

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

HOW "PROGRESS" IS GOING TO CELEBRATE DOMINION DAY.

Far From the Madding Crowd's Ignoble Strife—The Happiest Day in the Lives of The Happiest Newsboys in St. John—Sir Leonard Tilley not invited.

Don't you wish you sold PROGRESS? Don't you, Mayor Robertson? and you, Sir Leonard Tilley? and you, and you! Oh we pity you!

But St. John's grand old man believes he is a trifle too old to sell PROGRESS. It's fun, of course, and there's money in it, but it's the pace that kills an old fellow.

And Mayor Robertson smiles, and though he knows there is undoubtedly money in selling PROGRESS, thinks that he can worry it without having to make change in a hurricane of a hurry, for the demand for PROGRESS is—well, just watch the newsboys.

But bless you, Mayor Robertson, and bless you too, Sir Leonard, it wasn't the money we had in mind when we asked you if you didn't wish you sold PROGRESS, though that certainly is a big consideration. And it isn't the fun of selling the paper either, Sir Leonard. It was this, gentle sirs—and don't you go and tell it to any

gentleness depicted upon his countenance. That's the sporting editor of the Record teaching a boy how to swim and not get drowned.

And there's a picture of the boys in swimming—those that can swim, that is, and there are mighty few newsboys who can't. Like as not we'll have Mr. Anthony Comstock down on us for illustrating this feature of PROGRESS' picnic, if we're not careful. But hoi soti qui mal y pense.

There's going to be something to eat on this picnic. That's where we've got the bulge on the presbyterian ministers. And there's going to be a mighty pretty girl at the head of the grub committee too, if pictures don't lie. Pictures of presbyterian ministers do,—but there we have the bulge on those fellows again. These illustrations show us just as we're going to look on picnic day. We'll not look as if we were at our grandmother's funeral, we won't. We're going to fish, and swim, and row, and eat, and drink and be merry.

We have telegraphed to E. Stone Wiggin to predict rain, and fog, and hail, and snow. And the sun will shine, and the boys will be boys, which is the best thing they will ever be. They needn't keep off



one else, for PROGRESS is planning for a scoop on this news—PROGRESS is going to give its newsboys a picnic.

Now don't you wish you sold PROGRESS, Mayor Robertson? And don't you, Sir Leonard? It either of you two could possibly be as happy as those newsboys are going to be, couldn't you give considerable—hey?

But you're not going to be in it, Sir Leonard Tilley, and you're not going to be in it either, Mayor Robertson. You don't sell PROGRESS.

"In it" is not slang in this case. "It" is a definite pronoun—"It" stands for the steamer Aberdeen—the new stern wheeler Aberdeen.

That's what we're going on. Last week we actually didn't know where we were going. But we do now. We're going to the Cedars.

When? Why, don't you know? On Dominion day, of course!

You're surely not going on Sunday? "Sunday"—What the Halifax d'yer take us fer? Think we're a Sunday paper, do yer? Well, you go 'n' lie down some-



where. We're their warmest supporters Mister Charlton hez, we are! What ther Hel—"

There, there, my boy, says the editor who gets out the Sunday reading, and swears only when the printers put a yarn about Cromwell in the middle of it—let me explain. By a decree of the ancient lawgivers, in such cases made and provided, whenever Dominion day comes on Sunday, it doesn't come until Monday. Selah.

This year Dominion Day comes on Monday, July 2nd. And the reason that Barnes & Co., have that date printed in red on their calendar, is because it will be a red-letter day for the most prosperous newsboys of St. John.

It will be a considerably livelier crowd on the steamer Aberdeen come next Monday week than was on that boat last Saturday a week ago. Last Saturday's picnic, with everybody dressed in black and talking religion and sediments, had something of a funeral air. But this picnic PROGRESS is a-going to have will be none of those ministers funeral, it won't. Why, those fellows don't know what to do at a picnic.

THEY STILL OBJECTED.

AND DID NOT GIVE MR. KNOWLES A CORDIAL WELCOME.

The Minority in Fort Massey Church proved stubborn and would not listen to a man they objected to—So They Stared Away—Another Incident of the Day.

HALIFAX, June 21.—Fort Massey presbyterian church of this city, is in a flourishing condition under the pastorate of Rev. A. Gardier, B. D., the most popular minister in Halifax today. Every department of the church's work is prosperous. This is in marked contrast to the condition of the congregation less than two years ago.

Then the pulpit was vacant and the congregation had become almost helpless in its search for a successor to Rev. Dr. Burns. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Ottawa, was called, and 90 per cent. of the people were in favor for him. The other ten per cent. were a determined minority, however, and they were unrelenting in their opposition. Mr. Knowles was stigmatized as too fond of some worldly habits for Fort Massey. The minority were so well able to make themselves heard in Ottawa that Mr. Knowles declined the call. A year later Rev. A. Gardier was called. Everybody united upon him, and he is proving a thoroughly successful minister.

Rev. Mr. Knowles recently came from Ottawa to attend the general assembly in St. John, and on Sunday he came over to Halifax to fill pulpits vacated by ministers at the meeting in the sister city. Mr. Knowles was announced to preach in Fort Massey Church in the afternoon. One would think that the minority, who had been successful in defeating him, would have turned out in force as an act of courtesy to the vanquished majority, as well as to hear what kind of a preacher Mr. Knowles was, after all.

But many of them took the opposite course. They at once said they would not go to church to hear Mr. Knowles preach, and that they considered it high impertinence on somebody's part that he should be asked there, even once, to occupy Fort Massey's pulpit. They were as good as their word and quite a number of members were absent last Sunday morning from Fort Massey's church. Such conduct does look like carrying a notion or prejudice too far, and would seem to indicate a line of preaching which Rev. Mr. Gardier could profitably follow for the next few Sundays. Perhaps he will take the hint when he reads this, which is written in the best interests of the congregation. Mr. Gardier will, there is little doubt, make himself heard in this little matter.

Speaking of Rev. Mr. Knowles recalls an episode of last Sunday. Rev. Allan Simpson, while in St. John, it seems had arranged that Mr. Knowles should preach in Park street church in the evening. But some of the Halifax ministers who had not gone to the assembly decided that he should preach in St. Matthew's church, and that Rev. Thomas Fowler should preach in Park street. Saturday night's papers announced the latter arrangement, but in accordance with Mr. Simpson's arrangement it was given out in Park street church that the preacher there in the evening would be Mr. Knowles. There was some wire-pulling in the meantime. The two announcements each had the effect of bringing out large congregations. Whether or not the audience at St. Matthew's was satisfied with what was heard there may be a question, but when the people at Park street saw Rev. Mr. Fuller in the pulpit, though they would not have minded ordinary occasions, they were a rather disappointed company this time. It is said some of them, determined even then to hear Mr. Knowles, left the Park street and hastened down to St. Matthew's church. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley," as Rev. Mr. Fowler would quote.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STORY.

Ten Miles of Exercise Rather Than Swell the Expense Account.

HALIFAX, June 21.—A young man employed as reporter on one of the Halifax morning dailies tells a touching story of how himself and a fellow newspaper man trudged in ten miles from Bedford rifle range to this city after the intermarriage match last week. They each brought to their respective offices the scores of the three teams. It was not remarkable that they should bring in their "copy," but it was somewhat unusual for them to walk such a distance at dead of night. The young man's traveling companion was the editor-in-chief of his paper, who combined an afternoon of recreation with the light task of copying the score cards. He paid for his outing by the tollsome walk home of ten miles. An idea of the economical way a newspaper can be run in Halifax is gained from the statement of the fact that the business of the senior journalist's paper refused to allow him to hire a team and drive into town at a cost of 75 cents. He had had to let the evening train pass, because at that time the scores were not complete. If he

THEY HAD THEIR TALK.

TAX REDUCTIONISTS CAINE AND FRIEL DO QUERY.

Not Satisfied With the Work That is Being Done—Mayor Robertson Makes a Frank Speech and Explains How the Committee is Working—Aldermen Also Speak.

A spirit of uneasiness that existed among some of the members of the tax reduction association showed itself in the call for a meeting on Thursday evening. The few who were present was rather a surprise to those who had been doing a good deal of talk but the frank and pleasant speeches from the Mayor and aldermen present were none the shorter or less interesting from that fact.

Both Mr. Caine and Mr. Friel were present. These gentlemen have been especially anxious that the advent of the reform council should have been marked at once by the departure of a lot of officials, who in their opinion do little or nothing. They are not alone in that opinion, it is true, but those who share their views are not so ardent in expressing them. With Mr. Emmerson in the chair, Mayor Robertson began an informal explanation of the progress the investigating committee had made. He spoke of how they began to go about the work, how, in order to counteract the impression that they were aiming especially one department—that of safety—they undertook the investigation of another department—that of public works. Without going into particulars, he showed that something had been done, much information gained, and in this connection he paid a hearty compliment to the late Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, whose systematic handling of his part of the work was a monument to him.

Then the mayor talked about the market, of some things that had been remedied and some improvements he hoped would be brought about in due time, but he deprecated haste and showed how the wave of reform that had swept over Toronto resulted at first in the discharge of many officials, all of whom were, a few weeks later, taken back at the same salaries. St. John did not want to make such a mistake as that. The investigation must be thorough, and when the report was ready he would assure them that those officials the city could do without would be done without. Sentiment would not stand in the way of reform. No pleading for employees would be listened to. The council would do its duty by the people and stand or fall by its action.

Referring to some of the things that had been done he spoke of the fact that the city had a large loan from the bank of B. N. A. at five per cent. against which the bank held city bonds. At this time this loan was had from the bank of New Brunswick at 4 1/2 per cent, which represented a considerable saving in interest on such an amount. He also noted the fact that the position vacant by the death of Mr. Murdoch had not been filled but that one man was now attending to the work of the water and sewerage engineer's department and that there was no assistant. It was further stated during the evening that the committee had about arrived at the conclusion that one man was sufficient for this work before a change was so suddenly brought about.

Mr. Friel did not hesitate to question his worship when he sat down, and there was some amusement over the directness of his queries. He did not agree with the policy of keeping the works of the departments within the expenditure, it that was going to make less employment for the laboring man. "Cut off the officials," was his cry, "begin there and in that way save expense." He talked considerably about the blown meat in the market and made the sweeping assertion that there was little meat there that was not "blown." He appealed to Dr. Daniel, if such a practice was not dangerous to the health of the people, for his contention was that if the man who blew the meat was not in perfect health he affected it to the injury of those who consumed it.

Inspector Banks—"Why, how's that?"

Alderman O'Donnell—"Well, just for one reason. If you bring Donneghy before Stipendiary Motton, the magistrate will be likely to convict you, Mr. Banks, and sentence you to a term in Rockhead, imposing on Mr. Donneghy the duty of conveying you to the city prison."

After all, the alderman is not far wrong in his estimate of what might happen. Things just as strange have occurred in Stipendiary Motton's court during the past few months.

Races For Dominion Day.

The Races at Moospath on July 2 promise to fill well. There are three trotting and one running. The entries close the 27th inst. and it is expected that there will be some last horses entered, especially in the free for all. Little Rocket and Josie Mack will both go again, it is said, and this will be one of the races of the day. Josie Mack has trotted close to 3.35 since the last race, and little Rocket has also improved.

HE WAS NOT RECEIVED.

One Application for Presbyterian Membership Not Favorably Entertained.

One of the deliverances of the presbyterian General Assembly, which has just concluded its session here, has more to do with the lights and shades of life than it appears. This was its refusal to grant the application of the presbytery of Pictou, N. S., to receive the Rev. W. P. Anderson into the church.

Rev. Mr. Anderson is claimed by the baptist denomination and by this province. Whether either would display as great anxiety to press its claims as did the cities of old when Homer had made his fame is somewhat of a question.

Some years ago he labored in a small baptist pastorate somewhere in the province. It was in the days of strife between partisans of Scott Act and anti-Scott Act in Fredericton. The friends of the latter party heard of the reverend gentleman's fame as an orator and they asked him to come over and help them. Rev. Mr. Anderson heard their call favorably and went over, and all his powers he devoted to the cause of anti-Scott Act. Then when his efforts had been properly rewarded he went his way again.

Then the time came around for the baptist association, of which he was a member, to meet. He heard that he would be called to account for his actions, so he was on hand early and when the session opened, by delicate manipulation had himself elected to the chair. But the rest of the delegates arrived and he was dismissed from that office. Contingent proceedings were about commencing against him when he repented on short notice of his misdeeds was let off and restored to the chief executive office.

Afterwards he drifted over to Nova Scotia and as it appears a desire arose to join the presbyterians. He made application but, as the result showed, without success. Perhaps his works did follow him.

Alderman O'Donnell's Warning.

HALIFAX, June 21.—Alderman O'Donnell is a prominent feature of the circle of city fathers which assemble at intervals in the council chamber. He has decided opinions on some subjects, which not one of the eighteen aldermen can shake. Then, too, he has an original way of expressing himself which is sometimes quite refreshing. Here is the way Alderman O'Donnell the other day sized up the condition of Stipendiary Motton's police court, a condition which, by the bye, neither Premier Fielding, the city council, nor the bar society has yet had the courage to remedy.

Alderman O'Donnell—"Look here, Inspector Banks, I'd advise you not to have Donneghy arrested again for illegal liquor selling."

Inspector Banks—"Why, how's that?"

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HIS POSITION UNDEFINED.

Rev. Finlow Alexander is in Doubt and Courts Suspension.

Those who have attended services at the Fredericton cathedral in late years with any regularity were not so greatly surprised this week when the announcement was made that the sub dean, Rev. Finlow Alexander, had expressed such opinions in favor of the Roman catholic church that he had been suspended by the bishop until he had satisfied himself regarding those things about which he was in doubt.

The "low church" element in the cathedral congregation have viewed with much concern the progress that was being made in the direction of ritualism and nothing but the strongest attachment for the church and dislike to change, has prevented them from seeking another place to worship.

Mr. Alexander's change has not been sudden. For years it is known that he had a very kindly feeling towards the church of Rome and it is even asserted that while he held the view that a child could not be saved unless it was baptised by a priest of the church of Rome would suffice if a minister of the church of England was not at hand.

This view of infant baptism is not to be debated over here but a large number of the members of the English church regard it as narrow and wrong.

But that Mr. Alexander is honest in his doubts, no one will question. He has not been at ease for months and, it is said, wished to be relieved of his charge some time ago. The bishop would not listen to him then, probably because Mr. Alexander assigned as the reason that the congregation might drop off under him. No gentleman in Fredericton has been more highly esteemed than him. A friend to the rich he was an ever welcome visitor to the poor; sympathetic with all and ever ready to extend his assistance. Many a sick room has been brightened daily by his cheerful visits, his kindly words, his skill and counsel.

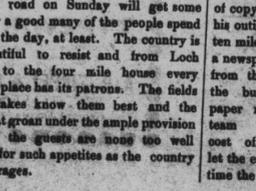
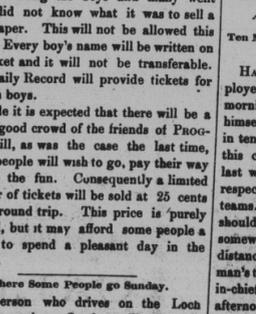
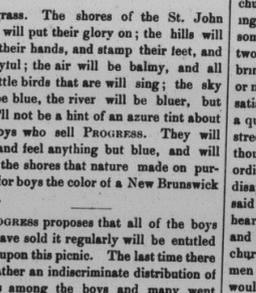
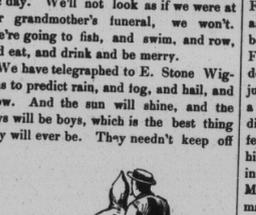
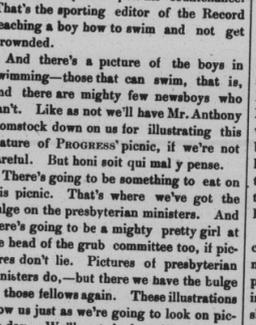
This is why the church people of Fredericton are stumped, as it were, at the sudden move of a man of whom they thought so highly. Mr. Alexander is at present in this city endeavoring to satisfy himself of the correctness or incorrectness of his views.

It Meant One Hundred Dollars.

A gentleman who was engaged to wind up an estate in the city received five per cent. for his trouble. The matter was concluded a few days ago by a kind of winding up purchase of \$2,000. The bank that held the claim and by whom he was engaged had changed managers since and the present occupant of that position refused to allow the commission on the ground that he had made the sale himself. In spite of the assertion of the buyer that the bank manager had not made the sale, the commission, PROGRESS understands, has not been paid yet and is not likely to be.

Mr. McCully Wants Work.

Rev. Mr. McCully, whose full and frank explanation of his acquaintance with the young lady of Fredericton appeared in the last week issue of PROGRESS, has since resigned the vicarship of the cathedral. He has not left the city and, it is stated, does not propose to leave but wants work. He has ability to be pretty successful at anything and there should be plenty of employment for such men as he.



FREDERICTON'S NEW PARK.

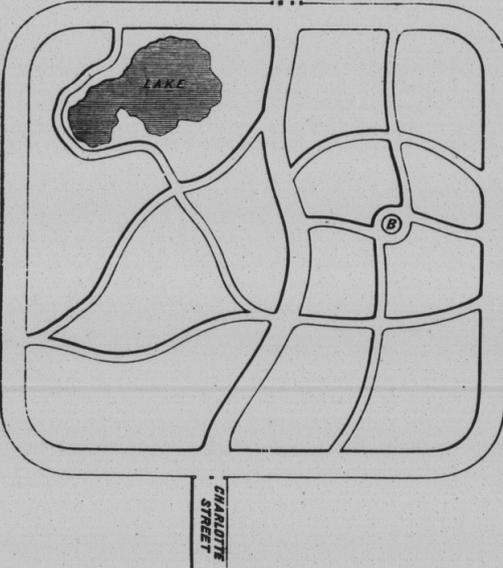
A Faint Outline of the Gift of Mr. E. H. Wilmot, with a Portrait of That Generous Citizen.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power; Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a field or trains a flower, Or plants a tree to move that all. For he who blesses next is blest, And God and man shall own his worth, Who tells to leave at his request An added beauty to the earth.

Mr. Wilmot has done well by placing the laying out and management of the Park in the hands of a gentleman so competent and kindly remembered in St. John, by the older inhabitants, as the originator of the King and Queen square improvements. Until Mr. Fenety in his Journal agitated year after year for improving the city, as we read in the Globe about a year since, hose

only twenty acres (about five times the size of King square); but quite large enough for the next fifty years—it is the beauty there is in this size that makes it so imposing.

Very few of the residents of Fredericton of the present day have ever been on this ground, because it has been under lock and key since the great crowds were there 34 years ago (not many left now) on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit, but since the walls of Jericho have been struck down, people who visit the place are amazed at its fine scenic effect; a new Eldorado has been suddenly sprung upon them. Then how is it that the place should have remained in abeyance so long? The



AN OUTLINE PLAN OF THE NEW "WILMOT PARK," FREDERICTON. Designed by Mr. G. E. Fenety, under the auspices of Mr. E. H. Wilmot.

scarcely fit to cross over. By-and-bye the common duty got awakened to a sense of their city, and it was during the Mayoralties of Lachlan Donaldson, and W. O. Smith, Esqrs., that those squares were brought into harmony with the better taste of those of our citizens who had gone abroad and saw how such things as public squares and parks were prized. But the incipency of the whole thing in St. John, is due to the gentleman in whom Mr. Wilmot has placed such confidence for the laying out and conducting the improvements required; and the work will be well and economically done.

The above plan is a mere outline of what is contemplated, and the details when worked out will represent a far handsomer picture than can be furnished by a mere drawing. In fact, nature has already done so much for this beautiful spot, that it only requires good taste and judicious handling to render it what it is destined to become. There still remain the ruins of the old celebrated Prince of Wales fountain, considered at the time, among the older inhabitants, to be the eighth wonder of the world, until the Prince turned the lever and let on the water, when lo and behold—don't mention it! But the old historic spot is still to be seen, and we believe it is Mr. Wilmot's intention, after the roads are all laid out, to resuscitate this fountain lake, after a modern style, and get his supply of water from the waterworks, whose pipes extend up to, or within, the neighborhood. There will also be erected, as our plan shows, a pavilion or band stand, where music may be provided at times, during the fine summer weather. The drive round the roads and through the centre one, all blending at certain angles, will be fully a mile and a half, perhaps longer; but, of course, the roads have all yet to be made. For the present, however, the avenues will be outlined, ditched at the sides, and finished either this season or next, for roadmaking is the work of time and is never finished. It is the intention next fall, to plant elms on both sides of the roadway, and wherever else required—also shrubbery in suitable becoming places—and place benches for persons to rest themselves, on various parts of the grounds. There will be three large gates leading into the Park. One at Charlotte street entrance, one in the centre opening on to the Government House road, and one on the upper lane leading to the O'Dell homestead. In short when this Park is carried out in all its fulness, its owners may challenge competition with any others in the Dominion, (not excepting the far famed Horticultural gardens in Halifax) for its rural grandeur, fine surroundings, water privileges, grand old trees, already showing as large as any in the Province, and in short for all that a Park should be. Of course we do not speak of size in this connection, which is

wonder is that it should now be obtained. Perhaps so. However it would not have been accessible for another generation or two, had not a gentleman living in Fredericton at once opened the sesame with a golden key, and this explains the whole mystery.

Since the land has been obtained the old sectional feeling has once more cropped out,—that is between "up and down town." The downies think the Park is too far off, (just at the head of the town, three quarters of a mile,) and that the "O'Dell Grove" should have been chosen. Those folks seem to forget that several attempts had already been made for the purchase of



EDWARD H. WILMOT, Esq., The very Generous Donor of the Park.

this place for large amounts, but without success—while now the whole place has "run out" many of the trees have been ruthlessly destroyed, its beauty all gone—and the market gives it very little value now. This then is an answer to those who don't seem to know any better. Perhaps it was in consideration of lazy people, among other things, that induced Mr. Wilmot to purchase the Park up town, in order that they might be induced to stretch their limbs by taking a pleasant walk out there occasionally for the benefit of their health, and to aid a sluggish digestion? At all events the choice made is most admirable. Roads are being made—30 feet broad—to run around the Park, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. One directly through the centre from Smythe street entrance to the O'Dell lane, over half a mile, and other roads, altogether affording a carriage drive of two miles, besides numerous paths for bicycles and foot passengers. Several of these roads are already shaded by lofty elms and spruce, giving indications of old roads, having been made by the early owners of the property. It is in contemplation, we understand, to plant upwards of 400 elms in the fall around the new roads, wherever required. So that in a few years this Wil-

mot Park will become a most beautiful spot. We understand the Park will be opened to the public (without parade or ceremony of any kind) so soon as the roads are completed, some time in August. But the work of embellishing and improving will occupy several years, in fact this is a work to be kept going continually.

As apropos to these remarks it may be here stated—that during the time of the Prince's visit, the late Hon. Senator O'Dell made a proposition to the city council to surrender these Park lands to the city, upon certain conditions, one of which that he should be exempted from taxation for all time (including not only this section, but whatever other property (such as the Grove) he had in Fredericton. Now this Park section (proposed to be given up) has never been valued by the assessors at over \$6,000, the one-fifth of which is the taxable amount levied, and that is \$1,200. Now as the rate of taxation in Fredericton for the last year or two has been a little less than \$5.00 on the \$100 real estate (we might call it \$5), this Park property tax returned to the city treasury \$60 a year and yet Mr. O'Dell always paid this amount under protest, meaning thereby, we suppose, that the land was not worth even \$6,000 (we are alluding to the Wilmot Park), although Mr. Wilmot paid for the very same land the other day, \$7,250—while the price at first asked when applied for was \$8,000!

Well then, suppose the City had agreed to accept this Park in 1860, according to the proposition made by Mr. O'D., how would the account have stood? That gentleman's taxes, if we mistake not, were \$180 a year covering all his property—therefore deduct the \$60 a year from the \$180 and the City would have been the loser to the extent of \$120 a year. But this was not all. The proposition was hampered by such other extraordinary conditions that it would have been impossible for any body of men to look at, much less accept them. This explanation is called for at the present time, because there are parties still in Fredericton, who now say "what a pity the City did not accept of Mr. O'Dell's offer when it was made 30 years ago," but when they say this they seem to have no knowledge of the circumstances of the case.

But this may be said in conclusion. Had not Mr. Wilmot exhibited the noble and very generous spirit with which he is imbued, the land in question, we feel safe in saying would never have been sold,—it looked so much like it,—as the whole broadside of that fine district from Smythe street up to St. Andrew's Road, seemed destined for ever to remain under the blight as it were of Irish absenteeism. True the lower part is partitioned off into building lots; but, Lord bless you, where are the people to purchase; at the rate these lots have been selling, it would have taken a thousand years to realize the sum Mr. Wilmot has paid for the whole lotus bolus! The above may seem like an extravagant utterance. But we are writing in the presence of absolute facts, from which we deduce our reasoning. Are there not building lots laid out all over the back part of the city—the Campbell property, the Lansdowne property, the Shore property—and all in the town, as it were, centrally situated for building purposes?

It was a fortunate thing for the owners that Mr. Wilmot turned his attention in the direction he did, with the view of benefiting his fellow citizens. The act does not only bespeak great nobleness of soul, but it sets an example to others (especially in St. John) far wealthier than Mr. Wilmot is supposed to be. How easy it would be for some three or four persons, one might name, to club together and give St. John a park—open up that magnificent spot, known as Lily Lake, by running a road from Reed's castle and carrying it around the lake, and so on among the hills and valleys.

The people of Fredericton must forever hold their noble benefactor in grateful remembrance. A man to voluntarily lay out \$10,000 for the good of the small town of Fredericton (7,000 inhabitants) bespeaks an act so sublime that it stands far above the hustling greatness of political office holders and aspirants, however high, in most cases through ambition, selfishness, craft, and not, as the rule, orains or probity. "Lofty live the name of Edward Wilmot as a shining light for the admiration of posterity," is the title we would inscribe upon the banners of his native city.

Since writing the above we learn that Mr. Fenety has secured the professional services of that well known, capable professional civil engineer, A. G. Beckwith, Esq., to assist him in laying out the roads and making the necessary curves in the Park.

It might also be observed here that the toughs of the neighborhood have for so long a time been allowed to run riot in and about the Park, especially on the Sabbath, that it will be necessary to break this gang up, through the aid of a special police for the purpose. As soon, therefore, as the work advances, it will be necessary to look after its protection.

