

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 168.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

STILL IDLE.

The Millmen Have Not Come to Terms.

BACKED UP BY FRIENDS.

Expressions of Sympathy and Support From Other Toilers.

MESSRS. MCKEOWN AND McDADÉ TALK.

The Interviews All Pointed and Tense Show No One in Favor of Ten Hours—Plain Common Sense Talk From Their Leaders—All the Labor Bodies Talk.

One has only to walk along Water street from the "railing" to Reed's Point to see labor in all its dignity and independence. The men who work about the harbor are fully aware of the advantages to be gained from trades unionism, and when any difficulty arises are always of one mind. All of them know what it is to be without work, and what the consequences are, yet when their rights are in question they are a determined lot and something must happen before a point can be gained from them. Progress talked with some of the longshoremen about the millmen's strike, and on all sides the idea of going back to the ten hour system was dismissed with but few words.

Ready to Help the Millmen.

Mr. Michael Driscoll, the secretary of the Ship Laborers' union, was standing at the International floats when Progress' representative met him. "No," said he, in answer to a question, "the millmen will not go back to a ten-hour day; not if the ship laborers' union can help it. Of course, we have nothing to fear in the way of being compelled to comply with a similar request to that made by the mill owners. Our society is too well organized and too strong; but I think that if the millmen went back to the ten-hour system, it might have an effect on other trades, that have secured a nine-hour day, but are not so well organized as we are. So far the strike has had very little effect on work in the harbor, because there are very few vessels in port, and no demand for lumber, but it is expected that there will be a fleet in port next month, and in that event we will have no deals to load them with. The delay will not affect the shippers, as there is a clause in all these contracts that provides for strikes.

"But the members of our union have thought very little about how it will affect them. They sympathize with the millmen because they know that it is to handle lumber nine hours a day; that is long enough for any man to work, at the best of times, and at hard labor ten hours will tell on him.

"We have offered the millmen the use of our hall free of all charge; we will give them all the light, paper, and in fact all they want to hold their meetings, so that they will be under no expense whatever. The union has opened a subscription list for the strikers, and the only reason that the contributions are not large is because our men have an idea that the strike will not last much longer. However, if the strikers do need financial aid, our subscription list will grow very rapidly. I do not think the strikers should give the matter of a reduction in their pay any consideration. They have lost considerable time now, through no fault of their own, and should not give in an inch. One thing is certain; there will be no return to a ten hour day. Even if they did go back to it now, it would not be for long, because it is a thing of the past. The present time is very favorable to the millowners, especially those who cut lumber for the American market, but the demand will come up again. When it does the mills will have to run and they cannot get men to take the place of the strikers, because it is work that every man cannot do."

What the Cartmen Say.

"The cartmen have not given the strike very much consideration," was the remark of the union's president, James D. Daly, as he was about leaving Magee's coal yard Wednesday morning. "You see our union is different from the others. We have no day work, but are organized simply to see that the laws made by the council in regard to cartage were carried out. We are out from the other unions altogether, and I could not say what we would do unless the matter was put to a vote."

A group of cartmen on Market square had more decided views on the question than Mr. Daly. They were with the millmen first, last and all the time. They were working men, they said, and knew what it was to work hard, and although the strike would not effect them, there was no doubt

in their minds that the union would give the men substantial assistance if the matter came up.

The Painters' President.

Mr. Nathan Godsoe is president of the Painters' union, and he is a very active official. The painters are now well organized and know what unionism means in the way of benefiting the trade. Mr. Godsoe is a firm believer in organization and has decided views in regard to the nine hour question. "The millmen should stick it out," said he to Progress' representative. "There is no use talking about a reduction of wages now, and to go back to the ten hour system would be too great a concession. The millmen have the community behind them, and I think I can speak for the Painters' union. We have now 52 members, and if there is any need for assistance the millmen will get it. I don't think their going back to a ten hour day would have any effect on the painters, as our union is getting into good shape and will be in a position to hold out for any of our present privileges."

The painters have held a meeting since Progress saw their president, and have given the strike some consideration, expressing approval of the millmen's action, extending their sympathy, and financial support if necessary.

Heavily Assessed, But Willing to Help.

The masons and plasterers' union has probably felt the effects of strikes more than any other union in town. This has not been due to difficulties between the men in St. John and their employers, but from strikes in other places. The local union is a branch of the International Masons and Plasterers' union, and while a strike is on in any city in the United States or Canada, every other union must contribute to the support of the strikers. This spring the assessments of the St. John union amounted to \$36 a week. Strikes in Toronto, and several large cities in the United States were the cause of this. It is a rule with the International union that only three local unions can be on a strike at the same time, but when the strikes all happen to be in large cities and thousands of men are out of work, the assessments are necessarily large. Notwithstanding this the St. John union is a strong one and has fought and won some hard battles. Mr. William Mellday, the president, is a staunch union man, and works hard in the interests of the union.

"No, we have not given the strike much consideration," said he, when spoken to by Progress' representative. "We did not think it was going to last so long, and besides we have been under such heavy assessments ourselves this summer that it is probably the reason the matter was not brought up. But I don't think even this would prevent the masons from coming to the assistance of the millmen if it needed. The nine hour day is something that the working men will not give up now that they have secured it. A concession on the part of the millmen would not effect us, because we are thoroughly organized and could hold out. The union is smaller now than it was some time ago, but this fact is not to be regretted because there were a number of incompetent men in it who were charter members and could not be expelled. These, however, went to work contrary to the rules of the union, and we had a struggle. The result has been that we have all the good mechanics in the city in our union, and the scabs cannot get work; there is not one of them working today.

"The millmen have a good deal to contend against in their fight; they have to compete with the cheap labor of Maine, and only those who have worked with people from that state know what that means. I worked in Boston when the masons there struck on these grounds. The Maine men were willing to work 24 hours a day, if necessary, and none of them were mechanics. It is pretty hard to fight against such men as these, but at the same time the millmen are not getting more than living wages, and any concessions on their part would make anything else more desirable than working in the mills. They should stick it out, and there is no doubt that the workingmen will see them through."

The First to Get Nine Hours.

The Caulkers' union is one of the oldest and strongest in the city, and Mr. Bart Horton has been in office long enough to be able to voice the sentiments of his fellow workmen. "We were about the first to have a nine hour day," said he, when spoken to by Progress. "The caulkers secured it about two years before the other workmen around the harbor, and now that it has become general, almost any concession on the part of the millmen would be better than to go back to the ten hour system. Without considering whether it would be right for the men to go back at reduced pay after being out so long, even that would be better than going back at ten hours. It looks very much as

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though the millowners have taken advantage of the present bad state of the market to force the men to return to the ten hour system, but they have evidently made a mistake. All the working men in the city will help them out if necessary, and although our union does not meet until August, I think we could do something before that time if the matter was urgent. We could not give them the same assistance that the ship laborers might give, in refusing to handle the lumber until everything was arranged satisfactorily, for the work we do is begun just after the arrival of a vessel, and it is finished before anything is done in the way of loading her. Still, we would stand by the millmen, as workmen should stand by each other."

The Carpenters were among the first to pass resolutions of sympathy and support to the millmen, and when seen Thursday evening, Mr. W. E. Case, the secretary of the union, exhibited a great interest in labor matters and spoke freely.

"The carpenters," he said, "were the first to agitate for nine hours last summer, and we had up-hill work. The painters came in with us, and although there was a good deal of opposition—even among the men, some of whom said that ten hours had become a standard and it would be hard to get anything else—we gained the point. Then, when the other trades saw how successful we had been, they all made a move in the same direction. As the system has only been general for a year or so, it is hard to say just what effect a concession on the part of the millmen might have on other trades. It would be much better for the millmen to accept a reduction than to return to the ten hours—although I am not prepared just at present to say whether it would be well for them to accept it now after being out so long. You can readily understand that the millmen have to cut a certain amount of lumber, and the shorter the hours the longer the time they will have to work. The majority of millmen can get along better with work the year round at small pay, than by working half the year at large pay, for although they may handle the same amount of money, it is in smaller quantities, does not offer so many temptations, and can be used to better advantage.

"We have over 100 members on the roll of the union, but this does not by any means include all the men who are working at the trade in the city, yet I think the union can claim all the good mechanics, with perhaps a few exceptions. If we could only get the bosses to understand that we are working for their interests as well as our own it would be a great help to us, but this seems to be a difficult thing to do. There is a great deal of work done by incompetent men by this, but if they worked with the union a great advantage could be gained in this respect.

"I doubt whether it would be advisable to take all who are at present working at the trade into the union, but as it is only the workmen who feel that they can take their place beside anyone who are joining us. It was the union that secured the nine hour day for the carpenters, yet the outsiders who did nothing whatever to help us got the same benefits that we did. We thought that when the nine hours were secured the outsiders would join the union, but in this we were mistaken.

"No, I think there would be a struggle before the carpenters would go back to the ten hour system. It would only be a question with the bosses, whether it would be better for them to give the men a nine hour day, or have all the good workmen leave the city. As you probably know, the average carpenter's wages are very small to let him drive a stake down far anywhere; and when he wants to get up and go away, it does not take him long to get ready. And I think that this is what the men would do, because a good workman can secure employment almost any place, and he will go where he can get the largest wages and the shortest hours, and nine hours are the rule everywhere. I do not think it will be very long before nine hours shall constitute a working day, for it will be made a law as soon as possible. However, as regards the carpenters, it is only a question as to whether it will be better to have good workmen or poor ones in the city. And in this connection, even those who do not go away, will only stay long enough to learn the trade, and be able to work beside good mechanics elsewhere."

The Printers are Ready.

President Alex. McLean, of the typographical union, said there was no question of their sympathy and assistance. The millmen could count upon them doing all that an organized body could do. The union had passed an informal resolution of sympathy and backed it up in a practical way by directing that if assistance was called for before the next meeting the chairmen in the different offices should make collections for the fund.

Printed by McArthur, at wholesale prices at McArthur's Book Store 30 King st.

MR. MCKEOWN TALKS FREELY.

He Says the Men Will Win—The Reasons Why.

When Mr. McKeown was seen by Progress he talked readily and freely upon the subject, saying in substance: "There does not appear to be anything new in the matter. The numerous expressions of sympathy extended to the men have been of so encouraging a kind that they are more than ever determined to see the thing through if the mills don't start till spring. They notice with satisfaction that other branches of labor organizations regard this difficulty as a blow at the nine-hour system, and are prepared to stand by their friends with substantial assistance. You see the millowners were playing a double-barrelled sort of a game in this circular business—they didn't care much whether the mills shut down or not, as lumber is so low, and they doubtless figured it out that if the men stopped working they were quite satisfied with the result, and the burden of stopping them would be thrown on the men; and on the other hand if the men went on working the distasteful nine hour business would be broken up, so they stood to win in either event. Their is no doubt but that the men will eventually win, and the running of a few of the other mills is a guarantee to that end. There is just this, however, that I want to say, and that is the millmen quite well understand that the owners have a perfect right to do as they like with their own property, and if a man's work is not worth as much now to the employer as it was a year ago, the employer has a right to say 'I can't pay you as much as formerly; you will have to consent to a reduction.' Had the millowners at the start taken that position, no one could blame them, especially as lumber is so low; but it is quite another thing to break in on an almost universal rule regulating the hours of labor. Mill work is hard. The machinery keeps the men on the jump continually, and no one will deny that nine hours is sufficient. It is also freely stated, and never to my knowledge denied, that as much lumber is turned out in 9 hours as the men used to manufacture in ten. If that be so, the injustice of the owners is more than ever apparent. This thing is a most serious matter, and involves the prospect of a large number of shopkeepers whose trade is principally done with the working class. If the thing continues they must suffer and others through them must suffer, and this is very clear, that whatever stringency or suffering is occasioned by this strike, will be attributable to the cupid-ity of those mill owners who are seeking to use the present depression to their own advantage, no matter who may be injured by their action."

FAIR WORDS FROM MR. McDADÉ.

The Situation As It Appears to One of the Millmen's Speakers.

Mr. M. McDadé (of Fredericton), who was again in town this week, in answer to questions by Progress, said: "Being now a resident of this city, I somewhat dislike to express any opinion lest it might in any way interfere with the settlement of such an important matter. Since, however, you seem to think my opinion worth having, it is this: On no account would I advise the men to go back to the ten hour system. If they do, all other wage earners in St. John will be expected to do likewise. Regarding your question about a reduction of wages, that is a matter that the men might properly consider from the standpoint of what would be their best policy under the circumstances. If the millowners gave no alternative to the proposition to go back to the 10-hour system, and if they did they kept the matter very quiet, then they should not expect the men to accept a reduction of wages after having lost so much time in fighting against the ten hour system. If on the other hand the millowners can show that they proposed at the commencement of the trouble a slight temporary reduction of wages instead of the ten hour system, they would stand in a more favorable light with all fair minded men."

"If it could be shown that the millowners did suggest a temporary reduction of wages instead of a return to the ten hour system, would you advise the men to now accept a reduction of wages rather than have the difficulty continue?"

"I do not in any sense pose as a leader of the men. In accepting their invitation to speak at their meeting, I did so because of a feeling that their cause was just. I have the same feeling still, and while I do not think it right to now ask the men to submit to a reduction of wages, after they have lost so much time, if the millowners could make out a good case, I would not be unwilling that the men should meet them half way; I would have to be satisfied, however, that there had been a proposition from some of the millowners at the commencement of the strike for a temporary reduction of wages instead of the ten-hour a day system before I would be a

WE WANT THE TRUTH.

GIVE THE SAILOR, COOK, A FAIR SHOW.

His Story is Straightforward and Honest—His Charges are Grave and Important—He Offers Witnesses and References—Work for the Chief.

There is another "extraordinary story" in police circles, another of those questionable affairs that have continued to agitate the people for the past twelve or fifteen months. To Progress, this appears one of the most serious scrapes the police force has yet been into. Four officers are implicated—the charges are grave and important, and the most searching investigation will not be too much to expect.

The object of the attention of the force this time is a young man, William Cook, mate of the schooner Energy, which is commanded by his brother, Capt. Cook, and owned by Mr. J. Williard Smith. Mate Cook is a young man of about 30, quiet in manner and appearance, and with frank, straightforward methods. He says he has not tasted strong liquor three times in five years, and yet he was arrested on Water street for drunkenness last Saturday night!

His story is one of keen interest for all citizens because if it is true—and Progress cannot well see how it can be proved utterly false—the liberty of no man who walks the streets after the sun has set can be called his own.

From Cook's story it appears that about 11 o'clock last Saturday night he was on the wharf near Water street talking to Captains Secord, of the schooner Galatea, and Dalton, now mate of the schooner M. L. Bonnell, and Owen Davidson. They had been standing there for some time when they separated for the night, Cook proceeding to Water street on the way to his vessel. He had not left his companions five minutes, and was proceeding slowly along Water street when four policemen came upon him suddenly, grabbed him and ran him into the Water street lock up.

To say that he was surprised does not express his feelings. He was astounded, and when he asked the officers for an explanation they told him he was drunk and to keep quiet. Then an offer was made to him in effect that if he would hand over \$2 they would let him go.

Refusing to do this the policemen left him and prepared to enjoy a soft time for the remainder of the night. They laid down in the lock up and slept until nearly 2 o'clock, shortly before the time they were joined by other policemen.

Cook says that he walked back and forth in the lock-up the entire night and will swear to his story. He was taken to the central station early in the morning and lodged in a cell until 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when he left \$8 on deposit and secured his release. During all the day, however, he says that no person came near him, either to offer him a drink of water or a crumb of food. He did not volunteer this information, and when asked about it said it was the case, but that he could not have eaten had the food been offered him, for, to use his own words, "I have sailed in every quarter of the globe and this is the first time I have ever run afoul of a policeman or a lock-up."

Cook has not the appearance of a liar; he talks like an honest sailor, giving facts and other particulars with a readiness that was astonishing. He spoke of an interview with a "big stout man with long, heavy moustache," who told him to get out when he attempted to tell his story as he paid his \$8, and that there were lots of men just like him in St. John who were arrested and yet never drunk. Cook's reply was that if his vessel did not tow up river early on Monday he would stand trial and prove that he was not drunk. But the Energy was towed above the falls at 4 o'clock Monday morning, and did not return until Wednesday night. It is much to the credit of Cook's story that his first step when he reached the city was toward the police office where he learned that by his non-appearance, Monday morning, his deposit was forfeited, and that he was convicted and published as a drunk.

This was rough. It is bad enough for a man's name to appear in the police court report when he is drunk, but to have it come out when he is not drunk and to lose \$8 in addition is more than human nature is expected to stand.

Cook had no possible redress save the press. He went to the Globe and so impressed the editor that he recommended an investigation, and he came to Progress and gave such additional facts and references as are presented in this article.

There are too very remarkable additions to Cook's story. He has been known in this city for many years—well and favorably known—and when the fact of his arrest spread, there was general surprise and wonder. One of the oldest officers on the force gave him an explanation of the arrest. "It would not do," said he, "under the present rule, for the division not to show something for a night's work. It was nearing midnight and you were the nearest victim. If you were arrested, one of the

men could go home for the rest of the night."

The other remarkable statement made by Cook is that he has not tasted strong liquor three times in five years, and yet was arrested for drunkenness. He offers the evidence of the two captains he talked with that he had not been drinking; he offers the knowledge of his employer that he is not a man who drinks; he says that 100 men in St. John know that he does not indulge in liquor, and he refers the chief of police to the proprietor of the Sackville house with whom he boarded for four years, or to A. Tower, of the North End, another hotel keeper, or to Stephen R. Cook, Robt. McKay, of the North End, or to Capt. Duncan, with whom he sailed and who should know him.

Progress has given Cook's story and would recommend that the chief of police give it more than a cursory investigation. Public opinion demands it, Mr. Clark, and it will pay even a chief of police to defer to public opinion sometimes. Take every fact into consideration and do not forget that two of the men, Woods and Harrington, whom Cook says slept after he was arrested, were suspended this week for the same offence.

MONEY IN THE HOTEL.

Messrs. Pugsley Securing Good Rents for Their Offices.

The impression that the Messrs. Pugsley have an elephant on their hands in the shape of their new building on Princess and Canterbury streets is not very correct. Progress imagines that it will prove one of the best paying properties in the city in the course of a short time.

The land it is situated upon cost the Messrs. Pugsley \$12,000. The Wiggins' estate which owned it wanted \$20,000 in the first instance, but they finally sold for \$12,000. The office building just erected cost in the vicinity of \$25,000, perhaps \$27,000, which makes a total value at the outside of land and building of \$40,000. Five per cent for investment, four for taxes and other expenses, and the rental would require to be \$3600 to bring the owners out even.

They are likely to come out more than square. The Halifax Banking company which has the corner now at \$450 per annum has secured the office of the hotel—as it was planned—for ten years at \$850 a year and Messrs. Pugsley are holding their old office for \$700 a year. Progress understands that they have been offered \$600.

Mr. M. A. Finn has secured for between \$300 and \$400, the cellar under the new office of the Halifax Banking company while there is some talk of a merchants and bankers exchange room being made of the dining hall, provided 100 subscribers can be found at \$10 a year, which would mean another \$1000.

It is not hard to figure \$2,500 a year out of the new building already, and not one tenth of the space rented. It is true it is the most valuable part of the space, but anyone with half an eye can see the "cream on the milk."

