

PROGRESS.

Board of Works

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BOTH OF THEM MUST GO.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE AND THE EBRATIC CAPTAIN RAWLINGS.

Their Disgraceful Conduct as Brought Out by the Woods-Clark Trial and the Fairville Fire—Mr. Skinner's Opinion of the Chief—Time for the Council to Act.

The disclosures made by PROGRESS of the drunkenness of Capt. Rawlings at the Fairville fire, and his conduct there, have been added to and emphasized by further startling statements made in public, implicating Rawlings, the chief of police himself and every member on the force.

Only a few days ago no less a person than Judge C. N. Skinner, in his address to the jury in the court room on behalf of his client, made the bald comparison of the chief of police himself being drunk in his office while a citizen, for the same offence, was lodged to a cell below and locked up for the night.

From all that PROGRESS can gather, from the facts that have been in its possession for more than a year, and from the testimony of reliable citizens, there does not appear to be any doubt of the truth of Mr. Skinner's statement.

This statement is made with regret, because as has been said before, PROGRESS was one of the papers that favored the appointment of W. W. Clark as chief of

disgraced himself, but the office which he holds, by his incoherent statements and maudlin sentences.

It is unfortunate for the chief as well as for the force, that just at this time a gang of burglars should attempt to rob the residences in the heart of the city. Perhaps the most efficient force to be commanded in any city would not have been able to capture them, but as it is, the people of this city are not at all satisfied with the efforts made in that direction. They are not satisfied that even if an effort has been made it is in any respect a well directed one. With a drunken chief, and a drunken second in command, and two subordinates whose time is fully occupied in their own



R. WISELY, Director of Public Safety.

affairs or watching their superior officers, it is possible to make a proper effort to catch such a skillful gang of thieves?

PROGRESS understands that the director of public safety has moved in the matter of a charge against Rawlings for drunkenness at the Fairville fire. Many incidents of that nature have come to light since PROGRESS published the story, for it seems to be only necessary to tell part of a story to have all the truth come out. This was the fact in the case of Lee, and it is even more the fact in the case of Rawlings and Clark.

It will not be a surprising thing if today, when this article is read, that very many persons will call to mind the disgraceful actions on the part of those charged which have not hitherto been known to the public. In Halifax a policeman who drinks in a barroom, even when off duty, much less drunk while on is promptly hauled over the coals, quickly brought before the proper committee and, if found guilty, discharged without notice. In this city it appears to be only necessary for such men as Rawlings to indulge in greater excesses to be more securely in the favor of his chief.

WHISKEY AT RUINOUS RATES.

The Story of a City Lawyer Who Was on One of Lee's Notes.

How many drinks are contained in a bottle of whiskey?

That depends on what a man considers a drink, as some people take less than others, but assuming a full drink to be as much as a wineglassful, an ordinary bottle would contain about a dozen. A bottle that sells for a dollar, therefore, brings the price of each drink to 8 1/2 cents, which as such things go is a very reasonable rate indeed. A St. John lawyer has recently had to pay a large advance on this figure, through his relations with Mr. G. Herbert Lee. He was on a note for \$350, which he renewed for Lee once, with the understanding that it would certainly be paid when it fell due again. A month or so before it fell due he spoke to Lee about it and was assured it would be all right. "I shall not renew it again," said the lawyer, positively, and he received the comforting assurance that there would be no need for him to do so. Ten days or so before it fell due, the lawyer again became uneasy and solemnly stalked over to Lee's office and said very decidedly, "I want you to distinctly understand that you must look after that note. I will not renew it under any circumstances." Lee assured him that the money was arranged for and the note would be all right.

The day before the note was due, Lee rushed into the lawyer's office with something done up in paper. "See here, D—," he said, "somebody has sent me a bottle of whiskey as a present. Now, as you know, I am a strict abstainer, and as it is of no use to me, I thought it might be acceptable to you. Would you like it?" The lawyer thought he would and felt very good humored toward Mr. Lee for his thoughtfulness and generosity. The next day he renewed the note. He did not want to act hoggish when Lee had been so generous to him.

The amount of \$350 divided by 12, brings the cost of that whiskey to the lawyer at nearly \$30 a drink, and he justly considers it a somewhat expensive luxury.

Where to Keep Valuables.

It would seem that a pretty safe place to keep valuables is under one's pillow. When burglars visited the Girvan house, the other night, they wholly overlooked a loaded pistol, worth several dollars, which was under Mr. Sam. Girvan's pillow. It was lying there, perfectly safe, when he awoke in the morning to discover that the house had been ransacked while he slept.

CARLETON HAS ITS SAY.

WEST SIDE MATTERS OCCUPY THE COMMON COUNCIL.

The Free List is Suspended on the Ferry, and the Hard Worked Officials Will Have to Pay Fare—What Ald. Lewis Threatens to Bring About.

Thursday's meeting of the common council was an instance of how the most time can be consumed by a deliberative body with the least result in proportion to the amount of talk. The report of the treasury board was a long document of itself, but after it had been read it was taken up section by section and discussed for just one hour. Some of the members from the North end seemed in love with their own voices, for they did most of the talking, though, singular to say, or possibly not singular in the case of the council, the whole report was finally passed without a dissenting voice.

One good point was incidentally made, however, by Ald. Law, who suggested that the council should appoint a committee on printing. He thought, in view of some of the heavy charges that had been made, and that a certain firm which has a member at the council gets so much of the city printing, that some better course should be taken in the interest of economy. It seemed pretty well understood that Ald. Law had in mind the firm of Barnes & Co.

The ferry committee brought in a report which contained a wide-sweeping dead-head clause, on which the council sat down with a great deal of emphasis. By a resolution passed in 1886, free passes were to be provided for a sufficiently large number of officials, including the West side aldermen. The clause was suspended during the experiment of a one cent fare, but since the recent change of rates the ferry committee appears to have hankered for another free list. The report recommended the revival of the list of 1886 with the addition of fresh dead-heads in the persons of the directors of safety and public works, inspector of Sand Point improvements, superintendent of streets, chief of the fire department, superintendent of fire alarms, superintendent and engineer of water and sewerage departments and the collector of west side rents. These added to the officials named in the resolution of 1886 would make quite an array for which various revenues would be charged \$12 a head per annum.

Ald. Davis rose to say that so far as he was concerned he did not want a pass. Ald. Baxter also said that the West side members had never claimed the privilege, but he thought it was a small business to exact fare from the officials in the employ of the city.

Ald. W. A. Chesley was of the opinion that there should be no free passes, and moved an amendment to that effect, which was seconded by Ald. Vincent. Ald. Davis then asked if Ald. Vincent had a pass on the street railway, and was answered that he had not. The mayor then volunteered the information that he himself had a pass on the street railway, but paid his fare rather than use it. Ald. Shaw thought it very small to make the officials pay. The inspector of works at Sand Point, for instance, got only \$2 a day. Ald. Law did not see the force of this argument. If a man with \$2 a day could not pay the fare, what was to become of the poor wretch who got only 90 cents a day. The amendment was carried with a rush, and the director of public works will have to pay two cents out of his salary of \$1,800 every time he goes to Carleton.

The West side men had the floor, or were trying to get it, for the rest of the session. The resolutions passed by the Carleton citizens in regard to the ferry were in the hands of the common clerk, but the mayor remarked that as they had already been published he thought they need not be read. This stirred up Ald. Baxter to remark that the communication from the people should not be so treated. "I ask in the name of their citizenship that the resolutions be read," he exclaimed excitedly. The mayor told him he need not get exercised over the matter. If he would keep quiet the resolutions would be read, and it would consume less time than to have him discussing the matter. He could take his choice whether to have them read or keep on talking. Ald. Baxter chose the latter course. Ald. Davis wanted the matter referred to a special committee consisting of the ferry committee and treasury board. Ald. Kelly suggested that the boards of works and safety be added. Ald. Davis then made a brief oration on the gross injustice of a two cent fare.

Then, Ald. Lewis jumped on the west side men in general. He was one of those who had voted for a one cent fare, but he thought the Carleton people could thank their representatives for the increase, because three of them had annoyed the board and wasted its time. If they persisted in this he would move that the fare be increased to three cents. The resolutions went to the ferry committee. Carleton had its innings again when Ald. Davis moved for a reconsideration of the case of ferry collector Geo. Quinlan,

who had been dismissed and "a man by the name of Stewart, from Queens county" appointed. He referred to the superintendent of ferries as "that celebrated dreamer who made a great howl" about Quinlan's shortage. Ald. Davis said he had stood up in the council for officials who had been guilty of things a thousand times worse than had been hinted about Quinlan and who lived in fine houses, but unless something was done now he would hereafter shelter no guilty man. There would be some curious revelations unless this matter were attended to. The cases of Quinlan and Howard were referred. The council adjourned while the West side members were trying to get some other matters before the board. As it was, they had talk enough, if not glory enough, for one day.

WAS PAID \$30 FOR IT.

Lee's Disgraceful Story Netted Him Two Weeks' Salary.

Perhaps the most distressing part of the Lee business is the statement made by him, endeavoring to throw the blame of his conduct upon his family, by stating that they were a drag upon him. PROGRESS has the very best authority for stating that this is utterly untrue. Instead of being a drag upon him, when Mr. Lee's father died he left his widow not only with a house in Fredericton, but with certain income of one thousand a year. This was derived in part from the interest on \$8,000 worth of bonds. Mrs. Lee died in 1884 and only last year did the heirs succeed in getting a statement and \$100 each from G. Herbert Lee. In that statement the estate is only credited with two bonds of \$500 each. It is worthy to note also that Mr. Lee charged his brothers, sisters and other relatives five per cent. of his father's estate for administering. PROGRESS understands from reliable authority that the story which appeared in the Boston Herald last Saturday morning, and was reprinted in the evening Globe of this city was written by Mr. Lee who was paid \$30 for it. He is at present earning a salary of \$15 a week on the Boston Herald, which may be increased to \$30 in a month if his services are satisfactory.

A NEW BUREAU ALARM.

Not an Electric Bell, but an Old-Fashioned Dinner Gong.

A very good joke is going the rounds of the city, the origin of which lies in the excessive precautions taken by some of the citizens against burglars. The handsome residence of Mr. Robert Thomson, corner of Mecklenburg and Sydney streets was the scene of the incident referred to. An old retainer, who was in care of the house while Mr. Thomson and family are enjoying the summer months at Robthesay, was so exercised over the fact that the burglars might call upon her that she provided herself with an old-fashioned dinner bell which could be heard for a mile and one-half. A few evenings ago two gentlemen passing the house noticed that while the residences in the vicinity were brilliantly illuminated, a very dim light showed in Mr. Thomson's house. One of them naturally had his suspicions aroused and proceeded to investigate, leaving his comrade awaiting his return on the street. He rapped at the door and made several attempts to gain entrance to the house, but without success.

In the meantime the fact that his companion was steadily watching the house from the street had collected a considerable crowd, and the fact that so much noise was being made at the door had thoroughly aroused the old servant and confirmed her suspicions that the burglars had at last arrived. It was quite evident that she had made and matured her plans and knew just exactly what she would do in the event of a call from the bold thieves, for suddenly one of the windows was raised and the dinner bell rang with all the violence at her command. After she had thoroughly aroused the people in the vicinity and collected all who were not already on the corner, mutual and satisfactory explanations followed. The idea of ringing the bell was certainly original and not a bad one.

Gagetown's Colored Sprinter.

Gagetown has a colored sprinter and he is a good one. He won every race he entered at the F. M. A. picnic, and considering he ran four heats inside half an hour, and winning them all, he has something to be proud of. His name is Wm. Gosman, and he won the hundred yards with such fellows as Morris, Costello, McCarthy and Connelly. Gosman ran 80 yards at a picnic in Burton in eight seconds. He teaches a colored school at Otnabog and is a very clever chap to talk with. Gagetown people are proud of him and are beginning to take an interest in sprinting. They think Gosman has "something in him" and a number are anxious to find out what he can do.

Unbrakes and Parasols Required; Duval, Union street.

MR. SMITH WENT WEST.

HE WAS A COLORED BARBER AND LEFT SOME MOURNERS.

How He Won the Heart of a St. John Brunette—Some Things that go to Show that He has Another Wife in the States—The Funds of the Oddfellows' Picnic.

Mr. Albert Smith, a semi-colored gentleman, who for some time presided over the tonsorial chair of the barber saloon of the Dufferin, and still later was one of the artists employed by that well-known hair dresser, Mr. McIntyre, has gone West, and it is said that he is not likely to return.

Mr. Smith came from the west about three years ago. "He made himself very agreeable to the people of his race and color and was soon received into their best society. He was unmarried, or at least he was unaccompanied by any wife, and naturally there was a flutter of excitement among the fair belles of St. Philips church. Mr. Smith took advantage of the kind reception and in a short time had wooed and won the niece of Mr. Richardson. They were married and went to housekeeping. In the meantime Mr. Smith won his way also into favor in official circles. There was a colored Odd Fellow lodge, and soon Mr. Smith was elected as one of the most important officers. Indeed, so prominent a member was he, that a few weeks ago, when the lodge determined to have an outing at Lepreau, Mr. Smith was appointed treasurer for the picnic. He had apparently given them such evidences of his honesty that he was trusted with the entire receipts from the sale of refreshments, and at the close of that evening had \$116.00 of the lodge's funds in his trousers pocket. Mr. Smith had an intimate companion, the noble grand, or N. G. for short, of the lodge. This was no other than Mr. Bob Washington. When he and Mr. Smith arrived in the city from the picnic, they were in the humor for a private picnic of their own, and they started with a team hired from Mr. McKie, and almost the entire receipts from the picnic along with them. A few hours on the road, and in the resorts on the road relieved them of a goodly portion of the cash. This was on Thursday, the day after the picnic. In the meantime the other noble members of the lodge got an inkling of what was transpiring, and took to hunting up those who had bills and whose bills had been paid. They ascertained after a good deal of difficulty that accounts to the amount of \$59 had been received, and the balance, the sum of \$57 was to be accounted for. Mr. Smith was called upon to give an account. The members of the lodge were notified that a special meeting on picnic business would be held on Monday evening, Monday morning Mr. Smith got up bright and early, and took the train for the west. He said he was going to Montreal, and from thence as far as Baltimore, where the death of his father made it necessary for him to transact business in connection with the estate. He fixed the date of his return at August 15, but so far nothing has been heard of him, and there seems to be a fairly well founded suspicion that he will not return. In the meantime Mrs. Smith has been somewhat anxious about her husband's whereabouts. It is said that she was not quite satisfied with certain of his explanations that he had made before his departure. Those who knew him quite intimately are firm in their belief that he has at least one wife living in the United States. Certain expressions he dropped in ordinary conversation when talking of his past life would indicate that this was too true, and the correspondence that he received while here, part of which was examined also bears out the fact.

A number of people are the losers by his sudden departure. The repairs to the carriage which carried him and Noble Grand Washington out the road cost in the vicinity of \$25. Mr. McIntyre has enough evidence to show that Mr. Smith owes him between \$30 and \$40, while the Shore Line railway with which he was supposed to settle, only received \$20 on account of the amount they agreed to lease the train for. Of course the lodge will have to stand this loss, as it will all the other unpaid bills of the picnic, for Mr. Smith's return is not among the probabilities.

One Way of Collecting a Bill.

A North end tailor, who is as good at collecting as at making tail overcoats at cut rates, gave a practical illustration of a most effective method of dealing with debtors, on the International Steamship company's pier one day this week. One of his customers was going to Boston and had forgotten to leave \$4 with the tailor. The latter went down to the boat to see about it, and the exodian seemed unwilling to accommodate him. Then the tailor put his most effective method in operation. He placed his knuckles somewhere in the vicinity of the exodian's nose, and continued to pick out soft spots in his face until it was thought time the bill should be paid. The tailor got his four dollars.

MISS POTTS IS AHEAD.

She Leads the List With 519 Coupons—A Close Second.

Silver service coupons came in thickly to Progress office Friday morning, and it is supposed that many more, thinking that Progress is printed at the same time as other Saturday morning papers, will arrive after it has gone to press. They will appear in the issue of next week.

Today Miss Potts leads all others by 19 with 519, while J. D. Campbell is a close second. Little Miss Pauline Bederman

CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, Progress will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

has a good number, 330, while Miss Logue, of Richibucto, comes with 229. This last is a remarkable showing because it cannot be possible in Richibucto to have the same chances for collecting coupons as in larger places. The silver service will be shown in St. John next week and until the close of the contest. The contest stands as follows:

Minnie E. Potts, 128 Charlotte street, city.....	519
J. D. Campbell, 184 Sydney street, city.....	500
Miss Pauline Bederman, 74 Charlotte street.....	339
Miss Lizzie T. Sayre, Richibucto.....	229
Miss E. A. Hart, Rockland Road.....	212
Mrs. T. W. Higgins, Orange street.....	150
Mrs. J. Mowry, Victoria street, city.....	90
Mrs. J. E. Wilson, 31 Inglis street, Halifax.....	85
Grace A. Estey, 30 Peters street.....	48
Mrs. J. B. Eagles, St. John.....	46
D. C. McKen, Wolfville, N. S.....	40
Alice M. DeForest, 14 Coburg street, city.....	34
Tilla Morrison, 4 Celebration street, city.....	30
Mrs. Bent, Amherst.....	21
J. W. Jones, St. John.....	19
Lizzie Maxwell, Gagetown, N. B.....	8

MR. BELL BUILT A FENCE.

And by a Process of Evolution It is now a Brick Building.

Mr. Adam R. Bell has an annex to his premises on Hazen avenue, in the form of a one story brick shed, the various stages in the erection of which have been watched with some curiosity by people who have occasion to pass that way. Mr. Bell started some time ago by building a fence to enclose empty barrels and other articles for which there was no room in the store. Then he put a roof on it and made a shed, so that carriages, etc., could be protected from the weather. Finally, he built four brick walls, put on a more substantial roof, and had added an ornamental frieze, or something of that kind, so that there is quite a substantial structure.

All that Mr. Bell undertook to make in the first place was a plain board fence. When he put the roof on, it became a wooden structure not allowed in the fire district. Then the inspector was informed of the fact by one of Bell's neighbors, and so he had to take out a permit and put up a brick building.

The relations between Mr. Bell and his neighbor, lawyer G. C. Coster, have been somewhat strained, and some interesting correspondence is said to have taken place between the two. Mr. Coster is said to have been so apprehensive that the structure would encroach on Hazen avenue that he took measurements with his feet after dark. Mr. Bell considered that he turned the tables by pointing out the fact that Mr. Coster's own house encroaches a number of inches on the line of Union street, as may be seen when alignment is taken with the oddfellows' hall. A number of sarcastic messages have been exchanged between the parties, and there for the present the matter rests. Mr. Bell's annex is interesting as an illustration of the principles of evolution.

Leopold Will Be All Right.

Our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. James I. Fellows, Hs POs (B. P.), has been having a social chat with Leopold, King of the Belgians, in regard to New Brunswick and its resources, with incidental reference, no doubt, to its great men. According to the reports, "the king said he would like to visit this country, but he did not like so much water." His majesty is doubtless referring to the prohibition movement, and appears to be needlessly alarmed. If he comes to St. John and is taken in hand by the city officials, he will have very little water obtruded on his notice.

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WEBSTER.

A FIELD FOR GOOD WORK

HOW BRIGHT BOYS CAN ESCAPE THE CROWDED PROFESSIONS.

Manual Training in the Schools and the Advancement it is Making—The Branch at Horton Collegiate Academy, Windsor and What it Means.

That a Manual Training department is actually established at Horton Collegiate Academy, Wolfville, should be a matter of interest to the people of these Maritime Provinces, first, because it is a new departure in education among us, and secondly because of the opportunities it offers to our young men and boys to work directly toward other positions than teaching, preaching, law and medicine. These have been the chief goals of ambition for our young men hitherto; but observing ones now see these professions overcrowded, and are anxiously asking for a pathway to some other kind of occupations which have greater guarantees of success. Manual training schools and the higher schools of technology have been gradually coming in year by year to supply this lack until today we find the former very numerous on this continent and the latter in such leading centres as Boston, Worcester, Brooklyn, etc.

The movement toward industrial education began many years ago, but has developed with rapid strides in recent days. In 1868 the Worcester Free Institute was opened. The object of this school was stated in the following words: "The aim of this school shall ever be the instruction



EDWARD W. YOUNG MANUAL TRAINING HALL.

of youth in those branches of education not usually taught in the public schools, which are essential and best adapted to train the young for practical life." Especially such as were to be mechanics or manufacturers. In the same year, 1868, Victor Della Vos introduced at Moscow what is now known as the Russian method of instruction in the use of tools. Here the students were eighteen years old on admission, and were to become government engineers. In 1870 a wood working shop was added to the appliances for Architecture at the University of Illinois, also an iron working shop to the appliances in mechanical engineering. In 1871 the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, New Jersey, a school of mechanical engineering, first set up a series of manual training shops for the use of its students. In 1872, Washington University, St. Louis, equipped a department for work in wood and metals.

