

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 163.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHOUT FOR ECONOMY.

THE SALARIES OF CIVIC OFFICIALS TO BE CUT.

And Some Offices Recommended to be Abolished—“Progress” Suggestion that there are too Many Engineers and too Much Legal Talent Acted Upon.

“Don't talk about dominion taxes—look at your own town.” This was the terse and pointed remark made by a gentleman this week to a group of citizens who were discussing the tariff and other topics of timely interests.

If every taxpayer would take the remark right to his heart and think it over, talk over those points he is not enlightened upon, and then vote for economy, there would be a great change in the composition of the city government, and fewer city officials.

Slowly but surely the people are coming to the conclusion that there are too many officials—too many bosses in this town of ours—too many figure heads who draw big salaries, and do little or nothing to earn them.

The fact that most of these officials are popular and “good fellows,” as the saying goes, has, no doubt, a good deal to do with them being where they are, but those qualifications are no reason why they should occupy imaginary positions and draw fancy salaries.

In speaking thus plainly PROGRESS knows full well that its words will not be relied either by the gentlemen named or their friends, but the taxpayers should have their attention called to a condition of things which should not continue any longer than it can be abolished.

Some time ago the fact was mentioned in these columns that the city had three engineers in its employ where one was more than enough for all that there is for him to do. It is not necessary to state that Mr. Hurd Peters is known as a city engineer. He has been known in that capacity for a long time, and seems to have such a grip upon his office that the efforts, more or less determined, made at one time and another by zealous aldermen, have failed either to move him from his airy apartment in the city building or disturb his placid equanimity. Mr. Peters has been called upon from time to time to explain acts which naturally seemed unexplainable, and in every case his superior knowledge of engineering has pulled him through. He has steered his official craft with remarkable steadiness, avoided the rocks and weathered many storms, and still draws his \$90 a month as regularly as the moon changes.

Quite apart from Mr. Peters, and yet in the same line of business, is Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, another engineer of the city, sometimes called superintendent of the water works. Since the water commission is no more and has passed with its chairman under the control of the board of the works, Mr. Murdoch can hardly be said to be connected with it. It would be much nearer the truth, perhaps, to say that he also has had the position for many years, that he was an official of the city under the old regime, and that any disturbance of him in his official capacity would require very much exertion on the part of the common council. Mr. Murdoch is another engineer of the city and draws \$133.33 per month, or \$1,600 a year.

Across the hall in the same building sits another Mr. Murdoch, a nephew of the gentleman mentioned above, also an engineer, also in the employ of the city as an assistant or something of that sort, drawing the very comfortable stipend of \$90 per month, or about \$1,080 per year.

Mr. William Murdoch was appointed some time ago and report does say that he has a much better knowledge of his business than either of his co-workers in the city engineering department. At any rate he was appointed to assist his uncle and he has been doing the most of the work ever since.

It will not be very difficult for the intelligent taxpayer to add a few figures together and come to the conclusion that he is helping to pay three engineers about three thousand nine hundred dollars every year for work supposed to be done in this city of St. John. It may also be remembered that not many days ago the city of Halifax appointed one city engineer at a salary of \$2,000.

As this comes properly under the head of public works, it might be just as well to go a little further and show what is being paid out for superintendence alone in this department. Director A. C. Smith, the first on the list, draws the very modest salary of \$1,800 a year. Some people say that he is a busy man, and it may be true. There is no doubt that he finds time to keep the run of civic politics and his finger upon the pulse of the council. He is popularly supposed to be one of the powers behind the council, one of the company who rule the city by an invisible and unaccountable influence. If that is true just now, Director Smith has much to answer for. Superintendent Martin of the streets has to answer to him, however, for his acts. When the

director is not using the horse and carriage provided him for driving from one point to another, the superintendent holds the reins and visits the various points of interest to him, where work is supposed to be going on. No one envies him his position or thinks his salary of \$1,200 a year too little.

Supt. Glasgow of the ferry on the other hand seems to have a pretty easy time of it. Unless there is a rush of spring ice in the harbor as the boat is engaged in butting the floats up Princess street, his services are not actually required. Even then his anxiety is more apparent than his assistance. If the city wishes to continue Mr. Glasgow in some really useful capacity he should be made captain of the boat or something of that sort which has some work attached to it.

It has been suggested, with much reason, that the harbor master is the man to look after the ferry. His present duties are not so onerous that he could not give sufficient time to the ferry to dispense with a superintendent, and thus save the city a few hundred dollars.

Although the duties of the public works director may be burdensome, they would not be greatly increased if the work of the public safety director was also added to his toil. The city could save something over \$1000 and the service would not suffer in the least.

To include one other department in this article and show how some thousands of dollars can be saved this city every year is not a hard task. Every person who has followed civic affairs knows that it is a mere matter of sentiment and influence that keep a common clerk and a deputy common clerk, as well as a recorder on the pay sheets of the city. So far as the last named official is concerned, the government has said that a recorder is necessary and that he must be paid a salary of \$600 a year, no matter whether he has any thing to do or not. The common council also says that the common clerk shall get \$2000 and his deputy \$1100, a pleasing total for legal and recording services of \$3700 a year. No person will dispute for an instant that one good man could not do the work of these three officials, and that he would feel grateful for \$2000 a year. What should prevent the city saving \$1700 every year in this department?

What should prevent the city from saving \$1760 a year in the salaries of its engineers by paying one good man \$2000 to do the work? What should prevent the city from amalgamating the two directorships, and saving \$1200 a year, and saving another \$800 by asking the harbor master to look after the ferry? Only \$5460 a year! Is it not worth touching the heads of three departments!

Since the above article was written and in type the salary committee of the council has made a semi-report, and while PROGRESS is being printed this (Friday) afternoon, they will place all their recommendations before the common council.

They are very sweeping and propose an immense saving in the annual salary expenditure. The chairman of the assessors is included in their scheme of reduction and the director of public works as well. The dismissal of a clerk in the assessors' office is spoken of and the abolition of the superintendent of the ferry office. A reduction in the salary of a couple of clerks is also spoken of. The latter idea does not have much to commend it—the clerical salaries are not too high, but there are too many men drawing them. Director Wisely is to be asked to assume the duties of the ferry—the only difference between this and PROGRESS' scheme being the abolition of one office instead of two.

PROGRESS is very glad to note, however, that the committee has adopted its plan of one engineer instead of three, and of less legal expense in connection with the council. The common clerk's and the recorder's offices will be recommended to be made one, and that one man do the work.

Every one will agree with the committee that Mr. Smith can get along very nicely on \$1,500 instead of \$1,800, and that \$1,500 is a moderate salary for the chairman of the assessors.

And the mayor and the council—if they donate their services, they will deserve a banquet.

Where There is a Boom.

Real estate near Rothesay station has to be covered with dollar bills now-a-days, if it is to be purchased at all. All the available land at reasonable figures is taken up as far from the station as is convenient and seekers for rural retreats are having a hunt for what they want.

For Another Week.

The long and short engagement question has brought many letters to this office on the subject. Their insertion this week was prevented by the large portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald taking the place assigned for them on the ninth page. They will be looked for next week.

DON'T BE TOO ZEALOUS.

THAT IS WHAT POLICE MAGISTRATE RITCHIE SAYS

To the new Men on the Force, in regard to Arresting People who are Able to take Care of Themselves and are Quiet—Some More Light on this Subject.

There was nothing wide of the mark in what PROGRESS said in its last issue about the new methods of arrest. The facts were plain and hard and had their effect, Police Magistrate Ritchie took up the matter Thursday morning and gave the police force, especially the newer members of it, some good advice on the subject of arrests. If he had gone a little further and extended some advice of equal excellence to the chief and the captains, there would have been no lack of approval on the part of the public.

That long-suffering body—the public—is growing very weary of the sound of “police.” The cry has been renewed too often, and it would be much more satisfactory if it were hushed for a time. However, just as things begin to calm down and the people seem inclined to accept the inevitable and put up with it, something new comes to light, the press and the common council renew the fracas in earnest, and the public listens to find it only a variation of the old tune.

Notwithstanding this the latest and most startling phase of the business appears to be the regard for the police as a source of revenue instead of a means of protection. Figures have been produced and given for the first year just closed under the new chief, and comparisons made with the rule of ex-Chief Marshall. The conclusion any citizen would arrive at, is that the police force of today is one of the sources of the city revenue.

But who contribute to that increased revenue? The very poor, for the most part, the wives and sisters and children who have barely enough to live upon from day to day, who deprive themselves again and again of the comforts and frequently the necessities of life to give freedom to a husband, a brother, or a father.

PROGRESS is not opposed to arrests for drunkenness and punishment for the offence—far from it, but what it speaks against and believes is wrong, is the recent system of spreading the police net for those persons who would take care of themselves if permitted to do so—who are not incapable or noisy or subjects for a call in the police station.

There was a very wide agreement with what PROGRESS said on this subject last Saturday. Even those who in many quarters are regarded as extreme temperance advocates took occasion to condemn the misuse of power that was going on. But something more practical than this was shown when a citizen walked into PROGRESS office and introducing himself, said, “I am one of the eighteen you spoke of this morning, who were thrown into the police station on the holiday. As sure as I am standing here there was no reason for my arrest. My friends will bear me out in the statement that I was not only well able to take care of myself, but that I was going home when the officer grabbed me and rushed me to the station.”

If that was the only instance of such summary treatment there would, perhaps, be little to complain of, but there appear to be a score of them. If the writer told half the stories of such arrests that have poured in upon him this week two columns would not contain this article. They do not come from corner loafers or habitual drinkers, but from people who have been to the trouble and worry of taking friends from a place they did not know before—the police station. There is no reason in the world why a well-dressed man should have any more leniency shown him than a poor unfortunate who earns little and spends much of that in drink. If there is any leniency to be shown let the poor man have it, but neither of them should make the acquaintance of a cell while they are quiet and capable of taking care of themselves.

Sensible citizens will agree with this and applaud the action of the magistrate in cautioning policemen against too great zeal in making an arrest record. The efficiency of a policeman is not proved by the number of entries he makes upon the charge book.

Some of Them Careless.

PROGRESS gets subscription letters every day with money enclosed in all kinds of ways. The careful, methodical people register or send by post office order, and they are always safe. Others wrap a \$2 bill around the notification postal card, thrust both into the envelope, and without a line or even a sheet of paper, send it forward. Others are even more careless and send two \$1 bills without any protection. It is much better to be sure than sorry. A post office order is as certain as a bank draft and as it is made payable to the publisher, is always a receipt. If a subscription clerk was inclined to puzzle out the characters of his correspondents, he has much to keep him to a right conclusion.

HE DIDN'T KNOW SIR JOHN.

Why a Telegram was Not Read in One of The City Churches.

An amusing incident occurred on the Sunday morning the C. P. telegraph company furnished the churches with news from Earncliffe. In every church the telegrams were read from the pulpit except one, and in that particular church the congregation probably did not hear half the sermon in their anxiety to learn what the message which they had seen handed to the minister contained. The preacher, however, seemed in no hurry to open it, and when he did a puzzled look came over his face; he laid the telegram down and went on with his discourse.

The minister is a new man, has not been many weeks in St. John, and not a very much longer time in Canada. One of the trustees, however, had an idea of what the telegram contained, and after the service spoke to the minister about it.

“I noticed that you got a telegram, during the service,” said he.

“Yes,” said the rector, as a puzzled look again came over his face, “Yes, I did receive a telegram, but I cannot understand it. It said something about somebody resting easy, and I can't think why anybody should send such a message to me. I don't know of anybody who is ill; and it says he is resting easy; I can't understand it.”

“Why,” said the trustee, “that referred to our premier, Sir John A. Macdonald; he is on his death bed.”

“Sir John Macdonald?” repeated the minister, apparently somewhat confused. “I never heard of the man, never met him; he is prime minister, you say, and on his death bed! Well, I'm awfully sorry, but really I didn't know;” and the much confused pastor expressed his regrets and apologized again and again.

He Wore Bracelets of Gold and Steel.

“Charlie” Stewart, the colored barber, has been attracting considerable attention around town recently by the elegance of his clothing. He is now coming in for some newspaper notoriety, being arrested on suspicion of stealing money and goods from Messrs. Waterbury & Rising. Unlike some so-called fashionables, Stewart did not make all the show on the outside. His underclothing was of as good a quality as that which attracted the attention of the public. When arrested every article of clothing he had on was bran new, but the officers had no idea of what a dude he was until they saw the gold bracelet that encircled his ebony wrist.

The Fence Has Been Whitewashed.

The reference to the Haymarket square in last week's PROGRESS seems to have had the desired effect. Not long after the paper was out a pall of whitewash and a brush put in an appearance, and the fence now looks somewhat better—that is, as much of it as is standing. It is hoped, however, that the place will receive more attention and protection from the ravages of the small boys. It should be impressed upon them that the paths were made to walk on, and that it does not add to the beauty of the place to have cowpaths running through every part of it.

Another Mineral Spring Talked About.

New Brunswick seems to have its proportion of mineral springs. Another at Havelock, Kings county, is just being brought prominently to the attention of the public through the efforts of the owner, Mr. Wm. Keith. Mr. Keith claims that many remarkable cures have been effected by the waters, and has some very grateful and satisfying testimonials in his possession to that effect. More particulars can be found in another column, and still more by writing to Mr. Keith himself.

More Jealousy Than Enterprise.

The daily papers are not anxious to give PROGRESS any free advertising. Therefore when the names of the exhibition guarantors appeared in print the \$100 signed by PROGRESS did not appear as guaranteed by a newspaper, but by a private individual. If there was a good deal less jealousy and more enterprise among the city dailies the community would be the better for it.

Playing to Empty Houses.

The Harkins company are evidently not meeting with the success that was anticipated. Wednesday night, when a new piece was put on, it was played to a \$80 house, which means enough empty seats to make the most hardened barn-stormer turn pale. Those who were there on the previous nights probably told their friends of the treatment they were forced to submit to from the gallery.

Larger Houses Every Night.

The managers of the Japanese exhibition and musical company at the Palace rink received several requests to play in Moncton and Halifax next week, but as the attendance here has been increasing every night, St. John will have them some time longer. Monday evening the performance will be continued with a change of programme.

INCIDENTS OF A DAY.

THE ANXIETY OF A BAND OF ITALIANS AND A LADDER DRIVER.

The Former Wanted a Boarding House, and the Latter Wanted to Get to a Fire—Both Got There, But Were a Long Time About It.

Mr. Dennis Costigan's boarding house on North street looked more like an Italian colony, than anything else, on Saturday last. The extensive outside back stairs were swarmed with the sons and daughters of sunny Italy, with heavy variety shops on their backs, while along the sidewalks a row of women sat down with their backs against the fence, and appeared perfectly at home. Some of them were nursing infants to the amazement of the crowd, and all were chattering away at a great rate, but were in no danger of giving away their secrets to any outside of their own party. The crowd was so much interested in the proceedings that the policeman had to hustle to keep them from tripping over the Italians.

The party had arrived in town that afternoon with more goods than money, and the young fellow, who was apparently the manager, explained that they wanted to get a boarding house for a few days until they disposed of some of the contents of the trunks. But board seemed very hard to get at that particular time, especially when the applicants were not willing to pay more than fifteen cents a night. So the party decided to move. Everyone of them had as much as a pony could carry, and one of the youngest females balanced what looked like a small bed tick on her head and walked off with it in a way that astonished the small boys. Then it was a march in Indian file to the depot, where the party were on exhibition on the Pond street side of the building until after supper. And they had supper, despite their lack of funds.

Mr. Bailey, with his usual generosity, gave two or three of the men several loaves of bread and a can of tea, which he supposed would have been divided up. In this, however, he was mistaken, for the men who got it went off in a corner by themselves and evidently intended to make the best of their find. They were discovered, however, and the result was quite a squabble in the Italian language, but very little of the bread was divided. The new customers were told where it was procured, and then Mr. Bailey was in great demand by ten of fifteen Italians.

STEEP LITTLE HILLS.

The North End Hook and Ladder Driver Found Them too Much for Him.

The fire department had an outing Saturday afternoon. Somebody discovered that the grass was on fire in Gilbert's field near Wright street, and instead of putting it out with a few pails of water, struck the alarm. The department turned out promptly, and the new hook and ladder got over the ground with the best of them. Those in charge of it evidently saw a chance to distinguish themselves, for when told just what the fire amounted to they seemed more determined than ever to get to it. Whether they intended to utilize the ladders on the grass or stand them up against the trees some feet away is a question that was not solved, as the driver met with some difficulties that he found it hard to overcome. With a determination that in some cases would have been praiseworthy, he decided to climb the hill leading from Gilbert's lane to Wright street. It is a very steep hill with several small hills on it, which are very much steeper. Despite the protests of those who knew something about it, he was strong in his determination to reach the fire in that particular way, and after urging the horse from the seat of the wagon, at last got down, caught the animal by the head and succeeded in getting the apparatus over one of the steep little hills. The next hill, however, was too much for the horse, and the driver at last gave up the job and went round the other way. By that time the fire was out, and a grand opportunity lost.

Embarrassing the Blushing Maiden.

Nothing will attract a crowd of women like a fashionable wedding, and the excitement usually runs so high that their curiosity gets the better of the manners. When a coach, containing a bride and friends drove up to the door of a city church this week, the blushing maiden was probably very much surprised and alarmed to see half a dozen heads crowded through the windows to get a look at her before the driver could get down from the box.

The School Clubbed Together.

An energetic lot of school children in Fairville clubbed together recently and sent enough cash to PROGRESS for a subscription and the dictionary it is offering in connection with it. They were delighted to get such a volume at such a price. A Bayside, St. Andrews, subscriber writes: “I had no idea I should get such a handsome bound volume for so small a sum.”

Splendid Seatings.—Dwelt, 942 Union street.

SHE DID IT AS A JOKE.

But the Merchant was Proof Against Feminine Charms.

When a King street merchant was putting away some goods that he had been showing to customers, one day this week, he found that a shoulder cape was missing. He knew it should have been there, was certain that it had not been sold, and was at a loss to know what had become of it. A day or so afterwards, he happened to look out of the window, and saw a young woman walking down the street. He also thought he saw the missing cape. A few seconds later the errand boy stopped the young woman and requested her to step into the store. She did so, and when questioned, admitted having taken the cape, but said she intended to return it. It was done merely as a joke, she assured the merchant, and she had often done the same thing in the country place where she lived before coming to St. John. She is now probably of the opinion that what is a joke in the country is looked upon very differently in the city, and that the merchants and clerks are, perhaps, not so susceptible to feminine charms, and therefore less forgiving. Before leaving the store she had to make a payment on the cape and promise to pay the balance at an early date.

Robbing the Blind Organ Grinder.

The blind man who, unlike Geo. Moffatt, wheels his organ around town, so as to give everybody a chance to hear “Johnny get your Gun” and a number of other choice selections, came near meeting with a serious loss one evening this week. He fell a victim to one of St. John's very bad boys. The youth dropped a cent into the tin, which was very strange, when it is considered there was a penny-in-the-slot machine only a few feet away, that offered more amusement for the money. But that was only the beginning, for no sooner had he dropped the cent in than he took a quarter out, and was making off with it, when a woman who was apparently looking upon the blind man, caught him and made him return it.

Hughie in Another Business.

Mr. Hugh J. McCormack, the well-known skater, is in another line of business this summer. Hughie says he will skate another winter and try to regain his prestige, and then settle down for an “old man.” During the summer season from Dominion day out, he will run a summer hotel on one of the most beautiful spots on the Kennebecasis. “The Willows” is the cool, comfort suggesting name of the new hotel, the full particulars of which will be found elsewhere. McCormack has hosts of friends who will not fail to call upon him and give him a start, especially when they can do so, so easily by taking the steamer Clifton, and after enjoying a beautiful sail on the river, reach their destination in a couple of hours.

His Opinion of Bicyclists.