Suicide Among German Children. A curious return has been made concerning some 289 instances of suicide by school children in the German Empire during six years. The interest of the return centres in the motives assigned for these extra-

ordinary acts. The largest proportion appear to have been attributable to fear of punishment. This might have been expected; nor is it altogether surprising that such extreme terror should be chiefly exhibited among pupils of the elementary schools. The fact that 20 per cent. of the cases fall into this particular class should, however, afford food for reflection.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED. How Mark Twain Had His Own Way, Like His Own "Reformer."

When I went to Chicago, relates a traveler, Mark Twain was a passenger on the same train, and as all the world knows, he is a persistent joker, and I may add a persistent smoker. He entered a carriage, and proceeded to calmly fill his pipe.

"You mustn't smoke here," icily remarked an old gentleman opposite, when Mark gently produced a huge box of fuses, of the kind known in the United States as "chokers"—they are so long, strong, and sulphurous.

"I know that," drawled Mark, lighting a fuse. "I'm not smoking, am I?" and he allowed the long fuses slowly to exhaust itself. When it had expired he lit another and another, and the carriage reeked with the odor of brimstone.

"Why do you light those abominable things?" demanded the man. "Because I can't smoke. I must do something to amuse myself on these long journeys," and he scratched another fuse. The old man began to splutter and cough, and then opened a window.

"My dear sir," he at length said, "smoke, for Heaven's sake, smoke! Anything is preferable to the stench of those matches." "A thousand thanks," placidly replied Mark, putting away the obnoxious box. "The odor of fine Turkish tobacco is infinitely to be preferred to the smell of sulphur, and now we shall get along very nicely."

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES

Haydn's great work "The Creation" given by the St. John Oratorio Society at the Opera house last Wednesday evening was, taking it as a whole, a successful presentation. The soloists, as almost every one knows, were Miss Tarbox of Portland, Me., the soprano; Mr. T. E. Johnson, tenor and Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, basso, both of Boston, all of whom on that evening sang for the first time under the auspices of the society. I never before had the pleasure of hearing Miss Tarbox sing and she impressed me very favorably. Her voice has an excellent register and is of good quality. She has much power at times, and there is always a noticeable smoothness and ease in her manner of singing. Her solo "With Verdure Clad" was the test of her ability perhaps because it has been so often given here by local talent that the ordinary audience is not unfamiliar with it. The test, if such it were, was successfully met, Miss Tarbox singing with an ease, a finish and a beautifully distinct articulation that one rarely meets. Special mention is due to her rendition of "On Mighty Pines" which was a veritable triumph. The lady's work throughout the evening evinced a full comprehension of the composer's idea and she so interpreted the work as to make this manifest. She was somewhat handicapped, it seemed, in the duet "By thee with bliss" with the basso, whose powerful voice was not always adjusted to the strength of the soprano. While there are many perhaps who might hold the opinion that Miss Tarbox was not strong enough for her part in this Oratorio, yet I think all will agree that she did her work well and with special ease of manner, creating thereby a most favorable impression, and one that will secure for her an ever cordial welcome in musical circles in this city.

Mr. Johnson, the tenor, did not have an alarming amount of work to do, although physically he looks equal to any demands that might be made on his strength. He is not by any means "the best tenor ever heard in St. John" and there is, in some of his tones, a nasal quality that is, to say the least, not pleasant. His best numbers, I thought, were the recitative "And God Created Man" and "In Native Worth" which received merited applause. The recitative "Oh, Happy Pair" though short, was also well rendered by this gentleman. Mr. Johnson's voice was more effective in duet and trio than singly.

Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, the basso, sang all his numbers well. His voice is of a quality seldom heard here. It is flexible, has great strength, has smoothness, with an extensive compass, is well under control, and evinces much cultivation. There is also a mellowness and an entire absence of harshness about it that makes it pleasant to listen to. In respect to this gentleman's particular work, while his phrasing and interpretation was generally good, his pronunciation of some words such as "firmament" and "closeness" was faulty, and he was occasionally somewhat out of tune. His best work seemed to me to be done in "Rolling in foaming billows," and God said, "Let the earth bring forth," etc. "But when thy face O Lord is hid and in the lovely duet with the soprano "graceful consort." The ease with which he sang the low D in the recitative which includes the words "In long dimension creeps with sinuous trace the worm" was a delight to every listener and was applauded most liberally.

The chorus, which is by no means the least important factor in the success of an occasion like this, was, in the main, better than it has been for some time. The parts were better balanced than usual, notwithstanding the seeming disparity in numbers, and there was more attention paid to the baton of the conductor. With the exception of the last chorus, which became somewhat badly mixed, the other choruses, including the fugues, were very creditable to all concerned and showed the thoroughness of the drill they had received. Perhaps the best were "Awake the Harp" and "The Heavens are telling" in the first part; "Achieved is the glorious work" in the second part and "Ye creatures all" in the third part. The orchestra was rather light for the work and had it not been for the organ, presided at by Mr. T. P. Bourne, and Miss Godard's skilful work at the piano, it would have been diaphanous.

The Oratorio may not have been the financial success anticipated, but the society has good reason for congratulation on having achieved a distinct musical success.

Prof. L. W. Titus, the well known teacher of singing has gone to Boston for a vacation of one month.

The Philharmonic orchestra will play at the mission chapel next Sunday when a special musical service will be held.

The Mendelssohn Quartette sung acceptably at the entertainment of the Boy's brigade in the Opera House last Monday evening.

In a recent Boston paper appears the following note taken from a St. John paper regarding a clever young lady native of this city who is highly esteemed here, viz: "Miss Louise Skinner has a remarkably sweet, strong and well trained voice,

and the musical world of St. John has secured in her a soprano of more than ordinary power." Miss Skinner is a pupil of Mrs. Richard Blackmore, jr., of 149 A Tremont street.

Mr. Charles R. Fisher, Mus. Bac., and conductor of the St. John Oratorio Society sails for England per steamer "Halifax City" on Monday next on a well earned vacation. He will be absent about two months.

Tones and Undertones.
Madame Nordica will spend the summer at Bayreuth.

A \$6000 harp was destroyed by fire in Boston recently.

Emma Juch will be married at Stamford, Conn., next Tuesday.

King Oscar of Sweden, when young, was one of the most accomplished tenors in Europe.

Herr Seidl is to be added to the faculty of the United States National Conservatory of Music.

A son of Bernhard Listeman recently made a successful appearance, at Dresden, as a violinist.

"Utopia, Limited" closed its run at the Savoy theatre, London, last week. The opera "Mirette" follows it.

Sullivan does not write more than two songs per year. He receives hundreds of poems for music, but does not read them.

Thomas Daniel, the basso, well and favorably known in St. John, and now living in Boston, has been engaged to sing at the Mount Vernon church.

Paderewski has just created a great sensation at the Lower Rains musical festival. The Germans and their foreign guests were "fairly beside themselves."

The "fauteuil" in the Academie des Beaux Arts left vacant by Gounod has been allotted to Theodore Dubois, the composer of the "Redemption."

De Wolf Hopper's season has closed. He will start next season with "Dr. Syntax" at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre. Miss Bertha Waltsinger will replace Della Fox.

Bremen, in a desire to rival Bayreuth, proposes to erect a theatre to be devoted exclusively to the production of Rubinstein's Biblical operas, "The Tower of Babel," "Moses," and "Christ."

Emil Haberkorn, the well known orchestral leader died of pulmonary consumption at Los Angeles, Cal., last week. He was thirty-four years of age. He was once the husband of Margaret Mather, the actress.

Carl Zerrahn, the director of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, during his vacation in Europe visited Mecklenburg, where he was born. He received a most flattering reception at the hands of the mayor, burgomaster and citizens generally.

Comic opera will be in order at the Boston Museum during the summer. The new nautical opera "Davy Jones" will be produced there July 2nd. Mamie Gilroy will play the part of "Bottles" in this work. Miss Gilroy is remembered here, and is a clever little lady.

The Triennial Handel festival is to be given at the Crystal Palace, London, June 22, 25, 27 and 29. The soloists are to be Melba, Albani, Anna Williams, Clara Samuel, Ellen Russell, Marian McKenzie, Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, Charles Santley, Norman Salmond and Andrew Black.

In a notice of "The Pirates of Penzance," recently given in Boston by Camille D'Arville and her company, a Boston critic says: "The Major General Stanley should remember that the words of his song were written to be heard. He might have been singing in Choctaw for aught the audience knew." And again "the Chorus should be made to follow the conductor's baton and not their own sweet will." These remarks seem very pertinent, especially to chorus work in all cities. "The Pirates of Penzance," some will remember, was given here by amateurs in Mechanic's Institute.

M. Ambroisi Thomas, who, on the occasion of the 1000th performance of "Mignon," has been made a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, is 82 years of age and is the only French composer who has ever attained that exalted dignity. Gounod was only a grand officer of the order. M. Reyer is a commander. MM. Massenet and Saint-Saens are officers and M. Paladilhe simply knight. Verdi is a grand officer, the rank which was held by Auber and Rossini. Cherubini, who was the director of the National Conservatory of Music, was made a commander a month before his death.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.
Mary Hampton is very ill at her home in New York.

A palm leaf fan attached to the back of each seat is the latest at a Union square theatre, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal say their next season in America will be their last. They will revive "Clancarty."

Mrs. Langtry is still playing in "A Society Butterfly" at the Opera Comique, and Mr. Buchanan, the author of the piece, has

instituted a libel suit against Sketch on account of sundry remarks made in it about the play.

Actor Belasco was recently committed to jail in New York for non-support of his wife, Grace Wallace Belasco.

The Bijou (N. Y.) theatre, will be opened next season, Aug. 27, by Miss Fanny Rice in "Miss Innocence Abroad."

Ellen Terry's first husband was George Frederic Watts, the eminent royal academician, still living, and past 70.

The 400th performance of "1492" will be given July 14 at the Garden theatre, N. Y. Souvenirs are being prepared.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave the fiftieth performance of "A Bunch of Violets" at the Haymarket, London, last Saturday night.

Joseph Haworth is still at the Boston city hospital. His physicians have not yet decided in regard to the advisability of an operation.

Charles Frohman has secured "The Masqueraders," one of the successes of the season, also "The Bauble Shop" and "Marriage."

May Yobe recently sang and danced before an audience which included the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

An open air performance of "As You Like It" was given at Bradford, Mass., last week. All the characters, including that of the wrestlers, were taken by young ladies.

A. M. Palmer is on his way to New York from London. He has purchased the American rights of "Little Christopher Columbus" which is having a run at the Lyric theatre.

A new comedy, "American Money," by Charles Bradley, will be produced in Montreal on the 25th inst. J. K. Hackett will play the leading role, that of an English nobleman, Lord Herndon.

It is said a New York banker has offered Lillian Russell \$1,000,000 if she will marry him and retire from the stage. Lillian is now lying seriously ill in New York as a consequence of a surgical operation.

On the 12th inst., Miss Bessie Cleveland, the actress, was married at Taconic, near Pittsfield, Mass., to Dr. John Burke, of New York. The fair bride is a second cousin of President Cleveland. She has retired from the stage.

Julia Marlowe, whose maiden name was Sarah Frances Frost, and who recently married a Mr. Taber, has been granted permission to retain her stage name. She will hereafter be known as Julia Marlowe Taber. She is 27 years of age.

At the Avenue theatre, London, last week, a new play by Forbes Dawson was produced at a matinee. It was a profitless variation of the Enoch Arden theme mixed with the farce of "The Sleepwalker."

Those of the audience who did not giggle slumbered peacefully through the performance.

When studying a new part Charles Wyndham likes to walk in the woods and recite his lines aloud. Once in Hampstead woods when at the top of his voice he shrieked out some incriminating words from a murder scene, a policeman arrested him. An explanation and pass for two seats set matters right.

Ibsen dines every day at the Grand hotel, Christiania, in solitary grandeur at a little table. He seldom speaks except to the waiter but takes frequent notes of those about him. His wife is living, but they are never seen together. He is one of the vainest of men, and always carries a comb and small mirror in his hat.

Ollie Archmere, a popular soubrette who suddenly threw up her contract in 1891 at the Madison Square (N. Y.) theatre and sailed for Europe, has just been discovered singing the role of Yum-yum in "The Mikado" in New York. She is playing under the name of D. Eloise Morgan. She was engaged by manager Duff last November. He then had no suspicion of her identity. She is a San Francisco girl.

HE'S WORKING NOW.
Chester Loomis Was Crippled with Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him—They were Never Known to Fail.

NEWCOMB MILLS, JUNE 18.—Chester Loomis, a well known farmer living near here, has for years been afflicted with kidney disease, so badly that he could not sit in a buggy to drive to town. As he is 69 years old he despaired of a cure. He tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured him. He has not done any farm work for years, but he helped to put in this spring's crops, and anyone who goes to see him today will find him between the ploughhandles instead of laid out on a bed or an easy chair as he used to be.

Who Did the Hissing?
Some years ago there was trouble at the leading Belgian theatres. Many of the pieces produced appeared to be unpopular, and in several instances the management was objected to. It resulted in strife. The practice of hissing became a nightly nuisance, and efforts were made to put it down by the strong arm of the law. But, restrained for a space, the malcontents brooded over the plan to outwit the police. They insisted on leave to show displeasure in the familiar fashion. Invention was busy. One night the Ghent Theatre was full of the sound hateful to actors. It came from every quarter; but the staff detailed to insist on order could see nothing to account for the harsh chorus. The spectators seemed one and all to be filled with wonder and with well-feigned

disgust. Not one could be detected hissing. The uproar continued at every performance, and at length the mystery was solved. A curious pair of miniature bells, with a whistle for its mouth-piece, had been designed. The wilful foes to decorum had ingeniously placed these under their feet; they could then revel in noise and wear a grave face at the same time.

Falmouth, Can Now Reelprocate.
When the late Lord Falmouth was in the middle of his victorious racing career, so that he seemed to have a lease of all the great races, Lord Rosebery excited a good deal of amusement among their friends by getting a hundred letters of congratulation lithographed in the following words: "My dear Falmouth—Allow me once again to congratulate you on the success of your horse—in another classic race, the— Believe me, etc., Rosebery." The blanks for the name of the horse and the race were duly filled in, and one of the forms was sent to Lord Falmouth at each fresh success.

"So you have written a novel?" "Yes."
"Has your heroine satin skin, velvet eyes, lashes, and hair like spun gold?" "Yes."
"Is her name Gwendoline?" "It is."
"Then I don't see why it shouldn't be a success."

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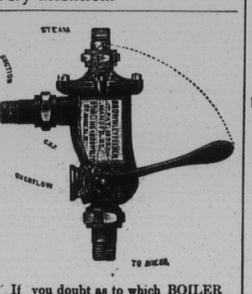
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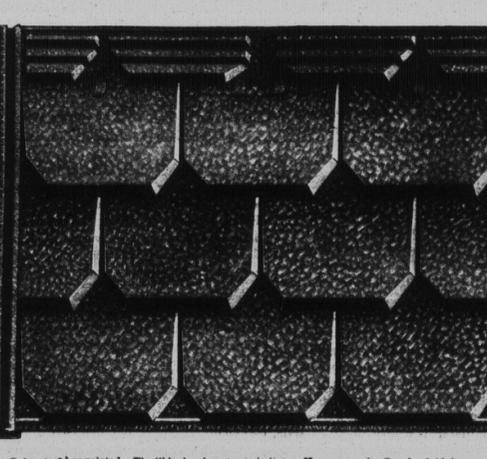
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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

NEWS-WRITING AS MISTAUGHT.

Why is it that the phrase "newspaper English," as it comes from the lips of many learned persons, is accompanied by a scornful curl of those proud lips?

There may be some connection between the correct answer to this question and the fact that a very small percentage of educated people, outside of the profession of journalism, seem to be able to write an item of news in a clear and straightforward style.

In SWINTON'S "School Manual of English Composition," published by Harper & Bros., and used in many colleges and high schools in the United States and Canada, the following exercise is given:

On the following heads write paragraphs such as you read in the "local" of the newspapers: A Fire.—Last night our quiet village was startled by an alarm of fire. . . .

Presbyterian Sociable.—The ladies' sociable connected with the Presbyterian church met. . . . A New School-House.—Today the laying of the corner stone of the Washington School in this city took place. . . .

Railroad Accident.—Yesterday as the cars were starting from Broad Street Station. . . .

Perhaps the reason that Mr. SWINTON has drunk too much and yet too little of the Pierian spring to be a good news writer is because the following theory is laid down in composition text-books as an axiom: "The natural place for an adverbial clause of time is at the beginning of a sentence."

The principal reason why this rule creates a false impression is because the natural place for an adverbial clause of time is not at the beginning of a sentence.

When a house is burned, how does Mr. SWINTON, or any one else, speak to a neighbor in telling the news of the fire?

Something like this, if he is not in a hurry, and puts in all the particulars as to the time of the occurrence: "JOHN SMITH'S house burned down this morning at half-past one." The clauses comprising the sentence are given in their natural order. The most important thing to be brought out is that JOHN SMITH'S house was burned; and if a "local" is written after this style, the reader learns at a glance what the item is about; and the particulars as to the time of the occurrence read without effort, so pleasantly and naturally does one read them when one already has an acquaintance with the leading idea.

A reporter who has not outlived his school-training would probably write the news contained in the sample item as follows, or worse: "At half-past one yesterday morning, JOHN SMITH'S house was burned down." Imagine a man meeting another on the road and speaking to him in that style! It is as difficult a mental trial to conceive such a wayside speech as that imposed on the reader who is kept in suspense as to what it was that happened at half-past one yesterday morning.

But do not the best authors often begin their sentences with adverbial clauses of time? Assuredly they do; the most effective rhetorical sentences are generally those in which the clauses are arranged otherwise than in their natural order. But rhetorical sentences are as out-of-place in the description of the burning of an ordinary house as are the long-drawn out accounts burlasqued by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who tells how the edifice was totally consumed, notwithstanding the most energetic efforts of those noble men, who, on such occasions, rush to the call of duty.

Mr. SWINTON quotes LOWELL'S burlesque, giving undue credit to BROWNELL'S "Manual of Composition," and is very severe concerning the "stilted expressions found in many newspapers." But his own account of the fire would be quite as wearying to ordinary readers, as, with all his preamble, he has not told anything about the fire.

That news-writers should be bound, on all occasions, to a set rule, one would be foolish to claim. They have the same right to "vary their discourse" as the writers of elaborate essays. But the man who commences a report thus: "On the

21st of June, 1894, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon"—had better leave journalism for law.

The expression "Our quiet town," used by Mr. SWINTON, is much more superfluous than the allusion to the noble men who are wont to rush to the call of duty. For a place which would support an editor with as antiquated ideas as the composition authority, would not be likely to be more in keeping with this progressive age than the Deserted Village.

There is one remarkable instance of incongruity about Mr. SWINTON'S "local"; he does not say "We are pleased to learn" or "We are glad to hear." Perhaps he intends the students to use this abuse of the editorial "we" in the account of the receipts of "the sociable connected with the presbyterian church."

Did Mr. SWINTON ever sneer at "newspaper English?" Presumably. But he, and many other writers and students of composition text-books, would be better employed in devoting their days and nights to the study of the news-columns of a good newspaper.

THEN THE BIRD WILL SCREAM.

A citizen of the land of liberty—that is, it may be necessary to explain, the United States—who returned to Russia on a visit to his friends, has been invited by leading officials of the Russian Government to visit that exquisite summer resort, Siberia—and they will not accept a refusal. The United States newspapers look upon this honor to their naturalized countryman with smiling countenances, making flippant comments upon the event.

The Russians, when they observe the gentleness with which the American eagle accepts their courtesies, may think they can impose on the bird of freedom. But let a Russian wrong the great American nation—let him attempt to put salt on the tail of its bird—let a drunken Russian, for instance, pull down an American flag—and then you'll hear her flag her wings till you think that you are listening to the war-drum of the partridge—and her shrill scream shall resound over the awakening continents, from shore to shore!

Last Wednesday was not only the anniversary of the St. John and Gibson fires, but was also the annual returning day of our Queen's accession to the throne. Moreover, it was the anniversary of the announcement of the majority of newspapers that VICTORIA'S reign is already the longest period that any British sovereign has ever reigned; and her lamented grandfather did live a little longer after his accession, but that a regency ran the ranch for some years on account of the infirmity of a noble mind. These newspapers celebrated the natal day of their announcement by announcing it again. If visions of judgment have strengthened the mind of GEORGE the Third as much as they seemed to have strengthened his soul—for BYRON left him practicing the hundredth psalm—he must have grown as tired of these 20th of June paragraphs as are readers that are as yet of the earth, earthy.

A valued contemporary of the New York Sun made the innocent statement that EMERSON learned "Lycidas" by heart on an ocean voyage, whereupon the Sun asks, "What, if anything, was there remarkable in that?" The remarkable part about it was not that it was a difficult thing to do, but that it was done by a man in the smallest affairs of whose life the busy world finds time to take an interest. The Sun in the same issue says that "Representative OAKES was in the city yesterday." To be in New York of itself does not require as much power of body or mind as the learning of "Lycidas"—but Mr. OAKES is a member of Congress, hence people want to hear of him. If Mr. DANA ever gets to be as great a man as RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the public will be glad to read of his having done even such a unremarkable thing as editing the New York Sun.

A correspondent takes this paper to task for stating, in its last issue, that it was an unnatural thing for fish to emigrate. PROGRESS can bear up under this criticism, for it did not say so. While defending sawdust, and speaking of the depopulation of rivers by dams, PROGRESS remarked that river fish were not likely to leave rivers for other streams. But it is a well known fact, as our correspondent says, that other fish frequently emigrate. Fishermen know better than to blame sawdust for what is a natural piscatorial idiosyncrasy, but some other people actually add this to the supposed sins of sawdust! It can hardly be on account of there now being less sawdust in Minas Basin that mackerel are returning to their old haunts along the Parroboro shore, which they left twenty years ago.

A petition is about to be presented to Governor FLOWER, of New York, asking the pardon of a young boy who was sentenced in 1891 to six and a half years in Sing Sing, for stealing \$1.50. As the boy's behaviour in jail has been excellent; and as he is suffering from a contagious disease; and as it has been discovered that the boy did not steal a cent of the \$1.50, it is possible that the governor will consider that the claims of United States justice have already been, in this case, sufficiently paid.

The shepherds got so used to the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" that the sensationalist suffered. LOUIS KOSOVICH would have had more mourners when he was summoned to Freedom's heights had not several editors, before he died, been decoyed into praising a living statesman. BILL DALTON, who, since the JAMES boys retired, has been the world's greatest outlaw, has often fooled the news gatherers by his various demises, but at last there is not the slightest doubt that BILL is dead—very dead. The people who slept with one eye open when he was near them now rest in peace, but as to whether WILLIAM is as comfortable these people have their doubts.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been appropriated by the Egyptian government for the erection of a fire-proof building to contain the priceless government collection of Egyptian antiquities, which are now in an old wooden museum which is not well insured. The Egyptians are a trifle slow, and it is pleasing to note that they are at length beginning to take warning by the fire that destroyed the Alexandrian library. They had better hustle however, as it would be in the course of the eternal cussedness of things that the old wooden building should burn before the new one was built.

HENRY CLAY, when he found that his chances for the presidency were rather slim, consoled himself with the declaration that he would rather be right than be president. The first woman who tried to be president now contents herself not only with being right, but also with having some of her rights recognized. After a long struggle BELVA LOCKWOOD has secured a decision from the supreme court of Virginia which enables her and other ambitious women to practise law in that state.

An act has recently passed in the Massachusetts legislature which will not commend itself to Massachusetts persons who resemble SHYLOCK or Mr. JOHN P. WELLS. It provides that loans of less than one thousand dollars shall be dischargeable by the debtor upon payment or tender of the principal sum actually borrowed, and interest at the rate of eighteen per cent., together with the sum (not to exceed five dollars) for the actual expenses of making and securing the loan.

The gold balance in the United States treasury, which is expected to be kept at \$100,000,000, appears to be getting unbalanced. At the first of the fiscal year it was \$118,000,000. Now it is a little less than sixty-eight million. It looks as though it were about time for another issue of new bonds. On the 20th of January the customs receipts at the port of New York were over 26 per cent. in gold. Now the gold receipts there are one-tenth of one per cent.

The present governor of South Carolina recently told a reporter "that he takes a glass of whiskey with a friend when he feels like it." It looks as though Governor TILLMAN is anxious to obtain for himself as much notoriety in connection with the liquor question as was induced years ago by the famous remark of the governor of North Carolina to the then governor of South Carolina.

There are a great many unwise things done in the United States at the present time, and surely the most unwise thing is the frequent calling out of troops to quell petty disturbances. During the last few weeks there have been many cases of this. The people of the States will soon begin to feel that they are ruled by martial law. Consider consequences.

Communications concerning High vs. Low Church appearing in this and other issues of PROGRESS recall the story that is told of the liberal-minded Bishop WALKER, who was asked point-blank by an inquisitive and mischief-making old lady whether he was "high or low." "Madam," he said, "I am high, low, JACK and the game."

The ministers of the seven presbyterian bodies of the United States are endeavoring to effect a union. Let them come to St. John and talk it over. What St. John is pining for at present is presbyterian ministers.

The members of the Whiteway government who assisted in breaking into the customhouse need to be reminded that there is such a thing as carrying the tariff reform idea a little too far.

There is need of a protective association that will protect the senses of sensible people of all denominations from contact with the offensive diatribes of the present protective associations.

The deceased wife's sister bill was again defeated in the house of lords the other day. Our own GUNHILDA had better go gunning for the lords as well as the lord bishops.

Had WIMAN but served his God with half the zeal he served the commercial unionists, he would not have had to bid such a long farewell to all his greatness.

The tobaccoists of St. John say that there has been a great increase in their revenue since the presbyterian ministers struck town.

A letter from "Citizen," of St. John, on the public magistrate question, was too late for this issue. It will appear next week.

DWIGHT L. MOODY says that the world has been growing wiser during the last thirty years. Mr. MOODY is too modest.

HAW-THORN BUDS

Gathered from the Hedge-rows Along the Highways and Byways of Literature.

A new edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle has recently appeared. The books have not, like Scotland's greatest philosopher, a rugged exterior, for the covers are like those in which are bound the drivellings of a Dalla Crusca. The gaudy bindings could be dispensed with in a work which, unlike the wooden volumes of the vulgar opulent, is meant to be read by the student and the scholar.

