit by the young people throughout the evening.

Mrs. Robert McNair, who has been making a stay here with her mother Mrs. Crookshank, has returned to her home in Ontario.

Mr. George Beverly visited St. Stevens this week.

Mr. J. L. Beverly, who has been confined to his room for the past ten days, with an attack of congestion of the lungs is recovering.

The Misses Isabel and Winnifred Howland, of Toronto, arrived here last week and are the guests of their aunt, Lady Tilley, at Carlton House.

They intend to remain in St. John for some time, and during their stay here will attend the classes of the Morley conservatory of music.

The death of Mr. George Travis, late collector of inland revenue for this port, occurred last Saturday at his residence Queen street. Mr. Travis was 72 years of age, and an elder brother of ex-Judge Travis of the North West territories.

Rev. Mr. Hudgell, has accepted the charge of a church in Massachusetts, and accompanied by his family left for there on Friday.

The latest matrimonial engagement announced in society circles, is that between a prominent young citizen and a popular lady of Queen Square.

Capt. Anderson has resigned his command of the "Marion" and intends to remain at home for some time.

Mrs. W. H. Tuck has been laid up through illness for several weeks at her residence, Orange street.

The friends of Rev. George Steele sympathize with him in the sad intelligence which he received this week of the death of his mother at Darlington, England.

Mrs. Clowes, of Oromocto, is visiting St. John, and is the guest of Mrs. Scott, Dorchester street.

Mr. Herbert C. Tilley has been making a visit to Petticoat.

Miss Livingstone was lately presented by the officers and teachers of St. David's branch Sunday school, with a beautiful gold chased ring set with diamonds, the presentation being made through Rev. George Bruce.

I learn of the engagement of the daughter of a well known legal gentleman to a professor of Cornell university.

The Misses Millings, of Rockland road, entertain a number of their young friends at a dance on Friday evening.

Mr. W. H. Bustin, of Fairville, who has been so seriously ill, is able to be out again.

Miss Adam fell on the ice last Sunday, and is suffering from a severely injured hip in consequence.

Messrs. Kinest and Simson Jones have returned to Peckskill, New York, to resume their studies at the military academy.

Mr. George Scott formerly of this city, has received a good position in Boston, with the Steamship company, of which his brother is a prominent official.

Mr. A. O. Macrae is sojourning at Picton, N. S.

Mr. G. Bentley Gerrard, accountant of the bank of British North America, intends leaving on the 15th inst., for a visit to his old home in Scotland, and will probably be absent for about three months.

Dr. C. A. Neal arrived here the first of this week from the United States and during his stay has been the guest of Dr. Sangster.

The announcement of the death of Miss Jane Mansson, which occurred of congestion of the brain, last Sunday morning at the residence of her brother, Mr. James Mansson, Quebec, was heard with regret by a large circle of friends.

Miss Mansson was a native of Wick, Caithness, Scotland, but for the past thirty years has made her home in St. John.

Rev. Mr. Pickett, of Oak Point spent Tuesday with friends in this city.

The friends of Mr. Thomas Mack, formerly of this city, will be sorry to learn that he has been dangerously ill this week, at his home at Beaufort, Carleton county.

Mr. A. Cushing spent some days in Bangor, Me., last week.

Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Rice, who have been in the city some days, left on Monday evening for Sackville, where they will be the guests of Dr. Allison.

Thomas Temple, M. P., and Mr. George F. Gregory, of Fredericton, were among the visitors to the city on Tuesday.

Mr. J. A. Jamieson, of Montreal, spent some days in the city this week.

Mr. W. H. Parler, principal of the Winter street school, has returned from New Hampshire, where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Proctor.

Mr. Amos B. Potts, who has been spending his vacation in the city, left on Saturday for Sackville, to resume his studies at the academy.

Miss Emerson, daughter of the Hon. H. R. Emmeron, who has been the guest of Mr. J. de Wolfe Spurr, has returned to her home in Dorchester.

Mrs. J. H. Ryan, of Sussex, was in the city last week, on route for Southern California. She was accompanied by her husband, Dr. Ryan, who will return to his practice in a few weeks.

Mr. W. J. Glenross, of New Westminster, B. C., was in the city on Tuesday, en route for Bridge-ton, his former home.

Mr. Thomas Fugaley, son of Mr. Wm. Fugaley, left on Sunday evening for New York, after spending his vacation with his parents in the city.

Miss Dick, daughter of Dr. Dick, St. George, passed through the city last week, on her return to the Ladies' college, Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Palmer have removed from Hampton to the city, where they will remain during the winter months.

Mr. Frank S. Read, of St. Paul, Minn., is visiting his old friends and acquaintances in this city.

Mr. W. W. Turnbull left on Friday last for Lakewood, N. J., to join Mrs. and Miss Turnbull. Then all three will go to Florida for the remainder of the winter.

Judge Peters has gone on a trip to Boston. He will be absent but a short time.

Mr. Robert Turnbull, who has been in the city for a short time, has returned to Ithaca, N. Y., where he will resume his studies.

It is reported that Mrs. W. E. Collier and family, who are now in Scotland, will return to this city and make it their permanent home.

Miss Emma and Miss Josephine Faulkner, of Carleton, have gone to Annapolis, and will remain there for the winter.

Mr. Frank Skinner has returned from a trip to Europe.

Mr. L. Rankin, son of the deputy sheriff, was in the city this week, paying his parents a visit.

Mr. Harold Gilbert left on Monday evening for Boston, where he will reside in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stetson left on Tuesday for a trip to Florida.

William A. Mott, M. P., of Campbellton, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. George McAvilly has gone to Montreal for a short visit.

Rev. Mr. Wiggins, of Maitland, spent a few days in the city this week on his return to Fredericton.

It is rumored that Judge Landry will remove to St. John about the first of May.

Mr. Arthur W. Hanson, formerly of this city, but who has been in Los Angeles for the past few years, intends to remove to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Manchester, who have been in Boston for some time, left on Tuesday last for California, via New Orleans. They will remain south during the winter.

Rev. E. Allison and Mrs. Allison, of Halifax, were in the city on Monday, enroute for Boston.

Mr. Thomas Stohart, principal of the Charlotte street school, who was summoned to his home in Kingston, Kent Co., last week in consequence of the illness of his brother, has returned to his duties.

His brother is now out of danger.

Mrs. A. W. Little is visiting friends in Halifax.

Miss Bert is now in the north end, entertaining large numbers of her friends at a dance on Friday evening.

Mr. William Harbour is suffering from an injury received while playing hockey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Frelais, of Halifax, were in the city this week on their bridal tour.

Senator Snowball, who was in the city the early part of the week, returned to his home in Chatham on Thursday.

Mr. George Robertson has returned to the city from Montreal, where he has been visiting his parents.

Miss Etta McNaughton, of Truro, is the guest of Mrs. Gilbert R. Purley, Robbsey.

Mr. C. S. Ingleton, son of Mr. A. H. Hanington, left on Wednesday evening for Montreal, where he has obtained a position. He was accompanied by his father.

A wedding took place on Wednesday evening, in Exmouth street Methodist church, when the Rev. Geo. M. Campbell united in marriage, Mr. Charles P. Bustin and Miss Annie L. Myles, daughter of Mr. Andrew Myles. Miss Laura McFadden, of Shelburne was bridesmaid, and Mr. A. D. Hopkins assisted the groom. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Bustin took the evening train for Boston. Prominent among the presents was a handsome tea service from the members of the choir and congregation of Exmouth street church.

Mr. George Gilbert, Jr., left on Wednesday for Bathurst, where he is to make his future home and practice law.

Miss McCready, who has been visiting friends in the city, returned on Wednesday to her home in New York.

Miss Fleming, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. Fannie Jenkins, daughter of Mr. George Jenkins, entertained a number of her little friends at a birthday party on Tuesday evening. The young folks spent a delightful evening playing games of all sorts. Before going home they were formed into a group which was photographed by Mr. White.

Among those present were the Misses Winnie Fairweather, Jean Nixon, Ruth Farrall, Marjorie Blair, Mabel McAvery, Nellie Irving, Myrtle Burnham, S. Brown, Trisie Lockhart, Grace Hayward, Gussie Law, Rose Bergan, Hannah Logan, Messrs. Irvine, Barnabas Bayward, Lockhart and others. About.

Dr. J. E. March left on a business trip to New York on Tuesday evening.

Miss Beatrice Waring spent a few days last week at Pleasant Point with her friend, Miss Rivers.

Dr. Camp and Mr. T. Burpee, of Sheffield, spent a few days in the city this week.

Miss Berry, Douglas Ave., who met with a severe accident some months ago, is able to be around again.

A very successful fancy sale is held this week and next at St. Peter's hall in aid of the poor.

(Continued on eighth page.)

Macaulay Bros. & Co.,

65 to 69 King St., St. John, N. B.

A SPECIAL OFFER FROM OUR SILK DEPARTMENT.

We will send, Express charges paid, for \$20 00,

16 YARDS, A FULL COSTUME OR DRESS PATTERN,

Any one of the following Six Makes in Rich Black Silk Dress Fabrics: For \$20.00, 16 yards Black Cashmere Silk, bright finish; " 20.00, 16 " Black Cashmere Silk, dull finish for mourning; " 20.00, 16 " Black Cross-Grain Silk; " 20.00, 16 " Black Satin De Soie; " 20.00, 16 " Black Satin Merveilleux.

Send for Samples. Every Dress Guaranteed by us. We consider this a Great Opportunity for Buyers to secure an Elegant Silk Dress at a Bargain.

MACAULAY BROS. & COMPANY.

WE ARE WAITING



Upon hundreds of customers and are prepared to wait upon you when you want anything in FOOTWEAR. You will find our goods to be the best, as well as our prices the lowest. You will receive courteous attention at our store; that is the work our clerks are paid for. If you visit our store we do not compel you to buy, but we would like to show you our goods.

MITCHELL'S Shoe Store, 61 Charlotte St.

Big Discounts for Cash! Why?

To bring in orders so that we may keep our hands busy during the season when work is needed.

GILMOUR, Tailor, - - 72 Germain St.

COLONIAL HOUSE

PHILLIPS SQUARE,

MONTREAL.

DISCOUNTS EXTRAORDINARY.

OWING TO THE DEATH of our senior partner MR. HENRY MORGAN, and the consequent re-arrangement of the firm, we intend making an extraordinary effort during the month of January to reduce our stock to the lowest possible point, that everything may be in good shape for starting the new business in February. To accomplish this, we have decided to make even greater sacrifices than has been our custom in the Annual January Sale. These sacrifices will be in the form of discounts, and will commence Tuesday Morning, 2nd January, and continue till the end of the month.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

PERFUMES.

TOILET WATERS.

Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Gold, Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles.

VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLE SUITABLE FOR

THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE,

87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

HAIR GOODS.

FOR ANOTHER WEEK.

- Ladies' Quilted Skirts, 1/3 off marked price,
Ladies' and Misses Underwear 1/4 " " "
Ladies' Knitted Shawls, 1/3 " " "
Table Covers, Embroidered, 1/3 " " "
Wool Fascinators, Fur Capes 1/2 " " "
All winter Dress goods being clearedout now at Feb- prices.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON,

London House Retail. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.
FRODOSS is to be in Halifax at the following places:
Cannell's Book Store, 24 George street

Good sleighing and very fair tobogganing are making things lively this week in a manner proper to the season.

Card parties are nearly as popular this week as last, in spite of other attractions.

The first prize silver headed stick was by Mr. Wythe, while Miss Colburne carried off the ladies' king prize.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Charles Wythe gave a card party at which young married people were the guests.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Montgomery Moore had a large afternoon tea, which was attended by almost every one in spite of the common attraction of a private day at the rink.

Invitations are out for a small dance for young people at the comfortable home on Thursday, before which there is a small dinner.

I hear that with the first large snow fall a ladies snowshoe club is to be organized.

The Milkmaid's Convention and Broom Drill, which is being got up by the Willing Y's is to be held on the 15th of January.

Mr. Galtward's organ recital at St. George's on Sunday afternoon was well attended and very successful.

The marriage of Mrs. MacDonald, eldest daughter of Mr. H. H. Fuller, and Mr. Frank Pheasant takes place on Wednesday of this week at St. Mary's cathedral.

It turns out that there was no truth in the rumors of the appointment of Sir John Ross to the governorship of Malta.

The Rev. Mr. Allison, late curate of St. Luke's, preached in that church for the last time on Sunday evening.

A great many Halifax people are suffering from grippe, and this week I hear that both Judge Meagher and Judge Town have been confined to the house by it.

Mr. C. R. Barry left for England on Saturday last, and will leave a circle of familiar friends hard to be filled.

The hockey match between the Orme Hockey Club and the United Banks has been postponed until Friday of this week.

The Opera Company is doing a good business at the Academy of Music this week, and will be here for about a fortnight.

The marriage of Miss Corbett and Captain Duff, R.A., takes place early in April at St. Luke's church.

The funeral of Mr. W. D. Lovitt took place on Thursday afternoon last, from his residence at Milton.

Dr. C. House of Boston, arrived here on Wednesday night.

PETERSEN'S Music and Art Store.
Stainway, Chickering and Nordheimer Pianos sold on Liberal Terms.
Second Hand Pianos at Great Bargains.
AGENT for the famous Scala Photos of Boston.

WHITE FELT SAILORS' SPECIAL SALE, DECEMBER.
We purchased for Cash from a leading New York manufacturer a few cases White Felt Sailors' the "Mascotte" (high slanting crown) and during November and December we will forward to any address in the three provinces (charges prepaid) on receipt of 95c.

LE BON MARCHE. HALIFAX, N. S.
\$37.50
This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY.

Single Sleighs, Gladstones, Ash Pungs, Painted Pungs, Grocery Sleighs.
PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

Dr. H. J. Baker of New Hampshire was in town on Wednesday.
Capt. G. Masters, of New York, left by steamer Boston on Wednesday last.
Mr. James of Woodstock, former U. S. consul of this town, is in town on a short visit.

Miss Helen Tooker, white muslin;
Miss Louise Tooker, a very dainty dress of delicate blue crepe, trimmed with rows of satin ribbon

JAN. 8.—One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was the drive, followed by a dance, on New Year's night.

Miss Earle returned on Monday from North Sydney, where she had been spending a few days.

Mr. W. J. Christie was in Sydney today.
Dr. and Mrs. Howard Bath, returned Thursday from Nova Scotia.

Mr. C. C. MacDonald, of Halifax, was in town last week, the guest of his mother, Mrs. A. C. McDonald.

Mr. A. O. Macrae and Master Donald Macrae were among the visitors in town this week.

Mr. F. T. Torrey and Mr. L. Yerton also left this week to pursue their studies at McGill college, Montreal.

Miss Jennie Stewart, of Coverdale, is visiting friends here.
Mr. Charles Trites, of Pettitcodiac, was in Salsbury last Sunday.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
LITTLE GIRL'S REEFERS, \$1.75 Each.
In Black, also Light Fawn, Tweed Lined. These are a great bargain, being less than half price.

Ladies' Custom Tailoring.
Garments of any description made up to order at moderate price, in first-class style and finish.

NEURALGIA.
A WONDERFUL CURE!
Messrs. Hanington Bros.
DEAR SIBS.—Having suffered severely for the past eight or nine years, from that excruciating and painful disease—Neuralgia—and having tried a various assortment of medicines, to no effect, until I had the good fortune—and no doubt it was a lucky omen—of obtaining possession of a package of your excellent remedy—SCIATICINE—and before it was half used I became a new creature, free from every description of pain or swelling whatever, and made a perfect convalescent.

SCIATICINE is for sale by the leading druggists in the Dominion. The wholesale drug houses in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.
In this department we hold a large stock of seasonable goods.
FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELLETTES, ETC., ETC.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
100 doz. latest American Bonnet and Hat Shapes just received.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.

MOORE'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.
EVERY WEEK THREE AGENTS boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to receive the rights to sell Moore's. There are persons in places where the people would be glad to take Moore's every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. ...]
Mr. D. A. Ross, of Montreal, is visiting his many friends in town this week.
Miss Blanche McDonald, of Hopedale, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. ...

Mr. Morris entertained a few young people on Wednesday evening of last week.
Mrs. C. H. Mills looked extremely handsome in a new dress, and was undoubtedly the belle among the married ladies.
Miss Blanche Reynolds, who has been spending her holidays here, returned to her home on Saturday.