At the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, the Russian method of tool instruction of Victor Della Vos was exhibited and attracted the earnest attention of American educators. It presented clear cut and definite what before had been ill defined or unthought of. Prof. Runkle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, immediately adopted the system and fitted up departments to carry it out. He looked deeper into the problem than had Della Vos. He saw that this instruction was essential to a mechanical engineer and had also elements of great value in a general education. In 1877 the school of mechanic arts, a sub department of the institute, was established.

In June 1879, The St. Louis Manual Training school was founded. It embodied hopes long cherished and plans long formed. For the first time in America the age of admission to school shops was reduced to fourteen years, and a three years course was organized. The ordinance specifying its objects states, that "it shall provide instruction in Mathematics, drawing, and the English branches of a high school course, and instruction and practice in the use of tools, including carpentry, wood turning, pattern making, iron clipping and filing, forge work, brazing and soldering and the use of mechanical tools." In 1880 this school enrolled 67 pupils, in 1881, 107, in 1882, 174, and by 1887 it had grown to an enrolment of 220.

The growth of manual training schools has been very rapid in recent years, both in Europe and America. Before 1879 most of these manual labor shops or schools were established chiefly to fit young men for the higher occupations of engineering and mechanics, but it came to be seen more and more that shop processes by which the hand and the eye, the judgment and the taste were being so effectively trained and in which mathematical principles were being applied, should really hold an important place in general public education; it has therefore come to pass that a large number of these schools have been established alongside of the public high school and on the same footing. The Baltimore Manual T. school, a public school on a level with the high school was opened in 1883. In 1884 the Chicago Manual T. school and the Scott Manual T. school of Toledo were opened. In 1885 and 1886 schools were opened in New York city, Philadelphia, Omaha, Denver, Cleveland, New Haven, and other places, until now there is scarcely a town of importance in the United States in which the manual training school, in some form, does not flourish. In earlier years these schools were generally established by private munificence, but of late many are being supported by civic taxation, and at the annual conventions of teachers, manual training has for years held a place on their programmes. At the National Educational

association of the United States held last year at Toronto, no section of the teachers was more enthusiastic than that of the manual trainers. Boys trained in these schools are earnestly sought after by manufacturers.

Why a Manual Training school should be established at a university is easy to understand. It is evident that all boys who attend an academy or college are not adapted for strictly professional callings, yet the tendency of the student who matriculates at an academy is to go on through college, and having become a graduate, he seldom has any inclination to enter any other than one of the three or four leading professions. His whole education has pointed to nothing else. It therefore not infrequently happens that the young graduate finds himself installed in some profession for which he is not adapted and in which he is neither happy nor successful. It is claimed by those competent to judge, that a manual training department in connection with an educational institution opens a door to other positions, because the course in mechanics, drawing and in wood and iron construction is essential and is always prescribed in those technical schools which prepare young men for engineering, etc. The course in manual work, always taken in connection with mathematic, English and other regular academic studies, discovers to the student and his teachers his mechanical aptitudes, if he has any, and thus serves to reveal his proper calling and to give edge to his ambitions.

Then again it is being very generally felt by practical educators that every educated man, whether professional or otherwise, should have some training of this character. A physician, in his emergencies, finds a hundred uses for tools in adapting appliances and in surgical operations. A lawyer is often placed at a

disadvantage in court because he does not understand the details of cases touching mechanics and manual labor. The county clerkman often wishes he could minister to his necessities by mending or making, and all professional men and capitalists would fare better if the gulf which separates them from the laboring classes was a little narrower. It was such considerations as these that led Prof. N. Wolverson, of Woodstock, Ontario, Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, Mr. N. A. Rhodes, of the firm of Rhodes & Curry, and others to advocate a manual training department at Wolfville. Principal Oakes called the attention of the students to the matter. They read about it and talked over it, and Mr. Foote of the matriculating class, of 1891, wrote an essay upon it and delivered it before the public at the closing exercises of the academy. The board of governors of the university then appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Saunders, Messrs. A. P. Shand, and Rupert Haley, to inquire into the desirability of establishing such a school and report at the Baptist Convention to be held at Moncton in August following. After extensive inquiries and inspections of these institutions in New England, the committee recommended a favorable recommendation and enlarged the former committee by adding the names of Mr. N. A. Rhodes and Principal Oakes, authorizing them to collect subscriptions and proceed to build and equip a manual training school. A short time only was necessary to secure pledges to the amount of \$5,000, as a fund to help maintain the needed instructor. To Mr. N. A. Rhodes, belongs the honor of heading the list with a subscription of \$500. Other members of the Rhodes & Curry establishment subscribed \$500 more.

It next became necessary to provide for a suitable building, but all unknown to the student, Edward W. Young, son of Mr. Chas. E. Young, of Elnmouth, and a member of Horton academy for two years, was stricken by disease during the summer of '91 and died in October following. He belonged to the matriculating class of that year and before his death manifested a deep interest both in his class and in the enterprise it had inaugurated. Not long after his son's death Mr. Young intimated his willingness to erect a suitable manual training building as a monument to the memory of his beloved Edward, and accordingly the contract was given to Messrs. Rhodes & Curry, who have recently completed the structure.

The building, a cut of which appears on this page, is situated on the campus near the academy home and faces the university and seminary buildings. It is 70 feet long and 35 feet wide and is entered by an arched portico terminating in a pediment and is well lighted by 50 windows. Over the front entrance the name, "Edward W. Young Manual Training Hall," stands in clear relief in raised gilt letters. The frame is substantial and the structure is thoroughly built and neatly finished, reflecting much credit upon the contractors, who have spared no pains to produce a building equal to all the needs contemplated.

The work of equipment is now going forward under the supervision of Mr. C. A. McDonald, of Cornell university who has been engaged as teacher of this department. On the eastern half of the ground floor, forging and filing, moulding and casting will be carried on. On the western half of this floor machine work will be provided for, but not this year, as machine work

comes last in the course. Ascending the stairway we reach the second floor, two thirds of which is already partitioned off as a wood-working apartment. Here are systematically placed 24 work benches of superior construction and design, each provided with a drawer in which the student can lock his tools and his wood work, also his cap, apron, blouse, saw, trowel, etc. A vise is attached to each bench, also a limited set of tools, consisting of two saws, two planes, steel square, try square, bevil gauge, marking gauge, oil stone, oil can, compass, chisels, hammer, screw driver and bench brush, several sets of special tools are also placed in convenient places to be given to students for special use when the bench set does not suffice. In this same room also are placed twelve wood turning lathes manufactured by A. Robb & Sons, of Amherst. Turning tools accompany each lathe. A small circular saw and a band saw, a grindstone, the main shaft and the counter shafts, belts and belt shifters, and a latavory complete the equipment for this room. Here, shop instruction is given in the proper use and care of the lathes and tools and in such constructions as wood turning, half-and-half closed joints, half-and-half open joints, miter joints, open mortise-and-tenon joints, long and short mortises, different kinds of dove-tailing, dovied joints and ultimately pattern making. In some cases the student will combine these processes in producing a finished and useful article, in other cases he will only make a neat, strong joint, to be applied later in his course.

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disadvantage in court because he does not understand the details of cases touching mechanics and manual labor. The county clerkman often wishes he could minister to his necessities by mending or making, and all professional men and capitalists would fare better if the gulf which separates them from the laboring classes was a little narrower. It was such considerations as these that led Prof. N. Wolverson, of Woodstock, Ontario, Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, Mr. N. A. Rhodes, of the firm of Rhodes & Curry, and others to advocate a manual training department at Wolfville. Principal Oakes called the attention of the students to the matter. They read about it and talked over it, and Mr. Foote of the matriculating class, of 1891, wrote an essay upon it and delivered it before the public at the closing exercises of the academy. The board of governors of the university then appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Saunders, Messrs. A. P. Shand, and Rupert Haley, to inquire into the desirability of establishing such a school and report at the Baptist Convention to be held at Moncton in August following. After extensive inquiries and inspections of these institutions in New England, the committee recommended a favorable recommendation and enlarged the former committee by adding the names of Mr. N. A. Rhodes and Principal Oakes, authorizing them to collect subscriptions and proceed to build and equip a manual training school. A short time only was necessary to secure pledges to the amount of \$5,000, as a fund to help maintain the needed instructor. To Mr. N. A. Rhodes, belongs the honor of heading the list with a subscription of \$500. Other members of the Rhodes & Curry establishment subscribed \$500 more.

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Don't Forget the Season for Bartlett Peaches, Grapes, Blueberries, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Sweet Corn, etc. Also preserving sugars and fine Groceries from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Co., 32 Charlotte street, next Y. M. C. A.

AMUSEMENTS. Opera House, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7TH.

MR. GUSTACE'S FAREWELL CONCERT. Under the auspices of the PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. Will be held at 8 p. m.

SOLOISTS: Vocal—Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. H. E. Cole. INSTRUMENTAL—Mrs. Babbitt, Prof. White, Mr. Thornhill. FULL ORCHESTRA OF 28 PIECES. TICKETS, 50c., 35c. and 25c., at Murphy's Office.

OPERA HOUSE Monday and Tuesday Evenings, SEPTEMBER 5th and 6th, and Tuesday Matinee at 2.30.

W. S. CLEVELAND'S ALL UNITED MINSTRELS. Positively the Best in the World.

THE ORIGINAL BIG 4 SMITH MARTIN HAILEY SPARKS. In conjunction with HARRY J. HOWARD, the Greatest Tenor Singer in the World, and CYRENE, The Wonderful Dancing Spanish Beauty.

Positively Last Day. RUFUS SOMERBY'S Parlor Musee, PALACE RINK.

This SATURDAY, SEPT. 3rd, is the last chance to see PRINCE TINYMITE, BERTOTO, WILLET AND THORNE, SOL STONE, PUNCH AND JUDY.

Tonight Last Night of the Season. Ladies' Grand Souvenir Night. LOOK! JAPANESE SOUVENIR in every

HALIFAX Riding Grounds MARITIME COLT-STAKES!

And other Trotting and Running Races. September 7, 8 and 9. Three Days Racing. NINE RACES.

Purses \$2,500.00 Amounting to \$2,500.00. This will be the greatest Racing Meeting ever held in the Maritime Provinces.

There is to be a FREE-FOR-ALL, in which the best horses in the provinces are entered. Entries close August 31st at 11 p. m.

One Fare on Windsor and Annapolis R. R. Tickets issued on 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th September, good to return till September 12th.

Cheap Excursion rates have been arranged as follows:—From Sydney, North Sydney, St. John and Newcastle to Halifax and return \$6.00. From all other stations single first class fare, but not exceeding \$5.00 from any station. All tickets good for up to and including Monday, September 12th. (Advance supply) on Nova Scotia Coast by the W. and A. Railway issue excursion return tickets to Halifax from September 6th to 10th inclusive, good to return September 12th.

We Have 7 Brantford Bicycles which we will sell at 25% discount as we do not want to carry over till next season.



- 1 Style B Tangent Spokes, Hard Tire, Spade Handles, Price \$110.00
1 No. 640 Hard Tire, Direct Spokes, 80.00
2 Style C Cushion Tire, Direct Spokes, 120.00
1 Style D Cushion Tire, Direct Spokes, 110.00
1 Style A Cushion Tire, Tangent Spokes, 135.00
1 Style B Pneumatic Tire, Tangent Spokes, 145.00

If you want any order quick, we will have no more this season. They are all new machines, in first-class order, fully guaranteed. W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Sermon on Cycling. The Rev. L. D. Temple, of Lansing, Mich., in a recent sermon on cycling, said in part: "The bicycle is one of the good gifts of God through modern inventive genius. Let us hail the use of the bicycle by women. The need of the homes and the country is health. We are a people of strong tendencies to nervousness and dyspepsia. Pale complexions, flabby muscles and sick headaches, as woman's heritage, steal silently away with the use of the wheel. Diversion is wanted and people will have it. The bicycle is a wonderful encouragement to participate in recreation which is at the same time helpful to health and no harmful to the better self. I believe its use is helpful to morals. Satan gets in his fine work on people who are idle. Leisure gives evil habits their chance to entice and evil thoughts their time to work. The use of the wheel allays excitement, elevates the imagination and expends energies in wise and exalted ways."

Incidentally to the above the SINGER SAFETY Bicycles are still the favorites. Ladies' SINGERS with Pneumatic Tires to arrive by next steamer. A few second-hand wheels in stock will sell very low. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.

A Tank Fitted with a pump is acknowledged to be the most convenient vessel for Oil.



The one we show here holds 5 Imperial Gallons. It is made of galvanized iron, which will not rust like those made of tin. To introduce it, we will send it by express for \$1.75 We pay express charges.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Season, 1892. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES. T. McAVITY and SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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FOR THE Maine State Fair LEWISTON

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

will sell Excursion Tickets from St. John, etc., to Lewiston and return as follows: Sept. 3d to 7th inclusive, \$7.00 EACH.

Good to return until SEPT. 14TH, 1892 AT — AND ON — Sept. 5th and 6th only, \$5.00 EACH.

For further information enquire of C. P. R. Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst' Gen'l Pass. Agt., MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Opera House Block. Bathurst Village.

FOR SALE THE handsome residence and store of the late MRS. RAINSEY, together with stable and outhouses. Apply at once.

MUSIC TALK OF THE WEEK

When the opera Tuesday evening and the pyramid of the Halifax came as a matter of out doubt the finest in St. John for many been equalled. The mingling with the and red blossoms of and harmonious chorus and orchestra of the company's evidence of crochture one that at once humor. It was a go hours of minstrel I end men had fresh jokes and work tage, but on Wedne Irish circle was Th would have been m end men "made up" of facing the audience "phisogs." The ba dered, especially those who has a voice of fi had an encore when end men were happ their songs, and Mr. original one. "He m which was a fairly amateur. Wednesday gins told a number which were patient partner, Mr. Skerr the hit of the evening funeral. It was droo pected. It took as Mr. Doyle's piccol erred and the imitati up to the average, u give representations soldiers of Halifax, a house. The great fo part, however, was th what the programme beautiful wooden sho ions," by Kealing, V Myers. It was a fea gods excited, and cled with an original Higgins, which was i rest of the show.

St. Patrick's H. C. lent society's minstrel in St. John and their board. A fine recit features of the show was one such as a n national. The band w but contained betwee and the concert given building at noon Wed all the mayor said abo

Cleveland's Minstr house Monday and show is as good as everyone should see is Cyrene, the Span what the Washington Washington society w enthusiastically repr Opera house last even of the entire of Cle Minstrels.

The event of the e pearance, after the satisfactory First P truly phenomenal. It who literally came an Cyrene is little shor of seen to be appreciat water of the Guadal swings and the cond half above her head whirlwind of black an one small, but shap exhausted nature er dulced the conducto a tornado of demoralized a gen felt hat, left the st plaudits and roses. delightfully cool but t astical. E. Young, of the effacement from the verdict seems to be with this magnetic lit ish dancing, Carmen marionette, and Otero Cleveland's All Unit Cyrene's magic slipp evening and at the W day matinee"

Mrs. Thomas Barry leading lady of the i party, will be a memb company during the e engaged to be marri some three weeks ago pany and Mrs. Barry ferent theatres in that one of the best of Am the youngest woman s stage. She has the fi not of a woman wit still, but of a woman w the acquaintance of she was a member of the Boston theatre the 1854; was a pupil of manager, Thomas Bar who has children, a leading lady in Bosto years.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 3.

WHITEWASHING MR. LEE.

Mr. G. HERBERT LEE has "accepted a position" on the Boston Herald. Had he been a trained newspaper man, of ordinary ability and good character, but only limited skill, he would doubtless have worn his shoes out on the Boston sidewalks before the Herald would have given him a chance to earn a living. He appears to have gone on the staff as a "specialty writer," and it is not too much to say that the special line which he seems fitted to excel from personal knowledge is the line of frauds, swindles and confidence games.

Mr. LEE is probably indebted for his position to Mr. STEPHEN ALBERT WETMORE, formerly of this city but now of the Herald staff. Mr. WETMORE is well known as a good hearted fellow, who would have extended the hospitality of his home to any friend in the position of Mr. LEE, and who was not the less ready to do so in this instance because there was a "story" in the man of which the Herald would reap the exclusive benefit. That story has been republished by some of the St. John papers, and has been read with a good deal of interest. The general belief is that it was written and carefully revised by Mr. LEE himself. It does not bear the earmarks of a story written by a newspaper man. It is a case for the defence prepared by a lawyer, a plea in which necessity is argued as a justification, and an apology which could be made with equal propriety by an unsuccessful swindler of any sort. The intention of the pitifully whining story has been to enlist sympathy for Mr. LEE, but with the greater portion of those who know him it has been just the reverse. He is less respected now than he was before. It is a pity no sensible friend had advised him to hold his tongue.

The reasons PROGRESS has for objecting to Mr. LEE's story are that cowardice and deceit are interwoven in the text of it from first to last, while some of the statements are absolutely untrue. It is not true, for instance, that Mr. LEE was hampered by debt to the extent he says he was, at the time of his marriage, nor is it true that his fraudulent operations began at the recent date to which he assigns them. His story is too long to consider in detail, but the spirit of untruth and misrepresentation is in it from beginning to end. It is a good story, and well calculated to enlist sympathy from those who do not know Mr. LEE.

The writer of an editorial in Monday's Herald appears to be of the latter class. If the affair were less serious the article could be dismissed from mind as simply the silly twaddle of some raw editorial writer with more sentiment than sense, but it is more than this. It is the acceptance of LEE's lies as truths and the holding up of him as an honest and unfortunate man whom the world should equally pity and admire. The Herald remarks that the story "has all the elements that strongly enlist our sympathies"—for whom? Not for the refined ladies who trusted to him as a friend and counsellor, and whose income, as he coolly says, has only been reduced about \$1,000 a year; not for the poor old servant women whose hardly earned savings were entrusted to his dishonest hands; not for the other poor widows and orphans whose little all has disappeared in his rapacious maw; not for the crippled old man whose earnings he virtually stole and gambled away. No, not sympathy for any of these by G. HERBERT LEE, the man whose selfishness and want of principle has caused their misery.

The Herald's misleading article concludes with these words: "During all this terrible struggle, it appears from his story that he never had thought of defrauding any one. The tide of things was against him. He struggled and struggled to no purpose, and when he left his home he even had to borrow money enough to take him to Boston. There was none of the cunning depravity of a once good man in his business career. He was simply trying to make the best of things said adverse circumstances, and his story is pathetic and realistic to the last degree. It represents the trials and temptations of many business and professional men who get into holes and do not know how to get out of them. The honesty and integrity of Mr. Lee speak for themselves, and it is a brave man who turns about in the last ditch and faces the world with his whole story. There are points in this narrative which we need not enlarge upon, but which come home with terrible closeness to the untold experiences of many who are in a similar pinch.

This kind of talk needs no comment, for everybody in St. John knows what value to place on this kind of whitewashing. PROGRESS does not want to be hard on a man when he is "down," whether by the fault of others or by his own mistakes, and it has felt that some allowance should be made even for Mr. LEE's notorious misdoings. It is quite another thing, however, when an attempt is made to hold him up as a martyr and extol him as a pattern of "honesty and integrity." Any sympathy there is in this community is divided between Mr. LEE's victims and his relations. That Mr. LEE is not brought back here and tried like any other criminal is not because of any doubt of his guilt or any sentimental regard for him. In the interests of justice it is no doubt demoralizing to the community that he should escape so easily. Equally respectable and very much less culpable men have been punished severely in the past, and there are less guilty ones serving out sentences at this day. One of the very banks that acted as LEE's pawnbroker, in receiving bonds which he now smilingly says that bank may not be able to retain, once chased a really estimable man all around the world and did not rest until he was caught and sentenced. He had wilfully wronged no one, but under pressing circumstances had committed forgery, to tide over a financial crisis. There was no systematic robbing of widows and orphans in this case. There was in the case of LEE. That is the difference between the two, as it is between LEE and a good many other men who deserved much more sympathy than they ever got. Mr. G. HERBERT LEE is made of the wrong material to be improved by whitewashing.

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

At the recent convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Annapolis, N. S., the following was one of several resolutions passed:

Whereas, It is thought by many that the use of aerated waters is calculated to arouse a thirst for intoxicants; therefore resolved, that this convention, while not expressing any opinion on the subject, request the members of each union to ascertain the extent of the practice of drinking these beverages, collect evidence on the subject and report at the next meeting of the convention.

The dear women undoubtedly mean well. They are anxious to counteract whatever may influence people to drink strong liquors and to oppose the very beginnings of evil. Nobody can gainsay their motives. It is, however, just a question how far there is wisdom in making an offence of things which are not in themselves offensive. Aerated waters are not intoxicants. They do not contain alcohol, and any stimulating effects which they produce are due to the presence of carbonic acid gas, which is most healthful when so taken into the human system. Tea and coffee are much more in the nature of intoxicating liquors than are such beverages as those produced by the Wilmot Spa Springs, for instance, and which furnish an agreeable drink to many who might otherwise quench their thirst with lager or ale.