Look Out For Fleecers.

The "Mystic Seven" did not prove a howling success. The delegates either struck the wrong town or gained too much publicity all at once. Their customary haunts know them no more. There was about as much truth in their denial that they canvassed ladies as in their general statements. Progress is prepared to prove what it said. Since last week an interesting table from the official reports has come to hand, and the showing these "benevolent" orders such as the Mystic Seven, Order of Unity and Bay State League make would paralyze any man with good common sense. According to the report up to December of last year, the Mystic Seven order spent \$5,895 for salaries to its officers out of a total income of \$9,653. It had no deposit whatever in the state treasury, and its assets amounted to but \$3,714! The Order of Unity, which is striving for a foothold in this province, spent \$20,447 for salaries alone out of a total income of \$44,755, and its total expenses amounted to \$34,367. Its assets were only \$12,856. The Bay State League, which is also looking for suckers where it can find them, spent \$28,989 in salaries out of a total income of \$53,134, with total expenses amounting to \$39,968. The state treasury deposit of the Order of Unity is only \$5,200, while the Bay State League has even less, \$2,145. Progress will print the entire table in its next issue. The orders pay their officers well, and a few policy holders get enough to lead the others on. But the shearing time is coming. Look out that you are not among the fleeced.

Needless Opposition.

The establishment of another church school at Rothery's is not regarded with as great favor as it might be, had not Father Davenport and the Mission church previously announced their intention to found a school. It seems a genuine pity that there cannot be greater harmony in such good work as this.

(Continued on eighth page.)

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17th June, 1891.

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THEY HAVE NO POCKETS.

ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING IN STYLE.

Vanderbilt's Servants in a Millionaire's Cottage and the Unpleasantness it Has Caused—Divorce in High Life—A Writer of "Naughty" Books.

New York, July 14.—It has been said that woman will never achieve complete emancipation until her gowns are equipped with as many pockets as men's coats and trousers. If this be true, never was she farther from emancipation than at the present time.

Pockets cannot be put into the prevailing style of gown, and if they could be, nothing could be put into them. A pocket book, a handkerchief, or even a latch-key would show up through its sheath-fitted skirt with a very unpleasant effect.

Some women refuse to be turned out utterly pocketless on a cold, unfeeling world, in which case the modiste puts a very small one high up under the low back-pleats that fashion grudgingly allows a woman now-days. Thus located it is almost as inaccessible as the North Pole.

A few days ago, I stood in line for some minutes with about twenty other hurried impatient people, in one of the stations on the elevated railway, while a woman, with the ticket window made ineffectual hit-or-miss efforts to get into one of these rear pockets. At last she found an aperture. She passed her hand in and brought it out again with a generous handful of white muslin. We all rejoiced; we thought it was her handkerchief, and that in a second her pocket-book would come to light, and we could all go on our way, but after considerable tugging it became obvious that she had got her hand through the pocket-hole of her gown instead of into her pocket, and was pulling out something that was non-detachable.

When she found out what the string of people behind her had known for nearly a minute, the next woman in line had to lend a hand, and these indecorous proceedings were kept up for nearly a minute before the pocket book was got at.

If we do not start a fight for our pockets pretty soon, we shall certainly lose the fruits of many hard-won victories, and our last state will be worse than our first.

The "400" who were scattered to the four points of the compass by the last of May are nearly all back at Newport, and a very pretty little row is enlivening its aristocratic dullness.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt leased the cottage of Mrs. W. G. Wales for the season at a rental of \$8000.00, but finding its accommodations insufficient for his family, guests and servants, he also leased the Hunnewell cottage which adjoins it.

As the latter is the larger of the two Mrs. Vanderbilt appropriated it to the use of herself and visitors, and housed her twenty servants in the Wales cottage. Its owner, who is one of Boston's "400," is excessively exclusive and inclined to look upon Gotham's millionaires as *parvenus*, and when she heard that Mrs. Vanderbilt's butler, grooms and maids were sleeping in beds, lounging on couches and chairs, and dining off tables designed expressly for the use of the Wales family, she went into hysterics firstly, and to a lawyer secondly, who assured her that she could restrain Mrs. Vanderbilt from further profanation of her domicile, and could collect heavy damages for the desecration already inflicted on her household goods and goods.

She commenced and great interest is felt. The Boston contingent of Newport cottagers is disposed to look upon a house that has been hallowed by the occupation of one of its bluest-blooded members, as rather too good a residence for the newly rich millionaire himself, and its conversion into a servants' hall for his retainers, is regarded as a deadly blow at their pretensions, consequently a coolness prevails down there by the sea side water that is not altogether due to ocean breezes.

The tongues of society generally are wagging as one contemplates the discovery that Mrs. James de Peyster has applied for a divorce from her husband. Mrs. de Peyster was a Livingston. Both families are historic and accumulated immense wealth and corresponding honors in the colonial wars and later in the civil war. The de Peyster country estate is situated on an immense tract of land in Dutchess Co., New York state. It was granted over a hundred years ago to the then head of the family in recognition of his services to the colonial cause, and they have lived on it ever since in a state and style reminiscent of feudal times.

The complaint is of cruel and inhuman treatment. Both husband and wife are upwards of eighty years of age. Mrs. de Peyster's increasing infirmities have obliged her after many years of silent endurance to disclose the skeleton in the family closet, and seek relief from her husband's brutality. Her relatives and servants stand solidly by her, and there is little doubt she will be granted a separation and alimony.

Mrs. Edgar Saltus has just obtained the divorce she applied for some months ago, and it has been given her in the form supposed to be most healing to the injured feelings of a wronged wife. She can resume her maiden name and marry again, while her ex-husband must maintain the state of single-blessedness until her death.

Mr. Saltus has been aptly described by a contemporary as "an erratic writer of erotic novels;" he is also known as the Zola of America and "the hero of the fast set" in New York society.

His fame is chiefly local and he is a prophet who hath honor in his own country. The critics condemn, but the public buys, and he is said to earn an annual income of \$10,000 with the pen.

Apart from the individual harm done to youthful readers by the perusal of such books as *The Pace That Kills*, *Mary Magdalen*, and *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, he is held responsible for a host of male and female imitators, whom his great success has brought into more or less of prominence, according to the degree of accuracy with which they have been able to reproduce his lurid style of writing.

He has been much sought after by women, and one of the co-respondents named in his wife's complaint is a well-known society girl. As his personal appearance is not attractive, a previous acquaintance with his books is probably at the bottom of the universal rush into introductions that ways takes place when he appears in a room full of women.

HERMIA.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY THIS REMEDY HAS BEEN GUARANTEED BY OUR FRIENDS.



ADELAIDE RANDALL.

ADELAIDE RANDALL.—Late prima donna, American Opera company, Emma Abbott Opera company, Duff Opera company, etc.

Supported by a company of 23, including: REBEYVING.—Late prima donna, California Opera company; with Grayson Opera Co., Halifax, N.S.

CLARA RANDALL.—Late Aronson's N. Y. Casino Co.

JAMES G. PEAKES.—Late of Little Lord Fauntleroy Co., but for years thoroughly identified with opera.

LARRY W. LEONARD.—As a legitimate comedian Harry W. Leonard ranks with the best on the American stage.

HAROLD LESLIE.—Late of Corred Opera Co.

FREDERICTON, City Hall, Thursday, July 23. MONCTON, Opera House, Friday, and Saturday with Matinee, July 24 and 25.

HALIFAX, Academy of Music, commencing July 27. The ST. JOHN Season will be concluded Wednesday Evening, July 22. The Grand Duchess, Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday, Miss Randall's testimonial benefit.

RAMBLING STORIES

Three Good Anecdotes Told by a Travelling Man.

In your columns from time to time appears a fund of good humorous jokes, and it put me in the mood for jotting down a few things I have stumbled across in my rambling here and there in various parts of the provinces.

Without digression and to save space let me tell of what happened one winter's day, but which was kept religiously quiet.

At a well-known resort where sporting men frequently congregate, not a thousand miles from St. John, were gathered together a goodly company one afternoon.

One more reckless and venturesome member of the gang had been astride a noble steed, testing his good and bad qualities.

The door opening into what may be termed the tap room was large and roomy and opened on a level with the ground. The brave horseman rode the steed plump into the middle of the room—so far so good. Not content with this he determined to surprise the horse.

A delegation were out on a tour of inspection on a province railway, and it is needless to say that the management provided an abundance of refreshment—both solid and liquid. The crowd were highly amused, which we cannot speak of now.

On the homeward stretch, before reaching the terminal point of the journey, a well-known political gentleman, who may be called colonel, determined to make more fun for the gang, said, "Gentlemen, I have one more toast to propose; fill your glasses every man."

After seeing that the command had been fully complied with, he gravely rose to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, among the many toasts that have been drunk today, one has been forgotten. I am pretty certain no one else will propose it, and, by Jingo, I propose it myself. Here's to the health of Col. Blank."

It is needless to say that the toast was hilariously received, and the colonel gravely proceeded to respond to it.

On the line of railway between Moncton and St. John lives a wag whose remarks are worth taking down occasionally. I won't name him for fear your readers would shout "chestnut" but one day recently, when the heat was not very oppressive, he walked into one of the well-known shops in the village and proceeded to inform the proprietor that "it was hot."

"Oh, not so very hot," said the merchant. "Yes it is," said the wag. "I was just looking coming up the street and saw 98 in the shade." The merchant denied the bold statement vigorously. The wag persisted and finally to prove the correctness of his assertion told him he would show him the proof of it. No sooner said than done. The merchant grabbed his head gear and started with the wag down the street. Under the shade of a tree sat an old resident of the village who is credited with being 98 years. "There," cried the wag. "If that's not 98 in the shade, then I'm a horse." The merchant wilted and acknowledged the corn cheerfully—but he hasn't heard the last of the hot day racket yet.

HICKORY.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY THIS REMEDY HAS BEEN GUARANTEED BY OUR FRIENDS.

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mering place, her natural beauties, her respectable people, her delightful climate, and her unique history, when sifted through the mighty dailies of New England, elaborated, or commented upon, as a good writer best knows how, should prove a lasting advantage to the provinces; and learn these "know-all" Yankees that we are just a little bit enterprising, and that we have something down east here worth "enthusing" over.

Not to the Yarmouth line alone has the march of progress in the field of trade been confined; the Nickerson line, of Boston, the pioneers on this route, have replaced their old time passenger steamer, Worcester, by a splendid ocean going steamer, the State of Canada, which has first class passenger accommodation for 500 people, and second class accommodation for as many more.

She makes fortnightly trips from the Hub to Charlottetown, calling at Fort Hawkebury and Halifax; the steamer Carroll of the same line making the intermediate trips. She is without doubt the most comfortable steamship on the route, and for anybody who is subject to seasickness (a complaint almost general), she's a jewel.

Light and airy state-rooms, a pleasant, steady motion, spacious saloons, and gentlemanly officers are her special charms, and these inducements added to the quick trip (seldom exceeding thirty hours) makes her one of the favorites of the line.

The Halifax, of the Canada Atlantic line, with her jolly old commander, Capt. Hill, and her staff of "good fellows every one of them," leads the route in quick passages and modern conveniences, and always has a full list.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SHORTHAND, FRED DEVINE (Court stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand and typewriting, at 251 King Street east; Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Scovil system. July 18.

PHOTO, OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size, very handsome. Sent by mail for 25c in coin or stamps.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

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TWEEDS, A LINE OF BROWN AND GREY, Scotch Tweeds, low in price; strong and durable. Suitable for either pants or suits for every day wear.—A. GILMORE, Tailor, 72 German street.

BLUINE, THE GREAT BLEACHING BLUINE, and purifier. A 10 cent package will do 24 washings and last six months. The cheapest and best. Hyslop, 78 German st for a sample. July 11.

A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT.—The subscriber has a few acres to dispose of for the months of July, August and September. Fine bathing and boating; ample shady grounds, cherries and other fruits on the place. Wm. W. JONES, "Ashleigh," Weymouth, N. B. July 18.

GOSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKIES.—A. L. SPENCER, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King st., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be had for ready cash. Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. Dec 27.

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling for some time, is a most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 40 cents for pretty sample burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. Dec 27.

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one insertion, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

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EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell PROGRESS. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take PROGRESS; plenty of grounds, house in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at PROGRESS OFFICE.

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FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their cars by two or three hours every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where PROGRESS is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage by writing to PROGRESS "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

MR. J. A. CARROLL, Dr. STEPHEN, N. B.

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In Wood and Slate, Open Fire Place Fixtures, Register Grates, Tile Hearths and Facings.

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THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES.

Moncton, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & Son, St. John. GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLES, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1888, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the "Rudge Safety," and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BRANTFORD SAFETY. Washing you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc. W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dep't, Moncton, N. B.

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Mr. Leonard... funny. His wo... his best piece... markable, whil... gestures would... edian. I have... astic recall that... Pearce received... pretty state of... Follows' Dyrpe... It has been know...

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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CIRCULATION, - - 9,600

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 18.

THE STRIKE CONTINUES.

We regret to say that the millowners' strike—their demand that the men shall return to the ten hour a day system—continues. The millmen seem as determined to hold out as they were at the commencement of the trouble.

Public opinion could scarcely be stronger in their favor, and if need be, financial aid will be rendered them from many quarters.

The millmen are doing more in this contest than asserting their own rights. They are fighting the battle of every other wage earner in the city and county of St. John.

If they should have to submit to the demand of the millowners, the nine hour system so generally adopted here, would soon be a thing of the past; and labor and capital instead of going hand and hand, as they should, would become very hostile forces.

We can see that trade is depressed in various important quarters, but what has caused that depression? The answer can be easily given: Over-production; and yet certain of the millowners suggest as a cure for this over-production that their men shall work ten hours a day instead of nine hours.

There is no work more laborious than that which is performed by the men who work in the mills. The modern machinery is speeded to such a degree that the workmen are on the jump all the time, and no fair-minded man acquainted with the character of the labor should wish them other than success in their struggle against the return to the old system of ten hours.

We do not belong to the school of thinkers who say that workmen should share in the profits of their employers in addition to getting a few days' pay; but we do say that the millmen, not having shared in the profits of their employers beyond getting their wages when times were good, should not be expected to make good to the owners what the latter lose in a time of temporary depression.

It is generally admitted that, taking one year with another for the past six or seven years, the milling business has been a profitable one. Have the millmen during that time made any exorbitant demand for wages? They have not. Why then should they be expected to make good the temporary loss, if loss there be this season?

Our position regarding this trouble is much like that of one of the speakers at the millmen's meeting last Wednesday week. If the millowners had at the outset proposed a temporary reduction of wages, giving the men the option of taking the reduction or accepting the ten hour system, we would have urged the men to have submitted to the reduction.

Indeed, it is scarcely likely that the men would have required much urging. The owners, not having suggested any alternative, the men very properly refused to return to the old obnoxious system, and the result is that the mills have been idle for the past three weeks. The owners no doubt will point out that they proposed that the nine hour system should be continued until the 15th instant, and that if the men went out before that time it was their own fault.

Had the men continued to work until the 15th they would have been then almost entirely at the mercy of their employers, because certain important contracts would have been finished, and the owners could have whistled at any action of the men that did not please them. Having in self-defence quit work, and having been idle

three weeks, should the men now go back to work at the nine-hour system, but at a reduced rate of wages? If the men say yes, we have no fault to find, but under the circumstances would it be just to ask them to accept a reduction of wages now? It would certainly not be just, because the men have already lost what would be equivalent to quite a reduction of wages for the rest of the season.

We print interviews today with representatives of several labor organizations. They all speak out in favor of the millmen. They seem to understand that an attempt is being made to strike a death blow at the nine-hour system, and they are prepared to resent the attempt.

We would suggest in the present crisis that first of all, the men continue their present firm stand. In order to do so money may be required. It is therefore the duty of Pres. LINGLEY of the Millmen's union, to see that all the other labor organizations are informed as to the actual requirements of the men out of work.

If the strike is to be continued any considerable time, there should be a weekly distribution to the head of every family directly affected by the strike. This should be given not as charity, but as a guarantee to the men that they are fighting for a right cause. The millmen themselves should use every effort to get other employment for the time being so as not to unnecessarily be a tax on their fellow men.

It will require, of course, some effort to get the machinery for distributing the weekly allowances to the men in operation, and we hope that no such effort will be necessary—in other words that the strike may come to an end before the close of next week. If it unfortunately should not, PROGRESS will gladly take part in such steps as will guarantee the men against want in their struggle for their rights.

In whatever steps it does take it will confidently count upon the united help of the various labor organizations of the community and upon the assistance of all fair minded citizens generally. The present is not a question as to whether the lumber market is such that the men should submit to a temporary reduction of wages. The question is simply this, shall the millmen of St. John be treated as white men or as slaves?

WHEN WILL WE GET PROHIBITION? PROGRESS is, and always has been, an advocate of prohibition. We are not of those, however, who declare that the country is at this very moment ready for that great measure of reform. It will take considerable time before public opinion will be so educated that such a law can be enforced, and without enforcement, prohibition would be the greatest of all farces.

We take but little stock in the statement that the greatest objection to prohibition is the matter of revenue. It is true that that would mean at least \$7,000,000 a year; but considering that the sum of \$25,000,000 a year is spent in liquor would not the saving of the larger sum more than compensate for the loss of the lesser? If the \$25,000,000 that is spent annually were saved to the people they would have that much more to get necessary of life, and to, in various ways, make their homes more comfortable. Then, why concern ourselves seriously about a revenue of \$7,000,000 a year when in order to get such a revenue we spend more than three and a half times as much in producing it? St. John lost by the great fire of 1877 some \$20,000,000 worth of property. Our people received about \$7,000,000 of insurance. Would it be profitable, if it were possible, to have such a fire every year? In other words would we be willing to lose \$20,000,000 of money every twelve months, so as to get the insurance money of \$7,000,000? Every sensible man would at once declare "Certainly not." Applied to Canada at large, do we not, figuratively speaking, burn the dominion down every year by spending \$25,000,000 in liquor for the purpose of raising a revenue of \$7,000,000? Holding such views as these it is natural that we should explain why we are not prepared to follow, or lead, the extreme temperance people who are calling out for immediate prohibition.

In the first place we do not think it at all likely that such a measure could be carried in the early future in this dominion. The province of Quebec would oppose it vigorously because, while its people are, as a rule, a temperate people, the temperance leaders there have carried on their labors almost altogether on moral suasion lines. In British Columbia, too, there would be strong opposition to a prohibitory law. Most of the principal people there, particularly those living in Victoria, brought to Canada the habits and customs of the mother country. They rarely or ever drink to excess, but in most cases ales and wines are considered as much a necessity on the dinner table as is roast beef. Prohibition would be regarded as an interference with vested rights and would be resisted with much vigor. It is very doubtful if the law could be carried in Ontario. The immense amount of capital invested in the liquor trade there would have a tremendous weight in an election. The distillers and other manufacturers of liquors and ales would resist any attempt to drive them out of business without compensation.