Mr. Sydney Mills arrived from St. John this week.
In the same evening Mrs. Geo. Walling and the Misses Walling entertained a number of friends at a most enjoyable evening.
On Saturday evening Miss Belle Crandall entertained a few of her friends.

Mr. C. H. Clarke, invited a party of ladies to drive to the Lodge on Friday afternoon, and take supper at Rockaway cottage, but was obliged to postpone the party on account of a cold.
Mrs. O. S. Newcomb, gave a very pleasant tea to a number of young ladies, on Thursday evening at a Christmas party.

Mr. J. W. St. John, of St. John, spent last week in New Glasgow.
Mrs. J. W. St. John, of St. John, spent last week in New Glasgow.
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MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Sackville.
ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.
MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS (Frances Franklin) of London.
ST. JOHN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
PRICES AND GOODS to suit Everybody.
NEW YEAR'S GIFT cheap today, come to CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St.
14 KARAT GOLD PLATE.
The Sunday Sun. The first of American Newspapers CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page Seven.)

Mr. Arch. Tapley is rapidly improving under the hands of New York physicians.

A very fine crayon of Rev. Father Donahue, executed by Miss Dwyer, was presented to him by the members of St. Aloysius association.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller returned from their honeymoon earlier than they anticipated, as Mr. Miller was taken ill. He is, however, all right again.

Miss May Fleming returned to her home in New York on Wednesday evening.

Miss Beatrice spent a few days with Miss Lizzie Devitt last week.

Miss Bertie Forbes has issued invitations for a party on Friday evening.

At no party in this vicinity, probably, within recent years, could such a bevy of charming and beautiful young ladies be found as were present on Thursday evening last in response to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Vanwart.

The following is a list of the invited guests, Miss Clara Weeks, Miss Edith Johnson, Miss Nellie Rivers, Miss Mabel Esterbrook, Miss Fanny Russell, Miss Julia Waseley, Frederick, Miss Minnie Rose, Miss Lena Rivers, Miss Mary Cain, Miss Campbell, Misses Esterbrook, Miss Annie Purdy, Blanche Wisely, Ada Cowan, Helen Roberts, Maudie Peck, Clara Jencks, Corinna Courtney, Josephine Horrocks, Bertha Forbes, Florie Brown, Maudie Ritchie, Jennie Carpenter, Maudie Sprague, Jennie Jordan, Lou Sweet, McKay, Constance, Frederica, Maudie Hayford, Maudie Lingley, Beatrice Warren, Susie Peck, Alice Butcher, Bessie Sinclair, Gertrude McFarland, Annie Farmer, Miss Grey, Yarmouth, Misses Russell, South, Tapley, Nellie Vaughan, Bessie Harrison, Weldon, Annie Henderson, Beatrice Seely, Nettie Ferguson, Lizzie Dewitt, Nellie Hawthorn, Taylor, (St. Stephen), Messrs. Robert Johnson, Murray (Jr.), James Gillespie, Harry Butcher, George Doag, Frank Simpson, Charles Taylor, Mortimer Robinson, James McPeake, Joseph Carle, Fred McNeil, Fred Smith, Walter South, Le B. Betts, Jack McFarland, Dr. Mahler, Archie McKay, David Russell, Fred Fowler, Herbert Harrison, Jack Purdy, Messrs. Sinclair, Willie Henderson, David Donaherty, Fred Triton, Otto Renicker, A. W. Vanwart, Frank Holstead, Harry Vaughan, Otto Branscombe, Ritchie Robert Cowan, Warren Purdy, Frank Watson, Fred Chesley, Arthur McMackin, John Chesley, Frank Letzer, Elsie Pidgeon, Charles Cowan, Frank Courtney, Pearl Jordan, Fred Miles, W. Lee.

FRANKS.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

JAN. 10.—Miss Lottie Hallett, Sussex, who has been visiting friends here for a few weeks has returned home.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Rev. Geo. Howard, on Saturday last, when Mr. James A. McCumber, of St. Martin's, and Miss Minnie Fowles were united in marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Earle, entertained a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Miss Jennie Sinclair, of Boston, who has been visiting Mrs. Gillis Mabey, has returned to the city.

Miss Carrie Young and Miss Maggie Catheline, Rotheray, spent a few days with Mrs. R. G. Earle recently.

Mr. Thomas Wright, formerly of Hampton, now stationed in the south of Africa, is visiting Mrs. R. W. Gass.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Flewelling, entertained the children of the Sunday school on Monday evening. The social at the residence of Mrs. R. G. Flewelling, was a pleasant affair.

In the death of Mr. Thomas Hicks, and Mr. George Crawford, Hampton loses two of its oldest residents.

Mr. J. F. Chute, and daughter Zilla, are visiting friends in Boston.

Judge Wedderburn, is confined to the house through illness.

A couple of very interesting events take place on the Norton side of the river this week.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Tulon's and D. H. Smith & Co.]

JAN. 9.—Mrs. A. L. Sillip, has returned from St. John.

Mrs. MacRay, from Wallace, is a guest of Mrs. A. E. Murphy, at the Stanley house.

Miss Clara Christie, of Matland, is visiting Miss Maggie Ross, Victoria Square.

Mr. Walker, of the Merchants Bank, Newcastle, N. B. spent Monday, among Truro friends.

Mrs. A. J. Walker, gave a large young people's party, last Thursday evening, at her charming home, "Rosebank."

Saturday evening, about the same party were entertained by Miss Ella Riddle, at her home Prince street. These were essentially baptist parties and the amusements were restricted to music, bagatelle and modest card games, like "Authors" and such.

Miss Carrie Calkin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Carson, in Pictou.

Miss Jessie Ross, was spending a few days of last week with friends in Halifax.

Mr. E. R. Stuart, was also at the capital for a few days in the first of the year.

Doctors and Mrs. Howard S. Bath, of North Sydney, G. B., were in town last week, en route for home.

Mrs. H. C. Blair had a large children's party, on Saturday evening last for Miss Ina.

Miss Maud McLaughlin is visiting her friend, Miss Bessie Pugsley in St. John.

Mr. J. J. McKane, formerly of the merchants' bank staff here, and now the agent at Newcastle, was in town for a few days last week. Mr. McKane has a three months tour, and leaves very shortly for Scotland.

Mrs. Arthur, Bonaventure, had a carpet dance, on Monday evening, at which everyone enjoyed themselves; and on Tuesday evening Miss Grace Smith, had another in honor of her guests, the Misses Milliken, of Halifax, who are at present guests at Fairview.

The Misses Blyth, assisted by Mr. Will McKay, had a rink party last night, that was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, after the party enjoyed a carpet dance, and supper at Mrs. W. E. Blighs.

Miss Maud McKenzie, New Glasgow, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Stanley Kinnear, and her son, Mr. S. Kinnear, Halifax, were in town for a few days this week, guests at the Stanley House. Mr. Kinnear will remain here as a student at the agricultural college.

Mrs. H. W. Yule, returned on Monday, from a short visit among friends in Pictou.

Miss Tena McLeod is visiting friends in Springhill, Oxford and Pictou.



Linen and Cotton Sale

We invite attention to our large stock of Bleached Table Damask, Half Bleached Table Damask, Napkins and Towels, Hamburgs.

Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, White Cottons, Grey Cottons, &c., &c.

See our WHITE COTTONS before purchasing elsewhere. Hemming free of charge.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN.

In the past two or three years "PROGRESS" has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer.

Please fill out the blank below and send it with a Money Order for \$2.85 to Edward S. Carter and take advantage of the most attractive offer "PROGRESS" has ever made.

Subscription form for S. C. Porter's Progress magazine, dated Dec 1893, addressed to Mr. Edward S. Carter, Publisher Progress.

The regular subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.36, and for "PROGRESS" \$2.70. This offer is only open to new subscribers.

ST. GEORGE.

JAN. 9.—A very enjoyable concert was given in the presbyterian church on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, principal of the grammar school, returned from St. Stephen on Saturday.

The pall bearers at the funeral of the late Mr. Hugh Ludgate were Hon. A. H. Gilmer, James O'Brien, M. P. P., Messrs. John O'Brien, James McKay, Charles Johnston sr., Capt. Alabony.

Among the floral offerings was a beautiful basket of cut flowers from Miss Jennie Westmore, Houlton, niece of the deceased, lilacs from Mrs. Thos. Barry and Mrs. Andrew Baldwin. Mr. Ludgate leaves a wife, three daughters and three sons.

Miss Winnie Dick, a pupil at Sackville seminary, was a passenger on Saturday's train for St. John.

Miss Nellie Johnson is attending school in St. John.

Miss Jennie McIntyre left on Monday to take charge of a school in Welsford.

Miss Bessie O'Brien returned to St. Martin's seminary on Tuesday.

MAX.

MARYVILLE.

JAN. 10.—On the evening of Jan. 2nd, Mrs. J. S. Inch gave a party in honor of her guests, Miss M. B. Finlay, Mrs. S. Hawker and Miss Hawker, of St. John.

Among the invited were Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Lively, Miss Walker, Miss Minnie Inch, Miss Woodworth, Misses Elsie, Alma and George Inch, Miss Tufts, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Miss Olive Inch, Prof. and Mrs. Cadwallader, Miss Foster, Miss Clayton, Miss McCulloch, Mr. and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James Inch, Mr. Fred Murray, Mr. Vandrye, J. Bebbington, Mr. McMurray, W. Mann, G. Mann and Mr. Saunders. The evening was enjoyably spent in dancing and whist.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

JAN. 10.—Mr. Ben Windsor of Caracquet spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. Henry McIntyre and baby have returned from a pleasant week's visit to Maria, P. Q.

Miss Maggie McKenzie gave a delightful little party to a number of friends on Thursday evening. Cards and games were the chief amusements.

Mr. W. B. Dawson of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly of the L. C. R. freight department in Campbellton was in town the latter part of the week, and is a most welcome visitor after an absence of two or three years.

Miss Alice Mowat returned on Thursday morning from a short but enjoyable visit to friends in St. John and Moncton.

Mr. H. Fish of Newswick, called this place a short visit last week.

Mr. L. Comman and bride of St. John spent a few days at "B'n an Bonard cottage" last week, the guests of Miss Corinne Vennor.

Miss Margie Harper, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. C. Pith, for some weeks, left on Friday night for Mount Allison ladies' academy, Sackville.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal, G. D. Martin and S. H. White & Co.]

JAN. 10.—Miss Nellie Ryan of Newton, Mass., was in Sussex last week, the guest of her cousin, the Misses Ryan.

Mrs. Hockman of Amherst, N. S., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Brass returned to her home on Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ryan left on Tuesday night for Los Angeles, where Mrs. Ryan intends remaining until rare weather comes again. Miss Ryan goes with them [from Boston to Los Angeles, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hazen.

Mr. G. O. Ody of Hampton was in town on Friday. Miss Symonds has returned from St. John, and is staying at the Knoll.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edmiston, and son left on Friday for Halifax en route to Glasgow, to visit at Mr. Edmiston's former home.

Mrs. J. S. Trites, is visiting relatives in Moncton. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kirk, on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Greighton, who has been spending the winter in Sussex, left on Friday for Penobscot where she intends visiting a few weeks before going to her home in Chatham.

Miss Rena Culbert entertained a few of her friends on Friday evening, in honor of her cousin Miss Culbert who is visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McLeod gave a drive whilst party to about twenty of their friends on Friday evening. Mrs. McLeod made a charming a hostess, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. D. C. Pith. What was kept up until nearly twelve when supper was served. Mr. McLeod and Miss Grace Robertson and Dr. Pearson, and Miss Sadie DeBoo came out to the 20 points ahead. They played off and Mr. McLeod and Miss Robertson were successful. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hallett, Dr. and Mrs. G. N. Pearson, Miss McMonagle, Miss Morrison, Miss Kettle, the Misses DeBoo and the Misses Robertson, Messrs. G. W. Fowler, O. F. King, W. J. Mills, G. S. Kinnear, W. H. Fairweather, R. H. Arnold, A. Robertson and C. H. Fairweather.

Mrs. C. H. Fairweather visited friends in Moncton last week.

Misses Blanch, Howard and Hayes, returned to Fredericton, on Saturday, to resume their studies at

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Mrs. and Miss DeBoo, spent Saturday in St. John. Mrs. Langan, St. John, is visiting her friend Miss Morrison, Maple Grove.

Miss Reikie, of Annapolis, was the guest of Mrs. Pearson, part of last week.

Miss Kierstead and Miss May White, spent Sunday and Monday in St. John.

Miss Anderson, of Sackville, has returned to Sussex again, and is staying with Mrs. R. O. Boal.

HANDY ON A SATURDAY

The street money changer is an interesting character in Spanish cities. He stations himself at a principal street corner early every morning, and exchanges a bag of coppers for silver. By ten o'clock his bag is exhausted, and he goes home. All the servants on their way to market get their money changed by him, as they are not skilful in counting and are afraid of large coins. He gives them full change, his coppers being obtained from tradesmen who get rid of their coins at a discount.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Onsego Co., N. Y.

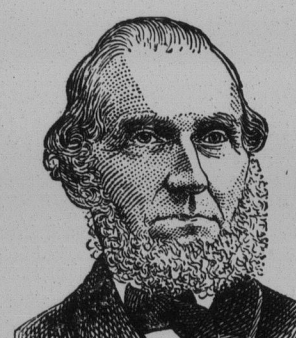
"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

LIVER and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I was unable to eat anything. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, and after the last bottle I was able to return to my home, and I began to feel healthy. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel well and am well. All who know me will be glad to see me well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS

are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.



Mr. David M. Jordan of Onsego Co., N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Onsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

LIVER and Kidneys

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HOOD'S PILLS

are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.

XMAS 1893.

Having lately added two large warerooms to my present premises I will have on exhibition on Monday the 13th, a large and handsome stock of CHE-NILLE PORTIERES from \$4.25 per pair up. Rugs, Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers, Chairs in Willow Rattan, and Oak, Rockers of all kinds, Derby Cabinets and a full assortment of Fancy Furniture suitable for Xmas Gifts. The Public are respectfully invited to inspect.

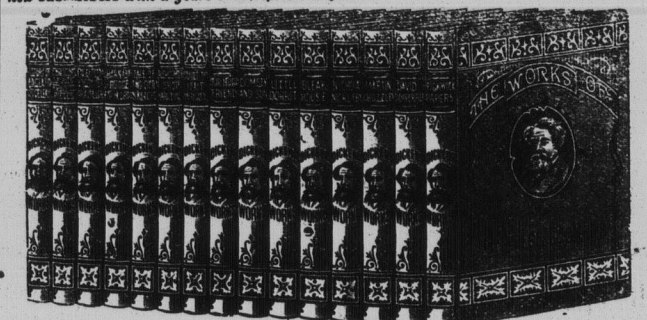
A. O. Skinner.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.



Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional.

We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 257 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$15, but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old or new subscribers with a year's subscription is \$6.50.



A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS.

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

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



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works will read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was the author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

- BAST LYNE, By Mrs. Henry Wood. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Mrs. Mary Anne Easton. JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Bronte. VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unaltered and unabridged, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

STAMPS, Seals, Memoranda, stationery, Office, Bank, and Railway stamps, Stationery cut to order. Send for the latest Catalogue. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMP WORKS, 94 GERRAIN ST., ST. JOHN. 13-11

PHOTO. Outfits, from \$3 to \$100. Amateurs will save time and money by purchasing from us. Experience counts here, the benefits of ours will not only be realized; call or address. ROBERTSON'S PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 94 GERRAIN ST., ST. JOHN. 13-11

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 110 Hollis St., Halifax in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Bookbinding, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZER, Principal. 13-11

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. Wanted by a leading Halifax dry goods firm. A man to represent them in New Brunswick. The RIGHT man can command a good salary, but must have an established connection. Address: HALIFAX, Progress Office, St. John. 13-11

WANTED. A SMALL BOY to sell Progress in Milltown. Good chance for right boy. Apply to circulation dept. PROGRESS.