The Market square is a great place for accidents. At that particular point, horses seem to become very lively, and the result is that somebody usually gets under their feet. This generally happens when Sergt. Hipwell guards that part of the city. Sergt. Watson who was on duty there the other evening, has discovered a new danger. A couple of bicyclists came along at a good speed, and one of them knocked a man down. The sergeant was on hand to give the wheelman a lecture, but the machine was going so fast that it was out of hearing before he had finished his discourse. He is now of the opinion that the entire club, machines and all, should be deposited in the market slip.

A splendid Service.

The local train service of the Canadian Pacific, is ahead of anything the western part of this province has ever seen. The through train to Fredericton and St. Stephen is equal to the fast trains running out of large cities, while the suburban trains should prove a great accommodation to every one travelling to the suburbs. The improved system extends over all the road, and shows that the C. P. R. was only waiting its opportunity to make the service as good as the travel will warrant.

Something Will Probably Be Done.

Many of the aldermen agree with PROGRESS' contention that the privilege of seats about the King square fountain and along the main walks is being much abused. They, too, have noticed the tobacco pools, the whittling and the carved seats. It is quite probable that some action will be taken in the matter, and the removal of the seats to some other part of the square seems the simpler remedy just now.

The Army is Flourishing.

The Salvation army is in a flourishing condition at present. It has about 150 on the roll at the Sidney street barracks, and when 80 or 100 of them follow the band on Sunday afternoons, they form one of the great up town attractions. The army intends, however, to change its outdoor proceedings somewhat. Tomorrow they will divide up into bands of 20 or 30 and storm several parts of the city at one time.



Started this competition partly an interest in a useful study, and increase the interest of the young PROGRESS. The questions will be every week, and the publisher will give One Dollar for the best answer that reaches PROGRESS.

The rules and conditions that the Bible Question Competition regulate this. Answers will be until the Saturday following. The successful competitor will be the next Saturday. Answers addressed to “History Competition PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.” addressed otherwise will not be.

Correct answers to history questions number 14 were received from Miss Murray, 20 Orange street. A very large number of answers received only eight competitors questions correctly answered. The names were: Lena M. Murray, 30 street; Nicholson Johnstone, 14 street; Miss Florrie Rainnie, 68 street; Bertie Hegan, 13 Wright street; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street, Carleton; “84 German street; Bertie Bactouche; Edna G. Powers, street.

Answers to History Questions, No. 14. The reign was the battle of the Nile fought in the English general. The reign of George III., Nelson being general? Where the leading statesmen after the American Revolution? James Fox and William Pitt. In what is meant by the Septennial Act, and when was it passed? The Septennial Act was a law passed which the term of parliament to seven years. Of George I., 1713. At what century did the Gothic style of architecture reach its height? The last year of the twelfth century.

QUESTION COMPETITION No. 16. What year and chiefly through what means was the penny postage system introduced? And where, was the first railway opened? Explain what is meant by the act of the Test act?

PICKWICK PAPERS. Why Came to Be Written—The Apology of Weller Increased the Sales. The origin of “Pickwick” is a matter of Seymour, the artist, who was drawing Cockney sporting plates, commissioned by Messrs. Chapman & Co. to a series of such sketches which were accompanied by letterpress. Mr. Clarke, who had written “Courses and a Dessert,” was asked to write this letterpress; fortunately he replied; then Leigh Hunt, of all the world, was thought of—it is stated what he said; then Mr. Charles, whose reply is also unknown, Charles Dickens himself, who had achieved a certain reputation as a sketcher by “Boz.” The writer received fifteen guineas for each consisting of a sheet and a half; he was allowed a share in the

Original Pickwick, as first designed, a thin man; the figure afterwards was drawn from a fat old beau (and, who always dressed in drab and gaiters. The name of Pickwick was borrowed from family of that name. They were proprietors of an inn and had coaches running between London and Bath. The first number began on March the 31st, 1836. It was certain from the first; but in Weller appeared a run upon it which was simply unprecedented in the history of book-selling. All the world was revised and sometimes cut. Dickens' friend John Forster, the eye of the appearance of the

Illustration of the work was done by Mr. R. W. Buss, a painter of me. But his drawings failed to attract publisher or author. Thackeray undertook the task; Leech undertook; finally, Hablot K. Philiz—was chosen, with the result we know. In November, 1837, number of “Pickwick” was issued, and conclusion being celebrated by Saturday Review.

Women and Ladies. Harriet Martineau visited America the warden of a prison returned Tennessee to show her through the ward. The answer is embalmment: very sorry, ma'am, that I cannot date you, but we have no ladies

lady who was very polite changed of scripture to read, “Ladies I mean created He them;” and a who cared more for the sweet of politeness than for the plain of the truth, rung this query astonished audience as he discussed the characteristics of women: were the last at the cross? Who were the first at the sepulchres? “Ladies”

on he was outside by the executioner who, as he concluded marrying a said gallantly: pronounce you husband and

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

A RADICAL DIFFERENCE.

The student of true practical business of United States politics can hardly fail to be impressed with the superiority in some respects of the Canadian system.

We have plenty of careless legislators in Canada, but as compared with what our neighbors have to put up with, we are almost exempt.

The reason is to be found in what we call responsible government. Nobody in the United States is responsible for anything.

Everybody is responsible for everything. These statements may seem contradictory to you, but they are not.

In Canada the government is responsible for all legislation, and must bear the consequences of the defeat or passage of all measures; possibly in a less degree in the case of measures introduced by private members, but to a sufficient extent in every case to make it possible that their tenure of office may depend upon any act of the legislature, the theory being that if the government of the day cannot control legislation, it ought to give way to those who can.

In the United States there is nothing corresponding to our "government." The cabinet at Washington, or the executive of the several states is a body independent of congress or the state legislatures, which in their turn are independent of executive control.

It is the province of the legislature to pass laws, and of the executive departments to enforce them. It never occurred to the framers of the United States constitution or of the state constitutions that the executive department ought to be responsible to the legislative department, the fact that both were responsible to the people being thought sufficient, frequency of elections being regarded as an ample check upon bad administration or bad law making.

In Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the other self-governing parts of the British Empire, the representatives are for the time being the people; in the United States the legislature only represented the people to a certain limited extent.

Under the British system the popular will can find expression at any time. If public opinion favors a complete reversal of the government, it has only to give unmistakable evidence of the fact to compel the change, without recourse to an election.

In the United States the legislature may respond to public sentiment, but it has no power to compel the executive to do the same, or vice versa.

The boast of the framers of the United States constitution, was that they had provided a system of checks and counter-checks which would prevent hasty legislators and sudden reversals of policy.

A century and more ago, when that constitution was framed, the principles of government were not as well understood as they are now. Many of the men, whose names were subscribed to that famous document, were monarchists at heart, and some of them did not hesitate to say so.

Some of them felt able to trust everything to the popular vote. Nevertheless they made a great advance upon any system of government then in operation.

But the world has not been standing still for the last century; and the principles which made the American revolution possible, have been expanding.

In the United Kingdom their expansion, being unrestricted by a written constitution, has produced results in the direction of popular government far in advance of anything that JEFFERSON and his contemporaries ever dreamed of.

Our Canadian system is not perfect, but it is much better than that of our neighbors, because it can perfect itself as imperfections develop themselves from time to time.

In the United States changes in the constitution can only be brought about by written amendments to a written constitution.

In the British empire, as the Laureate says: "Freedom slowly broadens down, From precedent to precedent."

MEN AND THINGS.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, but that is no reason why anybody should be a hog. If we do the best we can we will be none too good. One is safe in trusting that the supply of grasping, greedy, selfish people will always keep pace with the demand.

The genus hog occurs in many varieties. There is the railway hog. He requires two seats. He always trusts a seat over him when he enters the car, gets in one of them in the corner next the window, put his feet in the corner next the aisle, his grip opposite him and his overcoat beside him and watches complacently the efforts of the lady with three children to find room in one seat just ahead. He usually has not travelled much. The man who is accustomed to railroading puts his grip up in the rack or down at his feet, and finds plenty of room to spare in one seat. He can make room for a new comer, and if she happens to be a pretty girl, so much the better. When a woman comes in with a baby he will get up and violate all the principles of veracity by insisting that he prefers to stand and look out the door.

Speaking of railway hogs, one of them left his seat on a train not long ago and a gentleman and his wife took it. He returned and claimed it, but it was not given up. Then he threatened to report the case to the conductor, whereat the husband told him he could go to the locality which the revised version calls Hades. The hog immediately sought out the conductor, stated his case, and added, "And by—sir, he told me to go to—." "Well, don't you go," answered the conductor, as he went on calmly punching tickets.

The other day PROGRESS spoke of the difference between American and English humor. An illustration of this has recently been given. The English papers, a few months ago, published a paragraph complaining of the manner in which justice was administered in a certain metropolitan court, where it was alleged that the presiding judge had used this remarkable expression, "Better order must be kept. I have sentenced six persons without being able to hear a word of the testimony." This was treated seriously by the papers that referred to it. The American comic papers made a cartoon, put the above legend under it, and converted a serious protest into a laughable joke.

ABOUT LYING.

GEORGE ELIOT says in one of her books that ability to tell the truth is not possessed by all persons in the same degree. It is well enough to urge people to tell the truth and shame the father of lies, but the great philosophical novelist insisted that there are constitutional reasons why some people cannot do this. "What is twerf?" asked the immortal CHANDLER. GEORGE ELIOT thinks this is not a very easy thing to settle, because very few people are capable of observing correctly, remembering completely and describing accurately. It is evident that unless these three essentials are complied with we cannot hope to ascertain the truth about anything. Herein lie the constitutional impediments in the way of truth telling. Then there are the subordinate impediments. A person sees something which appeals to his sensations in a marked degree. He describes it, and in his effort to awaken the same feelings in his auditor, as he himself experienced, he exaggerates the strong points. His account bears the same relation to the incident as a cartoon does to a portrait. It is true, but only in an ideal sense. A pardonable desire to be entertaining comes under this head. Thus, when a man tells you about the four pound trout he caught in such and such a place, you know that is unless you are so green that he is not telling the truth, but simply making himself interesting. He likewise knows that, when next week you go to the same place and get nothing but a few measly chub, you will come back and relate his own story with variations as your own experience. There is nothing deciding nor intent to deceive in cases of this kind. Of another variety, but of the same species, are the stories that a fellow tells to the fifteenth girl he has been engaged to, about her being the only one he ever loved, to which she, with a sublime indifference to her supreme regard, answers that he and he only ever excited her maidly affections. Then they get married and, unless they are a pair of fools, they come after a time to consider the tales they told each other as the plain unvarnished truth, and they exhaust their dictionary to find terms in which to denounce flirtation. Now supposing it should come to pass that the absolute plain unvarnished truth was told always. In the first place it is evident that PROGRESS would have the newspaper field to itself. But try and reflect how the thing would work in society, and you will come to the conclusion that we ought to be thankful for the constitutional and subordinate impediments above referred to. There is a divine command against bearing false witness against a neighbor,

MONCTON.

and their Louis Quinze beds are leaving fairly prints on the sand of the tennis courts. Mrs. Jennie Winslow is the guest of Mrs. Norman Winslow. Mrs. Bertha Neale got home on Saturday last. She is rejoiced to think of having her with us again. She is a beautiful and charming girl and a great help to her mother and father. Mrs. Herbert Grant of St. Stephen is spending a short time at Upper Woodstock. He played with great effect at the concert. Canon Neale reached home last week from Woodstock, Mass., where he had gone to be present at the funeral of his brother, Rev. Henry Neale. Mrs. J. M. Davenport was the guest of Mrs. Neale while in Woodstock. Mrs. Jennie Moore is visiting her brother in Fitchburg, N. S. Judge Stevens spent a day in town last week. Miss Julia Neale is home again after a session at normal school. Mr. Donald Keating, Toronto, spent a day last week with his friends at Upper Woodstock. Prof. Dr. Fredericton, is spending a few days here.

Mr. W. T. Whitehead, of Fredericton, spent Sunday in town, the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. Fred E. Whipple. Mrs. Whitehead, who returned to Hampton last week, remains with her sister, Mrs. K. M. Barnes, who I regret to hear, has suffered a slight relapse. Mrs. McMichael, of Toronto, has been spending a few days in town. Mrs. McMichael is located here for a portion of the summer. Hampton wears the aspect of sadness. Since early Sunday morning up to the moment of writing flags have been flying at half-mast on our public buildings, and a large number of private residences. The death of Sir John Macdonald is the cause of this universal mourning. Rev. C. H. Paisley, M. A., presided at his Sunday morning discourse in eloquent and tender terms to the death of the reformer.

Mr. Wm. Langstroth, jr., left today for Halifax to take part in the inter-maritime rifle match on Thursday. Among the visitors in town last week were Mr. Robert Marshall, Mr. Wm. Stewart, Mr. George H. McKay, of St. John; Mr. A. W. Bray, of Moncton; Mr. J. A. Freese, of Sussex; Mr. Geo. F. Wallace, of Dorchester, and Mr. John Walker, of Hillsboro. Mrs. E. Hopper left for Winchester, Mass., today to visit her daughter.

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CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS

IDEAL SOAP

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

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B. NOVELTIES ARRIVING DAILY

THE HANDY KITCHEN KNIFE.

One of the latest and most useful inventions, and something that ought to be in every family.

JAPANNED TEA TRAYS.

Strong, and of the latest patterns; in six different sizes. Also, French Glass Butter Prints, German Vegetable Cutters, The Jack Frost Ice Cream Freezers, Self-Basting Roasting Pans, Etc.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET, OPP. ROYAL HOTEL.

FRY'S COCOA



FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

RUBBER GOODS!

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

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

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN.

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

LADIES

Who would like Pearl White Teeth, should use ENAMELLINE.

An exquisitely Fragrant Preparation for PRESERVING, WHITENING, AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH. ENAMELLINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price 35 Cents.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End.

The social event of this week was the very brilliant wedding of Miss Katie Murray, daughter of ex-United States Consul Murray, of this city, and Mr. George Washburn Sessions, of New York. All who were looking forward to it were not disappointed in the least. The bride, who was the whole arrangements, both for the ceremony and reception, were most complete in every detail. Over 200 invitations had been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and long before 6.30 o'clock (the hour fixed for the ceremony) every pew in St. John's church was filled with elegantly dressed guests, while others who were not so fortunate as to receive cards of invitation and who were admitted by ticket, thronged to the church eager to catch a glimpse of the youthful bride.

There is always a favorite month for weddings for very many reasons. One of them, I should say, is the opportunity afforded the guests of wearing their prettiest summer gowns in all their freshness, which adds much to the brilliancy of the scene.

The groom was accompanied by Mr. Alfred W. Trotter, of New York, who acted as best man. The ushers, Messrs. Charles Troop, B. H. Gordon, Jas. McMillan and H. A. K. Drury, after doing their duty by escorting the guests to seats, headed the bride and groom to the altar. The bride, who was given away by her father, was elegantly attired in a wedding gown of rich white satin, made en train, the front being embroidered in pearls, and trimmings of white chiffon, tulle veil, fastened with orange blossoms, and carrying a magnificent bouquet of white roses, the most elegant and unique in the form of the sun, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Christine Wood and Miss Constance Murray of New York (cousins of the bride), Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Josie Troop and Miss Madeline Murray, sister of the bride. Four of them were dressed alike in becoming costumes of pale pink silk, large leghorn hats, trimmed with pink feathers and carried in their hands magnificent bouquets of pink roses. Miss Madeline Murray, the maid of honor, wore a similar costume of white, and the bridesmaids were each with a very handsome crown of pansies and pearls.

The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. J. DeSoyes, and the choir rendered appropriate music. Several of the friends of the church with apple blossoms for the occasion. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. Murray's residence, Princess street. The house was tastefully decorated with pink flowers, apple blossoms, etc., while over the arch (under which the bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends) hung a large horse-shoe composed entirely of apple blossoms. Pink was the prevailing color used both in the decorations of the rooms and supper table, and as the bridesmaids wore pink it may be called a pink wedding. To prevent overcrowding, a large marquee had been put up in the rear of the house, and in which the supper tables were laid. After a very elegant repast was partaken of, the bride changed her dress for travelling and amid showers of rice the happy pair left for the depot, where many were assembled to see them off. Mr. and Mrs. Sessions have gone to Albany, and other American cities through which they will travel until August, when they hope to pay a short visit to St. John before settling in New York.

After the departure of the bride and groom a programme of dances was gone through to the music of Harrison's orchestra, who added much to the enjoyment of the dances by the delightful music they furnished. Many of the waiters being quite new. It was two o'clock before the party broke up, and all were well pleased at the enjoyable evening they spent. The bride was the recipient of many elegant and valuable gifts, many of which are mentioned in this issue. Following is a list of the presents received:

- Mr. Baxter, book. Mr. and Mrs. J. McMillan, painting. Mr. D. L. Jack, royal Worcester vase. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, lamp. Mr. A. Adams, royal Worcester vase. Misses Walker, royal Worcester vase. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, bowl bell ware. Miss Murray, New York, cut glass olive dish. Mr. White, royal Worcester vase. Mr. Puddington, royal Worcester pitcher. Mr. Seely, book. Miss Molton, hand painted plaque. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Jones, Hungarian ware. Mrs. Hamilton, silver sugar bowl. Mrs. Hamilton, silver sugar bowl. Miss Seely, cream pitcher and sugar bowl. Mrs. J. V. Troop, silver vase. Miss Nicholson, silver paper knife. Miss J. Nicholson, silver vase. Mr. and Mrs. B. Barnes, silver spoon. Mr. Leary, silver soup ladle, bread fork and one half dozen silver spoons. Mr. Jordan, royal Worcester cup, plate and saucer. Miss Gladys McLaughlin, silver souvenir spoon. Mrs. Harrison, gold olive spoon. Mr. and Mrs. R. Murray, 1 dozen coffee spoons. Mrs. Isaac Burpee, silver bowl. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, silver spoon. Mr. and Mrs. Piffeld, sugar tongs and silver spoon. Mr. C. M. Bostwick, jr., sugar spoon and berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. DeWolf Spurr, one-half dozen oyster forks. Mr. W. Fairweather, silver silver forks. Misses Warner, silver mirror. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, berry spoon. Mr. H. A. K. Drury, salt cellar. Mrs. King, silver vegetable dish. Mrs. John Burpee, berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, one-half dozen coffee spoons. Mr. James Ward, jr., New York, one-half dozen coffee spoons. Mr. David Ward, New York, salad spoon and fork. Mr. Ruel, salad bowl. Mr. Barker, one-half dozen coffee spoons. Mr. J. V. Troop, silver vase. Mrs. McLaughlin, silver jelly spoon. Mrs. McLaughlin, silver tongs. Mrs. McLaughlin, silver tongs. Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood, New York, case of silver. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, silver spoon. Misses Troop, one-half dozen orange spoons. Mrs. Alexander, bon bon dish. Mrs. Lett, sugar set and ladle. Mr. and Mrs. B. Grant, silver sugar spoon. Mrs. Lett, sugar set and ladle. Misses Jones, 1 dozen oyster forks. Mr. and Mrs. Allison, 1 dozen oyster forks. Miss Schofield, silver salt and ice tongs. Mrs. Jones, silver gravy ladle. Senator and Mrs. J. DeSoyes, silver salt cellar. Miss Wood, New York, violet. From groom, diamond pen burnt. Messrs. Fairweather, brass kettle. Miss Furlong, souvenir spoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. DeSoyes, bible and prayer book. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Schofield, card saver. Mr. J. V. Troop, silver vase. Mr. and Mrs. D. McLaughlin, gravy ladle. Mrs. Woodman, butter knife and sugar spoon. Mr. G. Kestor, vinaigrette. Mr. Jewett, fancy blue plaque. Miss McMillan, center piece for table. Mr. W. Winslow, silver bon bon dish. Mr. A. C. Thompson, glove box. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, royal Worcester vase. Mr. L. Bailey, silver card tray. Mr. G. McLeod, silver vase. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, silver cheese scoop. Mrs. Herbert Lee, tily. Mrs. S. T. Hall, monochrom case. Miss Travis, monochrom case. Mr. F. Temple, silver bon bon dish.