Much care has been lavished on the outside of the new edition of Carlyle, but there is an omission in the text which is unpardonable. The essay on Burns, written before Carlyle's style had lost all its peasant simplicity, has no place in any of the embellished volumes. And a truer, more sympathetic essay was never penned than that in which the milk of humankindness in the "rough burr-thistle" is shown to a world that is the better for Scotland's philosopher as well as Scotland's bard.

Croker's "Boswell's Life of Johnson," because of its inaccuracy, called forth an admirable essay. Carlyle's account of the life and writings of Scotland's greatest poet was founded on Lockhart's "Life of Burns." Macaulay took an ill-planned structure to pieces, and on its ruins reared a mighty pile; Carlyle built a noble structure on a goodly foundation.

The Scottish peasant best understands the Scottish peasant; no man was or is more fitted to write of Burns than was Thomas Carlyle. With what power does the essayist show that Wesley's epigram, "He asked for bread, and he received—a stone," applies to Burns as well as to Butler! Who could tell of the advantages of Burns more than that other lowly-born genius!

A merit of Burns's poetry that the essayist dwells upon is that love of home which so few of the poet's contemporaries show. Scotia's "ain inspired bard" confined himself to the country that stretches "frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats." And "home-keeping hearts" all over the world beat responsive to the homely songs of Burns.

That Robert Burns is a poet of Nature's own making is shown. And this leads us to ask, Would Burns have been as natural if not reared "in a cottage?" Is not the poor man "nearer to Nature's heart" than the pampered child of Luxury?

"I don't care much for your fancy poets," an uneducated Englishman once said to me, "but I do love 'Bobby.' He may be rough, 'an' a' that, but then he is so clear, so touchin'; he can make you laugh and cry when those high-toned fellows can't." And the essayist, when he tells of the graphic style of the poet, and his power to move us to laughter and tears, says much the same as the poor man who may never have heard the name of Thomas Carlyle.

"A touch of nature makes the whole kin." Robert Browning, if we leave out his "Pied Piper," "Herve Reil," and the tale of the steed that brought the good news from Ghent, has written for the few; the works of Robert Burns are enjoyed by the "happy low" and the envious rich, the educated critic and the humble cotter. High and low, rich and poor, delight in the writings of the peasant who walked

In glory and in joy, Following the plough, along the mountain side.

Carlyle quotes Prof. Stewart's words about Burns being fitted to excel in whatever walk of life he could possibly choose, and says that this is "at all times the essence of a true poetical endowment." We are all familiar with the statement that Shakespeare could have been great in any calling; we all believe that Dickens, if he would have, could have done anything, even if we do not think, with some, that he wasted his time writing novels; and we have an example of Carlyle's theory in the versatile Michael Angelo. Burns was none the worse ploughman for being a true poet, nor was he the worse poet for being a good ploughman.

Carlyle's criticism of Keats is as great a surprise to one who reads it for the first time as is the Halifax Reviewer's criticism of Shelley. One would not be so surprised at Dr. Johnson, had he read the poet whose grace, if it had cost a very little less study—that is if it had cost no study at all—would be as perfect as the grace of Burns.

But as Johnson judged all poetry by the standard of Pope, so Carlyle had some peculiar opinions of his own that it would be hard to classify. It is worthy of note in this connection that "Tam o' Shanter," which Burns considered his best work, is not placed so high by Carlyle, and that the essayist thinks "The Jolly Beggars" the most strictly poetical of Burns's poems. But Carlyle has the same opinion as the rest of the world in his appreciation of His brook-like songs, whom glory never weaned From humble smiles and tears.

Our essayist speaks of how Burns might have changed the whole course of British literature had he been sent to school. But did he not do much to change the course as it was? And might not Burns, in trying to be a great poet, have lost much of that simplicity and frankness which have charmed the world? When

Burns attempts to write sublimely, and lays aside the pleasing, powerful dialect, does he not often seem ill-at-ease? Wordsworth did much to change the course of British literature, but would not the world rather have the songs of Burns that even such gems as the poems of Wordsworth? And might not Burns have lost his individuality had he been stuffed with Latin and Greek in order to make him an English poet?

I have given the faintest outline of about half of this beautiful but neglected essay. An attempt to give anything like a synopsis of it would be the most odious presumption. In this age of boiler-plate literature it is soothing to the busy man to see, at the head of chapters of hack-written novels, summaries of the plots designed so that he can "come in at the death of the blatant beast" without fatigue. But a summary of Carlyle's "Burns"! And although the sin of omission of which the latest publishers of Carlyle's works are guilty is more pardonable than taking the life from such an essay by summarizing, still the publishers have done the philosopher a gross injustice in leaving out the essay on Burns.

Scotland has given the world three men, at least, of whom she may well be proud. First, the dear old land has given one of the sweetest singers the world has known and loved—Robert Burns.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers, The minstrel and the heather, The deathless singer and the flowers He sang of, live together.

Second, there is the man of whom our reviewer has written another brilliant essay, who, when a boy, was able to reply to the memorable words "Wha wrote these lines?" as he saw the tears stream down the face of Robert Burns. All honor to one whom not only as a writer, but as a man, we love and cherish—"it is the Wizard," WALTER SCOTT!

The third son of Auld Scotia to whom we are indebted, though some think him "rambling and full of repetition," is Thomas Carlyle. Those who know his writings best look beyond the surface and its flotam of loose sentences, and see the poetic undercurrent of Carlyle's nature as revealed in his writings. The "unco guid" have peered into his domestic life and have spared him not, although later biographers have shown their stories to be grossly exaggerated. Is it for them, or any one else, to judge of a man's failings?

What's done, we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted.

Carlyle and Burns after all, were only men. And what man is perfect? The bold stand they both took against hypocrisy would alone cover a multitude of sins. May their influence for good prevail and follow us all our lives!

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

The Evening Recorder of Brockville, Ont., comes to PROGRESS this week with a portrait of G. T. Falford, one of the chief proprietors of the famous "Pink Pills." There is no need of a label under the photo, though it is a half tone printed on newspaper, for any one who has faced Mr. Falford for half an hour in an animated discussion on advertising rates will not soon forget what he looks like. But he is a good fellow as well as a good advertiser, and pays his bills with such regularity that there is a legend to the effect that the mail cannot leave Brockville on the 15th of the month without the Pink Pills checks. What is of greater importance to him however is the fact that his business is booming in England and quite as likely to be as great a success there as here.

Letter From "Churchman."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I do not wish to have any part in a religious controversy, nor should I like to see anything of the sort carried on in your paper. But as you have published something relative to the differences of opinion and practice between the Bishop of Nova Scotia and two of his priests, thus bringing the matter before the public in many places not otherwise affected by the social controversy, and possibly not otherwise made cognizant of it, I beg that you will allow me to ask certain questions of any of your readers who may differ from the clergy or from the bishop. The appearance of the article in PROGRESS emphasizes the fact that there are differences, considered of great importance in views, beliefs and practices among the members of the ministry of the church of England.

I do not ask for space to give expression to my views or convictions, nor do I want to make any remarks upon possible replies to this communication. I ask you to print the following questions without comment, and to be so kind as to give space to any replies that may be made to them—the said replies to contain no individual arguments or personal expressions of views, but only references to authorities on the subject that has come up. Thus the public, or interested readers, may be able to form a fairly correct judgment as to which side is most loyal to the letter and spirit of the Prayer book and official documents of the Anglican church.

- 1. Does the church of England ordain men to the priesthood of the church of God?
2. Does she declare that when her priests forgive sins, they are forgiven?
3. Does she recommend confession in the case of those who stray away from holy communion, on account of a disordered conscience?
4. Does she, in the case of a sick person, order him to be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty matter?
5. Does she declare that excommunicate persons are to be regarded as heathen and publicans, until they are openly reconciled by penance?
6. Does she in case any man confesses his secret and hidden sins, straightly charge and admonish the priest who hears the confession, never to reveal and make known what has been committed to his trust and secrecy?
CHURCHMAN.

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

Give Them More Air. The repairs of the ferry boat at Rodney slip include the construction of a place for the wooden life preservers, insisted upon by the minister of marine. They are sinkers anyway and will probably be just as useful down in the holds as anywhere else. Is it with this view that the boxes for them are so constructed that a man will have to stand upon a seat end, reach over and down to get hold of one? Why not bring them up in plain view and not stow them away out of sight?

A Pleasant Place To Go. The mayor and the ex-mayor and a lot of other more or less distinguished people have taken rooms at Mr. Ganong's new hotel, the Cedars this summer. But distinguished or not, the people who have made up their minds to spend sometime at the beautiful spot are bound to have a pleasant time. The house is new, the situation unexcelled and the cuisine such that there is no chance to grumble. Mr. Ganong is an old hotel man and knows how to cater to the people.

An Artistic Success. The Oratorio Society did not make any money by their concert. Perhaps it is some consolation to them not to expect to make any, but they were highly successful from a musical point of view and this, after all, is the most important consideration with them.

There has been a decrease of nearly two millions in the earnings of the Western Union Telegraph company for the past fiscal year. The growing popularity of the far-peak seems to be electrocuting the business of the far-writer.

ST. MARTIN'S.

[Progress is for sale at the drug store of R. D. McCa. Murray.]
JUNE 20.—Quite a number of strangers were in the village last week to be present at the closing exercises of the Union Baptist seminary. Mr. Hoban is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. DeBlais. Miss Annie Skillen went to St. John last week to visit friends.

A very merry party of young ladies and gentlemen drove to the Light house last Monday afternoon, and were given a hearty welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown. After supper, dancing was indulged in, and at 10 o'clock the party returned to the village. Mrs. Fowles, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. James Wishart.

Miss Nellie Wishart went to St. John last week to visit friends.

Messrs. A. Courtenay and J. Watson drove from St. John Tuesday, returning Wednesday evening. Mr. Rob Ritchie, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. R. D. Murray, has been quite ill all the week with a cold on his neck.

Miss Moore, of Woodstock, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Lillie Rouke, went to St. John Monday.

W. H. Bourke had his finger badly bitten by a dog this week; the animal was killed. Miss Enery is the guest of Mr. Capt. Swatridge. Mrs. McLoughlin is expected to leave in a few days for the Northwest where they will reside in the future.

Mr. Allison Wishart and family expect to move into their new home at Berwick shortly. Mr. W. H. Bourke attended a number of his friends at his summer residence, Carrey Brook, on Friday evening.

Mr. York King preached a very impressive sermon to the order of Foresters at the West church, Sunday morning. Mr. Ernest Bourke spent his vacation with his parents, returning to St. John Monday morning. Mr. Frank Shannon returned from his vacation. Mr. Fred Cochran spent Sunday at the Light house.

Mr. E. R. Chapman drove from St. John, Friday evening, returning Sunday.

Mr. Jackson Fowler, of Hotel Stanley, is making a short visit here. He is the guest of Mr. David Vaughn.

SALISBURY.

JUNE 21.—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rayworth, of Moncton, were in the village yesterday.

His friends are all sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mr. S. A. Holstead, who has recently returned from Florida, where he was spending the winter, and all of them hope soon to hear of his convalescence.

Mrs. Bliss Trites, who has lately come to New Brunswick from the western states, is at present the guest of Mrs. A. E. Trites.

Miss L. McMurray spent Sunday in Petitcodiac, the guest of Miss Annie Webster.

The girls and boys of the advanced department of the day school are having a couple of holidays on account of the death of Mr. O'Connell's father.

Mr. Paves, of Moncton, spent last Sunday in Salisbury.

Miss Emily Crisp, Sussex, is visiting at the Methodist parsonage.

Miss Beatrice Simpson, of Havelock, was in the village last week.

Misses Clara and Mary Barnes, of Boston, arrived in Salisbury, this morning. Miss Mary Barnes, who is a nurse, has come to take care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Holstead.

Rev. James Crisp, of Sussex, and Rev. W. W. Lodge, of Gibson, visited Salisbury last Monday, on their way to Conference.

Mrs. W. Carter and Mrs. S. Crandall, and Mr. H. Moore, were in Moncton last Thursday.

The "Citizens" band gave their first open-air concert this summer, on Monday evening. Mr. McDonald, of Moncton, was in the village last Thursday and Friday.

HILLSBORO, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Hillsboro by B. A. Marves.]
JUNE 20.—Mrs. Gilbert Steeves, of England, who was visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Christian Steeves, Millbrook farm, left on Friday for St. John.

Mr. Albert Gross, of Moncton, was visiting friends here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Steeves and family, are visiting Mrs. Steeves' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rowe, St. John.

Miss Lizette Jump returned home from St. Martins on Friday for the holidays.

Mr. William Steeves went to Salisbury on Friday.

Mrs. Elsie Carlisle, who broke her wrist some time ago, is able to be out again.

Mr. John T. Steeves returned home Monday.

Miss Mary O'Brien returned from the academy, N. Y., accompanied by her friend, Miss Osborne.

Mrs. W. Camp has returned from St. John, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Long.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tomkins returned from Thomsville, Virginia, for the summer, who is in the village last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Gorham D. Steeves entertained a few friends at tea on Wednesday evening last.

Mrs. Archie Steeves entertained a few friends on Thursday evening at 6 o'clock tea.

SCHUBNER.

BUTOUCHE.

JUNE 20.—It is decided that the Methodist "Picnic" will be held on Monday, July 2nd, on the "St. Jean Baptiste Terrace." Tea will be served from 4 till 7. Refreshments of all kinds, including ice cream, strawberries, and all kinds of fruit will be sold on the grounds. Games and amusements of all kinds will be provided.

Messrs. W. S. Blake and J. A. Bourque have returned from Summerside, P. E. I.

Mr. Frank Allan, of Berlin, and Mr. Woods, of Richibucto, are at the "Bay View."

Mr. John McCarthy, of Fredericton, was in town last week.

Messrs. John and Henry O'Leary went to St. John yesterday to attend the funeral of Miss McCormick, who was killed by the collapse of the house in which she resided. Miss McCormick was Mr. John O'Leary's niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kowick are expected home this evening. They are returning from India, where they have been residing for some time.

Miss Johnson visited Kingston on Monday.

VENUE.

THE CELEBRATED

WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

LADIES,

Dress Shields, Dress Shields, Dress Shields. Best Seamless Stockinet Shields. Only 9 cents a pair, worth 20 cents. Combs and Tooth Brushes only 10 cents.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., - - - - St. John.

If You Don't Advertise You Die.

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

American Dye Works Co.,

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

Ventilated Human Hair Goods.

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

MISS KATIE HENNESSY,

113 Charlotte Street, - - - - Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

SLATE AND WOODEN MANTELS

Advertisement for Slate and Wooden Mantels, featuring an image of a mantel and text describing the products and services.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER,

NEW WASH COTTON DRESS GOODS

AND Blouse Materials, In New and Choice Designs and Colorings.

French WOOL Clothes.

More than FORTY STYLES, including the very choicest of the season's output. Don't put off buying too long if you care to get the choicest.

Write for Samples.

S. C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John-North End. The death of Mr. Harold Sydney Smith, which occurred last week, has cast a gloom over the city and for his sorrowing family much sympathy is felt.

Mr. Smith was the youngest son of Mr. S. Sydney Smith and leaves besides his parents four sisters and one brother. The funeral took place from his father's residence, Dorchester street, on Sunday last and was very largely attended.

Mr. Smith was a great lover of social circles, and was highly thought of by his manager and officers of the Bank of Montreal, in which he held a position. Mr. Smith's death makes the second one which has occurred in his family in a very short time, it being scarcely two months since the death of Mr. A. Hilton Green took place.

The Misses Pickers entered a few friends at a card party on Friday last at their residence, Horseshoe street. Mr. George Botford, Fredericton, is visiting St. John. She is staying at Mrs. Ferguson's, Wright street.

Miss Bessie Schofield is visiting friends at Halifax. Mrs. Dodd and Miss May Dodd, Boston, are the guests of Mrs. O. A. Skinner, Coburg street. Rev. A. G. H. Dickson left on Wednesday for Halifax, to meet his sister, who has come from England to visit him.

Mr. R. Keltie Jones spent this week fishing on the north branch of the Oromocto. Mrs. Gilbert Mitchell will leave shortly for New York. Before leaving she will sell her household effects by auction. Miss Helen Seely left this week to visit friends at Windsor.

The death occurred, on Sunday last, of Mr. John Years, after an illness of only a few days, at his late residence, Carleton street. On Friday last Mr. Years was seized with a severe attack of cholera, which, with an attack of hemorrhage of the stomach, the attacks were repeated on Saturday and Sunday, when death relieved him of his sufferings. Mr. Years was in the 66th year of his age, and leaves a wife, one brother and four children.

Count and Madame de Bary and family, leave by steamer "Hullian City" for their next trip to England. They will spend some time on the continent. Misses Sarah and Ida Nicholson are on their way from England to visit their sister, Mrs. Murray MacLaren. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Taylor and family, are spending the summer at Wolfville.

Miss Edith Barker, who has been visiting her father at St. John, returned to Philadelphia last week and is the guest of her nephew, Mr. W. A. MacLaren, Garden street. Miss Bessie Fugusie is visiting friends at Truro. Mr. Charles F. Harrison and family are visiting Wolfville.

Mr. Donnelly, who has spent the last few months in the city, left last week with his son and daughter for Cape Town, South Africa, where they will make their home. Mr. William Cushing, of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived in the city this week, and is the guest of Mrs. Byron Cushing, Queen square. Last evening Miss Tuck entertained a few friends at her father's residence, Orange street.

Mr. John Black, Fredericton, spent a day or two in St. John this week. The many friends of Mrs. McAvenny, wife of Dr. McAvenny, heard with deep regret of her death which occurred at her late residence, Charlotte street, on Tuesday last. Mrs. McAvenny has been ill for some months with consumption and her death was not wholly unexpected. For Dr. McAvenny and her three young children much sympathy is felt.

Mrs. McAvenny was a daughter of the late Judge Waters. Her sister, Mrs. Collins, who is on her way out from England will receive a terrible shock on her arrival in St. John, as it was hoped Mrs. McAvenny would have lived to see her. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon when a very large number followed the remains to their last resting place.

The services were conducted by Rev. Father Casey. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by friends, among these the following: Cross of white carnations, lilies of the valley, amilax and ferns, Mr. Sydney Smith; wreath of white roses, amilax and ferns, Count and Countess De Bary; bouquet of lilies of the valley and roses, amilax and ferns, Mrs. James Dwyer, crescent of cream and white roses, Mrs. Crosby; bouquet of lilies, roses, carnations and ferns tied with white ribbon, Mrs. Robert Jardine; star of pink and white roses, carnations and ferns, Mrs. Cunningham; basket of pink and white roses and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Clinch; bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, Mr. and Mrs. George Lynch; Digby's crown of pink and white roses, lilies of the valley and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones; basket of white roses and ferns, Messrs Douglas and Archie Clinch; cross of white carnations and ferns, Mrs. Charles Merritt; bouquets of roses, Miss Furlong and Mrs. George Carroll. The pall-bearers were Count DeBary.

On true principles of art our work is wrought. Defects are unobtrusive. The true ensemble of one's looks is sought. And photographs like this please everyone. CLAY & SON, Art Photographers, 54 Princess St., Opposite Savings Bank. Telephone 624.

Macaulay Bros. & Co., 65 TO 69 KING STREET. Wash Cotton Fabrics in Great Variety.

Black Moire Silk, Black Watered Silk. BROWN, TAN, FAWN, NAVY, RESEDA, STONE BLUE, etc., IN MOIRE SILKS. NEW VEILINGS, in Black and all Colors.

Wave Braids, all widths. Upwards of 180 designed in Narrow to Wide Jet Trimmings. BLACK LACES as just now used for Capes, Dress Trimmings, etc.; hundreds of designs to select from. Slit and Shaded Parasols, Filled Parasols. Dress Trimming Laces in Cream, Brown, Butter, two toned, etc. Black Insertion Braid, now much used for Cape Trimming. Onyx Fast Black Cotton Hose for Boys, Girls, Men and Women; they are the best produced and at lowest prices for qualities.

MACAULAY BROS. & Co.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. TOILET WATERS. Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles. VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE. AMERICAN HAIR STORE, 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Photographer's advertisement for a discount of 20 Per Cent on Orders of \$6.00 and over.

F. W. SANFORD. Will give Special Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES for the next week. Just received a fine assortment of LADIES' DONGOLA KID OXFORDS and BUTTON BOOTS. Also, another lot of those cheap Canvas Shoes for men and boys.

OUR LOW PRICES IN NEW FURNITURE. OUR FURNITURE DEPARTMENT. Floor Rockers in Plush, Brocattelle and Rug, to select from.

A. L. RAWLINS & SON. For June trade we are showing an immense variety of the leading makes of Kid and Fabric Gloves, in Black and newest shades.

Chamois Washing Gloves, Pigskin Shopping Gloves, Undressed Lacing Gloves, Mosquetaire Dressed Gloves, Long Silk Gloves. In all the Evening Tints. We prepay postage. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, containing various small notices and fragments of news.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Fifth and Seventh Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Process is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; HARRINGTON STREET, 111 Barrington street; MORRIS & WATSON, 111 Barrington street; CUMBERLAND BOOK STORE, 111 Barrington street; DUCKWORTH'S BOOK STORE, 111 Barrington street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 17 Jacob street; CLARKE'S NEWS CO., 17 Jacob street; W. E. HARRIS, 17 Jacob street; N. S. & S. O., 17 Jacob street; H. SILVER, 17 Jacob street; J. W. AXLES, 17 Jacob street.

JUNE 21.—Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a large "at home" and garden party at Bellevue house on Wednesday afternoon of last week, which proved a complete success. Mrs. Montgomery Moore entertained her friends in her usual charming manner, and all present enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The weather was fine, but not particularly warm, therefore tea was served in the house. It is said that Mrs. Montgomery Moore intends to spend the winter in England.

Mrs. Townsend, wife of Judge Townsend, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Robb, at Amherst. Miss Annie Stevens, who has been in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. William Torrance, has returned to her home at St. Stephen, N. B.

Rev. Dr. Pollack has been nominated to succeed Dr. MacKnight as principal of the Halifax college. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. W. H. Waddell, and on Sunday preached to an attentive audience in Fort Massey church in the morning, and in St. Matthew's church in the evening.

Mr. Lanchlin MacLean, of Chicago, and a former resident at Lake Umbagog, is making a visit to his friends and relatives in the Annapolis valley, after an absence of over twenty years. The death of Captain Henry C. Dolby in Dartmouth occurred on Monday evening, after a long and tedious illness. The deceased was a man of sterling habits and one of the oldest and most efficient shipmasters in Halifax. He was of a kind and jovial disposition and well liked by all who knew him.

Although no word has been received, it is understood that Lord Aberdeen will arrive in this city about the first of July. Rev. J. W. Smith, of Birmingham, England, spent this week in the city. Mr. J. L. White is in the city, renewing the acquaintances made during his visit here last summer. Mrs. Downie, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. McKay, at Shelburne, has returned home.

Colonel W. B. Winton left for the "Alpha" on Friday last for a trip to Bermuda. A pleasant picnic was held at McNab's Island on Friday last. The usual amusements made the time pass pleasantly, and in the open air was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The members of the Raubers' Circle Club enjoyed a pleasant moonlight run to Bedford on Monday evening. St. Patrick's church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Monday morning, when Mr. Robert F. Kettle and Miss J. Penny were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Gerald Murphy. The bride was given away by Mr. Marshall, and was dressed in a handsome gown of cream crepe, trimmed with Brussels lace, with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Lucy Penny, was dressed in a gown of shell pink, with trimmings of lace and ribbon, and also carried a bouquet. The Misses Mamie and Maggie Kettle, who acted as maids of honor, wore dresses of pale blue and cream, with hats to match.

The bride's brother, Mr. M. Penny, assisted the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Kettle left for a trip through the province, followed by the wishes and congratulations of their many friends. Many handsome presents were received, among them being a marble clock from Mr. William Lawson; set of music screen in oak frame, Mr. M. Penny; hand painted felt material, Mrs. L. Penny; fancy berry dish, Mrs. J. Kenner; silver vase, Mrs. J. Penny; silver and hand painted glass cheese dish, Mr. M. Marshall; silver sugar stand, Mr. H. B. Mackay; silver cream jug, Mr. A. M. Payne; pair of damask set pillow shams, the Misses Kennedy; British plate glass mirror on stand, Mr. W. M. Inglis; silver pie knife, Mrs. Robert O'Malley; silver pepper and salt shakers, Mrs. A. McGraith; five o'clock tea set, Miss M. Griffin; silver toilet stand, cut glass bottles, Mrs. J. E. Butler; five o'clock tea table, Mrs. J. Griffin; lemonade set, Miss L. Cashen; silver card receiver, Mrs. J. Mosher; biscuit jar, Mrs. J. M. Inglis; lemonade set, Miss L. McGrath; silver coffee spoons, Mrs. Wyatt; chin ornaments, Masters Jack and Philip McGuire; water services in basket, Miss F. Power.

The recital of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, on Tuesday evening, was the best ever given by that institution. The programme, an excellent one and admirably carried out, was listened to by an appreciative audience, and warmly applauded. The concert took place on Wednesday afternoon, addresses being made by Governor David, Rev. E. F. Crawford, Prof. Charles MacDonald, and Hon. W. S. Fielding.

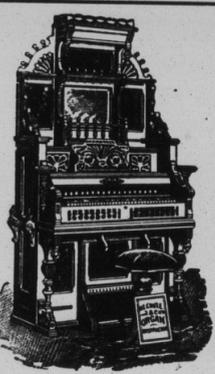
Mr. James Grant left this week for Boston, where, it is said, he is to be one of the principals in an interesting ceremony. He will be absent about a month, and will visit New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Niagara Falls, Washington, Montreal and Toronto.

Mr. T. R. Clougher, of Toronto, spent some days this week in the city, going to St. John on Thursday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Clougher. An interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. F. M. Webster at an early hour on Wednesday morning in St. Stephen's church, the principal being Mr. Edridge, T. Hammett and Miss Bessie Butler. The bride was becomingly attired in a fawn travelling suit, while the bridesmaid, Miss Florence Little, wore a dress of brown. Mr. Thomas Woolrich supported the groom. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Hammett took the morning train for a trip through the Annapolis valley. Many valuable presents were received by the young couple, among them being a handsome silver tea service from the members of the Crescent Amateur Athletic club, of which Mr. Hammett is president.

Mr. T. J. Brown, president of St. Mary's young men's society went to Quebec this week to make arrangements for the grand excursion to that city next month. The wedding of Mr. Clifford Smith to Miss Angel Corey took place on Thursday, the 14th instant, at the residence of the bride's parents, Providence, R. I. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. C. Holyoke.