WANTED. YOUNG MEN who wish to learn to cut gentlemen's garments; ours is not only a school but also a practical tailoring business, established for the past thirty years; when one graduates from our school he is a practical cutter and should easily obtain a position. For terms and information apply to George E. May, Proprietor St. John School of Cutting, No. 60 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. 13-11

Pa... FRENCH... THE TWO NATI... CITY OF... Both are Progress... and interests... Organizations... Brunswick's... MONTREAL, J... like living among... is a question that... to me, and a ques... residents of M... to answer for the... speaking Canadian... Dominion. It is... English residents... hard time of it w... largely French, an... English are sym... know that there i... sympathy with ou... we are doing fair... heard it alledg... true—that there... speaking Canada... who are as well... and comfort as th... and by "English... Irish as well... An analysis of... mercial undertak... nearly all the ban... ance companies... wholesale trade... steamship lines... huge cotton fac... much labor; the... the foundries, the... English control... The export cattle... fish. The most... prosperous newsp... the advertising c... that support bo... French journals... phone companies... regiments, with o... Nine-tenths of t... clubs are Engli... exchange, the bo... membership. Th... mercial corporati... Take the Engli... and you will see... Europe in vain t... better educatio... tion anywhere... You ask, "An... and it gives me... are quite as pro... comfortably. Th... industries and v... saving. They s... their income than... much less to liv... things which th... which the Eng... Nevertheless, in... cases, take in m... are going, and e... rationally on th... While the major... chants of Monct... are quite a num... that would do... community in... there is an eno... retail merchants... ness in the aggr... making good pu... cheaper than m... costs them much... they pay out lo... they do more of... es, than is g... glish. The Fre... on Chamber... members have... and the French... teur de Comm... is ably condu... public markets... they are larg... supplied mainl... the country ar... cartage are mai... th; give the be... on the contin... briate asylums... and the Belgia... with the excepti... tion, which is... (Longue Point... 1,100 inmates.)... In great hos... French excel... the affiliated re... to conduct the... scale and with... are many othe... institutions un... trol. No Fren... institution, how... benefactions fr... Royal Victoria... Mount-Stephe... nor has any F... bered by priv... has been by S... Macdonald, an... and other weal... treasurers... Nevertheless...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1894.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE TWO NATIONALITIES IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

Both are Prosperous and Control Important Interests—Some of Their Respective Organizations and Institutions—A New Brunswick Idea of Them.

MONTREAL, Jan. 8.—"How do you like living among the French of Montreal?"

is a question that has been frequently put to me, and a question that English speaking residents of Montreal have frequently to answer for the enlightenment of English speaking Canadians from this part of the Dominion. It is supposed by many that English residents of Montreal must have a hard time of it where the population is so largely French, and to a certain extent we English are sympathized with. I do not know that there is any occasion for special sympathy with our lot: for, on the whole, we are doing fairly well. In fact, I have heard it alleged—and I believe it to be true—that there is no body of English speaking Canadians, of the same number, who are as well "fixed" in point of wealth and comfort as the English of Montreal,—and by "English" are meant Scotch and Irish as well.

An analysis of the enterprising and commercial undertakings of this city shows that nearly all the banking capital, the insurance companies, the warehouses, the wholesale trade, the steam railways, the steamship lines, the street railways, the huge cotton factories which employ so much labor; the breweries, the refineries, the foundries, the rolling mills, are under English control and run by English capital. The export cattle trade is exclusively English. The most widely circulated and most prosperous newspapers are English. It is the advertising of the English merchants that support both the English and the French journals. The telegraph and telephone companies are English. The militia regiments, with one exception are English. Nine-tenths of the members of the athletic clubs are English speaking. The stock exchange, the board of trade the produce exchange are mainly sustained by English membership. The great bulk of the commercial corporations are English.

Take the English population of Montreal and you will search this continent and Europe in vain to find a better dressed, better educated or more comfortable population anywhere.

You ask, "And what of the French?" and it gives me pleasure to reply that they are quite as prosperous, and live quite as comfortably. They are as a whole most industrious and very economical and very saving. They save a larger proportion of their income than the English. It costs them much less to live, and they eschew many things which they regard as luxuries, but which the English consider necessities. Nevertheless, they live a jolly life in most cases, take in most of the amusements that are going, and enjoy themselves quite as rationally on the whole as the English. While the majority of the wholesale merchants of Montreal are English, there are quite a number of Al French houses that would do credit to any commercial community in the world. Necessarily, there is an enormous number of French retail merchants, doing an immense business in the aggregate; and many of them making good profits while selling much cheaper than the English retailers. It costs them much less for plate glass fronts, they pay out less for outside help, and they do more of their work within themselves, than is customary among the English. The French members have their own Chamber of Commerce, whose members have very advanced ideas and the French commercial journal, *Moniteur de Commerce*, has a large circulation, is ably conducted and is prospering. The public markets are very extensive, and they are largely run by the French and supplied mainly by the French farmers of the country around Montreal. The public carriages are mainly French and Irish and they give the best and cheapest cab service on the continent. The lunatic and inebriate asylums are managed by the nuns and the Belgian brothers (Roman catholic) with the exception of the Verdun institution, which is English and Protestant. (Langue Pointe asylum alone has about 1,100 inmates.)

In great hospitals and convents, the French excel, the wealth of the church and the affiliated religious orders enabling them to conduct these institutions on a vast scale and with remarkable success. There are many other benevolent and industrial institutions under exclusively French control. No French hospitals or other public institutions, however, have received such benefactions from private institutions as the Royal Victoria hospital received from Lord Mount-Stephen and Sir Donald Smith; nor has any French college been remembered by private friends as McGill college has been by Sir Donald Smith, W. C. Macdonald, and the Redpath, Molsons, and other wealthy English speaking Montrealers.

Nevertheless, the Montreal college,

founded and controlled by the Sulpicians, is one of the great universities of America hand as turned out its thousands of graduates, among whom have been many Frenchmen who have distinguished themselves in politics, letters and arts. In the law, there are many very able French judges and advocates, although the largest and most prosperous law firms are probably English.

In the government offices—Dominion, Provincial and Municipal—the overwhelming majority of the employes are French; and the disproportion between the two races will continue as long as the English youth disdain (as too many of them do) to learn the French language, while nearly every young Frenchman, with anything of an education, can speak English fluently and therefore stands a good chance for employment as a clerk or public official in a city with a mixed population.

In the city council the ablest aldermen are French, prominent lawyers of this nationality not disdaining to ask election at the hands of the electors in the French wards. An excellent certificate to the ability and integrity of a French alderman was given not long ago when the English ward, St. Antoine, called a French merchant, Mr. Rolland, to represent it, the electors giving him a unanimous election. The postmaster of Montreal is the former dexterous conservative politician Mr. Dansereau, the bosom friend of Chapleau; and with him as postmaster and Mr. Palmer as assistant postmaster Montreal is now better served than at any previous date in the city's history. As for the civil code which rules in Montreal and all of Quebec, even we English are free to say that in some respects it is to be preferred to the English or Canadian civil law and especially in regard to the rights of women.

As regards the general sense of security felt by the English in Montreal and the Province generally, it need only be mentioned that the agitation for abolishing the legislative council draws its strongest support from the English which is apparently well content to trust itself entirely to the legislation of a House of Assembly of which four-fifths are usually drawn from the French majority.

In conclusion let me say that the combination of English capital and French labor has given a powerful impulse to manufactures in Montreal. Many workshops in the Maritime Provinces have felt the effect of it. The French artisan and operative, male and female, work cheaply and are quick to perfect themselves in their several lines of industry. And then the church to which they belong is prompt to discourage secret societies and resolutely sets its face against strikes, at least in Montreal. Moreover, the church, through one or other of its many organizations, is a large owner of real estate in Montreal and its suburbs, and necessarily greets with satisfaction those works for developing the wealth of the city by which English energy and enterprises increase the value of real estate throughout the community.

Personally, I greatly enjoy "living among the French of Montreal." I find them courteous, obliging and generous. My relations with them, while not so close and intimate as with my English friends, have been exceedingly pleasant. The existence of the two races, and the necessary intermingling that results, adds a piquancy to life, social and political, in this city which those who have enjoyed it would not be without. This, I believe, is the feeling among all of the English population who are not moved by racial or religious prejudice and who are impressed with the importance of the two races continuing to live in harmony—which means prosperity for both.

A NEW BRUNSWICKER.

He Looked Like the Czar.

EVERYONE in Copenhagen has heard of the Czar's double, a banker of the name of Carlsen. He so strongly resembles the Czar as to have been frequently taken for him. This flattered his vanity, and he endeavored to counterfeit his illustrious model in all respects. When it was announced that Alexander was on his way to Copenhagen, Carlsen would appear at the head of the procession in a launch exactly like the Czar's, and later on would drive his four-hand through the crowded streets, bowing right and left to the cheering populace. Being rich, he scattered money freely, which fact added to his popularity. But the adulation he received was too much for the poor man; his reason tottered; he imagined that he really was the Czar and that the Nihilists were plotting against him. He finally became insane and was sent to a madhouse, where he will remain while life lasts.

It is a Royal Sport.

It may not be generally known that yacht racing was started as a sport for royalty—in fact in the early days of yachting—indeed in the royal houses possessed only the heads of royal houses possessed a yacht. In an old dictionary, dated 1755, devoted to the explanation of various words and expressions, the term "yacht" is defined to be "a small ship or pleasure boat, seldom more than 100 tons, for the king's use.

THE TALE OF TWO DOGS.

HOW THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT IN HALIFAX.

Police Court Proceedings Which Are of Interest in Social Circles—The Greyhound of Mr. Michaels Was Chased and Both Parties Appeal to the Law.

HALIFAX, Jan. 11.—A dog-fight on one of our streets is not generally regarded worthy of more than passing comment, and not even of that. But there was a test of endurance and strength between two canines on Hollis street a few days ago that at the time hardly assumed the proportions of an ordinary "dog-fight," but which has since had far-reaching consequences, and has caused a little ripple on society's glassy surface in this city. Perhaps, most important of all, the display of canine teeth has brought out an array of legal talent, which tomorrow will again engage the police magistrate and the lawyers.

Guy C. Hart, one of the best known of society's favorites in Halifax, is the owner of a bull terrier. A. L. Michaels, a Hebrew, of the firm of Levy & Michaels, is the possessor of one of those skinny little specimens of greyhounds which go shivering along the sidewalks on a cold day. The terrier has an abiding and deep-seated hatred of the greyhound. His terrierhood cannot endure the sight of the thin dog. He is too "common" probably. The dogs have met before; ere this they have measured teeth, and Michaels has more than once threatened legal proceedings. After the last attack and fight, the "dog fight" on the street was promptly changed into a legal contest in the police court, which was far more interesting.

At the time the dogs met, the bull terrier was in the company of the wife of Mr. Hart, while Mr. Michaels and his son were the escort of the greyhound. No sooner did the terrier see the greyhound than he made an onslaught upon his enemy, so the story goes, and howls were heard for a block away. Mrs. Hart grabbed her dog by the nape of the neck, but the terrier would not relinquish his hold on the greyhound's throat. Mr. Michaels seems to have lost his presence of mind for a time, for he talked of shooting—the dog not the owner. When someone handed him a stout stick, he recovered himself, and showered blows upon the contestants, the bulk of them, doubtless, falling upon the Hart dog. Mrs. Hart avers that one stroke came upon her hand. Mrs. Hart's tugging, Michaels' shouting, arm-swinging and pounding, went not for nothing, and the dog-fight was over, the greyhound minus part of his neck. The dog-fight, sure enough was over, but the legal-fight was just about to begin.

Michaels summoned Guy C. Hart to appear in the police court and show cause why he should not be fined for having such a dog in his possession and further why the dog should not be relegated to an untimely grave at the hands of a policeman. But Michaels was not to have all the law to himself for Hart promptly procured a summons for Michaels to answer a charge of assault, inasmuch as he had struck Mrs. Hart's hand with his stick.

In due time W. A. Henry appeared on behalf of Hart and Michaels had his legal luminary W. A. Lyons. A whole afternoon was spent in wrangling between the lawyers, and in taking the evidence of those who saw the combat, while every movement of the dogs' tails or jaws was duplicated by some legal manoeuvre of the exponents of the law.

When night had come only was the Michaels action against Hart and his terrier finished. The magistrate was so worked up that he found himself unable to give judgment. And more than all, there loomed up another day of the same kind of thing, for it was agreed that the counter action of assault should be tried tomorrow.

DOES NOT COURT POPULARITY.

A Halifax Official Who Makes Some of the Merchants Mad.

HALIFAX, January 9.—John Eckersley is by all odds the most unpopular among the customs officials of Halifax.

Mr. Eckersley is warehouse clerk. He is a man about fifty-five years of age and has been quite a long time in the employ of the Dominion government. During his service he has succeeded in making nearly all the merchants of Halifax and about the entire customs staff his enemies.

While there has been any amount of grumbling on the part of business men against Mr. Eckersley, there had been no formal complaint laid with the department until a week or two.

As a result of a very large trade and having much business to transact at the custom house, having stood Mr. Eckersley just as long as possible, wrote to the comptroller of customs, setting forth their grievances.

The firm alleges that for years past they had been in contact with Mr. Eckersley and for some unexplained reasons, the official has treated the members of the firm and their clerks with the

GIGANTIC SALE. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON are now making preparations for the most gigantic sale of COTTONS AND LINENS ever held in this part of the Dominion. Immense purchases have been made from the principal mills throughout Canada, Great Britain and the United States. The goods are now arriving by Rail and Steamships, and will be opened and prepared for the sale with as little delay as possible, considering the immense proportions of this purchase. The sale will begin early next week, of which due notice will be given. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

greatest incivility and has placed every possible hindrance in their way while transacting business with his department. They charge Mr. Eckersley with refusing to give information which it is his duty to give. He has, so they allege, kept permits from them when he had no right to do so; and maliciously seized goods for an alleged shortage in stock, said shortage never existing. In their complaint the following specific case is presented: One of the members of the firm presented papers to pay out on a consignment of goods. Eckersley passed part of them back, keeping the permit. He was immediately asked for the permit, but stated repeatedly that he had given it back. The collector of customs was then called out, and he requested Eckersley to give up the permit, whereupon Eckersley again stated that he had given it back. He repeated this statement a number of times. Finally the collector informed him that unless he gave up the permit at once, he would report him to the department. Then Mr. Eckersley went to his desk, unlocked a drawer, took out the permit and handed it back.

The firm states in the complaint that Mr. Eckersley does everything in his power to annoy and detain them, and at various times has caused them serious loss and inconvenience.

This firm pays in the vicinity of \$35,000 per annum in duties. It has asked for an investigation which the department has ordered.

NOT SO HOSPITABLE.

The Value was Trivial, because it was Drunk.

A passenger on an incoming train over the Pennsylvania railroad the other day caused considerable amusement by his efforts to make his satchel stay in the rack. Every time he put it up, down it came, generally on his head, exciting him to wrathful remonstrances in a very thick and muddled tongue.

"Washer matter wi' yer?" he demanded, at length. "Runk? Can't yer shray wher I put yer?" and he tossed it carelessly into the rack once more only to be visited again.

"Grip-ak must be Drunk?" he said, in an explanatory way to the other passengers, after gazing unsteadily at the dissipated valise a minute. "If it ain't 'runk, then wasser matter with it?"

Not receiving a satisfactory reply, he tossed it back again, and down it came smashing his hat and rolling out into the aisle.

"Jes' so!" he exclaimed, eyeing it with an idiotic grin. "No' a blame. That grip-ak wan's me ter 'runk! All the time I thought it was 'runk with me; it was only it's doggone'd hospitality! Come 'ere! Take er 'runk? Yer bet yer life!"

He opened the satchel and contemplated the contents with small disdain. In the frequency of its tumbles, his whisky bottle had been broken and everything in the bag was saturated with alcohol.

"Wrong'eran!" he muttered. "Right in the last place! It wasn't hospitality! The doggone'd thing was 'runk after all! Jes' smell his breath!"

Was a Preferred Credit.

Moses Pumpenickel fails and offers his creditors 30 cents on the dollar, payable in six months' bills.

Jacob Leberwurst declines to accept but insists on double the amount. "Well," says Moses, "you gonsent, an' I make you a preferred creditor."

"All ride," agrees Jacob. The other creditors come together and accept the notes. When they have taken them, Jacob says Moses: "Vare do I come in? Ain't I 'rpreferred?"

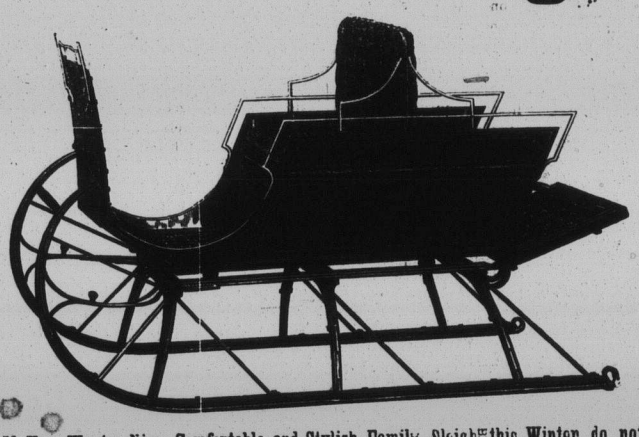
"Sure," replied Moses, "I don't intend to pay you of dem notes. Dey von't know it for six months; you know it now, cos you vos preferred."