The temperance sentiment is growing rapidly, but it is much more pronounced all over the Dominion than it was in New Brunswick in 1855? In that year, as Sir LEONARD TRILLEY told PROGRESS last week, the petitions in favor of prohibition were so lengthy and numerous that the leading men of the country were mistaken as to the real depth of temperance sentiment. The result was the passage of a prohibitory law, which was swept from the statute book a few months later, showing that the leaders of that day had made a great mistake in attempting to gauge public sentiment by the petitions that had been received in favor of prohibition.

It not destroyed by over-zealous advocates, we believe that the temperance feeling will grow to such an extent within the next few years that prohibition will not only be possible, but very probable. In the meantime, let all true temperance men work in the direction of educating public opinion on the question rather than in abusing liquor dealers, and let all christian bodies do their best to make men sober, rather than spend much of their time in fault finding with the methods adopted by their neighbors.

Coming back to the question of revenue, we think that matter will not be a strong argument against prohibition once public sentiment is thoroughly analyzed. There need be no resorting to direct taxation to make good the loss to revenue of \$7,000,000 a year. A slight tax in other directions would make good the loss to a considerable extent. Any deficit could be more than provided for by the imposition of a small tax on legacies over a certain sum so that amounts left to poor persons might not be affected. In this way the whole matter of revenue could be easily disposed of. The temperance question should never be made a foot ball of as it is at present by both great political parties. Both liberals and conservatives are afraid to take a decided stand on the question. Each party is trying to make it appear that they are the only true friends of temperance, while both in reality are doing everything in their power to burk the issue. Prohibition will come whenever the people are ready for it. To force it before will mean the delay of successful prohibition for many years.

JOHN BULL'S WAY. While Mr. BLAINE has been interesting himself and the great American people by his letters and speeches on the great scheme of Pan-American reciprocity, Lord SALISBURY has quietly been working out a little plan which was consummated the other day by the hoisting of the Union Jack over the mouth of the Oronoco. Nobody was paying very much attention to the dispute between England and Venezuela as to the boundary of Guiana. It seemed a very trifling matter, whether one nation or the other owned a few square miles more or less of territory in a country where there was a superabundance of land for everybody. But now that England has scored her point the magnitude of the operation is dawning upon the world. The foreign minister of Venezuela tells what it means. The control of the Oronoco gives England a route to every point in the interior of the great southern continent. The Oronoco's waters reach those of the Amazon, and those of the latter the waters of the La Plata. There is in South America a great fluvial artery which reaches the ocean by way of the Amazon, the La Plata and the Oronoco. It is possible to sail in at one of these points and come out at either of the others, and Lord SALISBURY has hoisted the English flag over the one nearest England. This is a shrewd piece of statesmanship. John Bull looks on with approval, while Uncle Sam works up the South American bazaar, and simply, by way of precaution, takes possession of the gate. "The better the show, the better will I be pleased," he says, "I am quite willing that everybody shall go to it; but I propose by taking charge of the gates to see that my people shall not be kept out." It is another Suez canal affair. It is a way John Bull has of "getting there."

A correspondent of one of the New York papers is very wroth because the South American people look askance at United States gold, and will have nothing to do with United States national bank bills. "It is humiliating," he says "that our men of war have to have British gold or Bank of England notes, before they can buy coal or provisions in South American ports." If the correspondent would only stop to think that it has only been a little while since Uncle Sam had men of war that could go far enough away from home to need to buy coal or provisions, he would not be quite so much put out. In the same paper is an account given by a man of his escape from Iqueque, Chili. He was an American citizen, but it was the British consul who helped him to reach a place of temporary safety; it was a British man of war that brought him and others away from the ill-starred country; it was the charity of the British quartermaster that kept the refugee from starvation; it was a British company that in the end gave the man money to pay his passage home. In another column of the same paper is a "spirited" article urging Mr. Blaine to take steps to drive England out of South America. But Mr. BLAINE is no fool. The other day someone asked a French

admiral what would be the result of a naval war between France on the one side and Germany and Italy on the other. "We would sweep them from the sea," was the answer. "Suppose," continued his querist, "that England were to send out her fleet against us?" "We would have nothing left us but to retire into our ports," was the reply. Now Mr. BLAINE knows as well as anybody, that all the nations of the world combined could not drive England out of South America, and he has no notion of attempting any such performance.

MEN AND THINGS. PHILLIPS BROOKS has been described as "an episcopalian with a leaning towards christianity." The "leaning" of the eloquent rector of Trinity has been very pronounced recently. As physically he towers above most men, so intellectually he rises above the non-essentials which vex so many.

After all, is he not simply typical of the religious world? Have you ever passed through a mountain chain, in a railway train, while the morning mists filled the valleys and covered the foothills? You look backward and all is dark and gloomy. On either hand rise forest clad heights, or perhaps steep precipices, but both forest and frowning cliff are lost in the low-hanging cloud. On, on you speed. The mists are left behind, lying like a great leaden blanket along the horizon, and hiding everything except the sombre valleys. On, on you speed, when suddenly first one and then another summit is seen towering above the cloud. Here is one square and dark with sides so steep that nothing can cling to it; here is one that rises with many turrets like a grand cathedral of grey sandstone and marble; here is one like the wall of a mighty fortress, and here one that seems to pierce the very vault of heaven with its shining pyramid of snow. But whether square and dark, or turreted with buttresses of marble, or piled up like a fortress, or towering high in air, each summit is bathed in glorious sunlight. Perhaps if we could get a better view of the religious world, could see it far enough away to avoid the obscuring clouds of creeds, forms, superstitions and ignorance, we would find that in many places it rises far enough beyond the mists to catch the sunlight of God's love.

In England they used to say that the best treatment for a restless clergyman, one who "wanted to know, you know," was to make a bishop of him. There are many who will regard Dr. Brooks' elevation as a matter for regret. If he finds his lawn sleeves and bishop's frock impediments to his heroic labors.

If you weigh 150 lbs. in Halifax, you will weigh 150 lbs. 5 oz., if you go to Greenland, and by the time you get up to Smith's channel, where the ice-barrier stops northern progress, you would probably weigh 151 lbs., that is, provided you do not lose flesh en route. The reason of this is that as you go North, you get nearer the centre of the earth.

Speaking of going north, it may be observed that a woman has gone in search of the North Pole, that is she has accompanied her husband on an expedition with that object. The chances are in favor of her success. There will be no fool business about this expedition, no starting out with indefinite provisions, no reckless exposure to cold. It is impossible to read the accounts of the calamitous expedition to the north without being forced to the conclusion that failure was inevitable, owing to the lack of adequate provision against accident. The annals are full of expressions as to the lack of this and of that, which one would suppose the very essentials of such expeditions.

On the other hand the woman, Mrs. SHELDON, who attempted to cross Africa gave up the job before she had got more than fairly started. It is only fair to say that she was unable to make the journey under the conditions she intended. Her plan was to make the journey without an armed escort, but the bearers would not take the luggage without an escort. So she went along for some time, but grew disgusted and gave it up.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY. The common plan of teaching history is to begin at the beginning and teach up. Would it not be wiser to begin at the end and teach down? Much that a pupil is taught about the early days of ancient nations is absolutely false. More of it is only partly true; very much of it is utterly useless to nine out of every ten persons. The tenth person may find it to his advantage to know the real and alleged facts, which pass for history; but it seems a waste of time to teach the other nine and to compel them to learn it. PROGRESS knew a boy who was asked a question in Greek mythology. He was told that his answer was wrong, whereupon he inquired how that could be since all mythology was untrue. One untruth seemed to him as good as another. The teacher either could not or would not explain the difference. Nevertheless the boy was right; for to nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a

thousand it is immaterial whether VENUS is in love with MARS, or whether LUPUS was or was not the name of the foster mother of ROMULUS. On the other hand when a child is old enough to be taught history, the study can be given a present interest and practical utility by beginning at today and at the place where the pupil lives. Take, for example, a St. John schoolboy. His historical education might begin by instruction as to the last election for mayor and aldermen, concerning which nothing need be said excepting to mention the fact, and to point out that such elections have been occurring every year for over a hundred years. A lesson or two on the history of the city would lead the child's mind to an appreciation of what history meant. Then the history of New Brunswick would be in order, and an interesting story it is, when rightly told. After that would come the history of the dominion, and then a briefer study of the history of the several provinces, the aim being to impress the principal features upon the memory and leave the study of details to the taste of the individual. There need be no fear of his not following it up. Then when the child learned about his own country take him abroad. Do not bring him up to regard himself as a foreigner in his native land, by filling his memory and imagination full of things said and done in other countries.

"By what title do you hold these lands?" demanded Commissioner BIDDLE of the Indians at Bull's Island, Carleton county, and the chief answered: "Behold the graves of our grandfathers, the graves of our fathers, the graves of our children." Is there a finer answer in all the legendary lore of Rome? "Tell your master," said FRONTENAC, when the officer of the New England fleet demanded instant surrender, "tell your master that Quebec will answer by the mouths of her cannon." Does the "come and take them" of old Sparta have a grander sound? The march of the 104th, the sufferings of our loyal grandfathers, the struggle for responsible government—our annals are full of incidents that would make our boys understand that we have a country with a history worth remembering and a fame to be kept unsullied. No such result is there to be expected, when a pupil is started in historical studies at so remote a date that the ordinary school curriculum does not afford time enough for him to get down to modern times and his own country.

PECCAVI. The most interesting thing in print last year was our last summer girl. (We state this as we go to press).

The terrible charge of the light brigade is enacted quarterly at the office of the gas-works.

The moon shone full bright
As I leaved her and kissed her,
That balmy June night,
The moon shone full bright,
And spilled its soft light
O'er the face of my sister!
The moon shone full bright
As I leaved her and kissed her.

They say it makes Keely, of Philadelphia, tearing mad to ask him does his motor know he's out. (N. B.—The stockholders are).

"Speaking of ice-carnivals," quoth Weekbrane the other evening, "reminds me of an account I once read of an ice palace in a Russian city, where they had a statue of Venus, made entirely of ice. That must have been a novelty."

"Well, yes," responded one of the incurables, "Yes, I should say it was rather a nude-of-ice"—and the ensuing silence was so distressingly void of sound that you might have heard an engagement ring.

"I have just gone into a rapid decline," said the editor, as he swept three pounds, fourteen ounces of words-that-burn poetry into the waste basket.

Lead astray—Bullets from a policeman's revolver.

A certain young man named Carlisle
Had a face that would re-ent a file;
And he loved a fair daisy,
But, alas! she went crazy,
For upon her, one day, he did smile!
The banjo-player manages to pick a living somehow.

To Clementina Von Magillicuddy: No, dear, no, no! The story "Thrown upon the World" is not a bicycle tale.

A certain young fellow in Me.
Couldn't keep out of the re.
The poor youth was a dulle
That was fed on bird food—
Thus the reason, you see, was quite pie.

"There goes young Grinnon Barrett.
They say he is his mother's idol."
"H'm! That so? Well, he must be a broken idol. He tried to borrow a tenner from me yesterday in the Royal hotel."

The round-shouldered mental Colossus whose fancy signature has been sewed to the end of these lurid brain-bursts has been lately honored—and at the hands of no less a personage than that paragon of veracity, Mr. "Eli Perkins." My mail recently brought me two tickets—one blue, and one red—about four inches by two-and-a-half in size, worded as follows:

"Season ticket. Eli Perkins at Large. Admit the bearer or wife, his own wife, to Eli Perkins' lecture, anywhere in the world, for years and years. The lecture will commence at eight o'clock sharp, and continue till somebody requests him to stop. In case of an accident to the lecturer, or if he should die or be hung before the evening of the disturbance, this ticket will admit the bearer to a front seat at the funeral, where he can sit and enjoy himself the same as at the lecture. The highest priced seats, those nearest the door, are reserved for the particular friends of the speaker. Age—Seat No.—Sec.—Row— Good anywhere on earth for 992 years."

I think I shall go. CASEY TAP.

A Fine Machine. Those who have used the Yost typewriter say that it is a marvel of completeness and accuracy. The letters are handsome, the alignment perfect; the whole machine, in fact, combines all of the good qualities of the best typewriters, and the faults have been avoided.

Large assortment Picnic Plates, at wholesale prices at McArthur's Book Store King Street.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

For the Want of a Cipher. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of this date under the head of "Things Worth Knowing" are not the yearly heart beats ten times the number as are stated. BURESMAN. Halifax, July 11, '91.

A Coincidence. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The beginning of the executive career of Sir John A. Macdonald was his appointment to the "standing order committee" of the house, 1844. He soon began to be spoken of as a possible cabinet minister—a rumor which was favorably entertained by the press. One paper declared him to be a liberal, able, clear-headed man of sound conservative principles. It is curious, however, merely a coincidence, that years afterwards the very two words which I have italicized should have been adopted as the designation of the great political party of which Sir John became the distinguished head. *** Wolfville, N. S., July 4, '91.

Trouble at the "Transfer." To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—You would do the residents of the North End and others who use the Paradise row line of street cars an obligation by, if possible, exposing the Street Railway Co.'s unreasonable, not to say unjust, disregard for the comfort and interest of the public in the way the service is managed (or rather mismanaged) so far as making connection with the transfer office is concerned. It is rarely indeed that anyone going from town by car has either not to wait at the "transfer," or has to walk the rest of the way in order to catch a car. I have heard frequently of the Paradise row car starting while the car from town was within sight and between the railway track and the foot of Portland. It would also be a great convenience when the company do manage to make the cars connect, if they would let those that do (because some cannot, as the one line runs a 6-minute service and the other a 14) carry a small flag or some distinguishing mark so that passengers could tell which car to take in order to meet the other at the "transfer." By making some inquiry you will find that almost everyone who patronizes the cars has the same complaint as the undersigned. CITIZEN.

Information Asked For. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In an issue or two ago of PROGRESS, appeared a brief paragraph concerning P. O. money orders, and the method in which the money's applicable there are arranged in the New Brunswick department of the post office service. Will you please explain more lucidly, for the benefit of myself and many others of your readers what is or was meant by the paragraph in question? Surely it is not intended to indicate that there is anything wrong with the official heads of the department in New Brunswick now, or that there has been in the past whereby the public trusts are endangered. If so, it is time that the public knew something of the matter, and not be kept in the dark any longer. What with banks smashing, defaulting bank and insurance presidents and cashiers, and public kite-flying officials living beyond their means both in the U. S. and Canada, it would seem as if the people are being either systematically fleeced, or imposed upon, or both, and that they should have some guarantee that matters of public trust in which large financial questions are involved, should be placed in such shape that they could not be well open to even the slightest suspicion of crookedness. Perhaps I am unduly alarmed over the paragraph in question. If so I shall be pleased to know it, and particularly if you can render its import more clear and comprehensive. B. Z. New Brunswick, June 26, 1891.

[From what we know of our correspondent he should be the last man to ask for information, the premature publication of which would not be wise. A good detective officer keeps his mouth fairly under control until he has all the facts. Do you see the point?—THE EDITOR.]

THE STUDENT. I have learned not the lore of the volumes
That gather the dust on the shelf,
Nor the delicate veins of the roses,
Nor the sinew and bone of myself,
Nor the earth with its rock-hidden treasures,
Nor the sky with its stars and its strife,
Nor the sea with its mermaid monsters—
Not these, but the lesson of life.

That an atom of gold-stuff weighs ever
All the hearts in creation above,
That diamonds are better than kisses,
And money is better than love.
Vice goes in the garment of folly,
Or wears the grey gown of olden grades,
And man is servant to fashion,
And man is a creature of moods.

When love with the face of an angel
And the rags of a beggar boy lay
In my path, I passed on to the palace
Of mammon, and strove to be gay.
But over the rubble of satins,
The pieces of the fair and the brave,
And the silvery rattle of laughter,
I heard the last groan that he gave.

And often I lie in the midnight,
When the casement is dripping with rain,
And long for the peace of my girlhood
Ere I wakened to passion and pain;
When I lived with the birds and the blossoms
In a little brown cottage I knew,
And dreamed that all my room was stainless,
And men were all noble and true.

Ah! bitter and hard was the lesson,
In anguish and weariness earned;
And these are the laws and the tenets
That into my brain it has burned:
There is nothing so high or so holy
That it cannot be purchased with gold,
And virtue and honor and beauty
Are wares to be bartered and sold.

So give me the gown of the doctor,
And L.L.D. to my name,
Though Hebrew to me is a jargon,
And Latin and Greek are the same,
And sealed are the secrets of ocean,
And of sky with its splendor and strife,
I have mortgaged my soul for the knowledge,
But have mastered the lesson of life!

Everybody Pleased. The half holiday movement is gaining ground. Yesterday afternoon the dry goods, hardware, hatters, wall paper and one carpet establishment joined in the procession and had a good time. PROGRESS congratulates the employees and the employers also. The former will enjoy many pleasant hours, and the latter will lose nothing by their action.

A Good Move. The largest retail firm in the city has given its customers notice that hereafter bills will be rendered every three months instead of half yearly. This is a move in the right direction—a move that PROGRESS hopes will be followed by all merchants in the city.

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WM. LOGAN BASKET Willow Ha Soiled Lin Clothes B Open and Basket Butter Bas Sachel Ba

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ESTEY & CO. R

INDIGESTI FELL

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Follows' Dy are highly re Billiousness, H patton, Indiges Heartburn, Ba of Appetite, Stomach, Liver any disease at digestion.

PRICE 2

CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS OF

IDEAL SOAP

It is growing in popular favor day by day, as is shown by increased and increasing sales. The women of Canada appreciate an article of real merit, and a trial of IDEAL SOAP convinces them of its many superior qualities.

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B. BASKETS OF ALL KINDS.

Willow Hampers, Soiled Linen Baskets, Clothes Baskets, Open and Covered Market Baskets, Butter Baskets, Sachel Baskets.



THE "DAISY" CHURN, BRUSHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, And a consignment of English Goods, including many new novelties.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, KING STREET, OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL.

THE "QUADRANT" BICYCLE.

This is how they advertise "QUADRANTS" in the United States: ON THE ROAD: "The 'Quadrant' has been the first safety at the finish in every one of the six Road Races held in Philadelphia this year."

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO. AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

RUBBER GOODS!

Fine Assortment of Ladies' and Gent's Tweed Waterproof Clothing, including the "Cravenets" Shower proof goods, Driving Aprons, Camp Blankets, Fishing Boots, Air Pillows, Air Beds, Bed and Crib Sheet, Sanitary and Druggists' Goods, Belting, Packing, Hose, Valves; in fact everything made in Rubber.

ESTEY & CO., Standard Rubber Goods, 58 PRINCE WM. STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN.

Base Balls, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet, Footballs, Archery, Etc. Sporting Goods of every description. Hammocks; Tennis, Cricket, and Running Shoes. Send for Catalogue,—wholesale and retail.

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

Summer Complaints SPEEDY RELIEF.

FELLOWS' SPEEDY RELIEF. THE GREAT CURE FOR Summer Complaints, Cholera, Cramp in Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery. ONE DOSE IS USUALLY SUFFICIENT.



St. John—South End. On Tuesday the Misses Turnbull gave a very pleasant picnic to a few friends who enjoyed a sail up the St. John river, returning to the city by moonlight.

St. John—North End. Mrs. D. F. Tapley and family expect to leave the latter part of next week for J. O. Vanward's, where they will spend the summer.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 68 KING STREET.