AMHERST. [Process is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.] JUNE 20.—On Tuesday afternoon of last week another "quite smart" wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hicks, the parties in the happy event being their daughter, Miss Lizette Hicks, and Mr. David J. Clarke of Joggins Mines. The Rev. Dr. Steele performed the ceremony that gave to a neighbouring town an Amherst bride who looked particularly well on the occasion in a very stylish gown of dark blue covert cloth. The groom, who looked the personification of happiness even to the bride's very pretty and costly brooch of diamonds set in gold. A large number of presents both useful and ornamental were received from upwards of forty guests who were served with the usual collation, after which Mr. and Mrs. Clarke

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, NORDHEIMER PIANOS. LIBERAL TERMS, REASONABLE PRICES. A lot of second hand Pianos and Organs can be obtained at low prices and terms to suit purchasers. Sole's Photograph Art Works in great variety. Agents wanted for every city in Canada. For particulars address A. PETERSEN; 68 King St., - Sole Agent for Canada.



\$37.50. THIS IS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY. Write to-day (Illustrated Catalogue) Free to All. (Special terms of sale.) We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Business Wagons.

CONCORD, BANGOR, SIDE SPRING. PRICE & SHAW'S, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE.

For the treatment of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco habits. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Indorsed and subsidized by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential. MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

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SPEND YOUR DOLLARS.

Where you can get the most for them. We are offering Men's Suits from \$3.90 to \$12.00, and Pants from \$1.10 to \$3.75. GUARANTEED BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

American Clothing House, Cor. King and Canterbury Sts., - - - St. John, N. B.

ROGERS, LAMONEY JACKSON; H. A. Hillcoat, White Hawk; C. McNutt, Gumbo Clay; E. M. Marston, Jim Gooseberry; A. Curry, Pete Postum; Fred Lawson, Waydown; W. Main, Rastus Whangodoodle; H. Lusby, Julius Cesar; W. McCoy, Calamint Boreas.

Mr. A. S. Curry was manager, and is receiving compliments in abundance for successfully bringing out to the public so much latent talent and excellent coloring which created the sacrifice of a good many hardy but spared from a heavy pot, but like the Star minstrel, their next appearance will be very welcome.

Mr. G. Henry, of New York, was in Amherst last week. Miss May Townsend, of Halifax, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. M. Townsend.

Miss Crane is visiting her home from Boston by her numerous friends. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. Tremaine, Havelock street.

Mrs. George Cole went to Parrsboro on Wednesday for a long visit. Mr. Charles Townsend, Halifax, is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Robb.

Mr. McKenna arrived today from Parrsboro. Mr. Stophord and family have moved from Tidnish to Amherst and are located in a pretty cottage on upper Victoria street.

Mrs. Hebert, Mrs. Max Sterne and little Miss Marion were in town for a few days and returned to their home in Lower town. Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore returned from their wedding tour on Monday evening.

Mr. Harry Canfield who is engaged in a business firm in Truro came to town last week to remove his furniture and take Mrs. Canfield and child on to a new home. Their many friends here regret the move, but Truro will gain a bright and genial host and his wife.

The opening of the new Methodist church at Fort Lawrence was attended by quite a number from Amherst who attended the afternoon service. The Methodist conference and supreme court will be held at Truro this week which makes time unusually striding.

LOCKPORT. JUNE 19.—The ministers are beginning to change stations and attend their denominational meetings. Rev. Mr. Whitman, whose term at this station has expired, has left for the Methodist conference. Rev. Mr. Brown and Rev. Mr. Dunn are attending the baptism association at Brookfield.

Mrs. Fred Rand and little Miss Ida, of Kentville, are the guests of Mrs. Jonathan Locke. Mr. Cass Crowell, of Yarmouth, is on a visit to friends in town. A bouncing baby boy has come to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bill.

Mrs. H. Hammond is visiting at Falmouth. Miss Winnie Locke has returned from her winter visit to Yarmouth. Mr. A. P. Browne is on a visit to friends in Mill Village.

Mr. H. R. Bill has gone for a few days' visit to Lunenburg. Mr. L. C. Johnson, of Halifax, was at his old home a few days last week. Mrs. G. W. Whitman is visiting relatives in Guysborough.

Miss Kelly, of Yarmouth, is on a visit to Mrs. Louis Churchill. The Park Jubilee singers are in town, and will give a concert, doubtless to a large house, tonight. CANADA.

PICTOU. [Process is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.] JUNE 19.—Mr. Jack Primrose has returned home from Montreal. Mr. D. McDonald, collector, was in St. John attending the assembly; his daughter Maria accompanied him.

Mrs. Taylor, of Charlottetown, is at present the guest of Mrs. J. Ferguson. Mr. A. C. McDonald was in New York last week. Mr. C. D. McDonald, of Halifax, is on a trip attending supreme court. Mr. D. Murray was in Halifax this week. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis have returned from a trip to the upper provinces. Mr. A. G. Macrae, of New Glasgow, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Leavitt, of Glouce Bay, was in town last week. The Ministry, Conservator, of St. John, were in town last week on their way to Cow Bay. Mr. W. Vought, of North Sydney, is spending a few days at home.

Judge Townsend, of Halifax, arrived by Saturday night's express. Dr. A. H. Mackay, superintendent of education, arrived Monday night, and today he inspects the academy. The engagement is announced of a rising young barrister of Sydney to a talented Halifax young lady. CANTON BRIDGE.

An event which has been looked forward to with much interest took place last Wednesday morning in Falmouth street church, when Miss Ella Muriel McGilivray, second daughter of Dr. McGilivray, was united in marriage to Mr. Clifford Brown, Webster's Mass. Long before the hour appointed for the wedding the spacious church was filled, every seat with the exception of those reserved for the guests being occupied. The church was artistically and beautifully decorated with flowers, potted plants and ferns.

Some of the white satin ribbon and the bridesmaid's gown of pink and cream lace; and a large hat of pink chiffon and violets, which little Miss Nina looked very winsome in a gown of Nile green with white guimpe and delicate yellow and white wreath of orange blossoms was worn. She carried an immense bouquet of exquisite bridal roses, with long satin ribbon ends. She was attended by her two sisters, Miss McGilivray wearing a handsome gown of pink and cream lace with trimmings of amynter silk and rose lace; and Miss Nina, who wore a gown of pink and cream lace with trimmings of amynter silk and rose lace.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. B. Rankin and was most impressive. The wedding hymn and Mrs. Burchill played a wedding reception, breakfast was served, and the immediate friends of the family. The tables were set with a very beautiful and artistic provision of roses. After the usual toasts and congratulations the bride and groom, with their bridesmaids and groomsmen, were escorted to the altar, where they were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride wore a gown of Nile green with white guimpe and delicate yellow and white wreath of orange blossoms was worn. She carried an immense bouquet of exquisite bridal roses, with long satin ribbon ends. She was attended by her two sisters, Miss McGilivray wearing a handsome gown of pink and cream lace with trimmings of amynter silk and rose lace; and Miss Nina, who wore a gown of pink and cream lace with trimmings of amynter silk and rose lace.

The bride was the recipient of many choice and costly gifts; among them was a superb brooch, set with diamonds and pearls, from the groom's parents; some solid silver puding dish from the groom's aunt; substantial cheeses from the father of the bride; Judge Dodd, Mr. D. A. Winterbottom, Dr. S. H. McGilivray and Mr. D. J. McDonald; silver fish plate and silver tea set, Mr. D. J. McDonald; silver fish plate and silver tea set, Mr. D. J. McDonald; silver fish plate and silver tea set, Mr. D. J. McDonald.

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NORTH SYDNEY. [Process is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Logan & Co.] JUNE 19.—Miss Grace Ingraham returned on Tuesday from Acadia Seminary. Miss Plant is staying in Sydney with her sister, Mrs. Chaloner.

Mr. Hatfield spent Sunday here. Miss Bedwin and Miss L. Robertson, were in Sydney on Wednesday. Mrs. Fitzgerald is staying with Mrs. V. E. Brown, and leaves tomorrow for England.

Miss Anna Ingraham, who is staying at George's Hotel, returned this evening. Mrs. Snider spent Wednesday with friends in Sydney.

Mr. J. Grant, of the People's Bank, who has been here a fortnight, returned to Halifax today. Mrs. Mackay and Miss Powers were in Sydney Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Robertson has returned from Boston. The children of St. John's church Sunday school have a very successful concert on Thursday evening. The audience was so large there was quite a crush in the hall and a number could not gain admittance. The performance consisted of music, dialogue, and recitations interspersed with songs. Mrs. Rigby played the accompaniment. The two dwarfs caused much amusement and the music was well rendered. The proceeds are for the benefit of the poor.

No one who has not tried it can know what a weary task it is to write for a paper when you live in a small town. There is such a dearth of news, and the realm of imagination is forbidden to a correspondent. If in your search for information, you appear too eager, they mark you out as one who writes for Progress and tell you, how Cassius such a lean and hungry look—Such men are dangerous. DALLAS.

MAITLAND. [Process is for sale in Maitland by James Urquhart.] JUNE 20.—The principal topic of conversation for the past week has been the coming wedding. The contracting parties are one of our most accomplished and popular young ladies, and a young gentleman now living at Parrsboro. The wedding takes place on Tuesday next. It is to be a full account for next issue of Progress.

Miss Cassie Scotney, of St. Paul, Minn., is spending her vacation at her home here. Maitland has now direct telephonic communication with the outside world, a cable having been laid across the Shubenacadie on Tuesday last. The distance from town to shore is 3,100 feet. A large driving party is being arranged by A. large driving party is being arranged by A.

THE "NEWMARKET" CORSET.

AT \$1.40 PAIR. In Drab Jean, with Sateen Stripes. 19 to 26 inch. AT \$2.90 PAIR. In White French Coutil, and Black French Sateen, Boned with Whalebone. 19 to 26 inch.

We have received numerous testimonials from Ladies who have worn the "NEWMARKET" Corset, referring to their "Graceful Lines, Comfortable Fit and Excellent Wearing Qualities." A SPECIAL ROOM FOR THE SALE OF LADIES' AND INFANTS UNDERWEAR, CORSETS, WAISTS, TROSSEAU AND MILLINERY.

Manchester Robertson & Allen HANINGTON'S CORSET MAKERS AND IRONERS. THE GREAT TONIC. Purifies the Blood, Improves the Appetite, Prevents the attacks of Fever and Diphtheria, Removes Pimples and gives strength to the whole system. IMITATIONS of this popular medicine are in the market, but Hanington's is the original and genuine. Do not be deceived by traders on its reputation, but always insist on getting Hanington's—Wholesale Druggists in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. All Retail Druggists sell it. Price 60 cents per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

Mr. Victor Jamison of Truro; the route is through the Annapolis Valley, and Bridgetown thence to Lunenburg and home to Halifax and Shubenacadie. Some of our young men are preparing to go on a party to Lunenburg and Shubenacadie, spending a few days in town.

Mr. Frank Putnam has returned from Riverside, California, where he has been spending the winter because of ill health. Miss McArthur, intending leaving on Monday to visit her uncle, Dr. Ambrose at the Rectory, Faulkland.

Rev. G. R. Martell and Mrs. Martell are spending their vacation at Sydney, C. B. Mr. Blanton who has been relieving Mr. Cameron, of the Merchants' Bank, returned to Halifax on Monday. Mr. Cameron spent his vacation fishing on the Stewiacke river.

ANNAPOLIS. [Process is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. C. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Aitce, at the Royal Drug Store.] JUNE 20.—Mrs. Donnelly, who many remember as Miss Mary Milledge, spent a few days here last week. She was accompanied by her son and daughter and is on her way to South Africa.

Miss Barr, who has been abroad for nearly two years, returned home on Saturday and was warmly welcomed by her many friends. Mr. Edward Robinson is visiting Dr. Robinson. A marriage which was of interest to Annapolis took place in Diaby a few days ago, when Miss Madeline Leckie, formerly of this place, was united to Mr. Jan de Dumas of Chateaufort. The bride is a grand daughter of the late Dr. Leslie. The good wishes of many friends go with the happy couple.

Miss Eleanor Whitman, arrived yesterday to spend some weeks with friends. Mr. A. D. Hewat spent Sunday in town. Telephone connection has been made with Lequille which will no doubt be very convenient to persons living out of town. A cricket club has been formed by a number of the young men who meet for practice in the Garrison on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

GRANVILLE FERRY. [Process is for sale at Granville Ferry by W. A. Irvine.] JUNE 19.—Mr. John Irvine is home from Halifax, spending his vacation. Mr. Will Rhodes and Miss Dearness, of Bridgetown, were in the village on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Elias Messinger, of Paradise, spent Sunday with Mr. H. W. Messinger and family. Mr. Charles Schaefer, of Chateaufort, was in town on Saturday and Sunday.

Granville Ferry boys are to be congratulated for the energetic steps they have taken in forming a baseball and cricket club. The president of the club is Rev. A. Aitce. Everything points to success. Mrs. E. Knowles is home from Lynn. His wife is expected home from California soon, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Croscup.

In war, it is a name, not an army. In politics, it is a name, not a mob. In commerce it is preeminently a name for peculiar distinction. The name of a gown is associated with the manufacture of the dress fabric, as Worth is associated with the cut of a gown. Freestly's fabrics are now sold in Canada by first class dealers. They are made of wool and wool silk, and are distinguished by an exquisite richness of texture and a beautiful draping quality. Ladies should ask for Freestly's dress fabrics. The trade mark is "The Varied Board" on which the goods are rolled.

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

CORSET. AT \$2.90 PAIR.

White French until, and Black French Sateen, with Whalbone. 9 to 26 inch.

Corset.

AND INFANTS SAUX

Wash

'S

WINDSOR, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles'...

June 19.—On Friday evening Miss Lizette Smith...

Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas....

Some of the prettiest dresses were: Miss Macdonald...

Miss Dora, pink silk with green puff sleeves...

Rev. Mr. Hemmison, of Dartmouth, has been here...

There have been some delightful boating parties...

Mrs. Alloway, of Springhill, is the guest of Mr....

Mrs. H. W. Gilmore, of St. John, was here for...

Mrs. Barrell, of Shelburne, was in town today, on...

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

June 20.—Mrs. Watson has returned from a pleasant...

Miss Masad Crozier and Mrs. deBalchard returned...

Mr. I. Hagar, of New York, is on his annual vacation...

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mount Clair, New Jersey, are...

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell spent a few days in Canby...

Mrs. Armstrong, of St. John, came over to attend the...

Dr. Armstrong, of Newport, is in town on matters political...

Mr. W. A. Gilbert, of New Brunswick, is spending a...

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harley went to Windsor on Monday...

Judge Savary, of Annapolis, was in town this week...

Mrs. Frost, of Westport, and little daughter, are...

Mrs. Copp, of Amherst, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. J. S. Copp...

Saturday at 2 p. m. Trinity church was thronged...

The church was headed by the band, marched to Trinity...

Mrs. A. Douglas Daley and Miss Grace Guppie were...

Mrs. Helen Brown left Monday on a visit to Cape Breton...

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cahon, of Halifax, have been spending...

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Music the performances of Miss Katie McLean and...

Mr. John A. Longworth returned from Halifax on Monday...

Mrs. Frank R. Brantford, and her little daughter, were...

There were numerous other handsome costumes that I...

Mr. Frank Woods and Mrs. Percy Lud gave a five o'clock...

Next Saturday Mrs. George J. Clark and Mrs. Hasan Grimmer...

Mr. Benjamin Rodgers crossed to Point de Chene yesterday...

Mrs. Louis H. Davies has gone to Windsor for closing of the...

Mrs. William B. Galt gave a pleasant musical on Friday...

There were a number of guests, many of whom are...

Mr. George Carter has returned from Boston and New York...

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Post, arrived...

Mr. Fred C. Demoreux, Montreal, was at the "Davies" on...

CAMPBELLTON. [Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of...

June 19.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. William, of Bass River, N. S.,...

Mr. Wilson intends returning home this week, while Mrs....

Mr. L. S. Morse is visiting friends in Bridgetown...

Mrs. Wood spent a few days in Annapolis last week...

Judge Savary was in town this week. Mrs. Frost, of Westport,...

Mrs. Copp, of Amherst, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. J. S. Copp...

Saturday at 2 p. m. Trinity church was thronged with people...

The church was headed by the band, marched to Trinity church...

Mrs. A. Douglas Daley and Miss Grace Guppie were in town...

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[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

June 14.—Mr. Racco, inspector of the Merchants' Bank, spent...

Rev. J. B. Campbell left on Monday for St. John.

Miss Wheeler, of New York, is the guest of Miss Millie Pater.

Miss Wheeler, of St. John, spent several days with the...

Colonel Stevens has returned home from England.

Miss Harrington returned from Moncton on Monday.

Mr. Turner returned to his home in Boston, on Wednesday.

Hon. H. R. Emerson and Mrs. Emerson went to St. John, on Monday.

Mrs. Kuller is spending a few days in St. John. Mrs. Robt's...

Mrs. Robt's gave one of her charming little parties on Monday...

Mrs. Hazen Chapman, went to Covedale on Monday, to spend a...

There last evening quite a number of parties within the last...

Mrs. J. Teed gave a pleasant musical on Monday. Mrs. H. Palmer...

Mrs. H. Palmer and Mrs. B. Palmer had small but pleasant...

Mr. Willard Wilbur entertained a few friends at his residence...

Mr. Mary Robinson, of St. John, spent a few days with her...

Mrs. G. W. Chandler, of St. John, spent Wednesday at Mrs. G. W. Chandler's...

The Misses Backhouse, entertained a few of their lady friends...

Mr. C. Bayre, of Richibucto, spent a few days in town. Judge...

Judge Wedderburn is in town. Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, M. P., and...

Mr. Reid, of Moncton, spent Saturday in Dorchester on business.

Mrs. G. W. Chandler left on Saturday to spend a few days in...

Things of Value. First Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read...

Second Bunco man—"What is it?" First Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava...

Third Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

Fourth Bunco man—"What is it?" Third Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava..."

Fifth Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

Sixth Bunco man—"What is it?" Fifth Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava..."

Seventh Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

Eighth Bunco man—"What is it?" Seventh Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava..."

Ninth Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

Tenth Bunco man—"What is it?" Ninth Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava..."

Eleventh Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

Twelfth Bunco man—"What is it?" Eleventh Bunco man—"A guest at the hotel Tapicava..."

Thirteenth Bunco man—"It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that."

MAGNET SOAP. This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries. For sale by grocers everywhere. J. T. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER; 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Bicycles. Brantford Bicycles, New Designs. We have received a shipment of the above Bicycles. They are entirely new in every particular combining all the best features of this year's patents. Elegant in Design and Perfect in Workmanship. Every wheel is Guaranteed. Call and see them or send for catalogue. BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. PRICES RIGHT. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. G. A. OULTON, Special Agent. JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., MANUFACTURER OF FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Card of Thanks. THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to thank his friends and customers and patrons in general for the liberal patronage extended to him during the past three years on Prince Wm. street, in the restaurant business. He would now invite the attention of his patrons to his NEW AND COMMODIOUS APARTMENTS on Charlotte St., Next the T. M. C. A. where, with increased facilities, he is now prepared to suit the most fastidious and cater to the demands of the most exacting epicure.

Your Wife would like a bottle of GRODOR'S. Buy it for her. It will do her good. IT IS A DIGESTIVE AID. IT IS A MILD REGULATOR. Many "first families" keep it in the house for every kind of Stomach Disorder. Most all Druggists sell it at \$1.00 PER BOTTLE, or Six Bottles \$5.00. Guaranteed.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST. Adam's Root Beer Extract... one bottle Fleischmann's Yeast... half a cask Sugar... two pounds Lukewarm Water... two gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons. PILGRIM PANTS. \$3.00 A PAIR. Pilgrim Suits, \$11, \$12, \$13. We also make to order OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up. FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up. D. & S. BROOK and PRINCE ALBERT, FULL DRESS SUIT. THE PILGRIM PANTS CO'Y, 38 Mill St., St. John, N. B. or P. O. Box 200. DISSOLUTION. THE FIRM OF J. E. ARMSTRONG & BRO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent of the partners. J. E. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 3, 94.

Lang's Restaurant, CHARLOTTE STREET, R. J. LANG, Mgr. PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

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ORSET.

AT \$2.90 PAIR.

White French until, and Black French Sateen, with Whalbone. 9 to 26 inch.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894.

NOVA SCOTIA'S ATHENS.

TRURO CLAIMS THIS DISTINCTION AND UPHOLDS IT

In Some Ways—A Sketch of Three of Her Ministers—Their Good Qualities and Their Peculiarities—Of Commercial and Studious Tastes.

TRURO June 21.—Truro, has been called the Athens of Nova Scotia. Its citizens pride themselves that they live not only in a most beautiful town, but that Truronians are the most intelligent community in the province. Society there is rather well too, and the attempt is often made in some quarters here to outdo Halifax, the capital, in the matter of exclusiveness. Yes, we here in Truro are proud of our town, of its wealth, of the intelligence of its people, proud of ourselves. There is one thing more, we are proud of some of our ministers. That word "some" is used advisedly, because the people of Truro are tired of one or two occupants of prominent pulpits. The purpose of this letter is not to show that they are tired of one more than another. The reader is free to come to any conclusion he thinks the facts warrant; all PROGRESS will attempt is to state a few of the more salient truths.

Eccelesiastically considered, Truro's population is largely presbyterian. It takes three churches to accommodate the followers of John Knox in the thriving town. Rev. John Robbins is pastor of the first presbyterian church; Rev. Thomas Cumming ministers to the congregation of St. Andrew's, and Rev. A. L. Geggie is the minister in St. Paul's church.

Rev. Mr. Robbins is pastor of the oldest church, and is therefore entitled to priority in this notice of the three clerics. He is stout, looks as though he lived well, and as if the care of souls weighed not too heavily on his heart. He can preach a good sermon, the main essential in a presbyterian minister. Almost equally prominent with the spirituality or lack of it, in Mr. Robbins' make-up, is his business push and enterprise outside his church. If he sees a chance to make an honest dollar, in a way not unbecoming a minister, he will take it, and he has taken such opportunities. Mr. Robbins has long been known to hold an agency for the sale of trans-Atlantic tickets and other tickels, and he was in a peculiarly good position to make the business pay, for he is in close touch with many arts and divinity students and with fellow ministers. Many a ticket has he sold to theological students bound for a post-graduate course in Edinburgh or elsewhere. His advantages were such that he needed not to pay for advertisements; all he had to do was to pass the word quietly around that he could do as well in the ticket agent line for customers as any one in the business, and a certain amount of patronage was sure to come to him. He sold many tickets. Generally the business was mutually satisfactory, but occasionally it was not. Instances are related where Mr. Robbins sold tickets at a substantial discount rather than lose trade, but the purchasers found after reaching New York on their way to Europe, that the balance deducted had to be paid at the steamer before a berth could be secured. The knowledge of this had some ill effects on trade, and more recently divinity students, bound to Edinburgh have gone elsewhere than to Mr. Robbins for their tickets. The fact that their minister was on such a money-making lay as the ticket business has not helped Mr. Robbins in the eyes of the congregation of the first presbyterian church, but, taken with some other peculiarities about him, has caused a little quiet talk. As an advance agent for Mr. Mountford, the Palestine lecturer, Mr. Robbins was not a success, at least the lecturer herself did not think so. Mr. Robbins looks more a man of the world than of the church, but whether his people are tired of him or not, it is hardly the function of PROGRESS to say. The congregation can speak for itself in its own way.

Rev. Thomas Cumming, of St. Andrew's church, is an entirely different type of man. He possesses among his brethren in the ministry the scholarly proclivity of the denomination. He is quite willing for them and for his people to think of him as lost in his books, as deep in the abstractions of theology. He would prefer that people should think him digging and delving for some hidden truth, no matter of how little practical value it may be, than to suppose him engaged in some act of pastoral benevolence or genuine christian philanthropy. If a stranger saw Dr. Cumming on the street he would know from the far-away look in his eye that he was a student. That is just the impression Mr. Cumming would best of all like one to have of him. Yet, strange to say, this intense study does not show particularly strong in his sermons. Many of Mr. Cumming's fellow preachers who make far less ostentatious pretensions as students, deliver brighter and more profound discourses, and find time too, to exemplify their preaching in acts of practical benevolence. The fame of Mr. Cumming's

love for his study has gone beyond Truro; how he idolizes his "Sanctum," and how every department of his work is made subservient to the hours he must spend with his books. Mr. Cumming's love for the study is not reflected in extraordinary love for his own pulpit. No minister in Truro is so ready to exchange with a brother cleric at home or abroad, and thus secure the privilege of re-preaching an old sermon. How Mr. Cumming puts in his time in that study of his is what his people can't find out. He certainly is not solely engaged preparing new sermons. A joke with the congregation of St. Andrew's is: "The stranger is to preach today," meaning that they expect the services of their own pastor.

A brother presbyterian minister, at personal inconvenience, came up from Halifax some time ago to hold a week-day service lecture for Mr. Cumming. The service was held, and, tired and late, the city minister went to bed in Mr. Cumming's manse. A cast-iron rule there is that every member of his family, and inmate of his house, must be ready to sit down to breakfast at 7, and be ready for family prayers thereafter at 7.45 sharp. That over, Mr. Cumming makes a bee-line for his study, where he remains till noon. The Halifax minister, on this occasion, was roused from sleep in the morning long before he wished to rise, but he knew the rule and rushed down stairs as soon as possible. Family prayers followed breakfast, and then Mr. Cumming disappeared into his study and locked the door. Hardly a word had been exchanged after the meal with the visiting clergyman, who was left to find his way as best he might, alone and unthanked, to the railway station.

On another occasion Mr. Cumming was told that a member of his congregation was very ill, and that she wanted to see him. But the study securely held the minister till noon, and when in the afternoon he went to make his sick call, Mr. Cumming found the poor woman dead. The congregation of St. Andrew's hear their pastor so seldom, and see him so infrequently, that it is hard for an outsider to say whether they can be tired of him or not. Paradoxical as it is, they are most undoubtedly rather "tired" in one sense at least. Too much "abstraction" and too little of the practical are not reliable.

Rev. A. L. Geggie is the youngest presbyterian of the trio. The congregation of St. Paul's are certainly not tired of him. Mr. Geggie is hard-working, impetuous and warm-hearted. He preaches faithfully, and fears not to call a spade a spade. He is a Scotchman, who had the misfortune to lose an arm, but he can do more work in a given time than many ministers with two. There was a time when his friends feared that Mr. Geggie would get into trouble with the church for rash theological views, but that dangerous day has gone past long ago.