Delicate Ivory Carving.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries various sculptors in ivory were engaged in carving portions of tanks with classical and other subjects, which were afterward mounted in silver or silver-gilt by some of the finest Augsburg and Nuremberg workers, and formed vases and standards. In the eighteenth century various carvings of ivory were made, chiefly of statuettes and small plaques, but none attain to the excellence of the earlier carvings. In modern times the ivory carvings of India have become noted for their minute and delicate work.

Children's suits have been marked down, the best, the next best and the worst. You'll save from 50cts. to a dollar, buying a two-piece suit this month. The prices now are: \$2, \$3, \$4 and \$5. "Can we spare the money now?" It would be a good time to buy the spring suit if you can. OAK HALL, King St., The Corner Germain, Big Shop. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., St. John.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleight this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGEcombe & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale: 2 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Sir (that's a coat), 4 year old, bay, kind and good; a set of 78 brand new carriage to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordas, Piano boxes, Corlins top buggies. A 111 rent 4 year old open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

Men and Boys now is your time to buy cheap clothing. Our entire stock has been greatly reduced in price, irrespective of size quality or anything else, in as much we have completed our object, viz., made sweeping reductions for the benefit of buyers. All Irish Frieze Ulsters, down at wholesale price—profit entirely knocked off them. Union Block, Cor. Mill & Union Streets, Central Clothing Store.

POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENKLY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 2.

General Elections—Speeches on the Hastings—Unsettled State of Politics—Government and Opposition Returns in St. John Equal—A Majority of Liberals Elected all over the Province—Departure of Sir Edmund Head and Arrival of his Successor, Hon. J. H. T. Manners-Sutton—Special Session of the Legislature—The Rectrocity Treaty—Strong Party Speeches—Detail of the Old Government and Formation of the First Party Government in New Brunswick.

The general elections were held in the month of June, 1854. Nomination day in St. John was on the 2nd. The candidates were—

For the city—James A. Harding, Isaac Woodward, S. L. Tilley, and J. W. Lawrence, Esqrs. [All dead but one.]

For the county—Hon. J. H. Gray, Hon. R. D. Wilmot, J. F. Godard, John R. Partelow, W. J. Ritchie, Allan McLean, and William Hawkes, Esqrs. [All dead.]

The principal speakers were Messrs. Partelow, Wilmot, and Gray, on the side of the government; and Messrs. Ritchie, Tilley, and Harding, in opposition. The other candidates spoke more on their own account, as untried "independent" politicians. The sins of omission and commission by the Government, underwent a severe criticism at the hands of Messrs. Ritchie and Tilley, but as stoutly rebutted and defended by Messrs. Wilmot and Gray. It was a war of words between these gentlemen in open air, upon the Court House steps, for some hours; but it is unnecessary to follow the speeches, or even make allusion to the points made, as they will hereafter come up in detail.

The result proved that the Constituency of St. John (the County at all events) was yet in an uncertain, unsettled political mood, being actuated more by personal than party considerations; for the three Government supporters, viz: Messrs. Partelow, Gray and Wilmot—and their most implacable political opponent, Mr. Ritchie, were all returned at the same time. The City appeared to be more consistent, whether from design or chance it matters not, for Messrs. Tilley and Harding were the choice. Taking City and County, the honours were divided and therefore easy, viz: three Government, and three Opposition.

The political equilibrium, however, remained unaltered in the County. In the absence of fixed principles in the minds of the electors, there could be no preponderating influence with one party more than another. The great battles of the Constitution had yet to be finished; desperate encounters had to be made between Liberals and Conservatives; but the army of the former had to look for recruits outside of St. John, for where there were so many personal likes and dislikes, there could be no political affinity, no coherence between those who called themselves Liberals for the expulsion from power of those who were recognized as Conservatives. Mr. Partelow's personal influence carried all before it. No matter what his political faults, (and who was without them?) they were all overshadowed in the man himself. He had only to go among the electors and take them by the hand, and they—were converted! Perhaps no public man since the days of Fox, or Wilkes, had a more suave manner, and knew better how to take advantage of the blind side of a voter; all is said to be fair in politics that is not dishonorable. Many anecdotes are related of his strategical skill in privately conquering an opponent; but to relate them here would be out of place.

St. John, however, although by chance, returned three out-and-out opponents of the government, men with tact and determination, two of whom were still writing under what they conceived to be an unjust don't-remember on a former occasion, a wrong which led them to resign their seats, and retire for two years into private life. This was so far an earnest that the rest of the province would follow the example, and that a majority of liberals, of unquestionable faith, would be elected to the new house.

York county, which at the election four years before, rejected Mr. Fisher, (late Judge Fisher,) now sent him in at the head of the poll, giving him 1185 votes, which was 198 more than the next highest candidate received; although this county was influenced by local rather than political feelings, and thought that Mr. Fisher was the best man for the special interests of York. Like St. John then, political principles entered but very inadequately into the contest—chance, however, as in the former county, divided the seats equally between the liberals and conservatives, two and two.

Northumberland likewise made a mongrel return—for the same tide that floated Mr. J. M. Johnson upon the crest of the wave, did not leave a great distance behind him the Attorney General (Hon. John A. Street), the gentleman who not long before this had rendered himself so unpopular to his constituents, that they sent in two requisitions one after the other calling upon him to resign his seat, because they felt aggrieved at his railway conduct, when he told them in substance that he knew what was better for the interests of his constituents than they did themselves.

This County, like St. John and York, split up its votes, giving half to the Liberals and half to the Conservatives. Thus three of the leading County returned seven Liberals and seven Conservatives, thereby implying that the conduct and merits of the one party on the floors of the House,

were all on an equal footing, and that public opinion was equally divided as to whether any change in the existing system of Government, (with the alleged train of evils incident thereto,) would lead to any improvement or advantage to the interests of the country. The returns for the whole Province, however, as appears below, gave a majority of Liberals elected, which may be called an accidental ascendancy, for which the people generally were not at all responsible—if real principles be taken into account.

The following were the returns for the whole province—those marked thus (*) were new members, although some of them had been in former Houses—

County of St. John—Hon. J. R. Partelow, Hon. R. D. Wilmot, Hon. John H. Gray, and William J. Ritchie, Esq.

City of St. John—James A. Harding and S. L. Tilley, Esqrs.

County of Kent—Robert B. Cutler and Francis McPhelin, Esqrs.

Westmorland—Daniel Hanington, Albert J. Smith, Amund Landry, and James Steadman, Esqrs.

York—Charles Fisher, Charles McPherson, James Taylor, and Geo. L. Hatheway, Esqrs.

Victoria—Francis Rice and James Tibbits, Esqrs.

Carleton—Charles Connell and Richard English, Esqrs.

Westmorland—Daniel Hanington, Albert J. Smith, Amund Landry, and James Steadman, Esqrs.

Northumberland—George Kerr, Hon. J. A. Street, J. M. Johnson, and Richard Satton, Esqrs.

Kings—Mathew McLeod, George Ryan, and Henry W. Purdy, Esqrs.

Gloucester—Wm. End* and Patrick McNaughton, Esqrs.

Restigouche—Hon. John Montgomery, and Chipman Hatford, Esq.

Queens—Samuel H. Gilbert and John Ferris, Esqrs.

Albert—Edward Stevens* and Abner McLellan, Esqrs.

Charlotte—A. H. Gilmour, John McAdam, James Brown, and James Boyd, Esqrs.

Sunbury—Hon. George Hayward, and Enoch Lunt, Esq.

[All the above are now dead, except Messrs. Tilley, Steadman, McLellan and Gilmour.

Departure of Sir Edmund Head.

In the month of October Sir Edmund Head (being elevated to the Governor-Generalship) took his departure from New Brunswick. A few days previous to this, he held his farewell levee in Fredericton, and in St. John, which were well attended. Hon. R. L. Hazen, as Recorder of St. John, read an Address from the Corporation, regretting the departure and congratulating him upon his elevation to a higher position. To which his Excellency made a suitable reply. Sir Edmund was succeeded by Hon. J. H. T. Manners-Sutton (son of a former Speaker of the House of Commons, in later years Lord Canterbury) who arrived in the Province in time to have an interview with his predecessor. The following is the announcement from a St. John newspaper (Oct. 6) of his Excellency's arrival:—

His Excellency the Lieut. Governor arrived in the steamer Governor at 12 o'clock yesterday, and landed immediately afterwards in company with Mr. Partelow. His Excellency is about Mr. Partelow's height, of spare make, and has a dark florid complexion. There was an immense concourse of people at the landing when Mr. Manners-Sutton arrived, who surrounded him on all sides, to obtain a view of him, and crowds followed him through the streets on his way to the St. John Hotel. A Royal salute was fired from on board the Black Ball Line of Packets, as the Steamer approached the wharf. His Excellency leaves town this morning for Fredericton.

MIND CONTROLLING MATTER.
Curious Results which Follow Freaks of the Imagination.

"Such tricks hath strong imagination!" It is an undoubted fact that predictions of death have often, through effects of fear on the mind, become fulfilled.

This accounts for extraordinary cases of condemned persons having cited their judges to join them in the next world at a stated time.

Travelers tell of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogated to themselves the power of praying people to death. Such are the effects of imagination, that the very notice was often sufficient to produce the intended effect on the superstitious natives.

The influence of the mind over the body receives another illustration in the fact that on one occasion, out of twenty persons actually bitten by the same dog, only one had hydrophobia, because nineteen were men of strong nerve, with a proper control over their imagination.

Tasso, we are told, fancied himself to be surrounded by spiritual beings; and Rousseau believed that all the great men of Europe were leagued together to set the children of the villages through which he passed against him. A medical gentleman alluded to two cases of victims to external impressions which came under his notice. One patient was wrecked through an impalpable and unsubstantial idea—jealousy; and the other, poisoned by a word in the sermon of a modern preacher, changed in a short time from a healthy girl full of animation to a listless automaton—a typical instance of acute melancholia.

More extraordinary freaks of fancy are those in which men have imagined themselves to be teapots, pumps, dogs, cats, birds, and so on; acting up to their pretended forms with marvellous ingenuity and perseverance.

There are some curious instances of the success attending efforts to remove the dominant mental impression from victims of fancy freaks. A hypochondriac, who insisted that he was dead, was only cured

of his folly by being put into a coffin and carried to the graveyard. Another eccentric who indulged in a similar delusion was brought to his senses by the doctor seizing a knife, and pretending he was going to dissect him and ascertain the cause of his sudden decease.

Sometimes people, upon hearing of great successes in life, have imagined themselves to be poets, emperors, great generals, and so forth.

Medical students in hospitals sometimes fancy that they have become afflicted with certain of the dangerous diseases they have been studying. Here is a curious instance of this sort of sympathetic suffering. A lady who was watching her little child at play, saw a heavy window sash fall upon his hand, cutting off three of the poor little one's fingers. She was so overcome by fright and distress as to be unable to render any assistance. The surgeon who dressed the child's wounds then turned to the mother, whom he found weeping and complaining of pain in her hand. On examination, three fingers corresponding to those injured in the child were discovered to be swollen and inflamed, although they had said nothing prior to the accident. The wounds were only healed after some time, and after the usual symptoms of severe injuries.

In another case, a highly-intelligent lady, who once witnessed the narrow escape of a favorite child from getting his ankle crushed by a swinging gate, suddenly discovered that she could not move to his assistance owing to an intense pain in the ankle, corresponding to the one which she thought the boy would injure. After a painful and laborious walk home, she found on removing her stockings that there was a circle round the ankle, "as if it had been painted with red-currant juice, and a large spot of the same color on the outer part." Her foot became so inflamed that she was a prisoner to her bed for many days.

A somewhat singular freak of fancy was that of a man who indulged in the curious habit of licking away the plaster from the walls of his room. He declared that he was all the time tasting and smelling the most delicious fruits.

The old sea captain who drank copiously of water in order to flood an imaginary magazine in his inside, from which he thought himself in constant danger of being blown up, was not more absurd than the painter who kept his bed for months, because he fancied his bones had become too soft to support his body.

It is related of another eccentric that he thought himself an umbrella and would leap up against a corner of his room for hours.

A second crank fancied he was made of wax, and dreaded to approach the fire; while a third imagined that the ground had become thin glass, through which he was in constant danger of breaking.

In the Reign of Terror many people fancied they had been guillotined, and had exchanged heads with other victims. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary fancy of any here mentioned was that of a clergyman, who, having unintentionally killed a burglar in self-defence, imagined ever after that he had been deprived of his soul as a punishment.

SOMETHING LIKE A CLOCK.
It Can Do Almost Everything Except Eat, Drink and Talk.

A clock constructed by the late Beauvais M. Verie, engineer to the Northern Railway Company, and presented to the Bishopric of Beauvais, is a masterpiece of lace, marking the hour, the day, the week, the month, the year, the rising and setting of the sun, the phases of the moon, the tide, the time in the principal cities of the world, and a whole series of astronomical and terrestrial evolutions. It is composed of 92,000 pieces, which all receive their motion power from a little weight of 50 grains. The mounting is in oak wood and exquisitely carved. When the hour strikes an extraordinary movement is produced, and the whole structure seems alive. The artist wished to give an idea of the Last Judgment. A cock crows, angels sound the trumpet at the four cardinal points, and flames issue from the openings in the turrets placed to the right and left. The Eternal Father looks round as if to judge the world. A scud advances and takes its stand before the sovereign Aroiter. It is the soul of an impenitent sinner. Its works are found wanting, and it is condemned. A hideous demon, armed with a fork, pounces upon the unfortunate one and hurls him into the infernal abyss. Next comes the turn of the just soul. It appears before God, receives a favourable judgment, and is to be admitted into the joys of Heaven. Immediately angels make a guard of honour and escort it in triumph to the mansions above, while the air resounds with sweet music.

It Was the First Time.
"Halloo, Jack. I understand you're engaged?"
"I am, old man to the—"
"Ah, yes, I know; to the dearest, sweetest little wosman calculated to make you a happy home, the embodiment of your ideal, the dream of your youth."
"I say, old man, how did you ever find that out? You—you don't know her, do you?"

A Good Many are Like Him.
Cora:—You have a fine sense of the ridiculous.
Dick (rather flattered):—Why do you think so?
Cora:—I noticed you smiling at yourself in the mirror.

THINGS OF VALUE.
Take Notice.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Curs and sycophants partake of their masters' antipathies and follow up their disputes.

Pattner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

Matches are made in heaven; but on earth we make light of them.

Almost a Horse Fever.

During one of his journeys, a famous traveller came to a lonely cabin, and found the door wide open. In the centre of the floor stood a cradle, in which was an infant fast asleep. The cradle was rocking with surprising regularity, but no sign of what propelled it could be seen.

The traveller's curiosity was aroused. He went to the cradle, and found a stout cord attached to a nail driven in the side of it. The cord passed through an angle-hole in the side of the house. He took the trail, which soon led him into a ravine, where a donkey was standing and switching his tail.

The mystery was explained. The other end of the cord was tied to the ass's tail, and the constant switching of its caudal appendage furnished motive power sufficient to rock the cradle.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing given. I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing given. I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. 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Sunday Reading.

IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.
Sermon by Rev. Richard Blomfield, Preached in St. Mary's Church, St. John.

"I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—Rev. xxi: 2.

In the last two chapters of that wonderful book which St. John was inspired to write, towards the close of his long life, a very beautiful and striking description is given of a grand and glorious city, which the apostle calls "New Jerusalem" and which, although pre-eminently the city of God, is not the old Jerusalem where once His glory appeared on earth, and His presence long dwelt. It bears, indeed, the same name; for it is a significant and most suitable one—"the vision of peace," or "the inheritance of peace." The first Jerusalem was, no doubt, at times in its history a vision of peace; and we call to mind especially the vision of King Solomon, when all foreign wars had ceased, and when internal discord and selfish ambition must have been overwhelmed and hidden by the glare of the unparalleled magnificence of the city, the court, the gorgeous temple. For years then Jerusalem was at peace, and seemed a fitting resting-place, (if any spot on earth could be such) for the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence glowing mysteriously and constantly upon the mercy seat within the temple. And, Oh! how long might that peace have blessed and made illustrious the earthly Jerusalem if the people had been pure as the flashing gold upon the temple, stainless as its snow-white walls!