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

Latest London Styles in Parasols.

STRIPED, CHECKED, SHOT, AND BORDERED PARASOLS, in all the Newest Colorings, and Handsome Handles.

SUNSHADES AND LADIES' RAIN UMBRELLAS with Elegant Mounted Handles, and most durable Silk. MACAULAY BROS. & Co

UNAPPROACHABLE BARGAINS! At 12 King Street.

A SALE WHICH ALL ST. JOHN SHOULD ATTEND.

BE SURE AND READ with strict care the items mentioned below, and then come in and see the Bargains which we offer at almost nothing, compared with their real values. Bear in mind that many of the lots advertised cannot possibly last many days; therefore we advise you to come early in the week. The Store must soon be closed for ever.

We have still a Full Line of Shakers, at 6, 6 1/2, 7 1/4, and 8c.; also, American Satines at only 9, and 12 1/2. Then we have added Grand Value Prints, 12 1/2.

- Napier and Anderson's Scotch Zephyr Gingham. Best in the world, for color, design, and wear. 3 Lots: worth 55c., now 30c.; worth 40c., now 20c.; worth 30c., now 15c. Brides' Satin Dresses. White, \$2.40, now \$1.85; \$3.25, now \$2.40. Cream, \$1.25, now \$2.50 (slightly damaged); \$3.25, now \$2.25; \$3.40, now \$1.90. Elegant quality, choice shades. Elegant Japan Ware. Must be sold, or sent to Montreal. Offered at very large reductions this week. REAL TURKISH NAPKIN, worth \$1.50 to \$1.10 each, now 50c. Black and White Silks. Worth \$3.25, now \$2.25; worth \$1.75, now \$1.20; worth \$1.25, now 70c. SILVER GREY BARATHEA SILKS. \$3.00, now \$2.00; \$2.50, now \$1.75. Real Laces. Not machine imitations; must be sold or sent away. BARGAINS! BARGAINS! In Duchesse, Maltese, Spanish, and English Thread. And Now, One Fact! The stock must be closed out, and the door closed for ever. Remember this, and turn out the Stocking and the Savings' Bank Book, and secure the Bargains; well worth buying and holding until required.

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

Ladies Read This!

THE WATERPROOF CLOTH SURFACE CLOAKS, Latest Boston shape, we are selling at \$2.00

Are the BEST VALUE, without a doubt, ever offered in St. John. A regular \$3.50 Cloak for only \$2.00 each; perfect satisfaction warranted.

Nice assortment patterns to select from. OUR 9c. DRESS SHIELDS ARE REGULAR 20c. SHIELDS.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

- 4 LINES OF LADIES' BUTON BOOTS. Ladies' American Kid Boots, \$1.25. Ladies' Dongola Buton Boots, 1.75. Ladies' Dongola Buton Boots, 1.90. Ladies' French Kid Boots, 2.50. 4 Misses' Buton Boots, only 95c. Misses' Buton Boots, \$1.10. Misses' Spring Heel Boots, 1.08. Misses' Fine Buton Boots, 1.25. Children's Buton Boots, 30c. 4 Boys' Rock Island Balmorals, \$1.25. Boys' Buff Balmorals, 1.30. Boys' Fine Balmorals, 1.65. Boys' Fine Calf Balmorals, 1.75. Youth's Balmorals, tap sole, 1.75.

G. B. HALLETT, - - 108 KING STREET.

FOR THE WARM WEATHER.

Fine French Satens and Cambrics; English Llama Lawns and Cambrics, in newest summer colorings; Handsome Bordered Cambrics, in pink, light blue and cream; French Gingham, pink and blue; White Checked Muslins; Lawns; Hamburg Flouncings and Allovers.

SUNSHADES! SUNSHADES!

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.



New voices, and the music promises to be of high order...

Smith-Premier Type-Writer. SUPERSEDES ALL OTHERS.

Prize Dahlia. CANADA. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, ST. JOHN, N. B., 1890.

Robert Harris, Halifax Nursery, HALIFAX, N. S. ESTABLISHED 1868.

Miller Bros. Organists. Agents for the Best Organists.

By All Grocers. King Receipts by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, Cook Book, Free.

Association. \$4,211,643.00. 298,996.34. 777,240.96. 3,103,467.00. 19,311,780.00.

Scott's Emulsion. MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

W. ALEX. PORTER, GROCER AND FRUIT DEALER. Particular Attention Given to Family Trade.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B. Oysters for the Summer Season.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS. I am now prepared to supply Oysters, fresh-raked every morning.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF Perfumes. English, French, and American.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Before putting away your Hall Stove and Pipe, BE SURE AND GET A BOTTLE OF CHALONER'S Stove Varnish.

S. McDIARMID, 49 KING STREET. A few Reasons why Saunders' Pain Reliever is everywhere recognized.

SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER. A few Reasons why Saunders' Pain Reliever is everywhere recognized as the standard of Household Remedies.

SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER. Sold by all medicine dealers, at 25cts. per bottle.

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.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I am very glad to welcome some old correspondents back this week, for though I am always glad to hear from new ones, and so glad to my circle of unseasoned friends, I like still better, to know that the old ones have not forgotten me.

THE STRANGER.

often be in an aged and infirm condition, it is nice to think that we may be supposed to wear them from choice, not necessity.

LOCHINVAR, St. John.—I was glad to hear from you again. You are always welcome, and I have missed you lately, and remember that if you can't take a joke, we "have no use for you" in this column.

ROBIN, St. John.—Welcome back again, little Robin. I have missed you lately, and I am delighted to hear you chirping once more.

INQUIRER, Newcastle.—Did you think I had utterly forgotten you? Well, I had not. I have had you and your query constantly in mind.

am always glad to do anything I can for "the girls."

YOLANDE.—Why should you think I would shut you out, now when I took you into the fold long ago? I am glad you liked the remedy.

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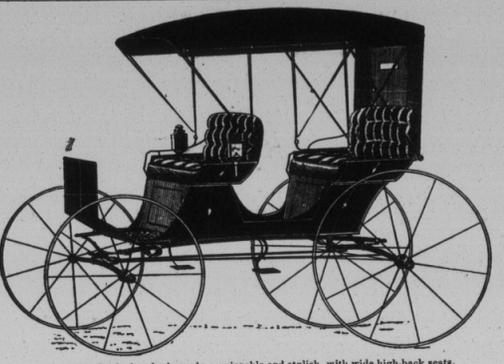
the earliest opportunity of assuring that person that there was really no cause, there is no pain on earth like jealousy, and it is none the less bitter for being causeless.

KATHERINE E. T. Indianover, St. John.—I hope you will understand the initials, as I did not like to put your full name.

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Beautifully finished and trimmed; serviceable and stylish, with wide high-back seats. THE BEST KIND OF FAMILY CARRIAGE MADE JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS and HEARSE, FREDERICTON.

BARCAINS!!! A SOLID SILVER THIMBLE FOR 25cts. A NICKLE ALARM CLOCK, - - for \$1.50. A WEATHER HOUSE, PERFECTLY ACCURATE AS A BAROMETER, FOR 75cts.

T. L. COUGHLAN, JEWELER'S } 28 KING STREET. HALL.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY! 10 Bbls. ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE. 2 " LEMONADE. EVERY REFRESHING DRINKS.

McPHERSON BROS. 181 UNION STREET. TELEPHONE 506.

age indeed, with the man they loved? I have known of several myself, and though you may look upon it in a different light and imagine that it would be the height of presumption on your part to dream of transplanting so rare an exotic to a cottage garden, still you are sound to look at the matter from the other side.

THE WORLD'S GREAT GRAVEYARD. Where Thousands of Men Who Worked on the Panama Canal are Buried. More men have died and are buried on the Isthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world.

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained.

In the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for January, 1891, it is estimated that the population of the world in 1890 was 1,487,600,000, representing an average of 31 to the square mile.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. ESTABLISHED 1810.

Could a Remedy WITHOUT REAL MERIT Have Survived for Eighty Years? Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK.

THE S.S. "WINTHROP" of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows:

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, REPAIRED PROMPTLY, AT LOWEST PRICES. And Old Harness taken in exchange for New, at W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Bishop Kingston and Mrs. Kingston spent this week in St. John.

Mr. F. S. Sharp arrived from Toronto this week to spend a few days.

Mrs. Edward Symonds, who has been laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis, is convalescent.

Lady Allen is quite ill at the residence of her brother, Mr. Chapman Drury, 118 street. Miss Maggie Allen came down from Fredericton this week to attend her.

Mrs. Edward Allison has returned home from St. Stephen.

Mrs. Miss is visiting Digby, the guest of Mrs. Lynch.

Mr. T. W. Chisholm, son of the late Capt. Chisholm, is visiting St. John.

I hear of an engagement on the tapis between a St. John young man, at present stationed in a bank at Fredericton, and a daughter of a Prince William street merchant.

Mrs. McLaren and Miss Nicholson returned from Boston this week.

The sad end of the Nurse's home, which was postponed in consequence of the death of Sir John Macdonald, opened in St. Andrew's rink on Thursday evening, when crowds availed themselves of the elegant high tea which was provided by an efficient committee, while others flocked into the building after tea, to view the magnificent display of work contributed, not only by the St. John ladies, but ladies from all parts of the world who willingly responded to Lady Tilley's appeal for help in her vast undertaking. The bazaar is voted by all a grand success, and until close this evening, the net receipts will not be known.

Mr. William Lithgow and bride, of Halifax, spent this week in St. John, the guest of Mrs. Wetmore Merritt, Germain street.

Mr. John Kerr, has returned home from a trip to Boston.

Mr. Robt. W. Leitch has gone to New York, where he will spend two or three weeks.

Mrs. Gilbert White has returned from an extended visit to the United States, and is residing at 66 Garden street, where she will receive on Tuesdays.

Mr. F. B. Patterson, of the *Richfield Review*, and Miss George Hatheway, daughter of Mr. G. E. Harding were married early Wednesday morning, at the residence of the bride's brother, Charlotte street. The ceremony was performed by G. O. Gates. Miss Minnie Harding was bridesmaid and Mr. A. M. Duff supported the groom. The newly married couple went to Halifax on their bridal tour.

Mr. Alfred Langstroth, of this city and Miss Ida J. Prince, daughter of Mr. Charles Prince, of Rosharon were quietly married at the residence of the bride's father on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. E. Loyd.

Mrs. E. S. Carter went to Fredericton last Saturday, and will visit her parents at "Linden Hall" for some weeks.

St. John friends of Mrs. Baylis (nee Miss Sarah Dinwoode), will be interested in the following from the Montreal Star of June 4th:

The rector of Longueuil, Rev. J. G. Baylis, and his wife, received a pleasant surprise in a visit from one of the church wardens and two or three friends on the eve of their silver wedding. The surprise lay in the leaving behind them a small box with a card of congratulations, marked "From Friends in Longueuil," the box containing 25 silver coins, covering a roll of bills, a handsome banner, and a substantial proof not only of the sincerity of the congratulations on the event named, but also of the cordial relations which have existed between all in Longueuil and the rector and his wife during their residence there.

Flats! Flats! Lighthouse flats, colored, flat shades! and many more in the popular Flat Sheds at American Flat Factory, Cor. Sydney and Leinster Sts., City.

St. John-West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Harding have returned from their bridal tour, and are residing with Mrs. Coy on Watson street.

Mrs. Henry Leonard, who is recovering from her late illness, is, I hear, spending some weeks in the Annapolis valley.

Rev. G. Shore, pastor of the West End Presbyterian church, is visiting his friends in the Annapolis valley, and will be in St. John on Monday.

Mr. J. H. King, until lately a student at Wolfville academy, purposes spending the summer months in the Northwest, probably in Regina. He will leave about the latter part of June.

Miss Lettie Steeves, daughter of Dr. James T. Steeves, still continues seriously ill at her home on Lancaster Heights.

Mr. W. W. W. has been confined with illness during the past week to his house on Prince street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilnot with their family returned on Thursday to their summer residence at Westfield.

Mr. Harry Scammell, medical student at McGill college, Montreal, who is home for his vacation, is attending the public school.

Capt. William Harding who has been absent from the West End for three years has returned and is visiting his relatives here.

Rev. John A. Clark, who has been very ill with a severe attack of the grippe and congestion of the lungs, is suffering from a relapse on Lancaster Heights.

Mrs. and Miss Flossie Hayes have returned, after a delightful trip across Atlantic.

Mr. W. D. Baskin left on Tuesday for Carleton county, to attend a temperance convention.

Mrs. Lindo exits a delightful family picnic, at the shore on Monday. Among the families present were Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. George Day, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Stackhouse, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lindo, Mrs. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Bojke, and others; the party numbering about 25.

I hear that there is to be a wedding take place very soon on the Montgomery road, when the only daughter of one of our prominent merchants, will be led to the altar by a gentleman from across the water.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harding will not return for two weeks from their wedding tour.

Miss Brock has returned to her home.

Mr. E. G. Dunn, who is at present visiting his parents at Lancaster Heights.

Mrs. Leitch will be at home to her friends on Tuesday next, at her residence on Celebration street, City.

Capt. William Harding is at present at West End, after an absence of three years; on the ocean.

Mrs. Stamba, sr., is at present with her son, Mr. J. B. Stamba, Winstow street.

Miss Minnie Beaty has returned from Fredericton.

Dr. Taylor, of St. George, was with us again this week.

Mr. C. B. Wilnot and family go to their summer residence at Woodman's Point this week.

Mr. William Tower has gone to Boston where he has accepted a very good position. It is said he will return in the fall, and take a "partner" back with him.

I hear that Mr. Thos. Hunter will move into his new house next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery, jr., expect to occupy their own home very soon.

Miss Maudie Magee has been spending the past week with Mrs. Wilnot.

Mrs. J. O. Beaty is able to be out again, after being laid some six weeks.

Rev. G. Shore did not leave last week, as he expected, for the Presbyterian general assembly at Kingston, but he left the first of this week. There will be service in his church tomorrow at 3 p. m. only.

Luck cove was formally opened to the public last Thursday. The guests numbered between four and five hundred.

Miss Bessie Babbitt of Fredericton is visiting Miss Annie Ellis.

Mrs. H. Littlehale, sr., who has been spending some time in the city, has returned to West End.

Mr. Agnes Macaulay had a severe attack of inflammation.

Mrs. Stevens of North End will occupy the Casely cottage, Town Hill, on Saturday after ten days.

Mr. G. L. Purdy will spend a few weeks in Robeson.

In the absence of Rev. G. Shore, Rev. Dr. Burrows will occupy the pulpit at afternoon service.

St. John-North End.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Winnipeg, are the guests of Mr. Ross' sister, Mrs. Joseph Hennessey.

Mrs. Beesley and family leave Mt. Pleasant on Saturday to spend the summer months at Westfield.

Mrs. Geo. Robertson who has been living in Boston the past winter is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hillyard.

Mrs. Michael Call, accompanied by her son Frank and niece, Miss R. A. Cotter has left for a trip to Halifax.

Mrs. Barnhill who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ferris, Chelsea, Mass., was obliged to return home owing to the illness of Mrs. Geo. Barnhill.

Mr. John Parker of New York is the guest of his brother, Mr. Geo. Parker, Douglas avenue.

Miss Blanche Wisely returned home from Sackville on Thursday.

Missella Blythe left this week for Winchester, Mass., where she will make a short visit, before going to Bridgport, Conn., to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. James Gillis.

Dr. Smith is confined to the house with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Miss Bessie Parker returned from Wolfville college on Saturday.

Mrs. A. S. Jones and Mr. LeB. Jones went to Wolfville last week to attend the commencement exercises; Master Jordan Jones, returned home with them.

Mrs. and Mr. Geo. Murphy are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little stranger, Mr. Arthur Hillyard, of New York, is visiting here.

Tuesday evening the children of St. Peter's school gave a pleasing entertainment in St. Peter's hall. It is safe to say it was the best ever given in the kind ever given in the North End. The children reflect great credit on the ladies, who were drilled for the occasion. The first part of the programme was an operetta called *A Floral Offering*. In this was introduced a pretty little song, "We are the flowers, the gay young flowers, that grow in the sunshine and April showers." The children sang it with a happy and happy heart. The *Cherubim of Nations*, a drama, in one act, and *The Fourth Will in Testament*, a comedy, were well received.

FRIDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenet and by James H. Hawthorne.]

JUNE 10.—All the flags in the city have been half mast during the week, as a mark of respect to the deceased premier, and this afternoon all the bells were tolled.

Mr. F. B. Edgcomb's store windows are draped in mourning.

Hon. A. G. Blair left on Monday night for Ottawa to be present at the funeral of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The June weddings have commenced. The first one took place this morning at the early hour of six o'clock at St. Dunstan's church, when Mr. J. H. Barry, the well-known barrister, and Miss Bessie Owens, youngest daughter of Mr. John Owens were made husband and wife. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. McDermott.

The bride, who looked particularly well in a handsome travelling costume of blue broadcloth, was attended by Miss Maudie Magee, of Woodstock, and Mr. Barry was supported by Dr. J. G. Owens, of Millville, brother of the bride. After breakfast at Mr. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Barry left on their bridal tour to Boston and New York, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

They will occupy rooms at the Barker house. The presents were exceedingly handsome, as well as useful. Mr. Barry's gift was a silver watch, a pair of Mr. and Mrs. Barry sent a handsome silver watch.

Mr. M. E. Scovil, of St. John, was in town on Monday.

Mr. John B. Robinson and Miss Alice Robinson left this morning for a visit to friends in Boston.

Miss Minnie Scott is in Milltown visiting her friend, Miss Mary Deacon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Robinson are spending a day or two on Grand Manan this week to attend a meeting of the St. Andrew's society.

Miss Bertha Williams, of Woodstock, is spending a fortnight here, the guest of Mrs. W. W. Clarke.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairbank's store.]

JUNE 10.—Of course Sir John Macdonald's death and surmises as to his successor have been the chief subjects of comment since Sunday morning. I think both parties must feel that it will be hard to find his equal, and even those who differ most vigorously from his political views will admit that a great man is lost to our country.

The Moncton dramatic club, which I have mentioned before, is to be here on Thursday evening, and a large number of tickets has already been sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick left yesterday for St. Martin's, having been called there by the severe illness of her brother, Dr. Henry Gillmor.

Capt. Hugh Douglas spent last week in St. John.

UNDIS.

Last Thursday night's entertainment, by the Wallace Hopper *Reclined* company, was about up to the average. Someone said "it was pretty fair for Dorchester." The audience was small, but as I did not attend I cannot say whether it was selected or not.

The gaities for the past week have been of the small and early type. Mrs. Laundry gave a small party last night, and she was very much pleased with her guests.

Mr. H. W. Palmer gave a small card party on Saturday.

Miss Nellie Palmer returned from the academy in Sackville on Wednesday, the term being finished for the summer.

Miss Jean Rennie, of St. John, and Miss Mabel Rennie, of St. John, were in town on Monday.

Mr. Geo. E. Fenet, who has been doing missionary work in the south, with a severe cold, is improving rapidly.

Mr. Geo. Rensford is also quite ill.

Mr. Miles Dixon, of St. John, spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Mrs. McKean is here from Montreal, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Havelock Coy, on Charlotte street.

Dr. Colburn is expected home from Chatham this month to inspect the I. S. Corp.

Mr. Geo. W. Babbitt, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been transferred to St. John.

Mr. Rowley is acting rector of the agency here.

Rev. Robert Atkinson of Platon, N. S., will preach in St. Paul's church Sunday evening.