PROGRESS readers are now fairly well acquainted with the three presbyterian ministers of Truro, who, after all, perhaps do their very best to advance the interests of religion and of their denomination in this town.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

How Either "Either" or "Neither" is (or are) Apt to be Confusing.

It was a warm, sultry night, and the mosquitoes were buzzing about in the humid air. The stars seemed blurred and milky, and the leaves scarcely rustled. In the faint flicker of the library lamp sat two men looking fondly upon two glasses of white wine, awaiting impatiently the moment at which the ice should get them somewhere near zero.

Finally the host said: "I guess they're sufficiently cold now; help yourself." And the other replied, in a preoccupied way: "Which shall I take?" "Either," said the host. Thereupon the guest, with a broad, seraphic smile, took both glasses from the table and emptied them. This took the host's breath away, and he said, with an injured air: "I told you to take either; does either mean both?" "Sometimes it does," replied the guest. "I always supposed it to mean one or the other, and nothing else," said the host. "Do you believe in Thackeray as a writer of English?" asked the guest. "Most assuredly!" "Well, then, you may remember that in one of his novels he speaks of a garden path which had a hedge of box upon either side?" "Yes."

"Well, now, when he said there was a box hedge upon either side of the path, which side do you suppose it was on?" "Why, on both sides, of course."

"Precisely," replied the guest; "and that is just why I thought I was entitled to both glasses of wine, when you said I might have either. I only wanted to teach you a little lesson in English."

And then the host refilled the glasses, and drank them alone—to the fragrant memory of Thackeray, and the wonderful elusiveness of the English language.

Farmer's Boy—"Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become secretary of agriculture?"

Old Farmer—"Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farming."

ASTRA WILL NOT VOTE

THOUGH SHE DID ONCE SIGN A PETITION FOR WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

But That was When She Had been Taking Medicine for a Headache—That was How She Chanced to Fall from Grace, Like a Ward Politician.

Woman suffrage—the all important question of whether lovely woman shall be free to elbow her natural enemy man away from the very stronghold of his power, the invariable fortress within which he has entrenched himself for ages—the ballot box—and have a voice in the destinies of nations; or be elected to stay at home and mind the children; seems to be one of the burning issues of the day! an issue which fairly sizzles and bubbles, in its pent up fury, and occasionally finds relief in spouts of boiling eloquence on the part of its votaries which rival the far famed geysers of Iceland, both in height and temperature.

In fact, I believe that the subject of woman suffrage is now considered too inflammable for general discussion in the best circles of society. And the extent and strength of this feeling could scarcely have been better illustrated than it has at the half yearly convention of the General Federation of women's clubs, which was held last week in Philadelphia; when two such leading lights of the federation as its president, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, decided that the great question of woman suffrage, which is now agitating society, should not be discussed, or even alluded to in any way at the convention, as it was "not advisable to make discord by bringing up the question of political equality."

Now I am far from wishing to disregard the rules laid down by such distinguished women, by dragging the vexed question of political equality into the columns of PROGRESS, or forcing my views upon its readers; but since all the shining lights amongst my literary contemporaries seem to be taking sides on the subject, I feel that so distinguished a person in the world of literature as the editor of PROGRESS' woman's page cannot afford to be silent in such stirring times.

I have already given my opinion on the question of the ballot, in such decided terms that I need scarcely repeat them. I don't want to vote myself, and with truly feminine narrowmindedness, I cannot understand why anyone else should hunger for the privilege, so I have nothing new to say on the subject. But as my name, in company with hundreds of others, graced the pages of a petition which was recently presented to the powers that be, at Fredericton, praying to have the franchise extended to our sex; it may interest some of my readers to hear how I happened to fall from grace and change my views as suddenly as a ward politician.

I had a terrible headache that afternoon! I am so often afflicted in that way that I don't mind it much, but on this particular occasion I had set my heart on going to a concert, and the headache bade fair to interfere, so I turned to the cup which sealed cheer, but frequently inebriates—antipyrine—and took a double dose! After a short, but fierce encounter, in which the antipyrine came off second best, and left the headache still in possession of the field, I took another double dose without waiting the prescribed half hour, lay down on the sofa and awaited results. This time the drug triumphed, and I began to feel delightfully comfortable; and the throbbing in my head ceased, and though it seemed to have moved down to my heart, which was pounding against my ribs in heavy but decreasing beats, I did not mind that in the least, and was rapidly becoming oblivious of everything in the world, when a member of the family found me, noticed that I was breathing heavily and shook me vigorously back to enough sense to enable me to explain the situation and ask for a stimulant at once.

The only stimulant of the house happened to be gin of the purest quality, and strongest timbre, and with that I was speedily revived from the heavy stupor which had overcome me; and not a moment too soon, I believe, as my pulse had really stopped.

I have never been quite certain whether I should attribute what followed to the overdose of antipyrine or a too free indulgence in the juice of the juniper berry, working on an enfeebled intellect, but before my mind had regained its accustomed vigor, or my tongue its usual free action, a lady called to see me on urgent business. I had never chanced to meet her before, though she lived in the same city, but she was a very attractive person and I liked to look at her, so I listened to all she said, though she seemed to be talking from a great distance, and I understood dimly that she wanted me to sign a petition, the effect of which was to obtain legislation extending the suffrage of women. I said weakly, that I did not want to vote, and would rather not put the legislature to any trouble on my account; but my visitor replied that we were only asking for equal rights, and inquired whether I did not think women who did the same work as men,

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I have never been quite certain whether I should attribute what followed to the overdose of antipyrine or a too free indulgence in the juice of the juniper berry, working on an enfeebled intellect, but before my mind had regained its accustomed vigor, or my tongue its usual free action, a lady called to see me on urgent business. I had never chanced to meet her before, though she lived in the same city, but she was a very attractive person and I liked to look at her, so I listened to all she said, though she seemed to be talking from a great distance, and I understood dimly that she wanted me to sign a petition, the effect of which was to obtain legislation extending the suffrage of women. I said weakly, that I did not want to vote, and would rather not put the legislature to any trouble on my account; but my visitor replied that we were only asking for equal rights, and inquired whether I did not think women who did the same work as men,

love for his study has gone beyond Truro; how he idolizes his "Sanctum," and how every department of his work is made subservient to the hours he must spend with his books. Mr. Cumming's love for the study is not reflected in extraordinary love for his own pulpit. No minister in Truro is so ready to exchange with a brother cleric at home or abroad, and thus secure the privilege of re-preaching an old sermon. How Mr. Cumming puts in his time in that study of his is what his people can't find out. He certainly is not solely engaged preparing new sermons. A joke with the congregation of St. Andrew's is: "The stranger is to preach today," meaning that they expect the services of their own pastor.

A brother presbyterian minister, at personal inconvenience, came up from Halifax some time ago to hold a week-day service lecture for Mr. Cumming. The service was held, and, tired and late, the city minister went to bed in Mr. Cumming's manse. A cast-iron rule there is that every member of his family, and inmate of his house, must be ready to sit down to breakfast at 7, and be ready for family prayers thereafter at 7.45 sharp. That over, Mr. Cumming makes a bee-line for his study, where he remains till noon. The Halifax minister, on this occasion, was roused from sleep in the morning long before he wished to rise, but he knew the rule and rushed down stairs as soon as possible. Family prayers followed breakfast, and then Mr. Cumming disappeared into his study and locked the door. Hardly a word had been exchanged after the meal with the visiting clergyman, who was left to find his way as best he might, alone and unthanked, to the railway station.

On another occasion Mr. Cumming was told that a member of his congregation was very ill, and that she wanted to see him. But the study securely held the minister till noon, and when in the afternoon he went to make his sick call, Mr. Cumming found the poor woman dead. The congregation of St. Andrew's hear their pastor so seldom, and see him so infrequently, that it is hard for an outsider to say whether they can be tired of him or not. Paradoxical as it is, they are most undoubtedly rather "tired" in one sense at least. Too much "abstraction" and too little of the practical are not reliable.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

How Either "Either" or "Neither" is (or are) Apt to be Confusing.

It was a warm, sultry night, and the mosquitoes were buzzing about in the humid air. The stars seemed blurred and milky, and the leaves scarcely rustled. In the faint flicker of the library lamp sat two men looking fondly upon two glasses of white wine, awaiting impatiently the moment at which the ice should get them somewhere near zero.

Finally the host said: "I guess they're sufficiently cold now; help yourself." And the other replied, in a preoccupied way: "Which shall I take?" "Either," said the host. Thereupon the guest, with a broad, seraphic smile, took both glasses from the table and emptied them. This took the host's breath away, and he said, with an injured air: "I told you to take either; does either mean both?" "Sometimes it does," replied the guest. "I always supposed it to mean one or the other, and nothing else," said the host. "Do you believe in Thackeray as a writer of English?" asked the guest. "Most assuredly!" "Well, then, you may remember that in one of his novels he speaks of a garden path which had a hedge of box upon either side?" "Yes."

"Well, now, when he said there was a box hedge upon either side of the path, which side do you suppose it was on?" "Why, on both sides, of course."

"Precisely," replied the guest; "and that is just why I thought I was entitled to both glasses of wine, when you said I might have either. I only wanted to teach you a little lesson in English."

And then the host refilled the glasses, and drank them alone—to the fragrant memory of Thackeray, and the wonderful elusiveness of the English language.

Farmer's Boy—"Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become secretary of agriculture?"

Old Farmer—"Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farming."

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With White Bodies and Colored Fronts and Cuffs. This Season are... Fine Gingham Shirts in plain, delicate shades of Blue and Pink. Regatta Shirts with Collars attached and Pleated Fronts. White Shirts with Collars attached and Pleated Fronts. The new Overlap Back White Shirt.

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The Prize List and the Programme of the Closing Exercises at Edgell.

Considerable interest has been manifested among patrons of Edgell in the music department, and the success of Miss Manners, whose services the lady principal, Miss Mackin, secured in England last September, together with those of Miss Hunter and Miss Ashworth.

These ladies have raised the reputation of Windsor's school, and among the 72 pupils taking music lessons there during the past year, very notable improvement and excellence was well manifested on Tuesday last, the closing day. A further addition is to be made in September next in the person of Miss Manners' sister, who has been secured by Miss Mackin. The Synods of the Diocese of Fredericton and Nova Scotia are the patrons of this school, and this year it has had ninety pupils to proclaim its success. The calendar just published is a work of art, and gives every information needed.

Following is the programme of Tuesday's exercises and the list of prize winners:

Piano Duet—Processional March—S. Clarke Misses Fowler and Sadler. Piano Solo—Miserere—H. Liszt. Paderewski German Recitation—Miss M. Leckie. Misses G. Price and M. Corbett. Piano Duet—Overture to the Mademoiselle—Garrit Misses I. Dowdell and H. Sinclair. Vocal Duet—"The Angel"—Rubinstein Misses McMillan and W. Colton. Piano Solo—Fugue Op. 10, No. 3—Beethoven Miss M. Leckie. Violin Duet—Romance and Allegretto—Pleyel Misses E. F. Bowman and S. Peppert. Part Song—"Good Night"—Leslie Piano Solo—Romance in Eb—Rubinstein Miss M. Leckie. English Recitation—(by request)—Miss M. Leckie. Misses M. Barker, M. Bigelow, A. Mahon and Cantata—"The Harvest Moon"—Franz Abt

PRIZE LIST FOR YEAR ENDING JUNE 19, 1894. THE SCHOOL PRIZES—Senior Class—"The Gold Star"—Second Senior Class—Silver Star—Annie Mahon. Third Senior Class—Silver Star—Margaret Corbett. Fourth Class—Mary Gilpin. Fourth Class—Florence Johns.

THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA'S PRIZES—Gold Medal—For Knowledge of the History of the Church of England—Mary Bigelow. Silver Medal—For Faithfulness in School Duties—Ellen Douglas. THE REV. CANON BACON'S PRIZES—For Proficiency in English Church History—Constance Winslow.

PRIZES FROM MEMBERS OF THE SYNOD OF FREDERICTON—Senior Grade—For Bible Lessons, \$15.00—Mary Bigelow; For Prayer Book Lessons, \$10.00—Margaret Leckie. Middle Grade—For Bible Lessons, \$5.00—Margaret Corbett. Junior Grade—For Bible Lessons, \$5.00—Lucy Poole and Margaret Parker; For Prayer Book Lessons, \$5.00—Margaret Silver.

Mrs. COVINGTON'S PRIZES FOR PLAIN NEEDLEWORK—Book—Madeline Barker and Gertrude Townsend. Miss LILLIE MACKIN'S PRIZES—Books—Louisa Jack and Mary Wallace. THE LADY PRINCIPAL'S PRIZES FOR THE BEST HOME MAKER—Third Class—Margaret Corbett. Fourth Class—Mary Gilpin and Mary Haley. GIVEN AT THE SCHOOL ON JUNE 19, 1894. FRENCH PRIZE—Constance Winslow. Music Prize—Hilda Irvine. FAVORITE PRIZES—Anna Stearns. DRAWING PRIZES—Ethel Davies.

HIRING JEWELS FOR BALLS. A New York Establishment Does a Large Trade in This Line.

A flourishing establishment in New York derives most of its income from lending jewellery on hire, instead of selling it outright, to women who cannot afford to buy. The business is a perfectly legitimate one. Only a fair amount of interest is charged for the use of the goods, and nothing is ever attempted in the way of deceiving customers as to the actual value of the jewellery they hire. You can go to this shop and get a watch set with turquoise, to wear on the front of your new electric blue gown, and you can keep the watch as long as you please by paying the rate of interest agreed upon when you take possession of it. Of course you must pay a deposit amounting to the full value of the turquoise bauble before you take it out of the shop, but when you go back with it all the money will be refunded except the small sum charged for its use. It is so with diamonds and rings. Insect the whole list and category of jewellery might be included. On the night of a large ball the shop will be nearly cleared of its rentable stock. But by next noon everything is returned, and the jewels, newly polished and glittering as ever, are back in their own cases waiting for their next hiring out.

Kind old lady (in admiration)—"What a noble lad you are to reason that poor animal from those cruel boys!" Lamey, the Kidd—"Dys 'tink I'm gon' to let dem geezers chase away der only stray dog dere's bin on der block for a week, an' der bull-dog at Casey's coal-yard jist sp'illin' fer a scrap?"

THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS. The "Closing" of a Highly Successful Year for that Institution. The Collegiate school, at the end of its 10th year, has contributed its full share to the gaieties of cancrina week. Windsor has been full of visitors from all parts of the maritime provinces since last Saturday, and it was no surprise that the gymnasium, with annex and balcony, was crowded with spectators at the concert and theatricals given on Tuesday night. The programme is good enough to reprint in extenso:—

At 8 p. m. Duet, Violin and Piano—"Rosamonde"—Schubert M. Bernhard Walter, Miss Harvey. Followed by the Comedietta, by Thyre Smith.

"A HAPPY PAIR." Mr. G. M. Acklam. Piano Solo—"Barcarolle"—Rubinstein Miss Bertha Harvey. Song—"Oh! Oh! Hear the Wild Winds Blow"—Matti

Flute Solo—"Good Night"—Kepler Sergeant Cunningham. Song—"An Old Love Dream"—Denasa Madama Walker. Violin Solo—"Legende"—Wienianski M. Bernhard Walter.

At 9:30 p. m. The Farce, by Frank Marshall, "MAD AS A HATTER."

Mr. Crotchetty Fuzleton, (A gentleman with ideas on moral force over mental aberration). Mr. G. M. Acklam. Charles Harebrain, (His Nephew, victim of the above ideas). G. S. Hensley Dr. Anson, (The great expounder of "Anatomy") C. de Vere Dr. Wye Zed, (P. R. C. S., the author of "Con- tinent of Imbecility"). H. G. Fuller Mr. Bab, (Author of "Nothing at All"). J. Besonetti Fanny Fuzleton, (F. H. Arnold Maria Jane, (Her Maid). T. A. Davies God Save the Queen.

MOTHERS.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

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

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

No. 25.

Opening of the Session of 1860—The Common Council of St. John—Who Should Appoint the Civic Officers?—Railways Again—Estimates for the Year—Book Stealing from the Legislative Library—Sharp Accusations—Invitation to the Prince of Wales to Visit the Province—The whole Management Finally Left with the Government.

SESSION OF 1860.

The Legislative Session for this year opened on the 9th February. About this time news reached us from Nova Scotia of the defeat of the Johnson (Conservative) Government by two votes only—the division stood 28 to 26. The leader of the opposition was Wm. Young, Esq. (late Sir Wm., afterwards Chief Justice.) The Government accordingly resigned, and Mr. Young was called upon by His Excellency to form a new one.



MR. J. W. LAWRENCE.

On the 11th Mr. Lawrence, (New Brunswick), introduced eight bills from the Common Council of St. John. The Attorney General complained that the Legislature was besieged every Session by bundles of bills for St. John, and argued that the Corporation should be vested with power to control their own local affairs; he stigmatized the present system as monstrous. Mr. Waters thought it better to have the various Bills published in the St. John morning papers, as it would be a saving of time and a satisfaction to the house. Mr. R. D. Wilmot was opposed to vesting any further power in the Corporation, and affirmed that the Common Council did not, nor never did represent the feeling of the City of St. John, and declared his intention of opposing every measure tending to increase the taxes of the City. Mr. Tilley was in favor of extending the powers of the Corporation, and it such was the case the citizens would take more interest in choosing their civil officers.

[The Common Council are still amenable (1894) to the Legislature for any action to be taken. The Recorder and members of the Police are appointed outside of the Council, as in former years when the Mayor was likewise appointed by the Executive. No opinion is expressed here whether or not a change in these respects is desirable. But it is a noteworthy fact that in his Message to the Common Council of the City of New York (1883), the Mayor attributed most of the difficulties in civic matters to State Legislation, while the City is Democratic, the Legislature is Republican, and therefore there must naturally be considered party friction. However, the respective cases are not altogether analogous.]

On the 14th a long discussion took place upon Railway matters, in which Mr. Lawrence was the mover and chief central figure, and held his own with much force and ability against some of the ablest men in the House. This Railway business had of late years been brought prominently forward, and an immense deal of talk followed. The subject matter, however, is not of sufficient importance to show the arguments used, or the cause of them, as Railroads are now established, and therefore no precedents require to be put on record.

On the 28th of February the Provincial Secretary brought down the Estimates for the year and delivered his budget speech. The amount of money required for the ordinary service was £195,128 13s. 10d., and the estimated available amount is £105,507 19s. 11d. Some of the ordinary items provided for are somewhat curious—for instance, £250 for revolutionary pensioners. These old heroes were considered at the time (1860) to be very long lived. As the revolutionary war terminated in 1783, if a person was 17 years old at the time, these Pensioners must have been about 94 years of age. It is presumed that when Confederation took place in 1867, this Pension List must have been cut off.

On the 3rd March, the attention of the House was directed to the Legislative Library management. Mr. Smith (late Sir Albert) said that a large number of books were missing from the Library, and no one was responsible for them. Mr. Gray said he had been informed that 300 volumes were missing, and 44 sets broken. Mr. Hanington thought the Library Com-

mittee should take some action upon the matter, in order to remedy the evil; and he was sure the House would sustain them. Mr. Gilmour thought that the Library was a standing monument to the extravagance of the country; he thought there should be a strict supervision over the Library, as he observed that all of the best information was out of the Library, and he thought the people of Fredericton got the full benefit of them; he noticed that some volumes from the Library were used for propping up windows, &c. Considerable time was occupied in talking about the affair; the general feeling of the House was that there should be a complete revision in the management; the majority of the members also expressed full confidence in Mr. Needham, (father of the late W. H.) as Librarian, but thought that the duties were too onerous for so aged a man, and recommended that one or two assistants should be furnished him. [It used to be a notorious fact—I do not know how it is of late years—that members carried volumes with them to their homes on prorogation, and generally failed to return them. When the first volume of "Political Notes" was published, a copy was placed in the Library, but it too disappeared—another and another volume placed there also went in the same fashion—so that the Library today is without a book which of all others should be on its shelves. Another volume might be presented provided the Library Committee would be willing to chain it to one of the tables—although I am inclined to believe that this sin of petty pilfering passed away with former Houses, and so the prayers of the Chaplain have not been in vain.]

On the 19th of March the Attorney-General moved a resolution to the effect that an invitation be extended to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to visit this Province. He said that it was the intention of His Royal Highness to visit Canada during the ensuing summer, and the idea is to induce him to extend his visit to us. Mr. Fisher supported the resolution in a speech that occupied three-quarters of an hour in delivery. Mr. Brown would support the resolution, if the expenses were paid by subscription; he was willing to contribute as much for that object as any other man, considering his circumstances, but would oppose the expenses being paid out of the Province Chest. Mr. End hoped we would not let our hearts get the better of our heads; he concurred with every word that had fallen from the Surveyor General; the Province was in debt, and he did not think it advisable to incur any additional expenses for any such object; he did not wish to throw cold water upon the movement, but was afraid the expense likely to be incurred would be greater than the present state of our finances would warrant. Hon. Mr. Tilley spoke at length in favor, during which he remarked that, considering the matter in a financial point of view, he thought it would be a benefit to the Province. His Royal Highness would be invited to open the railway, and this fact being made known thousands upon thousands would flock to see him, and it would be impossible to calculate the indirect benefit that would result from this visit. He was confident that the people of this Province would cheerfully comply with and sustain their representatives in voting for a grant for this object. He felt sure that his constituents would censure him should he vote against extending an invitation to go distinguished a personage—his visit would be a lasting honor to our country,—he was satisfied that upon his arrival in St. John, there would be a loyal demonstration, such as was never witnessed in the City before; he thought he would visit Miramichi, and during his stay in the Province, he would make the Government House his headquarters. During his visit thousands of American subjects would come to our Province to embrace this opportunity of seeing the future Sovereign of the British Empire. If there was a Sovereign in the world that the Americans loved it was Queen Victoria, and they also felt a deep interest in her successor. Mr. McLellan thought it would not be advisable to incur a large expense for the purpose of entertaining His Royal Highness, as we are engaged in the construction of great public works and could not well spare so large an amount as would be required for this purpose. Mr. Lawrence said he would cheerfully vote for inviting His Royal Highness, but he would object to granting a large amount for his entertainment, in fact he was not prepared to trust the Government with the expenditure of so large a sum as £5,000, which some had calculated the visit would cost us; he was willing that the Government should do the inviting, but he would leave the entertaining part to the discretion of the people at large. Mr. Hanington made a lengthy speech; he said he would be happy to have the Prince visit our Province, but did not like to incur the expense. Mr. Kerr also expressed himself against appropriating so large an amount for such a purpose; he did not like

to tax the people who would never see His Royal Highness, and he thought that if any benefit would accrue from the visit it would be confined to a few. Mr. Grey made a lengthy speech in support of the resolution of the Attorney General. He was glad to see him take so bold a stand, he was sure we would derive material benefits from the visit, it would be the means of making our country favourably known in the latter land; he ridiculed the idea of sending around a subscription list to raise money for the entertainment of England's future Sovereign, and protested against it being in accordance with the views of the loyal people of this country, to hand their future Sovereign over to the tender mercies of a subscription list; and went on to show that if expenditure in connection with his visit amounted to over £1000, it would not be over 1s. a head for each inhabitant in the Province; and he felt confident there was not a poor laboring man in the country, but would cheerfully pay over that amount for the attainment of the object in view. If the question was to be narrowed down to a matter of pounds, shillings and pence, he was sure the people would cheerfully comply with the expense; and humorously remarked that if the matter was brought under the notice of the people of the United States, they for the credit of America would immediately raise the required amount. After four hours had been consumed in the discussion, the matter was finally left with the Government to make all necessary provision. During the following Session of 1861, the Accounts in connection with the affair were laid before the House, amounting to the snug little sum of \$39,632—whereupon Mr. Connell rose and remarked about the extravagance exhibited throughout. Other hon. gentlemen tore their hair, and made terrible faces, but finally swallowed the whole dose. So much for His Royal Highness' visit to New Brunswick in 1860.

On the 9th April His Excellency closed the Session in a short speech. The next article will be devoted altogether to the visit of the Prince of Wales to this Province, and will contain matters in connection therewith, that have never yet been published. Portraits will appear of His Royal Highness, of that period—also of the Mayors of St. John (T. McAvity, Esq.) and of Fredericton (James S. Book, Esq.)—altogether a history of this great event worth preserving.

THEY WEAR NOTHING ELSE.

But the Natives of Nicobar have a Great Fancy for Old Top Hats.

One of the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands is a passion for old top-hats. Though these savages, save for the conventional strip of cloth, have a rooted objection to clothes, young and old, subject and chief, endeavour to outvie each other in their collections of old top-hats.

On a fine morning, the surface of the water in the vicinity of the islands is dotted over with canoes, each having for its occupant a noble Nicobarian, dressed in a large white hat with a mourning band, busily engaged in fishing.

The traders from Calcutta, every now and then, make excursions to these islands with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for coconuts; the older the hats the better, as the simple islanders are said to look upon new ones with suspicion.

The market value of a white top hat with band is, at the present time, about sixty coconuts, though this is apt to vary with the supply.

A rare work of art or a valuable edition in a London auction-room will not create more excitement than does a white hat amongst the Nicobarians. If several of these after the same one, up goes the bids, and a coveted hat will sell for as many as one hundred nuts. The sale being over, out comes the rum, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a noble chief drinking himself drunk over a newly-purchased top-hat.

Advice to a Young Man.

"I want you to advise me, Miss Baker-son," said the young South Side exquisite. "I am going to take a lady to the theatre this evening, and after it's over I expect to give her a nice lunch at some swell restaurant. What had I better order?"

"You want a 'swell' luncheon, I suppose?" said the society belle.

"Regular swell. Way up."

"You are not particular as to the expense?"

"Want it got up regardless."

"And you want to do the proper thing?"

"That's it exactly."

"Well," observed the young woman thoughtfully, "suppose you ask the lady what she would like."

A COASTER'S VISION.

A Synopsis of the "Merchant of Venice" that Would Delight Shakespeare.

During the run of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum, a coaster, who had witnessed the production, was explaining the plot to a less fortunate confederate.

"D'yer see?" said he, "it's like this 'ere. There's a cove what's fell in love, but he don't like to go courtin' without bein' togged up a bit; so 'e goes to a pal and asks 'im to lend 'im a trifle. His pal says 'e ain't got no 'ready,' but is willin' to get bail for 'im."