But the living city—the hearts within Jerusalem were not pure, the great mass of souls there were a most unfit abode for the infinitely Holy One, and the time at length came, when, almost with one accord, the madmen—the doomed people rose up, in wicked rage, against the blessed Son of God, and put Him to a malefactor's death, outside the gate. There was no peace in that Jerusalem for the "Prince of peace," no place, in hearts darkened by sin, for the "light of the world." But, amid the Babel voices of execration and unbelief, out of the deep gloom of sin that hung like a pall over the unrepenting city, a heavenly voice was heard saying to the faithful few: "I go to prepare a place for you."—"Where I am there ye may be also." No fitting place on earth, my brethren, then, or now, no satisfying joys for souls joined to Christ the Saviour, visited by the holy spirit, "purified by grace within." But through the grave and gate of death these souls, these sanctified bodies of Christ's people shall pass, the one by a great translation, the other by a joyful resurrection into the place of Christ's presence, into the wondrous glories of the holy city—the new Jerusalem. From the earthly Jerusalem to the heavenly will have passed direct some of the Lord's early disciples; the favored James, the saintly Stephen; to be followed from other points on the earth's surface, along invisible, but converging paths, by "the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs," and, in due time, will be followed by "the holy church throughout the world."

St. John is inspired to give a somewhat minute description of the glorious city yet to be revealed, with its foundations, "garlanded with all manner of precious stones," "its walls of Jasper," "its street of pure gold, as it were transparent glass." And while it is possible that this striking description may be, to a great extent, figurative, we have no authority for affirming positively that it is so. Richness, and beauty of coloring are marked features in the works of God, with which we are familiar, the deep green of the fields in the summer time, varied and lightened and adorned with many flowers of exquisite delicacy and fineness of texture, and of varied and charming colors. And these productions of the earth were not made in vain, nor this beautiful painting spread abroad over its surface without a purpose.

The same all-wise and benevolent Creator who so adorned His inanimate works has furnished man—His noblest creature, here, with faculties for admiring and enjoying the beautiful in form and color; and further gives to the teachable heart the power, the tendency to look up for the beautiful creation to the benevolent Creator. And, as the same intelligent, observing, gifted beings, who, here on earth had gazed with pleasure, with rapture even in many instances, with profit, upon the beautiful, the curious, the wonderful works of the Almighty, will hereafter, be transferred to the higher sphere, and will possess, no doubt, the old familiar bodily senses (though wonderful improved and perfected), it is not, I think, taking a low, or too materialistic view of the enjoyments and surroundings of the heavenly life, to suppose that objects, arrangements, adornments will be there provided, which the sublimed and quickened senses may intensely enjoy, and out of which the pure hearts of the redeemed may receive ever fresh, constantly recurring incentives to praise and devotion. And if so, we may infer that St. John's description of the beauties of the new Jerusalem is not figurative, or metaphorical only. And may it not be a help to our faith, if we often picture in our minds the glories of heaven as fitted to give delight to all the faculties of the redeemed to the pure and holy instincts of souls and bodies dwelling in the very presence of their Creator, and made like unto the gracious Redeemer, Himself. It is, at least, very desirable that our thoughts of the heavenly world and the heavenly life should not be so undefined, shadowy, mystical, as to leave upon the mind chiefly an impression of vagueness, and almost of unreality. It is, in fact, certainly, it is most important that we should entirely avoid, that we should make no approach to the miserable imaginations of the unrighteous pagans, whose highest notion of the nature and happenings of heaven was derived from what they knew of this world and its attractions, from what they

had experienced of the lowest emotions of the earthly and debased body. The Bible clearly gives us a very different idea. What do we learn from the lofty teaching of the Saviour, from the many and most earnest exhortations to the practice of self-denial and mortification of the flesh with its affections and lusts, to be found all through the New Testament, but that the heavenly life will be very different from the earthly; the powers, faculties, emotions of glorified saints infinitely more exalted and spiritual, approaching in a degree of which we can now form but a very faint conception, even the emotions of the divine nature. "It doth not yet appear," writes St. John, "what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like him." Like the Saviour will His redeemed people be, and He was full of devotion, adoration, love and holy spiritual affections. Yet can we doubt that His eye also looked with pleasure upon the beautiful things of earth, upon the pure flowers that grew in the fields, upon their wonderful and exquisite delicacy of texture and upon the rich and varied coloring that adorned them, and concerning which He declared that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And we may remember also that the richness of material and harmony of color which must have been so conspicuous and so attractive in the holy and beautiful house at Jerusalem, and in the robes of the anointed high priest—the twelve jewels in the breast-plate, the gold, the blue, the purple, the scarlet, the fine-twined linen were furnished according to express divine directions and so may be interpreted (reverently) as indicating a taste for material beauty, even in the divine nature. The heavenly world, therefore, may be so furnished and adorned as to supply sources of exquisite and perfect enjoyment for all the faculties and tastes with which pure spiritual, intelligent, greatly gifted souls may be endowed. We know, certainly, that the taste for music and for song will be they indulged and gratified, for St. John tells of the harpers before the throne of God "harping with their harps;" and says again, "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord, God Almighty. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? For Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee."

No doubt, in such views and representations of heaven and the heavenly life, they will take most interest, who have been endowed in this life, with tastes and faculties to which such representations most directly appeal. But, surely, there may be attractions in them for those also who are not so gifted! And there are many such Christian people, many who are but faintly impressed by the beauties of nature, many whose tastes are not specially gratified by graceful architectural arrangements and proportions in churches, by richness and tasteful blending of colors in windows or on walls, or by exquisite sculpture or carving. Some also there are who have not, by nature, the love of music, or the gift of song. And for these there are certainly fewer enjoyments now. Yet, if they have in their hearts an idea of the beauty of holiness, if the words of praise and thanksgiving, independent of the musical sounds, are grateful to their souls, they have the highest enjoyment derived from holy worship; and their service is not less true, and acceptable to the Heavenly Father than that of Christian worshippers more variously endowed. The absence of certain gifts of sense can't deprive anyone from the highest spiritual experiences, or prevent his attaining, in this life, to the supreme love of God, and to the most perfect devotion of which the soul of man is capable. And when, hereafter, such persons, saved by the sacrifice of the Lord, whom they had learned to know and to love, shall stand with the other redeemed before the throne, and in the Great Presence, we may be sure they will be conscious of no lack of gifts, but will be able to bear their full part in the grand harmonious worship, and will perhaps with an adored feeling of delight and gratitude, use joyously the new gift of sacred song, in instant praise of the Bountiful Giver, and will enjoy, with a new and before unknown rapture, the visible, shall I say the material beauties of "the holy city," "the new Jerusalem," "the glorious eternal home of the elect."

They too, who, endowed by nature with fine powers of taste, and with a keen appreciation of the beautiful in form, color, harmony, proportion, have used these enviable powers here on earth first, and above all, in the service of their God, and in thankful acknowledgement of His good gifts, will find in their enlarged sphere and powers, ever fresh incentives as well as perfect ability, to worship worthily the Gracious Giver of all.

In the case of some, many alas! favored with choice gifts like these, there seems to be no acknowledgement of the Giver, no holy use is ever made of the gifts; but, on the contrary, the correct musical taste, the melodious voice are used only in the interest of the evil one, and serve to invest with a fatal fascination of perverted beauty, the profane indigent, ribald song. Alas! what must be the view God takes of such perverse sinners as these! Will there be a place for them in "the holy city?" Or shall they stand, in white garments, on the Crystal sea, and take up the harps of God, and join the multitude of the pure-hearted in the noble, the jubilant psalmody of heaven? The inhabitants of the new Jerusalem will be a select company. The infallible word says, "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither maketh abom-

ination or a lie; but they who are written in the Lamb's book of life." And again—"blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in, thro' the gates, into the city." And, as "there shall be no night there," and "the Lord God and the Lamb shall be the light thereof," souls trained only to thoughts of sin and deeds of darkness, etc., only write in agony in the pure overwhelming brightness of God's Presence.

BECAUSE HE KILLED A MAN.

The Trouble of an English Archbishop in the Olden Time.

The English archbishop who killed a man was George Abbott, who was born at Guildford on the 29th October, 1562, and became Archbishop of Canterbury. In the summer of 1621 Lord Zouch invited him to a hunting party at Bramhill park, Hampshire. Crossbows were used in the sport; and on the 27th July, Abbott, when shooting at a buck, had the misfortune to kill one Peter Hawkins, a gamekeeper. The man had already been warned to keep out of the huntsman's way, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "per infortunium sue proprie culpae." News of this occurrence was sent to the King, who declared that none but a fool or a knave would think the worse of a man for such an event, and that the like had often nearly happened to himself. The archbishop was greatly distressed; he prescribed for himself a monthly fast on Tuesday, the day of the misfortune, and settled £20 on Hawkins' widow, which in Olyd's words, soon procured her another husband. But others would not allow the matter to be so easily passed over. At the moment four bishops-elect were awaiting consecration; one of them, John Williams, who had been nominated to the See of Lincoln, refused to be consecrated by Abbott, declaring that to receive consecration at Abbott's hands would be sacrilege. After a halting decision of a commission, whose members were evenly divided as to a scandal caused to the church by the homicide, it was thought fitting to grant Abbott a formal pardon or dispensation, which was duly signed by King James. Abbott's reputation, however, never quite recovered from the slur which had been cast upon it. Three of the bishops-elect later on refused to be consecrated by him, and he in deference to their views delegated the duty to the Bishop of London.

FOLDED HANDS.

He Believed that the Lord Had Some Duty for Him.

You may have heard the story how, long ago, in quaint old Nuremberg, lived two boys, Albrecht Durer and Franz Knigstein. Both wished to be artists, and both studied and wrought with great earnestness. Albrecht had genius, but Franz had only love for art, without the power to put on canvas the beautiful visions that haunted him. When they compared their work that of Franz was cold and lifeless, while Albrecht's was instinct with beauty and pathos. Then Franz saw it all, and knew that he could never be an artist. His heart was almost broken, but he said in a voice choked with tears, yet full of manly courage, "Albrecht, the good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours; but something—some homely duty He has waiting somewhere for me to do. Yet now, be you artist of Nuremberg, and I"—"Stay Franz; be still one moment," cried Albrecht, seizing his pencil. Franz waited patiently in this attitude of surrender, his hands folded together. With swift pencil Albrecht drew a few lines and showed the sketch to his friend. "Why, those are only my hands," said Franz. "Why did you take them?" "I took them," said Albrecht, "as you stood there making the sad surrender of your life so very bravely. I said to myself, 'Those that may never paint a picture can now most certainly make one.' I have faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend. They will go to many a work." Durer's famous "Folded Hands" is but a picture of the hands of Franz Knigstein as they were folded that day when he gave up his heart's dearest wish, and yet believed that the Lord had some duty still for him doing.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"Let us go into the house of the Lord." Pa. 122: 1.
"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—Prov. 3: 5, 6.
"The blind man said unto Him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight.'—Mark 10: 51, 52.
"Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 38.
"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Romans 12: 21.
"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.
"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—James 1: 22.

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Every sick, suffering and diseased man and woman is called upon to make a weighty and momentous decision, when reluctant disease has obtained the mastery. At such a juncture, the first thought is for a remedy—a medicine that will drive off disease, banish suffering, and bring back to the worn and run-down body new strength and vitality. This work of health-building and securing a new life is a grand one; no worthier undertaking can claim the best efforts of the afflicted thousands in our land. An all-wise Providence has left the cure of disease in human hands and to human agencies. Shall sufferers, then, carelessly attend to the bestowal of God, or allow others to trifle with interests so sacred?

At present, the sick and suffering, and friends of such, are too frequently misled by designing dealers in medicines. This is notably the case when people desire to purchase Paine's celery compound. It is then that human selfishness is clearly revealed; at this particular time deception is practiced, and a total disregard shown for the value of life.

The sufferer, or a friend of the sufferer, asks the dealer for Paine's celery compound, and is met with the impertinent statement, "I have something else just as good, and can recommend it." It is just at this critical point that the death knell of thousands is sounded; and, without doubt, the failure of the sufferer to obtain a cure, and his ultimate death, is owing entirely to the dealer's deception.

The careless and those easily convinced and influenced, often take what is suggested to them: the cost of such action is a deeper and more aggravated form of suffering. The wise and prudent, and those who have stability of character, will not take a recommended substitute for the great life saver, Paine's celery compound; they must have the genuine article at any cost, as their faith is firmly fixed in its efficacy.

Readers, especially you who suffer, and who long for release from the bondage and slavery of disease, we ask a simple question: Do you buy medicine for the purpose of pleasing and benefitting the dealer, or do you buy it with a view of securing speedy relief and cure? If you are honest to yourself you will allow no one to force a substitute on you for Paine's celery compound; not one of the recommended substitutes can meet your case successfully.

When heartless dealers recommend you something just as good as Paine's celery compound, ask them to support what they say by showing you the same, strong, honest and convincing testimonials that Paine's celery compound produces every week, and that come from people around you. When dealers can furnish you with proofs as complete and as strong for their just as good medicines, then you may risk trying them; but until this is done, beware of substitutes; your life depends upon the best and most reliable medicine that has established a record and name for wonderful cures.

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Hartland, N. B., Oct. 31, 1893.

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THE CORN LAW RHYMER.

PASTOR FELIX GIVES FURTHER GLIMPSES OF HIM.

Post and Dealer in Bar Iron—Ideas and Iron—Unkind Criticism Not Justifiable—Scenes Around Sheffield—The Home on Margate Hill.

It may not be needful, at this date, to discuss the office of criticism, and its relation to works that lay claim to merit, by their very publication, or even to works of striking characteristics and assured power; but we wish briefly to consider the subject in its connexion with the present instance. We do not meanly regard it; that may, indeed, be one of the noblest and most necessary literary functions, rightly exercised. A subtle spirit of criticism underlies all the mightiest works of mind, and is a potent element, however unconsciously, in their growth and constitution. Next to the production of a poem—the creation of any original work of power—we can think of nothing worthier or more useful than to discover it, and properly to exhibit it to the less discerning. Thus the true critic multiplies its power, by extending its influence. It may also be seen how the critic will satisfy his sense of justice, while he serves the cause of letters, by aiding the extinction of mere pretension and incompetence, and helping by wise discretion, the true writer to form and use his powers aright. But, unhappily, the critics chair in these respects, has rarely been ideally filled, men of real skill have used their places of influence for the promotion of their own cliques, or their personal premises and conceits, while the review has been made an instrument of torturing discouragement. A reviewer in his largest achievement after this kind is a poor compensation for a true heart hurt, or a prophet stoned: witness, Wordsworth; witness, Keats; witness, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson; but, above all, witness, Elliott,—yes, almost any great original writer who ever appeared in England! The determined, and sometimes cruel, dominance of the Saxon has been shown as sternly in criticism as in war.

We can but accept the argument and testimony of a genial writer, who knew well how to temper criticism with human kindness: "If Elliott had chanced to die before blowing had chanced to visit Sheffield—what then? Where would now be the fame of the Corn Law Rhymer? I know there is a very favorite doctrine in many mouths, that true genius is sure, sooner or later, to find its way—that it cannot be destroyed, and is never lost. This may be very consolatory doctrine for those who have wielded a merciless pen, and are visited by compunctions of remorse; but it is just as true that untimely frosts never cut down buds and flowers, or that swords and cannons will not kill honest men, or that a really beautiful scene may not be ravaged and laid waste by bears and swine. If there be one thing that murders early genius, it is the bludgeon of critical unkindness: if there be one thing that gives life and spirit, it is encouragement. Kindness! Encouragement! They are the sunshine of the mind, as necessary as the sunshine of heaven for the unfolding of earth's flowers and the ripening of earth's fruits. How many a bright soul has sunk in the frosty valleys of neglect; how many have shrunk hopelessly from the vile snarl of scorn; how many that have survived have reached only a partial development of their strength and beauty; being crippled in their youth by the blows of private malice, or enfeebled by the want of the cordial aliment of acknowledged merit. Honor then to the few sturdy souls that contempt has not been able to subdue! To those who have returned kick for kick to the insolent opposers of their progress; who have been able to keep alive self-respect in their souls, through a long dark career of frowns and jeers, and cuffs, as the due award of a spiritual pauperism. Honor to those brave souls—they are the few victorious survivors in the great battle of fame, where thousands have fallen by butcher hands. The endurance of harsh treatment is no proof of genius—it is only a proof of a certain amount of power of resistance; but it is a lucky thing for the world that genius and endurance sometimes lodge in the same bosom. Byron knocked down his deriders on the spot; Elliott, like Wellington at Waterloo, stood out a whole long day of pitiless contest, and triumphed at the last."