The human race will not drink water to the exclusion of all other beverages. It is not always safe to do so. If man were in his normal condition and pure water could at all times be obtained, the custom might be otherwise. As it is, he has been educated to find enjoyment in sipping other liquids. In old times ale was the drink of everybody who was thirsty; but as ale is an undoubted intoxicant, the customs of society have been very greatly modified in respect to the use of it, as people have grown more earnest in promoting the principles of temperance. It is easy to understand how the use of ale may arouse a desire for other and more potent drinks, and so it is with any other beverage in which alcohol is present, including in some instances, the home-made fruit syrup made by the dear women themselves.

It is quite true that the habitual drinking of any liquid, even water, should not be encouraged in young people. It becomes a habit, and what is known to phrenologists as biativeness is developed. The desire for drinking something is fostered, and it may in time tend to strong drink. Yet it is doubtful if aerated waters, so far as this tendency is concerned.

A good many people who are as earnest friends of true temperance as the dear women believe themselves to be, are of opinion that the cause of reform is not advanced by seeking to banish every species of mildly stimulating drink. They believe in allowing for human appetites and choosing the lesser of evils. Some very good men believe that if people could get light wines and mild beers, they would drink less whiskey, and as they would drink something in any event, they should be encouraged to take that which is the least harmful. PROGRESS offers no opinion on the subject, but it does claim that what are known as temperance drinks supply to many people the beverages that would otherwise be in the nature of stronger drinks. The desire for drinking something in ad-

dition to water has been with the human race since the first vineyard was planted, and no amount of legislation can eradicate it. It can and should be regulated. To attempt to push the principles of abstinence to an absurdity is, however, not the way to help matters. If non-alcoholic drinks are frowned down because they may lead to a desire for intoxicants, they are at once put on a level with the latter. If the general idea prevailed that aerated waters were dangerous, conscientious store-keepers would not deal in them. They would be relegated to the bars, and there they would yield to ales and wines, which are just as cheap and to many palates much more agreeable. The dear women had better stop to think before they condemn everything they deem drinkable as being prejudicial to public morality.

MONCTON'S MISSING MAYOR.

The mystery of Mayor Snow's disappearance from Moncton is dealt with by a correspondent in this issue. The ground taken is that the missing man is not, as some imagine, alive and well in an American city, though it seems to PROGRESS that the reasons given are not convincing. It is suggested that some definite action should be taken to get at the bottom of the mystery, but just how this is to be done is not quite clear. Mayor Snow's immediate friends and many other people have made diligent search for him in the province, and had he taken his life in any ordinary manner, it is most probable that some evidence of the fact would have been found before this. It seems, too, that his friends have employed "skilled detectives" who are said to be positive that he is not in either Boston or New York, an assertion, by the way, that no competent detective would be likely to make, unless he courted ridicule. It may be quite true that Mr. Snow is not walking around Washington street or Broadway for public inspection, but there is a considerable area outside of the haunts of the maddening crowd where he might elude the observation of skilled detectives for months or years, as others have done before him.

Mayor Snow may have become unsettled in mind and taken his life, but the probabilities are all the other way. While it was quite true he had done nothing criminal from which he should fly, yet his methods of financing were, as some St. John insurance men can testify, at least a little peculiar. If he became thus unsettled in mind, as is quite possible, that fact would account for his eccentric method of departure and his failure to let his family and friends know of his whereabouts. Instances of this kind have not been uncommon, and there have been some such in the history of St. John. Several years ago, a well-known citizen took his dinner as usual, walked out of the house and disappeared for about two years, and there have been other cases of almost the same character. In the case of Mayor Snow, stress is laid on the probability that he had little or no money with him, but this is very far from proven. It is quite certain that he was collecting very diligently prior to his departure, and that several men are out of pocket by the drafts he made upon them, so that the presumption that he had money is quite as strong as the presumption that he was without any. From what PROGRESS has heard in one way and another, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that either with some calculation or insane cunning, Mayor Snow quietly slipped out of the country, leaving as little trace as possible of the direction of his flight.

When Mayor Snow disappeared, PROGRESS endeavored to obtain a photograph of him, so that, if he were alive, his picture in PROGRESS might lead to his identification. His friends were so opposed to this that the idea was abandoned. Had his picture appeared, it might, through the wide circulation of PROGRESS, have led to some more definite intelligence of the missing man than has yet been obtained. It is a pity his friends took the wrong view of the matter at that time.

KEEP COOL, BROTHER CROCKETT.

The Frederickton Gleaner takes PROGRESS to task for its remarks on the harbor improvements in this city and the local government, and is "surprised that a journal conducted, as PROGRESS is, on the high plane of journalism, putting forward what it evidently believes to be a fact that the local government had made provision of \$2,500 yearly for 20 years as an argument against sending six representatives from St. John in opposition to the administration." Our many sided contemporary should read straight. PROGRESS only sought to draw a comparison between the attitude of the provincial and federal governments toward St. John, and to point out that although three conservative members were returned to support the central government, it had not shown the same disposition to do what was right by St. John as the provincial government, which is opposed by six members from this city and county.

PROGRESS is not a partisan newspaper, but so long as it is published it will support a good act and condemn a bad one. If report is true, or half true, the Gleaner's editorial writers change as frequently as its opinions on public matters, otherwise it should have remembered that PROGRESS has never been slow in speaking its mind when occasion called for it.

The indications of a serious breach between factions of the Salvation Army continue to increase. In addition to the large secessions in Toronto and other cities of Ontario, much dissatisfaction is reported both in England and the United States. The Canadian seceders profess to be anxious to identify themselves with the British and work with them. It is quite possible that some time in the future the whole army will be organized into a sect with church government, as other bodies have been in the past.

If the cholera scare extends to America there will be a very cold autumn for the prohibition party. Word comes from Hamburg that so many warnings have been given of the danger lurking in water that thousands of people have abandoned its use as a beverage, quenching their thirst with beer and light wines. Perhaps this fact may lead the W. C. T. U. of the maritime provinces to modify their proposed plan of campaign against aerated waters.

The people of Halifax have been surprised by the discovery that the Camp Hill cemetery will not have a vacant lot in three months from now. There is an urgent call for a new cemetery. Halifax has been such a live city, of recent years, that the people have not been bothering themselves about a graveyard, but now they realize that though not a long felt want, it is at least a necessity for which they must provide.

A New York policeman began his duties the other day by firing his revolver into a crowd of men in a saloon. Several hours later he clubbed two citizens and was mobbed. He had been drunk all day. If he is discharged his uniform might fit our own Captain RAWLINGS, who is likely to be in search of a job before long. RAWLINGS can flourish his revolver equal to any man in New York, when the spirit moves him.

It is charitably to be supposed that the country papers that have been publishing an extract entitled "The Gladstonian creed" are ignorant of the fact that it is a most blasphemous parody on the creed of St. ATHANASUS which affirms the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Such compositions are of the class which "a wise man disdain because of their folly and a good man abhors because of their profanity."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Expected Return of the "Times" Editor. The bore will arrive at 13.40 tomorrow.—Moncton Transcript.

New Industry Under the N. P. A crowd of Gypsies have pitched their tent on the common. They tell fortunes, trade horses and fight dogs.—Moncton Transcript.

Yes, with Soap and Water. Another beer shop has been opened on Market street. Is there no way by which those holes can be cleaned out?—Picton Standard.

Chatham's Bold Burglar. The square committee will pay a liberal reward to any person who will give the name of the thief who cuts and removes the grass from the public square at night.—World.

Dr. Stewart Smells something. A most disagreeable stench pervaded the atmosphere yesterday on the Grand Allee, near DesSalleberry street, and its source should be immediately inquired into.—Quebec Chronicle.

They Gained the Experience. The pea and walnut shell racket at the circus caused several of our solid citizens to part with \$5 to \$10 each. They thought they had located the pea, but when the shell was unrolled the pea wasn't there.—Chatham World.

Good News from Richibucto. The croakers and Jeremiah who are always bawling about their acquaintances, and shouting into their ears that the town is going to the dogs, will have to seek a new occupation, for the town is not dead, nor has her trade departed from her.—Revue.

Something that Should Not Be. Persons complain of a very disagreeable smell, which meets the nostrils of travellers on their entrance to town. The smell, some seem to think, emanates from a pen (?) on the corner of Kanabak and Dufferin streets. This should not be.—Loversburg Argus.

Raising the Wind for an Organ. The people of North Lake held their annual picnic at the church, the 15th inst.; proceeds pay for their organ. There was also a dance in connection with it, and some were seen wading their way home by the light of the next day's sun. A local "arrog shop" spent the night with them. The question is often asked, is it right to have dances at church picnics? We would say not, when such temptations hover round to pollute the air, and the breath of many a young friend.—Woodstock Press.

Mr. Custance's Benefit. The concert to be given by the Philharmonic club as a farewell benefit to Mr. Custance, next Wednesday evening, promises to be a most successful musical event. There will be a full orchestra of about 28 pieces, and it will include no less than four bandmasters, Messrs. White, Jones, Hornsman and Williams. The orchestral pieces will include "Don Giovanni," overture, selection from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," the favorite "British Patrol," "War March of the Priests," Handel's "Largo," etc. Mr. White will give a violin solo, and there will be songs by Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Horace Cole and Mrs. Jones. The programme is an excellent one, and the house is likely to be crowded with the lovers of good music.

The Elephant Frightened It. The steam roller has been heard from in a new role. This time Wm. Briggs threatens to bring a suit against the city because of injuries and loss by his horse becoming frightened at the unsightly looking object, and running away.

IS THIS ITS LAST YEAR?

The St. John Athletic Association—Likely to Go Under for Want of Support.

The last season of the St. Johns! One of the finest athletic grounds in Canada, the result of years of work and the expenditure of thousands of dollars, likely to be closed for want of support! There is a good deal in the statement and the fate of the club will have to be settled at an early day. The St. Johns are no worse off than the other clubs, but it is the only one, with the exception of the Shamrocks, which is burdened with expensive grounds.

This has been a poor season for sport in the city. The boys have turned their attention to other matters, and clubs that flourished a year or two ago, now exist almost in name only. Those in a position to know say this is the result of having so many different clubs in the city, not one of them having enough active members to make it a success. Other reasons are given, but when they are sifted down all amount to about the same thing.

Last year the Beavers, Y. M. C. A.'s and the bicycle club all joined the athletic association for the use of the grounds. The former guaranteed 40 members each and got tickets at a reduced rate. The bicycle club joined on condition that a first-class track would be laid. This was done, but the wheelmen claim that the corners were not raised to suit them; and that the ball players interfered. They became dissatisfied, and this year did not go near the grounds. The other clubs could not come to an arrangement, and only a few of the members who wanted to use the grounds joined.

Another reason given for the lack of interest is the bowling alley in St. Andrews rink. It was started this summer and the sport became popular. Over 120 bought membership tickets at \$10 a piece. The bowling alley flourishes. Many of its most active members formerly belonged to the Athletic association. They were the solid men of the club in the days of base ball. Now they are just as enthusiastic over the ten pins as they were over the ball team.

An effort was made to boom lacrosse this year. The St. John people took it up, formed a team composed of the best players of the Unions, and gave them all they wanted. The club got in trim, but found that they were the only team in the city. That was discouraging.

The membership of the St. Johns dropped to 25 per cent. of its usual membership. It seems to be a pet hobby of some of the best athletes in St. John to run an athletic club, no matter whether it is composed of three men or one hundred. This is the only reason that can be given for the multiplicity of clubs. When the ambitious ones failed to get offices in the St. Johns, they apparently determined to start out on their own hook.

This is not the right spirit. It is not in the best interest of sport in St. John. It would be far better to have one good representative club, a club that all could take an interest in and make a credit to the city. The St. Johns have the grounds, they have everything, in fact, needed by athletes. All that is wanting is the enthusiasm, the united effort of all the clubs, to make it the grandest association in the province.

PROGRESS talked with a number of representative members of the different clubs, this week, and all seemed in favor of united effort and a representative club. The wheelmen spoken to thought that if the track was put in shape every member of bicycle club would join the St. Johns. They would still have their own club, however, as they claim that a bicycle club is different from any other athletic organization, and the St. John men have rooms fitted up for their special purposes.

There is dissatisfaction in some quarters in regard to the person of the managing committee of the St. Johns. Some who are on it are not athletes and do not give necessary attention to the affairs of the club. It is thought that if athletes were put in office, men who have been able to maintain an interest in the smaller clubs, and who would put forth their best efforts in the field and in committee to make the association a representative one, next season would see the St. Johns in a different position.

It is claimed that a membership of 200 could carry the club along and make the books balance at the end of the year. Once the interest was revived and the idea of a representative association impressed upon the athletes, it should be an easy matter to get a much larger membership. The season is too far gone to do much this year, but the future of sport in St. John should be seriously considered.

Why not begin early and work toward the amalgamation of the clubs? At present there are the Beavers, Y. M. C. A., the Bicycle club, the lawn tennis club and the lacrosse interest. If all these joined hands St. John would have an association that the people would be proud of.

Director Smith was the Man. PROGRESS hastens to correct a slip of the pen by which the director of public safety was charged with the unauthorized introduction of moribund trees on the King square. Everybody knows that the director of public works was the man. The business was neither managed wisely nor by Wisely.

LAST COPS ON THE CARB.

Policemen Who Stand on Car Platforms and Watch the Sidewalks.

Policemen on the City Road and Brussel street beats have a strange way of tramping them. Those people who read the papers will remember that a few days ago paragraphs went the rounds, that the postmen had been forbidden to ride on the street cars, as they had done, free of charge. It appears that no such rule applies to policemen. It is a rare thing now-a-days to see a Brussel street or City Road car passing along with one or two policemen standing on the platform. They start, say from the corner of Union street, and watch the sidewalks from the platform of the car. It seems to be far easier to do this than to tramp their beats. When they pass the other car it is even chances that they meet a comrade or two coming in the opposite direction, or, if they are alone on the beat they jump from one car to the other and return as they went. Of course it is only the business of the Street Railway Company as to whether policemen ride free or not. If the policemen give the Street Railway Company a quid pro quo, no doubt the company will not object to their riding free, but it occurs to PROGRESS that the people have something to say about it. It may be easier for the policemen to put in their time standing on a street car platform, but it is an open question if the lives and property of the people are as well protected by their doing so. The present officers seem to be making for themselves a reputation for drunkenness and laziness that has not been equalled within the memory of this generation.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES. How "Progress" Circulation Increases As the Weather Grows Cooler. After all, the truest indication of a newspaper's prosperity is its circulation, and nothing pleases PROGRESS half so much as to receive in the morning mail a number of new subscribers or an increased list of orders from its many dealers. Perhaps last week was not a fair example of an ordinary issue, because the contents of PROGRESS may have been more than usually attractive and popular, but it was certainly a remarkable stride in the way of circulation. When the order was given to run so many extras, it was with some apprehension that the demand would not be equal to the supply, but as early as nine o'clock on Saturday morning there was not a paper to be had in PROGRESS office. A telegram to the branch office in Halifax brought a reply that the supply was also exhausted there. One of the agents in Fredericton sent word that he could at least have sold double the number of extras that he ordered, and postal cards sent to the principal dealers throughout the three provinces brought back the small number of twelve copies. The city sale alone was more than eight hundred copies above the usual issue, while from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening it was one continual cry of "all sold out," "no more papers," to the scores of newboys who thronged to the counter. At the time of writing this, Wednesday of this week, increased orders for the issue of September 3rd have been received from Campbellton, from Armar, from Harcourt Station, from Yarmouth and from Fairville. Very many dealers of Halifax and a large number in this city have also increased their orders.

Mr. Custance Complains of Injustice. EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Will you allow me through your columns to bring before the public the exceedingly unjust treatment I have received at the hands of the Davenport school board. Last week I applied to this board for a testimonial as to my work in the Davenport school during the past year as classical master and (for a time) head master. This they have declined to grant, on the ground that they are not competent to judge of my teaching powers, never having been invited to examine the boys, and referring me instead to the parents of the pupils. I take it that if any school board felt uneasy as to the capabilities of one of the teachers in their employ, it is their bounden duty at once to satisfy themselves by practical examination whether or not. But on the other hand, if the Davenport school board felt this uncertainty in my case, why did they request me to take the headmastership last term? Why did they issue a circular stating that they had every confidence in me? Why did they give prizes themselves in the subjects taught by me, and ask others to do so, unless they were satisfied as to the instruction given? And lastly, why were they anxious that I should still remain as classical master for another year? If they did these things without feeling any confidence in me as a teacher, I can only say that things look very like gross misrepresentation on their part; if otherwise, why do they decline to give my usual testimonial on leaving? In conclusion, I would only state that I worked hard and honestly for and at the school, and many parents of pupils have testified their entire satisfaction at the progress made by their sons while under my charge. I am the more anxious, therefore, to lay before them and the public generally the injustice I have received at the hands of the school board, before I leave St. John; so that people may know exactly what has taken place in this matter.

ARTHUR F. M. CUSTANCE, Union Club, St. John, N. B., Aug. 31.

How I... SHEP... 38 K... A LUXU... Luxuric... The "C... WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR Stenogr... Writin... SUP... ARTHUR... Refrig... Bird Cag... Kettles... Cole... Sch... Books, and So... D. McARTY

YOU SHOULD KNOW A FACT.
WM. LOGAN
OF ST. JOHN, MAKES A SOAP
CALLED STERLING
WHICH HAS NO EQUAL.
STANDARD QUALITY & WEIGHT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

How It Does Take!

Well, why shouldn't it?
Our Gem Raisin Seeder.

The very latest and best household article ever offered.

In placing this Seeder on the market, we have produced one that is perfect in every respect and which, with a little practice, will seed a pound of raisins in ten minutes.

SHERATON & KINNEAR,
 (SUCCESSORS TO SHERRATT & SELFRIDGE.)
 38 King St. Telephone 358.

A Luxury
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Thousands of families are now using **TAMILKANDE TEA.** Why? Because it is rich in flavor and economical in use. A pound will go three times as far as the tea you have been using. Try it and be convinced. Your grocer has it. In 1 lb lead packets at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

SOLD BY W. ALEX. PORTER.

The "Caligraph."

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR **Stenographers' Writing Machine SUPPLIES.**

Don't be Misled
 By glaring advertisements and statements about writing machines. The **CALIGRAPH** still stands at the head. Send for descriptive Catalogue and prices.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., 81 Prince Wm. St.

Refrigerators \$10 to \$30.

Bird Cages, Watering Pots, Fly Screens, Preserving Kettles and other Seasonable Goods of this line by **Coles, Parsons & Sharp, 90 Charlotte Street.**

School Books.

ALL THE NEW **Books, Slates, Pens, Inks, Rulers and School Blanks, Copy Books.**

D. McARTHUR, Bookseller, 80 King Street.

THE Oriental Waving Iron

A Perfect device for WAVYING or CRIMPING the HAIR in the prevailing style. Easily and quickly operated. Made of polished steel and handsomely nickel-plated.

Price, 50 Cents.

Miss K. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST., - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

St. John—South End.

Miss Maud Fallall returned home last week after a three months' visit to friends at Cape Canso, N.S.

Miss Ethel Robertson left on Saturday for Yarmouth, where she will be the guest of her friend Miss Murphy.

Friday, the 29th, being the 20th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Jordan's marriage, a number of their friends assembled at their home in North End to congratulate them, and spend a pleasant evening. The drawing and supper rooms were most tastefully decorated with moss, flowers and ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were the recipients of numerous costly and beautiful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan have been silver tea service engraved in old English letters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hayford, silver cake basket.

Mrs. L. A. Jordan, California, silver engraved teacup and saucer.

Mrs. E. M. Frost, Orono, Me., dinner and dessert spoons.

Mrs. P. W. Coswell, Lewiston, Me., silver cream ladle.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Jordan, Jr., Oldtown, Me., silver engraved teacup and saucer.

Mrs. Eva Jordan, Ellsworth, Me., silver nut crackers and grape scissors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Smith, silver stationary.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smith, (Handsome silver cream set.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lockhart, silver cream set.

Mr. and Mrs. Grafan, biscuit jar.

Mr. C. B. Allan, silver paper center.

Mr. F. C. Beatty, silver sugar bowl.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McWilliams, silver bon-bon dish.

Mrs. Frank Jordan, fruit dish.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Cutler, silver sugar tongs.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell, handsome oil painting, metal frame.

Miss Kearns and Miss M. Beatty, silver stationary.

Miss Ferris, silver toilet bottle.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Smith, silver cream set.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, silver nut crackers.

Miss Pearl Jordan, silver cream ladle and sugar tongs.

Miss Theresa Wakeling returned home on Tuesday after a visit to Boston.

Master Percie Seelye returned home on Monday after spending his vacation at Hampton.

Miss Fessie Robertson, Westfield, spent a day or two of this week in town.