"So they go to an old joker in the city, an' 'e lends 'em some oof. Then they says, 'What int'rest?' and he says, 'Garn away! You're all right. If yer don't pay me at all I shan't summons yer; only, if yer don't, I'll have a pound off yer chest!' 'e says, like as it he's jokin'. Then they laughs, 'cause they've got some stuff a comin' over what's bound to turn up in time for the market, as they thinks."

"But it don't turn up, an' the old fakir comes down on 'em, an' won't settle it without the pound of flesh."

"Well, this girl what was agoin' to marry the bloke, w'en she 'ears as 'e's in trouble, makes it up with the solicitor for the defence, takes his place, gets 'er 'air cut, an' appears in the trial at the Law Courts, 'cause she's got something up her sleeve."

"Then the jury gives a verdict of guilty, an' the judge says the prosecutor is a outsider."

"Up jumps the gal, an' says, 'Ain't yer goin' to give 'im a chance?'"

"An' the old fraud says, 'No, I late 'im!'"

"Then she says: 'Very well, go on with yer performance. But,' says she, 'this yer case don't say nothin' about the danger of the entertainment. Now, if you draw one drop o' blood we shall come on yer for damages, an' sell yer up!'"

"Well, Bill, w'en she says that, you never see Irvin' look so took down in all your life."

NO SNAKES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Chance for a Newfoundland Essayist to Make Himself Famous.

"Everybody knows that there are no snakes in Ireland," said a native of St. John's, Nfld., "but very few I guess, know that Newfoundland is just like Ireland in that respect, and there is no record that Newfoundland had a St. Patrick to drive the snakes off, either."

"There is plenty of game in Newfoundland, but not a reptile of any kind—snake, toad, frog, lizard, or even turtle. Another queer thing about the province is that while some wild animals are abundant there, no one ever saw a squirrel, porcupine, mouse, or lynx anywhere within its boundaries. This is all the more singular because the adjoining provinces of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have all of these animals and many kinds of snakes and other reptiles."

On the other hand, the Arctic hare is abundant in Newfoundland, but is not found in Nova Scotia or Cape Breton. The summer nights of Nova Scotia are made brilliant by fireflies, but no firefly ever lights up a Newfoundland nocturnal landscape by its sparkling flight. Yet there are swamps and bogs innumerable in Newfoundland which one would naturally suppose would be the choicest kind of breeding places and retreats for reptiles of all kinds, to say nothing of insects, of which there is a remarkable scarcity in Newfoundland."

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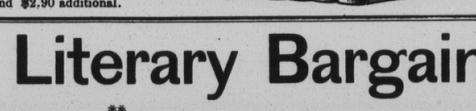
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TWO LOVERS—ONE GIRL.

BABY EXPLAINED—THE GIRL'S A ST. JOHN YOUNG LADY.

And of course, she is bright, vivacious, petite, engaging, pretty with all the beauty of a nineteen-year old brunette—Which will be the Happy Man?

She was a St. John girl. Bright, vivacious, petite, engaging, pretty with all the beauty of a nineteen year old brunette, she made her way straight to the masculine heart. Young men who had fallen under the charm of her witchery raved over her, and dreamed of ivy-clad cottages with this one little specimen of charming womanhood as presiding goddess. Old men acknowledged the power of her black eyes and soft voice, and thawed out into genial sociability when she was present. Neither coquette nor flirt was she, and yet she was continually engaging in some harmless conquest of masculine affection. Unconsciously did she often exert her powers of fascination, although, methinks, at times there was a spice of feminine love of admiration in her display of youthful beauty. At all events her heart was pure and sound, and, I might add, loving by nature.

Fate led her to Fredericton, there to learn at the provincial Normal School how to manage the instruction of youth. She was an attentive student, punctual and capable. She was not indeed one of the goody-goodies who spent all their time either at their lessons or in the school. No; she went in for a good time socially, and she got it. Scarcely was she well and comfortably settled in a private boarding house than she cast about her at once for a cavalier. She had not to seek long. Within two weeks of her advent to the celestial city she had already had one young gentleman waiting on her, and had cut him for his brother. Why she used the first young man so cruelly she herself could not even undertake to explain. All she could say was that it was a way girls have now and then, and she could no more explain or defend it than she could explain or defend several other inconsistent practices of theirs. The fact remained, however, that she threw one brother for another.

This young man then became her devoted slave. He was good-looking, or at least she thought so, and he spent his hard-earned cash, the profits of his work behind a bookstore counter as junior clerk, upon this dazzling bit of humbug. She liked him; I won't say she loved him, for the idea of love did not enter into her brain. The pair became inseparable and attracted some attention. Together they made the rounds of concert, rink, snowshoeing parties, and all the other outdoor amusements of respectable Fredericton. She now says they were only chums; he doubtless believed themselves lovers. Thus the ten months of her stay in Fredericton passed away and the time came to part. She left him inconsolable, yet doubtless believing that he occupied an unassailable place in her affections. Such is the felicity of men.

Fatuous indeed as was this belief of his she came through the ordeal heart-whole, slightly attached no doubt to the young man who had made life so pleasant for her, but no more. It was his mistake if he thought otherwise. With an inconsistency utterly inexplicable in view of the intimacy of their relations she refused to correspond with him. She did not jilt him, she did not refuse to marry him; she simply acted on the old fashioned idea "out of sight, out of mind."

In the course of few months she accepted a school in a country district of the better kind. She came all life and animation to her work. She would be a staid, sober-minded schoolmarm. No more flirtations for her, no more young men, no extravivacy, nothing but plain good sense. Alas for human particularly feminine resolutions! she could not leave her bright eyes at home behind her nor her sweet smile, and her engaging manners. As ill luck would have it she boarded in the same house with a professional gentleman, unmarried, goodlooking, cultured and—a born flirt. A gentleman withal, however, down to his fingers' tips. If he flirted he never left any broken hearts behind him, or broken promises, or spoiled lives. At first he paid little attention to the new schoolmarm; with an artist's perceptions he recognized her beauty, but thought it immature and schoolgirlish.

They ate at the same table, and sang the same songs, and had in many ways the same tastes, yet he heeded her not; she was only a schoolgirl. Winter came and with it snowshoeing and skating. Our professional gentleman was an allround athlete who delighted in out-door winter sports as much as the despised little school teacher. His interest in her began to awaken; she was something more, he thought, than merely a good looking girl.

She had grit, too, he learned from the trustees, in her management of unruly schoolboys twice her size. She was worth cultivating. Cultivate her he did, and she became well-known for their utter fearlessness of snowstorms and inclement weather. A tramp of miles was nothing to them, nor could the coldest weather keep them from skating, when the ice was good.

She won him by her congeniality, by her ability to chum without the degeneracy of olving. They, too, became inseparable;

and friends wondered whether our professional gentleman would not be last caught. He deserted all his lady friends for this newcomer, and they in their several ways resented his desertion. The little teacher at one stroke had established herself in his esteem. Esteem it was and nothing more. He valued her company as much as he would have valued the companionship of some male friend having similar tastes with himself. The ways of the female heart are devious and inscrutable, so that it were hard to tell just how the good looking athlete affected the loving nature of a school-marm. It was evident, however, that his society was pleasing to her; yet this might mean nothing, as the society of a cultured gentleman must be congenial to the true lady. Evident tongues asserted that she sought him, going out of her way for that purpose; but this was a calumny. The little school-marm knew her place, and her own worth, and acted on the knowledge. Thus things went on until our professional gentleman began to ask himself how it was going to end. He had no notion of engaging a young girl's affections for the mere pleasure of the process. That would be cad-dish and ungentlemanly. Besides, there had been no thought of sentiment in all his relations with her, and so far as he could judge, in her attitude towards him. For safety's sake, however, he thought it best to diminish the frequency of their intercourse. He began to plead professional business often when there was not a reason for this not accompanying her. She showed no undue regret at being deprived of his companionship. She was frank enough to say that she missed him, but that was all.

He missed her, however, missed her more than he had any idea he would. She had worried herself into his life in a way he could not explain. He began to realize that he could not live without her. It was at this moment that her Fredericton lover put in an appearance on the scene. Whether a whisper of her intimacy with our professional friend had reached him or not, we cannot say, but sufficient for the purposes of this narrative is the fact that he came inauspiciously on the scene just as the other was beginning to realize what the pretty schoolmarm meant to him. Here was a chance for her to play one against the other. To her credit be it said she proceeded to do no such thing. She bore herself towards our professional friend in the same friendly, chummy way as before. Nor did she refuse the proffered attentions of her quondam Fredericton lover. They went around considerably together during the few days of his stay, but the professional gentleman was absent at court during part of the time. On his return he disdained acknowledging the existence of the other fellow; and with an air that smacked suspiciously of ownership carried her off to snowshoe or skate as if such a thing as a rival did not exist. The Fredericton counter-jumper made a gallant fight, but we fear he is out-gleamed. Just what the outcome will be for either the professional gentleman or the bright school-marm, we venture not to predict. It is "diamond cut diamond," and as great mystery hangs over the eventual ending of this platonic friendship as Frank Stockton managed to throw around the ending of his "Lady or the Tiger?" Perhaps at some future day we will be able to chronicle the further history of this case. Lou.

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FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN BRUCE COUNTY FARMER.

He Tells the Story of the Disease That Afflicted Him, the Sufferings he Endured and How He Found Release—Other Sufferers May Take Hope From His Release.

(From the Toronto News.) Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The victim of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express, and it is with the utmost reluctance that the disorder yields to any course of treatment intended for its cure. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. William Baptist, a respected resident of the township of Culross, a News reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. Mr. Baptist is an intelligent and well-to-do farmer. He is well known in the section in which he resides and is looked upon as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He is in the prime of life, and his present appearance does not indicate that he had at one time been a great sufferer. He received the News representative with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health, remarking that he felt it a duty to do so in order that others afflicted as he had been might find relief.

Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. He says it was something terrible. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. Remedies of various kinds were resorted to and his condition was worse than before. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. It appeared as a dead thing and as it grew more and more helpless it is little wonder that the hope of recovery began to fade away. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and towards spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. By the time he had taken three boxes the pain was eased and the diseased limb began to assume a natural condition. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and today feels that he is completely cured. He has since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others with good results.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are a powerful specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or for an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of the gripe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, at either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

A POLITE YOUNG MAN.

But He Wished that He Hadn't been Quite So Obliging.

There was a young man in a tramcar in Liverpool the other day who had good reason to be very angry indeed. The car was crowded, when a corpulent German, accompanied by an equally corpulent wife, elbowed his way inside. The woman was not at all pretty or attractive, and most of the male passengers did not even resort to any of the familiar tricks of the experienced passenger when he conveniently wants to overlook the fact that a lady is holding on to the top rail while he enjoys a comfortable seat.

But a well-dressed young man arose, and, touching the woman's arm to attract her attention, politely said— "Here is a seat for you, madam." The woman started towards the vacant seat, when her obese companion, with a sigh of satisfaction, settled down in the seat before she could reach it. The young man was surprised, but his surprise soon gave way to anger. At first he thought that the puffing old German had made a mistake, but he was soon convinced that the action was intentional. Tapping the man on the shoulder, he said quickly— "I beg your pardon, but I gave my seat up to this lady, and not to you." "Oh, yah, dot is all right, mine friend," said the fellow: "she vos mine vite!"

An Equivocal Compliment. Carrying bullion to foreign Governments who have contracted leases with one of our great financial houses is a much coveted mission in spite, or perhaps because, of its responsibility. A confidential clerk and a couple of couriers go in charge of iron-bound boxes and special trains, and lavish "tips" smooth the way for the precious burden. Once arrived at its destination, all due honors are paid to it and its custodians, though these honors are sometimes of doubtful character.

Quite recently an envoy arrived at a town in Eastern Europe with a large lot of boxes. The boxes were placed in a wagon for

conveyance to the bank, and their guardian took his seat with the driver.

"Ah," said the latter as the heavy wagon rumbled over a somewhat frail bridge, "it's a long time since I drove across here. The mayor gave special permission for your excellency to use it?" "Indeed," said the envoy, highly flattered. "Aren't the public allowed to cross it?" "Not they," said the driver; "it's been closed as unsafe for years!"

An Invention for the Laboring Man. The financial success of an inventor lies in his ability to hit the present need of the people. A thing that meets a general and long-felt want is sure to sell. Evidently this consideration was fully appreciated by the genius of whom the Indianapolis Journal has a story. Mrs. Hogan—"And why isn't the old man a-workin' now?" Mrs. Grogan—"Workin'! Its an inventor he is. He has got up a road-scraper that does the work of four men." Mrs. Hogan—"An' how minny min do it take to run it?" Mrs. Grogan—"Six. It will be a great thing for givin' employment to the laborin' man."

"Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

THE best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is THAT IT IS SO EXTENSIVELY IMITATED. These imitations resemble the genuine MINARD'S LINIMENT in appearance only. THEY LACK THE GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF THE GENUINE.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, LIABLE TO PRODUCE CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE SKIN, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT because they pay a larger profit. Insist upon having

MINARD'S LINIMENT,

remembering that any substitution by the seller of an article SAID TO BE THE SAME is in his interests

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GESE AND DUCKS.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B. Lamb, Mutton and Veal. Ontario Fresh Pork.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and All Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market

J. D. TURNER,

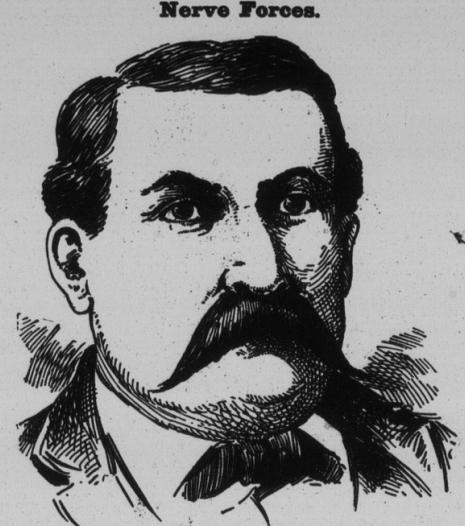
Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Fish, Lamb's Tongues, Steamed Mustard, Peasants and Fruit, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail at

23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Mothers of Mothers for the relief of Suffering for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

When the Nerve Centres Need Nutrition.

A Wonderful Recovery, Illustrating the Quick Response of a Depleted Nerve System to a Treatment Which Replenishes Exhausted Nerve Forces.



MR. FRANK BAUER, BERLIN, ONT.

Perhaps you know him? In Waterloo he is known as one of the most popular and successful business men of that enterprising town. As managing executor of the Kuntz estate, he is at the head of a vast business, representing an investment of many thousands of dollars, and known to many people throughout the Province. Solid financially, Mr. Frank Bauer also has the good fortune of enjoying solid good health, and if appearances indicate anything, it is safe to predict that there's a full half century of active life still ahead for him. But it's only a few months since, while nursed as an invalid at the Mt. Clemens sanitary resort, when his friends in Waterloo were flustered with a report that he was at the point of death.

"There's no telling where I would have been had I kept on the old treatment," said Mr. Bauer, with a merry laugh, the other day, while recounting his experience as a very sick man. "Mr. Clemens," he continued, "was the last resort in my case. For months previous I had been suffering indescribable tortures. I began with a loss of appetite and sleepless nights. Then, as the trouble kept growing, I was getting weaker, and began losing flesh and strength rapidly. My stomach refused to retain food of any kind. During all this time I was under medical treatment, and took everything prescribed, but without relief. Just about when my condition

seemed most hopeless, I heard of a wonderful cure effected in a case somewhat similar to mine, by the Great South American Nerve Tonic, and I finally tried that. On the first day of its use I began to feel that it was doing what no other medicine had done. The first dose relieved the distress completely. Before night I actually felt hungry and ate with an appetite such as I had not known for months. I began to pick up in strength with surprising rapidity, slept well nights, and before I knew it I was eating three square meals regularly every day, with as much relish as ever. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the South American Nerve Tonic cured me when all other remedies failed. I have recovered my old weight—over 200 pounds—and never felt better in my life."

Mr. Frank Bauer's experience is that of all others who have used the South American Nerve Tonic. Its instantaneous action in relieving distress and pain is due to the direct effect of this great remedy upon the nerve centres, whose faded vitality is energized instantly by the very first dose. It is a great, a wondrous cure for all nervous diseases, as well as indigestion and dyspepsia. It goes to the real source of trouble direct, and the sick always feel its marvelous sustaining and restorative power at once, on the very first day of its use.

For sale by (Chas. McGregor, 37) Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

THE No. 4 YOST.

In presenting to the public our No. 4 Machine we feel that we have combined all the latest and best improvements of the most successful inventors and experienced mechanics.



SPEED.

THE SPEED OF THE YOST CAN BE LIMITED ONLY BY THE ABILITY OF THE OPERATOR TO FIND AND PROPERLY STRIKE THE KEYS. THIS WE GUARANTEE. In other words, its mechanism is contrived to respond instantly to the touch of the operator by the adoption of certain expedients, by the use of which— 1st—The touch is soft and even, and the depression slight. 2nd—The carriage feeds immediately after the type leaves the paper. 3rd—The escapement is so arranged as to be perfect and uniform. 4th—There is no ribbon movement to require attention or consume power. 5th—The arrangement of the keyboard conduces to great speed. 6th—Rapidity does not affect the alignment.

MANIFOLDING.

The construction of the Yost makes it necessarily the best manifolding machine extant. Having no ribbon, there is nothing to intervene between the paper and the sharp, penetrating outlines of the type, and in accomplishing this the first copy is never sacrificed, but can, on the contrary, be pressed copied (when a copying pad is used) three or four times. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

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Messrs. H. Ward Thomas, St. John; A. G. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Bates, Charlottetown; Messrs. B. & B. White, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Howe, Kentville; Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dineen, Gloucester, N. S.; D. E. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. F. Hickey, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Address" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryanton, Amherst; W. J. Knapton, Yarmouth, N. S.; C. H. Burrell & Co., Yarmouth, N. S.; T. Corbett, Kentville, Woodville; Charles E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Next to the most absolute disappearance of the genus grandmother, the rapid decline and fall of that once indispensable garment—the wrapper—is one of the wonders of the age. Not so very long ago, a bride could no more get decorously married and fluttering ribbons, which would be decidedly in the way of the average girl, and impede her movements to the verge of discomfort, should be considered the proper uniform for a bride to adopt, when she first takes up the reins of government



DRESSES FOR SUMMER DAYS.

The dress on the left is of oyster white India silk with white insertions laid over brown ribbons. Brown velvet is used to trim the corsage and lace laid over ribbon. The dots are brown. The figure at the right shows a purple and maize striped taffeta trimmed with butter colored lace.

without a large and varied selection of wrappers, than she could take the momentous plunge without a complete stock of new underclothing, or a wedding ring of the latest design. In fact, the item "wrappers and morning dresses" headed the shopping list which the prospective bride wrote out when she started on the blissful campaign of buying her trousseau; first the morning robes, and once their welfare was looked after and the requisite number assured, it was time enough to think of the wedding and travelling dresses.

The number and beauty of the tea gowns and wrappers in a girl's trousseau seemed a sort of indication of her social standing, a guarantee of respectability so to speak; and the bride of five years ago almost reckoned her wealth by her wrappers, as the German maiden gauges her eligibility according to the number of sheets, pillow cases, towels and table cloths she can bring to the man who wins her heart.

Nearly all these garments were of the

in her husband's household. But still it is a fact that the youthful bride who did not flutter down to breakfast in a perfect cloud of turbelows and laces, to pour out her husband's coffee in the first morning after their return from the wedding tour, would have considered herself cheated out of something that belonged by right to the honeymoon.

Of course it must have been a very inconvenient style of dress to begin the duties of housekeeping, because if its wearer entered into her new responsibilities with half the zeal and enthusiasm which is usually displayed by a very young bride, and if she has started upon her calls with the fixed determination of managing her house "just exactly as mother manages hers," and being quite as thorough a housekeeper, she will make it a rule to inspect every part of her domain each day from attic to cellar, to see that her servants were doing their duty and a pale pink or blue tea gown would be very likely to differ con-



CARRIAGE AND HOME TOILET.

The dress on the right is of Nile green crepon, plain on the skirt and with harness trimmings of black ribbon and metal buttons. The figure on the left is a carriage costume of light beige in hue, with black wavy lines. The corsage is trimmed with Spanish lace and the wide bertha cape of green faille is covered with lace. There is a pink parasol with lace ruffs.

most elaborate description, with long trains, jabots of lace extending from the throat down to the foot of the skirt, and ribbons, frills and laces in every spot where a bow or a frill could be set. I never could quite understand why the flowing draperies

considerably from such a trip; but still it was the fashion to wear it, and everybody knows a self-respecting bride would sooner be out of the world at once, than out of the fashion. It was all very well for the youthful

matron of high degree who had servants to look after, and such a well filled purse that she could afford to drag her lace trimmed train over the cellar floor, circulate amongst the mysteries of the pots and pans in the scullery, and inspect the flues of the kitchen range, to see that the cook kept them clean. But to the damsel in very moderate circumstances, who has married a deserving young clerk with a large heart, but a small salary, who can either keep but one servant for her, or perhaps none at all, the tea gown was a tyrant beneath whose yoke she bowed a meek if sometimes unwilling neck. If she was doing her own work, the tea gown was a nuisance that could not be tolerated for a moment after dear Jim or dear Harry had turned the corner of the street, on his way to the office, when it immediately gave place to a compact print dress suitable for working, and quite neat enough for the bride to have worn at breakfast, if she had only thought so.

But now all this is changed, and the up-to-date bride sets out on her voyage matrimonial, sometimes with a single tea gown, to be worn only when she feels like lounging in the hammock, or has come home from a shopping expedition, too tired to get into a tight fitting dress, and more often without one garment of the wrapper family except an old fashioned dressing gown which is really intended for dressing and bedroom wear and nothing else.

The fashionable young matron no longer rustles down the stairs at breakfast time, to the frou frou of silken flounces; she trips down in a trim costume of blue or dark brown cloth, made with Eton or bolero jacket, and pink or blue shirt waist with stiff collar or cuffs and plain silk tie. Instead of dainty high heeled slippers, she wears neat little Oxford tie shoes, and when breakfast is over, she can put on her little sailor hat and walk part of the way down to the office with him, to be sure that nothing happens to him en route. If she has to be her own maid, she can slip off the jacket, put on a big apron and be all ready to preside over her own cooking stove and get dinner for herself and the best husband any girl was ever blessed with.

On the whole I think it is a very good



NEW SUMMER HATS.

The upper hat on the left side is of rough and ready with black tips and rhinestone buckle. That at the right is a turban with scarf of black dotted tulle across the front, an aigrette and four plumes, two black and two pink. The central hat is of mixed straw, lilac and green, with a large bunch of dogwood blossoms. The lower left hat is of mixed straw covered with large tea roses and foliage. The lower one at the right is also of rough straw with a large bunch of hepatica and valley lilies.

thing that the wrapper has been dethroned, and I really look upon its fall as one of the signs of the times, and an indication that the useful as well as charming woman is taking the place of the exclusively ornamented one, and that she has learned the important lesson of suiting her costume to her occupation, and being like a true soldier, always ready for action. It is impossible to associate a woman in a tea gown with anything but graceful indolence, while the shirt waist and tailor made skirt somehow suggest readiness for business, and a sense of the fitness of things, wonderfully expressive of the spirit of the age and the progress of woman, at least so far as common sense is concerned.

E. R. P., St. John.—You are quite right, it would seem ridiculous to leave such a number of cards, and your best plan would be to call on whatever day the family remain at home to receive your friends; you will then be certain to find them all at home. As it is your first call you will have to leave cards as you go out, but it will be quite sufficient to leave one of your own and two of your husband's for each of the married couples. You are never supposed to leave your husband's cards for young ladies, but if you are anxious to include them with your own cards, leave one for the young ladies of the family with the upper left hand corner turned down, though I assure you it is not necessary. It really was rather an embarrassing question for you to decide, was it not? ASTA.

never walked nor stood alone. It has a power of grasping to some extent and is used instinctively like a hand. The great toe has a certain independent working, like a thumb, and the wrinkles of the sole resemble those of the palm. These markings almost entirely disappear after the pedal extremity has come to be employed for purposes of support and locomotion. "The hands and feet of a human being are strikingly like those of the chimpanzee in conformation, while the gorilla's resemblance to man in these respects is even more remarkable. The higher apes have been classified as 'quadrumanans,' or 'four handed,' because their hind feet are hand shaped; but this designation is very improperly applied, because the ape's posterior extremities are not really hands at all. They merely look like hands at the first glance, whereas in fact they are but feet adapted for climbing. The big toes cannot be 'opposed' to the other toes as thumbs are to the fingers, but simply act pinacewise for the purpose of grasping.

"Now, funny enough, the 'infant's' feet have this same power of grasping pinacewise, and the action is performed in precisely the same way. Advocates of evolutionary theories take this to signify that the human foot was originally utilised for climbing trees also before the species was so highly developed as it is now. Also they assert that the fact that the art of walking erect is learned by the child with such difficulty proves that the race has only acquired it recently."—Washington Star.

\$1.35.

WE Have a line of Ladies' Dongola Oxford Shoes, Plain and Tip, Medium or Narrow Widths, which are good value for \$2.00, but we will close them out at \$1.35 per pair.

WATERBURY & RISING,

34 King and 212 Union Street.

DRESSMAKERS, if you want a perfect buttonhole, use the celebrated

Corticelli

TWIST. It is smooth, free from slugs and imperfections and brighter than any other Twist.



You get the best results when you use "Corticelli."

FOR EVOLUTIONISTS.

But Not for Mothers, as It Says Baby's Foot Is Like an Ape's.

"How many people have ever taken notice of a baby's foot, except to admire its pinkness and prettiness?" said a well known scientist. "And yet to the anatomist it is a revelation. Take for example, the tootsies of a child of ten months that has

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PERFECT POSITIVE PAINLESS CURE SAFE SURE SIMPLE

EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLEMAN'S HEAD, CATARRH, HEAD-ACHE AND DEAFNESS, INFLUENZA, ETC.

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E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DIALS SUN.—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 625. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces. U.S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.



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The New Model for Ladies and Gentlemen are a distinct triumph in Bicycle design and construction. Samples on view at Salesroom. Send for Catalogue. Sole New Brunswick Agent for Columbias, also agent for Singers, Ralights, Whitworths, Crescents and others. BICYCLE REPAIRING. Special tools and competent workmen for repairs of wheels and pneumatic tires. SAINT JOHN CYCLE CO., 239 and 241 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. Learners taught free when purchasing wheels of us.

\$5.00

Will buy you a 50 FEET LENGTH OF RUBBER HOSE with COUPLINGS and PATENT NOZZLE attached, suitable for throwing a STRAIGHT STREAM or SPRAY.