Mr. Chas. Crockett will leave tomorrow for Vancouver.

Rev. A. B. Boyer, who graduated from the N. B. university in 1888, and has since been doing missionary work in India, died yesterday there.

Major Gordon spent Sunday and Monday with his family here, and returned yesterday Halifax. He expects to be back to his duties here at the end of this month.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. W. Webster.]

JUNE 10.—Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. W. W. Clarke invited a number of very young ladies to a garden party, from five to nine o'clock, it being the occasion of her little daughter Mary's ninth birthday. Supper was served at seven o'clock, after which dancing and the exciting game of coach, made the hours fly. It was a very happy party, everyone enjoying themselves greatly.

Through the kindness and invitation of Mrs. A. C. Jones a small party of her friends enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon and picnic supper, by the river side, several miles below town on Monday. It was the first picnic of the season, and such a delightful one, that those who were there hope it will soon be repeated.

I hear there is to be a wooden wedding at the residence of one of our young and prominent citizens one evening next week, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the wedding day.

Calais will soon be famous for its number of weddings. One evening last week there were no less than four weddings at the same time.

The physical culture exhibition at the rink on Thursday evening last, given by the members of the local legion, and the young ladies of Miss Ellen Todd's physical culture class, was very successful. Some of the exercises were exceedingly difficult, and the graceful manner in which the young ladies acquitted themselves, one would not imagine it required any art at all. The rink was prettily decorated for the occasion, and there were some four or five hundred people in the audience. Miss Todd is to be congratulated upon the success of the entertainment, and for the happy way she imparts so much grace and ease to her pupils.

There is talk of a flower show at the rink during rose season for the benefit of the public library, in which many of our prominent society ladies are interested.

Dr. Swan, accompanied by Mrs. Swan, returned to their home in Calais on Saturday after ten days' visit in Portland, Me.

Mr. G. E. Cox and Miss Ida Cox left this morning for Lowell, Mass., to visit Mrs. C. B. King.

Miss Bina Henry, who was graduated B. A. at the New Brunswick university, is at home, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Bertha Smith is visiting friends in St. John.

Miss Jessie Whitlock left yesterday morning for Boston, to remain until the autumn.

Miss Margaret Todd and Miss Connie Chipman went to St. John yesterday to visit for a fortnight, the guests of Lady Tilley.

Miss Maud Brown returned to Moncton yesterday after a visit of several months here. Miss Brown has made hosts of young friends here, who regret her departure very much.

Mr. James Vroom, of the St. Croix register, is visiting Eastport and Grand Manan this week.

Mr. Irving Todd is visiting Florida on a business trip, and will be absent a fortnight or more.

Mrs. A. W. Reed of St. John, and her children,

LADIES.

We have just received from London, a very superior lot of

DRESS GOODS.

in leading shades, and latest and most fashionable designs. For elegance and quality, these goods cannot be excelled. In

PRINTS, SATENS, AND LIGHT FABRICS

for Summer wear, our Stock is very complete.

These goods are fresh from the manufacturers. We invite you to call.

THE CELEBRATE "ECLIPSE" HOSE,

for Ladies and Children, are giving our Customers the greatest satisfaction.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON,

97-KING STREET.-97

are visiting her sisters, the Misses Porter. Mrs. Reed's many friends gladly welcome her among them.

Miss Victoria Vroom returned from Boston on Thursday after a pleasant visit of ten days.

Miss Maud McKewen arrived from Sackville last week, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Miss M. E. Vose of Milltown, who has been making an extended visit to Chicago, has returned home.

Miss Hannah Marks and the Misses Vera and Murray Vaughan of St. John have been the guests of Mrs. John Grant during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, of St. John, accompanied by Mrs. Vaughan and their little son, Ralph, have been the guests of the Hon. James Mitchell during the past few days.

Mr. M. E. Scovil, of St. John, was in town on Monday.

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ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at O'Brien's store.]

JUNE 10.—Judge Cockburn drove over from St. Andrew's last evening.

Mr. Wm. Cooper, of Fredericton, registered at the Park hotel this week.

Mr. J. S. Knight, of St. John, has been with us for a few days this week.

Mrs. Latham, having disposed of her property here, has returned to Rouillon, much to the regret of her many friends.

Mr. Jas. O'Neil went to St. John this week on here last week.

Dr. Taylor spent Sunday at his home, West End, St. John. He returned last evening.

Prof. Dunham, Mrs. Dunham and family are expected this week from Baltimore to pay their annual visit to Mrs. Dunham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been making an extended visit with their daughter, Mrs. Foster, Beverly, Mass., has returned home. She was accompanied by Miss Foster and daughter.

Miss Bessie O'Brien left yesterday for Fredericton to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Edith O'Brien, who has been attending the Normal school.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick left yesterday for St. Martin's, having been called there by the severe illness of her brother, Dr. Henry Gillmor.

Capt. Hugh Douglas spent last week in St. John.

UNDIS.

WOLFVILLE.

JUNE 10.—Wolfville never presented a finer appearance than this year. The exercises at the closing of the college were of a very high order, and were all so very to see only one lady graduate in so large a class. Among the distinguished visitors, I noticed Attorney General Longley, of Halifax, Hon. W. W. Chute, of Bear River, Mrs. Thompson of Baie St. Pierre, and Mr. Williams, of St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Halifax, and many others.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

HE FOUGHT THE FIGHT.

THE DEATH OF THE PREMIER OF CANADA.

An Estimate of Sir John Macdonald as a Statesman, a Politician and a Man—His Great Abilities and the Reasons for His Success in his Undertakings.

Arising from out the clamor of politics and taking a place in the hearts of the people and in the control of the nation, men sometimes occupy conspicuous places without a reason sufficient to satisfy even those who have been most active in placing them there. An inexplicable affection is born in the heart of the masses, so steadfast and gentle that mistakes are overlooked and sins forgiven, and thus, even when magnified by the frailty of the popular hero, and intensified by the unscrupulous criticism of ambitious rivals, grave errors of judgment make no impression on those who usually are hard to satisfy and easy to make afraid. Words which would be of light weight if heard from the lips of others, are held to be pearls of wisdom as the people's hero defends his cause and outlines his policy. Every movement, every gesture is noticed, remembered and quoted. Other men apparently superior in ability, attainments and virtue, when placed in comparison are ridiculed, defeated or despised until it sometimes seems as if it were useless to oppose or endeavor to direct the enormous power which popular enthusiasm or inscrutable fate has placed in the hands of this leader of the people. Time in its progress, the moon in its changes, the sun in its seasons seems to evolve from the uncontrollable those things which destroy others while they uplift and make more secure the chosen one, who sometimes seems to scarcely understand and seldom to direct the fortunes of the hour. Unless extraordinary foresight or an instinct akin to inspiration guides such men, we must become believers in blind luck, the fool's fatalism, the despair of those who fight against the Unseen.

Among such men that the gods seem to have made great, Sir John Macdonald is the most conspicuous example in the history of Canada. Unless we believe in the fatalism of the heathen or the God of the christian, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of the depth, breadth and meaning of so singular a career. I shall not endeavor to add to the vast volume of so-called biography and hazy reminiscence which at the present moment is deluging the country. Of the birth, youth and early struggles of Sir John, every one has had an opportunity to inform himself. All those who have touched his hand or heard his voice have hastened to obscure the true meaning of his life by the repetition of stories and the recital of stale descriptions of trivial events. No man who feels an aptitude for public life or the stirring within him of genius, need fear the censoriousness of a public which forgave so many early mistakes and social errors. Even those things which in a trivial life ostracize men, are nothing but milestones in the history of that virility which leads captive mankind. We may wonder as we watch, we may suffer as we wait, but there is courage, persistence and a man's belief in

himself and his possibilities overcome all things. We are born, and whence cometh the mainspring of our life we know not. The things which control us, the circumstances which evolve us, the fates which make us triumph we cannot understand; but the lives of all men who are, or have been great, makes plain the principle that the children of genius cannot for long be obscured by defeat. Nor hath it entered into the mind of man to mark at birth or proclaim at death the names of those who have been specially upraised.

Amidst changes for which many contended and against which thousands fought, during a reconstruction of constitutions, the confederation of provinces, the control of innumerable diverse interests Sir John held his place. While the chiefs of mighty factions fought and fell, while a new geography was planned, a new constitution created, while a revolution was begun and ended, while questions were discussed and feuds engendered this great man whose greatness was denied by his opponents and admitted without explicable reason by his friends, maintained his supremacy. Promises were made without regard to the possibility of fulfillment. Friends besought him, enemies besieged him, and yet smilingly in the midst of such conflicts the great old man jested with his friends, jeered at his enemies, triumphed when other men would have been overwhelmed and became the idol of the people when men esteemed greater were offered in sacrifice.

It would be unbecoming in speaking of departing greatness to make any attempt to overlook or belittle those special qualities so seldom recognized as the central and controlling influence of a successful life. If skill as a rhetorician were to be the standard by which we judge statesmen, Edward Blake would long ago have superseded Sir John. If capacity for detail, rugged honesty of purpose, a contempt for those things by which ordinary politicians trench themselves were recognized, Alexander Mackenzie even in his palsied age would be still premier. If being the son of a sect and the apostle of a creed were to make a man supreme, Sir John would have neither retained nor retained the confidence of the people. Then there seems to be something behind all these things, some power to divine that which

should be done and that which must happen. Associated with this phase of life, invariably it seems to me, is the happy knack of making friends, which until the tide

convicted of what should and must come about, is impatient and often unpopular until he is intrusted with the management of affairs and can demonstrate the correct-

affairs. Long continued success, an almost reckless disregard of the opinion of others, a buoyant cheerfulness, an unobtrusive egotism which only betrayed itself

the departure from earth of a spirit such as is not usually confined by so feeble a tenement of clay.

The central feature of his life and policy was his Canadianism. I presume that there has been no observant man who has not thought out or contended for some different course, some more radical method than was pursued by Sir John. Yet after the lapse of so many years it is more or less evident that the imperialism of the premier's idea, the compromises that seemed un-Canadian, the adoption of methods which had they been used without a grand and glorious purpose, would have been almost indefensible, were absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of a purpose, were a part of the plan of a mind illumined by genius and directed by the sacred fire of patriotism.

Sir John was a self-contained man. He was hail fellow with everybody; he seemed to lean upon many, counselled with a select few, but after all he stood absolutely alone. Who can fail to sympathize with the loneliness of a life throughout which it was impossible to confide in any man or at any moment to open his heart to the gaze of the multitude, lest a sinister meaning be discovered as the shadow of his worst enemy impudently? When we sit together and endeavor to find a good meaning, it is not hard to discover a patriotic purpose, while to those in opposition and anxious to strengthen attack, improper motives first suggest themselves. I do not conceive it to be that empty charity which leads us to speak well of the dying or the dead, when we discover a grand and beautiful purpose, thoroughly Canadian and gloriously great, in the life which is just about to close. Cruel criticism has made the path to these great aims a penitential progress, and yet there has never been a career without regard to personal comfort, luxury or self-indulgence which did not open itself to the attack of those who cannot conceive of either patriotism or grandeur of impulse in what can be misrepresented as corrupt selfishness or dishonorable ambition. As this great career, lasting through so many years, conspicuous amidst events which might have obliterated us from the list of nations or caused our absorption by voracious neighbors, grew to the highest point of its eminence, those who waited anxiously for it to close proclaimed that the popular appreciation and support which Sir John had received, marked a lamentable degeneracy of public appreciation, the decay of honor, and a paucity of political morals so astounding as to be indescribable.—Don in Saturday Night.

Do Pearls Get Sick? "Do you know that pearls get sick?" said a well-known jeweler. "They do, and, like babies, they require a change of climate when their health is bad, or else they crumble or die. I knew of a case once where a lady went into a jeweler's with a magnificent set of pearls that were losing their luster and beginning to look dead. These pearls are sick," said the jeweler, upon examining them, "and unless you take or send them to a decidedly different climate at once, they will become worthless." They were sent off, and within a month were as bright and pretty again as they had ever been.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Mean Thing. Ethel—I've been engaged six times, and now I am going to marry Charlie Simpson. How many times have you been engaged? Maude. (demurely)—Only twice—to Charlie Simpson.



Irving of Buctouche was in town last Monday. He has closed her studio in Kingston, Monday is town and left on Monday for Riviere du Loup, well pleased with the voyage.

Monday, of Moncton, was in town on Tuesday. The Presbyterian S. S. are going to give an entertainment next week. Report.

SACKVILLE. A house is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's.

I have always been conceited enough to be a most hospitable host, but when "grip" landed at my front door with a bang, it was a little more than I bargained for. I had to make the best of it, and my unwelcome guest would take his departure as soon as he could. For two weary days I had to entertain his aches and pains, as, in many others, I have proved my victim, and am now ready for any-

topher Milner, who has spent the last week with her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Binns, at home.

Rennie of St. John is visiting her cousin Rennie.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinton are visiting Prof. Hinton.

Mrs. W. Fowler went to St. John on Monday.

Atkinson, who has been visiting her father, David Dickson, of Moncton, has returned.

Mr. Smith is spending a few weeks with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fawcett went to St. John on Monday.

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SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"I should like to see Mr. Wrayghton when he comes down," Sir Danvers said. "I'm told he is clever; he will be able to give an idea of his patient's state."

"I have asked him to come here before he leaves," Mrs. Horrow answered. "He has not long been with Lord Hector."

"You will offer him some refreshment before he leaves, my dear," said her husband. "Even men of the strongest nerves are sometimes overcome after attendance of such a case as this."

"Lord Hector's head is dreadfully cut; the doctor at first feared the skull was completely smashed," Mrs. Horrow remarked. "A brutal attempt at murder," said Sir Danvers.

"Quite enough to prostrate the strongest of us; you must certainly give Wrayghton some brandy; I feel quite overcome myself," the doctor added. The guest chamber was immediately above the drawing-room, and they could hear part of the scene and occasional movements of the medical men.

Suddenly a bell rang loudly, pealing on the calm night air with slow, decreasing sound. Those in the drawing-room started and glanced at each other, wondering if the wounded man's soul had taken the one great step leading to the silent shadowy land beyond. Mrs. Horrow, on recovering herself, went into the hall and met a servant coming from the chamber. The doctors merely required a man to support their patient whilst they bound his head, and the butler volunteered his services, morbidly anxious to take part in the scene and elevate himself to a position of importance amongst his fellows.

Captain Fothergill sat as far from the light as possible, his face pallid, his hands twitching nervously, his mind in a state of confusion. He had intended to take this man's life, and yet his existence had not ended. A thousand times he anathematized himself as a fool for not having completed his work as he had intended. If through any chance Lord Hector recovered, then ruin beyond repair stared the captain in the face. No, Maynes could not live, die he surely must. His death could only be a question of hours or minutes. Did opportunity permit the captain would gladly have put the finishing touch to the work he had begun; but surely there would be no need for that; the fellow could never see another day.

Warily he waited until the medical men came slowly downstairs and entered the drawing-room, with pale faces and grave demeanor.

"Unhappy circumstance," said the doctor. "Is he still living?"

"Yes, he is still living, but his condition is critical, most critical," answered Mr. Wrayghton, a tall, thin, dark man, who might well represent death's messenger.

"Is there any hope of his recovery?" the baronet asked.

"Very little indeed, Sir Danvers; there is a serious fracture of the skull. I am inclined to think that the man will die a blunt stroke; had it been a sharp instrument death must have been instantaneous. I should advise that his friends be made acquainted with his condition."

"Of course," replied Sir Danvers. "He was my guest last week, and would have been again but for this murderous assault, and I am naturally interested in him."

"Of course, Sir Danvers," the medical man answered, bowing gravely.

"Therefore I should not like to leave anything undone which might tend towards saving his life."

"Will there's life there's hope," replied the surgeon.

"Exactly. I have every reliance on your skill, but it struck me you might like to consult with such a man as Eldon, and so I shall ask him to come down from town tomorrow."

"I haven't the slightest objection, Sir Danvers; in fact I should be glad to have your opinion. Doctor Welming and I have done all we can do for our patient, which is very little; we should be very much pleased to consult him."

"Then, my dear sir, on your return to Lowbridge tonight, will you kindly telegraph to him in my name, asking him to come down to-morrow? And, by the way, you will want a trained nurse, he might bring a reliable person with him from one of the hospitals."

"I shall mention it. I brought a nurse from Lowbridge, a kindly, dependable woman, but lacking skill. She will remain tonight."

"You will have some soda water with your brandy, Wrayghton?" queried the doctor, then added, in an authoritative tone he had not ventured to use before.

"Maria, the doctor will have some brandy. This has been quite a shock to me," he added, addressing the company in general, "a delightful young fellow, Lord Hector; and to think how uncertain is life—has he brought the soda water, my dear—it's a lesson—a sad lesson to us all. I pray help yourself, Wrayghton—for in the midst of life we are in—whisky, did you say you preferred whisky, Dr. Welming? I find brandy a better aid to my digestion, especially at this time of night. Yes, the night cometh when no man may—take a little more, captain—my dear Fothergill, you're not going without having some brandy; it will help to put you straight, for like myself you are quite upset. Well, my friends, all flesh is grass—it is a sad business, indeed."

As the captain was about to follow Sir Danvers out of the room, he took Dr. Welming aside. "Your patient was an old friend of mine," he said, "and this affair has been quite a blow to me. Do you think there is really any chance of his living; tell me honestly what you think?"

"I cannot see how he can recover; I think his life is but a question of hours. I shall be surprised if I find him alive in the morning."

"Very sad, very sad," said the captain, grasping his hand. "Good night, doctor. I thank you for your opinion; it's well to know the worst at once," he added, following his cousin.

"This is to certify that I suffered for many years from Salt Rheum. I applied the mud of the Wilmet Spa Springs for two weeks, and although several years have elapsed I have had no return of the trouble. Mrs. Fozzelm.

"I have drunk a small quantity of the Wilmet Spa Water, during a few weeks, and am greatly relieved of dyspepsia, for which I believe it is a specific if persevered in. N. W. W. TUTTIS, Annapolis Co.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WHAT THE CAPTAIN SEES.

When morning came Lord Hector was still amongst the living. The Hayton practitioner, visiting him betimes, found his condition scarcely changed; no forward step had been made towards recovery. Sir Danvers had been early to make enquiries, but prompt as his visit was, he was forestalled in that charitable act by his cousin, whose solicitude for the patient admitted no rivalry. He had been surprised and disappointed at finding his victim yet existed, for he had retired to bed with the comfortable assurance that death would claim Lord Hector before morning.

As he returned to the abbey his dark face expressed perplexity and gloom. Now that Maynes lingered it was possible that he might ultimately recover; and the moment he regained consciousness the accusation would be made regarding the diamonds, and the story of the attempted murder related. Why had he not made sure of having taken this life which was in so many ways an obstacle to him?

Late in the afternoon the famous London surgeon, Sir James Eldon, arrived. Sir Danvers had sent a brongham to meet him at Lowbridge, and waited to receive him at the rectory. Accompanied by the hospital nurse, silent, sad-faced and self-contained, and Mr. Wrayghton, loquacious, subservient, and smiling, the great man visited the patient, carefully examined the fracture at the back of the skull and the wounds upon the forehead, rebounded them, and felt his pulse. He then asked some questions of Mr. Wrayghton, gave directions to the nurse, looked once more at the senseless man, and left the chamber.

Mr. Wrayghton opened the door of the drawing-room for Sir James, where they found the baronet impatiently waiting the verdict which the great man might pronounce. The doctor sat in a window reading the account of a neighboring horse race in a sporting paper.

"What do you think of the patient?" Sir Danvers asked.

"His is a very serious case," replied Mr. Wrayghton gravely.

"Just what I said," remarked Mr. Wrayghton blandly.

"Will you recover the fracture," continued Sir James, "but fever I see is about to set in."

"Just what I feared, though I didn't like to express it," added Wrayghton.