NEW SUNSHADES, PARASOLS, AND

LADIES' RAIN UMBRELLAS. THE FINEST LOT EVER SHOWN IN ST. JOHN.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE!

TRUSTEES' SALE OF THE TURNER & FINLAY STOCK.

SOME unusually strong attractions are offered in Today's Sale, and are especially recommended as the best money-savers that we have yet presented. Qualities are necessarily limited, and in order to dispose of every article quickly prices have been reduced much below manufacturers' cost, which means more than you can comprehend till you see the goods themselves.

Housekeepers throughout all the city should on no account fail to visit the Store THIS WEEK, as this is undeniably an occasion the importance of which cannot possibly be adequately realized UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE GOODS.

NEWEST, BRIGHTEST, PRETTIEST. SUMMER PRINTS, elegant designs on Twilled Cloth. Come and get. Cannot last long. Price 10-12c.

Now for the last case of those MARVELOUS SATEENS at 12 1/2c., worth 20c.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, TRUSTEES.

18 CENTS ISN'T MUCH! BUT FOR THAT SUM YOU CAN BUY A

Rubber Back Metallic Hair Brush, REGULAR PRICE, 35cts. JUST ONE HALF-PRICE.

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. BRUSH AND COMB COMPLETE, only 25c.

New Cloth Surface Waterproof Hats, in all colors.

Boys', Girls' and Infants' Boots

Boys' TRAMP BOOTS, at \$1.55 (Great Value). School BOOTS, at 1.00 (Can't be beat). Girls' SCHOOL BOOTS, at .95 (Are the best). PALE CALF BUTTON BOOTS, at 1.20 (Very). CHILDREN'S BOOTS, 36c., 45c., 50c., 60c. up.

G. B. HALLETT, 108 KING STREET.

Extraordinary Low Price FOR

RONLLON'S JOSEPHINE KID GLOVES.

For a time we will sell this well-known make of Glove, for \$1.00 PER PAIR.

Sizes—5/8 to 7/8. Black and newest shades.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

STILL IDLE.

(Continued from eighth page.)

party to a settlement, and I would have to be assured that any reduction, no matter how slight, would only continue a certain time."

"It is said that the millowners tried to coerce you into abandoning a defence of the millmen. Is that so?"

"No; that is not correct. Those of the millowners who were my personal friends are as friendly with me as ever, so far as I know."

"What gave rise to the report?"

"I do not know, unless it was the fact that an acquaintance of one of the millowners waited upon me to point out how displeased this one particular millowner was at my conduct. The gentleman who so interested himself in my welfare had his trouble for his pains, for I told him that I was of age, and quite responsible for my conduct. In justice to the other millowners I should say that I have not heard of any attempt on their part to 'stop my mouth.'"

"What do you think will be the outcome of the strike if it continues much longer?"

"It can have but one result, the solidifying of every labor organization in St. John in self-defence, which might unfortunately result in a regular war between labor and capital, and which considering the present dull times would be much deplored. The more generous minded of the millowners have it in their power to greatly benefit or greatly injure the trade of St. John. If they will show a disposition to meet the men fairly, what threatens at present to be a very serious matter, can be easily straightened out. Let them announce that they are willing to meet representatives of the millmen at a certain time and place, and the difficulty can be adjusted inside of 48 hours."

"Have you heard that the millowners are under bonds to each other not to start the mills until after a certain date unless they force the men into the ten-hour system?"

"I heard that story, but am satisfied it is not true. In fact I have it from a millowner whose word I would not doubt, that there is no truth in the report."

"It is said that one of Mr. Powderly's men have arrived here with the view of cementing all the labor organizations in St. John. Have you met him, and what do you think of his mission?"

"I have not met him and do not know if he has arrived. If he comes to unite labor as labor should be united—on the principle that the interests of labor and capital are identical—then he should be welcome to New Brunswick. If he is simply an agitator he comes at a very inopportune time for the peace and prosperity of the city."

Blondes With Crimped Hair.
The girl with the crimped hair is very fashionable nowadays. And nine cases out of ten she is a blonde. Have you noticed that? If so, do you know the cause? Well, I'll tell you. Blonde hair, being naturally finer than black, is easier crimped and stays crimped longer. Beside, when the hair is cut short, the neck is exposed to view, and the skin of a blonde possesses a peculiar whiteness which renders its exposure attractive. This, in addition to the prevailing neckless waist, is the occasion for the blonde girl with the crimped hair. Her rival is the semi-brunette—that is to say, the girl with the black hair, gray eyes and a complexion like alabaster. Given a head of crimped black hair, a black dress with a neckless bodice, and you have the gingham girl of the summer, who will run a tight race with her sister, the blonde.—St. Louis Republic.

A Large Order.
Artists sometimes find that persons who are abundantly able to buy pictures are not so well able to appreciate the possibilities and the aims of art.

The artist Hopper related that a wealthy stockbroker, with his wife and five sons and seven daughters, once called upon him. The gentleman said: "Well, Mr. Painter, here we are, a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole of us, prompt payment for discount?"

"Why, that will depend," replied the artist, "upon the dimensions, style, composition, and—"

"Oh, that's all settled," replied this person, who evidently followed the excellent plan of knowing exactly what he wanted when he went shopping, "we are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing, 'God Save the Queen.'"

WOODSTOCK.
[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]
July 16.—The summer visitors are arriving, and of course all sorts of gaiety may be expected. There are rumors of several small parties and one ball in the coming weeks. On Wednesday next there will be a fashionable wedding. The ceremony will be in St. Luke's, Canon Neales officiating. Over a hundred and fifty invitations are out, and in social circles here reigns that suppressed excitement that always goes hand in hand with the wedding of a fashionable belle, especially when as in this instance she is a great social favorite.

MARYSVILLE.
July 16.—The Women's Working band, in connection with the Methodist church, held a very successful sale and social on Thursday evening last. All the tables seemed well patronized, particularly the refreshment and ice cream, while the young gentlemen seemed delighted at being waited on by so many "rose-bud waiters." The proceeds of the evening amounting to \$100 go towards the parsonage fund.

CHARLOTTETOWN.
[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.]
July 15.—The house of assembly was prorogued this afternoon with the usual display, and after having "braved the battle and the breeze" night and day for over a month the little flag on top of the provincial building has at last been hauled down. I have always felt sorry to see the poor little thing floating in the midnight air at an hour when even reporters should be at rest.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,
97—KING STREET.—97

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WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,
97—KING STREET.—97

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from fifth page.)

think, judging from appearances, in a few weeks I will have several more engagements to announce.

Mrs. DeLois has been visiting friends here during the past week. She is the guest of Mrs. Fred Ricker, of Kingsport.

Mrs. DeLois will preach in the baptist church Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ekin and children of St. John are visiting friends in this city, the guests of Mrs. Geo. Hatt, Brunswick street.

Messrs. Frank and Edward Munnell are home spending their vacation.

Mr. Wm. Munnell of Kingsport has gone to England to visit his friends.

Mrs. Elton Green has gone to St. Andrews to enjoy the sea breeze.

Mr. E. Lee Street of Newcastle was here this week visiting his brother, Mr. A. F. Street.

Mrs. Sewell's mother, Mrs. Watts, and sister, Baroness De Wail, and nephew, Baron De Wail, are here from Europe visiting Mrs. Sewell, at Springhill.

Rev. Mr. McLaughlin is to occupy the Methodist pulpit during Rev. Mr. Weddall's absence in England.

Capt. Brenner, formerly of the R. S. I., has been in the city for a week, the guest of Major and Mrs. Gordon.

Major Gordon, after spending a few days with his family here, returned to Halifax on Monday.

Mrs. Robert Maxwell, of St. John, is visiting her mother-in-law in this city, Mrs. John Maxwell, Regent street.

Mrs. William Phair and her two little daughters are spending a few weeks in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Loggie will go to Pictou tomorrow for a few weeks to visit Mrs. Loggie's mother, Mrs. McCallum, at Pictou.

Mrs. W. B. Couthard is very ill at her home, Queen street.

Mrs. Botsford and the Misses Botsford are visiting friends in St. John.

Rev. Dr. Hopper is in the city. The Misses Hopper, of St. Martins, are visiting Mrs. Hoben at Glen.

Mr. Albert F. Randolph of Philadelphia is here visiting his brother, Mr. A. F. Randolph, at Frog Moor.

Miss Mary Thompson, formerly of this city, but for the last few years living out West, is visiting her friends here.

Miss Jane Ratford and Miss Hamlin Cruikshank returned Monday from a long visit at Hampden and St. John.

Rev. Mr. Fowler is to preach in St. Paul's church Sunday, and the following Sunday the pulpit will be occupied by his former pastor, Rev. Mr. Mowat of Montreal.

Mr. W. R. Racy, manager of the Merchants' bank, went to St. John this morning to visit his wife and little son, who arrived last evening.

The Raymond excursion party, numbering 35 American ladies and gentlemen, arrived here by western train yesterday and registered at the Queen Hotel. They left by boat this morning for St. John.

We are to have a moonlight excursion Monday evening in the *Dartmouth*, under the auspices of the Star Social Club. The E. O. M. orchestra has been secured for the dancing.

Mr. Spencer J. Estey, of New York, who has been visiting friends here, returned home Saturday.

Mr. W. T. H. Finney has secured the New York Bijou Opera Co. for next Thursday evening in the City hall. The opera to be produced here will be *Arminio*. Everyone is looking forward to this musical treat.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name. Send STAMPS in payment and address and the order will be promptly attended to.

WOODSTOCK.
[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]
July 16.—The summer visitors are arriving, and of course all sorts of gaiety may be expected. There are rumors of several small parties and one ball in the coming weeks. On Wednesday next there will be a fashionable wedding. The ceremony will be in St. Luke's, Canon Neales officiating. Over a hundred and fifty invitations are out, and in social circles here reigns that suppressed excitement that always goes hand in hand with the wedding of a fashionable belle, especially when as in this instance she is a great social favorite.

MARYSVILLE.
July 16.—The Women's Working band, in connection with the Methodist church, held a very successful sale and social on Thursday evening last. All the tables seemed well patronized, particularly the refreshment and ice cream, while the young gentlemen seemed delighted at being waited on by so many "rose-bud waiters." The proceeds of the evening amounting to \$100 go towards the parsonage fund.

CHARLOTTETOWN.
[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.]
July 15.—The house of assembly was prorogued this afternoon with the usual display, and after having "braved the battle and the breeze" night and day for over a month the little flag on top of the provincial building has at last been hauled down. I have always felt sorry to see the poor little thing floating in the midnight air at an hour when even reporters should be at rest.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,
97—KING STREET.—97

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WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,
97—KING STREET.—97

Extraordinary Bargains!

MIDSUMMER SALE.

DURING TODAY, SATURDAY,

And succeeding days, we shall give

SPECIAL BARGAINS

Ladies' Lace, Jet, and Cloth Capes,

This Spring's importation, for summer wear, very fashionable.

On our Bargain Counter we have placed a lot of SUNSHADES, at a very great reduction in price. Our Bargains in Dress Materials are giving buyers unbounded satisfaction.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,

97—KING STREET.—97

HILLSBORO.
July 15.—Mr. Walter Calhoun, of Moncton, paid a flying visit to see his relatives at Hillsdale cottage this week.

Mrs. W. H. Humphrey and Mrs. Forbes, of Moncton, with Miss McBeath, of St. John, made a short visit to Lakeside farm, the residence of Mr. John Wallace, on Thursday.

Mrs. W. Camp has been visiting in St. John this week.

The United Sabbath schools of Surrey held their annual picnic at Alma last Friday. This little place has a very good beach, and is becoming a popular resort. The scenery is very beautiful. It makes a charming place for a picnic.

Mrs. Howe Gross, of Moncton, accompanied by her brother, Master Hamilton, of Campbellton, have been visiting Mrs. Michael Gross.

Mr. Tom Steeves and Miss Lucretia Steeves are here for the summer months, being summoned home on account of the serious illness of their mother. Faith hopes are given for Mrs. Steeves' recovery.

Miss Annie Steeves has gone to make a short visit with friends in Fredericton.

Mrs. Crawford is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, at Grassmere Place.

Mr. Jump is home from Boston, where she has been visiting the past six months and on her business trip. Mr. C. J. Osman has returned from a business trip.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Berrie arrived here Thursday noon. The ladies of the Methodist church assembled at the parsonage and had everything ready to welcome the new minister.

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SKINNER'S

CARPET : WAREROOMS,

58 KING STREET.

My Store will be Closed on

FRIDAY, at 1 p. m., during

July and August.

A. O. SKINNER.

"JULY GEMS." Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Lockets, Necklets, Chains, Bracelets, Brooches, Barmis, Scarf Pins, and Rings.

And a splendid variety of SOLID SILVER and PLATED WARE.

ST. JOHN SOUVENIR SPOONS, And other Articles in "Latest Styles" for special needs and purposes.

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IS YOUR HOUSE INSURED? IS YOUR FURNITURE INSURED? IS YOUR STOCK INSURED?

If not, drop a card or call upon KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents for THE PHENIX, 132 Prince William Street

"ADS,"

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"PROGRESS" Engraving Bureau.

when the clergyman arrived, and relieved him from his duties as schoolmaster.

Seeing Things Grow.
Did you ever actually see things grow? In these spring and summer days you often see a tree with buds just ready to explode like popcorn and, like the corn, change suddenly to masses of fluffy white. You walk by it and it is still corn. When you return it has popped. But did you actually ever see the explosion, or better yet, see the growth when there was no alarm to call your attention to the change? Well, I'll tell you. Some day beside a wall, in the ivy and the recent rain gladiolus bed after the manner of the gladiolus and sunshine have made a thin crust over the earth, and when the green spears are just beginning to push through it. You will see some cracks in the crust, and by and by a little trap-door will begin to lift, as though some small Titan were struggling underneath. Look sharply now, for if you do not you may turn your wandering eyes back to find the green laborer pushing at the door without your having seen him come. Soon he will throw back the cover on its hinges and stand there for the first time in the sunlight an inch above the ground. All this done may be even in an hour. Few things grow faster than gladiolus.—New York Tribune.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling
creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great benefit, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out
"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BROOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out
"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. FREDERICK MOSELEY, 90 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ST. ANDREWS RINK.

ADELAIDE RANDALL AND HER OPERA COMPANY, This (Saturday) AFTERNOON MATINEE, MIKADO!

Children's admission, 25c. Positively last presentation.

TONIGHT, NAUTICAL OPERETTA, BILLYE TAYLOR.

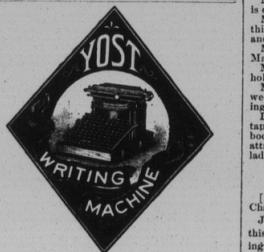
MONDAY and TUESDAY, July 20 and 21. Two nights only.

Grand Duchess!

Admission, 35 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. On sale at Smith & Co.'s drug store.

89 LESSONS IN PENMANSHIP FOR nearly 300 separate pen-written copies (reproduced) of exercises, capitals, small letters, figures and elegant writing, accompanied by a book containing full and explicit instructions. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price. Address—St. John Institute of Penmanship, J. R. CRANE, FRM. July 18

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS



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PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.

The Sale of the Yost now exceeds that of any other machine.

Type-guide insures perfect and permanent alignment. No annoying or expensive ribbon. Ink pad guaranteed to last six months. Prints directly from steel type, giving clear and clean work. Unequaled for manifolding. Cannot be strained by heavy work. Type runs steady to last over 30 years. Speed does not impair its beautiful work. Noiseless and portable.

General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, H. CHUBB & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND ITS EVENTFUL HISTORY.

From the Time it was Discovered by John Cabot, to the Next Session of the Legislature—When More History will be Made and Duty Chronoled.

CHARLOTTETOWN, July 15.—I promised some time ago to tell you something of our island, and although I am afraid it is a task too great for such a humble scribe as "Jack," yet I will make an effort now, "and if I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me.

It is supposed that Mr. John Cabot, then in service of Henry VII, of England, discovered this island on 24th June, 1497, (before my time you know) and that he called it the island of St. John, in honor of the day; but it is certain that one Verazani, a French navigator, re-discovered it in 1528, and that he claimed it for the king of France. Nothing was done to settle the country till 1663, when Captain Doubt got a grant of the island from France and started some fishing establishments along the coast. Up to 1713 France held it and Cape Breton, while England owned Nova Scotia, which at that time was called Acadia, and included what is now the province of New Brunswick. In 1750, after the fall of Louisburg, the British troops under Col. Rollo, took possession of the island, but it was not ceded to England until the treaty of Fontenablu, in 1763.

Three years later the whole island was surveyed, divided into three counties, and sub-divided into 67 lots of about 20,000 acres each. These counties were called Kings, the capital Georgetown; Queen's, the capital Charlottetown, and Prince, the capital of which was named Princetown, but since changed to Summerside. Certainly, if names can do it, loyalty to the mother country will always have a strong hold in P. E. Island. In 1767 these lots were given by King George the Third to favorites of the crown. There were so many applicants for grants of land that the ballot box was resorted to, and in that way the lots were parcelled out. I wonder how they would work out such a problem in these days!

Among the fortunate ones who drew prizes on this occasion, we find names of many of our well-known citizens, among them being: Young, Stewart, Gordon,

McLain, Pownall, Montgomery, Stuart, Moore, Owens, Peters and Douglas.

The first governor was sent out in 1770, and in 1778 the first legislature met. This consisted of eighteen members, although the population at that time was not quite one thousand. In 1775 Governor Colbeck and his surveyor-general, Mr. Wright, were kidnapped and carried to Cambridge, Mass, by American privateers, who first looted Charlottetown. This is the only instance of a governor being stolen from Prince Edward Island, though strong hopes have been expressed in that direction since then.

In 1799 a bill to change the name of the island St. John was passed by the legislature, and Prince Edward, father of Queen Victoria, being in Halifax at the time, the island was called after him.

In 1824 the first newspaper, the Prince Edward Register was published, but as they had no "Etoile du Matin," "Rex," or "Jack," in those days, it must have been, as a rule, very dry reading. The population at this time was about 22,000. In 1832 the first steamboat was subsidized to run between Charlottetown and Picton, twice each week, receiving \$1,500 a year for the service. This boat was named Pocahontas, and remained on the route for several years. When Queen Victoria's reign began in 1837, Prince Edward Island had a population of 45,000. In 1852 a telegraph cable was laid between Capes Tormentine and Traverse, and Mr. Robert Hutchinson being its first mayor. The island now contained over 71,000 souls.

I will have to skip a lot of interesting matter and get down to 1873, the time of confederation. The idea was mooted in 1864 when delegates met first in Charlottetown on 1st September, and again in Quebec on 10th of October of the same year. The terms of union here agreed upon did not suit the maritime provinces, and as far as Prince Edward Island was concerned, the idea dropped, and dropped hard.