Mr. A. F. Pound returned to the city on Monday, after a short visit up north. Meadow Sweet.

Mrs. McBride and family, of Montreal, are the guests of her mother, Mrs. John Harding, Germain Street.

Mr. L. W. Jones, of this city, who now holds a position in the Tarrytown, N. J., hospital, is spending his holidays in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith, of Calais, are the guests of Mr. Edward Horneale, of the North End.

Mr. J. J. Curran, and wife, of Montreal, came down from Fredericton on Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. F. Waterbury left Monday morning for the United States.

Mrs. Fred Estey, who has spent the past four weeks in Amherst, has returned to St. John.

Mr. F. N. Cushing, who has been for a year or two the artist in H. C. Martin & Co.'s is about to leave for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smith, of Fredericton, with his friends and presented with a heavy gold band ring on which was inscribed "To C. C. C. by the boys, St. John, N. B."

Miss M. Graybiel of Buffalo, N. Y., who has spent the past few weeks in Fredericton, is also visiting in St. John.

Miss Charlotte Peters went to Hampton Friday, where she will be the guest of her cousin, Miss Bessie Peters.

Miss Leah Babbitt, who has been visiting friends in St. John, has returned to her home in Fredericton.

Miss Madeline Ayer, of Sackville, is the guest of Mr. McCully Black, Lecturer street.

Mrs. Will Jones entertained a number of her friends Monday evening at her home.

A very quiet wedding took place Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. Robert Barbour. The contracting parties being Mr. Slocum, David and Miss Jesse Barbour. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. G. Gaudet. Mr. and Mrs. Davis left in the *Monticello* for a trip through Nova Scotia.

FUNERAL.

Hon. P. G. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, of Bathurst, are visiting the city this week.

Mr. George Young, of London, Eng., has been for the last fortnight the guest of Mr. Lewis J. Almon, Rothney.

Mrs. Robert T. Clinch and Mr. Herbert W. Clinch left for England this week. Mr. Clinch will not return to St. John.

Miss Richards, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mr. S. Girvan, Coburg street.

Mr. John J. Biddington has arrived from a visit to the West Indies.

Mr. Nicholas Merritt, of St. Catherine's, Ont., is staying with Mrs. Charles Merritt, Charlotte street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jack left last week for Halifax. They expect to spend about a month with relatives in that city.

Mr. E. Hazen Drury arrived here a few days ago, and is staying with his mother, Mrs. W. C. Drury, Coburg Cliff.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cudlip, of Baltimore, Maryland, are making a visit to St. John.

The Misses Barlow, who have been sojourning in Halifax for the past several weeks, are returning home. They made a tour of Cape Breton during their absence from St. John.

Mrs. Charles Kerr and her three daughters, accompanied by Miss Annie Kaye, left on Tuesday morning for Digby, N. S., where they intend spending the next few weeks.

Mr. T. William Bell, of this city, who is for the present residing in Fredericton, was seized with a hemorrhage a few days ago and continues dangerously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. King and their family, of New York, who have been the guests here of Rev. W. O. Raymond, have now gone to their home in New York.

Mr. John L. Carleton is making a trip to Hamilton, Ont.

Rev. H. H. Pittman, of Baddeck, C. B., and Rev. Mr. Sweet, of Lawrence, Mass., are now visiting St. John.

Mrs. George Murray, of Wellington Row, has gone to Fredericton and intends remaining there for a fortnight.

Mr. John B. Jones, has gone to Cape Breton, and intends spending the next few weeks there.

A marriage of interest to the people will take place next week, the principals in the event being a popular young lady and a well known gentleman from Dorchester. Owing to a recent death in the family of the bride elect, the wedding will be a very quiet one.

Mrs. Charles Starr arrived here this week from Boston, having been summoned to St. John on account of the illness of her son.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery and Mrs. Montgomery, of Kingsclear, were here this week, the guests of Mrs. Scarnell, Union street.

Mr. A. G. Trueman, of Boston, is here, the guest of his brother, Mr. C. D. Trueman, Princess street.

Miss Lizzie Corbit, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Ewell, returned on Friday from Boston, after a visit of two months.

Messrs. Edward G. Merritt and T. Ames Godson, Jr., arrived on the ship *City Camp* at Newport, Wales, on the 23rd of August.

Mr. Arch. Macrae left this week for Pictou, to resume his duties as professor at the academy there.

DELTA.

On Tuesday evening the residence of Mr. G. B. Fugate was thrown open to more than 80 persons. It was the occasion of the closing of the Rothesay Tennis club, for which invitations were given more than a week ago. It was a most delightful party, for there were gathered the flower, wit and beauty of both Rothesay and St. John. The house is so finely arranged and so spacious that one could not realize so many guests were present. The floral decorations showed great taste in their arrangement. Palm, fern and scarlet lilies were used in profusion. In the drawing room the corners were banked with ferns and golden rods, which gave a most charming effect. Out doors, the trees and house, were brilliant with bright lights, and the grounds surrounding the house are quite extensive and picturesque, affording opportunities for several that are seldom enjoyed on such occasions. Mrs. Fugate was assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Mabel Thompson, Miss Mary McMillan, Miss Bessie Pugsley and Miss Gertrude Davidson. Dancing was kept up until a very late hour. A delicious supper was served during the evening. The tennis club is to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment, but with such assistants as Mr. Walter Gilbert and Mr. Sandy McMillan, and with the beautiful surroundings Mrs. Fugate's residence provides, it could not help from being a most charming affair in every way.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Samuel Williams Paradise Row, when her daughter, Miss Minnie Cane Hastings, long selected Oona; Duval, Union street.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.
 61 and 63 King Street.

Our latest importations received and now on display are—
 Scotch and English Ulster and Cape Cloths; English Storm Dress Serges in Black and Navy Blue. They withstand sun and rain, and never fade in wear. Scotch Dress and Costume Cloths, in Heather Mixtures, Checks and new fancy weaves. French and German Dress Fabrics, New Spot and Fancy Veilings, in Black and Colors: A grand display in one of our windows of the Real Westphalian Hand-cut and Embroidered Linens. Three dozen very choice Silk Umbrellas, fine mountings and extra quality Silk. They are the best Ladies' Rain Umbrellas ever imported by us.

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Wedding Presents!



BURPEE, THORNE & CO.,

Best Stock in the City of
 Butter Coolers;
 Oyster Dishes;
 Cake Baskets;
 Coffee Spoons;
 Tea Services;
 Etc., Etc.

Call and examine the variety.

Mackintoshes.
 Best English makes. Latest patterns. All sewn seams. Every garment warranted odorless and waterproof. Made by new process. Our prices on these goods are the very lowest best quality goods can be sold for. Inspection solicited.

American Rubber Store, - 65 Charlotte St.

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Pork Sausages
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Human Hair Goods.

Braids, Bangs, Waves, Ornaments for the Hair, Crimping and Waving Irons, Combs, Perfumes and Fancy Goods in endless variety, from the cheapest to the best.

American Hair Store,
 87 Charlotte Street, three doors South of King,
 FINE WIGS A SPECIALTY. **J. W. RAMSDALL.**

OUR Dress Department this Season contains the largest variety of
Plain and Fancy Stuffs

we have ever imported. Buying only from houses that have exclusive designs of Stuffs, we are thus enabled to show styles not to be had elsewhere. We find this a great advantage—
So will You.

SAMPLES MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,
 Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N.B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

GIVE LAWYERS A SHOW.

THEY SHOULD NAME SOMEBODY AS CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

Why the Doctors Want One of their Number Chosen—Law and Medicine Have Equal Claims—Men Who Are Eligible for the Position.

The doctors of the city, with some from the country, recently held a meeting and resolved to press the claims of Dr. Wm. Bayard for governor. The Globe at the time looked upon the movement as rather absurd and in bad taste, claiming it would be equally in order for the printers, dry goods men and grocers to choose a candidate for the position. The Globe only sees half way into the matter.

If Geo. W. Day were made governor, for instance, because he is the veteran printer, the other printers would not be a bit the better for it. Day's office would still be run by Ald. Seaton, and would still tender for corporation and other printing. So, too, if George Robertson were appointed, the King street grocery would still be run by somebody, and the only vacancy in public life would be the presidency of the board of trade. The appointment of John Boyd would be no advantage to the dry goods trade, for his firm would continue business at the old stand. There would be no money to any of the lines of business mentioned if any representative men from them assumed the gubernatorial chair. It is quite different with the doctors, for it is a matter of bread and butter with them.

Dr. Bayard enjoys a large and lucrative practice. Were he to retire, no one would "carry on business at the old stand," but the patients would be divided up among the doctors who are now in keen competition with each other. Every old-established practice that can be shared around means something to the profession now-a-days. That must be considered as explanatory of the suddenly awakened interest of the physicians of St. John in regard to the governorship. If they could get Dr. Bayard out of the way, they might be encouraged to make another move or two, and secure other offices for others of their number, until the profession was brought down to a reasonably limited number of "leading physicians," who could enjoy the cream of the practice.

The lawyers, who have a still harder struggle for existence than the doctors, might take a leaf from their book. The chief difficulty in this connection would be that many of the leading lawyers have partners, who would "carry on business at the old stand," and so the patients would not be divided up among the more needy ones. Mr. Weldon for instance, enjoys a large practice, and is solicitor for a great many corporations (for particulars of which see the letter-head of the firm). Mr. Weldon having been the "people's candidate" for mayor once, might now be brought forward by the lawyers as the people's candidate for governor. But something would have to be done with Major Hugh H. McLean, who though a journalist and railway king, as well as a lawyer, would be likely to insist on carrying on the law business, even if Mr. Weldon were removed.

So, also, if Dr. Barker were made governor, the Belyea end of the firm would scoop in the practice. It would be necessary to secure some sort of an appointment for him. The same reasoning would apply to Zakid McLeod and his partners, and to the Hon. Alphabetical Stockton. There would be a gain, it is true, if Hon. Judge C. N. Skinner, Mr. P. were appointed, as there would be quite a distribution of good things if he were out of the way. Mr. Silas Aldward is another eligible man, and so is Mr. Charles Palmer. Mr. Palmer would doubtless accept the position, if it were offered, and that would at once throw open the equity court practice to a larger number who are not retained now simply because Mr. Palmer is considered necessary as counsel. In all the other cases which come before that tribunal.

Then, again, Mr. Henry Lawrence Sturdee, having been disappointed by the failure to secure various offices to which he had good right and title in the past, is worthy of consideration in the matter. So is Mr. E. H. McAlpine, who was, like Mr. Sturdee, tolerably sure of being made judge of probate a few months ago. It may be pointed out that Mr. McAlpine is already doing very well as a referee in equity, but it must be remembered that Mr. Nicholson cannot last forever, and that other lawyers must have a share of what will be left of it.

After all, however, it would seem that the greatest good to the greatest number in the legal profession would be accomplished by giving the office to Mr. Charles A. Palmer, thus opening the equity court to more practitioners, even though such a course might render it much less certain to predict what the ruling of the court would be in certain points on certain cases. Who speaks first for Charley Palmer for governor?

The First Balloon Ascent in England.

On the 15th of September, 1784, the largest crowd ever assembled in London up till that date met in the Artillery Ground at Moorfields to see Vincent Lunardi, a young member of the Neapolitan Embassy, make an ascent in a gas balloon. Several hours passing ere the start, the people got angry, thinking the whole affair a fraud. But at last, when everything was ready, the balloon sailed slowly away. Lunardi was greeted with loud cheers, renewed again and again, which he repeatedly acknowledged by raising his cocked hat. The British flag flew at one side of the car. After touching earth at North Mimms, he finally came down near Wars, in Hertfordshire. The sight of the balloon was so entirely novel that some laborers whom he called to his aid were too terrified to help him. Of course, Lunardi became the hero of the hour and his fame spread far and near.

WHERE IS MAYOR SNOW?

Some of the Theories Advanced by Moncton People—No Word of Him Yet.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. J. McC. Snow, Mayor of Moncton, is a subject which offers a very wide field for speculation, and one which has not met with the attention it deserved. True, it caused some excitement in the city for a few days, but the Steadman murder followed it so closely that the lesser event seemed to be crowded out of the public mind, and for weeks it was almost forgotten, except by the friends of the missing man. As the time passes by, and no really authentic information of his whereabouts is obtained, people are beginning to awaken to the fact that a good and trusted citizen has dropped as suddenly and inexplicably out of their view as if he had been swallowed by the earth. The most careful search has failed to trace him with any real accuracy further than St. John, and that, as I understand, skilled detectives employed by his friends are positive he is not in either New York or Boston, and as it is doubtful if he had sufficient money to carry him any farther, this would seem to bring the theory that Mr. Snow is safe in the United States to rather a deadlock. It seems unlikely that a man without money, clothes, or friends would choose any of the smaller American cities to hide in, since the chances of recognition in such a case would be greater and the chances of obtaining employment correspondingly small.

Again, Mr. Snow was not a criminal; he had neither embezzled nor misappropriated public or private funds, nor had he victimized anyone. He was merely a man who had been unfortunate in business, and found himself unable to meet his engagements. Therefore he had no disgrace to dread, and no reason for wishing to hide from public notice. If he came back to Moncton now, he would be warmly welcomed and have little to fear from his creditors. Apart from all this, those who know Mr. Snow best consider that it would be an insult to him if he is alive, and to his memory if he is dead, to deem him capable of such heartless cowardice as leaving his wife not only in suspense for all these weeks, but also in need of absolute necessities of life, since it is well known that at the time of his departure Mrs. Snow had barely sufficient money in the house to last her for two or three days, and that her landlord has lately sold her furniture for the rent of the house she lives in. It is also very well known that Mr. and Mrs. Snow were a very happy couple, and viewed in the cold, clear light of reason, it seems scarcely likely that a man who was noted not only for his sterling character and prominence in temperance, Y. M. C. A. and religious circles, but also for his great kindness of heart; would treat his wife in a manner unworthy of the lowest and most heartless villain that ever disgraced the human race.

Many of Mr. Snow's friends are of the opinion that his business worries unsettled his mind to such an extent that he became worried, took an exaggerated view of his troubles, and in a moment of deeper depression than usual, put an end to his own life; indeed, the frequency with which this opinion is expressed shows clearly the confidence that is felt in his integrity, and the inability to believe him capable of the cruelty of leaving his friends in doubt as to his fate.

It is, of course, hard to say, in a case like this, whose place it is to take the initial step. It will be well known that "what is everybody's business is nobody's," but it does really seem as if, late in the day though it be, some decided action should be taken with a view to finding out definitely what became of Mayor Snow after he left his home that day late in July to attend to some business at Hamilton, taking with him not even a change of linen, or the ordinary conveniences usually carried in a small satchel by the man who expects to remain away from home over night. When this has been determined it will be easier both for his friends and enemies—if he has any—to decide whether J. McC. Snow, Mayor of Moncton, is a much injured and wrongfully suspected man, or an unusually cold-blooded and unprincipled rascal.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STANGE.

What He Enjoyed Most.

This is a true story. Of course every one will look on it with doubt because such an assertion is made, but it is true, nevertheless. The hero of it, if he can be called a hero, is a hard-working man. He has almost lived in his office. He is one of the rushing business men of modern times. It has always been rush with him to get to the office in the morning, and he has usually stayed there so late that it has been a rush to get home in time for dinner. But this year he took a vacation, the first in a long time. Now there are vacations and vacations. Some men enjoy one kind and some prefer another. Some go to the seashore, some to the mountains and some to the island lakes. He stayed in the city. He visited the parks and occasionally was at a loss to know what to do with himself.

And when it was all over his fellow employees asked him what he had done.

He replied: "Nothing."

Then they asked him what one thing had given him the most pleasure.

He made a mental review of all that had happened and returned: "Waiting for the next car."

The answer was inclined to excite curiosity and he was asked to explain.

"I never ran to catch a street car," he said. "If one was just passing when I reached the corner I let it pass, got in the shade of a building, and waited for another. That was luxury. It took me three days to get broken into the idea that I wasn't in a hurry to get anywhere, but when I did I enjoyed it. The most pleasant sensation I experienced was when I leaned up against the side of a building with a good cigar in my mouth and let a street car go by because it was too crowded. I haven't done it before for years."

LONDON JEWELRY STORES.

How they Are Protected from Burglars of All Kinds.

The life of a London jeweller is one of constant watchfulness and unceasing vigilance. The costly nature of his stock-in-trade, its extreme portability, and the ready market which it commands, render him peculiarly liable to a visit from the Bill Sikes fraternity. Indeed, such a prime favorite is he with the wielder of the jemmy and the persuasive bludgeon, that there are few goldsmiths' shops in the metropolis which have not at some time or another been singled out for an early morning call by these enterprising gentlemen.

Nor is the short-cropped, thick-necked, bull-headed individual who has "done time" the jeweller's only enemy. The swell mobman is a zealous and untiring customer; while the lady suffering from kleptomania has her most violent attacks of that accommodating malady on the premises of the diamond merchant.

To baffle the efforts of these unwelcome visitors requires the exercise of an amount of tact and a degree of caution such as are met with in no other business. In order to see for himself the details of the fortification of these citadels, the writer recently called upon a jeweller in a large way of business, and was shown the various appliances in use for the detention and capture of those individuals whose taste for personal adornment seeks to be gratified on the cheap.

It will be easily understood that it is absolutely necessary that the precautionary measures shall be no less secret than effective. Accordingly, great pains are taken that the checks and safeguards shall not be of such nature as will attract notice. To allow a customer to gather any inkling that he or she is the object of strict surveillance, or that the shopkeeper had the remotest doubt of his patron's integrity, would be absolutely fatal to the transaction of business.

The stranger who enters a large jewelry establishment in the Metropolis may feel perfectly certain that at least one pair of eyes besides those of the salesman are quietly and unobtrusively watching everything that takes place. This brings us to the first precaution. It is a hard and fast rule that whenever a customer is being served, there shall always be more than one attendant on the spot.

Assistant number two stations himself in such a position that, whenever the server's back is turned, he is able to command a full and unimpeded view of the counter and its contents. Many shops are fitted with a simple contrivance that enables the watcher to conceal himself, and yet allows him to exercise the necessary supervision. In a room at the back a pair of mirrors are fixed at such an angle that every movement both of buyer and seller is distinctly reflected through the communicating doorway.

Let us now carefully examine the door that leads from the shop into the street. Behind the framework we shall probably notice a pair of sliding shutters of iron or wire. This also communicates with the room before mentioned, the end being within easy reach of the man who is mounting guard. If the demeanor of the customer has excited suspicion, or if any article has been missed, the string is promptly tightened, and the door is closed. The key given for the salesman to rush round the counter before the culprit is able to effect an escape. He is like a rat in a trap.

We may have observed as we entered the shop that the whole of the stock-in-trade is inclosed in a succession of glass show-cases. That portion on exhibition in the window is protected from the inside by glazed partitions. Every article is covered. Stay! Here is a handsome clock standing on the counter. What could be easier than to rush in, snatch it up, and bolt? Apparently nothing. Let us try. No sooner do we attempt to move it than a bell attached to the bottom of it is set violently ringing, and our further progress ignominiously stopped by a stout piece of cord which fastens the clock to the counter.

Suppose we enter the shop at night. The gas is burning brightly; the illumination is perfect. Standing in a corner, and hardly noticeable, is an oil lamp, the light from which appears altogether superfluous. But the apparently useless duplex fulfils an important duty. The enterprising burglar who has planned a looting expedition in the early evening knows that he can only cut the gas off, his spoils will be hugely increased, and his escape aided by the darkness and confusion. Hence the use of the lamp.

The proprietor's bedroom is quite a little arsenal, and by the side are a policeman's whistle, a spring rattle, a life preserver, and a loaded revolver. At the back of the shop resides a bull terrier of unquestionable appetite and uneven temper. It may be truthfully asserted that the shop of a London jeweller is as carefully guarded as a fortress in a hostile country.

Curious Marriage Customs.

Russia still has many old and curious marriage customs which would be interesting the Mona Caird cult. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race madly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whoever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master of the household. In some provinces the young wife is obliged to take off her husband's boots in the presence of the guests in token of her submission. A whip falls from the boot, and with it the husband strikes the wife three times.

He Sealed Them.

Young Husband—I want you to love and trust me, Mabel. Young Wife—I can love you, Charlie, but I can't trust you. (He had married his tailor's daughter.)

CHILDREN'S CORDED WAISTS

Manufactured by us in St. John, thus saving 35 per cent duty on the making which the purchaser reaps the benefit of in the prices.

"Economic" Waists are made from English Satteen Jean, and lined with strong twilled cotton. We guarantee them to have more weight of material, thus giving better support to the child, and durability than any other waist sold.

Economic



Waists.

Perfectly Made, Properly Shaped and Economic in Price.