Sheffield to-day has two causes of congratulation,—James Montgomery, and Ebenezer Elliott. There his work was done, his fame acquired; and near by are his home and grave. His was a double triumph, having succeeded in trade, equally with literature. Poor enough when he commenced he was and his sympathy was always with poverty; but he who in his prime of power, and the hey-day of Sheffield's prosperity, could "sit in his chair and make his twenty pounds a day, without even seeing the goods that he sold," might be supposed to know a little on both sides. His business was that of a merchant in bar-iron; and his celebrated warehouse and office were on Gibraltar street, Shalesmoor. One who visited him, a short time before his decease, went first to his place of business, and had pointed out to him the desk in the office on which most of the literary productions were written, and in which they were stored before being sent to the publisher. He writes: "I soon

caught sight of a lowish, humpish sort of building, with ELLIOTT AND CO'S IRON AND STEEL WAREHOUSE, painted in large letters along the front door. On entering the front door which, however, you are prevented doing, till a little iron gate in the doorway is opened for you, you find yourself in a dingy place, full of bars of steel and iron, of all sorts and sizes, from slenderest rods to good massy bars, reared on every inch of space, so that there is but room to get amongst them; and in the midst of all, stands aloft a large cast of Shakespeare, with the Sir Walter Raleigh ruff round his neck, and moustaches. Your eye, glancing forwards, penetrates a large warehouse behind of the like iron gloom and occupation. On the left hand is a smallish room, into which you directly look, for the door is open, if door there be, and which is, properly, the counting-house, but is nearly as crowded with iron bars as the rest." The poet's son, who was in charge, showed the visitor round,—saying, "Walk in, Sir, that is the Corn Law Rhymer's study; that is where my father wrote most of his poetry." Truly this is the most unique poet's study in England! "Imagine him," reflects the visitor, "in the midst of all this confusion of dusty materials, and the demand of customers, and the din and roar of iron rods and bars, as they were dragged out of their stations for examination and sale, and were flung into the scales to be weighed; imagine this, and that the man achieved a fortune and a fame at the same time—weighed out iron and ideas—took in gold and glory—cursed corn-laws and blessed God and man, and nature; established a large family, two sons as clergymen of the church of England—three in trade—two of them his successors in steel, though not in stanzas, in iron, though not in irony; and then retired to his own purchased land, built his house on a hill-top, and looked down on the world in philosophical ease, at little more than sixty years of age; and you may look a good while for a similar man and history."

Thence the visitor explored the environs of Sheffield, endeared to the poet, and made memorable by his verse; Pittsmoor and Shirecliffe, sacred to the memory of his "Ranter," Miles Gordon,—a man who magnified evangelism, as his poet magnified him:

"Miles Gordon sleeps," his six day's labor done, His dreams of Sunday, verdant fields and prayer, Arise, blest morn undimmed! Let thy sun Shine on the Arizian, thy purest air Breathe on the blessed flowers, deep despair! Poor sons of toil! I grieve them not the breeze That blows with Sabbath leisure, the clouds that play With Sabbath winds, the hum of Sabbath bees, The Sabbath walk, the sky-mark's Sabbath day, The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.

A true poet will always have sorrow enough, it spared critical unkindness;—sorrow that is needful and nourishing, as the darkness and silence and drouth in which the rose-tree is sometimes made to st. with the leaves blanching and falling pitifully around it; till, in the midst of fresher air, and a new sun-burst it bursts to a rarer life, which shall enrich with color and sweetness a re-garnished world. But darkness and drouth and silence may be a regimen, under which an exhausted soul recovers its force, while the hard frost, and the crushing heel, mean perpetual blight, maceration, and death.

The preacher, burning with his message, goes to Shirecliffe's lofty ridge, from which the gathered people can look down on "Misty lakes, that brighten and expand, And distant hills,"

He summons the worshippers to the feet of their true prophet: "Up! trace the footsteps where they paint the world With heavenly green; and hues that blush and glow Like angel's wings; while skies of blue and gold stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow. Behold the Great Unpaid the prophet, lo! Sublime he stands beneath the gospel-tree, And Edmund stands on Shirecliffe at his side."

The lofty eminence, so well described in the poem, and "the gospel-tree," were still there. The dusky town of Sheffield lay below, vomiting steam and smoke and coal dust from its innumerable chimneys, stretching along the valley of the Don; and there, in another direction, over far-off plains, and ridges, and broad masses of trees, were Wincobank, and Keppel's column, and the Wentworth woods, and the spires to blazon in the sun at morning and evening. And there was the valley of Lotley converging with the Don. And there runs the Rivelin, Elliott's favorite stream, "between high, wide-lying, and round hills, . . . one of five small rivers that come from the moorland heights and join near Sheffield. The scenery is very peculiar, from the singular features which art and trade have added to those of nature. The river is one of those streams that show their mountain origin by their rapid flow over their rugged beds, scattered with the masses of stone. It has a tinge of the peat-moss, and is overhung with woods and alternate steep banks of sandstone rock, clothed with the hillyberry plant." Into the runs the streamlet, that the poet loved, and christened "Rib-ble-din," and the beauty of which he appealed to the genius of Burns to describe:

"Wildest and loneliest streamlet, Gray oaks, all lichen'd o'er; Bush-bristled larks; ye tired larks, That marry shore to shore; And thou gnat-dwarf of centuries, Whose snaked roots writ above me; O for the tongue or pen of Burns, To tell ye how I love ye!"

"Would that I were a river, To wander all alone Through some sweet Eden of the wild, In music of my own; And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew, Distilled o'er mountains hoary, Return unto my home in heaven, On wings of joy and glory!"

"O that I were a skylark, To soar and sing above, Filling all hearts with joyful sounds, And my own soul with love; Then o'er the moor and the dead, And o'er the good man dying, My song should come like buds and flowers, When music wakes the spring."

"O like the rain-bow, laughing O'er Rivelin and Don, When misty morning calleth up, Her mountains, one by one, While glistening down the golden brown, The sun-like dew-drops reticulate, And round the little rocky isles, The little wave complaineth."

"O that the truth of beauty Were married to my rhyme; That it might wear a mountain's charm Until the death of time; Then, biblically, would I the best Of sorrow's sons and daughters, Should truth be reduced in my song, Like beauty in thy waters."

The home of Elliott is near Darfield, and on the line of railway between Rotherham

and Wakefield, not far from the city of steel and iron. Pursuing his rambles, the visitor, whose account we are epitomizing, took "his pleasant walk of three miles" from the Darfield station and "beyond the village of Great Houghton," to Horgate Hill, the poet's house and home. He came to the stone house, built by the poet, on an eminence overlooking a common, and with "a good garden lying around it." He remarks on the airiness of the place, and the extensive view of distant towns and villages, and bits of woodland scenery, to be had. "I found Ebenezer Elliott standing on his porch, with his huge Newfoundland dog beside him. I merely introduced myself as an admirer of his poetry, who had a desire to pay my respects to him. He gave me a very cordial welcome. We entered his room and were soon deep in conversation."

But best we like the account, by Samuel Smiles, of a visit to the place just before the owner had left it forever—a visit made on "one of the last lovely days of autumn, when the fat and frothy summer was still lingering among the woods and fields as if loth to depart from the earth she had gladdened; the blackbird was still piping his mellifluous song in the hedges and coppice, whose foliage was tinted in purple, russet and brown, with just enough of green to give that perfect autumnal tint, so beautifully pictorial, but impossible to paint in words. The beech-trees were dropping from the trees and crackled underfoot, and a rich, damp smell rose from the decaying leaves by the roadside." He reached the house "in the dusk of the autumn evening. There was just light enough to enable us to perceive that it was situated on a pleasant height, near the hill-top, commanding an extensive prospect of the undulating and finely wooded country towards the south; on the north stretched away an extensive tract of moorland covered with good bushes. A nicely kept flower garden and grass plot lay before the door, with some of the last year's roses still in bloom. We had a cordial welcome from the poet, his wife, and two interesting daughters. Elliott looked the way poet, that he was, pale and thin; and his hair was nearly white. Age had deeply marked his features since last we had seen him and heard, in the Palace Yard, London, some eleven years before; and instead of the iron-framed, firm voiced man, he now seemed a comparatively weak and feeble old man. An anxious expression of the face indicated that he had suffered much acute pain,—which indeed was the case. After he got rid of that subject, and began to converse about more general topics, his countenance brightened up, and under the stimulus of delightful converse, he became, as it were, a new man. With all his physical weakness, we found that his heart beat as warm and true as ever to the cause of human kind."

What a rare hour, on the verge of fate, was this when two kindred spirits met! What chats over old conquests and achievements; about politics and the rights of man; about poetry and literature. Can you not see the old man's eyes snap, as he exclaims against the Czar and calls him "that tremendous Nicholas!" and how he dilated in his eulogy of the glorious scenery round him—"Wharfedale, Coisborough, the Dearne and the Don,"—and wished for some Scott to set their beauties in romance. How pleasant to hear him praise, with generous warmth, his brother poets; speaking of Monckton Alford, who he lately published his "Life of Keats"; and of Keats, "himself," whom he termed that great "romanticized Greek"; and of Southey, "who had been his friend; of Carlyle, who, to him, was bard as well as prophet; and of Longfellow, who had a charm for him to whom "Evangelism" had not yet brought a beauty and pathos rare in modern literature.

"The poet was coming; and, with the passing of the year, he must vanish away. He left the scenes of his love on the 1st of December, 1849, and was laid at rest beside the church in the lonely village of Darfield, which is visible from his home-hill. His last lines written when he had just strength enough left to do it, were these:

"My lot, sweet robin, soft as dew, Head soon or late, we meet to me; To music I could bid adieu, But not to thee. When from my eyes the lifelet throng Has passed away, no more to be, Then, summer's pure rose, to thy song, Return to me."

On the site of the old Corn Market in Sheffield, is placed the statue of him whom Sheffield's sons delight to honor. Draw near, and look on the imaged form of this fearless and gifted man, whose fiery pen was skilled in verse and prose. Look up into the Dante-like features, that in life were written with woe and pain,—for it was eminently true of him, that he learned in suffering what he taught in song;—that face which when living, (and the tongue itself could speak; while every muscle was eloquent and when his cold blue eye fired with indignation, resembled a wintry sky flashing with lightning; his dark bushy brows writing above it like the thunder-cloud torn by the tempest; and you look upon one who was no careless dreamer, or singer of an idle day," but a prophet of humanity. When the record is made up, and men are known according to their true characters, he would hold the desire of Abou Ben Adhem:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men." PASTOR FELIX.

Was a "He" that Time, "Yonder, he comes!" said a tall, lean man who was sitting on a trunk in the shade of the station office. "Yonder comes who?" asked a fat, good-natured man who sat near him. "The train we've been waiting for nearly half an hour," said the first speaker. "Why do you say 'yonder he comes'?" asked the other. "Well, that's the customary way of speaking of a train, isn't it? And custom is what fixes things. Everybody says, 'yonder he comes,' in speaking of a train's approach."

"Well, I insist you should have said, 'yonder he comes,'" said the fat man. "Well, I'll agree to leave it to the station master and see if it wouldn't have been better for you to have said 'yonder he comes,'" added the fat man. Both agreed to it, and when they had found the station agent the fat man asked: "What is the use of the train just drawing near the station?" "It's a mail train," answered he. And the lean man went out and bought a good cigar for the fat man.

DIAMONDS BY THE PECK.

The Big Collection of Precious Stones Owned by the Sultan.

The diamonds, set and unset, in the Sultan's collection, would fill a peck measure, while there are pearls by the thousand, and precious stones of every kind by the hundred. One of the emeralds is as big as your fist, and there are bowls full or uncut stones of all shapes and sizes. There is fully a cart-load of gold plate, and some of the gold basins are large enough for a baby's bath-tub. These are surrounded by plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers of solid gold. Here, also, is the cradle in which a half-dozen Sultans have been rocked in their infancy. It is of solid gold, with its outside set in pearls, diamonds and rubies, and stands rather low on its curiously shaped rockers.

In the palace of the King of Siam the throne-room is lined with gold trees and gold bushes (the leaves of these are of pure gold, while their trunks are heavily plated). The ceiling of this room is at least thirty feet high, and there are, perhaps, a score of these trees on each side of the room, ranging in height from that of a Christmas-tree down to a currant-bush.

There is in one of the Buddhist temples of the Siamese king an idol of solid gold. This gold image is the famed emerald idol. Its head and neck are covered with precious stones. It is twelve inches high and eight inches wide, and the pure gold of which it is made is mixed with jewels.

It is the most costly idol in the world, in proportion to its size, and all the ladies of the King's harem bend their knees before it at certain times every year. The King never sits in the presence of this idol, and his nobles drink allegiance to him under its shadow.

The imperial treasure chamber of Austria, where the bridal jewels of Marie Antoinette are kept, contains, among other curiosities, pearls set in all shapes and forms. There are little images of men, the bodies of which are formed of pearls; one large pearl of regular shape making the trunk, two long, slim pearls forming the legs, other slim pearls serving as arms, and a round solitaire on the top as the head.

The formation of the pearl is so varied, that by the use of a little gold almost anything can be made of it, and the objects are wonderfully life-like. Here are turtles made of pearls, which are as natural as though they had been sculptured out of marble and trimmed with gold. Here is a hippopotamus, the body of which is made of pearl, and the other parts of gold and enamel. The eyes of all these curiosities are of diamonds, and they are, perhaps, the costliest little animals ever known.

How to Mend China.

A man who is in the china-mending business says: "Over a dozen kinds of cement are made which will unite the broken pieces of glass and china, and one is about as good as the other. The easiest and cheapest to prepare is by taking two ounces of pulverized white gum shellac and half an ounce of gum mastic. Soak them together in a couple of ounces of ether, and add half a pint of alcohol. After the whole is dissolved heat the edges of the article to be mended, put on the cement with a brush, hold firmly till the cement has set, lay the article away for a week, and it will break anywhere else, than in the mended place."

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HEDSON, of the James Smith Wollen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain. I am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

CHOCOLAT MENIER

is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong—

TAKE THE Yolk from the Egg, TAKE THE Oil from the Olive, What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,

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PLACE A CAKE of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree. The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better. Beware of Imitations. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal.

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For a Delicious Use Ram Lal's. of Tea. Full weight in every package. AT ALL GROCERS. NOW That the Slippery Walking has Come, DON'T wait until you fall and hurt yourself, but call at once and Get an Accident Policy in the Traveler's Ins. Co'y. T. B. & H. B. ROBINSON, Agents, 103 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, St. John, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Safes. 145 & 147 FRONT STREET EAST TORONTO. B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

January is ab the year in which tively or origi cause anyone oracles must kno or three weeks appeared, and pe with Christmas presents to give garments, so the be at a stand pretty designs t out just before season for eveni to give my reade week. In the first pl diaphanous fabr finished, and wo girl, who looks a dress, there seen inclination towa since the gauzes very expensive, looking after the off, and so finaly on everything, fr appointments at bracelets of one's tide has set very of a combination. A very prett was shown recon silk, around the flounce of baby gathered, and w get-me-nots. At breadth two lon and four inches waist to the foot breadth into a so bon was set a. The bodies wa fashion with a r to form a berth the belt is of the bunch of forget n gloves complete. Another charn caise satin with silver tissue, wh and free, then ca cord which hol ice is of the brig bertha of point capulettes on th cherry hair rib low end hangin. The baby wa lar bodice of th nearly all eveni ture which is ste is the panier, an gown laid prep was of thick pla plain in front an even at the foot, draped into panie fell in a short tra train was a full inches wide, whic to the waist in the seventies, where it meets th velvet pannies in these flowers pl formed a sort of train heading the course in bat sleeves and the l a shell plating at. In the lighte and gauze, the tiers, triple flou and overlapping able baby waist and belts of nary. In spite of all trary, the Eton j place in the wor comparatively fe they form a prom the American fa week in a pag journal, I notice five figures no jackets in some gaily trimmed, co line, and called was amputated j waist line to fash over a shirt front the third was cut edge, nearly to deep point. Som the deep revers armhole, while others sho collar into whic the manner of which came out of winter coats, th the slightest roo portant subject slowly but sure assured position, several of the ne they take the fo draping being of folds of the shir these folds into the foundation, skirts are made of lining, and fac to the required d per looped over

WOMAN and HER WORK.