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Gives you a 50 feet length of "KINKPROOF" or WIRE BOUND hose, with couplings and nozzle as above, which will last you a lifetime. Send your order to

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ESTABLISHED 1855

Taylor's Safes

145 & 147 FRONTS EAST TORONTO

B. B. BLUZARD St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

HE IS STILL A BACHELOR.

The Wonderful Luck of Herr Maier, who Resolved to Take to Himself a Wife.

Wary of a bachelor's existence, Herr Maier resolved to take to himself a wife, and advertised to that effect in the papers. He carefully sifted the replies, which filled a large hamper. To each of the fair senders whose missive took his fancy he wrote a letter inviting her to meet him at a particular spot in the public park. As a sign of recognition both parties should wear white roses in their buttonholes. By way of precaution, however, Herr Maier kept the flower in his hand as he went to the rendezvous, so that he might have a good look at the ladies without being observed.

On the first day he saw no lady, but a gentleman sporting a white rose on his breast. As Herr Maier looked intently at him, he was addressed by the stranger, who turned out to be the father of a marriageable young lady, and had come to inquire into the circumstances and prospects of the matrimonial candidate. On being supplied with the desired information, he contemptuously turned his back on the latter and walked away.

The next day Herr Maier espied a plain-looking middle-aged lady at the trying-place, wearing a rose pinned to her dress. Taking her for a relative of the young lady whose photo he had in his pocket, he made himself known by sporting the pre-concerted signal. With a joyous exclamation she rushed towards him, threw her arms round his neck, and called him:—"My sweetheart!"

"Hang it!" shrieked Herr Maier, "surely you are not the lady? I have brought the likeness with me: here it is."

"This photo," cried the blushing maid, "was taken twenty years ago."

Speechless with amazement, Maier tore himself from her embrace and fled. The charming young lady he saw on the morrow quite captivated the heart of our energetic wooer, and he went home without detecting the flower in his button-hole, calling out, "I don't like you," she wheeled round, and left the poor man in the lurch.

The next day he waited in vain. It is true he noticed a young lady who appeared to be expecting somebody, but the rose was missing, and he went home without achieving his purpose. Some time later he had the good fortune to meet this same young lady at a party. He plucked up the courage to propose to her by letter. He received the following reply:—

"Very sorry, but I was engaged yesterday. Why did you not wear the rose in your button-hole on the day we first met? You see, I was as cunning as you were." Herr Maier is a bachelor to this day.

Artificial Milk.

According to the Cincinnati Times Star, a Cincinnati chemist has made a discovery that promises to revolutionize the dairy business. It is a combination of water, solids and fat that is equal to the finest milk. It is in reality chemically pure milk, and is of course free from all taint of disease that cow milk has. This chemical milk will raise a cream, will sour, turn to curd and water, and butter and cheese can be made from it, the same as from cow milk. At present the cost of production is more than \$1 a gallon, but the chemist believes with a few more experiments he can reduce the price to 10 cents or 15 cents a gallon, and by making it in wholesale quantities can retail it at the usual 6 cents a quart. It will be but a short time, according to this, till the "Dry Feed Dairy" will disappear from the milk wagons, to be replaced with "Chemically Pure Milk—Made from Distilled Water and the Purest Fats." Electricity has freed the street-car horse, and now chemistry threatens to complete the emancipation of the milk cows.

The Omens Were Favorable.

Mrs. Bancroft's mother was devoted to her, and full of anxiety for her success. When Miss Marie Witton was about to undertake the management of a theatre for the first time, the elder lady was greatly worried lest failure should result. On the day the theatre opened she was taken for a drive, in order to divert her thoughts from all engrossing subjects, which, however, kept recurring to her. "What would I not give to know the end of this undertaking?" she said once, just as the carriage was passing a certain old wall wherein was inserted a stone bearing the words:—"Mary's place, Fortune's Gate." The anxious mother's eyes fell on the words, and the answer to her question was taken as a favorable omen. The success it seemed to predict came to Marie Witton, and years later, when the owners of the property heard the tale, he presented the "lucky stone" to Mrs. Bancroft. It now adorns her husband's study in Berkeley Square.

Newspapers in Spain.

P. Hevner, a man who has traveled in almost every civilized country in the world, was seen at the Lafayette recently, and in speaking to a Philadelphia North American reporter of the restriction of the press in Spain, said: "There the publisher must publish nothing without having first shown the paper to the caddy, or mayor, of the town or city. You may be sure that individual will let nothing go into print that will hurt himself or city officials, so the citizens have no such protection as they have in this country, and a dishonest official is twice as secure there as he is here. If it should so happen that anything does get into a paper that displeases the caddy he sends a body of armed men to the office of that unfortunate paper and stops its publication, and if in the mean time the offending publisher and editors have not fled the country they are clapped into jail."

The Name Was Given.

Mr. James Harvey, in his amusing book, "A Queer Assortment," tells the following good story:—

"I knew a snob once (a very rare species), who was put up for a prominent club, where men met nightly to discuss political or billiard questions of the hour. Unfortunately for him, he was not elected, and his wrath was terrible. Forgetful of all English manners and customs, he wrote an indignant letter to the secretary demanding the name of the member who had black-balled him.

"The secretary's reply was brief: 'Dear Sir,—His name was Legion.'"

HELIOTROPE AND NERVOUS DELIGHT TOILET SOAP. JOHN TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO Sole Manufacturers. USE HORSFIELD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

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Save Money on your BICYCLES. A \$40 cycle for \$20 others as low. Repaired and refitted. T. W. BOND & SON, MONTREAL.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE, A. & J. HAY, 76 KING STREET.

A Good Move and a Fine Store JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Dominion Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVE RY AND BOARDING STABLES 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEATS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK, Wholesale and Retail. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

A Song That Will be as Popular as Conan Doyle's Stories.

Sherlock Holmes turns out to be one of those persons whom the world will not willingly let die. More people than one would care to count were shocked and grieved at his terribly sudden end. It is no exaggeration to say that the nation was sad for a space, for had it not learned to love and admire him, and to marvel at his mysterious ways?

Not only did the world take Holmes' death seriously to heart, but many people have felt constrained to try and fill the empty space that he once occupied in the public's mind. Imitators have been many; equals, none.

One person has, however, gone beyond imitation. He has brought Sherlock Holmes back again into the world—has raised his ghost, and holds him out to the public as the spectre of one of the most popular figures ever known in fiction.

Mr. Richard Morton has done this. Mr. Morton is the well-known song-writer, the author of Miss Louie Collins' "Ter-rific Boom-de-ey," of Mr. Eugene Stratton's "Dandy Coloured Coo" and "Susie Tonic," of Miss Marie Lloyd's "Twiggy Voo," of Mr. R. G. Knowles' "Christoph Columbus" and "Praps Not" and, indeed, of a whole host of popular songs, grave and gay. Mr. Morton has recently been suffering from a painful illness, resulting in the loss of the right eye. It was during his convalescence at Hastings that he dreamed a dream. He thought he saw the ghost of Sherlock Holmes! Presto! An idea!

In the morning Mr. Richard Morton sat down and wrote

THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. Don't start, and pray don't leave your seats, There's no cause for alarm; Though I've arrived from warmer spheres I mean you all no harm. I am a ghost—a real ghost! That slightly overcast roams; In fact, I am the spectre of Detective Sherlock Holmes!

"Sherlock! Sherlock!" you can hear the people cry! "That's the ghost of Sherlock Holmes!" as I go creeping by. Sinners shudder, and tremble when'er this bogie roams, And people about, "He's found us out—It's the Ghost of Sherlock Holmes!"

The man who plots a murder, when He sees me fit ahead, Forgets to murder any more, And "suicides" instead. An Anarchist, with lighted bomb To cause an explosive birth, Sees me, and drops the bomb, and blows Himself to smithereens!

The burglar who's a-burbling, when He finds that I'm at large, Gets scared, and says, "Folliceman, will you please take me in charge? The lady who's shop-lifting tries To put her things back, And says, "Oh, Mr. Sherlock, I'm A Kleptomaniac!"

My life was more than misery; Compelled to strut the stage, And be a spy at beck and call To cause an explosive rage. But, now that I'm a spectre, all My misdeeds shall recall— I'm going to launch Strand Magazine, Tit-Bits, and Conan Doyle!

This is certainly something new in the way of comic songs, and shows the effect of detective literature upon the brain of an invalid. It is a huge success in the provincial music-halls and theatres, and within a few weeks will be heard upon the boards of some of the principal halls in the West-end of London. The singer of the song is Mr. H. C. Harry, a clever young comedian, who has left the legitimate boards for variety-land. He has a distinct style of his own, and is very happy in his declamation of the awe-inspiring spectre of Sherlock Holmes.

Dire Poverty in Russia.

The amount of suffering and misery that Russia peasants are now undergoing in some of the governments in the interior can not be imagined by those unacquainted with this country. The government of Kurak, which may be taken as an example, the peasants are entirely without the means of existence. The Novoe Vremya states that in some villages where there are from 400 to 500 inhabitants it would be impossible to find as many as two rubles—about 4 shillings—among them, and all the crops which they gathered last year have long been sold. How these poor wretches are to exist—it cannot be said that they live—the next harvest it is impossible to conceive. In the government of Orenburg the inhabitants of entire districts are dying of want. Some of the poor creatures, it is stated, allow themselves the luxury of a piece of bread once every two days, but the general food is millet bread, which, when the loaves are baked and still warm, look like cement, and when it becomes cold is harder, if possible, than stone.

She'll Have to be "Making Eyes" Next.

Farmer Hodge (reading novelette)—I'm out of all patience with that Gladys Fitzallyn in the story—the way she's abusing her beautiful eyes! She doesn't deserve to have none.

Mrs. Hodge—What's she been doing now?

Farmer Hodge—This book is full of it. First, she threw her eyes up to the ceiling, and then let them drop on the floor; then she darted them down a long corridor, and rested them on the cool waters of the lagoon. Then she must have called them back somehow, for it says she bathed them in sad salt tears, wiped them, and swept them with long lashes. Once she was fool enough to rivet them on the dome, and when I left off she was fixing them on a mantel.

In the course of a conversation between two workmen's wives, one happened to remark that her husband always put on a clean white shirt on Sunday morning. The other replied: "Well I never care so much about Sundays; but I always see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, because that's the time he generally drinks, and if he should take off his coat to fight, I like him to look clean and decent!"

For Nervous Prostration.

USE HORSFIELD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. The tried professional and literary man will find nothing so soothing and refreshing as Horsfield's Acid Phosphate. This is the testimony of thousands of these classes of men.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. could not have survived for over eighty years except for the FACT that it possesses very much more than ordinary merit.

Every Mother ANODYNE LINIMENT is the best for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, Inflammation of the Larynx, Croup, Hoarseness, Inflammation of the Larynx, Croup, Hoarseness, Inflammation of the Larynx.

PARSONS PILLS. Make New Rich Blood. "Best Liver Pill Made" Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and RICK HEADACHE. For a list of names of persons who have derived benefit from the blood-purifying and general health-giving properties of PARSONS PILLS, apply to J. R. JOHNSON & CO., 25 CANTON HOUSE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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CHOCOLAT MENIER is now for sale everywhere in the United States and Canada, as its use as a table beverage. Tea, Coffee or Cocoa, has become quite universal. It Nourishes and Strengthens. If served iced, during warm weather, it is most Delicious and Invigorating.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER. If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to MENIER, Canadian Branch, No. 14 St. John Street, Montreal, Que.

Inspect the Brantford Bicycle. With Wood and Steel Rims. THE GOULD BICYCLE CO. LTD. Brantford, Ont. 99 YONGE STREET / 365 ST. PAUL ST. TORONTO MONTREAL SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PROFESSIONAL. CANCER TUMOR REMOVAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.) Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 163 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN.

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MYSTERIES OF HANSON CAB.

An Article Which Recalls the Most Exciting Novel of Recent Years.

Some time ago it was so customary for an intended suicide to take a cab, and deprive himself of life while the unconscious Jehu was driving him to a given address, that the French cab-drivers were in a fever of excitement if any eccentric-looking character insisted on their services.

A murderer, on one occasion, selected a cab as the hiding-place of his fearful burden. He was garbed in a huge cape coat, and being tall and muscular, carried the body of his victim—a young girl of fourteen—without effort. Indeed, in the uncertain light of a November evening, it was impossible to detect anything bulky beneath his voluminous overcoat. Before the discovery was made, the man had paid his fare and decamped.

Another body—also that of a young woman—was discovered in a precisely similar manner, and the gentleman in the cape was the fare who had left behind so ghastly a load. These incidents created a sensation some years ago in Paris.

A criminal who was being run down by detectives executed a rapid change in his appearance while being rapidly whirled through the streets, and reappeared, when out of harm's way, as a very charming young lady, giving his driver a wink and a sovereign to observe strict silence. This rather daring game he executed several times before being finally caught, and then it was through the over conscientiousness of the Jehu, who considered it his duty to hand over a suspicious character, that he was caught.

Quite a different incident happened several years ago to a London gentleman who, seated as he thought alone in a cab, was looking over some papers, when a skinny hand was thrust from under the seat, and a wreck of a fellow darted at him, with frenzy in his eyes, attempting to strangle him. Fright deprived the gentleman of speech, but the spectacle of two men wrestling drew the attention of some passer-by, who immediately signalled to the unconscious driver. That worthy declared he had seen the fellow hanging about, but had no notion that he had entered his cab, where he had apparently concealed himself under the seat.

France is believed to be more prolific in suicides than any other country, and the frequency of self-crime is alarmingly great amongst young people.

A lover and his lass selected a vehicle or their death-place, both being found by the affrighted driver stabbed to the heart, while a dagger was discovered in a pool of blood on the cushions.

Coming out of a theatre, with a light opera cloak thrown over her evening attire a lady hailed a cab, and in its friendly seclusion took her life by piercing herself through and through with a steel dagger she had worn in her hair. This sad occurrence was supposed to be the result of an unsatisfactory love affair.

Instead of driving his fare to a certain park, as directed, a knowing Jehu conveyed a mysterious traveller—whose hands and shirt-front were liberally bedaubed with blood, and whose excited appearance was certainly suspicious—to the police station, confident that he was the perpetrator of an outrageous murder. His suspicions were, however, ill-founded. The young man had been testing his pugilistic powers with a club friend, and the pair becoming excited had eventually engaged in a regular hand-to-hand fight—the suspected one receiving by far the worst of it.

A scare of a similar nature was experienced by a cab-driver some time ago. His fare emerged with suspiciously bedaubed front and face, while red drops were dripping from his fingers in an alarming fashion. He had been examining some small bottles of liquid dyes, and a jolt of the conveyance had smashed a phial containing crimson fluid, which had spurted over his face and clothes. It was some time before the explanation was received as genuine.

Those Beloved Critics.

It is easy enough to learn what may be called the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard; or he may criticize a picture, with the proper references to "fore-shortening," "highlights," "middle distance," and the rest of it, and yet know nothing.

"It is a fine poem; yes, a very fine poem," said a would-be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily; and afterward a friend said to him—"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully, Jack."

"Bless you!" said he, "that isn't criticism, but it amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has nineteen lines."

Forgot an Important Detail. An English resident in Russia relates the following unhappy issue of an enterprise in which one of his friends engaged, upon falling heir to a fortune. My friend (he says) was a gourmet, and had a passion for shell-fish—that was how he spent his legacy. I went to town one day and found out that the prince was in his usual impetuous condition. "Where has your legacy gone to?" I asked. "Why," he said, "you know that I am very fond of lobster, and having a river on my estate, I thought I would try and acclimatize that delicacy there; but, unfortunately, I have spent the whole of the legacy without succeeding. I quite forgot that the water was not salt!"

Lady of the house: I am a poor lone widow, my good man, and—

Tramp: I'd like to accommodate you, ma'am, but I am already betrothed.

Late English News.

Word comes from Liverpool, Eng., that the agents of the Hawley Medicine Co., of St. John N. B., as the result of the introduction of the Hawley remedies in the neighboring cities and counties, are overwhelmed with orders for fresh supplies of these great health giving remedies. Their success in England is as phenomenal as in Canada. No greater proof of merit could be presented to the public.

Hawley's pills are an unfailing cure for biliousness and sick headache.

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This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Scald Head. It is infallible.

For Inflammed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

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I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, No. 6 ROOF, M. C., 128 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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VIVISECTION AND LOVE.

"Wanted, a well-educated young man who is prepared to devote himself body and soul to the interests of science and the cause of humanity. He will be required to assist in the laboratory and to render such other services as may be wanted of him. A liberal salary is offered, but he must give security to remain five years. Apply to Prof. Datchet, Oakhurst Manor, Kent."

This was the strange advertisement that caught the eye of Tom Stretton one morning as he opened the newspaper at his breakfast table. He had just left Cambridge, after taking a very fair degree, and had come to London with a view of finding employment—he did not care what so long as the work came within his powers and was paid for at a reasonable rate. Here, then, was the opportunity sought. If the reference to "body and soul" had an uncanny sound, the "liberal salary" was a decidedly attractive one. So he determined to try for this peculiar appointment, and without loss of time took the train for Oakhurst, a small station beyond Sevenoaks.

The manor was three miles from the station; it was a rambling, old-fashioned house, covered with creepers and situated in grounds which were entirely neglected, the paths being thickly overgrown with weeds, while the grass on the lawn in front was over a foot high. As Stretton approached there came from the right wing of the building a great clamor, the barking of dogs and the whining of other animals. From this he concluded that Prof. Datchet must be very fond of pets.

After he had rung several times, a deaf old woman opened the door. When he had, with much labor, explained his business to her, she left him standing in the great gloomy hall, and presently returned to conduct him to a dining room, a large room paneled from floor to ceiling and as gloomy as the hall. For some reason which he could not explain he began to experience a sense of oppression. But his spirits rose at the entrance of the professor, for a more benevolent-looking old gentleman never gazed through spectacles, his long white hair and flowing beard giving him quite a patriarchal air. Of majestic height and unusual breadth of chest, he was also remarkably handsome, but he had a habit of glaring, accompanied by a wrinkling of the forehead just between the eyebrows, which was decidedly embarrassing. This was the only thing about him that Stretton did not like.

The professor briefly stated what he required of his assistant; he questioned Stretton about his antecedents and examined his testimonials. In the end he offered him the appointment at a salary of £400 a year, a sum which seemed to the young man—though his delight was rather marred by the fact that he would have to find substantial guarantees that he would remain at his post for five years—a princely wage. He thought, however, that he could reckon upon his uncle, and his anticipations subsequently proved correct. A week later he entered upon his new duties.

The other occupants of the manor, besides himself and his owner, were the deaf old woman who acted as general servant, her husband, who was supposed to attend to the garden and make himself generally useful, and the professor's daughter, Meta, a charming girl with soft brown eyes and beautiful features and pretty shy ways. As a matter of course, Stretton fell straightway in love with her, and if he had been able to follow his own inclinations all his time would have been spent in her company. But except for seeing her at meal-times and occasionally for a few minutes in the garden, he saw very little of her. He really had no time for that or for anything else, his presence was so constantly required in the laboratory.

And to Stretton the laboratory was a most horrible place. Ordinary chemical work he liked, but it turned out that Prof. Datchet, with all his gentleness of manner, was a vivisectionist of extreme views, utterly indifferent to the sufferings of the creatures that he experimented upon so long as he was advancing, to quote his own formula, "the grand cause of humanity." The laboratory was situated in the right wing; and in several of the adjoining rooms, as well as in the yard at the back and in the outbuildings around it, were penned dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys and many other animals all waiting until their turn came to be tortured to death "in the interests of science." It was not so much that the professor had a definite object in view, as that this was his hobby. Use with him was indeed second nature. Upon his fine old face there was often a smile of satisfaction as he operated upon the writhing creatures strapped down to the table before him. Even that cry of agony did not affect him; he was far too interested in the results of his experiments.

But to Stretton the whole thing was hideous and loathsome. He recoiled from it with horror and was so unnerved by what he witnessed that he proved a most bungling assistant. There grew up in him a frantic desire to flee from the place, but two things held him back—the first that by going he would render his uncle liable for the sum of a thousand pounds, and his love for Meta. This was the painful position in which he now found himself. Could he not induce the professor to relinquish his fearful hobby? If at all, only through his daughter; of that Stretton felt certain.

So, in hope of securing Meta's cooperation, he sought her in the weedy wilderness which was called the garden, and there one glorious evening, shortly after sunset, he found her, plucking lavender, her hands all red with it. The color mounted into her cheeks when she saw Stretton approaching, as if she seemed inclined to make her escape, but at the end she waited for him, and he advanced scarcely able to conceal his delight at seeing her. There were only these two in the dusky garden, and already the bats were fitting to and fro overhead. There was not a breath of air to stir the leaves, but the stillness was broken by the piteous howling of a dog. Instinctively the girl put up her hands to her ears.

"Ah, I see how it pains you, Miss Datchet," said Stretton. "That is just what I wanted to speak to you about. You know what goes on there," he nodded towards the laboratory showing above the trees, "don't you?" "Science," she said, scarcely above a whisper. "Well, we'll call it science," he said. "Your father means well, I'm sure; but don't you think it cruel?" "He says it's for the good of humanity,"

she said timidly, her face buried in the bunch of lavender. "Everything ought to give way to that, oughtn't it—even one's feelings?"

"I don't think so. I don't think—with all deference for your father—that we have any right to torture dumb animals. I call that inhumanity, not humanity. He seems so kind and gentle in other respects." "And he is kind and gentle," she said, with unusual warmth. "Oh, pray don't misjudge him. A better, kinder man never breathed."

"Then don't you think we can persuade him to give up what is neither kind nor gentle?" "Meta shook her head sadly. The howling of the dog, which had ceased for a few moments, suddenly broke out again, beginning in a sort of wail and ending in a shrill cry of intolerable agony. Then came silence, the merciful silence of death."

Meta was trembling so much that Stretton took her hand and held it. "It's awful," he said. "Do, do let us try to stop it, otherwise I must go. I can't bear it."

"Oh, Mr. Stretton, don't go," said the girl impulsively. She stopped, and then with a blushing face explained, "I mean perhaps we can persuade father. It is such a comfort to have some one in the house. I feel so much alone, and then you think as I do, and will work toward the same end, and it you go?"

"I won't," said Stretton, with emphasis. "If you wish me to stay nothing would drag me away."

After which speech Meta bade him a confused good night and hurried away indoors. Stretton was glad he had broached the subject to her. He knew now that he could count upon her assistance, and his heart was flattered that he should see more of her in future, for not only had they an object in common, but also he fancied that she liked him a little. Still when he came to look at the situation more calmly the hopelessness of persuading the old man to abandon his cruel hobby oppressed him, and he went to his bed that night with a feeling of the keenest anxiety, for every day it was becoming harder to him to assist at the professor's experiments. It was not merely that the frequent repetition of the same sights and sounds was wearing him out; he was also conscious of a sense of weakness in himself. He fancied, though he could not be sure, that the professor was conscious of it too. At any rate, he was aware that every time he happened to look up that handsome old face was watching him with the peculiarly concentrated gaze which had struck him at their first interview.

Was his health giving away? Was he breaking down beneath the strain? Among a few persons with whom he had become acquainted in the neighborhood was George Wentworth, a young doctor, who lived in the village, and with him he decided to take council.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon he walked into Oakhurst, called at the doctor's house and was shown into the surgery. The idea once started that he was ill having taken complete possession of him, he went into matters as long as he could. "I suppose you know you are not the first assistant Prof. Datchet has had," said Wentworth. "If he has had one he has had a dozen; very few have stayed more than a week or two. Why don't you leave?"

"Because I can't," replied Stretton. "To mention one reason, because my uncle has given me a bond for a thousand pounds that I remain for five years."

The young doctor whistled. "You are certainly in a tight place, Stretton," he said. "I don't think there is much doubt that the professor regards you as a subject as much as an assistant."

"In the cause of humanity?" "Just so. And its devotees would readily sacrifice every individual member for the sake of the whole. Odd, isn't it? It is possible that the professor is even secretly experimenting upon you with some of his noxious drugs."

"You think so?" exclaimed Stretton, aghast. "Then I'm in a bad way. What am I to do? How can I find out for certain?" "You must wait," answered the doctor lightly, "until something has happened. The law won't release you from your engagement upon mere suspicion, and we can't analyze you while you are alive. But, seriously," added he, seeing that Stretton did not appreciate the joke, "I don't think the matter has gone as far as that. I'll make you up a tonic; you are out of sorts, Stretton, and a dose or two will probably put you to rights again."

Stretton did not stay long afterward. With the bottle of tonic in his pocket he proceeded to walk back, feeling far from comfortable. Though it was a very easy walk for a young man, he grew very tired toward the end of it, and that made him think more about himself than he would otherwise have done.

As he approached the manor he saw the professor standing at the gate talking to a little girl who was crying bitterly. She had been sent to fetch some water from a roadside spring, and on the way had fallen and broken her jug. The majestic old gentleman was endeavoring in his kindest tones to console her. Patting the little foxglove head, he gave her money to replace the broken jug, and when she went away, quite happy again, he smiled after her. But at the sight of Stretton his expression suddenly changed, his face becoming charged with angry suspicion.

"Where have you been?" "Only for a stroll to the village," answered Stretton, carelessly. The professor continued to stare at him for some time. "I have been wanting you in the laboratory," he said at length. "I must request Mr. Stretton that you will not go away again without my permission. You agreed to devote yourself body and soul, sir—to science. Yet, this is the way you spend your time."

world now witness the sufferings of dumb animals with something not very far removed from indifference. Within the privacy of his own room he thought over the change in himself; it alarmed him more than anything else.

Nor was the change confined to himself. Day by day the professor grew more restless, more irritable and more suspicious. He began experiments without finishing them; he was losing interest in what had hitherto absorbed his whole life; he seemed to find it impossible to help feeling that a crisis of some sort was at hand.

And before very long it came. One evening Stretton entered the laboratory and finding it, for a wonder, untenanted, could not resist the temptation to explore it more thoroughly than he had yet been able to do. As a rule he was far from inquisitive, but oppressed by this mysterious illness which was rapidly reducing him to skin and bone, he vaguely hoped some corner across something which would throw a light upon its cause. In the course of his investigation he opened many drawers—they were all around the walls—and glanced hastily at their contents, and at length opened one containing a single small phial half full of a pale brown liquid and labeled "Poison." With the phial was a paper describing most minutely, in the professor's handwriting, the symptoms which were expected to show themselves in any person who drank the liquid, on the first day, the second, the third, and so on until the last, when death ensued; while in another column was a list of the symptoms actually observed by the writer in a case under his notice, the last day being still blank.