"Bless my soul," said the doctor, speaking for the first time, "fever, if moved, will be contagious. Could he be moved; this house is so small, and there is abundance of room at the abbey, which is close by, as you are probably aware."

"To move him in his present condition would probably prove fatal; he must remain where he is; but you need have no fear, it is brain fever which threatens him, and that is not contagious."

The doctor breathed more freely. "My dear sir, you quite relieve me—a glass of sherry—you are not aware perhaps I am the father of a family—or would you prefer a little brandy and soda—it was on their account my fears arose, not on my own."

"Has Lord Hector a naturally strong constitution, was he temperate in his habits?"

"I should think so," answered Sir Danvers. "He has roughed it a great deal in Australia, and seemed robust and healthy."

"Then he may pull through, but it is impossible to decide at this stage of the case," said Sir James filling himself out some sherry.

These were the first words of hope the baronet heard, and he welcomed them with gladness.

"Exactly what I thought," said Mrs. Wrayghton, helping herself to some brandy, and bowing to the great man who promptly turned away. Had he expressed an opinion that Lord Hector would dance a hornpipe tomorrow his subordinate would have declared that was precisely what he expected.

"Will you not come down again in the course of a week?" Sir Danvers asked the famous surgeon.

"I don't think there will be necessity for another visit from me," he said, adding with professional punctilio, "I leave him in excellent charge."

Mr. Wrayghton swallowed his brandy at a gulp, smiled, bowed, and rubbed his hands. This was a sentence he would promptly repeat for the next twelve months to all who listened, and to many who would not.

Sir Danvers handed the great man a cheque, on which he cast a scrutinizing eye as he folded it carefully and thrust it into his pocket-book. He then shook hands, and hastily slipping into the brougham which waited him was driven to the Lowbridge station.

For the first time since the butler had announced Lord Hector's murder Sir Danvers felt some relief, and he was able once more to turn his thoughts towards his own grief. Again and again his heart reproached him for having doubted his wife, even though appearances were against her. In a moment of passion, wrought to fury by jealousy, he had spoken bitter words of accusation and condemnation instead of asking her calmly if what his heart feared were indeed true, and of showing her that which he held as proof against her loyalty.

He had acted hastily and brutally, and he would have given years of his life if he could undo what he had done.

He would gladly have sought her, but he knew not where in the great world of London she might have taken refuge, and he instinctively withheld from employing the aid of detectives. Would she ever, he wondered, come back to him of her own free will; would she, if innocent, as now he almost believed, ever forgive him the words he had spoken? As he, after the departure of the London surgeon, returned towards the home which now seemed so desolate to him, an idea struck him. Many a time in the happy months gone by Ethel had read out to him the strange advertisements in the agony column of the Times, laughing over their light-heartedly, won-

"I have drunk a small quantity of the Wilmet Spa Water, during a few weeks, and am greatly relieved of dyspepsia, for which I believe it is a specific if persevered in. N. W. W. TUTTIS, Annapolis Co.

"The comfort of making Soap from Kerr's Vegetable Glycerine is a most favorite one. It is compounded in proportions to blend all flavors, delicately.

dering if they ever met the eyes of those to whom they were addressed, and had the effect desired by the insector. Perhaps she had been still. Hoping she did he immediately determined to insert a few lines in this column, framed in a manner she would recognize as addressed to herself, in which he would beg her to send him her address, or to return to her home. Coming to this resolution he hastened his steps that he might put it into execution at once.

As he crossed the great hall on his way to the study he encountered his cousin.

"Well," he asked, "what's the latest news from the Rectory?"

"Sir James Eldon has seen Maynes, and has gone again," he answered.

"No, he said, there was hope of his recovery."

The captain dropped the cigar case he held, and stared at the speaker. "He said I'm very glad, of course," he added, in a voice of despair and walked quickly out of the hall on to the terrace.

"If he recovers it is all up with me," he added to himself.

He went round to the stables, ordered one of the grooms to saddle a horse for him, and in a few moments was on the high road, riding he neither knew nor cared in what direction. Setting the horse into a sharp canter he continued his way for miles without drawing rein, striving by bodily exercise to outstrip and overcome the harassing thoughts that assailed him.

But set his pace he felt as the wind he could not escape the fears that went with him. The flanks of his horse were covered with sweat and foam as he turned his head homewards and prepared to face the situation mentally.

In the course of some days or weeks Lord Hector might recover his memory, and by a word have his enemy arrested for robbery and attempted murder. Before that time came, he, Captain Fothergill, must leave the country quietly, and, if possible, unobserved, and seek fresh fields for his energies—say New Zealand or Florida. To accomplish this he must have money, and at present he had none.

For some time past he had drawn heavily on Sir Danvers, and he supposed that even to his cousin's liberality there must be some limit. However, he would try it once more, it might be for the last time, and if he failed another resource was possible.

He would meet his enemy at the bank, and he would have a belt he wore around his waist, and smiled complacently.

If he could have counted on sufficient time he would have asked Meg's hand in marriage, secured her fortune, and left her to deplore his loss; but he knew Sir Danvers would not let her go, and he had his present troubled state. If he were to linger at the abbey much longer, Lord Hector might recover in the meantime, and put an end to all his calculations. To-morrow or next day he would make an appeal to the baronet for a cheque on the bank, and he would not return to the rectory from an unexpected quarter, journey to town, make private preparations for his voyage, and a little while later disappear.

It was given to think that perhaps after he had taken the trouble of parting with Sir Danvers, and of having secured his position as heir presumptive to the estates, he must quit the country. But then he reflected, his cousin being hale and healthy might outlive him; and he at least had made a haul of forty thousand pounds worth of diamonds. He was inclined to hesitate, and his struggle was bad as it seemed at first. With the money realized by the jewels he might begin a new career, and aided by his skill in gambling, and his knowledge of human nature, acquire a fortune and marry another wife.

This course, with its narrow prejudices regarding morality, was behind the age; he would do better in a newer and wider land, where conventionalities were unheard of, and freedom in its widest sense flourished.

He felt easier in his mind after having come to this conclusion. That evening, next day he would see one of the doctors and ascertain when Lord Hector, supposing his recovery probable, might be expected to regain consciousness. At dinner he ate hurriedly, drank deeply, and would not be inclined to join Meg and the poor relation who sat at the table, and entered out on the terrace. The air was unusually sultry; a few hours before the sun had set in a blaze of crimson light, then fell into sudden night. Great clouds had come in slow and heavy procession up from the West, and crossed the moon's path where she walked in heaven.

Absorbed in his thoughts and working out his scheme, he strayed down through the park at a leisurely pace. Now and then the clouds lifted, and the moon gladdened his eyes in the fulness of her glory. As her light fell with aerial splendor on the groves stretching before him, he raised his head mechanically, when his eyes fell on the tall, slight, graceful figure of a woman advancing towards him. Suddenly he stood still, perplexed and bewildered, and for a second remained unconscious whether this was a spectral illusion or a human form he saw before him.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN UNWELCOME SURPRISE.

Capt. Fothergill was not left long in doubt regarding the identity of the woman before him, for seeing him she gave a low cry, stretched out her arms, and running forwards full of confidence and joy embraced him.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, at last I have found you after all the weary time we have been parted," she exclaimed between the sobs that well nigh choked her utterance.

A curse rose to his lips which he with difficulty restrained. With a fierce anger rising in his heart he hesitated as to whether he should repulse her, or the thought of this woman and tingling from him, he dissembled his feelings until he discovered what fate had drifted her across his path again. A woman scorned as he already knew, was a dangerous thing, and now in the midst of his trouble and on the eve of his escape, he should prove a formidable obstacle. Perhaps she still might be smothered down his rage he allowed her to clasp him round the neck and press him to her breast.

"Jack," she moaned, "are you not glad to see me again?"

"The comfort of making Soap from Kerr's Vegetable Glycerine is a most favorite one. It is compounded in proportions to blend all flavors, delicately.

"Glad, of course I am," he replied. "But the surprise of seeing you has almost stunned me. Where on earth have you come from?"

"I should have remembered you didn't expect me," she said in her sweet plaintive voice. "You have not welcomed me, nor," she added in a lower tone, "have you kissed me."

He bent down his head until his lips just brushed hers. "I thought you were still in Australia. How did you come to England," he asked, leading her under the shadow of the limes.

"These people let me out at last from that horrid dream they put me there. For it was a dream," she continued lowering her voice and pleading to him as it seemed for confirmation, "in which I saw you standing blood-stained, a knife in your right hand, your friend Hawkins lying dead at your feet: saw it all until a terrible blow was dealt me, and darkness came to shut out the sight—surely it was all a dream," she added, pitifully.

"That was all," he said. He could not find voice to utter more; his face grew terror-stricken at her words, whilst a murderous desire rose in his mind as he regarded the frail woman clinging to him, and then looked forth into the boundless darkness of his surroundings.

"I knew it," she said, with a cry of relief that came straight from her heart; "I knew it was a dream, but it haunted me by night and day, by day and night, asleep or awake, awake or asleep; yet I never told them what it was that burned in my brain; never spoke to them of the picture painted in blood and flame, and forever met my aching sight, whether I looked up to heaven or down to earth."

"You are sure you never spoke of this fancy?" he asked, with a trembling eagerness, regarding her as a tiger might its prey.

"Never! I kept it here in my brain—it was too terrible to speak of, too terrible to think of concerning one I love—but think of it I must, it was before me everywhere."

"Yes, yes, but that is past, you must speak of it no more. How did you come to England?"

"As a stewardess on a vessel; no one knew me, I called myself Mrs. Freeman. I did not write to you, fearing you might forbid me to come, and I wanted to surprise you. I have longed for sight of you day and night, for many a month, and now I must leave you, but not part any more for I love you, and I cannot live longer without you."

He paused a moment before answering, pondering on what course he should take. For the present, at least, he must humor and deceive her; and in a couple of weeks he would leave her far behind in the asylum, to starve in the London streets, or to find a grave in the silent Thames.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked in nervous tones.

"Angry," he replied. "Why should I be angry? Where have you been staying in London?"

"In a house recommended me by one of the passengers on the vessel. The landlady is very kind, but Jack, I owe her some weeks' rent, the money I earned as stewardess, as well as that which an old school friend gave me at starting, is all spent."

"No money?" he said.

"None," she answered, and then, whilst a blush covered her pale cheeks, and the words hesitated on her lips, she continued—

"I suppose, dear, you did not think I should want any money—my own money I would leave her far behind in the asylum, the banker told me you had drawn it all away before leaving."

"Yes, I had no idea you would want it, and I intended going back to see you, and taking you away if you would let me."

She laughed for joy, a laugh that was laden with tears.

"I knew you were good and honorable, and that you loved me," the poor creature said, gazing rapturously into the evil face which, for her eyes, love had endowed with all the outward signs of nature's highest nobility.

Involuntarily he raised his hands, longed to strangle her and so rid himself of a life that crossed his purposes—the fear of its consequences alone prevented him from committing the crime. It was safer, after all, to dissemble; in a week or two he would be beyond her reach; meanwhile he must pacify her as best he could.

"Now I have returned to you we must not part again," she repeated. "You will come back with me, or take me to your cousin's house, the place you often spoke of before we were married, which you said would one day be yours."

"I cannot do either just yet," he answered. "I have special reasons for wishing you to return alone, I will join you before a week is over in London."

She was sorely disappointed, for this was not the reception which she expected to meet; but she meekly strove to hide her feelings and submit her will to his as usual. "A week is a long time," she remarked.

"It may not be so long. Did you put up at the village?" he asked.

"Yes, at the Hayton inn. I arrived only this evening, and was on my way to the abbey when we met."

It never occurred to him to inquire how she discovered where he was staying; had she thought of it he would probably have concluded that Barly gave him his address.

"Did you give your name as Mrs. Fothergill at the inn?"

"No, not even of my London lodgings—my landlady knows me as Mrs. Freeman, for," she added simply as she looked at her faded and worn garments, "I was not in a condition to appear as your wife."

"You did quite right," he answered. "I cannot do either just yet, but I am pleased him and earned his approbation; and then in a timid, plaintive voice asked:—

"Must I really return without you?"

"You must; I don't wish it known that you came to see me here. I will join you in a few days, if you give me your address."

She mentioned the number of the house, and the name of the street where she lodged, and then paused. She had something to say which she had rather have left unsaid.

"I had to sell my large brooch, the one my father gave me as a wedding present, that I might pay my railway-fare. It was the last article of jewellery left me," she said, blushing as if she had made a humiliating confession.

"And you haven't money enough to re-



WHITE AS SNOW!

SURPRISE does it and makes all Linens, Cottons, Laces sweet, pure, white.

You can have your washing done the "Surprise way"—save half the labor—have these results without injury to hands or most delicate fabrics. You need not boil or scald a single piece.

"THE PROOF of the pudding is in the eating." It won't cost anything to try SURPRISE. Simply ask your Grocer to put in one cake SURPRISE the directions next time you buy Soap; then test it. READ on the wrapper.

turn," he said, heedless of the condition of poverty which these words revealed.

"I fear not," she replied timidly.

"You unfortunately came at a time when I am hard up," he grumbled.

"But, Jack, dear, surely you haven't spent all our money—my—my fortune."

"No, no, of course not," he answered readily. "What I meant was that I had very little money with me." He paused, then an idea flashed on him. If she had sold her jewelry to a pawnbroker why not employ her in turning some of the diamonds he carried about him into ready money.

"Does the fellow to whom you sold your brooch know your name?" he asked quickly.

"No," she replied. "I have kept it a secret from everybody."

He was silent a moment, thinking out the probable consequences of the act he meditated, and then unclasping a belt of chamois leather he wore concealed under his waistcoat, he weighed it as if its possession gave him gratification. He then took a pocket knife, ripped the belt at one end, and forced out a stone that flashed like fire in the moonlight. She who looked on uttered an exclamation of surprise, but unheeding her, he with a sudden movement snapped the stone and its setting from the ornament of which it formed a part, and held it out towards her. It was the clasp of the stolen necklace. "Take it," he said in a determined voice, "I bought this for you some time ago, when I had more money to spare, but now I think we had better sell it to your pawnbroker."

"Oh, how kind and generous you are," she said, looking at him with eyes dim with tears of gratitude and love. "And you really thought of me, and would have given me this," she continued, holding the jewel in the palm of her hand and watching it sparkle and blaze with every movement she made.

"Of course," he said, as he fastened the belt around her carefully and smiled in scorn at her credulity. "But such a laudible hardly suits you at present, we had best dispose of it, the money will be more useful."

"I suppose so," she said with a sigh, her womanly love for diamonds aroused. "And yet I hardly like to part with what you intended for a present, your first gift to me."

"I will buy you another in a little while quite as handsome. Now listen to me. Here is a sovereign to pay for your journey up to town tomorrow morning. When you arrive take this diamond to the pawnbroker who has already been to, and ask him to buy it. It is a Brazilian diamond, value for over a hundred pounds, but he won't give you so much; if he offers you eighty take it, pay your landlady and keep the remainder of the cash for me. Now secure it well."

She put it in the corner of her pocket and handed her a key to a door, and then for safe keeping thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

"If he asks your name," continued the captain in an impressive voice, "Don't give it; answer no questions, and be sure no matter what happens you don't refer in any way to me."

She stared at him a moment, striving to fathom the meaning of his precautions and then said, "Why should he question me—what can happen?"

"Nothing; but these fellows are sometimes inquisitive, and like to find out all about the seller's family affairs, because if they believe them in low circumstances they make a harder bargain. Some of them are discreet and make no enquiries, they are men of delicate feeling and fine consideration. You understand?"

"Yes," she replied, thinking how clever he was, and how fortunate she was in possessing such a gifted husband.

"Three days from this I shall be with you. I know you will keep the money safely for me. Make a good bargain, he is sure to give you eighty pounds if you stand out for it resolutely, he will know it is value for much more."

"I will do my best," she said, pleased as a child to be entrusted with this commission.

"Very well, and now we must part, it will only be for a short time you know," he said persuasively.

"I shall count every hour until I see you again," she remarked sadly.

"All right," he replied indifferently. "I'll go with you until we come in sight of the lodge gates, you must return to the inn alone. Be careful of the diamond and show it to no one until you place it in the pawnbroker's hands."

"I will do all you tell me," she answered meekly. "I ought to feel grateful for having seen you, and found that you love me still; but dearest, I did not think I should have to leave you again," she added with tears in her eyes.

"It will not be long until I see you," he replied, impatient to get rid of her. "Remember you keep your name secret from everyone. And now good-bye for the present."

He held out his right hand, but she unheeding it, flung herself into his arms and clasped her hands round his neck. She was unable to speak because of the sobs which gathered in her throat. A look of impatience, contempt and loathing, crossed his face, which fortunately she was unable

to see in the uncertain light of this summer night. When he had disengaged himself from her embrace, and she with out more words turned away, he watched her slight willowy figure glide under the trees. (To be continued.)

before she was quite lost in the shadows beyond, he saw her pause, and turn around until she faced him, she put her worn white hand to her lips and then saved it towards him, after which continuing her way she disappeared into darkness. And in this world they met no more.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MR. SYMPINGTON'S WORKS.

On the same day that the great London surgeon visited Lord Hector Maynes, Mrs. Crayworth prepared to receive Mr. Symington, who for some time past had shyly responded to her advances. He was not the man she would have selected as a spouse had any other eligible suitor appeared upon the scene, or had her years been fewer. His boyish simplicity, worldly experience, and lack of mental stamina irritated her, even whilst admitting it was these characteristics which alone permitted her to impress his feeble mind.

She was aware he would never distinguish himself as a clever man, and a right thinker, or a learned divine; but with her diplomatic powers and feminine charms brought to bear upon a susceptible bishop or an amorous patron, she might secure her husband a snug canonry or a comfortable rectory. Then again, as the wife of a clergyman she would begin life anew. The Bohemian past, with its lights and shadows, its cares and joys, would be blotted out forever, submerged in a regenerate blameless present. She would clothe herself in social sanctity as with a spotless garment, and the county families should not be so ready to speculate upon her. The speculation seemed feasible; it would certainly be unwise to let this chance of salvation from a husband's future escape her.

Having arrived at this conclusion, her next movement was to bring Mr. Symington to propose. She hoped that in this she would not have much difficulty, for of late he—by long conversations regarding himself, tender looks, and gentle sighs—had given this woman of experience to understand she had captivated his guileless heart. But, as yet, he had failed to give his intentions in words, and might continue his silent devotion for years, unless his courage was screwed to the sticking point. This Mrs. Crayworth resolved to accomplish. For a while she considered how she had best approach him, and at last resolved to attack his affections through his stomach—in a word, to

SNOW!

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...your washing done the—save half the labor—without injury to hands and fabrics. You need not angle piece.

...in the eating." It won't Simply ask your Grocer the directions READ on the wrapper.

...in the uncertain light of this summer When he had disengaged himself from embrace, and she with out more turned away, he watched her slight figure glide under the trees. Osgood, who was quite lost in the shadows, he saw her pause, and turn around and face him. She put her worn and to her lips and then waved it him, after which continuing her disappearance into the woods. And world they met no more.

...FER XXVI.—MR. SYMPINGTON IS WOOD.

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...Crayworth resolved to accompany her while she considered how she should approach him, and at last he attacked his affections through his other words, she would give excellent lunch, and afterwards to declare his intentions. Her manner, therefore, written in the manner possible, would draw attention take compassion on her and eat his luncheon with her in quite alone, as her spirits being at a low ebb, did not allow her to remain any longer with her friend.

...to this the curate re-looked forward with pleasure to her delightful invitation, adding hours spent in her company were the happiest in his life.