January is about the hardest month of the year in which to write either authoritatively or originally about fashions, because anyone who studies the fashion oracles must know that during the past two or three weeks absolutely nothing new has appeared, and people have been too busy with Christmas preparations and Christmas presents to give much thought to their garments, so the wheel of fashion seems to be at a standstill. But as a few very pretty designs for evening dresses came out just before Christmas, and this is the season for evening gowns, I may be able to give my readers a few useful hints this week.

In the first place, lovely as the sheer diaphanous fabrics are when they are first finished, and worn by some sweet young girl, who looks as fresh and dainty as her dress, there seems to be a steadily growing inclination towards more solid materials, since the gauzes and tulle are not only very expensive, but perishable "draggy" looking after the first freshness has worn off, and so flimsy that they are apt to catch on everything, from a button, to the table appointments at supper time, or even the bracelets of one's vis-a-vis. Therefore the tide has set very decidedly in the direction of a combination of light and heavy goods.

A very pretty example of this fashion was shown recently in a skirt of white faille silk, around the front of which was a deep flounce of baby blue silk muslin, very fully gathered, and headed by a wreath of forget-me-nots. At each side of the front breadth two long ribbons, between three and four inches wide, extended from the waist to the foot of the skirt, defining the breadth into a sort of tablier; on each ribbon was set a bunch of forget-me-nots. The bodice was of the faille made in baby fashion with a ruffle of the blue silk muslin to form a bertha; and short puffed sleeves, the belt is of the ribbon, fastened with a bunch of forget-me-nots. Long white kid gloves complete the costume.

Another charming ball dress was of caise satin with an overdress of white and silver tissue, which is made perfectly plain, and free, then caught up at the left side by a cord which holds it in place. The bodice is of the brightly-hued satin, and has a bertha of point lace, gathered into full epaulettes on the shoulders. A narrow cherry rain ribbon forms the belt, with long ennobling nearly to the foot.

The "baby waist" has been the popular bodice of the hour, and it is seen on nearly all evening dresses. Another feature which is steadily gaining in popularity is the panier, and a very lovely evening gown lately prepared for a New York belle was of thick grey "white silk," made quite plain in front and devoid of any trimming, even at the foot, the back breadths were draped into paniers at the sides, and then fell in a short train at the back; around the train was a full flounce of lace about five inches wide, which extended up the sides to the waist in a sort of jabot, after the manner shown in old fashion magazines of the seventies. At the top of the jabot where it meets the waist, were placed three velvet paniers in a rich violet shade, and these flowers placed at short intervals, formed a sort of wreath all around the train heading the flounce. The bodice was of course in baby shape with full puffed sleeves and the low neck was finished with a shell plating and a pinked edge.

In the lighter materials, such as tulle and gauze, the skirts are made in three tiers, triple flounces all gathered very full, and overlapping each other with the inevitable baby waist and short puffed sleeves and belts of narrow ribbon with long ends.

In spite of all predictions to the contrary, the Eton jacket continues to hold its place in the world of fashion, and though comparatively few are seen in Canada, they form a prominent feature in many of the American fashion plates. Only last week in a page of a New York fashion journal, I noticed that out of a group of five figures no less than three had Eton jackets in some shape or other. One was gaily trimmed, cut off just below the waist line, and called a bolero jacket, another was amputated just sufficiently above the waist line to show the belt, and opened over a shirt front of pleated tan silk, while the third was cut sharply up from the front edge, nearly to the armhole, forming a deep point. Some of these jackets have the deep revers extending well over the armhole, which was seen last autumn, while others show a sort of high Stuart collar into which the revers extend after the manner of the English cut jackets, which came out with the latter importations of winter coats, last month. There is not the slightest room for doubt upon the important subject of overskirts, they are slowly but surely making their way to an assured position, as they are seen on several of the newest dresses. Sometimes they take the form of draped skirts, the draping being effected by gathering the folds of the skirt into clusters and fastening these folds into position by sewing them to the foundation, over which all draped skirts are made. This foundation is made of lining, and faced with the dress material to the required depth, and the dress proper looped over it.

Other draped skirts are seen with the pretty wrinkled fronts so popular a few years ago, and so difficult for anyone but a professional dressmaker to put together; the wrinkling is obtained by means of two pleats taken in on each side of the front breadth just at the waist line, but it is the correct placing of these same pleats which forms the stumbling block for amateurs, it seems so simple and is in reality so difficult. In overskirts proper, the principal style is a long blunt point reaching to nearly the foot of the skirt and slightly raised at the sides by a cluster of deep pleats massed together. Some are cut round in apron fashion, but the pointed style obtains the most favor at present.

BEATRICE.—I am glad you were pleased with your answer. Your composition is fairly good, better than very many letters I get. You can wear any colored ribbon in your hair that will match your dress or its trimmings, but either black or brown is prettier. (4) I do not know any French boys so I can scarcely judge, but I have no doubt they are quite as nice as English ones, and probably much more polite.

(5) I think any girl who would accept such a present from a young man must have as little respect for herself as he evidently had for her, but perhaps he did not know any better. I think you will have to curl your hair as it is so short and leave the back in waves, or else curl it too. Many thanks for your kind Christmas wishes.

CRUMBS, St. John.—So you did not approve of what I said about the sparrows, and call it an "attack" upon them? Well if no one ever attacks them more violently than I did the cheeky little fellows will fare pretty well. It is quite a new sensation for me, to be accused of unkindness to anything living, no matter how insignificant, and I am so accustomed to being regarded as a sort of harmless lunatic on the subject of all "God's little beasts" that it was really refreshing to have any one take up the cudgels for them against me. But I honor you for your defence of the little birds, all the same Crumbs, and I should dearly like to shake hands with you for your kind words you say about the birdies and the love your pretty letter revealed for God's helpless creatures, you must have observed them very closely, to be able to tell me so much about their habits and the funny ways they have with each other. You are a dear girl, Crumbs, and I hope you will write to me often. Do you really think I said anything untrue about the sparrows, or abused them in any way? If so, I will make them a public apology; but as you have watched them so closely, can you deny that they are impudent personified? I know the parent birds are devoted to their young but is not mother love the same in all animals, human, beast, and bird, and it was not their domestic relations I was treating of, but their general attitude towards the rest of their species, and the bird world in general. I do know a little about them too, Crumbs because if ever there was an open air soup kitchen, an "out door relief" dispensary, it is our back yard, and I really wish you could see it—I am sure it would do your heart good. We are quite a large family you know, so it takes a good deal to feed us, and there are a great many scraps left, but in spite of that there is no "swill tub" kept in our shed, just a large clean box in which all the potato, apple and turnip peelings, cabbage leaves, turnip and celery tops, are thrown, and saved for some hungry horse or cow; the rest of the scraps, bones, scraps of meat, fish, and even old bits of dry pastry cake and pudding are all thrown out in a certain spot near the back door, summer and winter! and I can assure you they never either freeze or spoil, so many four footed pensioners are always on the look-out for them, and many an *al fresco* meal is enjoyed there. Hungry dogs, half starved cats and every variety of bird swarm around our back fence, and I believe many a poor creature has been saved from starvation by that soup kitchen.

As for the birds they fare especially well because not only are the crumbs saved for them, but every scrap of dry bread, and every crust or "heel" of a loaf is either pounded up, or soaked and thrown out for the pigeons and sparrows, and the poor fellows cluster in swarms around the fences and even roost on all the neighboring house tops waiting for their meals. I assure you the pigeons are the most to be pitied, they are quite wild and homeless, and so timid that they never seem to get used to us but fly away if we even go to the window, while the sparrows scarcely pause to look up at us. Some of the pigeons are lame, two of them had broken legs and one had only one leg, and used to lie down on his side while he ate; but the sparrows were always well and hearty, and brimful of fight. The pigeons have no home, they are huddled under the eaves in the coldest weather, and only a few nights ago I was awakened by hearing their poor little cold feet scratching along the roof, over my head and it was such a cold night too; so I think the poor pigeons are entitled to a little consideration too Crumbs, and you must remember that pigeons never roost in trees except in their wild state, and they are much too large to gather in barns up amongst the rafters, as sparrows can easily do, so that their lot is really much harder, and their food harder to find because a sparrow would thrive for a whole day upon what would scarcely be a mouthful for a pigeon, and I really cannot understand why you should think the pigeons greedy because they too are so hungry that they are ready to fight for a morsel to eat, just as the sparrows do. Now I have written you a long letter Crumbs; and I hope I have succeeded in convincing you that I did not intend to do the sparrows any injustice, or even to take from them the little character they possess. I am sure that if they could speak they would one and all unite in assuring you that they and all their feathered friends never had a better friend than

ASTRA.

CHIRP SPARROW'S CASE.

What He Puts Forward in Regard to Himself and His Woes.

The following letter which I received last week from my little friend "Chirp Sparrow Jr." seems to me worthy of publication, as the sturdy little bird puts his own case far better than any human could, and of course he possesses the advantage of a more thorough acquaintance with his own race than any of us can boast of, and a valiant champion the whole sparrow family have in him.

"And was it thou?" Astra? Alas I am undone. My friend of the brown eyes, who always looks for "Astra" talks first, hunted through PROGRESS then said, "Astra has not written anything this time only in the Woman's work column, I will read that later." How could she have overlooked your name. No matter how busy she may be, when PROGRESS comes, she always sits down and reads Astra first. Oh why did you not put your name to the article and save us this mistake? Now alas! I have offended my best friend. Instead of crying over the pigeon's cold toes, I feel more like crying over my own woes.

I thought you had gone away to spend Christmas and some one who "hates sparrows"—as I sometimes hear people say—had written that article to induce the boys and men to persecute us with their stones and guns. I am much pained to think that you should class us with the mongrel flock in the neighboring republic when our family belongs to the very first sparrows in the old country, and our blood is the bluest of the blue! Doubtless some sparrows were brought over as emigrants, but not our family. It must have been "some other fellows." I have often heard my grandfather tell how he and my grandmother build a nest in the smoke-stack of a steamer and in that way crossed the big ocean in company with a few other birds, and the sailors were so pleased to see the little "land birds" as they called them that they fed them every day.

I don't believe you know me, Astra, though I know you well, and often see you on your way to church, so some fine morning I will come in front of your window with my sisters and my cousins and my aunts and you will see what a well behaved family we are. As to quarrelling we never! no never!—well, hardly ever!

Just now I am feeling rather dull because you are angry with me. So if you see a little bird, with tears in its eyes, standing on one foot, and wiping away its tears with the other; with feathers all rough as if they had been pulled out and put in wrong, and with a most dejected droop of wings and tail,—That's me! And if some fine morning, when you set out for church you hear a dismal little chirp, it is you looking up you will see me on some branch or telephone wire, trying to say, "forgive me."

I know you love and cherish me, and only reprove me for my good, and that paragraph in your article last week, comforted my sad heart a little. Do you not think we tiny creatures have a mission in life! My brown eyed friend often watches me and my brothers' picking up crumbs, and often her eyes were full of sorrow. In our own way of finding out things for,

"Bears and birds have seen and heard that which man knoweth not," we discovered that not long before, a dearly loved friend had been suddenly taken from her, and when the sense of loss was overpowering she sought a few moments diversion in watching our little selves. The tears would vanish, and the sweet and face would grow a little brighter and once I heard her softly say as she turned from the window,

"Whose habitations in the tree top even are half-way houses on the road to Heaven." As to the pigeons I do not know you are very fond of them. If they are such forlorn frozen creatures as you picture, might not the S. P. C. A. shoot them and so end their misery, and if there is a bounty on our poor little selves, would there not be a bigger one on the great pigeons? Perhaps when we are all gone the canker-worms will again spin down from the trees upon "each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown." Please tell the editor, "Thank you very much for putting my letter in PROGRESS," I felt so proud, and if you dear Astra will forgive me, I shall be the happiest bird in the city.

Yours sincerely,
CHIRP SPARROW, JR.

I have much pleasure in informing my saucy little correspondent that if he thinks I have anything to forgive, he has my full and free pardon, and if he will just come round to our door some day with his feathers in the condition he describes in such a graphic manner that he really must have been reading "The Jackdaw of Rheims." I will recognize him at once and be most happy to cement our friendship with an unlimited amount of crumbs, or any other treat that Chirp will select.

I will let the little bird convey his own thanks to the Editor, and I will waive all further claim I may have, to agreement on the subject of Chirp's ancestry leaving the little fellow the satisfaction of having the last word, because perhaps I was rather hard on him in the beginning, and that is the only amends I can make. But Chirp my friend, a word in your ear—I am afraid we will never meet on the pathway to church, because I simply never go to morning service, and you are snugly tucked away in your little nest long before I start out for evening church, so don't wait for me I beg, or else your poor little feet will freeze to the telephone wire, and you will be sure to catch the prevalent grip. You are a funny little bird, and your remedy for the pigeon's troubles is indeed original. I think you must be a poet, like all birds, or you could never have quoted so many beautiful lines, and described your ancestors' journey in such graceful language.

Write to me again sometime little friend and for the present good bye. ASTRA.

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Of having cold feet about the house when for 90c. you can get a very warm comfortable felt House Shoe.

Suppose you don't want to pay that much. We have got them at 75c., good ones too.

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Spool Silk and Twist gives the best results for all dressmaking and domestic use. Ladies prefer it, dressmakers recommend it. Try it once and you will use no other.



TO AVOID THE GRIP. It is Everybody's Duty to Preserve and Try To Live Up To.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten. Keep the back especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go in bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases. After exercises of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life. When horses speak as little as possible until the harness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. Merely warm the back by the fire and never continue keeping the back exposed to the cold after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

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P. S.—Mr. Carland is one of the oldest settlers in a J. P. and no one better known in the district.

Stomach and Liver pills from \$1 to \$5 absorption balls, 25 cents. Electrical belts, Digestives, insoles, etc. Liquid food, Suppositories, no case of disease but what will experience the benefit in a few hours and make a lasting cure in a very short time especially in the severest forms of paralysis and nervous debility.

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ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 434. Office 35 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

England is said to have over 1,000,000 widows.

Ceylon has cinnamon plantations covering 36,000 acres.

Wine represents only three per cent. of the alcohol consumed in England.

The grenadiers got their name from their original weapon—the hand grenade.

An average five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth.

Over 4,000,000 persons in America live upon the wages paid by railroad companies.

The largest diamond ever known was the Great Mogul, which weighed in the rough 795 carats.

There are ten Chinamen in America to every American in China—the figures are 1,100 against 11,000.

The folding fan was invented in Japan, and was suggested by the way in which a bat closes its wings.

Florida's orange crop this year is estimated at 4,500,000 boxes, an increase of 500 per cent in eight years.

Locomotives were first used in 1804; now the world has 99,000, and 6,400 more are built every year.

The first map ever seen in England was brought here by Bartholomew Columbus, the brother of Christopher.

Massachusetts has more incorporated cities of more than 10,000 inhabitants than any other State in the Union.

In Moscow the winter cold is so intense that it freezes quicksilver, while the summer temperature is as high as that of Naples.

The Lord Mayor of London has the use of plate and other valuables at the Mansion House estimated to be worth upwards of £30,000.

The earth in revolving on its axis goes almost as fast, reckoning at the equator, as a cannon ball—that is to say, it goes a mile in a little more than three seconds.

Excavations in Palestine go to show that the hot-air blast furnace, which has been credited to be the invention of Nelson in 1828, was used 1,400 years before Christ.

Chicago street cars carried 94,000,000 persons during the six months of the existence of the World's Fair. On Oct. 9, Chicago day, they carried 762,000 people.

There are about 6,000,000 farms in the United States, upon which dwell more than 30,000,000 persons, who furnish more than 74 per cent. of the value of the exports of the country.

Saxon girls, 1,000 years ago, always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church and a fee paid to the priest for its use by the brides of the parish.

The longest frosts in England are, as a general rule, those which begin between Christmas and New Year's Day, and the deepest falls of snow during the last twenty years have commenced in the middle of January.

The Matebele are of Zulu origin, though not pure Zulus. Since their fathers left Zululand a large admixture of foreign blood has come into the tribe through marriage with the women they have captured.

It is stated that the 700,000 volumes which are to be moved from the old building to the new Boston Public Library could be packed together on end, they would make a row between twelve and fifteen miles long.