STYLE 7—For Infants 6 to 18 months. Retail price 50 cents. Made in White only. Sizes 19 to 24 inches. STYLE 8—For Children 18 mos. to 3 years. Retail price 55 cents. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 25 in. STYLE 9—For Boys or Girls 3 to 6 years. Retail price 65 cents. Made in White and Drab. Sizes 20 to 26 in.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Special Prices to the Trade.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Prudent persons always look forward. This is the time to look forward to clothing yourself and boys for winter. Our stock of Men's and Boys' Winter Clothing, Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers surpasses any we have ever shown, and it is our desire to sell clothing lower than any other house in Canada. All persons buying from us may rest assured of obtaining the lowest prices. One price and plain figures.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS A SPECIAL FEATURE JUST NOW.

OAK HALL, Scovil, Fraser & Co., King Street, cor. Germain.

A POLITICAL REQUEST.

How a Chimney Sweep Rewards the Man who Carried Out His Wishes.

Tom Blackie was a well-known master chimney-sweep, residing in a mining village in the north of England. He was known far and wide as an enthusiastic politician, and there were few men in that part of the country who looked forward to the polling day in the late election with greater eagerness than Tom. He hoped to wear the blue colors when he recorded his vote. The polling day came, but alas! Tom Blackie did not put in an appearance. A few weeks before he was suddenly taken ill, and ere the polling day came round he had gone to join the great majority.

It was his habit at every election to clean his chimney and plant upon his chimney-top the colors of the Blue party. Tom was an eccentric, no doubt, and yet he had some excellent qualities too. At his death he left a will, and having no family he appointed Mr. Jasper Harris his sole executor. A few days previous to the election I received a letter, on the outside of which was written "Immediate." Hastily opening it, I read these words:—

"DEAR SIR,—As sole executor of the late Mr. Thomas Blackie I am requested, at the appointed time, which has now arrived, namely the election, to communicate to you the last wish of the deceased. This, meaning 'the opening,' was applied to him afterwards because he opened a way for the freedom of his race through the chaotic conditions of the following years.

In the dreadful wars of the years following the uprising of the slaves, his extraordinary influence over his race and his military genius gave him pre-eminence over all other chiefs. A design of freeing his race, which could only be accomplished by making it the ruling race of Hayti, gradually took shape in his mind and forms the key note of his career.

France, Spain and England each bid high for his alliance, but France declared for the freedom of the slaves and he finally ranged himself under the French flag. It was evidently his desire to maintain a desirable connection with a European power which would not leave him at liberty to develop his plans for his own race; but the realization of his idea required a disinterested co-operation of which no European government was capable.

In a few years he had been recognized by France as commander-in-chief of the army of Hayti and was practically dictator of the island.

As ruler of Hayti he surrounded himself with the pomp of a prince, although personally he retained habits of severe simplicity. He ate sparingly and slept little, being possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance. In dignity of manner he was entirely equal to his position. He endeavored to reconcile conflicting races and his rule was impartial and able. But Napoleon was not the man to allow a dictator under himself. He sent an army of 30,000 men to Hayti to restore slavery and reduce the colony to subjection.

Suspecting the true purpose of the expedition, Toussaint resisted the landing of the army, but finally laid down his arms after he had been assured that there was no intention of restoring slavery and that he injured the cause of his race by resistance.

He was still too powerful to be openly seized, but he was decoyed into the French quaters and was then hurried on board a vessel and carried to France. He hoped to meet Napoleon and defend his conduct, but on landing he was secretly hurried to a lonely fortress in the Alps, where he shortly afterwards died. Many wild stories attributing his death to murder found credence at the time. Neglect and the change from a tropic to an Alpine climate doubtless hastened his end.

By this removal the progress of his race was incalculably retarded. While Toussaint's fate and place of imprisonment were still unknown, Wadsworth

FROM SLAVE TO RULER.

The Story of Toussaint L'Ouverture and What he Accomplished.

Thirty years ago Toussaint L'Ouverture was a name to conjure with. Poets and orators described his virtues and his genius, and cited him as an illustrious example of the capabilities of his race. A romantic interest will always attach to his name. The fact that for fifty-four years he lived in deepest obscurity as a slave on a Haytian plantation and the epic character of his subsequent achievements give a tinge of antique heroism to his history.

The French colony in Hayti was long one of the greatest slave marts in the world. At the time of the French revolution there were in the colony 30,000 whites, 20,000 free mulattoes, and 500,000 slaves. The mulattos, many of whom had been educated in France, took advantage of the revolution and obtained a recognition of their political rights from the French Assembly; the whites of Hayti refused to recognize the decision and a war broke out which was soon complicated by an uprising of the whole slave population. On a memorable night in August, 1791, the plantations were fired and many of the whites were murdered.

Toussaint had not at that time acquired the name of L'Ouverture. This word, meaning "the opening," was applied to him afterwards because he opened a way for the freedom of his race through the chaotic conditions of the following years.

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wrote the beautiful sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture." His history is the subject of a drama by Lamartine, and of a novel, "The Hour and the Man," by Harriet Martineau. During the anti-slavery agitation in the United States he was cited as a most illustrious example of the real capabilities of his race. A poem by Whittier and an oration by Wendell Phillips commemorate his virtues and his genius.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hunt for a Title.

After Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* had been written, and the time was come to begin its serial publication, a title had not yet been found. A story could not be published without a title; but neither the author nor his friends could hit upon one that seemed suitable. Dickens had been appealed to, and had failed; so had Forster, who was prolific in good titles. Collins was in despair.

The day was approaching when the story must begin. So one day the novelist took himself off to Broadstairs, determined not to return until a title had been found. He walked for two hours along the cliff between Hinggate and what is called Bleak House; he smoked a case of cigars, and all to no purpose; then, vexed and much worn out by the racking of his brains, he threw himself on the grass as the sun went down. He was lying facing the North Foreland lighthouse, and, half in jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophize it thus:—

"You are ugly and stiff and awkward, and you know you are—as stiff and as awkward as my white woman—white woman in white—the title, by jove!"

A title had been hit upon, and the author went back to London delighted.

We are too busy

Opening our New Goods to give a detailed account of what our present stock consists of. We shall merely try to give you a slight introduction to

What we are Preparing for You.

Navy Blue Whale Serges, 35c. Plain and Fancy Serges, " All Wool Plaids, " Tartan Plaids, 12 1/2c.

STRIPE WINCEY. CHECK WINCEY.

Stanley Cloths in Checks and Stripes, in Light and Dark Colorings.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

G. H. McKAY, 61 Charlotte Street.

TROOPS AND STRIKERS.

LIVELY TIMES EAST AND WEST IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Tennessee Miners and Convict Labor—How They Deal with State Militia—The Buffalo Switchmen, Their Demands and Methods of Enforcing Them.



Fort Anderson from the point farthest removed from the village of Coal Creek. The night was dark as pitch and the loneliness of the road was depressing.

The cause of the strike was a demand for more pay. Buffalo is the centre of the eastern railroad system. Some time ago the switchmen on the western roads which run into Buffalo secured an increase, which made their wages much higher than that of the eastern men.

ford's men, started on a retreat themselves. Seeing that Carpenter was going rapidly in the opposite direction the four soldiers were released and allowed to return to their regiment.

The Japanese. The Japanese leave in the traveller's mind the memory of courtesy and grace, but even more deeply marked is the memory of their versatility and their energy.

head of the militia and on him rested the responsibility of putting an end to the destructive work of the striking miners.

MAN EATERS OF THE ANDES. More Tribes of Cannibals in Existence Than Have Ever Been Described.

People seldom hear much about cannibals nowadays. The awful practices of these savages are surely disappearing with every generation, and some time the books of adventure which horrify and interest the young will become only histories of lost races.

in front. At a point within a quarter of a mile of Fort Anderson the firing commenced from behind the great ledges of sandstone on a spur of the ridge overlooking the valley where the men were marching.

was an extraordinary number of distinctive tribes in such a territory as that occupied by these upper South American savages.

Mr. Gladstone's Eyes. Fifty-four years since Mr. Gladstone conceived the idea that it would be better for his eyesight were he to substitute candles for the somewhat primitive and feeble lamp by which he had been in the habit of reading.

conducted in much the same way, the strikers resorting to every means to accomplish their ends. Here, also, the troops were found more than child's play.

The best cooks are not always the sweetest tempered wives. K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with dyspepsia and bilious attacks for some time and have tried many things for relief.

A TONIC. HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.

A good mother is a beautiful woman. Mrs. L. E. Snow, Matron Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Putner's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of pulmonary complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON. The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

There's a difference between "Bourgeoisie" & "Noblesse". The last are a "much above par" lot for the people will eat any kind of a mess.

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

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes the text 'WITHIN EASY REACH.' and 'A step—a word—and you have Surprise Soap in the home. Simply ask your Grocer to send Surprise Soap when next you need soap—its peculiar qualities for the easy washing of rough or fine clothing, laces, cottons, linens, flannels, make it of great value for use on wash day.' It also features an illustration of a woman washing clothes and a box of soap.

Advertisement for Ungar's. Includes the text 'Gunning for Bold Burglars.' and 'It's the popular idea now-a-days, but the burglars don't mind it. The man on the fence is the burglar. He is just as cool as the gentry who take time to eat a lunch after breaking all the pewter spoons.' It features an illustration of a man on a fence and a burglar.

Advertisement for Bourgeoisie & Noblesse. Includes the text 'Noblesse Exige.' and 'There's a difference between "Bourgeoisie" & "Noblesse".' It features an illustration of a woman in a hat.

Advertisement for Thackeray's Complete Works. Includes the text 'Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.' It features an illustration of the book set.

Advertisement for Pearl of Caligula. Includes the text 'One Pearl of Caligula' and 'An English nobleman Queen Elizabeth laid a Spanish Ambassador gave a more costly ornament than any other.' It features an illustration of a woman in a hat.



THIN REACH.

Surprise Soap in our Grocer to you need soap—its of rough or fine make it of great Surprise and

PRIZE. The Directions on the Wrapper



the burglars... is the... yentry who... enting all the... gun is the... afraid that... and disap... been dyed... Ungar's,

send them... It is much... body will... old suits... new ones... collection... kings of a

and Dye Works, Halifax: 62 and 64

CAR'S.

12 vols. \$2.90 additional Thackeray's works, 12 volumes, handsome bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 an unequalled offer. We do not think it will be long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figures. The retail price is \$10.00. We have one new or second subscription at \$2.90 additional.

SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

One Pearl of Great Price. SERMON BY REV. F. L. CHAPMAN, preached at Bridgeport, Conn.

An English nobleman, in the time of Queen Elizabeth laid a wager with the Spanish Ambassador at court that he would give a more costly dinner than could the other. We can well suppose that either

That one pearl of great price won the wager. The idea was not original with this man, for the ancients indulged in this same extravagant folly. The Emperor Caligula is said to have in like manner, drank a pearl worth nearly forty thousand, and that princess of voluptuaries, Queen Cleopatra, in one of her feasts with Antony,

reported to have quaffed a pearl worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We are not to infer from these facts that pearls are chiefly used for drinking purposes, but rather that when one seeks for something of rare value he may fix upon the pearl—the peculiar, but precious pearl. A merchant man seeking goodly pearls is in pursuit of some of the richest products that earth affords. And if he finds one pearl of so great a price that he is willing to surrender all else for it, he has indeed found something that we may be pardoned for calling priceless. And this is the figure used in the text to denote the excellence and value of perfected humanity as seen in the church. That, which another scripture represents as a beautiful bride clothed in white, or a glorious city whose streets are gold, and whose gates are pearls, is here represented as one pearl of great price. Christ is the merchant man seeking goodly pearls, and as he scans the creation through, man appears to him the richest thing and he sells all—gives up his heavenly glory that he may be possessed of this treasure. And when in the fulness of time he shall gather together in one body the redeemed from the earth and make that body his bride, pure, precious, chaste, beautiful, strong; he will have ascended to the summit of this one pearl of great price.

Let our subject, then, be, perfected humanity, or the church of Christ illustrated by the pearl.

1. And first—as to the place where it was fashioned. These pearls that shine in the halls of wealth and culture, adorning the noblest beauty of the land—whence came they? In what bright region or sunlit clime did they grow? They seem like the product of the skies. Indeed some of the ancients professed to believe the pretty conceit that they originated in the dew drops that fell into the ocean. But in point of fact they have origin in the hidden depths of the dark waters, within the rugged, close embrace of the unlighted shell-fish. Far down below the light and life of this sinful and sunlit region, in the close, dense, dark recesses of earth's under-world the pearl is formed. Far away from the scenes of its final display is fashioned. And how like this is it with the souls of men! Down deep in the dense darkness of this sinful and sunlit region, are the souls of saints fashioned. Far enough away from the bright beacons for which they are fitting. Dark and dense is the clime that bears them! Close and hard is the embrace that holds them: rough and rugged the walls that enclose them. We may not perhaps fully appreciate the fact, since we have not known any better mode of existence. But oh, who is there that does not long and yearn for more light and more freedom than we now enjoy? We instinctively feel that there must be some better place for us. And there is. This world has, indeed, a sort of beauty of its own, as the depths of the sea have a sort of beauty of its own. But as much superior as is this free, sunlit scene to the close dim depths of the ocean so much better is the heavenly scene of the earthly state. There, there, in light we shall shine; but here, here in darkness we are fashioned.

2. But in the second; the pearl illustrates perfected humanity as to the method of formation. How grows the pearl? Easily, naturally, quietly? Does it bloom and ripen like flower or fruit, according to the common courses of nature? Does it insensibly gather like the dew drop that trembles on the gossamer web? Does it form in a single night like the frost spangle that glistens in the morning sun? or in any of the easy, ordinary, swift ways of nature does it come to the birth? No, by none of these common methods. But strangely, slowly, painfully, by one of the most mysterious processes with which we are acquainted, the pearl is formed in the hidden enclosure of the mollusk.

Wonderful, yes, supernatural, is the process by which from such gross, grovelling creatures as we are by nature, such splendid angelic beings as we shall be by grace, are evolved. And how slow the process. How microscopic the increments of holy character and being! How little we seem to change from day to day and from year to year. But it is those minutely thin layers in the formation of the pearl that give it its peculiar way beauty. So doubtless, God's slow methods make an excellence in us that is peculiarly delightful to the gaze of the heavenly eyes. And how painful the process too. How sensibly we need to be touched, yes, hurt, before we properly turn our lives to anything higher than what the world and nature afford! How the old man must die that the new man may thrive! And how sorely painful much of the transformation is! How many tears, how many prayers, how many sighs, before we come to be in the eyes of our Master, a pearl of great price!

3. But, third, the pearl illustrates perfected humanity as to the manner of its recovery and revelation. The pearl, however excellent it may be in itself has no proper appreciation or appropriate use until it is revealed—until it is brought from its hidden home up into the light and use of the world. Pearls in the sea shells or scattered on the bottom of the ocean, are of little avail. But those that know their worth brave these inhospitable depths for their recovery. It is a venturesome plunge that the pearl diver makes when he goes to search for these treasures of the deep. See him as he sits on the side of the rocking boat meditating the descent. The world is all bright and inviting about him. The air which he breathes is his native element. Below him are the dim depths, with the close, deadly weight of waters, where no human being can long survive. Why should he leave this region for that? Ah! the pearls are there. And so seizing the sinking-stone he attaches it to his foot and plunges in. Down, down into the oppressive depths he sinks and gathers as many as possible of the pearl shells; and then, at a given signal, he is raised to the free world above, and up he comes into the light of day with his pearls, treasures, which now for the first time reveal their true beauty in the light of a clear world, and are gazed upon with intelligent and appreciative eyes. They were pearls, indeed, before, but now they are revealed as such. And how this reminds us of the descent of Christ from heaven into the depths of this lower region and the darkness and oppression of sin. How it reminds us of his taking hold on humanity and, not only turning into his own likeness, but bringing it up into the realm of the heavens. He did this first in his own person; and in time he will do it in the persons of all the saved. Without this descent and ascent there is no complete salvation. Not only is a transformation of character necessary, but also a transference of abode, revealing that character, in order that humanity may appear as the pearl of great price. And this can never be effected except through the descent and ascent of the heavenly agencies. Hence, if one could make himself pure he would not secure salvation thereby. Whoever saw a pearl self-raised, and self-set—a pearl in proper place without other agencies than its own? We need not only to become pearls, but to appear as pearls. Hence, the necessity for the future descent of Christ to take us up to our true place and reveal us in our true light. As John says, "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." We not only receive the witness of the Spirit that we are the children of God, but we wait for our manifestation as the Sons of God. Hence the cry, "Come Lord Jesus." Descend and lay hold on us with resurrection power and let us be seen as the pearl of great price.

4. But fourth, the pearl illustrates perfected humanity as to its excellent texture and beauty. Once brought up to the light of the surface world compared with natural products here, and scanned by intelligent and tasteful eyes, it seems to be among the chief of beauties. Its shape, its color, its substance, its manner of formation, all serve to make it a unique excellence, a superior treasure. It is smooth, so white, so change, so pure, that it carries with it a sort of holiness. Then, too, the minutely thin layers, of which it is formed, dispose their way edges in such a manner as to make it exhibit all the colors of the rainbow, as if, though formed in the dark, it had an anticipative and wonderful adaptation to the light. And thus, we are assured, will perfected men be found when they shall have been brought up out of earthly darkness into the pure light of heaven, gazed upon and judged by angelic eyes. It will then be seen that this strange lower world product is wonderfully perfect, eminently pure, gloriously beautiful and grandly strong. Formed in darkness and through suffering, yet watched over by infinite wisdom it has been so conformed that it reflects all the several glories of the Sun of righteousness—all the attributes of the divine nature, and shines forth as a peculiar treasure in the kingdom of God.

5. And thus we are brought to observe, in the fifth place that the pearl illustrates perfected humanity as to its use or the place it will occupy in the kingdom of God—the pearl once formed, once found, once revealed and appreciated readily takes its appropriate place of highest honor amid the treasures of sovereigns and millionaires; in the crowns of kings; in the necklaces of queens; on the bosoms of brides; and in every most honorable and precious place may the pearl be found. Thus it is that the product of the dark ocean depths finds its way to the richest and most honored places and uses that the world affords. And thus also it is with perfected humanity—those that come from the lower world of sin and darkness find their way to the most honorable positions in the heavenly regions. The church becomes the bride of the Lord, sits with him on His throne judging the worlds and the angels. Saved humanity occupies the highest place. All things are put under its feet. It is reckoned the most precious treasure. Its language and imagery were ever taxed, they are in the Scripture to express the exceeding precious estimation in which saved humanity is regarded by the Lord. Indeed, so high is the place to which we are destined, that it is difficult to awaken a practical faith in the blessed fact— "What," said Paul to the bestricken and low-minded brethren of his time, "know ye not that ye shall judge angels? To whatever holy heights and offices Christ ascends, we ascend likewise for we shall be like Him and with Him. Thus have I held up before you perfected humanity as illustrated by the pearl—we have noted the place of its origin; the method of its formation; the manner of its recovery; the texture and beauty of its substance; and the honor and exaltation of its use.

And now let us gather up and utter some of the practical thoughts that are suggested by this, as it may seem, rather fanciful comparison.

1. And first we are impressed with the mystery and wisdom of God's ways. It is a strange place and a strange method that gives us the pearl. And it is a strange way in which the Lord leads us in order to make us the pearl of great price. He is fitting us for high destiny, but He is forming us in a low place. Let us be sure that we follow God's ways, however mysterious they may be. 2. But, second, we are strongly impressed with the worth of the soul. If Christ regards it so highly, if He so sought for it, if He so honors it. How very precious it must be! This one pearl of great price! And why, then, do we neglect it so! Putting everything before it, while He puts it before everything. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul—if he shall scrape together bushels of pebbles and shells and lose the pearl of great price? 3. But, third, we see the meaning of the yearnings, longings and ambitions that burn within us. How restless we are! How insatiate and hungry our souls are! And why? Because we were made for goodness. Because we are destined for glory. But how vainly we sometimes beat about here in this close cage of our under world, striving to satiate ourselves with what this narrow region affords. Never can it be done, no more can a pearl find its true place in the shell at the bottom of the ocean, than a heaven-born soul can be satisfied with the world. 4. But, fourth, we learn that the present state is not our true and proper world, we shall never know what we are, till by Christ's resurrection power we are raised into the light and generally superior condition of our own true world, and are judged by the aid of its true revelations. 5. But, in the fifth place, we are taught to be wary of any professed religion, which is all easy and natural, having no pain and death in it. The shell-fish suffers and dies, passes through a process which is not according to nature in order to produce the pearl. And just so it is with men that are truly redeemed. Christ's religion, so far as this world is concerned, is a cross-bearing religion. He says, "If himself will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." The shell-fish is worth something, as a shell-fish, to be sure. You can buy them for a cent a piece, or perhaps two for a cent when you go to a restaurant for your lunch. But when you have had them a few years the oyster has died into the pearl, it is worth perhaps thousands of dollars. The natural easy going life is worth something, but it is as nothing in comparison to what it is worth when redeemed, transformed into the pearl of great price. But in the sixth place, we learn the need of patience, for the pain and discipline is for a purpose. "The light affliction which is but for a moment—that is, according to God's eternal glory—it does not seem light nor but for a moment to us now, yet rather, it may seem heavy and long continued, but, as God views it—this light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, therefore we must run with patience the race that is set before us. If our discipline hurt us, let it hurt—ever here unto we were called—this is what we need in order to become the pearl of great price. And this is a work that cannot always be quickly done. Let God take His own time with you. Don't spoil the work by hurrying it too fast. Patience makes the pearl. 7. But, seventh and last, we see the necessity of having a true and vivid idea of the day of our deliverance and revelation in our true character in the world to come. The pearl is never known as a pearl till it is brought up to the surface world; here it finds its true place. And we shall never be known as the sons of God till we emerge in the resurrection or glorified state. It is to be feared that the coming world, or age to come, is not as vivid in the hopes and aspirations of some of God's people as it ought to be, on the one hand, they place too much expectation on the life that now is, talking of the progress of society and civilization as though a kind of perfection were attainable in the flesh. And on the other, they lay too much stress on the happy condition of naked souls resting in paradise. But the scriptures ever lead us on to the day of the Lord, and the age to come, when we shall be revealed as the sons of God—when we shall not only be but also appear as the pearl of great price, possessed by the Lord as the reward of His love. We were made for Him and He can never properly possess us till we are revealed as His. As He is in the resurrection or glorified state, so we must be before we find our true place. He is the pattern to which we must be conformed. And when He shall appear, then, shall we also appear with Him in glory. This is our earnest supplication.