...promised accordingly well, and Crayworth accordingly prepared to meet her and prompt his proposal. Thursday morning she made a toilette; the Bloom of Ninon was on her cheeks with a judicious and touch, a little cap, a miracle of lace was placed conspicuously on her intrinsically her raven-hued locks and complementary row of fringe, and to her height, whilst her straight, figure was clad in soft cashmere of

...our of Symington's expected arrival at hand, and Mrs. Crayworth, waiting him in the drawing room, ornaments in order, rearranged the and out dead leaves from the palms standing in the recesses of the little picture of her patron, theodora, virgin and martyr, was on the obscurity where, out of due to the prejudices of many it usually lay; and now out of a tiny red lamp.

Mothers' Milk Food advertisement with logo and text.

SUNDAY READING EASTER DAY SERVICE.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post office at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.

Miss Mary A. Patton is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions, No. 16." I received very excellent answers from the following nine: Master H. F. Perkins, Carleton; Miss Janet S. Guest, Yarmouth; Master W. H. Estans, Moncton; Miss Florence Boyce, Fredericton; Miss Jessie Lawson, Carleton; Miss Violet Kinross, Sussex; Miss Nellie Flowering, Centerville; Miss Melissa A. Thorne, city, and Miss Annie Watson, Fredericton.

Sabeans—This word represents two distinct people as fully explained by Miss Patton in answer to Question No. 1. According to the original Hebrew they might have been called Sabeans and Shebeans. The former inhabiting Seba, the latter inhabiting Sheba. The Sabeans and Shebeans are both mentioned in Psalms lxxii: 10. Distinct from these was another tribe descended from Abraham by Keturah, (Genesis xxv: 1, 3. Dedan and Sheba, grandsons of Abraham, were both founders of tribes often mentioned in scripture, and were celebrated for their success in trade. Ezekiel xxxvii, 13. The second question was answered correctly by all. Herod the Tetrarch was given by some competitors in answer to the third question. Herod the Tetrarch was reproved by John the Baptist for his wicked immoral life, but not for his jealous ambition and rejection of Christians.

The various points in Deborah's life were very clearly and graphically given by all. Let us follow her example and say, "I, even I, will sing unto the Lord; I will praise to the Lord God of Israel." "In every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God in Jesus Christ concerning you." 1 Thess. v, 18.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 16.

1. Who were the ancestors of the Sabeans and Dedanites? Ans. Sabeans, a tribe supposed to be formed from descendants of the genealogies of Sheba, a grandson of Cush and son of Raamah, Gen. x, 7. Sheba, a son of Joktan, Gen. x, 28, and Sheba a grandson of Abraham by Keturah, a son of Jokshan, Gen. xxv, 3. They were traders in spices, gold and more precious kinds of merchandise. The best acknowledged settlement of the tribe, being in the extreme south of the Arabian peninsula. Dedanites, were descendants of two different individuals mentioned in scripture, first a son of Raamah and grandson of Cush, Gen. x, 7, and one of the sons of Jokshan and grandson of Abraham, Gen. xxv, 3. In Isaiah mention is made of the travelling companies of Dedanites, who may infer they were one of many Arabian tribes much given to caravan trade of the east.

2. Give the name of a tribe of merchants whom Isaiah speaks of as "travelling companies." Ans. The Dedanites, a tribe of Arabians. Isaiah, xxx, 13.

3. Who was censured by John for his jealous ambition, and his rejection of Christians? Ans.—Diotrophes. John vi, 10.

4. Scripture character No. 4.—Judges iv: Deborah, a prophetess and wife of Lapidoth. At the word of Deborah a small number of men, amounting to about 10,000, under the command of Barak, gained a victory over the immense army of Jabin, commanded by Sisra, and put them to flight. Deborah prophesied this victory and that the Lord should sell Sisra into the hand of a woman. Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, received him into her tent, and while he slept, drove a nail through his temple and killed him. 5th chapter of Judges contains the triumphant song of Deborah and Barak, which she (Deborah) took part in the struggle, but is careful to ascribe the real cause and glory of the achievement to God.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 18.

- 1. Give the name of an altar built by the Israelites settled beyond Jordan? 2. Give the name of one who lived in patriarchal times who was a twofold type of our Saviour? 3. Name one who in battle fell, a prey through his chief ornament? 4. Scripture character No. 6.—To what person do the following statements refer, and where are the facts recorded: (1) He had two names. (2) His grandfather was a Syrian. (3) He married a cousin. (4) Some proceedings caused a near relation of his to offer a striking prayer; and one of the minor prophets mentions the circumstance. (5) One of the greater and two of the lesser prophets condemned the practices of his descendants.

Jesus Christ has risen today, Our triumphant holy day. Alleluia: Lately on the cross we hung, Alleluia: Now his victory is won. Alleluia: Hymns of joy then let us sing, Alleluia: Unto God, our heavenly King, Alleluia: Death is slain since Christ is raised, Alleluia: God the conqueror be praised, Alleluia: We shall follow where our Lord, Alleluia: To the Father's throne has soared, Alleluia: And above the heavens sung, Alleluia: Alleluia to our King. Alleluia.

Easter Day. Christ our pasover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast. Not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. I Cor v, 7.

Christ being risen from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi, 9.

Christ is risen from the dead; and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death; by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die; even so in Christ shall all be made alive. I Cor. xv, 20.

Glory be to God the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Collect. Almighty and Everlasting God, by whose power Thy Son Jesus Christ, overcame death; mercifully grant that we may purify ourselves even as He is pure; and, by continually mortifying our corrupt affections and seeking ever to do thy holy will, may rise through death into a higher and diviner life. Amen.

The Gospel St. John xx: 11 to 18. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and saw two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto her, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and said unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but tarry a while, and say unto them, I am ascended unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her.

SERMON FOR EASTER DAY.

By Venerable J. Hannah, D. C. L., Archdeacon of Lewes.

THE LESSONS OF THE RESURRECTION. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen?" St. Luke xxiv: 5, 6.

This is the natural expression of our feelings on each Easter morning: the simple declaration of our lasting faith in our risen, ascended, ever-living Lord. It reminds us that our new citizenship, like our life, is in Heaven, and that we can never descend again into the grave of the dead things of this world's interests and enjoyments, without losing sight of that exalted Saviour who has already raised us from the death of sin. When we look on Christ's resurrection as a doctrine, we may dwell often on its inestimable treasures of comfort and assurance, on the light which it throws upon the darker places of all human history: on the hopes with which it lights up the dim anticipations of unaided reason for happiness. But when we look on the resurrection as a practical lesson on our own recovery from the death of a fallen nature, the whole force of its teaching may be summed up in the precept: Tarry no more the living among the dead: Tarry no longer among the corrupted graves of selfishness, sinfulness, vanity, worldliness, and formalism.

Christ is not here. Christ cannot be found either amidst material indulgences, or worldly motives, or lives devoted to the pursuit of more frivolous amusement. Christ cannot be discovered among jarring factions, or dead religious formalities, or schemes of self-improvement, which tend only to glorify the capacities of men. Christ is risen, and must be sought above. We, too, have been raised in baptism from the dark captivity which our original guilt was purged away, in token that we have already begun to share in the blessings of Christ's resurrection; and in token also that we shall be exalted if faithful to a higher glory, when He, who was first raised from the dead, shall be raised from the dominion of the grave. At this bright and happy Easter season we complete the series of the greater commemorations which remind us of the success-

100 PAIRS! FOSTER LACE FASTENING KID GLOVES, great one shade; or GREY, 87cts.; also, 1500 pairs of Full Fashioned Black Cashmere Stockings, without seams, 36cts.; regular selling price 55cts. Sizes, 8 1/2, 9, and 9 1/2 only. FAIRALL'S GLOVE AGENCY, 18 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

...sive stages of the life and ministry of Christ. It was the resurrection, as leading to and completed in the ascension, which crowned our Saviour's work on earth. This was at once the foremost evidence put forward by the early Christians; the earliest martyrs shed their blood; and the main stumbling block which raised all those storms of animosity by which the church in its infancy was fruitlessly assailed. The unbelieving Sadducees denied the doctrine. The wilful and bigoted Pharisee believed the doctrine, but could not endure to connect it with the despised Jesus of Nazareth who seemed to his worldly eyes so unfitting a representative of the ancient saviours, judges, kings of Israel, and the philosophic teachers of the world. The resurrection doctrine and the Messianic hopes, because his dim dreams of a doubtful futurity could find no room for such a tenet as the restoration of the bodily frame which he despised. All judged, therefore let us keep the feast. Not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. I Cor v, 7.

Christ being risen from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi, 9.

Christ is risen from the dead; and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death; by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die; even so in Christ shall all be made alive. I Cor. xv, 20.

Glory be to God the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Day of Resurrection. The day of resurrection: Earth, tell it out abroad: The Passover of gladness, The Passover of God. From death to life eternal, From this world to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of victory. Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see aright The Lord in rays eternal Of resurrection light. And, listening to his accents, May hear to calm and plain, His own all hail and hearing, With hymns of victory. Now let the heavens be joyful: Let earth her song begin; Let the round world keep triumph, And all that is therein Invariable and visible. Their notes let all things blend— For Christ the Lord is risen, Our joy that hath no end. —St. John Domestico, tr. J. M. Neale.

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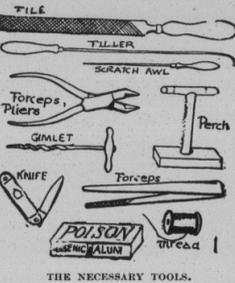
Prayer. Spirit of all grace and benediction, Father of Jesus Christ and our Father, Creator of these dying bodies, Life and Light of these undying souls, help us to rise above the earthly into the heavenly; with Christ dying unto sin, and living only unto Thee; and from the light of a true life here, passing at length into that Presence where there is fulness of joy and peace forever.

BIRDS IN STILL LIFE.

HOW TO SECURE, SKIN AND MOUNT THEM.

A Practical Letter on Taxidermy—It Tells the Best Way to Secure Perfect Specimens—The Necessary Implements—How to Remove Blood Stains, etc.

We hunt birds because they contribute to our gratification in at least four ways; we eat them, wear them as personal adornments, we adopt them as pets and we mount them. The work of Audubon more than any other writer kindled an interest in American birds, and every year in the United States and Canada since the publication of his book there are thousands



THE NECESSARY TOOLS.

who devote part of their holidays to the collection of birds for mounting.

They begin early in the year, ranging all the forests and the plains, each one securing his favorite birds. Bird collection has become one of the chief occupations of a large number of campers-out, lately. I propose in this article to show, in a simple way, all the steps necessary from the killing of a bird to the putting of it in place in your private museum. I may say that it is not necessary to take lessons of a taxidermist in order to be able to skin and mount birds, provided you have intelligence and deftness of hand. It would be a good plan, of course, for a beginner to consult with someone who has skinned and mounted birds and to observe the operation before making the attempt himself.

In collecting birds, as in making any other collection, one naturally has preferences. If your favorite birds be nightingales, bobolinks, golden wings, thrushes, read Audubon or one of the other recognized authorities on birds, ascertaining the region where your favorite may be found in plenty; then set up camp there.

Every bird collector ought to be able to shoot his own birds, and of course every true sportsman will take his trophy on the wing and not perched, which I consider murder. Unless large birds, such as loons, hawks, cormorants and such like, are desired I should prefer a light, small-bore gun, using what is often known among dealers as "mustard" shot, as this does not make large holes in the skin. But the mere shooting and mounting of a bird are not the only points to be considered.

Every collector should study the natural history of the bird, ascertaining its methods of nesting, the kind of ground or tree in which it builds its nest; he should be able to recognize its eggs and know the number it lays and be familiar with the kind of trees, branches, grasses, or small bushes that it selects for its chief abiding or hiding place. Knowing all this it will be easy to construct a bit of miniature landscape that will be at once beautiful and true to nature. For example, if you want to depict a king-fisher about to thrust himself forth in the morning into the water for his usual breakfast of minnows, have him upon a dead



THE SKIN TURNED INSIDE OUT.

willow limb, his head thrust eagerly downward. If the purpose is to show a grackle in a jubilant mood poise him high with his head well up in a spray of alder bushes. The different members of the grouse family afford scope for a very attractive arrangement. But be careful about your miniature landscape. Surround the lagopus albus or willow grouse, with willows or gray and brown brambles; and the lagopus rupestris or rock ptarmigan with ground clad with heath, or groundberry leaves, interspersed with rocks. If the bird has been obtained in winter it will be white, so the effect of snow will be necessary, for most of the wild birds frequent habitats the color of which corresponds with their plumage. Have all the grass among tall water-weeds, grasses or sedges and put a bit of barrens around the geese and brants.

Let me first describe the tools necessary for removing the skins from birds:

1. Pliers five or six inches long, having a wire cutting attachment; price sixty-five cents.
2. A scratch awl; fifteen to twenty cents.
3. A "cartilage knife" or common pocketknife; about seventy-five cents.
4. An ordinary flat file; twenty-five cents.
5. Three or four gimlets of different sizes; ten cents each.
6. A pair of stuffer's forceps, five to six inches long; seventy-five cents.
7. A filler which is contrived by putting a piece of stiff wire into a handle and curving and flattening out the outer end.

The indispensable materials are as follows:

- (a) A quantity of fine tow.
- (b) Cornmeal and plaster of paris, separate.
- (c) As much excelsior as is needed.
- (d) Powdered arsenic and alum, mixed.
- (e) An assortment of glass eyes according to requirements.

(f) A quantity of annealed iron wire of 10, 11, 14, 16, 18, sizes.
 (g) Modelling clay which may be obtained at any pottery for say three cents a pound, and failing to obtain this, putty which should be worked soft.
 (h) Arsenic soap, a cup and paint brush, which would be necessary for the skins of large birds.
 (i) Linen thread, No. 40 being best.
 (j) A bottle of benzine or turpentine.
 All tools and materials may be carried in a small grip, though of course the obtaining and preservation of the skins are all that need concern you in camp. The stuffing and mounting ought to be done at home when possible. The greatest care should be observed to prevent the plumage of the bird from being blood soaked or discolored. It should not be shot at too close a range and the moment it falls it should be carefully picked up, if it is dead. If it is alive it should be quietly strangled. Then as-



BODY OF THE BIRD TO BE USED AS A MODEL.

certain the shot wounds and plug them so that the blood shall not get upon the feathers; also carefully plug the mouth, nostrils and vent. Should any blood get upon the feathers, remove it with the forefinger and thumb by squeezing, and afterwards sponge carefully with warm water, but benzine or turpentine will also remove the stains. When the spot is clean rub in a quantity of plaster of Paris, which will absorb the moisture, and then whip out the plaster with a light stiff wire, after which the plumage will assume its natural fluffy appearance.

The bird is now ready for skinning; the first step is to break both the large wing bones close to the joint of the shoulder.



HOW THE LEGS ARE WIRED.

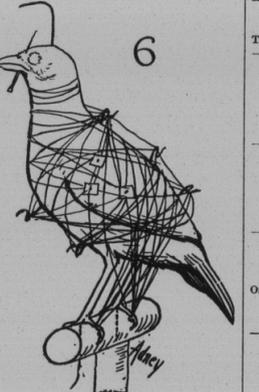
slit the skin of the wing along the lower side of the middle joint removing through this opening all the flesh found there; but be careful not to detach the ends of the large feathers from the ulna bone. After this pour some poison into the wing. Let me add that care should be taken not to stretch the neck in the pecking.

Now with all the flesh removed and the skin thoroughly cleaned, lay it, plumage down, on a sheet of paper holding it by the skull; with a broad-bladed knife lay a good heap of powdered alum and dry arsenic in equal parts upon it, permitting no part of the skin, bones or all to be without the mixture. Plug each eye socket with a ball of cotton, after which the skin must be drawn back again over the skull. After the skin has been thoroughly poisoned in order to preserve it take the bill firmly between your finger and thumb and shake it till the features fall properly in place. Before this insert a wire through the skull and eye socket.

The body meanwhile lies on your table and it must be used as a model. Next take a ball of excelsior, wrapping it around with tow and holding it in your left hand; it will round and round with the linen thread, noting the shape of your model and pressing here and depressing there, all the time winding, till the size and shape of the original are exactly duplicated. Now take a piece of No. 18 wire about one and a half times the length of the neck and body of the bird; file each end to a sharp point and then pass it through the false body, lengthwise, from the neck to the other end. Bend the lower end sharply upward an inch or so, and by a twist of the pliers clinch it firmly in the excelsior. If the body is still lacking in perfect shape add more material or diminish, winding all the time; then proceed to mold the neck on the upper end of the wire. Care should be taken not to have the body too hard, otherwise there will be stiffness of poise; neither should it be too soft, else when the leg is clinched in it will be rickety.

Take two No. 18 wires of the length needed for the legs, and sandpaper them till they are bright; then put a sharp triangular point on each, and oil to prevent rusting. Pass the wire through the first joint of the middle toe and onward up through the leg if, when mounted, the bird's head is to be raised to the ground; if the foot is to be flat on the perch, then insert the wire directly through the heel and onward through the leg, then through the skin, with points long enough to fasten into the excelsior. Of course the poise given to the bird is a matter of taste and the arrangement of the wires, curving, etc., must rest with the mounter.

I should advise every beginner while



MOUNTED IN POSITION ON THE PERCH.

holding these instructions before him to look at some mounted birds and he will be better able to understand what I say. Let me remind the beginner that he must keep the toe and leg bone perfectly in line when inserting his wire, and a gentle spiral motion is best. Wrap too around the projecting leg and wing bones to represent the original flesh size.

If the bird is to be mounted with its wings spread, insert the wires in the same manner as in the legs, but some of the best taxidermists do not use wires for folded wings.

Now insert your false body, passing the end of the neck wire through the skin of the neck and putting the sharp point through the centre of the skull and out at

the top of the head. Draw the skin carefully down over the body, and if there is anywhere a misfit take out the false body and wind it into proper shape. When the fit is perfect, begin by attaching the legs, entering the point of wire about midway in the artificial body. Let me give you the plan of a leading expert:

"Slip the wire forward through the leg until the point passes through the body and projects one and one-half times the thickness of the body on the farther side. We now bend two right angles in the wire half an inch apart and pull the leg wire back again until the point passes back through the body just behind the spot where it was first entered. Pull the point through as far as the angles in the wire will let it go; then seize the point with the pliers, bend it down and clinch it firmly in the body. The leg is now firmly and immovably attached, and will always support the bird with nicety and precision."

Beginners should be careful not to attach the legs too far back from the body, this being a mistake of the inexperienced. Before sewing the skin together give the proper fulness to the thigh and knee joints with a little clipped tow; then lift the bird by its legs and bend the feathers with the forceps and see that the skin fits at all points and that the feathers are in natural position. Move the leg up and down the wire and give any poise that is required. The nature of the bird will of course determine whether he shall be on a perch or upon the ground, but in all cases he will be secured firmly by the leg wires.

Much depends upon the exactness in posing the head and neck, which had best be done if possible by studying a living model or the specimen of some expert. To support the tail a doubled wire resembling a hairpin inserted into the body is good. The wing should be put in place by using three long pins set at the elbow, shoulder and carpal joints, each slanting outward from the center of the wing, say a quarter of an inch, in order to catch the threads over when you are winding down the plumage. The throat and sides of the head must be shaped by forcing tow through the mouth with the forceps. Into the eye socket put a little putty or soft clay, and carefully set in the glass eye, arranging the lids so as to give them a natural expression. Close the mandibles as you please.

Next, wind down the plumage, with a delicate even hand, getting all the feathers in uniform place, using spool cotton, No. 40 and holding the bird in the left hand. It is well to insert little hook wires, say three, along the centre of the back, and two in the breast; for, by catching the thread in these and in the wing wires, it is easy to wind down the plumage in any way required. Don't draw the thread too tightly, and pin down the toes of the bird when they are drying. After your handiwork has been laid away for some time and is dry and set, cut off your wrapping thread, take out the hooks and cut off the ends of the head and wing wires. Yarnish the bill, legs and feet and clean the eyes. If there is dust that will not come off, or the plumage looks ragged or rough it can be improved by going over with a wad of cotton batting moistened with benzine or turpentine.