In 1870 the government of the day passed a railway bill, authorizing the construction of the P. E. Island railway, as it now exists, or nearly so, within a term of three years. The contract was let to Messrs. Schreiber and Burpee, and the work begun in good shape. The people, however, were dissatisfied with the way in which the contract was let, and also, as is usually the case, by the fact that the road was not located through every dooryard in the province. So the government were defeated and a new election fought out on the railway policy. This resulted in a change of government, of which Mr. Haythorne was made leader. But in 1872 it was discovered that the island could not afford to build the railway, and that the only salvation for the province was to join the dominion of Canada. Early in 1873,

the leaders of the government, Messrs. Haythorne and Laird, went to Ottawa, and on returning, dissolved the house and appealed to the country on the question of confederation. But Mr. Pope contended that better terms could be obtained from Canada than those offered to Mr. Haythorne, and with this cry he succeeded in carrying a majority of the constituencies, and became leader of a new government. During the first session, a new delegation to Ottawa did succeed in getting \$20,000 more than Mr. Haythorne was to receive, and on their return, the union of the island with Canada was moved by the leader of the government, Mr. Pope, seconded by the leader of the opposition, Mr. Laird, and carried almost unanimously, so on the 1st of July, 1873, Prince Edward Island became a part of the great dominion of Canada. Mr. Robinson, who came out in 1870, was the last governor appointed by the crown to Prince Edward Island, and the only one whose salary was paid by the province. He was succeeded in 1873 by Sir Robert Hodgson, who was appointed and, of course, paid by the dominion.

Eighteen years have rolled away since we joined the other provinces of Canada. Prince Edward Island has now a population of about 125,000 and has made rapid strides in many other directions. The country is not rich in minerals, but from an agricultural point of view it cannot be excelled in any part of the dominion. Fisheries have been developed, stock raising gone into very largely, and Prince Edward Island horses are known far and wide as being equal to any, and surpassed by none. The present governor of Prince Edward Island is the Honorable Jeleddiah Slason Carvell, a native of New Brunswick, but for over 30 years a resident of Charlottetown. He is of distinguished personal appearance, suave in manner and disposition, and deservedly popular with all classes.

The government led by the Honorable Neil McLeod of this city, was defeated a few weeks ago, and a new administration formed under the leadership of the Hon. Frederick Peters, a well-known and successful barrister of Charlottetown. Associated with him are Hon. Mr. McLain, Hon. Mr. McMillan, Hon. Mr. Farquharson, Hon. Mr. Laird, Hon. Mr. Forbes, Hon. Mr. Kichham, Hon. Mr. Sinclair, and Hon. Mr. Richards. Hon. Mr. Peters is a native of this city and a son of the late Judge Peters who was buried but a week ago. The premier is a very good looking fellow, an energetic, hard-working one, too; a man who likes to get things straight and keep them so. He has the rare gift, in a politician, of being able to give a square, honest answer to the many questions by which he is assailed.

The next in order, as in place, is the Hon. Angus McMillan, provincial secretary and commissioner of lands. He is a man possessed of great

power of thought, and has will enough to carry out his good ideas. He represents Summerside in the house, but is known from one end of the island to the other as a man who can always be depended upon.

The minister of public works is the Hon. James McLain, member for Souris, and he appears to be the right man in the right place. He is tall and fine looking, pleasant and affable in manner.

The Hon. James Richards, of Biddeford, is a member of the government without portfolio. He is well known both here and in the neighboring provinces; is generous to a fault and exceedingly popular; has been a member of the house for nearly twenty years, and is one of the most useful men in it.

Hon. Donald Farquharson, of West River, is a wealthy, energetic, and careful man who adds great strength to his party.

Hon. Alex. Laird, of Bedouque, member of the government without portfolio, and has a seat in the legislative council as well. He is an intelligent, well-read man, well up in parliamentary usage, and would be a credit to any legislature.

Hon. Mr. Forbes, from Vernon River, is a new man to us of the capital, but appears to be a credit to his lot (49).

Hon. Peter Sinclair, is a quiet, careful legislator, and a fine specimen of the class of farmers who have helped so materially to make Prince Edward Island what it is.

Hon. Mr. Kichham, is a good looking merchant of fair ability, and always votes right.

There appears to be a general feeling in the country, that the new government shall have a fair chance to make a success of governing the island, and the new administration appear to desire only a fair field and no favor. The upper house or legislative council, contains fifteen members; half the number being elected by the people every three years. There are many reforms in contemplation, and I must say they are much needed. The first is to reduce the number of legislators; to cut down the upper house to six; and the lower to fifteen members; to put these into one chamber and do away with the old legislative council, which is a relic of bygone ages. This reduction would save a great deal of expense in the matter of legislation, which has been costing far too much for a province of this size. Then it is proposed that the house shall sit but once in two years, and this would save half the present expense. If I were the government, I would follow the Irishman's plan, and if sitting once in two years would save half, I would sit once in four, and save it all! Then, the public lands are to be sold, and the government relieved from the care and cost of looking after that branch. This would enable them to do away with the office of "commissioner of lands," and be another great saving to the country. At present all the lots, etc., are governed by the houses of assembly.

There are no municipalities, as in other places; roads, bridges, etc., being built and kept in repair by the powers at Charlottetown. As the people cannot be taxed, not even for roads, "how to make both ends meet" is a problem that has puzzled many wise men in the legislative halls of Prince Edward Island.

This government proposes to divide the island into municipalities and parishes; to give these local bodies power to raise money for their own roads, etc., as is done elsewhere, and, in that way, give the people more general satisfaction, while, at the same time, lessening the expense of the public works' department in Charlottetown. As for taxing the province to raise the amount of money necessary to enable the government to start with a clean sheet, I am afraid that our people, who have been accustomed to freedom from taxation, would arise in their wrath and smite down any government who attempted such a thing. It should be done, however, and I am glad to say that I think Mr. Peters has pluck enough to try and do that, or anything else he considers right, and I, in my very humble way, wish him luck.

The condition of the houses of assembly was simply a disgrace to any province, but great improvements are to be made. Can you fancy a house of parliament without a single drain? Well! Such was, and still is the case here, but I notice the drain pipes are on the ground, and excavations for drain already begun. Everything will be drained except the resources of the country; that they say was done by the late government! The buildings are to be papered and painted, fitted with electric lights and steam heating apparatus. Water is also to be put in throughout, and bath rooms, wash basins, etc., to be added. The hands of this government are clean and they intend to keep them so! The smoking room is to be renovated; the bar-room removed to a neighbor's house; the janitor to be put in the attic; a bowling alley and billiard room, to go in the basement and there is some talk of a restaurant being added as well.

The library is to be cleaned and rearranged. At present there seems no method in its madness, and it is a shame to let valuable books and documents go to ruin for the want of a little care. Many volumes have been borrowed and not returned, and for this reason a student would find it an impossibility to get complete information upon any subject of history. Please do up the library first, Mr. Peters, if it be in your department. An act is to be passed by which government employees of heads of departments, will be forbidden to vote at any election, on pain of dismissal. A neat iron fence is to be built around Parliament square; government house is to be completely renovated and fitted up with all modern conveniences; a great change from its present condition. A railway to Bellas and Murray Harbor is spoken of, and also a bridge across Hillsborough river near this city; in short there are, as I said in the beginning, enough reforms and improvements (they are not always the same thing) in contemplation, if carried out, to guarantee to the new government a lease of power for many years. But every cloud has a silver lining, and I do not think that all the acts of this government are right. It is neither fair nor just to discharge old and faithful servants, simply because they were employed by previous governments. Give the old fellows a chance, Mr. Premier, for a person who has been in government employ for twenty years or so, would find it very hard, indeed almost impossible, to make a living by work. "Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's!" JACK.

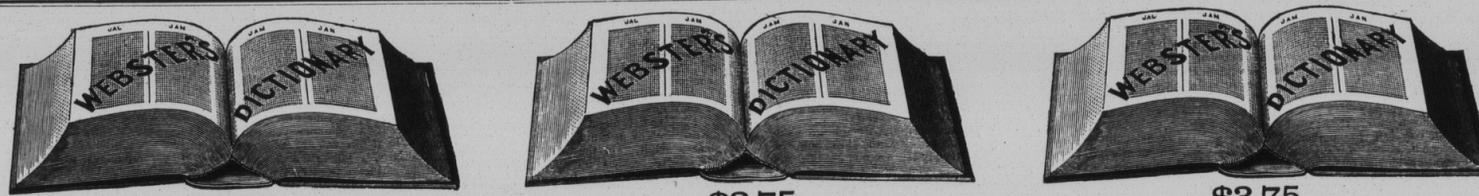
Herrman's Greatest Trick. People have repeatedly asked me which of my tricks have pleased me the most, and which I take the most delight in performing. Naturally the effort that brings the greatest success is regarded by a man his best. I consider the trick of restoring the shattered mirror as my most famous one. This I had the honor of performing before the czar of Russia upon an invitation to give an exhibition at his court. It was done unexpectedly to the spectators, and was not down on the regular bill. While playing billiards with the attaches of the court after the performance, the czar being present in the saloon, I shot a ball with all my strength against a plate glass mirror extending from floor to ceiling. The mirror shivered into fifty pieces. Consternation was depicted on every countenance; on none more plainly than my own.

While the czar courteously waived my apology, considering the destruction of the mirror as trifling, and ordered the game to proceed, I could easily see that my supposed awkwardness made a disagreeable impression. With the czar's permission I examined the mirror to estimate the damage done and the possibility of repairing it. While so engaged one of the suite playfully challenged me to exercise my art and make the mirror whole again, never dreaming that his challenge was the very one I wanted, and not considering the successful acceptance of it as possible. I hesitated an instant, and then ordered the mirror to be covered with a cloth entirely concealing it from view. On the removal of the cloth, after ten minutes, the mirror was found without a flaw, and as perfect as before the damage. I will leave it to my readers' imagination to decide how this trick was done.—A. Herrman.

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ills, which I took for general debility.
me right up, and gave me an excel-
entité." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.
Fagged Out
spring I was completely fagged out.
ught left me and I felt sick and mis-
ill the time, so that I could hardly
y business. I took one bottle of
Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There
ig like it." R. G. BAZOLE, Editor
se, Belleville, Mich.
Worn Out
Sarsaparilla restored me to good
Indeed, I might say truthfully it
life. To one feeling tired and worn
uld earnestly recommend a trial of
Sarsaparilla." Mrs. FRANK MOSELEY,
Street, East Boston, Mass.
If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa-
not be induced to buy anything else
Insist upon having

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arsaparilla
Druggists, \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only
DOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
Doses One Dollar
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LAIDE RANDALL
HER OPERA COMPANY,
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MIKADO!
mission, 22c. Positively last presen-
tation.
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NAUTICAL OPERETTA,
LEE TAYLOR.
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and Duchess!
35 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
Smith & Co.'s drug store.
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of separate pen-written copies (repro-
ductions, capitals, small letters, figures
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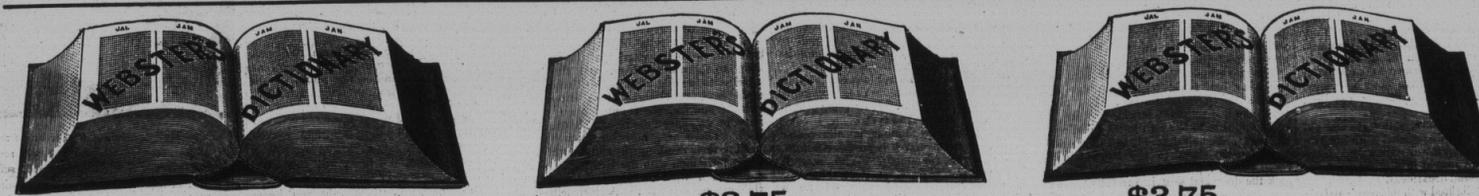
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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: for before Him all the earth.

The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Let us Pray.

Almighty God, we worship Thee as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for the trusts and hopes He has implanted in our hearts and minds.

It is the wrinkles and marks of wear and tear that mark the expression in a man's portrait.

And yet how strange, how pathetic is the fact that, after all disappointments, men still obstinately continue to look among their fellows for guidance, and for light for consolation, for light, for consolation, for defence, and for strength.

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JAMES KELLY, TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

turn, for Thou hast died for me, and for me Thou dost live. Be Thou my shelter and strong tower. Give me to drink of living water.

HAVELOCK MINERAL SPRING.

THE water of this Spring is becoming better known, and some wonderful cures have lately been made in cases of Eczema (Salt-rheum), and other skin diseases; also in the cure of chronic Constipation, and other derangements of the digestive organs.

Where all other remedies have failed, this mineral water always brings relief and cure.

WM. KEITH, Proprietor Mineral Spring, Havelock, N. B.

FERGUSON & PAGE

DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.

NEW GOODS

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.

43 KING STREET.

OATS. OATS.

OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at

LOWEST PRICES,

with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mtg Co.

J. D. SHATFORD, General Manager.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!

THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT,

At Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.

GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager

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DO YOU?

Seems to me I do remember, but what that to do with my dinner. I suppose it is all allowed to eat what I like.

Certainly, Ted answered politely, and could think of nothing to tempt your appetite but onions?"

I chose to have them," she said.

Then I hope you will enjoy them, and you be so good as to excuse me? I go back to the office." His voice was

but his face was flushed.

How considerate! she murmured, raising her hand in a pretty Frenchy

"How considerate. I really thought would throw my darling onions out the

it is easier and pleasanter to get out

self," he said, half way to the door.

Yes," she answered, "I fully agree you, no one would expect a man to with his wife if he could avoid it, and

nicest part of it—the part the world know—is, the wife is only too

of it." She was very much frightened

but she laughed provokingly. I am glad you told me so," Ted an-

ded, laying his hand on the door to ly himself.

Yes," she went on, "it must be very

fatal news to a man who is tired of

life to learn that she is tired also."

He wondered what made her say it, but

smiled and began her long-delayed

with perfect coolness. Ted looked r,

his eyes blazing.

Then, by all that's merciful, I will not

ple you again!" he cried. She turned

ing face toward him, and nodded

lessly, her mouth full of food. Then

and the street door banged.

rothy arose from the table and fell on

oor where he had stood, sobbing as

heart would break. She was sure

was gone, she had heard the shutting

door, and now her sobbing pres-

her hearing voices in the hall.

when the dining room door opened

did not notice it. She thought

if alone, until she felt a pair

strong arms lifting her up. May-

are as anxious to know what hap-

pen then as Mrs. Seall was, and she sat

then as Mrs. Seall was, and she sat

THE DIVINE SYMPATHY.

O Lord divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,

O Thou who camest down to share Our pain, our grief, our agonizing care,

We smile at pain which Thou art near,

Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year;

No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear;

When murmuring winds and quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near,

O Thou who camest down to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,

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THE HIDDEN PLACE.

Preached in Manchester, England, Isaiah xxxii.

2. And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;

as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

We may well say, of whom speaketh the prophet this? Here are distinctly attributed to one of ourselves, if we take the words in their simplicity and fullness, functions and powers which universal experience has taught us not to look for in humanity.

And there have been a great many attempts—as it seems to me, altogether futile and baseless ones—to break the force of these words as a distinct prophecy of Jesus Christ.

Surely the language is far too wide to have application to any real or ideal Jewish monarch, except one whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.

Surely the experience of a hundred centuries might teach men that there is one man, and one alone, who is the refuge from all dangers—the fruition of all desires, the rest and refreshment in all trials.

And I, for my part, have no hesitation in saying, that the only reference of these words, which give full weight to their words of blessing, is to regard them as a prophecy of the man—Christ Jesus, hiding in whom we are safe, "coming" to whom we "never thirst," guarded and blest by whom no weariness can befall us, and dwelling in whom this weary world shall be full of refreshment and peace.

I do not need to point out the exquisite beauty of the imagery or the pathos and peace that breathe in the majestic rhythm of the words. There is something more than poetical beauty or rhetorical amplification of a single thought in those three clauses. The "hiding place" and "covert" refer to one class of wants; the "river of water in a dry place" to yet another; and "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to yet a third.

And, though they be tinged and dyed in Eastern imagery, the realities of life in Western lands, and in all ages, give them a deeper beauty than that of lovely imagery, and are the best keys to understanding their meaning.

We shall, perhaps, best grasp the whole depths of that meaning according to the reference which I venture to give to the text; if we consider the sad and solemn conception of man's life that underlies it; the enigmatical and obstinate hope which holds out in the teeth of all experience—"A man shall be a refuge;" and the solution of the riddle in the man Christ Jesus.

I, First, that underlies this prophecy a very sad, a very true conception of human life.

The three classes of promises have correlative with them three phases of man's condition, three diverse aspects of his need and misery. The "covert" and the "hiding place" imply tempest and storm and danger; the "river of water" implies drought and thirst; "the shadow of a great rock" implies lassitude and languor, fatigue and weariness. The view of life that arises from the combination of all three bears upon its front the signature of truth in the very fact that it is a sad view.

For, I suppose, notwithstanding all that we may say concerning the beauty and the blessedness scattered broadcast round about us; notwithstanding that we believe, and hold as for our lives, the "happy faith" that all which we behold is full of blessing; it needs but a very short experience of this life, and but a superficial examination of our own histories and our own hearts in order to come to the conclusion that the world is full of strange and terrible sadness, that every life has dark tracks and long stretches of weary pain, and that no representation is true to fact which dips its pencil only in light and flings no shadow on the canvas. There is no depth in a Chinese picture, because there is no shade.

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SPURGEON'S BUSY LIFE. THE GREAT PULPIT ORATOR ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

Scenes at the Church Graphically Described—The Preacher's Daily Life, Work, and Wonderful Popularity—A Congregation Composed of All Classes.

Sunshine in London! There is an air of quietness and peace over the old city on the Thames. It is Sunday morning. Church bells are chiming merrily. There are crowds of people on Westminster Bridge and no end of pleasure boats on the Thames beneath. The omnibuses are filled with people and scores of the neighborhood of Newington. There is a crowd of men, women and children in front of the Tabernacle that Charles Haddon Spurgeon has made famous in all lands. It is not an imposing-looking structure. Like most of the buildings of London it is full-colored. But it is a theme in itself, so full of interest and remarkable incident that a long and instructive newspaper article might be written out of the circumstances attending its origin, growth, completion and opening from debt. A high iron railing keeps the church clear of the street. The building is situated perhaps twenty feet back from the curbstone and is reached by a short flight of a half dozen steps. Architecturally it is an imposing structure in the Gothic style. A half dozen big stone columns support an arch, which gives the front of the edifice a rather picturesque appearance. There are plenty of windows through which the sunlight is streaming, and at either end of the steeple is a big gas lamp which, in the evening, sheds its rays upon the worshippers.

It was just 10.55 o'clock. A few of the regular pewholders are in their seats. There is a loud ringing of church bells, and a dozen men throw open the gates and all the doors, leading to the Tabernacle. In less than five minutes every seat and every inch of standing room is taken. The rule of first come first served is observed. The old women who open the doors of the pews and who seat visitors are very busy. There is very little noise with it all and a quick glance at the people shows that it is, perhaps, the most miscellaneous congregation in the world. There are flashes of diamonds, marvellous gowns, the brightest of bonnets, and there are the plainest of women with nothing but old shawls about them, wearing frayed dresses and looking almost out of place opposite their wealthy sisters. It is not hard to see that the thick-set, well-dressed, nuttun-chop whiskered banker of London is at home here side by side with his clerk or the workman in his Sunday clothes. There are a plenty of youngsters from the Sunday school and a score or more of babes in arms.