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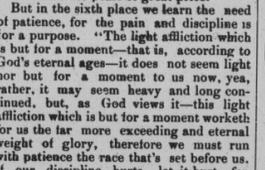
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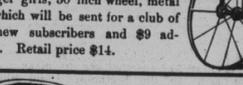
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Nowhere in England have so many great men and women come and for a time lived and left behind them such clear and charming chronicles of their staying, as in the interesting old Somersetshire city of Bath. Curiously enough it furnishes few of the ordinary characteristics which render most other British cities attractive to the traveler. There are no ruins of castles or vestiges of siege and slaughter. No kings were crowned or are entombed within it. It has no cathedral, vast, dim, shrine-like, where a Cromwell can still be remembered in the headless and limbless effigies of martyrs and saints. Even its abbey church has scarcely had time to turn gray from the hands of its sixteenth and seventeenth century builders. The city's noble crescents and parades are scarcely an hundred years old, and only in odd quarters of the old town are found the tender browns and grays mingled with the masses of ivy which mutely tell of a remote and hoary long ago. And yet Bath has a known antiquity of nearly two thousand years, one that you can see any day of the year with your own eyes, and a claimed antiquity of nearly a thousand years beyond that. It is in the baths of Bath, modern and ancient, that chief interest centers. From the standpoint of modern elegance and convenience no city in the world possesses more splendid provisions; while there is certainly a wonderful fascination and interest in the feeling that here in a west of England city, while enjoying hot baths under conditions of luxury unsurpassed in Europe, your surroundings are those of the Roman emperors and generals of 1400 to 1800 years ago, while the same thermal waters possibly banished the ill of St. David, King Arthur and a vast line of old British princes and potentates for half a thousand years beyond.

Whatever may be the actual antiquity of this ancient city and its more ancient baths, the legend of their discovery is most curious and interesting. Hudibras, King of Britain, who flourished in c. 829, had a son named Bladud, who being a lover was expelled from the royal court at Winchester, and wandered in poverty throughout the land. After a time he became a swineherd along the banks of the Somersetshire Avon, but soon discovered in dismay that all the animals in his charge had become as leprous as himself.

Fearful of discovery by the master he drove his pigs across the river at a point still known as Swineford, and took up a position on the hillside where shelter and access were in abundance. It happened that one of the finest sows was addicted to roving. She strayed from the rest, and Bladud on searching for her discovered her contentedly wallowing in a pool of muddy warm water. But Bladud found much more to his satisfaction. The animal had been cleaned of her leprosy, and following her example, he not only drove the whole herd to the warm pool morning and night, but himself wallowed within it among the swine.

Finally the prince returned to his father's court clean and whole. There was great rejoicing, and Bladud resumed his place as heir apparent, but for a long time could not be prevailed upon to make the place or circumstances of his cure known. He was sent to and educated in Greece under the name of Abaris, and returned a "capable governor of the nation." He now betrothed himself to make his secret known for the benefit of others. Thereupon he built the city of Bath (about 2700 years ago) where he applied himself so diligently and exclusively to ingenious studies that he succeeded in inventing and making for himself wings with which to fly; but in one of his flights he fell down upon a church steeple, which caused the breaking of his neck, from which he died.

How all this may be, certain it is that about the beginning of the last century Bath suddenly rose from the condition of a neglected provincial town to a second capital of English life. Its baths attracted all the rich and great. Then it was that the unknown Richard Nash, who, when a law student in chambers in the Temple, London, had been raised to royal favor by his conduct as master of the pageant on the visit of the King, came to Bath, and, by common consent, as master of all city ceremonials and the most trifling questions of etiquette concerning the social relations of visitors, held undisputed sway for over fifty years. New York has now a mimic of this famous king coxcomb, a sort of social male tapper and steelyard of ceremonial manities, but the Beau Nash of Bath was intellectually, and in the matter of actual power, a king indeed in comparison with all the buffoon imitators who have followed him.

It is a lovely, leafy, roomy, rare old city, this Bath, without any of its curious old associations. Its baths are finer than can be found elsewhere in Europe. Perhaps 200,000 visitors seek their healing qualities annually. Wealth, ease, refinement and wonderful beauty of surrounding, render tarrying here luxurious and charming. And then what a treat it is to have added to this modern day luxury the constant experience of sweltering in these hot waters precisely where the swine, Bladud and all the old Romans have wallowed! The old Roman bath is here to lay almost precisely as it was built and the generals of the empire left it. Something like 100 feet in length and 70 in breadth are its dimensions. The ancient vaulted roof, 60 feet high supported by six massive piers, is only lacking. But here are still the clustered pilasters on either side, and broken columns, wonderfully carved entablatures, and all the curious stone work of 1400 years ago. It is all worth a long journey to see, for in Rome itself is a no more curious relic of Roman time and Roman luxury.

To many the literary and artistic associations of Bath will have the deepest interest. In no other English city, except London, can there be found such a wealth of memories of this character. Everywhere you turn is some reminder of a pleasant or pathetic sort of the doings and personality of the great scientists, writers, poets, painters and actors, or their friends, of the

last, or the early part of the present century. Bath was then in its glory. In those days every coach from London, winter or summer, landed some famous personage at the doors of the White Horse Inn or the Pelican Inn which is still standing and is known as the "Three Cups."

At No. 21 Pulteney street lived Sir Williams Watson, the natural philosopher who introduced Sir W. Herschel to the king and scientific world. In 1766 the latter removed from Yorkshire to Bath, where he lived at No. 7 New King street. He was for a long time organist at the Octagon chapel and leader of the orchestra at the public assembly rooms. At length a simple telescope, only two feet in length, fell into his hands. He was at once filled with intense enthusiasm for astronomical research, but dismayed at the London price of a larger glass, he determined to construct one with his own hands. Telescopes of seven, of eight, of ten and finally of twenty feet focal distance finally crowned his efforts and the primary planet Uranus was discovered by him at this old house in New King street on March 13, 1781; and it is a pretty picture one's fancy makes of the faithful sister sharing in all the night watches of her brother with pencil in hand and eager eyes upon the clock.

Among the noted people of the stage who have made more sparkling and mellow memories of Bath were Sarah Siddons, Quin, the inimitable "Falstaff," the elder Macready, John Kemble, Foote and Garrick. It was here that bluff old Dr. Johnson, who professed a profound contempt for actors surprised the world with one of the nearest compliments ever paid to an actor. Mrs. Siddons called upon him in his apartments in the Pelican Inn. There was some confusion incident upon Frank, the servant, not being able to immediately furnish Mrs. Siddons with a chair, whereupon Dr. Johnson remarked: "You see, madam, that wherever you go there are no seats to be got!"

In addition to Mrs. Siddons some of the famous women who made winsome the society of Bath during this brilliant period were Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., Mrs. Piozzi, the celebrated companion of Dr. Johnson, Lady Miller, Sarah Fielding and Madame D'Arbigny. Mrs. Piozzi was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of England. She first married a rich brewer named Thrale. The couple lived in great splendor at Bath, and Dr. Johnson was lady's acknowledged greatest admirer. Shortly after the death of Mr. Thrale she sprightly widow tired of the ponderous devotion of Dr. Johnson, and became the wife of a music master named Piozzi. A complete rupture with Johnson was the consequence; and the famous lexicographer was ever after a misanthrope regarding all womankind. After a brilliant career in Italy, Mrs. Piozzi returned to Bath, where in 1820, she celebrated her eightieth birthday by one of the most famous balls and suppers ever given in England, where the sprightly female antiqued off the village of Twerton. Here in a tiny, neat cottage, now known as Fielding's House, Fielding's Terrace, was chiefly written "Tom Jones," for which, through its first reading in manuscript to the wife of Andrew Marryat, the great London publisher, Fielding secured the title, incredible sum of £200, which so astounded him that for himself, the publisher, who afterward cleared £18,000 from the sale of the work, and his friend, Thomson, the poet, Fielding straightway deliciously ordered of water, "Two bottles of your best port."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Carrier Pigeons in the Campaign. The general election in England brought into considerable prominence the modern usage of impressing carrier pigeons into newspaper service. With the staffs of some papers going forth to report the speeches in country districts there was permanently attached the pigeon man with his baskets of birds. In the Mid-Indian campaign the expedient was particularly useful. When Mr. Gladstone went forth on those stupendous drives of questionable usefulness which he was induced to take, the rear of the cortege was brought up by the carriages of the reporters. In one were stored the pigeon baskets. As the party drove along, the reporters, noising incidents, Fielding the way, jotted them down on sheets of "flimsy," and passed them on page by page to the man in charge of the pigeons. He, taking a bird out of the basket, laid it on its back and tied the message to one of its legs, and then let it loose. It was curious to note how accustomed the pigeons had grown to the process, scarcely fluttering a feather whilst the message was tied on. Mounting high, they flew round and round, making the bearings, which found, they speedily set off for Edinburgh. The consequence was that the evening papers, selling in the streets of Edinburgh before Mr. Gladstone's journey was accomplished, contained full descriptions of his earlier incidents. Carrier pigeons will never compete with the telegraph wire for the transmission of long reports from places where telegraph stations are available. But it is easy to see in particular circumstances they are invaluable.

Politics in the Palpit. "Before the choir begins," said the minister, "I should like to make a statement to the brethren. I am told that Deacon Jones is a candidate for the legislature. Now, under ordinary circumstances, I should advise the brethren to vote for him; but, as I am a candidate for the same place myself, it would not be good politics to do so. You who are not afraid of hot weather, I beseecher can vote for Brother Jones; but all who desire about sermons, small collections and cool salvation must over on my side."

THE PARSON'S CATCHING TRICK.

How to Win at Faro, with Some Advice About Self and Whipsaws, Etc.

In 1878 Bodie was the wickedest town in all the world. It had been a mining camp in 1861, had been worked out, rediscovered by George Story in 1877, and by August, 1878, contained 15,000 inhabitants. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1878, a memorable event happened in the history of the camp. The boom was at its height. A few days prior Russian Pete had made a big strike in the southern end of the Sigourney, the Booker on Booker flat was looking up, and everything about the camp, even to the burdy-gurdy girls wore a rosy hue.

It was early in the afternoon when a stranger entered the office of the Standard and presented his card to Mr. Dormer. It read:

REV. E. M. REYNOLDS.

The new arrival was a stout-built man of medium height, florid complexion, and a determined look about his large mouth. He was attired in a loosely fitting suit of gray stuff, badly worn.

"Glad to see you," said Mr. Dormer, pleasantly. "One of the crying needs of this camp is a pastor. The Standard since it started has been to reform the camp, but its efforts have been futile. No use trying. What Bodie wants is a spiritual awakening. Its people want to be aroused to the imminent danger they are in. It is dreadfully immoral."

"I have heard so," replied Mr. Reynolds, quietly. "For the past few weeks I have been laboring for the Master in Aurora."

"Not as great as I could desire. People seem to be careless of their souls' salvation. There are a great many families at Aurora, but I found few devout Christians."

"Are you going to preach here?"

"Yes. I have seen the members of the executive committee of the Miners' union, and they have kindly consented to my using their hall on next Sunday evening. The object of my call was to see you about getting out some doggers calling attention to the meeting."

"What do you wish on the doggers?" Mr. Reynolds thought a moment and wrote:

At Miners' Union Hall, Sunday Evening, Aug. 31, 1878.

The Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS, of the Methodist Church will preach at 7:30 o'clock.

Subject: "And he said unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

SINNERS AND CHRISTIANS CONTRASTED.

"That subject won't draw," said Mr. Dormer, promptly and emphatically.

"Why, you won't have a corporeal ground subject—something in touch with the people; something that appeals to their sympathies, to their every-day life. The text but it is not the best in its place, but it is not the best in its place."

"Can you give me a subject, then?" asked the minister.

"Stocks and faro are what interest people here. Few people can beat either game. I won't preach on 'How to Beat Faro'?"

Mr. Reynolds knitted his brows a moment. He evidently was weighing the matter in his mind, and it took few moments to decide.

"I'll do it," he said, earnestly.

Then he took his pencil again and wrote, "This is what I'll have on those doggers."

Mr. Reynolds knitted his brows a moment. He evidently was weighing the matter in his mind, and it took few moments to decide.

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their hunger at the lunch counter! Young men of good families have lost all hope and hang about these places in their despair.

"I have advertised that I would tell you this evening how to win at faro. I mean in a spiritual way. Let us assume, my hearers, that the World is the Layout and the Church is the Caskeeper. The King represents our Lord and the Jack the Devil. Do you want everlasting happiness? Do you want eternal life? If you do, copper the Jack on the heel and play the King to win. Boundless and infinite will be your joy when the last turn is made and the Caskeeper makes it Jack, King—for you have won a crown in the heavenly kingdom."

"But many of you, in fact, nearly all of you, copper the King and play the Jack to win. It is a terrible wager, for at the last turn you will find that you have lost eternally!"

"My friends, first let me entreat you by everything that is dear in this transitory life, to come and change your system! Copper the Jack on the heel and play the King open. And when the last great turn is made there will be no spits, no whipsaws, and you won't be afraid to set your chips in. It will be a kind deal."

Seven gamblers confessed their sins there and then, and enough money was taken in to build a church without mortgaging the property. Russian Pete passed the hat.—San Francisco Examiner.

Ayer's Pills

Are compounded with the view to general usefulness and adaptability. They are composed of the purest vegetable aperients, their delicate sugar-coating, which readily dissolves in the stomach, preserves their full medicinal value and makes them easy to take, either by old or young. For constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and the common derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels; also to check colics and fevers, Ayer's Pills

Are the Best

Unlike other cathartics, the effect of Ayer's Pills is to strengthen the excretory organs and restore to them their regular and natural action. Doctors everywhere prescribe them. In spite of immense competition, their popularity as a family medicine, being in greater demand now than ever before, they are put up both in vials and boxes, and whether for home use or travel, Ayer's Pills are preferable to any other. Have you ever tried them?

Ayer's Pills

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Every Dose Effective

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.

Chicago Branch: 461 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. M. LARIMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES RHEUMATISM-NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Backache. IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

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

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10 " " 100, 1000
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will be given to the successful competitor on the Yost Writing Machine who shall write in the neatest form, in the shortest space of time—all in the presence of the judges, and one of each style of work to be written from dictation on the spot—two business letters, two business company's annual reports, and two court-legal balance-sheets; lines twelve inches long, paper thirteen and a half inches wide.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO., 71 and 73 Broadway, New York, OR IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

"ABRAHAM" TALKS

I wonder if some kind person who finds more poetry than I have doctored with a better man's correspondent "K," with the name of the anging verse, and also the p is taken, and thereby gratitude?

There is beauty in the "Where wild flowers are There is beauty in the And the soft blue sea O! the world is full of When the heart is full

If the rest of the poem this specimen, it will at for the search.

BRUTUS, Tacoma, W glad to welcome you bac and to know that my ad was useful to you. No to have my own ack to me, even thou sent for a long time to read your manuscript confess that your writing but it is an odd and orig admire it very much.

is, as you say, "strange ally, and it is not with imagination and some tion; but the greatest fa with it is an absence of times it does not seem to it is too sketchy. The op and one to expect the st life and the ending seem beginning; but, on the writers of note have cul finished effects, though I ever been attracted by t course, originality, ab above all things, but I sketch is open to the is neither a story, a morous sketch or a n but nevertheless I fou I read it the more I ha found myself wondering w of Leonie, so it catchi your readers is the first writer, you have succeede a little too much on Now I have given you my and I hope you are not I shall always be glad to g in my power.

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Gypsy, St. John.—Ye fear your name being re- recognizing you, as I have last, I have been receiv whose handwriting I am nized, and I have simply r way of business, and never authorship. I really mu know my correspondents, all upon the same level as them in the end. I m should have given me an it is a matter in which it advise you. The love of a jewel to be highly prized, a be valued highly, besides place the utmost confide of the relative you mentio judgment, and who must b server, but at the same you mention are very seri happiness, with a person o and would be like so many you only; there are few thi a sensitive and refined wo still if you really love hi in the world who, in lat latin proverb, Omnia vincit love conquers all things, w triumph over so small a dra one? Surely if you let him as possible that some of t speak of are distasteful to you are really grieved by the to improve and be more like very least he can do in retr love, and if he does not l enough to try, for your sake should give him up. I ver is the best advice I can giv at the matter from my own speaking from my own but you must be guided your own heart, and the fact you mention are very seri happier in his society than it else is a very significant o will let me hear how yo should like to know. Thank kind messages. Your com that could be desired, an clear and legible, though no some I have seen.

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Advertisement for 'The Yost Writing' featuring 'Fair Prizes' and 'The Yost Writing' brand.

'ASTRA' TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I wonder if some kindly disposed literary person who finds more time for reading poetry than I have do lately, or who is blessed with a better memory, would oblige my correspondent 'K,' and also myself, with the name of the author of the following verse, and also the poem from which it is taken, and thereby earn our united gratitude?

'There is beauty in the forest
Where the trees are tall and fair;
There is beauty in the meadows
Where wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft blue beams above—
O! when the heart is full of love'

If the rest of the poem is as beautiful as this specimen, it will amply repay anyone for the search.

BRUTUS, Tacoma, W.—I was indeed glad to welcome you back to our kingdom, and to know that my advice of a year ago was useful to you. Nothing pleases me more than to have my correspondents come back to me, even though they have been absent for a long time. It was no trouble to read your manuscript, although I must confess that your writing is a little 'blind,' but it is an odd and original hand, and I admire it very much. Your little sketch is, as you say, 'strange,' but not at all silly, and it really shows a great deal of imagination and some power of description; but the greatest fault I should find with it is an absence of motive. Sometimes it does not seem to go far enough; it is too sketchy. The opening paragraphs lead one to expect the story of 'Leonie's' life and the ending seems too brief for the beginning; but, on the other hand, many writers of note have cultivated those unfinished effects, though I cannot say I have ever been attracted by that style myself. Of course, originality is to be prized above all things, but I am afraid your sketch is open to the objection that it is neither a story, an essay, a humorous sketch or a newspaper article, but nevertheless I found the offender I read it the more it haunted me, and I found myself wondering what really became of Leonie, so catching the attention of your readers is the first requisite of a writer, you have succeeded, but you have a little too much on the mountains. Now I have given you my candid opinion and I hope you are not disappointed. I shall always be glad to give you any advice in my power.