Emperors and Empresses, kings and queens, write to each other as brother and sister; reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honours are designated as posing.

A French physician affirms that steam escaping under pressure may grove and polish metal like emery, and even cut through metal plate. A metallic surface exposed to a jet of steam at a pressure of 105 pounds was channeled and striated as with a saw or file.

Vienna has 1,391,000 population and 3,741 police. Arrests last year, 74,988. The linguistic knowledge of the Vienna police force comprises English, French, Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Croatian, Serbian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Hebrew.

New York has 1,850,000 population and 3,723 police. There were last year 84,468 arrests, of which 65,423 were men and 19,073 were women. Of the arrests, 22,853 were for intoxication, 7,956 for disorderly conduct and drunkenness combined, and 15,101 for disorderly conduct.

"Tawdry" came from St. Audrey. In old times there was an annual fair at the town of St. Audrey, in the Isle of Ely. Incautious persons were frequently imposed on at these fairs by worthless showy lace, hence the saying, "bought at Audrey's," was equivalent to show without value.

The education of Iceland is entirely domestic. There is no public school in the country, except a college in the capital. The laws and customs of the country merely require that the parents or guardians, under direction of the parish pastor, shall teach the children reading, writing, and arithmetic.

It is understood that it is the wish of the Queen that when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne he shall be called King Albert, but it is believed that public opinion will demand the use of his second name, in order that the long run of King Edwards may be resumed. The Prince will therefore be called Edward the Seventh, in all probability.

It is generally known that arsenic enters into the coloring of many kinds of cheap wall papers, and some of the better grades also. These are generally, but not always, of hues in which green predominates, and are very injurious to the health. The first symptoms of arsenic poisoning are headache, pains in the eyes at the back of the pupils, itching, and generally nausea of the stomach, all of which are liable to be the result of living in a room with wall paper on the walls which is impregnated with arsenic.

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WOULD YOU SUIT CANADA.

Their Would be no Situations for the men who Vote Right.

A new light use having a unique feature has just been completed on an estuary of the Gironde, in France, where it stands upon an isolated rock in the midst of a treacherous and rocky reef.

The peculiarity of this lighthouse is that it is unoccupied, and yet its lamp is burning perpetually. The famous Eddyatone light, on the coast of England, rising from a rock that is only large enough to afford a foundation for the structure, is remarkable because the men having it in charge are able to leave their confined quarters only once every three months, when a vessel comes to them with supplies, letters, papers and a new detachment of watchers.

It was to do away with this exacting and lonesome life that the French engineers set themselves about the task of devising a method by which the lamp of the lighthouse could be maintained without so much personal attention. It thus happened that a lamp was invented which will burn continuously for two months without being trimmed or replenished.

The burning fluid used in this lamp is an ordinary mineral oil. The tube in the interior of the lamp is furnished with a wick having a thickness three times as great as that employed generally in light houses. Around the burning surface of the wick is a cake, made of a patented preparation consisting largely of carbonized tar. This protection assures the duration and the uniformity of the flame.

A chimney made of mica is placed around the flame, and this insures an increase in the power of the light. The supply of oil is assured by means of a reservoir containing 100 grams, the lamp consuming fifty grammes each hour. To provide always for the reservoir being furnished with sufficient fuel a gauge is fixed at its side that governs the supply flowing in from another reservoir at a distance, and this gauge permits just fifty grammes per hour to percolate through the little supply pipe into the supply reservoir.

The diameter of the lantern is 56 inches, and its cost \$1,490. The intensity of the light keeps it equal until the expiration of two months, when it is necessary to visit the lighthouse and replenish the wick. The light can be seen more than twelve miles at sea. The wick is cleansed and drawn up gradually by the action of the tar cake at its mouth.

The French Government is arranging to put up others of these houses, and it is also perfecting an invention by which a perpetual electric light can be controlled by wires running through a submarine cable to the land.

DUCKS THAT MAKE QUILTS. Where Elder Down is Found and How it is Produced.

In the holes and cavities between the hummocks of Iceland the elder ducks make their nests. Of these there are several scores, and the birds themselves when sitting are perfectly tame, some of them even allowing a stranger to stroke them with the hand.

The duck lays five or six eggs at the beginning of June, and the period of laying lasts some six or seven weeks, during which time the birds are in the habit of laying three times in different places.

From the first and second of these, both the down and eggs are taken away, but from the last it is very seldom that the farmer removes either. Should he do so with any degree of persistency, the birds will desert the locality, and thus destroy the duck with the golden eggs.

In some cases the owner resides on or near the farm, and when he and his men arrive at the nest they carefully remove the female and take away the superfluous down and eggs. The duck immediately begins to lay afresh, and covers her eggs with new down, which she plucks from her own breast. If the supply is inadequate, the male comes to her assistance and helps to cover the eggs with his down. This being white is easily distinguished from the covering which the female supplies, and is not so good in quality.

The nest is now, as a general rule, left until the little ones are hatched, and as they quit the nest about an hour afterwards it is then once more plundered. This down is divided into seaweed down and grass down. The latter is generally considered to be the better in quality.

In the Flowery Kingdom. In no other part of the world has the cultivation of roses been brought so nearly to perfection as in China. The royal garden of the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom are gorgeous in the extreme. The revenue obtained yearly from the oil of roses and rose-water is enormous and a great addition to the imperial coffers.

Only the members of the royal family and the nobility, high military officials, mandarins, etc., are allowed to have any of the altar of roses in their dwellings. Very severe punishment is meted out to the ordinary citizens in whose possession even a drop of the precious essence is found. Originally only two kinds of roses were known in China, the white and the red roses, and the smaller they were the greater their value.

The leaves were greatly sought after for amulets. The poor consider them great prizes, and when a leaf is obtained, it is put into a little bag and hung out the door to keep away the evil spirits.

Fiddlesticks that are Catching. "I understand," said Mrs. Connoisseur, as she swept into her seat at the concert, "that Herr Sopolisbie is to play to night."

What fills the housewife with delight, And makes her biscuit crisp and light, Her bread so tempt the appetite? COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such, A treat, her husband eats so much, Though pies he never used to touch? COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice, Better than lard, while less in price, And does the cooking in a trice? COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish, Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish, As nice and quickly as you'd wish? COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care And patience of our women fair, And helps them make their cake so rare? COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude Of every lover of pure food By making "COTTOLENE" so good? Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

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For sale by PINT, QUART, or GALLON. Large orders for Parties or Church Fairs at a reduced rate 19 to 25, N. B., King Square. J. D. TURNER

PRINTERS We are landing this week a large stock of PRINTING INKS, consisting of NEWS Two Grades, BOOK FINE JOB " " and a large variety of Colored Inks in Tubes. SCHOFIELD BROS., Printer's Warehouse, 25 and 27 Water Street. Factory Prices.

HORSE BLANKETS. All kinds in stock or made to order. HARNES Repaired or taken in exchange for new at Wm. ROBB'S, 204 Union St. GREAT VALUE IN Low-Priced and Medium Parlor and Bedroom Suits.

Send for Prices. F. A. JONES, - - - 32, 34 & 36 Dock St.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Gen. Lew Wallace is writing a new work, but says that if he does not announce its nature he will not be accused of plagiarism.

The love of music amounts almost to a passion with the Countess of Dunraven. When living at Admiralty Manor, Co. Limerick, she always sings in the village choir.

Queen Victoria is a skillful and indefatigable knitter. She and her ladies-in-waiting have knitted many quilts, and other useful articles, for the use of soldiers in hospitals.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the authoress, celebrated the 74th anniversary of her birthday on Christmas day. Her health is better than it has been for several years.

Coquelin, the French comedian, now playing at New York, is, according to Mr. Benjamin Sulte, of Canadian descent. His ancestors settled at Three Rivers in the seventeenth century.

The Khedive has received a magnificent present from his mother, in the shape of a toilet service of gold, superbly chased, and enclosed in a huge ebony chest. There are about thirty pieces, each of which bears the monogram of the Khedive in diamonds.

Perhaps the most noted shot among modern ladies is Lady Eva Quinn. Lord Connamara's niece, whose tiger-destroying exploits are renowned in India. This intrepid lady has killed six full-grown tigers from the frail protection of the howdah.

Prince Bismarck's mastery of English is complete—he speaks it vigorously and colloquially. One of his hobbies is a big scrap book containing a large selection of the caricatures of himself which have appeared, and he will often show this to favored guests with huge enjoyment.

Who has been the most fortunate man in Europe this year? Not many can have done better than the Russian commander, Admiral Avellan, if the story which comes from Odessa is correct. It is stated that the intrinsic value of the presents which he received during the visit of the Russian fleet to France was not less than £149,000.

Lady Duff-Gordon had a most unique pet in the form of a large green snake. So thoroughly had the creature been tamed and trained, that it would wind itself round her ladyship's waist and rest its beautifully striped head upon her shoulder. It was one of the non-venomous species, and displayed considerable affection for its gentle mistress.

Eugene Kelley, the millionaire New York banker, was born in Ireland eighty-two years ago. He earned the money to pay his passage to America by driving a jaunting-car. He had not one penny to his name when he landed in New York in 1831. He became a dry goods clerk, and today his fortune is estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

His Highness the Sultan of Johore is very rich, and his state costume is estimated to be worth over a million sterling. His collar, epaulettes, belt, cuffs and shoes blaze with diamonds. On his wrists are heavy gold bracelets, and his fingers are crammed with rings almost priceless in value, while the handle and scabbard of his trusty snicker-see are a solid mass of precious stones.

The Emperor of China's prop it is a crime never mentioned: to pronounce the name of the ruler of the "Middle Kingdom" to his name by which he becomes known to his people and to history. The present emperor's real, or personal name is Tsai-tou, but, on being placed on the throne in 1861, he was given the title of Kuang Hsu, which in English signifies "illustrious successor."

Lord Aberdeen is said to be an episcopalian when in England and a presbyterian when in Scotland. The Queen also belongs to the two churches. One of the features of Rideau Hall life is family prayer. The household assembles every morning for worship, which is conducted by the Governor-General, or in his absence, by Lady Aberdeen. A hymn is sung, a chapter is read, and then His Excellency reads the prayers.

Before the Princess May became the bride of the Duke of York, she had an ardent admirer in the person of an errand boy. He wrote her a letter declaring his affection, and the Princess promptly handed the epistle over to her father, the Duke of Teck sent for the young lover and told him it was unmanly conduct to propose to a girl unless he was prepared to support her in the style to which she was accustomed. Whereupon the lad withdrew his suit.

Mrs. William Astor has a wonderful snake ring, which literally wreaths in constant motion on her finger. It is constructed of flexible gold wire, each being represented by a loop of wire, in which a ruby, an emerald, or an amethyst is firmly set. The slightest movement of the fingers sets the wire quivering, and the ring scintillates and seems to go round and round the finger with a serpentine movement that has something weird about it. It was made in Egypt.

Paul de Cassagnac, is a great fire-eater, but he sometimes gets the worst of it in his bullying. In the French Chamber of Deputies, not long ago, M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, arose to speak, when M. de Cassagnac, in his usual amiable and gentlemanly fashion, began to yell: "Chocolate! Chocolate!" M. Menier bore the interruptions for a time, but at length turned and shouted that if M. Cassagnac would pay me the bill his uncle owed him for chocolate for twenty years he would yell "chocolate" as long as he pleased. The Chamber roared and the fire-eating Deputy subsided.

Earl Bathurst, who was married recently to Sir Algernon Borthwick's daughter, has had some noteworthy ancestors. One lost six sons—he had thirteen sons and four daughters—in the civil wars of Charles I. Another had twenty-two children by his first wife, and fourteen by his second. The first earl lived to the age of ninety-one; and at the same age a nephew of his, who was Bishop of Norwich, acted in the House of Lords. He was the only liberal bishop of his time, though the Bathursts have always been Tories. The second Earl was twice Lord Chancellor in the last century and built Apsley House, the London residence of the Duke of Wellington. Baron Apsley is one of the titles of the Earl Bathurst.

Children who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by Scott's Emulsion the Cream of Cod-liver OIL. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it. Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott & Bowne, Baller's Bldg. All Druggists, 50c & 1.00.

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Guaranteed Free From Salicene. Chemical Laboratory, 74 Germain Street. St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1893. E. G. SCOVILL, Esq., AGENT FOR FINEST ISLAND WINE CO. 62 Union Street.

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I find these wines to be pure and unadulterated, and of such a composition that they may be used with safety and advantage by persons who require a mild tonic to assist digestion. As compared with other wines put up in Canada, the Fete Island Wines are undoubtedly the best in the market. I remain, yours, etc., W. F. BEST, Government Analytical Chemist.

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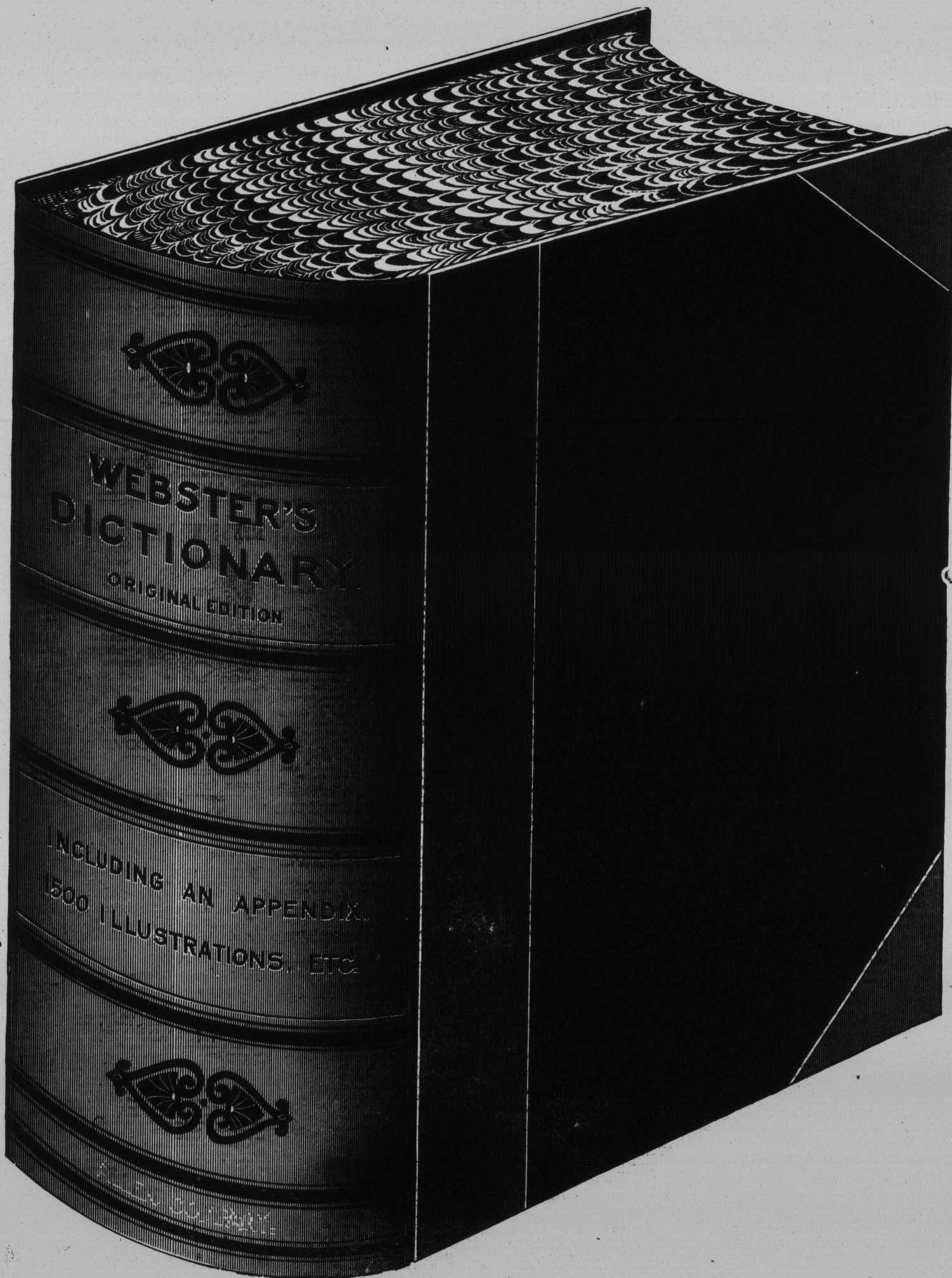
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