Drawing No. 1 represents the tools used; No. 2 represents the first stage of the skinning; No. 3 is the body of the bird stripped and skinned and to be used as a model; No. 4 is the skin inside out; No. 5 shows the false body inserted and the direction of the leg and other wires; No. 6 shows the subject upon its perch with its plumage wrappings around it and attaining its fixed shape. EDMUND COLLINS.

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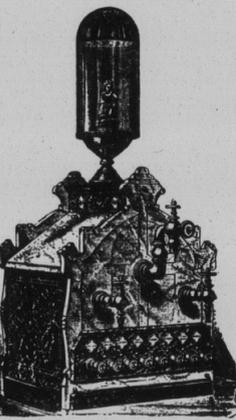
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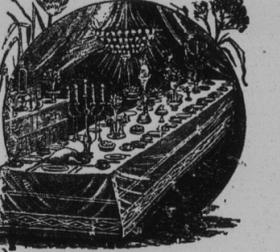
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The Continental Maiden—Etonian—About Green's Trousseau—Toilet-Lace—Dresses—Summer Notes. The tailor-made girl is she was. Like bric-a-brac is on the wane. It is the who is succeeding her as the Continental girl owes the fact that she is picturesque nobody ever dreamed the tailor-made girl. There wears a cocked hat and a and she winds about her t in fachu. She has no tr



WANTS TO GO TO

her wrists and her waisted embroidered. She carried dog whip, and she looked marquis of the court of another of the highly esteemed. As here presented her corded silk, with vest, white satin worked with lace at her neck and lace the buttonholes in her striking and essential requisite to give characteristic idea.

On the street beside onental girl walks the lad were home on a vacation doesn't always enjoy the himself, for the bona fide are apt to look and to Eton lad knows he is in ion and he has more and keep him company every natty and a smart and a stovepipe hat and his his short jacket and his l wears gloves as he walks somehow that of itself is differentiate him from sort of boy.

The Grecian tea gown which you are apt to find find her when she has particularly charming. Especially classic about of its name, but it is improvement as to grace an ingress over most of it the wide family connect The woman who wears ball meditatively dangle ger, while she gives you count of the past, present summer plans, prefers biscuit and pale blue.



TWO TROUSERS

yoke at the throat, and on either side comes a silk, the two sash piece waist in front, tying on the ground. The elastic shirred at the waist width. About the neck stands silk, ending in front in ribbons. It is not a te there is anything sex shown in the picture, it becoming.

June weddings follow quick succession and some pretty ideas. To a June in many summer weddings, but this season used with great quantity a country wedding in marsh grasses were used standing up rank and tiered fireplaces were filled with flowers, sprinkled verdu on the mantels and tall jars. Above the heads of the

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Chicago has 1,000 Arabians.
 The lifeboat was invented in 1802.
 San Francisco has Chinese coopers.
 The world's debt, \$150,000,000.
 Bohemia miners average \$132 a year.
 Luxembourg has a peace army of 267 men.
 A bedtime luncheon of lettuce induces sleep.
 Coaches were first built in England in 1669.
 Modern needles first came into use in 1845.
 Musical notation was first invented in 1025.
 Malta was acquired by the British in 1800.
 In 1806 the Jacquard loom was invented.
 One New York hotel rents for \$250,000 a year.
 About the year 1600 the air-gun was invented.
 Great Britain has 68,000 women trade unionists.
 The Eolian harp was first invented about 1750.
 The aneroid barometer was invented about 1840.
 The estimated number of Jews in Europe is 5 1/2 millions.
 The rabbit excels all other animals in enduring cold.
 About the year 1700 the anemometer was invented.
 Otto von Guericke brought out the air pump in 1650.
 Gun cotton was invented in 1846; gunpowder in 1250.
 In British India 28,000,000 acres are cultivated by irrigation.
 There are 9742 locks and keys in the Grand Opera-house, Paris.
 The Indian mutiny commenced at Meerut on the 10th May, 1857.
 Angels were first coined in England. The coinage ceased in 1640.
 The oldest paper published in New York is the *Commercial Advertiser*.
 The first almanacs printed in England were issued about the year 1500.
 James Hargreaves, a Blackburn weaver, invented the spinning jenny in 1768.
 The Afghan war commenced in 1878 and ended in 1882; cost £23,500,000.
 If a man wants to read newspapers and well-written books, he must know at least 2000 words.
 "Kochery" is the name coined by a St. Louis medical paper for the German professor's system of treatment.
 The population of the world, according to the recent calculations of M. Vernan, is estimated at 1,400,000,000.
 It has been discovered that roaches can fly like grasshoppers, and can be seen late at night coming home to roost.
 There is a church building in New York every inch of the front of which is concealed by a luxuriant growth of ivy.
 In 1884, Lockwood, of Greely's exploring party, reached the farthest point of north latitude, 83 degrees 24 minutes.
 The oldest known journal of the weather was kept by one Walter Merie, a fellow of Merton college, Oxford, during A. D. 1337-44.
 One-fifth of the 10,000,000 families in France have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven children the number is only 250,000.
 Buddha is worshipped in Paris in various private temples, where the devotees meet regularly to pay homage to the "Light of Asia." Most of the Buddhists are Japanese, but among them are many Frenchmen and a few Englishmen.
 Germany's new dispatch boat *Meteor*, excluding the torpedo boats, the fastest craft afloat. Her length is 262 feet, width 31 feet, draught 13 feet, with 950 tons displacement. Her engines develop 5,000 horse power, and at full speed she goes 24 knots an hour.
 A physician who kept a nightly record of his pulse for five years reports that every year it falls through the spring until about midsummer, and then rises through the autumn to November or December. Then comes the second fall and a second rise, culminating in February.
 A floating rock is one of the wonders of Corea. It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground free from support on all sides, but strange to say two men on opposite ends of a rope may pass under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever.
 Why are they called "strawberries"? Smart men differ on that. Some say it is on account of their hollow, straw-like stems. Others think it is because they have to be covered with straw or similar protecting material in winter. The most classical explanation is that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers used to raise them and gave them this name because the berries are generally on the ground, that is, "strewed" or "strawed" around.

An adult laboring man wastes five ounces of muscle in the course of his daily labor.
 Mr. John Kay was the inventor of the present mode of casting the shuttle in 1738.
 The principal English watering-places are Ramsgate, Scarborough, Brighton, and Torquay.
 The Ashantees defeated the British in 1824, and the British defeated the Ashantees in 1874.
 Rome boasted that she dispensed with native physicians for the first 600 years of her existence.
 A married woman may have a banking account of her own money independently of her husband's control.
 Ignorance of the law will not excuse from the consequences of guilt anyone who has capacity to understand it.
 The cheapest car fare known is said to be the three cents fare on the Pittsburgh Traction road for a distance of six miles.
 The turkey was brought into Europe from Mexico by the early Spanish explorers. It was introduced into England about 1530.
 The poll-tax, which occasioned the insurrection of Wat Tyler, was first levied in 1380, and was finally abolished by William III. in 1689.
 The empty title of "King of France," which the English kings had borne since the time of Edward III., was abandoned on January 1, 1801.
 The Cornish language was virtually extinct 150 years ago. Doll Pentreath, the last person who could speak it, died at the age of 91 in 1777.
 During its long period of existence the British and Foreign Bible society has issued 124,000,000 copies of scripture writings, translated into 290 tongues.
 Chronologers divide the time between the creation and the birth of Christ into ages: Heosid describes five, and Lord Byron adds a sixth, "The Age of Bronze."
 The dust collected by a small patch of snow between November 27 and December 27 last, indicates that 1000 tons of soot settles monthly on the 100 square miles of London.
 The Italian navy has ten mammoth ships of war, the largest of which is the *Italia*, 13,898 tons, with 18,000 horse-power engines. A part of her armament comprises four 100-ton guns.
 The conditions of military service in France are compulsory on all males between 20 and 40. Few exemptions. They serve five years in the army, four in the reserve, five in the militia and six in the militia reserve.
 Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Equatorial Africa, is 3300 feet above the level of the sea; area, 26,900 square miles, length 270, and breadth 226. The Albert Nyanza is 2300 feet above sea level, area 1800 square miles, breadth 20, and length 100 miles.
 The first construction of the thermometer has been variously attributed to Bacon, Fludd, Sarpi, and other contemporaries; yet it is certain that in 1597, nine years before the earliest mention of the instrument by any writer, Galileo had already lighted upon the invention.
 A new method of ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has appeared in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.
 The working classes of Italy are very poorly fed. The consumption of meat is very scant except on feast days, and but little wine is drunk. Living is almost exclusively confined to cereals (wheat, maize, rice), with vegetables and other green herbs, cooked with bacon. The food in general is very deficient in nitrogenous qualities, the bulk of which is derived from vegetable rather than from animal food.
 The original Scotch-Irish were the Scots, an Irish tribe, who invaded Caledonia about 500 A. D., and in time gave their name to the country. But the Scotch-Irish of today, so called, are the descendants of the Scotch who settled in Ulster in the "Plantation" days. They've been long enough in Ireland to become Irish, but they haven't done so. Originally the garrisons of forts in a conquered province, their children have remained in, but not of Ireland. Their interests are not those of the southern Irish. The term Scotch-Irish is applied to them without historical warrant, perhaps; but it is a necessary term, for they are not Irish, though they live in Ireland; and as they live in Ireland, they cannot be Scotch.
 Education is making great strides in Egypt, and the natives are beginning to show appreciation of the advantages of the reorganized government schools. In 1887 there were only twelve schools under the management of public instruction, with an attendance of 1,919 pupils, of whom only 50 per cent paid fees, and the total receipts were £29,000. Last year the number of these schools throughout the country, as far south as Assuan, open to all races and creeds, was 47; the attendance was 7,307, of whom 62 per cent were paying pupils, and the receipts reached nearly £20,000. The increase is significant, as education is not compulsory. It is a rule, however, that all pupils must learn either English or French, and it is significant that whereas in 1889 only 14 per cent of them selected English, in 1890 the proportion rose to 23 per cent.

There are millions of crickets in the Clover Creek section of Idaho. They are said to cover a stretch of country ten miles long by three miles wide.
 The Irish census shows a total population of 4,709,462, of whom 2,317,076 are males. This shows a decrease of total population of 468,764 since last census.
 Montana is larger than the empire of Turkey. Texas is larger than the whole Austrian empire by 30,000 square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.
 There is a vast amount of private wealth in Chili, and the aristocrats are lavish in their expenditure. Many of the private residences in Santiago are veritable palaces and are magnificently furnished.
 Milliners in New York average \$2.50 a week; shirtmakers, \$3; underwear makers, \$3; cloakmakers, \$3.50; boxmakers, \$4; feather workers, \$4; men's clothing makers, \$4. Very few Americans are among these workers.
 The largest county in the United States is Custer county, in Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being larger in extent than the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island.
 The title of viscount was long in use in France before it was bestowed on any person in England. The first person who held the name was John Beaumont, created Viscount Beaumont and Count of Boulogne, in France, in 1440.
 In America in 1850 every million of the inhabitants only contributed 290 prisoners, the proportion in 1870 had risen to 853, and in 1880 to no fewer than 1029, while the census for 1890 shows that there were 10,000 more convicts than in 1880.
 There are in St. Petersburg 153 streets and squares without paving, sewers, or gas lights. They are the breeding spots of disease and crime in the great metropolis. It would require an outlay of 1,500,000 rubles to put these places in good condition, but the municipality is not able to undertake the task at present.
 The close relation between doctors and priests simply means that in the earlier times the office of the two was one. Among the ancient Hindus, Egyptians, Greeks and Jews the learned and the priest-hood, and all things natural and supernatural—law, gospel and physics—were for the most part under their control.
 The largest and most valuable collection of postage stamps is said to be owned by M. de Ferrari, of Paris. It is estimated to be worth 1,000,000 francs. The collection of Mr. Taplin, of London, comes second, and is valued at from £30,000 to £35,000. The collection of M. Caillebotte, recently sold by auction, brought 200,000 francs, and that of M. Arthur de Rothschild realized 150,000 francs.
 Easter was the festival of the spring, the opening of the year of nature; and the egg is the symbol of the recreation of spring. The Jews adapted the ancient spring festival to their religion and called it the passover; and christians adapted the passover into Easter; and both Jews and christians took the egg with the festival, the former as the symbol of the new birth of spring, the latter as the symbol of the resurrection.
 It is remarkable that nearly 30 per cent. of the total population of the re-creative occupations. In the last decade the percentage was only 21.33 of the whole. Out of the eleven classes of occupation women have increased comparatively in nine, viz., domestic service, agriculture, fisheries, manufactures and in personal service. In 1880 there were nineteen branches of industry in which women were not employed; in 1885 the number was reduced to seven.

Homer has been called the father of poets; Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy; Hippocrates, the father of medicine; Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy; and Washington, first president of America, the father of his country.
 The uniforms of officers and men of the German navy have been altered so as to conform with the styles of the English service. The officer's coat, cut after the fashion of a dress coat, has been discarded, and the sword-belt, formerly under the coat, is now worn over it.
 There are now about fifty-five well-established negro newspapers and journals. Thirty-seven are in the Southern States; seven are monthlies and two are semi-monthlies. The aggregate weekly circulation of all is about 805,000 copies. There are also other ephemeral journals not included in this list.
 The term penny, as applied to nails, is generally supposed to have been derived from pound. It originally meant many pounds to the thousand; that is, sixpenny meant six pounds of nails to the thousand. The thousand was always understood, and six pound, ten pound, etc., were gradually shortened until the present term penny has entirely taken the place of pound.
 The art of shipbuilding was first invented by the Egyptians, the first ship (probably a galley) being brought from Egypt by Darius, 485, B. C. The first ship of 800 tons was built in England, 1509. The first double-decked one built in England was of 1000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VII.; it was called the *great Harry*. Before this, 24-gun ships were the largest in our navy. Port-holes and other improvements were first invented by Deschamps, a French builder at Brest, in the reign of Louis XII, 1500.

Equity Sale.
IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY
 Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff, and PETER P. BYRNE, Defendant.
 THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's, in the City and County of Saint John, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the Thirtieth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty Queen Victoria, the mortgage lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decreeal Order, as:
 "All that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the City and County of Saint John, and being lot 'number 1' in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and 'number 2' in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and 'number 3' in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and 'number 4' in the grant to Ebenezer Scott, on the 'southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on the westerly side of the easterly side line of lot 'number 1' in the same grant now called 'and by land owned now or lately by Thomas B. Jones and others on the easterly side by other land owned by the said Peter P. Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one hundred acres more or less, the said lot 'number 2' being the land on which the said Peter P. Byrne now lives, together with all and singular 'rights and appurtenances to the said land and 'the buildings and improvements thereon, and the premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversions and reversion, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, 'rights, title, interest, property, claim, and demand 'said mortgage, in or in out of or upon the said 'lands and premises and every part thereof.'
 For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee. Dated this fifth day of May, A. D. 1891.
 E. H. MACALPINE, Referee in Equity.
 C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor.
 W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

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CAPITAL, \$7,500,000.
 ESTABLISHED 1824.
D. R. JACK,
 GENERAL AGENT,
 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
Dissolution of Partnership.
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the TWENTY FIRST day of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.
 St. John, N. B., 2nd April, 1891.
 ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.
 NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate to, in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at the office of J. E. CRUICKSHANK, Esq., Barrister, Ritchie's building, Princess street, Saint John, and all creditors wishing to participate in the trust, should send their claims to the said J. E. CRUICKSHANK, Esq., to be executed to the same within three months from the date hereof.
 Dated the third day of April, 1891.
 SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, Trustees.
 E. & R. McLEOD & EWING, Solicitors.

INSTRUCTION.
Shorthand
 LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and a business acquaintance with the duties of a shorthand writer, should enter for our evening courses in session every evening (Saturdays excepted) to 9. Apply to
 J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

Now is the time to plan for SUMMER WORK.
 While doing so, remember that every department of the business will keep open all the summer. We are able to do this with success and comfort, just because our elevated position, perfect ventilation, facilities, and the unrivalled summer climate of St. John give us advantages possessed by no similar institution. Students can enter at any time. Sent for circular.
 S. KERR, Principal.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.
 Studio Building: 65 Prince William St. ST. JOHN, N. B.
 The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in
DRAWING AND PAINTING.
 Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.
 PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.
 Send for circular.

ISLAY BLEND
 ISLAY BLEND WHISKY
 THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKY
 DISTILLED & MASHED IN ISLAY & GLASGOW

Islay Blend
 Is the Finest Six Year old Whisky in the World.
ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. TAKE NO OTHER.
 Sold by all the leading wholesale and retail dealers.
SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,
 84 PRINCESS STREET.
 Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.
 C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

ANDREW PAULEY,
 CUSTOM TAILOR,
 No 70 Prince Wm Street,
 with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at
 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

FERGUSON & PAGE
 DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.
NEW GOODS
 Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.
 The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at
43 KING STREET.

NOTHING COMES UP TO THIS.
THE 16-PAGE PROGRESS FOR ONE YEAR
Webster's Great Dictionary, for only \$3.75.
 1615
 As one of the first great inducements to an even larger circulation than it has already, PROGRESS has secured the right to handle that magnificent edition of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, the copyright of which expired a year ago, and is able to offer the handsome volume (and a Subscription to PROGRESS for one year, dating from March 1st, for the low combination figure of \$3.75. This Edition of Webster cannot be had elsewhere in this city. The number of copies for city subscribers is limited, and this offer will only be open for a short time. Persons in the city can have the book sent to them for inspection, with a view to taking advantage of our offer. The contents are as complete as they are valuable, with a list of perfect mine of information. No office can afford to be without it—merchants, lawyers, teachers, ministers—anyone in fact, who wants a correct acquaintance with the English language and an infallible guide cannot afford to be without this great book. It is worth at least \$5.00. PROGRESS offers it to New Subscribers for \$1.75, and guarantees that they will be satisfied with their investment. Come and look at it—that will cost you nothing.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain **WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25.**
 Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 25 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express Order, made payable to
EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

MEN AND WOMEN TALK
 A letter written by Lord Lester sold in London recent.
 William Waldorf Astor, family, is the greatest real world.
 The venerable Bishop of the best known missionaries born a savage in Guinea.
 Lord Randolph Churchill books with his in his expense Africa—Shakspeare and
 The students of Bonn refused to subscribe to a sily Bismarck on the ground of to the emperor.
 Walt Whitman was given his friends at his home in C on May 31, in honor of his Letters were received from and others.
 The statement is made th income last year, from l ished in England, was \$15 his American publishers a than \$1,600.
 The Russian crown prin twenty-two years old, a a young man. He is partic science and possesses an ledge of the geography land.
 The empress of Russia and almsiving woman, y bright, clever and joyous, she not always haunted by aster, would be one of th ladies in the world.
 John London Macadam the road that bears his na years to perfect his ideas, English parliament voted hardly covered his outlay ment is the roads of Engla
 Herr Schmalfeld, who marck's antagonist in his contest, was a cigar make ular fame. Association eminence, however, and e he has gained a notoriety the victim of the autograp
 The Duke of Sutherland, a musical enthusiast, large organ in the grand house, London. The inst the largest and most co private residences in Eng a hydraulic engine, and c
 Lord Salisbury, stout he may now seem, h worker, and in 1852, w Cecil, visited the Boro gold field, where he j lived in a tent, did his c cooking and dug and gat
 Edmund Yates has in pleasure of the Prince of stated in his newspaper t going to pay the prin Yates has, accordingly, conduct and retracts his theless, the original st stood to be substantially
 Pope Leo suffers from tremor of the hands, a a former attack of ty he can no longer writ, sign a document he is ob wrist of his right hand w order to be able to trace otherwise be unreadabl each stroke is an infinity zags.
 Dr. Andrew Borde, the Andrew, was a physici Henry VIII, who adv factious speeches to th pills were made of the sh had been hanged, to draught of water from th dederd man. Powder of scorpion, blood of a dra his remedies.
 Mark Twain and Geo entertaining companion platform, but the pub most amusing outcome of ship. Mark is a dev while Mark is what so "careless" man. This Cable, and he is constan show Mark the exten facility of Cable's effort Ward's proposed resu which was to go to L suade Jefferson Davis Men's Christian Assoc
 There is not now l descendant in the mat Shakspeare. Sponso Butler, Duden, Pope, Byron, or Moore, no Sidney, nor of Sir W one of Drake, Cromwe Marlborough, Peterbo not one of Bolingbrok ham, Pitt, or Burking; not one of Bacon, Davy; not one of M Macaulay; not one Joshua Reynolds or rene; not one of Dr Kemble or Edward Ke
 It would be difficu reformation wrought in English society by Que fifty years of her reign, that beats about a thro able to reveal a flaw in personal character. A striven to promote pu rality and decency, and of the court, which ha to religion and the church and state. Th that there are forces a as in Europe generally foundations of society but the consolidation prosperous classes, an may be termed a con afford a promise of se it is difficult to foret fermentation of discon it is always permisibl that a danger which is avoided.
 Every lady should use

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

A letter written by Lord Byron to his sister sold in London recently for \$53.