The first thing that strikes the American visitor as strange is that there are two platforms at the extreme end of the church. That on the ground floor is occupied by the orphans from the Stockwell orphanage. The other, directly above it, but back a few feet, is for the preacher. It contains a table on which there are a pitcher of water, a big bunch of home-grown English roses, a Bible and a hymn book. There is an old-fashioned easy chair near it and a lounge. All eyes are turned to this platform, for at this moment there emerges from the room just back of it a short, thick-set, bearded Englishman, who is the reverse of brainy looking and far from handsome. His gray hair is combed loosely from his forehead. His beard is tinged with gray. His frock coat is a good deal longer and looser than the fashionable tailors of London would recommend, and it flaps about his legs. The sleeves are long and entirely hide his cuffs. He wears a turn-over collar and an old-fashioned black necktie. He would never be suspected of being a great man. He is followed from the ante-room by half a dozen gentlemen, who compose the official board of the Tabernacle. They take their seats just back of the platform. Every eye is just back of the platform. The most famous pulpit orator in the world stands at the side of his table for a moment, then glances carelessly around his church. He knows that every seat is occupied. He sees that there are 2,000 men, women and children in the street waiting for admission. He advances a step or two to the railing of the platform, raises his right hand and calls upon the ushers to admit all who can be accommodated in the seats of pewholders who have not yet arrived.

"We cannot keep out those who want to come in," he says. "Open the doors. Pewholders who are late cannot expect to find their seats here. Crowd close together, brethren and sisters. Make room for everybody. It is a glorious Sunday morning. Let us have a try that will be memorable to us as long as we live. I want the ushers to open all the windows. Let in the sunlight and the fresh air."

I noticed in one corner of the gallery, so near to the preacher that they are almost within touching distance, a score of old women plainly dressed, but clean and intelligent looking, who are holding trumpets to their ears to enable them to catch every word that falls from the preacher's lips. They are the unfortunate deaf ones of the parish, and the seats they occupy are set aside for them regularly by the trustees, who are thoughtful enough to know that these old people appreciate a good sermon.

His voice is heard in every corner of the big church, and I know at once the secret—or one of the secrets—of his great popularity. The old women in the little gallery lean forward with their trumpets in their ears. The congregation listens attentively, and the rosy-cheeked boys from the orphanage open their hymn books and follow the great preacher as he utters every word. I now get a better look at this marvelous man. His face is long and far from prepossessing. His chin is very prominent and hardly covered by his iron-gray whiskers. His lips are full and disclose teeth not fit to look upon. His nose is thick and not well proportioned. His eyes seem small as they look out from under his bushy eyebrows, but the forehead is broad and commanding. His shoulders are round, and he has an immensely good looking face, if it does not tell of good living, tells of insufficient exercise. His clothing is ill-fitting, but when he speaks all these defects disappear. His voice is melodious. It is as sweet as the babbling of a brook in June. It rises and falls in perfect rhythm. It is a voice that captivates and holds the hearer spell-

bound. There is not a trace of English accent in it, although its owner is an Englishman, as were his father and grandfather before him. As he finishes reading the last line of the hymn he advances a step or two, and in a quiet, familiar way, tells his audience that he wishes everybody to sing; that there are no strangers in God's house, and that while some of them present may not be Wilsons or Marios, yet it is their duty to praise God.

At this moment a gray-haired man of 50 steps nimbly toward opposite the preacher. He takes an old fashioned tuning fork from his pocket, taps it gently on the rail of the platform, puts it to his ear until he gets the proper note, and then in a cracked and far from pleasant voice leads the vast congregation in singing. This is, perhaps, the most novel feature of the great church. The orphan boys on the platform below ably sustain the preceptor. Their sweet childish and musical voices very quickly drown the leader's harsh notes, and in an instant the thousands in the congregation take up the hymn and sing it with a will until the very rafters shake and through the open windows the song may be heard blocks away.

Mr. Spurgeon leans on the rail of the platform familiarly. He looks lovingly at the boys beneath him, smiles fondly at those whom he recognizes in the congregation, and then sings a line or two as we can easily tell by the movement of his lips. The singing ceases. The last notes have died away. The great preacher bows his head to pray and almost the entire audience follows him. He gives the prayer in clear, distinct voice. It is a simple plea for mercy. There is nothing theatrical in his manner or his method. His language is so plain that even the tiniest of the orphan boys understand him and his voice is marvellously sweet. The little fellows listen attentively to every word. There are fervid amens from every corner. The great preacher remains in the same position, with his arms extended, until he comes to the last sentence, "May nothing disturb the childlike simplicity of our faith that makes us look up heavenward and say, trustfully, 'Our Father.'" I see that his eyes are resting lovingly on the little waifs beneath him.

It would not be possible in the space of a newspaper article to tell who this wonderful man is, nor to outline the work he has performed. I may say, however, that everything he has undertaken, a magazine or a college, it has grown magnificently under his care. He preaches to the largest audience of any minister in the world. His sermons are scattered in all lands and have been translated into every language. Some of them have reached an edition of 150,000 copies. For twenty-five years he has issued weekly sermons preached on the preceding Sunday morning. He has never missed a week, except during extreme illness. These sermons, bound together, compose a library of fifty volumes. He has published many talks to young men and all his lectures have been in pamphlet form. There is hardly a subject of interest to the human race that this great man has not touched upon and said something that has added to its interest and influence. His writings would make a complete library. He is one of the great men of the world.

That he is a busy man you may well guess when I tell you that he employs five stenographers and keeps them all going. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, he receives the largest mail of any man in the three kingdoms. A great many of his letters come from sailors, from poor fellows who have managed to help out of the gutter, are simply addressed to Spurgeon, England. To these he replies cheerfully, and is always ready to give advice. Nor is this all. He gives freely of his money. In fact, he is a poor man. He has declined as many as a score of invitations to lecture throughout Europe and America at fabulous prices, because, as he explained, he is not a lecturer, and he didn't want the money, and he preferred to work in his own way among his own people in London. When an American lecture agency offered him recently \$1,000 for every lecture and to pay all the expenses of himself and his wife and a secretary from London to America on a great lecture tour, and held out the tempting offer that he could make \$30,000. Mr. Spurgeon declined it. He said he could do better. He would stay in London and try to save fifty souls.

Of his personal habits it may interest you to know that his sermons are prepared after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. He does not memorize them. He simply selects his text, makes a few notes, takes an hour in his study thinking over the subject and goes into the pulpit next day prepared to deliver a sermon that will stand for all time as a model of simplicity, clearness and eloquence. An old and favored shorthand reporter takes his sermons verbatim, and on Monday the great preacher revises them.

His home in Norwood is in a delightful spot. All is so peaceful and still that the house and the grounds might be fifty miles from town instead of being but three quarters of an hour's drive from the tabernacle. It is a plain, old-fashioned house, with plenty of room, tastefully laid out grounds, well-kept lawns and shrubberies in good order. Mrs. Spurgeon is a pleasant faced woman, a fit helpmeet for the great preacher who has taken upon herself a large portion of the work of the tabernacle, and in her home has a room set apart for distributing books, tracts, etc. She is a ministering angel among the poor of London, and is one of the most popular of women in the big city. All her children, or rather her three sons, are ministers, and her only daughter is married to a minister, and is herself a speaker of no mean ability. It is a typical English home.

Spurgeon's active career in the pulpit is well nigh ended. He has expressed the fear that his last appearance in the Tabernacle will soon have been made for he is now often so afflicted that he cannot be moved without suffering pain. It would be impossible to estimate the good accomplished by the Spurgeon family, and if the men and women whom they have helped would stand shoulder to shoulder they would make an army that would encircle the world.—Foster Coates.

PURPURE'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil still retains and justifies the good opinion the best medical practitioners. Its virtues are attested by thousands of its patrons everywhere.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIBBS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

I believe the warm weather makes one stupid, girls! I really do! I am intensely fond of it myself; I love to sizzle and fry in the heat, but there is no doubt that to enjoy it properly one must be in a position to do absolutely nothing in short, to loaf. There is something very delightful in having the requisite leisure to wander off to a grove of trees, or even collection of scrub hazel bushes, and there give your self up to elegant languor; lie on your back, with your hat tilted over the blue sky, thinking all sorts of foolish and impossible things, and finally falling asleep, only to wake with a start and find a small black of your neck.

IGNORAMA. St. John.—I don't know everything by my means, but what I do not chance to have at my finger ends, I generally manage to find out somehow or other, for your knowledge would never do to strict etiquette to send in your card by the servant, but it is quite as common to give your name, and then leave your card on the hall table as you go out. (2) I have been planning a wedding trip, and if so, let me advise you not to wear any special dress at all: avoid the regulation morning dress in princess, or tea gown style, especially. If it is in summer, wear some fresh cambric or chambray dress, that will look cool and bright, or else a dark skirt and one of light muslin, or silk blouses which are so fashionable now. If you are going out sightseeing immediately after breakfast, you could wear your travelling dress. (3) It is very unusual for a bride to offer her guests wine; tea, coffee, or chocolate, are the regulation refreshments. They are sometimes brought in from the dining room, but it is quite as usual to have them in the drawing room; the cake in a basket on a side table, and the tea or coffee, kept hot by a cosy or spirit lamp, is poured out either by the hostess or some friend. In the case of a party of friends, if you were at a hotel and had but the one room, you could manage in this way easily. Your writing is odd, and very much like a man's, but it is not bad. No, I am not the wife of a man, I can assure you of that, and if I knew you suspected such a thing, he would laugh himself into small pieces, and so would Mrs. Editor, at the very absurdity of the thing. I have not the least idea of your age, and I never have time to speculate about my correspondents.

FRANCES.—I am glad to hear that you have always taken so much interest in our column, and have at last made up your mind to write, also that you think you profit by our advice. I do not know of anything that will prevent the bristles from falling out of tooth brushes, unless it is standing them in water all the time. Your writing is unformed as yet. Yes, you may write as often as you like. I shall be glad to hear from you.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT.—What a wonderful fellow you are: because so few as usually want to do right. We do it very often, but it is only because we are afraid to do otherwise. I will answer your questions with pleasure, as far as I can, but I am afraid I will not be able to give you very much information. I have never furnished a house, but with the help that always comes in the shape of wedding presents, I should think you could furnish a small house such as you would require very comfortably for \$400, and I know of at least one young couple who lived very comfortably in St. John on \$600 a year. I think you are quite right to consider the matter well, but if you are fond of each other I see no reason why you should not be very happy if your income is smaller than the sum I have named, which is I think the least that one could get along comfortably upon. Good luck to you.

CYCLOPS, St. John.—Shake hands, old man, and come and have something to celebrate an occasion, a drink of soda water or a glass of champagne! In moments of excitement like this I am utterly reckless about expense, and you know we really must drink health. Seriously, I was delighted to get your letter, and thought it so nice of you to write and tell me about it. Accept my warmest congratulations, and remember that it is always a satisfaction to a woman to be able to say, "I told you so." And I really did tell you, didn't I? I am heartily glad that I was right. Mind you send me a piece of the wedding cake, Cyclops, for I consider that I had a hand in the matter. Of course I rejoice with you—but by the way, sometimes I feel a little suspicious of you.

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Muldoon, the athlete, took the part of Charles the wrestler, in the open-air performance of *As You Like It*. He had been standing wrapped in a cloak, scarcely noticed; but when he strode forward and asked who was his challenger, he threw off the cloak and stood forth in sleekless tights that revealed his huge muscular arms and giant legs heavily corded with muscles. An involuntary and perhaps unconscious "A-ah!" of admiration came from so many hundred feminine lips that the exclamation filled the air. As though started by this unanimous and spontaneous approval of physical perfection, the woman suddenly became possessed of the consciousness of the sense of impropriety on their part and became silent. Then, after a moment, they applauded with their hands. This incident is sufficient evidence that the love of physical beauty in either sex is not educated and conventionalized out of us.—Illustrated American.

IF that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely *Blain's Hair Restorer* would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

of a hundred, because I really cannot see how it would be possible for love to turn to friendship; it seems contrary to nature, because when once love dies, you cannot expect to remain attached to the body, and warm him over into any other sentiment whatever. (2) \$5, I should say now-a-days. (3) No, indeed I do not think there is the least harm in it: it is a most innocent amusement in my estimation, and the reason people who have never danced themselves condemn it, is simply because they know nothing about it. (4) I think the honor lies between Longfellow and Lord Byron, though most people would tell you that Tennyson was the finest poet of the age. You do not ask very questions at all, and I am sorry to say that I have no gift for reading handwriting, but yours is very legible, and refined looking. That much I can tell you easily. You might see me any day.

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15000 FROM JUNE TO JANUARY. Progress has a circulation at present of between 9,000 and 10,000 copies: exact figures will be found at the head of the editorial column—the largest of all papers in these maritime provinces. We want to have a larger circulation than this, and have had plans which, if only fairly successful, will, we think, increase here to 15,000 copies.

AFTER THE THEATRE! GO TO WHITE'S ICE CREAM, ICE CREAM SODA, SODA WATER and MILK SHAKE. Our Orange and Egg Phosphates can't be beat.

OUT DOOR WORK NOW! Many persons who have been thinking of painting the exterior of their houses, should not think about it any longer, but decide whom to give the job to, before the hot weather comes—and the flies. We give careful attention to all outside orders, and execute them with all possible promptness.

Blain & Deane's Hair Restorer. A. G. STAPLES. 175 NORTH STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

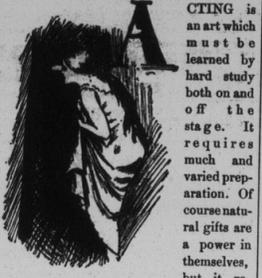
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WHAT MA... A DIRECTOR... Acting Does not... Thought... Quises of the... quires experience... only by study... can be properly... To be natural... matter of casual... habit. A young woman... well gifted. She... good facial expression... voice, a commanding... necessary physical... unable to portray... man mind in such... entertaining and interesting... Let anyone go... audience and say... the same deeds... every-day life, a... stupid and uninteresting... more entertaining... any commonplace... family, such as o... is particularly interesting... People must be... act, move, walk... are to do these... please others. Long ago, nature... lavish with her... woman said and d... at the right time... expression. But... We are taught... society to conceal... like monotone with... and a voice that n... a certain pitch, a... cultivated. Never... vation must be... emotion. Passion... contempt, pleasure... be veiled beneath... serenity. The w... never show her... she thinks a perso... kind or even cruel... calm overp... slowly, speaks de... effect she may w... entirely by mean... actions that are p... tive. In a parl... agreeable, but u... is lost and the w... and lifeless. In examining car... acting, I frequen... come to me and... in their favor, that... when appearing be... say that they are a... lected and unimp... satisfy myself that... and that you are... so as to exhibit o... ness, I at once m... is wholly unsuitab... cessful address m... must be scared wh... footlights, her hear... celebrate the ann... of nervous tremor... sympathy with the... wholly unsuccessful.

WHAT MAKES AN ACTRESS

A DIRECTOR OF DRAMATIC ARTS GIVES THE REQUIREMENTS.

Acting Does not Come Naturally—It Must be Taught—Society Women Not a Success Upon the Stage—Some of the Requisites of the Dramatic Profession.



ACTING is an art which must be learned by hard study both on and off the stage. It requires much and varied preparation. Of course natural gifts are a power in themselves, but it requires experience to ripen them, and it is only by study that even the simplest effects can be properly reached.

To be natural on the stage is not a matter of casual mood, but of a trained habit. A young woman may be exceptionally well gifted. She may be pretty, have a good facial expression, a fine speaking voice, a commanding stature and have the necessary physical conditions, and yet be unable to portray the emotions of the human mind in such a manner as to be entertaining and intelligible to others.

Let anyone go upon the stage before an audience and say the same things and act the same deeds which ordinarily occur in every-day life, and he will appear wholly stupid and uninteresting. It will be no more entertaining to an onlooker than is any commonplace visit into any ordinary family, such as occurs every day. No one is particularly interested or entertained.

People must be taught how they should act, move, walk, speak and sing, if they are to do these things as perfectly as to please others. Long ago, nature might have been so lavish with her children that each man and woman said and did exactly the right thing at the right time, and with exactly the right expression. But all that has passed away.

We are taught in etiquette books and in society to conceal our emotions. A lady-like monotone with smooth and even accent and a voice that never rises or falls beyond a certain pitch, are things ordinarily to be cultivated. Never, in ordinary parlor conversation must the face express extreme emotion. Passion, rage, anger, disgust, contempt, pleasure and surprise, must all be veiled beneath an outward mask of serenity. The woman of breeding will never show by the lifting of an eyelid that she thinks a person is bad tempered, unkind or even cruel. At all times a beautiful calm overpreads her features; she walks slowly, speaks deliberately, and whatever effect she may wish to produce she does so by means of little ways and actions that are pretty, rather than effective. In a parlor this may be quite agreeable, but upon the stage the effect is lost and the woman would appear inane and lifeless.

In examining candidates for our school of acting, I frequently have young women come to me and mention the fact, as a point in their favor, that they are never nervous when appearing before the public. They say that they are always calm, cool, collected and unimpressible. When I satisfy myself that this is really the case, and that a young woman cannot be aroused so as to exhibit or at least to feel nervousness, I at once make up my mind that she is wholly unsuitable for the stage. A successful actress must be highly nervous, and must be scared when she goes behind the footlights, her heart must beat faster as she sees the audience. There must be a state of nervous tension and she must feel in sympathy with the audience, or she will be wholly unsuccessful in catching their at-



SUPPOSE THAT OPPOSITE YOU STANDS YOUR LOVER.

Attention and holding their interest throughout the part. One of our first tests in examining candidates is to put them upon the stage and after picturing a dramatic scene and locating the characters, ask them to say certain lines. I say to a young woman, "Suppose that opposite you stands your lover, between you and him is your father, who objects to your attachment for your lover and seeks to estrange you. A woman who is the heavy villain of the play stands in the background, scowling and lowering upon you. Your lover says: 'I was wrong. Forgive—forgive.' How would you reply and where would you locate these characters?" Now, a young woman with the true dramatic instinct will locate all these characters, put them in their right positions upon the stage, and, keeping each one in her own mind, will say her lines so vividly that you can see in your mind's eye each and every character. She may not, being untaught, say the lines with proper inflection, but you can plainly see that she realizes how many people are upon the stage, where they are, and to whom she should look when making an appeal.

Another girl, with a good voice, and apparently the same dramatic properties as the other, will have a vague look in her eyes, and will say the lines looking here and there and yet nowhere in particular, thus robbing them of all interest. What kind of a girl do we like best to train for an actress? Well! It is hard to tell exactly, because the subtle element enters into the composition so largely, that given all the qualities which I am about to enumerate, a young woman might yet come to us and be refused a mission. We first consider her nationality. The French and Irish are the best, as they are the most adaptable, and susceptible. The Germans are next, if we except Americans, who, being a mixture of all nationalities, are brightest of all. There are notes upon the variety stage which make Americans invaluable and their ready wit makes them quick to learn a part and notice those points which upon a first night take best with an audience. The English, especially English men, are good in society plays.