We Two.—You may not only aspire to the 'honor' but have it with pleasure, and I enjoyed your pleasant, chatty letter so much that I, too, hope it may not be the last. I am afraid though that you will think the answer long in coming, and I fear it will not reach you in time for you to write again before school opens, but my mail has been so heavy lately that numbers of letters have lain awaiting in the office, waiting their turn for publication, and I have only a limited amount of space at my disposal. I am always glad to hear anything my girls care to tell me about themselves, but they seldom volunteer much information outside of the subject on which they wish to hear, and I suppose, that I should try to find out where they were, and forgetting how little time a newspaper woman has for such researches, even if she had sufficient curiosity. It is delightful to have so fond and faithful a chin as you can possess in the other, and I hope you will be able to keep up your friendship through the future years, as some school friends do. Your letter was well written, well put together and thoroughly ladylike, though the writing has scarcely formed yet, and I can scarcely say I can only wish you every success in your coming school year, and thank you for your united love. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

GYPSY, St. John.—You need never fear your name being revealed, or my even recognizing you, as I have had letters from my very nearest friends, even from those whose handwriting I should have recognized, and I have simply read them in the way of business, and never suspected their authorship. I really much prefer not to know my correspondents, as it leaves them all upon the same level, and is fairer to them in the end. I am pleased that you should have given me your confidence, but it is a matter in which it is very difficult to advise you. The love of a good man is a jewel to be highly prized, and should never be valued lightly, besides that, I should place the utmost confidence in the opinion of the relative you mention, whose experience of men and things gives weight to her judgment, and who must be an impartial observer, but at the same time the defects you mention are very serious drawbacks to happiness, with a person of your nature and you only; there are few things harder for a sensitive and refined woman to bear, but still if you really love him better than anyone else in the world you know the Latin proverb, *Omnia vincit amor*; and if love conquers all things, why should he not triumph over so small a drawback as this one? Surely if you let him see as kindly as possible that some of the ways you speak of are distasteful to you, and that you are really grieved by them, he will try to improve and be more like you; it is very least he can do in return for your love—and if he does not love you well enough to try, for your sake, I think I should give him up, if I were you. This is the best advice I can give you, looking at the matter from my own standpoint, and speaking from my own experience, but you must be guided mainly by your own heart, and the fact that you are happier in his society than that of anyone else is a very significant one. I hope you will let me hear how you decide, as I should like to know. Thank you for your kind messages. Your composition is all that could be desired, and your writing clear and legible, though not as pretty as some I have seen.

MOLLY BAWN.—Don't say another word about it, your excuse would be sufficient for almost anything; one mild attack of that disease in any house is enough, but when it comes to six! Well, I think some special form of prayer should be composed to deal with such cases. (1) Truly wish I could find out the author of that poem, for my own sake as well as yours, but I have never been able to do so. I saw the verse quoted in a book once, and it made such an impression upon my mind that I never forgot it. The other quotation is part of one verse of a poem by Mrs. Wakefield, entitled 'Over the River.' I do not know where you could get the poem which contains four verses of twelve lines each. Mrs. Wakefield was an American poet, but I do not think she was a very voluminous writer; so there is not likely to be any collection of her poems published, but you would probably find it in any cyclopaedia of American poetry. I know it is in Harper's cyclopaedia. I cannot remember about 'How he saved Saint Michael,' though I have read it. So I am unable to give you any information as to where it can be procured. No, I am sorry to say I was not at the picnic. It was no trouble at all, and I am only very sorry that I could not find them all for you. (2) Yes, it is quite proper, only you should simply put 'kindness of' instead of 'by kindness of.'

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

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

Treatment of Provisions in Hot Weather.

The subject of food treatment is important to all housekeepers, and although the hot weather will soon be over for this season, it will come again, and the few simple precautions following will be found worthy of attention, especially to those who are preserving their receipts or recipes (why not 'recipes' in all cases?) for future reference. Beet, and in fact all meats, must be kept as long as possible in order to have them tender, and unless there is a good refrigerator, they should be sprinkled or brushed over with a solution of boracic acid in water, made by dissolving an ounce of the acid in a gallon of water. It is quite harmless, easily prepared, and may be bought of any chemist. It will be found an excellent and harmless preservative for all kinds of meats and fish. Milk, in hot weather should be boiled before being used, or a table spoonful of lime water may be put into each quart. Great care should be exercised that all vessels in which it is kept are made perfectly clean. Milk, cream and butter should be kept apart from all other provisions, and especially from, as they absorb odors readily. It is a good plan to keep a small dish of powdered charcoal on one of the upper shelves of the refrigerator, as it is an excellent absorbent of odors. It should be changed every few days.

To Cook Green Corn.

In order to have the corn beautifully white, remove the outer leaves and the silk; place the corn in an enamelled saucepan, cover with water, add to every six heads half a pint of milk, half an ounce of butter, and a handful of salt to the whole. Boil for fifteen minutes. Serve on a folded napkin with butter, pepper and salt.

Some Summer Soups.

There is no part of cooking so imperfectly understood by ordinary cooks as the preparation of soup. In most private houses where cook-books are used it will be found that the pages treating of sweetmeats of all sorts will be well worn, while the leaves devoted to soups will be scarcely soiled at all from actual use. This is a great mistake for not only is the daily use of soup a sign of refinement in living, but it is also exceedingly economical. In such places where skilled cooks are employed, a daily soup and often two kinds is a matter of course. Perhaps the reason why so many people say they do not like soup is because they have never had it properly made. The basis of all soups is stock, and instructions for making this have been previously given in this column. The following hints will be helpful to beginners: Cream or milk when put into soups should be boiled separately, strained, and added boiling. If instead of cream, milk and the yolk of egg are used, the egg must not be allowed to be mixed in the liquor. Either it must be boiled thoroughly with a little of the soup which has cooled for a minute, then be stirred into the rest, or better still, put in the soup-tureen, and a spoonful of the soup mixed with the egg stirred into it, and the rest added gradually.

Cauliflower Cream Soup.

1 quart, more or less, of soup stock.
1 pint of rich milk.
1 pint measureful of cooked cauliflower.
1/2 pint of cream.
1/2 a blade of mace.
1/2 a spoonful of butter.
Salt and white pepper to taste.
1 tablespoonful of minced parsley.

Cauliflower left over from a previous dinner can be used, and the clear white broth that has had lowly boiled tender in it is best for this soup. Any vegetable left from the breakfast or dinner meats may be put into the stock to make it richer, and a small allowance of any soup vegetables at hand should be added. The cauliflower is to be the principal article. If it is cooked for the purpose, pick the cauliflower into little branches and boil it separately in salted water for half an hour. Strain off a quart of stock clear and free from all grease into a saucepan, boil it with the minced onion in it, mash about half of the cauliflower and put it in, boil the milk and add the cream with pepper and salt, thicken it, if not thick enough already, till it looks like thin cream, with a little flour-and-water thickening, add the butter, the balance of the cauliflower branches whole as they are, and the green sprinkling of parsley.

An Evening with Carlyle.

Sir Lewis Pelly relates this anecdote of Carlyle, who had invited him to tea. He soon worried me into an argument and upset everything I ventured to advance. Tea over, he went to the mantelpiece and filled his pipe which he smoked often, and which I suspect affected his digestion, for he complained more than once of dyspepsia, and I ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him. 'Yes,' he said, 'and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than to go without.' His pipe being filled he descended, as was his wont, to the small garden in the rear of the house, to commune with the Eternal Silence. But just as he was closing the door Mrs. Carlyle called out, 'Why, when Maxmill was here the other night, you took the side of the argument that Mr. Pelly did this evening.' Carlyle, putting his head round the door, merely said, 'And what's the use of an argument?'

Dr. Talmage in England.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage preached Thursday afternoon in Hengler's circus, Sheffield. The building was crowded, three thousand people squeezing into the not over spacious hall. There were so many disappointed in not being able to gain admission that Dr. Talmage afterwards consented to address an outdoor meeting. This was held in the open square, and fully 15,000 people listened with manifestations of enthusiasm to the great pulpit orator of Brooklyn.

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Just Opened.

Children's English Ankle Ties, Spring Heels.
Children's French Ankle Ties, Spring Heels.
Children's Dongola Ankle Ties, Spring Heels.
Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ties.
Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ankle Ties.
Children's Dongola one strap Shoes.
Children's Dongola two strap Shoes.
Children's Hand-Sewn Oxford and Button Shoes.

Our assortment of Children's Fine Footwear is the largest and most complete we have yet shown, and includes lines from the best English, French, American and Canadian manufacturers, in different widths and Hall-Sizes.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

American Dye Works Company.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

Our Half Price Sale

Of Seasonable Clothing closes on the 31st inst. We cannot endure the slaughter any longer although it's been a great boon to many. The people know a good thing when they see it, and have not been slow in embracing the opportunity offered by our sweeping reductions. Several shipments of Fall and Winter Suits, Ulsters, Reefers and Overcoats have come to hand already, and are perfectly elegant in style and finish. You'll say so when you see them. Our Fall Opening we will tell you of later. We are able to sell cheap and we do.

R. W. LEECH, 47 King St., St. John, N. B., New Royal Clothing Store.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND EXCURSION

THE BEST OFFERED IN ST. JOHN.

Eastport, St. Croix River, St. Andrews, Calais, St. Stephen, St. George and Lepreau. Tickets for the round trip good for Eight Days with liberty to stop over.

Only \$2.50.

The Shore Line Railway and International Steamship Company have united to give the people of St. John the biggest trip for the smallest money ever offered, viz:

ST. JOHN TO EASTPORT,

by the splendid steamers of the International Steamship Company, thence up the picturesque and historic St. Croix River to St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return to St. John by Express Train of the Shore Line Railway. The scenery of the St. Croix River and Shore Line Railway cannot be surpassed on this continent. Mountains, Cataracts, Lakes, Bays and Islands are to be seen in all their natural beauty. Steamers leave St. John daily at 7.25 a.m.; arrive Eastport at 12 noon; arrive at Andrews at 2.00 p.m.; arrive at Calais and St. Stephen at 4.00 p.m. Express train leave St. Stephen daily for St. John at 1.30 p.m. except Saturdays, when train leave on arrival of steamer from Eastport. The trip can also be made from St. John outwards via the Shore Line Railway, leaving St. John Eastport Ferry at 7.14 a.m.; West Side, 7.30 a.m., continuing from St. Stephen to St. Andrews or Eastport by the Frontier S. S. Co., and returning to St. John by the I. S. S. Co. Standard time.

ON SATURDAY ONLY \$2.00

Tickets for sale at George Phillips, Prince William Street and at the Ticket Office of the International Steamship Company and Shore Line Railway. For special terms for large parties, apply to C. E. Lauchler, Agent at St. John, or G. G. Buel, Treasurer Shore Line Railway.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement.

On and after Monday 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.00 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis on Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis on Saturday at 1.00 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.00 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth on Saturday at 11.00 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.10 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.00 a.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.00 p.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m. Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.00 p.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway, and at Digby with steamer City of Monticello and to St. John daily. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRONNELL, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00; for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 12.30; for Sussex, 12.45; for Quebec and Montreal, 22.10.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.25; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 8.55; from Point du Chene, 12.40; from Halifax, 12.30; from Halifax, 2.40.

KEEP COOL! ICE

Orders through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city. MRS. R. WHEATSF., Wholesale and Retail.

FUR LINED COATS, FUR CAPS AND GAUNTLETS.

JOHN MARTIN & CO., 437-ST. PAUL ST.-437 Montreal, Canada.

BLACK BEAR, GRIZZLY BEAR, HUDSON'S BAY WOLF

MUSK OX SLEIGH ROBES.

We will be pleased to send you Price List and Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

STAMERS.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.)

S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

Sailings for September.

From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 9 o'clock a.m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning will sail from Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday upon arrival of the 'FLYING BLUENOSE' from Halifax, due at 12.15.

Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 9.30 P. M. HOWARD D TROOP, President.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indianston at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at 2.30 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days.

INTERNATIONAL N. S. CO. DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until Sept. 5th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 7.30 a.m. (Standard Time) for Eastport and Boston. Tuesday and Friday Mornings for Eastport and Boston. Connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. For further information apply to C. E. LAUCHLER, Agent.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes, 1896.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the

Season of 1892 at St. John.

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

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, S.D., dam Belle Rice by Whitehall. He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Mars Road. The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office. JULIUS L. INGRAM, March 30th, 1892.

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musician; and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE! G. BEGG & SONS; St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

Large advertisement for 'The Yost Writing' featuring 'Fair Prizes' and 'The Yost Writing' brand.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Spiders have eight eyes.
 Music type was invented in 1502.
 One million dollars in gold weighs 3,865.8 pounds avoirdupois.
 In Saxony about 70 per cent. of the workmen earn less than \$150 per year.
 A medieval writer on demonology places the total number of devils at precisely 44,435,556.
 Electricity in its various forms of applications has given employment to 3,000,000 persons.
 In Chinese the letter "i" has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.
 According to a calculation published in a London paper, the entire population of the world could stand on a field ten miles square.

German born residents furnished 8.76 per cent. of the strength of the Union army during the United States war of the rebellion.
 The population of India, by late census, is 300,000,000. The census was taken in seventeen languages, at the expense of \$1,000,000.
 In spite of its ice and severe cold, Labrador possesses 900 species of flowering plants, 59 ferns and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.
 In area, the United States has 3,025,000 square miles, exclusive of Alaska, and 3,602,990 with Alaska. Canada has 3,470,227 square miles.
 In olden times, when every part of the body had its price, the beard was valued at twenty shillings—a large sum for the time—while the loss of a leg was only estimated at twenty shillings.
 The custom of kissing hands as a mark of respect is said to be the most ancient and the most universal. From the remotest times through the ages of Greece and Rome to the present day, it has existed.
 Norway is liberal but exactly tolerant to all. In that country all Christian sects, except Jesuites, are tolerated and are free to exercise their religion within the limits prescribed by the law and public order.
 The Paris Exposition of 1855 cost \$5,000,000; the London Exposition of 1862 cost \$2,800,000; the Paris Exposition of 1889 cost \$6,500,000. The cost of the Exposition next year at Chicago will exceed \$20,000,000.
 The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's by about thirteen and one-half times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.
 It is now admitted that the inherent hue of water is blue. Even distilled water has been proved to be almost exactly of the same tint as a solution of Prussian blue. This is corroborated by the fact that the purer the water is in nature the bluer is its hue.
 In Canada in 1891 were sent 118,275,000 letters, which travelled twenty-seven million odd miles. The post offices number 8,061, and the miles of post route 58,905. Three hundred and fifty letter carriers deliver the missives in big towns; elsewhere the citizen goes to the office for his mail.
 Although limited by Act of Parliament to 1,000 men, the regular army of Canada numbers 1,009. The active militia number 30,377, of which Ontario has 17,387; Quebec, 536; New Brunswick, 2,451; Nova Scotia, 3,646; Manitoba, 1,064; Prince Edward Island, 617, and British Columbia, 276.
 The police force of Paris, in 1871, numbered six thousand, one hundred men; now there are only six thousand four hundred policemen, and the population has increased one and a half millions in the time. Last year New York City expended \$4,000,000 on its schools and \$4,250,000 for its police. In three years the increase of the cost of the police has been sixty-three per cent. and the increased cost of the schools seventeen per cent.
 During the middle ages, when astrology was in vogue, a character similar to the present letter R was the sign of Jupiter, the preserver of health. The doctors, who were equally devoted to the science of medicine and of astrology, always began their prescriptions with the following words: "In the name of Jupiter take the following doses in the order set down hereinafter." In the course of time this formula was abbreviated until only the letter R remained.
 In 1890 the population of the United States aggregated 62,622,250 persons, of whom 136,400 (one in every 459) were serving sentences in prisons. Of the five geographical divisions the North Atlantic has the largest share, showing a total of 28,258, of whom 11,468 are credited to New York, thus giving to the empire state the unenviable leadership of all others in her criminal list. This is principally due to the immense population of the state, but largely to the great proportion of criminals who immigrate yearly from other countries.
 In 1890 there were 38,540 convictions for various offences in Canada. Four hundred and thirty-five persons were sent to the penitentiaries, which have a population of 1,251. Kingston contains 586 convicts, St. Vincent de Paul 342, Dorchester 174, Manitoba 73 and British Columbia 86. But ten convicts died last year, while a like number escaped. Twenty-six persons were charged with murder in the year mentioned, but only nine were convicted. One was confined in a lunatic asylum, and eight were executed. Between the first of July, 1867, and the thirtieth of June, 1891, there

were 93 persons executed in Canada. The largest number executed in any one year was in 1885, the year of the Northwest rebellion, when, on the Regina scaffold, several rebels suffered the penalty of their misdeeds against the welfare of the state.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

They say it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. But who expects to find a hearty meal in the water?

"Does your new dress fit you well, Clara?" "Oh, splendidly! I can hardly move or breathe in it."—New York Press.

The girl of the period really may be versed in grammatical laws, but all who know her regret to say she never comes to a point.

"I don't see how a woman can carry a man," remarked Miss Filly. "Well, there's really nothing else to marry," replied Miss Filly.

Jinks (examining his prescription)—"These doctors are awfully fond of Latin, aren't they? Filkins—"Yes; it's a dead language, you know."—Truth.

"Me mamma says we can't play with you 'cause you have the mumps." "Ah, go on! 'Taint so, let I give 'em to Sammy Gibbs day afore yistery."—Life.

"How do you like that?" said the medical torturer as he tightened the thumb screw. "Oh, it will do—at a pinch," answered the prisoner philosophically.

Briggs—Isn't that the same suit you had last year? Griggs—Yes; and it's the same suit that you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit that I had the year before.

Uncle John—No, I am your uncle on your mother's side. Dolly recently pulled the wool over my eyes, she told me she was your aunt, if you knew mamma as well as I do, I guess you'd be on papa's side.

She—"Why do you toy so nervously with that fan. Are you afraid of it?" He (gallantly)—"I am afraid of anything that could produce a coolness between us."—Life.

Aunt—Why, Clara! How do you manage to get one hand so much more sunburnt than the other? Clara—"That is the hand on which I wear my engagement ring."

Clerk—"How shall I mark these goods?" Old Tapeyard—"Just figure out fifty per cent. profit and add seven odd cents, so the women will think it's a bargain."—Puck.

"I've got a new baby brother," said Tommy. "That's all right," answered Freddy, "but I'm going to have a new grown-up brother as soon as sister marries him."

No Hope—Cholly—"How do you know she won't marry you, dear boy?" Chappie—"Precedent, me dear fellow. She never has married any one." Cholly—"That's so, by Jove."—Truth.

Mr. Gruffengrumbler—"Did you hear about that western woman who set a bear-trap last week and caught a young man?" Mrs. G—"No, but I've heard of a woman who set a young man-trap and caught a bear."

"How is it with you?" asked the editor of the subscriber who was dying in arrears. "All looks bright before me," gasped the subscriber. "I thought so," said the editor. "In about ten minutes you'll see it black."

Stanley—Miss Triller hasn't favored us with any music this evening. I'm going to make her sing. Old Mr. Triller—"I'll make it worth your while if you will, young man. It's more than that Italian professor I've subsidized can do."

Miss Fillyp—I don't believe that a woman should marry her opposite. Miss Trivet—"Don't you? Miss Fillyp—No, I don't. Do you suppose I could be happy with a man who possessed neither beauty nor mental attainments?"

Cashier—"I can't honor that check, Madam. Your husband's account is overdrawn." Woman—"Huh! Overdrawn, is it? I suspected something was wrong when he signed this check without waiting for me to get the hysteresis."—New York Weekly.

Dashaway—"Willie, do you think your sister likes me?" Willie—"She told mamma the other day she thought you were one of the nicest men she ever met." Dashaway (handing him a quarter)—"What else did she say?" Willie—"When you were asleep."

Mrs. Mainchance (sentimentally): "I declare, darling, you hold the umbrella over me just as carefully as you did in our courting days—more carefully, if anything." Mr. Mainchance (prosaically): "I didn't have to buy your millinery in those days, Myrtilla."

A country newspaper correspondent in Maine, recently sent this cheerful bit of news to his paper: "Brooks is at last provided with a nice hearse and our citizens can now be conveyed to their graves in decent shape. This is something that has long been needed here."

He knew that Face—"I can't think where I have met you," said the puzzled tourist on the steamer, "but your face is very familiar." "I am the man, sir," replied the other, with dignity, "who was cured of that tired feeling by using twelve bottles of Dr. Rybold's Sarasaparil, sir."—Chicago Herald.

Little Boy—"Mamma, may I have that big family bible I little while?" Fond Mamma—"Of course you can, my pet. Your thoughts are on higher things, I see." Little Boy—"Yes'm." Bridget (to herself two hours afterwards)—"Fumph! More of that jam gone. I don't see how that boy reaches it."—Good News.

Mrs. Livingstone (to her sons, whose well brushed hair and clothes contrast with their unwashed faces)—"Why, boys, why didn't you take your bath this morning? Marie says your towels aren't even unfolded, and your pitchers are full." One of the Boys—"Why, mamma, it said on our door, 'No washing allowed in the rooms,' so of course, we couldn't take a bath."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The young Khedive of Egypt is a splendid athlete. He can out-distance any other subjects in running. He can also play a capital game of chess.

The czar is never lonely on his splendid yacht, the Polar Star, as she carries a crew of 300 men who are selected from the best sources in the imperial fleet.

The original of Rider Haggard's mighty hunter, Quatermain, is said to be Mr. F. C. Selous, who for some time past has been constructing roads in Mashonaland.

The czar of Russia has recently found time to become interested in the game of cricket, it is said, and has organized two elevens among the young men of his court.

The little queen of Holland has had a military uniform prepared for her, the reason being that she was appointed by the Emperor William to the nominal colonelcy of a regiment.

A reunion of the Harlan family, descendants of George and Michael Harlan, who came to this country from Scotland in 1682, is to be held at Richmond, Ind. There are about 8,000 of them.

The only native lady in Cairo who dares to go about unveiled is the Princess of Egypt. She is so good as to give dinner parties and other entertainments, to which male foreigners are invited.