Stretton stared at the writing in stony horror, for he knew that the case described was his own, the symptoms so carefully recorded were his symptoms, and the blank space would be filled in tomorrow, for then he would be dead. How many hours he had yet to live he did not know, but plainly not many—certainly less than twenty-four. Stretton was not very different from other young men, neither more brave nor more timid, but the shock of that discovery, coming upon him so suddenly, weak and unnerved as he was, almost crushed out of him the little life that remained.

After a period of stupor, which might have been hours for all he knew, some words which he had not previously noticed caught his eye, and once more sent the blood coursing through his veins. They were merely, "Antidote (drawer 17), ten drops, three times daily." "Drawer 17" was situated midway between the door and the fireplace, and was about the centre of the wall. In it, if those words were true, was life. Could he get to it?

He staggered toward it and had nearly crossed the room, when the door opened, and by it stood the professor, his face almost black with rage. He no longer wore spectacles, and in his eyes was an awful glare that was scarcely human. He seemed to have grown bigger than ever, and he swung his arms about with tremendous force. It was evident that the monomania which had taken possession of him had, under the influence of violent emotion, assumed a more dangerous form. Two long strides carried him across the room. He tore the paper from Stretton's hand and then placed himself in front of the drawer containing the antidote.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "Stand back, I say. Stand back, or I'll smash your skull in!" "Would you let me die, then?" asked Stretton feebly.

"In the cause of humanity—yes. Of what good is your miserable life to any one? By your death science will profit. That will be a glorious end." "I don't think there is much doubt that the professor regards you as a subject as much as an assistant."

"You have poisoned me, professor," he said. "The antidote is behind you. Give me a few drops." "What, and undo all my labor!" "By the love I bear your daughter, I ask every eye to witness that I am not deceiving you."

"By the love I bear humanity, I refuse it." With clenched teeth Stretton struggled to control his feeble limbs, and with a mighty effort he rushed forward, determined to fight dearly for his life. But the professor first caught him by the throat, and sent him staggering back gasping, his strength all but spent. Once again he lightened up his muscles and advanced. It was an extraordinary exercise of the will, for he was so weak he could scarcely stand. But it was quite useless. He was seized in the matter has gone as far as that. I'll make you up a tonic; you are out of sorts, Stretton, and a dose or two will probably put you to rights again."

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To anybody else Stretton would have returned an indignant answer. From Meta's father he received this rebuke in silence. But the gentleness of the professor's manner seemed gone forever. During the anxious days that followed he watched his assistant as a cat watches a mouse, and the conviction grew in Stretton's mind that he really was being made the victim of some horrible experiment. The tonic did little if any good. His strength was gradually oozing away, while a strange numbness was settling down upon his brain and stealing away his energies. Curiously enough, he

could now witness the sufferings of dumb animals with something not very far removed from indifference. Within the privacy of his own room he thought over the change in himself; it alarmed him more than anything else.

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"You have poisoned me, professor," he said. "The antidote is behind you. Give me a few drops." "What, and undo all my labor!" "By the love I bear your daughter, I ask every eye to witness that I am not deceiving you."

"By the love I bear humanity, I refuse it." With clenched teeth Stretton struggled to control his feeble limbs, and with a mighty effort he rushed forward, determined to fight dearly for his life. But the professor first caught him by the throat, and sent him staggering back gasping, his strength all but spent. Once again he lightened up his muscles and advanced. It was an extraordinary exercise of the will, for he was so weak he could scarcely stand. But it was quite useless. He was seized in the matter has gone as far as that. I'll make you up a tonic; you are out of sorts, Stretton, and a dose or two will probably put you to rights again."

Stretton did not stay long afterward. With the bottle of tonic in his pocket he proceeded to walk back, feeling far from comfortable. Though it was a very easy walk for a young man, he grew very tired toward the end of it, and that made him think more about himself than he would otherwise have done.

As he approached the manor he saw the professor standing at the gate talking to a little girl who was crying bitterly. She had been sent to fetch some water from a roadside spring, and on the way had fallen and broken her jug. The majestic old gentleman was endeavoring in his kindest tones to console her. Patting the little foxglove head, he gave her money to replace the broken jug, and when she went away, quite happy again, he smiled after her. But at the sight of Stretton his expression suddenly changed, his face becoming charged with angry suspicion.

"Where have you been?" "Only for a stroll to the village," answered Stretton, carelessly. The professor continued to stare at him for some time. "I have been wanting you in the laboratory," he said at length. "I must request Mr. Stretton that you will not go away again without my permission. You agreed to devote yourself body and soul, sir—to science. Yet, this is the way you spend your time."

To anybody else Stretton would have returned an indignant answer. From Meta's father he received this rebuke in silence. But the gentleness of the professor's manner seemed gone forever. During the anxious days that followed he watched his assistant as a cat watches a mouse, and the conviction grew in Stretton's mind that he really was being made the victim of some horrible experiment. The tonic did little if any good. His strength was gradually oozing away, while a strange numbness was settling down upon his brain and stealing away his energies. Curiously enough, he

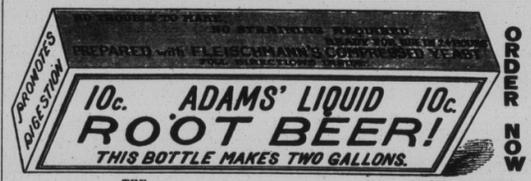
could now witness the sufferings of dumb animals with something not very far removed from indifference. Within the privacy of his own room he thought over the change in himself; it alarmed him more than anything else.

"The Rain it Raineth Every Day."

What a comfort it is to walk down town in the morning wrapped in the luxurious embrace of a

RIGBY Porous Waterproof Coat

all dry and comfortable, while those of one's less fortunate friends shiver and endure the old style of waterproof garment. But people are rapidly becoming educated to better things, and the cold, clammy, air-tight rubber waterproof is fast disappearing.



Canadian Specialty Co., 38 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

How to Look Well and Feel Well.

THE PLAN ADOPTED BY SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

They Use Paine's Celery Compound and Keep up their Strength and Vitality in the Hot Weather.

"How to look well and feel well" during the oppressively hot summer months, is a subject that should command the attention of every busy man and woman. There are thousands of business men, clerks, toiling, bustling housewives and girls employed in offices, stores and work shops, who lose all strength and vitality in the months of July and August.

As a rule, these daily workers feel well in ordinary weather; but, when the sun pours down his scorching rays day after day, and when the air is heated and heavy, then all life and heart seem to depart from every-day toilers. They look pale, listless and nervous; they are irritable, languid and broken down. It is no exaggeration to say that "they feel worse than they look."

To those who find life a burden in summer time, we would strongly recommend the wise and unfailing plan adopted by more fortunate men and women, who even in the hottest weather, look well and feel well, and always escape the debilitating effects produced by a heated and impure atmosphere.

The wise, prudent and vigorous in summer use Paine's Celery Compound as a tonic and strength giver. This remarkable medicine, it must be remembered, is not intended exclusively for the rooting out of disease and for cleansing the blood; its toning qualities and its virtues for keeping well people regular, strong and active, are probably known to those who have used it in summer time.

At this time a few extracts from letters may prove useful and helpful. A busy wholesale grocer, doing business in one of our largest cities, says: "During the hot summer weather of 1893, I used Paine's Celery Compound, which was recommended to me by a banker. It kept me in perfect condition during the whole summer, and gave me strength and regular appetite. I did not find it necessary to go to the seaside with my family. It will be my friend every succeeding summer."

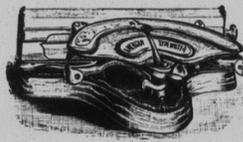
A young lady in a large Montreal dry goods house, says: "Two summers ago, one of my lady friends advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound during the hot weather, as a tonic and health builder. I used the medicine morning, noon and night, and was always vigorous and active, while many girls around me in the store, of stronger constitutions, were complaining of lassitude and debility."

A well-known lady and mother of six children says: "I seriously and confidently recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all mothers who wish to keep up their health and strength during the very hot weather of summer time. I use the medicine every day, and feel hearty and strong, and have no difficulty in getting through with my household work and cares, which are never very light. Since I have used the compound I do not find it necessary to go off to the country for two or three months to gain health. In every dose of Paine's Celery Compound I find a supply of strength."

Moral.—You save time and health, and banish all discomfort by using Paine's Celery Compound during the summer months. "Emerson was in himself what he wanted other men to be." That is how Mr. Alexander Ireland, the distinguished compiler of "The Book-lover's Encyclopaedia," once tersely described to us the qualities of the New England sage.

Advertisement for Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice, featuring the text 'If you are Going to the Country Lay in a good stock of "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice. No drink is so refreshing, invigorating and wholesome for the summer months. Be sure you Get "Montserrat."'

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



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

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

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B.

AGENTS WANTED.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving, featuring the text 'PROGRESS ENGRAVING, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CANADIAN WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN, N.B.' and an illustration of a building.

A FORTUNATE FUNERAL.

All the Jews in Lyons were invited to the funeral of Isaac Mosacker. What numbers of these Jews the city contained could never have been guessed by the lawyer who sent the invitations, had not the deceased left a list of them. He must have taken years composing this list, for there figures on it the names of Jews long dead and others but just born. The lawyer sent no invitation to the dead, but every living Jew, man or child, was bidden. From the richest banker in his gilded mansion, down to the pining babies of the poor who hawk their wares among the poor wares at the "Croix Rousse," all the Jews in Lyons received a black-bordered card bearing these words:—

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD.

You are requested to follow ISAAC MOSACKER to his last resting place, on Thursday, the 21st of June, at 10 o'clock, at 6 o'clock a. m.

"AND HE SHALL RENDER INTO YOU FOURFOLD."

The winter happened to be exceptionally severe, and at the time when the postman delivered the cards it was freezing hard, and the streets were swept by a cold north-east wind cutting as a razor. It was not likely many Jews were going to turn out in such weather, and at six o'clock in the morning, to trudge behind the coffin of a humble brick-and-brace vendor; and Isaac Mosacker's invitation consequently excited some amusement. The richer Jews tossed it aside as a bad joke. Some of the poorer ones who had been dealing with Isaac, and knew him to have been a cross-grained churl, hard to tackle, thought that it had been summer time, and it the burial had been appointed for the cool of the evening, they might have gone to it for brotherhood's sake; but six o'clock in the morning of a winter, with the thermometer seven degrees below freezing point—no thank you! Only one Jew in the whole city of Lyons decided that he must attend Isaac's funeral, and that was Reuben Manasse, who owed him money and could not pay. Reuben had an idea that he did not render his creditor the supreme homage of mourning, Beelzebub might possibly look into the matter.

On the morning of the 21st, however, it snowed so hard that Reuben Manasse resolved to let the devil do his worst. There was really going out in such weather. In the darkness, lean, shivering, fleecy flakes were falling in so ceaseless succession and whitening everything so that the roofs of houses and their eaves, the door-ways, the roadways, all seemed covered with a hoary frost. At any hour been written that a delirious shall catch cold in honor of his creditor's decease, and lean Reuben Manasse was sadly liable to influenza. Let it be considered, also, that he had other creditors to think of, and owed it to them not to let his health be imperilled; all of which he explains why he crept back with chattering teeth into bed and dozed an extra hour's sleep: the cost of which he had cause to remember to his dying day.

Meanwhile, the hearse had started from Isaac Mosacker's door unattended and unaccompanied. It was a one-horse vehicle, without trappings, plumes, or pall, and the sort of hearse that is used in sixth-class funerals; for Frenchmen do not count as seventh style for funerals. A spindly-legged master of ceremonies shuffled before in cocked hat and cloak, and high-perched on the box sat an aged coachman, who cut a wretched figure enough with his tall boots and dumbed fingers. These two, and a pair of mutes who had come to help carry out the coffin, but not to follow it to the cemetery, cursed the presumptuous folly of the Jew who had wished to be buried at an earlier hour than the rest of the world; and yet this Jew was not a ballroom, or to what it betwixt his legs at street corners, and in so doing dashed little puffs of snow into his ears and down the nape of his neck, causing him to swear; for he was a man who stood much upon his dignity, and did not like to be rendered ridiculous by the elements. All the while there was not a soul in the streets—not a dog, not a cat; nothing but snow and wind playing their pranks in the darkness of a winter morning, amid thoroughfares so silent that it looked as though the whole city had gone to sleep never to wake again.

And yet no; for at the turning of a street, a window, behind which a light had been burning all night, was opened, and the head of a young girl of twenty peeped out into the darkness, the light in the room forming a golden framework at her back. She was a sempstress, and had been sewing ever since morning the day before at a ball dress that was wanted for a great lady who would not wait. On the stroke of six she had finished her last weary stitch, and had been deliberating whether she would not lie down and take a little rest before commencing a new day's labors, when an impulse, how was she to account for it?—had attracted her to the window to see what kind of weather it was. At the sight of the hearse, looming like an apparition, so black and so melancholy in its solitariness, the sempstress gave a slight start, and the coachman fancied he had mingled with the souging of the wind an exclamation like "poor soul!" Then the window closed and a minute afterwards the young girl issued from the house like a shadow, tripped lightly across the road, took her stand behind the hearse, to follow to his or her grave this unknown human being who had no friend. She was of frail build, and had no shawl, but the snow as it descended in light pure flakes seemed to wrap her with infinite tenderness in a cloak more dazzling than a wedding garment. And perhaps the white carapace which heaven had laid down was not too cold under her kindly feet, and perhaps the winter wind made itself warm to play about

her young face, which two tears had bedewed. Anyhow, she walked without appearing to heed the snow or blast, but intent only on the deed of charity she was performing towards one whom she had felt to be in kinship with her, since his pauper's hearse proved him to have belonged when alive to the great brotherhood of the poor and miserable.

Still slowly the hearse proceeded, followed by its one young mourner, until at a new turning, where there was a barber's shop, a young journeyman, who had been working at the ovens all night, came out on his way home. To bakers, day is night and night is day. This journeyman, who was twisting a comfoter round his throat, lifted his cap, at first unconsciously, at the hearse, but as he did so the light of a gas lamp streaming on the sempstress enabled him to recognise her. Surprised, he darted at once into the roadway, bare-headed, and held out his hand. "Well, Marie, is that you? This is no relative of yours, I hope?" "No, I don't know his name," said Marie, with an artless smile; "but it seemed so wretched to see him going to the cemetery in this cold snow!" "And you follow him! Ah, that's like your goodness! But you will be catching cold yourself, more likely, than the dead man. Here, take this wrapper and my jacket."

"No, I don't feel cold," said Marie, gently; but you are coming too?" "If you can't see me," answered the workman. "Of course I will go wherever you go."

"Hush," said Marie, gently; and they walked on together side by side, Isaac Mosacker having now two mourners instead of one. Note that all this had been done and said without the cognizance or privity of the master of ceremonies, who was too much occupied with the state of the roads in front of the hearse to pay any attention to what was going on behind. He was therefore astonished, almost mystified, when, on reaching the cemetery, he saw two young people step out from behind the vehicle, and watch with heads bent while the coffin was being lifted out and placed beside the open grave.

A rabbi was in attendance—a black-bearded man with a long gown, who was not in the best temper at having been roused out of bed so early—and he began to gabble prayers. At this juncture Marie pulled the sleeve of her companion. "But they don't take him to the chapel, Jacques; and I see no priest!" "I think yonder man is a priest," whispered Jacques; "the dead man must have been a Jew."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Marie, in a tone of distress; "but they don't have any holy water, or make the sign of the cross, over him!" "I think it comes to the same thing," observed Jacques, philosophically. But Marie was not of that opinion. She knelt down in the snow, and recited over the Jew's coffin a Pater, an Ave, and the Credo of the Christian faith; then, when all was over, and when the Rabbi, glad to have finished, was scuttling off shivering, with his gown and cap, under a messenger who had been watching him round to see that he was unobserved, and pulling off a little silver cross that hung round her neck, let it fall into the grave. Possibly that little cross did the Jew no harm, when he stood with it in his hand on the threshold of Heaven praying for admittance.

Dawn was breaking as the sexton began to shovel the earth on Isaac Mosacker's body, and as Marie and Jacques walked out of the cemetery arm in arm. The gate was a man met them—smooth and polished of manners. "You have been attending the funeral of Isaac Mosacker?" he inquired bowing. "We don't know his name," answered Jacques, fumbling in his pocket, under a vague impression that alms was going to be asked of them.

"There can be no mistake; for there has been but one funeral yet this morning," replied the stranger more and more courteously. "Well, if you will do me the favor of coming with me to my office I shall have a message to give you."

"But I have work to do," pleaded Marie. "I must deliver a dress which is ordered for to-day."

The notary smiled. "I think I may wait," said he. "Here is my carriage; pray step in."

of drift-ice snapped the telegraph cable linking Port Huron, in Michigan, and Sarnia, in Canada. It was a complete severance, and the river is a mile and a half wide.

Edison had a queer thought. He hustled the driver of a locomotive out of his path, and seized control of the valve that regulated the whistle. The notion was to whistle in long and short notes, answering to dots and dashes.

"Sarnia, do you hear?" Sarnia was silent and over and over again the odd effort failed. But at last some bright person on the other side divined what all the noise meant. An answer came, and intercourse was proved to be practicable.

Mrs. Watts came to the door just in time to see Mr. Dismal Dawson going over the back fence.

"Say," said she, "I thought you promised to do some work for me when you had finished the meal I gave you?" "Yes'm," said Dawson, "so I did."

"It looks very much as if you had lied."

"Yes'm, I guess it do look that way. An' it hurts me, as much as any man on earth, but there is no tellin' what a man will do when he is hungry."

Professor Longhair—Astrology teaches that a girl born in January will be prudent, good tempered, and fond of dress; if born in February, affectionate, kind-hearted, and fond of dress; in March, inconstant and fond of...

Hostess—In what month are girls born who are not fond of dress? Professor Longhair—In none, madam.

BORN. Truro, June 9, to the wife of R. H. Reid, a son. Oxford, June 7, to the wife of T. F. Davis, a son. Truro, June 12, to the wife of Peter Ross, a daughter. Berwick, June 13, to the wife of John D. Bell, a son. Halifax, June 2, to the wife of Watson Best, a son. Halifax, June 15, to the wife of John S. Lomas, a son. Lockport, June 15, to the wife of Frank A. Bill, a son. Wolfeville, N. S., to the wife of B. O. Davison, two sons. Halifax, June 13, to the wife of William H. Marks, a son. Musquodoboit, June 5, to the wife of Henry Miller, a daughter. Halifax, June 14, to the wife of Thomas Forbes, a daughter. Dartmouth, June 11, to the wife of J. E. Lawlor, a daughter. Bridgetown, June 9, to the wife of Fred Covey, a daughter. Belleisle, June 10, to the wife of Enoch Young, a daughter. Kentville, June 5, to the wife of Charles Loop, a daughter. Halifax, June 14, to the wife of R. L. Schwart, a daughter. Parrbro, June 10, to the wife of William Bowden, a daughter. St. John, June 17, to the wife of George McArthur, a daughter. Upper Musquodoboit, June 8, to the wife of John Millar, N. S., June 5, to the wife of A. J. Coppin, a son. Fort Halifax, June 29, to the wife of Hazen Atkinson, a daughter. Harbor Grace, Nfld., June 9, to the wife of W. A. Chapman, to Elizabeth C. Belle Newcomb, Deliah D. Clark to Effie J. Hicks. Woodstock, June 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, A. A. Woodstock, June 12, by Rev. F. C. McDevitt, James Carter to Annie Foley. Montreal, June 11, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, R. P. Sussex, June 6, by Rev. Allan W. Smithers, Andrew Carr to Isabel Crothers. Halifax, June 12, by Rev. F. M. Webster, Eldridge W. Hammett to Bessie E. Keane. Woodstock, June 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, G. W. Lint to Annie Hagerman. St. John, June 13, by Rev. O. Raymond, Herman Sullivan to Bessie Eggar. New Glasgow, June 9, by Rev. A. Rogers, James R. Hishop to Catherine McCabe. Bridgewater, June 3, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Scott W. Hieb to Elizabeth J. Shaw. North Sydney, June 14, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Newton Hopper to Laura Nielson. Pictou, June 13, by Rev. J. A. MacFarland, William Smith to Elizabeth Keane. Point de Chene, June 10, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Hugh McKellar to Cassie Shearer. Lower Neweastle, June 12, by Rev. J. S. Johnson, George Stewart to Alberta Hobart. Fredericton, June 15, by Rev. J. H. King, William S. Evans to Victoria H. Armstrong. Barrington, N. S., June 14, by Rev. W. Ryan, Alfred Cochran to Flora M. Young. Dartmouth, June 11, by Rev. Charles Underwood, Alexander Fraser to Emily West. Berwick, June 12, by Rev. George F. Dawson, Albert Kennedy to Laura Chapman. St. John, June 20, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Aquila D. Hopkins to Margaret E. Cochran. Point Middle, June 6, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Charles McKenna to Mary A. Sew. Woodstock, June 12, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, George Dshart to Frances Matilda Morrison. Hopewell Hill, June 6, by Rev. W. Johnson, Alfred Woodstock to June 12, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, George Dshart to Frances Matilda Morrison. St. John, June 20, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, George L. Camp to Bessie W. Colwell. Digbyville, June 15, by Rev. J. Murray, Middle Simonds, June 13, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Roland H. Smalley to Carrie A. Caldwell. Woodstock, June 12, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Clarence A. Grant to Emma J. McCollum. Palmer Cove, N. S., June 7, by Rev. H. Achilly, C. C. Handwerker to Mrs. Deliah D. White. Benton, June 13, by Rev. Mr. Marston, assisted by Rev. Mr. McKay, Samuel Aronson to Mary Gibson. St. Stephen, June 14, by Rev. O. B. Newsham, assisted by Rev. Mr. Bryan, Richard L. Sloggett to Kate G. Bolton.

Tetley's Tea. Tetley's tea is economical and pure. Tetley's Tea is refreshing and healthy, and by the blending process contains all the different qualities of the finest teas in itself. TETLEY'S TEA is always the same excellent quality, it never varies. Prices: 50c., 60c., 70c., 90c. and \$1.00 per lb. Sold by all leading grocers in the Dominion. If your grocer does not sell it write to the agent for the Dominion. David Brown, 469 St. Paul St., Montreal.

SCROFULA CURED BY B.B.B. DEAN SIR—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said, I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm. I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find B.B.B. a very good blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine. MRS. JAMES CHASE, Frankfort, Ont.

Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. Lawrence, New Brunswick and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland, Halifax Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 800 agencies connected with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers in connection with the forwarding service of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. H. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt. 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world. Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I., Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Elgin & Havelock R'y. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Obedience. L. W. ABBOTT, Agent, 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Lehigh Coal. NUT OR STOVE SIZE, LANDING. Very Cheap for Cash. To arrive: Caledonia House Coal. J. F. MORRISON. CONSUMPTION. A 25c. Package makes 5 Gallons. Sold Everywhere. Refuse Worthless Substitutes.

THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK. SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. A pleasure and a delight. The most delicious and refreshing of all temperature beverages. A 25c. Package makes 5 Gallons. Sold Everywhere. Refuse Worthless Substitutes.

RAILWAYS. YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.V. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 4.25 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.15 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.30 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.10 p.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway and with Annapolis Railway every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, and with Annapolis Railway every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at the Halifax, St. John, and Annapolis Railway Stations. Trains are run by Railway Standard Time. Yarmouth, N. S. J. BASSING, General Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R.V. Cheap Excursion TO MONTREAL. EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale June 23rd to July 2 inclusive, good for return until July 9, 94, at \$7.50 EACH. Meetings of Wheelman's Association will be held at Montreal, June 30 and July 2, and the Prohibitions will be in force on July 3. For tickets and further information apply to City Office, Chubb's Corner. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agent, St. John, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Peggibush, Pictou and Halifax..... 1.00 Express for Halifax..... 13.50 Express for Sussex..... 16.50 Express for Chatham, Montreal, Quebec and Montreal..... 16.50 WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: A Parcel Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. A Freight train leaves St. John for Annapolis every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock. Express from Sussex..... 6.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.50 Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou..... 14.40 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.50

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olive, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for St. John, Fredericton, and will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., with navigation permits. Commencing June 2nd, Steamer Olivette will leave St. John, every SATURDAY at 9 p. m., with mail and intermediate landings and will leave Hamilton every MONDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock at 8.50. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN", C. W. BRAVINS, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving St. John, Indaverne, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 8.30 o'clock local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and TUESDAY mornings, touching at Gasqueton Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River, \$1.25. Or return to Gasqueton, \$2.00. 25c. Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other route. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All UP Passengers must be prepaid, unless accompanied by correct, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents. Wm. McMULLEN, C. BAIRD, Gen'l. Manager, Agent at Indaverne.

STEAMER CLIFTON. Will leave her wharf at Indaverne MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 p. m., for St. John and intermediate points. St. J. C. McNICOLL, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Three Trips a Week FOR BOSTON. Until further notice the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Newport, Portland and Boston every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings at 7.50 o'clock. Returning will leave Boston every Monday morning at 8.00 o'clock. On Wednesday will not touch at Portland. Consignment made at Newport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 p. m. C. W. McNICOLL, Agent.

VOL. SOME ASKED ANSWERED mass who Probably est Many The aser Finlow Alex led to his s been convin that he will the ministry PROGRESS reliable as end Gene Those facts would so evasive to that he had not know This much came to this and to make the other. It is said The Fre, from in people there more than any other sec der's good fri ill-health and ments and Naturally of said that, o marked than to give rise to and relief from is most neces In connections asked by issue of Proce the priesthood of in the followi Slipper of I "by the book, more interest "high" section and the replies queries may be people. In answer "Churchman" shall be glad i following extra and Canons c (a) When Bishop is com ended, there sh tion, declaring as come to be e ssary that or Christ, etc. (b) "Revea unto you these mitted to the o (c) "Good we purpose, God day unto you (d) "Do yo of our Lord J of this Church and Ministry of (e) "Priests present ally upon the he the order of humbly kneeling Bishop saying, (f) "Receive office and work of God, now impos of out from the form a priests). The prayer book of Holy Ghost, who etc. It was also 1662. 2. "Does she de give sins, they are 3. "Whose sins forgiven?" (ext manner of order 4. "Does she, in the him to be improv to his sin, if he feel his weighty matt. "Here shall the to make a special ho feels his own weighty matter.