Among the Americans the down-easters are the hardest to train. They are brainy and smart, and have a natural business faculty, but they do not do well in roles of sentiment. It is the southern girl, with her sensitive temperament, emotional nature and dreamy eyes who can move her audience and carry her hearers with her through all the varying lights and shades of domestic life inwrought with unhappiness and tragedy. As to height, it is a great disadvantage to be short, because however artistic one may become in adding an assumed height to one's own stature, the actor can never quite overcome the defect with which nature has handicapped him. If an actress, she will always find that it is difficult for her to play stately or commanding parts. Vocal quality, vocal expression and pantomimic action must all be taken in account in examining the qualifications of aspirants. Some people have naturally a good voice, a good walk and an expressive face. Others have to acquire these. The former are fortunate, while the latter are not, but these things are wholly aside from the dramatic instinct. Without this last an actress

was worn by a woman with eyes like a Jersey calf; that is to say, handsome than the average run of eyes. Its fabric was a shot silk in dull yellow, with a hint of green. Larch twigs with small brown cones were printed upon it, but the feature of the dress was its lavish use of velvet ribbon to trim the bodice; the ribbons were wide, and they were of a deep brown; they crossed upon the back, coming over the shoulders and under the arms, and joining company between the shoulder blades in a great bow. There was more velvet at the waist, and it, too, tied behind, matching the upper knots and ends. This flowered dress opened behind over an under dress of brown muslin, laid in fine platings. It was worn with wrinkled muslin sleeves and with a brown muslin hat trimmed with larch twigs, brown velvet and yellow feathers.



"IT IS NOT SO."

is never a success, beautifully gifted though she may be. But give her this instinct and she is a success from the beginning, because she had that which cannot be acquired and to which all other things are subservient. Ordinarily, with people who lack training or stage experience, expression is conveyed by the face. At best, the hands are brought into use, but rarely is the rest of the body called upon to perform any office other than that of a vehicle to hold the head and arms. Now this is entirely wrong. The body must talk, and one should be able to show by the movements of the body whether one is pleased or unhappy, or whether one is agreeing with the speaker or disagreeing. Take the simple sentence, "It is not so." Think of how many ways there are of saying that without uttering a sound. Let us leave out all except the one sequence that comes with emphasis. To begin with, suppose you wish to say simply and as quietly as possible, "It is not so." Without speaking a word, a closing of the eyelids and a slight drooping of the mouth expresses this sentence. We repeat the thought more emphatically. This time the eyes are closed, the mouth droops, the nose contracts slightly, very slightly, and the head is turned a little to one side. There is a slight closing of the hand. Again, "It is not so." The right hand sweeps across the body with a negative gesture toward the right, the back of the hand is uppermost and the head moves toward the left with a negative turn that is almost a shake. Once more, "It is not so." And now the whole body moves. The hips, shoulders and head seem to be turning violently away as if in utter abhorrence of the idea, while the hand sweeps away as if it were brushing all thought of the object from the mind.

But one more way remains, without actual speech, and that is, to rise with all these negative gestures, to rush from the room with the long stride that indicates grief, disgust, denial and despair. A young woman or young man wishing to judge of eligibility to a school for acting cannot be his own critic as to points of expression. The only thing that can be self-determined is a natural fondness for the work, and the knowledge that one has the ordinary requisites for the stage, to wit: a fair education, sensitive temperament and no serious physical defect. As to special rolls (character parts) they are eligible beyond those years. An actor should possess many accomplishments. He should be able to sing, dance and fence, have an eye for color and form, as in costume, an ear for every shade of dialect, much business faculty, and a mind well stored by observation, study and experience. The larger the knowledge of other arts, the better. Dramatic training first strengthens and tunes the actor's instruments—the body and the voice. It educates the mind to a fuller realization of the power and qualities of action, diction and stage effect than the experience of real life afford. Careful training helps and develops not only the technique of the stage and dramatic effect, but also the very spirit of the different parts in the play.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

FASHIONS IN MIDSUMMER

THIS IS A SEASON WHEN ALL WOMEN LOOK INTERESTING.

They Wear Shot Silks and Flower Brocades and Blossom-Covered Hats and Hip Flounces and Parasols—Costumes on the Tennis Field.

I like to go about this summer because people look so interesting. That is a very different thing, as you know, from saying they look beautiful. In fact, they don't look beautiful, because hip flounces and mud ruffles are not commonly becoming; but the flower brocades and the shot silks and the blossom-covered hats and the parasols and the parasols are certainly interesting.

The frock the artist has sketched for you



MIDSUMMER MILLINERY.

was worn by a woman with eyes like a Jersey calf; that is to say, handsome than the average run of eyes. Its fabric was a shot silk in dull yellow, with a hint of green. Larch twigs with small brown cones were printed upon it, but the feature of the dress was its lavish use of velvet ribbon to trim the bodice; the ribbons were wide, and they were of a deep brown; they crossed upon the back, coming over the shoulders and under the arms, and joining company between the shoulder blades in a great bow. There was more velvet at the waist, and it, too, tied behind, matching the upper knots and ends. This flowered dress opened behind over an under dress of brown muslin, laid in fine platings. It was worn with wrinkled muslin sleeves and with a brown muslin hat trimmed with larch twigs, brown velvet and yellow feathers.

It makes one feel as if midsummer were really approaching to see what an amount there is of maize yellow. It flauts everywhere in flowers and in ribbons. I noted it, even in the excitement of a finish upon a large lot of horsehair lace. The hat was white but its ribbons were of corn yellow and very wide; they were edged with gold embroidery.

I noted it again in a dress of soft maize-colored muslin, made up over a foundation of silk of the same tone. The muslin had pale yellow and deep crimson nasturtiums printed upon it, their flaming hues toned down by their round shield-like leaves. The hem was tucked, and between the tucks ran rows of yellow moire ribbon, of lighter tint than the gown. The front of the corsage had a broad flounce of the pale coffee-yellow lace, that is the latest lace out, and is called Marie-Amelie; this was shirred over fine platings of yellow muslin, and



A TENNIS DRESS.

drooped almost to the narrow watered ribbons that gathered the front and tied in small bows, and imitation of a peasant bodice, in the middle of the corsage. The wearer of this muslin wore also a deep, corn-yellow straw hat, turned up behind with corn-yellow feathers. A twisted grass crown of nasturtiums was set about the crown, and hid itself from the eury rays under a parasol of corn-yellow muslin, shirred and edged with a flounce of the coffee colored lace and rejoicing in a handle of gold and enamel. This morning I have been watching the tennis players; not for the tennis, for the practice games are not thrilling, but for the joy of the light young figures and the pretty laces and the gay colors and fluttering ribbons. Some of the girls wore flowered cambrics cut on the cross and literally folded about the figure over a deep yoke of lace. Others wore bodices gathered from neck to waist with the flimsy fabric frilling out around the hips, and with wide ribbons fastened under each arm to cross in front and at the back, and to lie in a big bow with long ends that fluttered in the breeze and were tremendously in the way. One slim brown girl wore pink holland,

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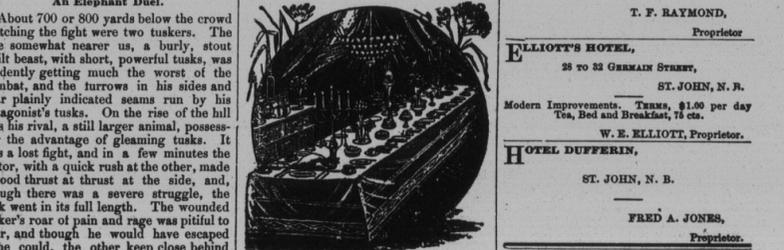
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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

About one-fifth of the whole blood is sent to the brain.

Electricity moves at the rate of 288,000 miles per second.

Spain has 10 universities, 380 professors, and 16,200 students.

There is about one respiration to every four beats of the heart.

The average frequency of respiration is about eighteen per minute.

Europeans began to wear cotton clothing in the time of the Crusades.

London consumes 30 1/2 gallons of water a day per head of the population.

There are 25,000,000 squirrels killed annually in Russia for their skins.

There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges of the United States.

The catacombs of Paris contain the remains of about 3,000,000 human beings.

During the Spanish Inquisition, which lasted 300 years, 26,000 persons were burnt.

The conquering nations of all ages have been those of strong bodies and trained minds.

It is said that the natives of certain localities of India and Africa use a shell money very similar to "wampum."

In England, from 1600 to 1680, 40,000 witches were burnt; 3000 of these perished in the time of the Long Parliament.

Caspar estimates that 25 per cent of the suicides in Germany are caused by drink, and Brown 12 per cent in England.

In the smallpox epidemic at Leipzig in 1871, the death rate was 12,700 per million inhabitants, 70 per cent of whom were unvaccinated.

The coroners' inquests for London show 80 deaths yearly from hunger; without counting persons who commit suicide in extreme want.

Grosvenor square, London, extends to 10 acres; Parade, Vienna, 15; Schloss, Berlin, 16; Bellecour, Lyons, 32, and St. Stephen's, Dublin, 40.

On Short cables about 30 words of five letters each can be sent by "needle and mirror" alphabet per minute, and about 25 by the Siphon Recorder system.

March hare is a corruption of "marsh hare." Hares are wilder in marshes than elsewhere, because of their great flatness and the absence of hedges or cover.

As far back as the tenth century Northmen from Greenland had reached the coast of North America, and probably anterior to this the Vikings had pushed their enterprises not far off.

At the close of the civil war there were 700 steam vessels entered on the naval register of the United States, but today only 27 of them remain. Of these survivors the most famous is the *Kearsage*.

Ten per cent of the counties in the United States are named for presidents. In Kansas there are seven counties which bear the names of presidents—Garfield, Grant, Jackson, Jefferson, Johnson, Lincoln and Washington.

A herring of six or seven ounces in weight is provided with 30,000,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and for the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings will produce 154,000,000.

The Dominion of Canada has railways running through the several provinces to the extent of 13,000 miles, and to this mileage increases are continually being made. Its telegraphic communications embrace 31,673 miles of wire, and this, likewise, is always being added to.

In China, previous to the eleventh century cotton was rare and precious, and a cotton robe was deemed a fitting gift for an emperor. It was grown only in gardens, and Chinese poets sang the beauty of its flowers. It was early known in Arabia, for its name—the cotton—is derived from an Arabic word.

The common popular expression, "A little bird told me so," is not a literal quotation, but is borrowed from the 20th verse of the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for a bird of the air shall carry thy voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

It seems to be the natural habit of sheep to take themselves to the highest parts of the hill to spend the night. It is generally regarded as a sign of the approach of good weather when the flock sets off early to bed. When they linger about late on low land, or do not go to the hills tops at all at night, unfavorable weather is indicated.

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare county, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high, and 34 feet in diameter.

The weaving of cotton into cloth was first done in India centuries ago. Nothing woven in America can compare with the filmy fabrics wrought in East Indian looms. One man will take months to complete a single piece, which is so exquisitely fine that we cannot wonder that it is poetically called "woven wind." Who but the elves or the brownies could sew seams in a web as dainty as this!

St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1565.

In the state of Connecticut, U. S. A., last year, one patent was taken out for every 700 of its population.

England, since the battle of Hastings, has had 35 rulers, whose average length of reign has been 23 years.

The waltz had its beginning in Germany, and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England.

Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise or polacca and mazourka.

St. Lawrence's church, Isle of Wight, is said to be the smallest church in England, being 20 feet long, 12 broad, and 8 feet in height to the eaves.

From the Hindus the Egyptians and the Persians learned to use cotton for clothing, but the Persians at first employed it only in the vestments of priests.

The word muslin comes from Mosul, in Asiatic Turkey, where it was at one time largely manufactured, just as at a later date cambric received its name from Cambrai, in France.

The biggest orange-tree in Louisiana is claimed to be in Terrebonne parish. It is fifteen feet in circumference and fifty feet high. The yield this year is expected to reach 10,000 oranges.

According to the last census, as quoted by Mr. Grant, the British consul-general at Warsaw, in a recent report, the number of Jews in Poland is 1,380,000 in a total population of 8,250,000.

Andrea Amati, the great violin maker, was born in 1655 and died in 1620. He had two sons, Antonius and Hieronymus, and Hieronymus had a son, Nicholas. All were celebrated violin makers.

A compound of six parts of dry white lead, twenty-six parts of white fish glue, three parts of rain water and one part of alcohol will make a cement that will withstand injury except from very hot water.

The tree cotton of India, with its reddish purple flowers, is grown about the temples of the Hindus, and from its yellowish fibres is made the sacerdotal trapezoidal thread of the Brahmins—the emblem of their trinity.

In a return recently made to the United States government of the statistics of the patent office at Washington, we learn that from 1790 to July 1, 1888, there were 2300 patents taken out by women. They embrace all subjects, from dress-improvers to submarine telescopes.

The republican song called the "Marseillaise" was the composition of a French officer of engineers, Rouget de Lisle, when at Strasburg, in February 1792. Its name simply originated in the fact that a body of French troops played it, probably for the first time, on their entering Paris after a march from Marseilles, in the July of the same year.

Seventy-five million dollars is contributed yearly in the United States to the sustenance of the church, \$31,000,000 more being for purposes purely devotional. Within the century now drawing to a close 150,000,000 copies of the bible have been printed in 226 different languages. Fifty years ago there were 502 missionary stations in foreign parts; there are now 5,765. Fifty years ago there were 653 ordained missionaries; today there are 6,636 such servants of the Lord. Then there were but 1,266 other laborers and helpers abroad; now there are 40,552.

The death rate of the city of Mexico is very high. It is said that it averages about 37 in 1,000, and the only wonder is that it is not higher. Were it not for the perpetually bright sun and the high altitude of the city would be a morgue, a vast charnel-house, Golgotha, a place of the skulls. Think of a city which has had a population of hundreds of thousands for many generations built upon and over a swamp, with no drainage whatever, and let this city go on with its accumulated mass of filth increasing year by year and sinking down into the soil, and you have some idea of sanitary Mexico city.

The Irish census show that Belfast, with a population of 273,000, is within 5,000 of the population of Dublin, and that it is growing ten times faster than Dublin. Londonderry and other northern towns are also growing, while Cork, Limerick and other southern cities have been steadily going down. The Roman catholics are numbered 3,549,856, a decrease of 10 per cent since the last census, ten years ago; protestant episcopalians number 600,230, a decrease of 6 per cent in the same time, and presbyterians 446,687, a decrease of 5 per cent. Ireland has a protestant population of 1,100,000.

The Hawaiian Islands, or Sandwich Islands, are the most northerly cluster of the Polynesian Archipelago, constituting a kingdom and consisting of twelve islands in the North Pacific between Mexico and China, and 2,100 miles southwest from San Francisco, extending about three hundred and fifty miles in a curve from northwest to southeast. The names and area of the islands are as follows: Hawaii, 4,040 square miles; Maui, 603; Molokini, islet; Kahoolawe, 60; Lanai, 150; Molokai, 169; Oahu, 522; Kauai, 527; Lehua, islet; Nihaun, 70; Kaula and Bird, islets; making a total area of about 6,100 square miles, of which two-thirds are included in the principal island, which gives its name to the group. Only seven of the islands are inhabited. The total population of the islands in 1888 was estimated at 87,647. In 1888 there were 189 schools, with 8,770 pupils, of whom 5,320 were Hawaiians and 1,227 were of mixed blood.

TRUE STORIES OF THE PRESENT.

Adventures More Remarkable Than Those Found in Story Books.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell visited Lincoln Park, Chicago, last week, and their little three year old daughter, Bessie, took great delight in gazing at the animals. Her papa purchased for her some cake which she gave indiscriminately to the elephant, the bear, the deer, and the other animals. When they went to the bear pit the huge, ungainly brute sat on their haunches to catch in their capacious mouths the crumbs thrown them by the laughing child who danced merrily up and down in her father's arms. With no thought of danger the father leaped against the iron fence and held his little daughter high up so that she could watch the lumbering movements of the uncouth beasts in the pit. She clapped her hands merrily as one of them fell backward in a vain endeavor to seize a piece of cake. Just then she gave a little jump and tried to seize her father's hand. He among the hairy brutes she rolled, and a groan of horror went up from the crowd which witnessed the affair.

The father never hesitated. Placing one hand on the iron fence he vaulted over and fell scrambling and rolling on the rock bottom of the pit. Little Bessie fell plump on top of one of the big brutes, and she appeared uninjured.

There were several bears in the pit into which the child had fallen—sleek-looking, well-fed fellows whose meat-digestive powers had long since been ruined by sweets and cakes. They seemed more astonished than angry at the precipitous arrival of the visitors, and showed no inclination to eat them.

Mr. Russell seized the baby in his arms, the bears looking on in seeming wonderment at this unexpected addition to their family. The bear pit is about 15 feet in depth, being constructed of rough rock. Around the inside, about ten feet from the ground, a row of curved, sharp-pointed iron spikes have been placed to prevent the bears from climbing out. These seemed to present a very effectual barrier to Mr. Russell's escape, loaded down as he was with his burden.

Everything was excitement. Women screamed, men shouted and swore, but none made any efforts to rescue the man and child. Everyone had lost his head. On the ground, by the side of the pit, lay a pole which had been used to remove some debris from the pit. One of the men reeled his senses, and picking up the pole, thrust the end of it down into the pit. Mr. Russell placed the hook under a belt which was around his little girl's waist, and slowly the precious burden was pulled to the top.

One of the bears seemed desirous of becoming acquainted with Mr. Russell, and in a different manner shuffled slowly up to him. Mr. Russell was watching the man with the pole, and the first thing he had of danger was when bruin stood up on his hind legs and looked calmly into his face. With a yell he sprang backward, and with a stout case which had tumbled with him when he jumped he dealt inquisitive bruin a somewhat unceremonious blow on the snout.

The bear gave a snort of terror, and pain—bruin's nose is his most tender spot, and he slunk howling into a corner. The other bears kept a respectful distance. With the help of the pole Mr. Russell succeeded in quickly making his way to the top, with no injuries except a bruised knee and a badly damaged suit of clothing. Mrs. Russell had fainted but kind hands quickly resuscitated her, and she sobbingly clasped her little darling to her breast. The only injuries which Bessie had were a few scratches on the face and a slightly sprained wrist. Mr. Russell has forewarned zoological gardens and bear pits for the future.

Jacob Conroth has a little farm, near Lawrenceburg, Ind. Last Tuesday his wife, her housework done, put her four little old baby in his carriage and trundled it off down a lane to a berry patch in a half cleared field. The daughter aged six, went along to mind the baby while the mother could pick berries enough for supper for the men whom they had for harvesting. The little girl attended to her and her dog. She started to see how many berries she could get in her own apron. She left the baby placidly nursing the baby, then two or three shrieks of terror from the guardian. She hurried back crying as she ran, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" "It's biting her!" she yelled in answer. "It's biting her!" Tearing her hands and garments at every step against the tangled briars the mother pushed on in agony. Coiled and lapping with voracious tongue the milk which oozed from its lips, in the little carriage there lay a monstrous black snake. Fright and fear and faintness could not still the mother's cry. She fell to the ground screaming. Farmer Conroth and his men came running from the harvest field. He saw his wife prostrate and thought her dying. He picked her up, but pointing toward where the carriage stood, she cried: "The baby! Save the baby!" But the men were too slow. She saw the serpent now slowly choking her child to death. The little one's feeble struggles, which had every instant weaker, were growing every instant weaker. The men had pitchforks and harvest hooks, but dared not use them. With a wild scream Conroth's wife broke from her husband's arms, rushed into the carriage, seized the snake by the neck, and tore its folds from about her child. The long black body writhed and lashed in a mad effort to fasten the fangs in the mother's arms. She struggled and struggled, and at last hurled the hated thing from her. Then she fainted dead away. The harvesters killed the snake. Then they carried Mrs. Conroth to the house. She went into violent hysterics, which have not yet entirely ceased. It is feared she will go insane altogether. The babe was unharmed. When the farm hands measured the snake they found it to be nearly ten feet long.