The private secretary of the Prince of Wales, Sir Francis Knollys, had a daughter christened Louvina, being an amalgam of the christian names of the three young Princesses of Wales—Louise, Victoria, and Maud.

Mrs. Gladstone still sits on the platform every time her grand old man makes a speech, and she doesn't have to assist him in restoring order, either. Her task is rather more agreeable than the one which fell to Mrs. Stanley.

The peereesses of Great Britain, such either by birth, marriage or creation, are exempt from arrest or imprisonment on civil process, and in the event of a peereess being charged with crime, she would be tried by the House of Lords.

M. Pasteur is lying in a rather precarious state of health at Villeneuve—l'Etang, near St. Cloud. The eminent scientist is subject to an affection of the heart, and about a month ago he suffered from a bad attack that left him very weak.

The Princess of Monaco, who has at last prevailed upon her husband to close the gambling establishments in his principality as soon as the leases expire, is said to have concluded to convert the beautiful casino at Monte Carlo into a hospital.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has his principal pictures so hung that they can be instantly counteracted into the walls and protected by chilled steel shutters. He is quite prepared for the raids of the anarchists or the visits of the iconoclasts.

The Austrian Emperor, in order to acknowledge a singular display of loyalty, accepted the sum of five florins, equal to about \$2, which had been bequeathed to his majesty by a poor peasant recently deceased in the Austrian province of Carniola.

Victoria's maids of honor, who are paid \$1,500 a year for their services, earn their salaries. They are obliged to appear before the Queen in a new gown every day and to be in readiness to attend her majesty at any and every hour of the day.

Tennyson has been staying in London and astonishing all his friends by his physical vigor and the buoyancy of his spirits. He has been attending many theatrical performances and has made excursions on foot about the city in company with his son.

A man called Auguste has just died in Paris, leaving behind him the respectable sum of 100,000, or \$20,000, the whole of which would appear to have been amassed from the profits earned by picking up cigar ends in the streets of the French metropolis.

Queen Victoria is somewhat sensitive in the matter of her authority as sovereign of a nation fast growing democratic. To a member of her court who said, "I suppose they will make several new peers now that Mr. Gladstone is in," Victoria replied with emphasis, "They?"

The Australian Premier, Sir George Richardson, is making a tour through this country, was the first native born Australian minister to visit London. While he was there the Queen knighted him. He is about fifty-eight years of age, and stands six feet four inches tall, and, in spite of his years, finds his chief pleasure when at home in the use of a turning-lathe in the spacious workshop he had built at his summer home near Sidney.

The late Suleiman Pasha, known to history as the luckless hero of Shipka Pass where 12,000 Russian and Turkish soldiers lost their lives in the frightful carnage, was a most reserved and unostentatious man. He was tall and gaunt in figure, with a wrinkled face and a short red beard and mustache. When in the field he slept on the ground under a piece of canvas stretched over two sticks, and fared liked his men. His contempt of red tape was excessive, and he cut many a Gordian knot of diplomatic intricacy with the sword.

There is a report in Munich that the insane King of Bavaria a few weeks ago suddenly awoke from his chronic apathy to momentary intelligence. He is said to have suddenly understood his surroundings. After he had conversed rationally for some time with his attendants, one of them made the remark: "Now your majesty will show yourself to your people in your capital." The king shook his head and answered: "Gladly would I go to Munich, but my people want to see a sane king, and I am a sick one. I know these fits of madness will never leave me."

When Alexandre Dumas the elder brought out one of his early tragedies, the patron, the Duc d'Orleans, was so pleased with it that he resolved to present the author with a gold snuff box, with his portrait set in diamonds. Seeing Dumas at Chantilly races the duke sent an aid-de-camp to inform him of his intention. After congratulating the poet warmly the officer asked him where he should have the box for him. "Well," said the Bohemian, "since you are so obliging, would you mind pawing it as you go along and leave the money at my lodgings?"

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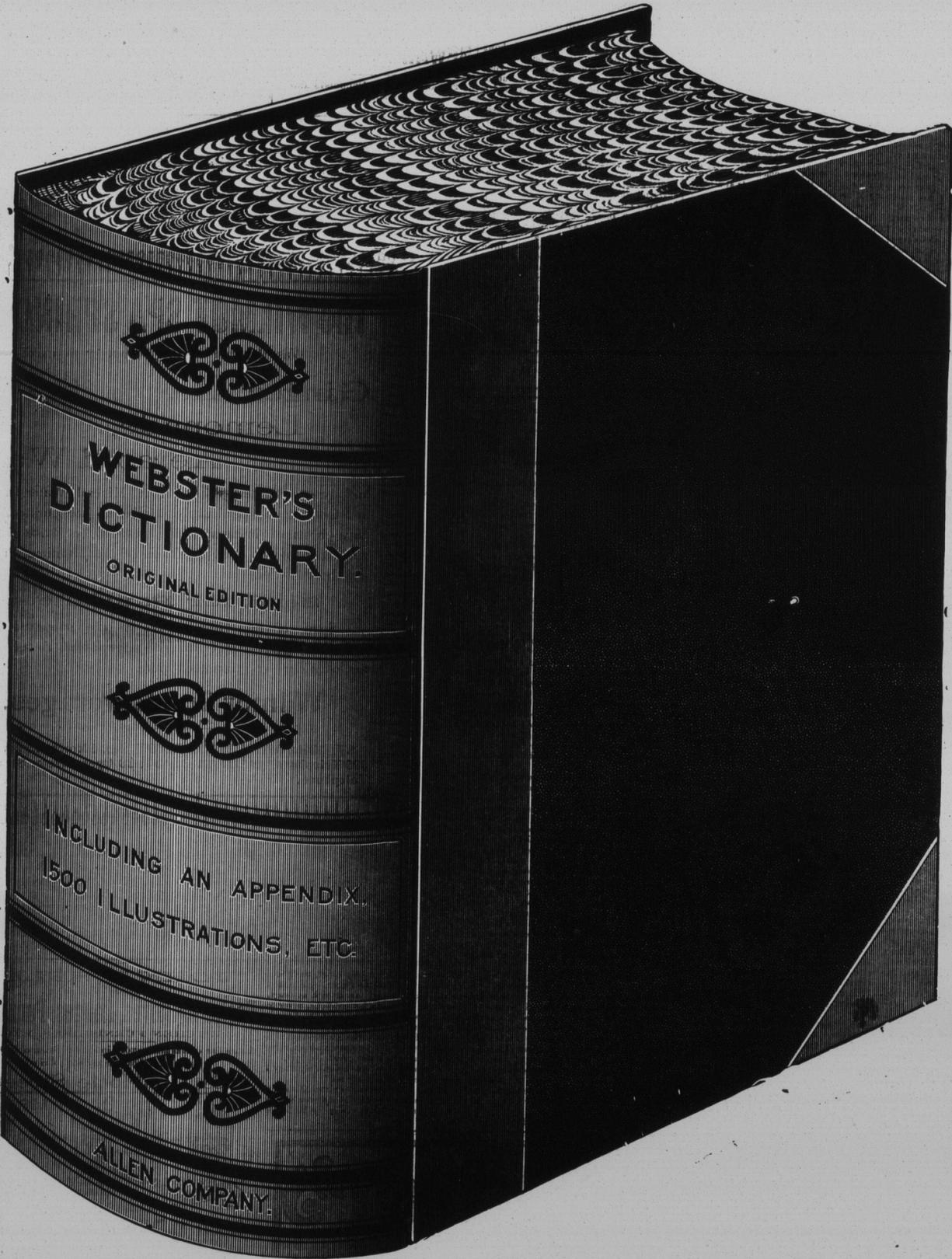
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A CRUEL REVIEW.

He cut it up root and branch—of that there can be no doubt. He gave it what he technically styled "a slating," and as he threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair, he muttered, "I think I've pretty well settled that dunce's business."

He was a clever young man—a little too obtrusively clever, perhaps, to be an ideal critic; he was not content to pass by feeble words of condemnation; he rode at them with all his skill and force, with that weapon which is "mightier than the sword," piercing them again and again with mortal wounds.

Many a young author, taking up a damp, fresh copy of the *Censor* from the breakfast table, and searching eagerly for a review of his beloved novel, had read such scathing sentences, such cruel witticisms, such merciless mockery, as had caused him to lay down the paper with trembling hand, damp, pale brow, and strangled heart, to push his untasted repast from him, and to feel that for him breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner, and supper were henceforth exploded institutions.

Some folk might think that there was all the less excuse for his severity, in that just then George Charlton's prospects were looking particularly bright in every way. His post on that prosperous paper, the *Censor*, was an assured one. A five-act play of his had just been accepted by Adolphus Bolingbroke, lessee and manager of the great Omnium Theatre; and yesterday his own beautiful, adored Gertie had confided to him, on being tenderly pressed upon the subject, that June was her favourite month of the year, and that Thursday was her favourite day of the week!

Considering all those things, therefore, some might say that he ought to have been kinder to the author of *Scared Hearts*; but the higher our spirits, with the most zest do we follow our different callings; and it was possible because the man George Charlton was in a particularly bright and happy mood, that the critic George Charlton was particularly "fit," and consequently particularly merciless to thrash and twaddle.

The book, as it happened, came before him at an unlucky moment; and, in truth, *Scared Hearts* was a foolish, feeble, flashy story, with ethereal, impossible heroine, and wild, reckless, Greek-profiled hero complete; forced situations and weak, inflated style; false views of life; characters like nothing; and he prepared accordingly to give it, in his already quoted phrase, "a slating." Never was author flayed more mercilessly.

"This story," said Charlton, "in a more marked degree than any we can remember seems to have been written for the express purpose of showing what the author cannot do. Can anyone inform us why it is that the writers (save the mark) who have not even the talent to describe everyday occurrences with a touch of humor or of pathos, to draw a commonplace character with tolerable truthfulness, are generally those who undertake to show us life in its most tragic aspect, and the human heart in its stormiest, most passionate workings?"

"Hugh Ellis" is a masculine cognomen, but we doubt if the worst masculine literary sinner ever perpetrated quite so much folly as lies between the ornate covers, sprinkled with slightly scorched hairs, of the work before us. The mob of gentlemen who write with ease have, since Pope's day, been supplemented by an equally large mob of ladies who write, alas! with even greater ease, and it is among the ranks of these, we fancy, that the author of *Scared Hearts* is to be found.

And so on to the bitter end, sneering and sneering, with now and then a deep, sharp thrust, ran Charlton's pen, until he concluded his review with these words: "*Scared Hearts* is undoubtedly the worst novel of the season—a season fruitful of poor novels. To that 'bad eminence' has 'Hugh Ellis' attained, and it is to be hoped that, finding himself there, he will see fit to lay aside the pen which he wields so ill."

"I can't help it if the fellow, or girl—whichever it is—is cut up," muttered Charlton, as he rose from his writing table in his sanctum at the *Censor* office. "I must do my duty. It's the wretchedest stuff ever put between covers. We critics are literary policemen, and it's our duty to 'move on' or 'run in' the 'crowd of dunces that choke up the avenues of fame.'"

And, emerging a few minutes later from the office of the *Censor*, George Charlton mounted into a passing hansom, and was whisked away to his club. If the young critic had felt any slight touch of compunction regarding the severe treatment he had meted out to the author of *Scared Hearts*, and the probable sensations with which that literary aspirant would read the review which would appear in the course of two or three days, the feeling does not remain long with him, and he had quite forgotten it when, as the evening wore on, he found himself "in beauty's circle, proudly gay," at a "small and early" at his Gertie's home.

secret? I think I can guess the gist of both little secrets—that we love each other!" "Yes, dear George; but I shouldn't have called that a secret, because we each know that well, don't we? My secret is one that you don't know—one that shares my heart and my thoughts with you—one that would surprise you very much, and that, if you don't know it, would, I think, do away with the notion that I am a silly, empty little thing."

"And what is this grand secret? The little woman has not been hatching plots to overthrow the Government, I hope?" She did not heed his jesting words. Her head was raised, and she was looking at him with a bright, earnest look; her lips opened, then she shook her curls and sighed. "No; I haven't the courage to tell you tonight; perhaps the next time I see you I shall have summoned up enough. It is so late now, we must part."

A minute later George Charlton was walking away down the street, lighting a cigar. "Little witch," he muttered, "she was more enchanting than ever tonight! What is this wonderful secret of hers?" The story after a pause—"The idea of her saying I thought she was a silly, empty little thing! She is just what a woman should be; pretty, bright, amiable, and with taste to dress her charming little figure to perfection. No female gentleman, for instance, or a beard. By Jove!"

It was two or three days before George Charlton saw his betrothed again. When that time had elapsed, he called at Nugent Gardens one evening with some tickets for a concert. He was shown into the drawing-room, where he was joined by his prospective mother-in-law.

"I don't know whether Gertie will be able to see you," said the latter, who looked troubled. "Something has upset her sadly today, and she has been shut into her own room for hours."

Charlton expressed much concern and sorrow. "May I not know what it is that has grieved her?" he said. "I am not sure whether I am at liberty to tell you," rejoined Mrs. Holmes. "Perhaps she will tell you herself, if she feels fit to see you; and I am certain, George, if you can give the poor child any comfort, you will. I will go and tell her that you are here."

Left alone in the room, George Charlton paced up and down once or twice, somewhat disquieted to hear of his pretty Gertie's sad mood, and wondering what the cause of her agitation might be. Presently there was a footstep on the stairs outside, the rustle of a dress at the door, and she entered. She wore a tea gown, her bonny curls were pushed back partly from her brow, her cheeks were white, her eyes heavy and discolored with long weeping. She came hastily across the room—came into the arms ready to receive her—and then her tears burst out again.

"Oh, George! oh, George! Help me to bear it, dear! My heart is broken!" By every tender word and caress he strove to soothe her, and at length, when her convulsive sobs became a little quieter, he said, "Won't you tell me the cause of your sorrow?"

And in broken words, interrupted by many a piteous sob and gasp, she began to speak:—"You remember that I told you—sob—sob—that I had a secret. The secret was that I had written a—sob, sob—had written a—sob—'a—novel'—sob—sob—'It has been a dream to me'—sob—'a castle in the air—for months—sob—sob—'I thought it was so—good—sob—sob—clever! and that when it appeared, and everyone was praising it, you would be so—sob—proud of me—as well as fond of me! And now—now—oh, the dreadful review!"

She pressed her eyes to her lover's shoulder, and her voice was lost in a storm of sobs, amid which the words "the *Censor*" and "cruel wretch" alone were audible. Charlton held her from him suddenly and looked into her face, and his unusual pallor and tragic aspect frightened away her sobs effectually.

"What was your novel called?" he said; "and what name did you write under?" "It was called—*Scared—Scared Hearts*, and I wrote—under the name of 'Hugh—Hugh Ellis'!"

"Great Heavens!" he ejaculated, involuntarily. "Why wasn't I told?" "He would have given anything to recall the words, but they were away; it was too late. Gertie drew her arm away from its position round his shoulder, stepped back a pace or two, threw back the curls from her brow, looked at him with flashing eyes, and cheeks that had suddenly grown crimson:—"Was it you who wrote that shamefully cruel review? Yes, I see that it was. It is your hand that has dealt me the most agonizing blow I have ever felt. It is you who have torn down my castle in the air. It is you who, with your wicked, mocking, unjust—"

"Gertie, spare me! On my knees I ask for pardon. Consider, love, that I had no idea who 'Hugh Ellis' was." "Consider? No, sir, I will not!"—dashing away with an angry hand the tears that would come. "That is not a fresh insult. That means that had you known I was the author of *Scared Hearts* you would have concealed your real opinion—your spiteful, malicious, unjust, real opinion! But a million critics, with all their spite and malice and injustice, though they could hurt me, could not shake my faith in my own powers! *Scared Hearts* is a good novel—sob—'and a well-written novel'—sob—sob—'and a very interesting novel'—sob—sob—sob. There!"

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torgiveness of injuries, as novelist to critic I am implacable!" There was a pause as she drew a ring from her "engaged" finger, a flash of light as the diamonds went flying through the air and fell at Charlton's feet. "Then tonight we are strangers," she said, and left him.

And they were sure enough; which shows that the course of true love, troublesome to keep smooth under the most favorable conditions, is particularly apt to get out of order in the case of a fair novelist and a witty young critic. Gertie is married now to a good, easy-going man, of no great intellectual attainments, who is very proud of his pretty, agreeable wife, and takes her literary talents on trust.

She is an indefatigable novelist. *Scared Hearts* has already had several successors, all boasting the distinguishing characteristics of that masterpiece, one or two even rather "more so."

And when these novels come up for judgment before the caustic young critic of the *Censor*, he—gives them a "slating," did you ask? Ah, no! There is a little romance left, here and there, even in those strictly mechanical days. And when those feeble, foolish, flashy stories come before him, George Charlton remembers how once, while a sot arm clasped his neck, and a tear-wet face lay on his breast, a little voice sobbed, "Oh, George! oh, George! Help me to bear it, dear! My heart is broken!"—and as he cannot praise them, he passes them by silently.—*Ti Bits.*

A SPIDER WITH BRAINS. The Little Insect is a Companion to a Prisoner and Dies from a Broken Heart. Can spiders reason? Several men got to talking recently in an uptown hotel on the subject of intelligence among insects, and one of them, an old veteran of the Union Army, declared that spiders could reason and even form a warm attachment for a human being. There was loud laughter consequent upon the assertion, but the old soldier said:—"I once would have laughed, too, at such a statement, but I know from actual experience that a spider is a great companion. During the war I was confined in prison sixteen months, and in the meantime I occupied a small room to myself. It had only one window, and one day in my loneliness I stood there longing for companionship. All at once a spider came spinning down on a cobweb after a fly. The spider got away. I caught a fly and gave it to the spider, and captor and victim went up to a web, where the least took place. The next day I went to the window and whistled softly. Down came the spider, ostensibly in great glee. I again caught a fly and gave it to the spider in the fine meshes of the cobweb. Finally, instead of whistling, I would say, 'Ho, there! come on down, my boy,' and like a boy running to jump in the water for a swim, down would spin the spider. I would hold out my pretzler and the spider would jump on it and sit there in perfect contentment as long as I talked or whistled to him."

"One day I was too sick to go to the window, and lay on some straw in the corner. I could see the window, and promptly at the hour I called for the spider he appeared. He let himself down slowly; then, after satisfying that something was the matter with me, he jerked himself quickly up the cobweb line. In a few minutes, imagine my surprise to see the spider slowly descending from the ceiling just over my pallet. It came down evidently to reconnoiter. I gave a whistle and held out my hand. The spider fairly jumped down on it and bounced around on my finger as if mad with joy. It was not until I had talked to him and whistled that he concluded to go back. For five minutes and over every day I handled the spider and repeated long poems to him."

It seemed to me that the spider enjoyed to hear any of the poets, and whenever I sang 'The Maid of Athens' he fairly danced on my hand. I remember that when I repeated 'Mazepa' the little insect would go up and come down rapidly on a single cobweb strand, and it made me fancy that he imagined he was Mazepa tied to a horse chasing through the air. Finally my intercourse with my little companion was rudely broken. A number of other prisoners were turned into my room and frightened the spider so it would not come down.

"One day, by coaxing and getting my fellow prisoners to keep quiet, the spider came and rested on my finger. He looked thin and just moped, as if sick at heart. Slowly he pulled up his cobwebs, never to come down alive. The next day I found him dead near my pallet. I actually cried, because I felt that the spider died of a broken heart. His companionship for five months had given me great comfort. If any man here does not believe my story I would like for him to say so."

No one said a word, but the faces of a very large majority of the audience wore a kind of far away look which spoke louder than words.

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VOL. PLEASED G. HERRING OF His Tongue John—He Better to be fortunate. BOSTON, stairs in a r Burton place found G. Her ing his hand the rapidity The door. I apologize shake hands that he had noon. At the Boston J had rushed room with a heels. He was on after shaking of day, he wa got in edgew But Lee could in St. the house in an uncertain of a boy just At present from what he men of his ab worked on the he was paid Lee could no ment should except from t Herald office "I just ran I think there but I never w am not dow Tomorrow, a new scheme want me to but a grand association— about some th not studied o its a big thing — offices in a "There are a he continued, tache, "and trouble gettin It's different Business is d disputing the in the legal w young lawyer ends meet, an firms that hav are making an that if the at wound up it w you can under Mr. Lee st ences to his di as "that unfo conversation d me off with much about t present." "I have be ever since I d to straighten sible, but I do When I as ments that ha papers he said "I never see I try to forge much as poss future. It i scheme, I can tutor or some I heard tonig for a position college, but th it were not wr that the pronu is different fro wick. Lee seems ge and when the city of his retu grow enthusias living in the "I really do that," he said, reason for goin first rate; in t his hands into standing erect, life, physically, all the rsum gone, and I an to make a goo ter is, Boston's From his con dent that he is "dead but bur thustastic of th gard the "unfor that could not gotten—spill m was no use cry Boston was be John, and that long ago. He the impressio got out of "the