At an early hour the attention of a dozen people was attracted by a large sorrel horse which had walked along the trestle from the south and was unaware of the danger ahead. He was unable to turn around and had fully five hundred feet yet to travel. The spectators were struck with awe, expecting every moment to see the animal dashed to atoms by a fall. Now fully mindful of his danger, it was remarkable to note the instinct with which the animal stepped cautiously from one tie to another. He had just reached that part of the trestle above the Union Pacific roadbed when he became dazed and missed his footing. His hind feet caught in the tie and threw him, so that the rear portion of his body overhung the framework of the immense bridge, while he held himself by his forefeet. The scene was a sickening one, and the spectators looked every moment for the fatal fall. Suddenly, with a powerful lunge, the animal threw his body toward the trestle and managed to regain his feet. Again he started on his perilous walk, and when within a few feet of the end of the bridge fell again, and was caught in much the same manner. Martin Scully started to the advantage of the animal with a rope, but the horse was so slow to firm that he made another effort to regain his feet and fell to the sloping bank, just a short distance below. He then rolled down the bank for about twenty-five feet. His mouth and hoof were badly bruised in the struggle, but otherwise he was uninjured.

Artemus Harper of Pocono mountain left A. E. Brundage's store on Skinner creek one Friday afternoon for his home, five miles distant, so the story goes. He had a two-year-old heifer behind the wagon on the summit of the mountain. He hitched his team to a tree and trudged over to a swamp to pick a basket of greens. In a short time Mr. Harper heard the heifer bellowing as though she was in distress. Running back to the road he found a big she heifer clawing at the heifer's neck. Before he could get to the heifer broke the rope and started to run, but the bear bore her down and tore a hole in her throat. The helpless heifer fell on her side and the bear ripped her bag loose and went to devouring it.

Mr. Harper started to club the bear at once, and the enraged beast sprang at him, knocked him flat, and immediately pounced on the heifer again. He was badly hurt by the fall, and, seeing that the heifer was dead and that the bear was crazed from hunger, he made up his mind not to run the risk again of losing his own life. He had no weapon but a club, but in his pocket there was a flask of gunpowder that he had bought at the store.

Stealing up behind the bear he poured the powder into the long hair on her neck. Then he threw a lighted match into it. It ignited the powder, there was an instant flash along her back, and the bear suddenly forgot about her hunger, sprang into the bushes, and went tearing and howling through the woods. The bear was all ablaze when Mr. Harper got his last glimpse of her, and she continued to roar until she had been out of sight two or three minutes, but she didn't return. Mr. Harper cut the heifer's throat, and then he drove on to Calvin Van Beyn's place. Mr. Van Beyn and two of his sons went to the carcass of the heifer was loaded on the wagon, and Mr. Harper drove it home and divided the beef among his neighbors.

Improving Their Figures. Mothers about to put corsets upon their young daughters for the first time and begin the process which they call improving their figures (?) should read the account published recently in a French medical journal of the experiment of a French physician. While traveling in India he procured a number of feminine monkeys, whose forms he explains were very similar to those of women, and enveloped them in a plaster of paris jacket as near like an ordinary corset as possible. Then he gave the corset to the effect of the chest structure upon the respiration. Several of the monkeys died very quickly, all suffered seriously. In these days of dress forms, hygienic waists, and the like, a trim figure is easily attainable with the strappy corset, like a coat or mail, which has been thought necessary.—N. Y. Times.

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Yours truly, G. P. GIRDWOOD.

Among the curiosities of off-recurring fact that wars of the past have brought about by trifling causes. One of the wars between the Venetian Republic was the desire of the sultan's rich Spanish heires.

mother escaped to Venice an official letter from the Venetian Republic was at first written by the sultan's request, but from thence to Lyons.

Porte complained that he had not used due ceremony in a matter so momentous as the sultan's request, and that he had not used due ceremony in a matter so momentous as the sultan's request, and that he had not used due ceremony in a matter so momentous as the sultan's request.

trivial circumstance. historian says: "The Venetian government at Constantinople the council that the patch of the Turkish flag was to figure on the sultan's flag, that a Spaniard, with her daughter lived up to the envoy brought to Constantinople rumor was that the lady had married one of her son of a man named Rocco the grand seigneur. This changed her mind, and daughters to Ferrara, who under the protection of her uncle, the grand seigneur, had been invited to the sultan's court. She was to figure on the sultan's flag, that a Spaniard, with her daughter lived up to the envoy brought to Constantinople rumor was that the lady had married one of her son of a man named Rocco the grand seigneur. This changed her mind, and daughters to Ferrara, who under the protection of her uncle, the grand seigneur, had been invited to the sultan's court.

is contained in a letter written in July, 1549, by Henry II. of France, the induce the king to use his purpose of sending the

NATURAL HISTORY FALLACIES.

Most of Them Completely Exploded, But Some Still Survive.

Less than a century ago in the time when men had not penetrated so deeply into the study of nature, there was a great deal of poetry and romance connected with animal life that had been slowly but surely driven out as the study advanced.

Travellers returning from unexplored regions told strange and incredible stories about the wonderful wild animals they had encountered; but investigation has rendered these fanciful tales, and left only cold facts in their places.

I am the owner of a natural history written by one Riley, and published about the year 1789. It is a quaint old book, and its yellow leaves and odd type furnish the reader with a number of strange accounts. Among others may be found something like the following: "The digestive apparatus of the ostrich is said to be very strong indeed, that bird not only being able to digest such things as stones, bits of glass, and iron, but it is even said that it makes a good meal of a bed of live coals."

We laugh at such a statement, but no doubt at the time it was made for a fact.

What right have we to laugh? It is not long since almost every one believed the porcupine capable of shooting its quills like arrows, and regarding it as an animal well able to defend itself against almost any foe, instead of the quiet inoffensive little creature that curls itself in a ball at the first approach of an enemy, trusting solely to its spine covered skin for protection.

Men who have lived only a short time before us did not question but what the pretty, graceful swallows that skimmed so lightly over the blue waters in summer buried themselves in the mud at the bottom of our rivers and ponds when the season was over to await the return of spring.

It has been but a short time since investigation has shown that the supposed happy family made up of the prairie dog, the burrowing owl, and the rattlesnake is not only not a happy family, but does not exist at all. Our first idea was that these three animals, of such different habits, lived in perfect harmony, like the so-called happy family of the modern circus, but our faith in this belief is somewhat shaken by the following, which may be found in Wood's Natural History. According to popular belief, these three creatures live very harmoniously together, but observation has shown that the snake and the owl are interlopers, living in the burrow because the poor owners cannot turn them out, and finding an easy subsistence on the young prairie dogs.

We were satisfied with this for a time, but judge the establishment created when Elliott Cn s, in one of his latest writings, makes the following statement in speaking of the burrowing owl: "I have found colonies in Kansas and other states, in all cases occupying the deserted burrows of the quadrupeds, not living in common with them as supposed."

Naturalists are now telling us that the opossum does not play possum, but it is merely paralyzed with fear for the time being; articles are published every day in our ornithological papers and magazines which go to prove that owls can see equally well by day as by night. It is still an undecided question whether snakes "charm" their prey or not. In the Western backwoods these old stories are still believed in; the ignorant classes cling with fondness to them and will not learn anything different, and down in our own hearts do we not all of us cling to them, more or less? Do we not hate to give them up, and is it not with a little regret that we are forced to acknowledge that the porcupine does not shoot his quills, that the bird of Paradise really has feet and legs, and that our national bird, the white-headed eagle, is far from the noble bird we once thought him to be—Forest and Stream.

Trivial Causes of War.

Among the curiosities of history is the oft-recurring fact that many of the great wars of the past have been indirectly brought about by trifling circumstances. One of the wars between the Turkish empire in the zenith of its splendor and the Venetian Republic was brought about by the desire of the sultan's physician to marry a rich Spanish heiress. The lady and her mother escaped to Venice, and the sultan sent an officer after them to bring them back to Constantinople. The Venetian republic was at first willing to comply with the sultan's request, but the ladies succeeded in making their escape to Ferrara, and from thence to Lyons, in France. The Porte complained that the Venetian republic had not used due diligence, and ultimately a terrible war broke out over this trivial circumstance. A contemporary historian says: "The agent of the Venetian government at Constantinople informed the council that the reason of the dispatch of the Turkish envoy to Venice was to require on the part of the grand seigneur, that a Spanish lady, named Mendez, with her daughters, should be delivered up to the envoy, and by him brought to Constantinople. The common rumor was that the lady Mendez had promised to marry one of her daughters to the son of a man named Rodriguez, doctor to the grand seigneur. The lady, however, changed her mind, and fled with her daughters to Ferrara, where they remained under the protection of the duke for some time. It is now said that they have gone from Ferrara to Lyons in order to realize funds invested there by the late husband of the lady Mendez. The emissary of the grand seigneur was by no means content with the loss of his prey, and there was trouble in consequence. This information is contained in a letter written from Venice in July, 1549, by M. Morvillier to Henry II. of France, the object being to induce the king to use his authority for the purpose of sending the Lady Mendez and her daughter to Constantinople. The king sent to Lyons for this purpose, but found that the ladies had again taken flight, and were supposed to be at Antwerp.—American Register.

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The sufferer from Catarrh are legion and the majority of them make the serious mistake of thinking they should only use treatment when at their worst. Treatment during the summer months is almost certain to prevent a recurrence of the disease, and that is the only remedy that will effect a complete cure. All dealers, or post free on receipt of 50c. (50c. or 1/2 a bottle). Address Fuller & Co., Brockville, Ont.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for \$800,000.

Gen. Neal Dow advocates punishment by the lash on the back for liquor dealers who violate the Maine prohibition law.

Prince Bismarck rarely writes an autograph letter now, but contents himself with signing epistles which he dictates. If the communication is to some special admirer he encloses his photograph.

Rudyard Kipling has made a short and quiet visit to this country for rest and change. His health is not very rugged, although he is not dying of consumption, as some recent reports have had it.

Alexander Rankin, the scotchman who succeeded John Brown as highland servant to the Queen, has obtained almost as marked an influence in the royal household as Brown possessed. He is the personal attendant of the Queen on every journey.

The emperor of China doesn't permit any lawyers to fool away the time around his courts. He simply orders the beheading of "all persons concerned in the recent riots and massacres," without bothering much about the share they had in the trouble.

Queen Victoria does not escape business by her visits to Balmoral Castle. A private telegraph wire runs direct from the castle to London, and this is in constant use. A collection of cabinet boxes and a mass of correspondence is sent to the queen every day by special messenger, and all receive prompt attention.

Young Adam Forepaugh, though his income is now greater than the president's salary, dons his pink flannels at every performance of his circus and rides in the burlesque with all the interest of a ten-dollar-a-week sponge. Young Forepaugh is thirty years old and built like an athlete. He has had something to do about a circus since he was a boy of seven.

Hannibal Hamlin, ex-vice-president of the United States, wore to the very last the full dress suit of black broadcloth with an expansive shirt front that formed in ante-bellum days the distinctive attire of public men. It was the style of suit that Webster and Clay were always clad in when they addressed the senate, and it has survived in a few isolated instances, of which Hamlin was probably the most conspicuous.

Princess Helen Sanguszko, who died recently at the age of fifty-six, received an offer of marriage from Louis Napoleon when she visited his court during the first days of the empire. He did not become the suitor of the Empress until he had been definitely rejected by the Princess. She had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Poland, if not in Europe. She had many suitors, but preferred a single life in her old castle of Gumniska.

Kaiser Wilhelm is a regular story book monarch—he is up to imperial doings all the time. The other day he happened to be at a post where a regiment of the guards were practicing athletics, a foot race was on. The emperor unbentoned the lower buttons of his general's coat and shouted out to the astonished subalterns: "Now, gentlemen, let us see how many can distance your emperor." Then tickety-split they all took to their heels, the Kaiser footing it like a good fellow. The Kaiser was beaten, but it was not a bad feat, for he came in second, only a yard behind a young sub-lieutenant.

Mrs. Grimwood, the heroine of the Manipur retreat, will be decorated by the queen with the Victoria cross in recognition of her bravery, and has already received the royal red cross bestowed on good nurses. She was the wife of the resident at Manipur and was married but two years when the massacre occurred. She has herself written a vivid account of the affair. In her letter to her sister-in-law she tells of her bravery, and has already received the bullets falling all around her. She was wounded twice, once very painfully in the knee but she continued to tend the wounded in the residency, exposing herself repeatedly and receiving a third wound in the arm. When the residency was to be evacuated she was the guide of the retiring party, and without shoes, almost starving, her hurts in bad condition, she led them for ten days, covering 120 miles, and being all the time in acute anxiety about her husband, who, though she knew it not, had been murdered by the enemy. Her bravery has also received recognition from the British government who have conferred upon her a valuable pension.

Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright, and the senior member of the firm of Hoyt & Thomas, theatrical managers, is considered a rich man by his associates. His country home, in New Hampshire, costs something like \$50,000, and he can write a good many checks for "five figures" without fear of overdrawing his bank account. He is about 32 years old. Nine years ago he was a newspaper man, with a salary of \$20 a week and with very little hope of advancement. He was just crazy to write a play. In fact, he had sketched out half a dozen comedies and dramas, but he couldn't get the ear of a manager or actor. At that time Willie Edouin, a well known comedian, was playing in a farcical comedy called "Dreams or Fun in a Photograph Gallery." He wanted some minor changes made in the dialogue and stage business of one act, and was at a loss for some one to do the work, as the author of the piece was beyond reach. A friend suggested that Hoyt, the newspaper man, could rearrange the piece. Edouin did not think well of the suggestion at first, but consented to talk with the young man. The friend went after Hoyt and told him that his opportunity had come, but Hoyt was averse, as he "didn't see anything in it."

The actor and the newspaper man were brought together, however, and, as a first result "Dream" was rewritten to suit Mr. Edouin. A second consequence was that Hoyt received an order for a play, and a result of far more importance was that he was enabled to come before the public as a manager, as well as an author. During the past six or eight years Hoyt and Thomas have produced half a dozen comedies, and every one has earned a great deal of money.

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Tommy.—"Did you ever see a live circus, Johnny?" Johnny.—"No, but I've heard of it when pa comes home late, lots of times."

"That chimney is smoking all the time," said Dodkins. "Yes," said his grandmother; "but it isn't such a fool as to smoke cigarettes."—Puck.

She (at the base ball game)—"But do tell me, George, what does that man wear a mask over his face for?" George—to keep the flies off.—Truth.

Harry (at the ball)—"You look bored and tired, old man." Jack.—"Well, who wouldn't? I've been swinging dumb bells all the evening."—New York Herald.

WANTED—A VERT. She shed a tear upon his vest; He made him wince; The vest was made of flannel; and He hasn't seen it since.

I am going to open my museum this week, and I want you to print me some drawing card that will attract the public attention. "I'll do it," said "Admission Free to All?"—Lowell Citizen.

Father—I wish you would not lace so tight. It is positively inhuman. Daughter—Why, I thought you would be pleased, father. The material for this dress cost seven dollars a yard.

She knew his weakness—She—"Whom do you care most for, Jack?" He—"Is it possible you do not know whom I love best in all the world?" She—"Yes, I know; but next to him?"—Life.

It is so perplexing to be told that a married man has been released from his sufferings at last—you can never tell whether it is the man himself who has died or his wife.—Fremdenblatt.

"She—"Do you ever see Mr. and Mrs. Chapley since their marriage?" He—"Oh, yes; it is a case of two souls with but a single thought." She—"How lovely!" He—"Yes, she married a dude."—Buffalo Evening News.

Brilliant city editor—"What did you find out about that alleged murder?" Brilliant reporter—"Nothing." "No facts at all?" "Not a fact." "No rumors?" "Not a rumor." "Then keep it down to two columns."—New York Weekly.

Boggs—"I know a man that has made a snug little fortune in willow splints for baskets. Knoggs—"That's nothing. There's a Spaniard in Madrid who's made several hundred thousand dollars out of ball rashes."—Detroit Free Press.

Policeman—"I don't see how a little woman like you succeeded in capturing and holding a big burglar like that." Little woman (weakly)—"It was dark, and I—I thought it was my husband trying to elope with the servant girl."—New York Weekly.

Walter Besant says "there must be some reason why young men have ceased to find expression in poetry." There is, Walter, there is. It is a good, deep reason with a large open mouth. It is made of willow and stands with an insatiate yearning beside the editor's desk.—Ex.

Returned traveller—"French people always seem so pleasant. I noticed that every one I spoke to, while I was in France, would smile at me." Friend—"Indeed! In what language did you speak to them?" Returned traveller—"French," Friend.—"Perhaps that accounts for it."—Ex.

Laura—"What a clever girl Jennie is! She had sixty seven offers of marriage within a week after she left college." Clara—"Indeed! And she is not very good looking." Laura—"No; but the subject of the essay that she wrote at the graduation was 'How to Keep House on Twelve Dollars a Week.'"

Father of eleven daughters (prowling about with a lighted lamp)—"There's one of the girls that hasn't come in yet." Mother of same—"I think you are mistaken, William. They're all up-stairs." "I know what I'm talking about, Elizabeth. There's only ten wads of gun on the back of this bureau."

"Why, cousin Jenny," said Capt. Jinks, "what a beautiful complexion you have? You are the belle of the dance tonight." "Yes, Tom, I agreed to furnish the powder if papa would provide the balls. My partners must furnish the arms." "Oh, I see, and you expect to bring on an engagement."—Free Press.

An equivocal puff—"Did you see the notice I gave you?" said the editor to the grocer. "Yes, and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the first water, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."—Harper's Bazaar.

The tearful wife—"I am going to go right down to the river and drown myself!" The brutal husband—"All right, my dear; start at once, if you really want to." The tearful wife—"It's raining now, and it would spoil my new dress; but I'm going just as soon as it stops. You see if I don't!"—Munsey's Weekly.

The small boy's view of it.—"Papa," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?" "Well," was the reply, "the world calls an editor's office the sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." "Then, I guess," and the boy was thoughtful for a moment, "that mamma's office is a spank-tum spank-tum, isn't it?"—Washington Star.

"Nellie," he said, with a kind of experimental, immature, early home-grown smile on his anxious face, "I—I may count on you as a friend, may I not?" "Certainly, Alfred," she replied. "As a good friend?" "To be sure." "Have you no objection to looking on me as—as a distant relative, perhaps?" "No, I have no objection to that." "Second cousin, as it were?" "I am willing to be your second cousin." "Or first cousin once removed?" he persisted, mopping his forehead with a trembling handkerchief. "Well, I have no objection to that, either." "And I might as well be a first cousin, mightn't I?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Do you feel, Nellie," he went on, hastily swallowing something large and buoyant, "as if you could be a—a—a sister to me?" "No, Alfred." The invitations are out.—Chicago Tribune.

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