William Waldorf Astor, the head of his family, is the greatest real estate owner in the world.

The venerable Bishop Crowther, one of the best known missionaries in Africa, was born a savage in Guinea.

Lord Randolph Churchill takes two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—Shakespeare and Moliere.

The students of Bonn university have refused to subscribe to a silver cup for Prince Bismarck on the ground of his opposition to the emperor.

Walt Whitman was given a dinner by his friends at his home in Camden, N. J., on May 31, in honor of his 72nd birthday.

Letters were received from Lord Tennyson and others.

The statement is made that Bret Harte's income last year, from his books published in England, was \$15,000, while from his American publishers he received less than \$1,600.

The Russian crown prince, who is just twenty-two years old, is a highly educated young man.

He is particularly well up in science and possesses an accurate knowledge of the geography of his native land.

The empress of Russia is a charitable and almsgiving woman, who is naturally bright, cheerful and joyous, and who, were she not always haunted by the fear of disaster, would be one of the most cheerful ladies in the world.

John Loudon Macadam, the inventor of the road that bears his name labored for years to perfect his ideas, and although the English parliament voted him \$90,000 it hardly covered his outlay.

His monument is the roads of England.

Merr Schmeidler, who was Prince Bismarck's antagonist in his recent electoral contest, was a cigar maker, with no particular fame.

Association has brought him eminence, however, and even in his defeat he has gained a notoriety which makes him the victim of the autograph fiend.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is something of a musical enthusiast, has erected a large organ in the grand hall at Stafford house, London.

The instrument, which is the largest and most complete of any in private residences in England, is blown by a hydraulic engine, and cost \$30,000.

Lord Salisbury, stout and indolent as he may now seem, has been a hard worker, and in 1852, when he was Robert Cecil, visited the Bendigo and Ballarat gold fields, when he joined the diggers, lived in a tent, did his own washing and cooking and dug and gathered nuggets.

Edmund Yates has incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Wales for having stated in his newspaper that the queen was not to pay the prince's debts.

Yates has, accordingly, apologized for his conduct and retracts his assertion. Nevertheless, the original statement is understood to be substantially correct.

Pope Leo suffers from such a convulsive tremor of the hands—said to be the result of a former attack of typhoid fever—that he can no longer write.

When he has to sign a document he is obliged to hold the pen in his right hand with his left hand in order to be able to trace letters that would otherwise be unreadable, and even then each stroke is an infinity of tiny, light zig-zags.

Dr. Andrew Borde, the original Merry Andrew, was a physician of the time of Henry VIII, who advertised himself by facetious speeches to the multitude.

His pills were made of the skull of a man that had been hanged, to be taken with a draught of water from the skull of a murdered man. Powder of a mummy, oil of scorpion, blood of a dragon were some of his remedies.

Mark Twain and George W. Cable are entertaining companions on the lecture platform, but the public never sees the most amusing outcome of their companion-ship.

Cable is what some good folk call a "careless" man. This latter fact disturbs Ward's proposed remedy of secession, which was to go to Richmond and perform the Christian Association.

There is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, or Moore, not one of Sir Philip Sidney, nor of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hamden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chat-ham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton, or Davy; not one of Hogarth, Sir Isaac Newton, or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edward Keen.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the reformation wrought in the general tone of English society by Queen Victoria in the fifty years of her reign.

The fierce light that beats about a throne has never been able to reveal a flaw in the purity of her personal character.

All her life she has been personal character. All her life she has been personal character. All her life she has been personal character.

Coarseness and profligacy are no longer regarded with admiration, and the clergy may again enjoy the respect due to religion and the professed union of church and state.

There can be no doubt that there are forces at work in England, as in Europe generally, that threaten the foundations of society as now constituted, but the consolidation of the educated and prosperous classes, and the growth of what may be termed a conservative liberalism afford a promise of security, and although it is difficult to forestall the result of the fermentation of discontent in the proletariat it is always permissible to hope and believe that a danger which is recognized may be avoided.

Every lady should use Enamellee.

Enamellee for Smokers' use cannot be approached by any other article.

Enamellee will be found an indispensable addition to the toilet.

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Can you afford to marry?" "I think so. I have a clergyman friend who'll do it cheap."—Epoch.

Judge—"What's the prisoner charged with?" Officer—"Whisky, yer honor."—Harvard Lampoon.

Brine—Well, Jawleigh, after a year's trial, would you say marriage was a failure or a success? Jawleigh—Of course not. My wife is an orphan.

Watts—"I should like to do something to make myself remembered, shouldn't you?" Potts—"That is easy enough. Just get into debt."—Ex.

"I always shave myself," said Bjenkins, proudly. Bjones looked at him quizzically. "Do you find it necessary to tell people so?" he asked.—Somerville Journal.

Excited Citizen—"Officer! Officer! A man has jumped off that pier." Policeman (who can't swim)—"Well, there ain't no 'gin bathin' with clothes on, is there?"—Ex.

Miss Secondseason—How do you like Mr. Longhair's mustache? Miss Debutante (blushing)—I—er—have not known him long enough to say.—Drake's Magazine.

An Irishman was asked if he could make a cake. "Sure, it is easy enough," he replied, "you've only to possess yourself of a bungalow, and build the barrel round it."—Ex.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy."—Ex.

Mrs. Bond—"Did you tell Mrs. Jaw-smith that I was out, Norah?" Norah—"I did, mum." Mrs. Bond—"Did she say anything?" Norah—"She said, 'Thank goodness, mum.'"—Ex.

Miss Fresco (timidly)—What a pouring rain! I dread to start out in it. Her Friend (innocently)—Oh, I shouldn't mind so long as you have your umbrella to protect your face.—Life.

Gargoyles—I should think that women would find more congenial employment in banks than anywhere else. Mrs. Gargoyles—Why? Gargoyles—Because money talks.—Detroit Free Press.

She—Shall we invite the De Smythes, dear? You know they were the means of bringing us together before we were married. He—Certainly not. Most objectionable people.—Boston Budget.

He—"Believe me, Maude, you are my first love." She—"I believe you, Harry—nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could have acted as awkwardly as you have during the last six months."—Ex.

"Do you play much on the piano," he asked after she had finished a selection. "I use the instrument a good deal for killing time," she said. "Yes, I should suppose you use it for that."—N. Y. Press.

Mrs. Wickwore—Mary Ann, if I hear of your flirting from the window with that policeman again we will have to part. Mary Ann—Which one, ma'am? The day officer or the night officer?—Indianapolis Journal.

"That quail reminds me of my wife," said Bacon to Egbert as they sat at lunch the other day in a fashionable restaurant. "How's that?" asked his companion. "It's such a dear little thing."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hicks—"See here, waiter, it's an hour since I ordered my lunch, and it hasn't come yet. I can't afford to sit here all day." Waiter—"That's all right, sir. We never charge no rent for our tables, sir."—Harper's Bazaar.

Chollie—"What a brute ole Gotwax is! Told me I did not stop hanging around his daughter he would bewain me. Fawney be meant unwhain me, don't you know?" Yabsley—"No, I don't think he did."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Tompkins—"When my husband stays out all night, I refuse to give him any breakfast." Mrs. Smythe—"That may do for Mr. Tompkins, but it wouldn't punish Jim a bit. When he stays out all night he doesn't want any breakfast."—Puck.

Professor Digamma—Will you inform the class, Mr. Porter, where Homer was born? Porter (reflectively)—There are eight places which claim to be Homer's birthplace, but I believe, sir, it is now well settled that only five of them are really such.

Belle—"Do you know, a married man actually tried to flirt with me last night!" Blanche—"The horrid thing! What did you say to him?" Belle—"I told him his wife must have been a chump to marry a man who couldn't flirt any better than he could."—New York Herald.

"I trust young man," said the preacher during his call on the family the other evening, "that you are pursuing the even tenor of your way?" "I'm pursuing the even tenor in our church that is in my way," replied the youth hotly. "If he doesn't stop flirting with my girl I'll lamm him."—Ex.

Farmer—"That was a stavin' paper you got out last week. Country editor—I am glad to hear that you were pleased with it. Farmer—Then stories you had in about them fellers bein' cured of long standin' diseases were the enterresting bits of news I've read for a long time.—The Humorist.

Wyer Puller—Yes, sir, the senator not only received me with great courtesy, but when I was leaving accompanied me to the door. "Sissy Tuppensdown—I is pretty hard to believe about the courtesy, but I can understand his accompanying you to the door. He wanted to keep his eye on the hatrack and umbrella stand.—Ex.

Mr. Figg—"What on earth is all that yelling about?" Tommy—"It's me, paw. I am hollering like a locomotive. I'm the best hollerer in our crowd." Mr. Figg—"I see nothing to be proud of in that." Tommy—"But I do, paw. When us boys play cars with Johnny Briggs's wagon, I get to sit in the wagon and yell while the other boys do the pulling."—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's curious," remarked Miss Pepper-ton to Willie Washington, but your conversion reminds me so often of my early studies in arithmetic. "Ah! I was never notable for any mathematical gifts. But what was it you referred to?" "That old lesson about nothing plus nothing makes nothing."—Washington Post.

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RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE ALL RAIL LINE TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK, ETC.

THE SHORT LINE TO Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto,

and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

For maps, time tables, tickets, sleeping car berths, and all information, apply at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner, or Union Station, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1891—Winter Arrangement—1891

ON and after MONDAY, 15th MARCH, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.10

Accommodation for Point du Chene... 7.30

Fast Express for Halifax... 8.00

Fast Express for Montreal... 8.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal leaves St. John at 10.55 and takes Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 12.00 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex... 6.30

Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)... 6.55

Accommodation from Point du Chene... 7.25

Day Express from Halifax... 7.55

Fast Express from Halifax... 8.25

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 18th March, 1891.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN

Trains will leave St. John, St. George (East) at 2 p.m. West Side, 2.30 p.m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.40 p.m. Leave St. Stephen at 8 a.m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p.m. Freight received and delivered at Moncton's, Water Street, Eastern Standard Time.

FRANK J. MOPEAKE, Superintendent.

Oct. 4, 1890

STEAMERS.

STAR LINE. For FREDERICTON, ETC. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

UNTIL further notice a Steamer of this Line will leave Indiantown for Fredericton and all way landings every morning at 8 o'clock.

Returning will leave Fredericton at 8 o'clock every morning.

The Steamer of this line connect at Fredericton with Steamer Florenceville, and Railways for up-river counties.

Even on day's recreation will renew the strength and vigor to the tired mind and body. Take the Fredericton steamer at Indiantown for Long Island or intermediate landings at 9 a.m. (any day) and return same day at 4 p.m.

G. F. BAIRD, J. E. PORTER, Indiantown, Indiantown.

International Steamship Co.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT. Three Trips a Week for BOSTON.

ON and after MAY 4th the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every LONG DAY and WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.30 standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a.m. and Portland at 6.00 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

Even on Wednesday trip the steamer will call at Portland, Connecticut, and Saint Stephen, Andrews, Calais and Saint John.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. G. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!

THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT,

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

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

GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager.

Room 2, Fugley Building.

A. & J. HAY,

DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY, AMERICAN WATCHES, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

A WELL KNOWN HAMILTONIAN SNATCHED FROM DEATH'S JAWS.

Had Been Given up by the Doctors and His Case Was Considered Hopeless—But He Recovered in a Miraculous Manner and is now a Well and Strong Man Ever.

(Hamilton Herald, May 27th, 1891).

Although the age of miracles is generally supposed to be past, the case of John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, is about as nearly miraculous as anything that can be imagined. For three years and a half Mr. Marshall has been a victim of a disease known as locomotor ataxy, a spinal affection which deprived him of all feeling from his waist downwards, and left him a helpless cripple, given up by his physicians as incurable. Today he is restored to health, and apart from the weakness natural to a man who has wrestled so long with a terrible disease, he may be said to be as well as ever. The story of his wonderful recovery has been heard with amazement by his many friends, for Mr. Marshall is well known in Hamilton, having lived there for nearly 30 years, and for twenty years before his illness having been manager for the Canadian Oil company here.

One of the Herald's young men heard of the case and hunted up Mr. Marshall to get his story, which he was not unwilling to tell, in the hope that his experience might be of benefit to others who are affected similarly.

"I was taken ill in August, 1887," said Mr. Marshall, "and for three years and a half I was scarcely able to leave my room. My illness, I believe, was the result of a fall I had a year before, and it left me helpless. I had absolutely no sensation in my body below the waist, could not feel the use of my limbs. For more than three years I was not able to leave the house, any more than on very fine days I might go as far as the corner, and during all that time I was never down town. I had the best medical assistance, but the doctors all agreed I could not recover. I tried all kinds of patent medicines, but none of them did me any good. I also tried electricity, having as many as three batteries on me at once, but it was all of no avail.

"How did you come to recover?" "In February last someone threw in a circular about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I laid it aside, thinking it was like all the others I had tried—no good. But on April 14 I decided to give them a trial, and got a box of the pills. Within three days I noticed an improvement, and it has continued ever since, until, as well as you see me, I considered it nothing short of a miracle, and my friends who know me can scarcely credit it. Why, last week, I got up one morning, took my bath, dressed myself, went to the station, took the train for Toronto and walked to my brother-in-law's, and he would not believe it was myself."

"You say you were given up by the doctors?" "Yes, I spent hundreds of dollars in medical advice and in the purchase of all sorts of quack remedies. My physicians said my disease was incurable, and that I would never be able to use my limbs again. I am a member of the Royal Templars, and I have been passed by the society's doctors as past recovery, receiving from it the total disability benefit of \$1000. That is the best possible proof to me that my case was considered hopeless."

How many boxes of the Pills have you taken?" "I am now on my seventh box, but, as I told you, I got relief from the start. I consider my recovery to be wonderful, and I am recommending the remedy to every one who is afflicted as I was."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have accomplished such a miraculous cure in Mr. Marshall's case, say the remedy is compounded from the formula of a well-known physician, and is unsurpassed for the treatment of all diseases arising from impoverished blood or loss of vital force. The remarkable case noted in the above article from the Hamilton Herald, conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way over-stated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood builder and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their means a system action on the blood, build up the system and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

A Gilpense at Turkish Beauty.

The one Turkish lady's face I ever saw unveiled outside of a harem was only a face at a window opposite mine. Every morning before the streets were busy with traffic I watched a figure in rich yellow brocade silk come to the window and push it open. A gayly painted marble pipe and carved brass tray with tiny cups of coffee and sweetmeats were placed on the window ledge. Then I could just see the gay brocade figure and the outline of a beautiful dusky eastern face, and the gold tassels on the points of her red Turkish slippers, as she lay stretched on a low divan at the window with the long tube of the margie, covered with blue silk, between her lips. A bare, rounded arm with slim glass bangles on it would be stretched out to the window ledge and carry a tiny brass cup of thick black coffee to her thin red lips. In this way the first hour of the day would be passed until the traffic began on the streets, when I saw my pretty neighbor no more until next morning.—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. Livingstone's faithful servant, Susi, died recently in Zanibar. With a companion, he carried the famous explorer's body fifteen hundred miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Parliament thanked Susi for his performance, and even the queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

Enamellee will be found an indispensable addition to the toilet.

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Advertisement for various goods including China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, Music Store, Sheet Music, Fashionable Millinery, and GORRELL ART STORE.

Advertisement for HACKNOMORE cough cure, THE BEST COUGH CURE MADE IS HACKNOMORE, 25 and 50c. a Bottle.

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The RUDGE Cycle Company, Limited.

ENGLAND. The above Company's Machines have received Medals wherever exhibited, and at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, secured the highest award made in Bicycle Division, viz: a Gold Medal.

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T. H. HALL, - - AGENT, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"A duel—that's what it will be. They fight duels out here and go in for assassinations and pleasant pastimes of that kind. Oh, they're a cheerful lot. I don't wonder that most of them are black. Place seems to be in half mourning for the souls they have sent to the other land. Depend upon it, if it does come to a challenge, that sinister-looking sneak will take some mean, dirty advantage, for he is just one of those contemptible cowards who would not want to be killed decently. Well, I give him fair warning that if he does hurt Paul I'll poison him as sure as he's alive. Humph! that is if I have a chance."

"Oh dear! it's precious hot. Be hotter if I go back without Paul. Lucie will never forgive me, and all the time he is trying to get himself put out of the way. Nice position for a respectable young medical practitioner. I've a good mind to inoculate myself for the fever and lie up, so as to have a good excuse for my inaction when I meet Lucie again."

"Hell be here, I suppose, directly, and then it will be the regular thing hanging about that old verandah with the blacks watching me, and then ordering drink that I don't want, and smoking till I feel saturated with nicotine. Well, there's one comfort, I can find plenty of nigger cisterns for the liquor I don't consume. Poor old Paul, he will not take No for an answer. Mother and daughter both look upon him as an intruder, but he will not give up. Well, I wouldn't."

"Suppose now," he said, after re-lighting his cigar and loosening his necktie, "suppose now it was my case, and I wanted to get Lucie out of the convent? Well, I must confess that I should do as Paul does: hang about, hoping against hope. By George! he is fond of her, and the more time passes and he is kept back the worse he grows."

"Ready, Bart?"

"The young doctor sprang to his feet with a start. "Here, I say; what are you doing," he cried, "coming behind a fellow like that? Playing the spy, that's what it is. Did you hear what I was saying?"

"I did not hear you speak," said Paul, who looked haggard and strange. "Growing nervous?"

"Of course, I am. Who would not in a place like this? It's a paradise, I know; but we can't go a hundred yards without seeming to see the what's his name peeping out at us among the trees, with his black face and grinning teeth."

"Come along," said Paul drearily. "Not going up there again, are you?" Paul looked at him fiercely.

"What is the good of your talking to me like this? Go back home if you like, but for heaven's sake leave me in peace."

"How am I to go back home without you? Now, my dear old fellow, be reasonable. What is the use of your persevering?"

"Paul gave him a sad, despairing look. "She is still free, Bart, and in her heart I believe she loves me, so I still hope."

"But you will get into some terrible quarrel with this Saintone. Recollect that we are in a land where human life is of no value."

"I know. If I do get into a quarrel with him, and we meet—well, I shall either be without a rival or out of my misery."

"Paul, old chap?"

"There, hold your tongue, man. It's heart disease and you can't cure that. Come away, I feel as if there is going to be a change in the state of affairs this morning, and that the difficulty is going to be solved. Madame Dulau was more gone and kind with me last night. I think she likes me, Bart."

"As they came in sight of the now familiar verandah, Paul uttered an ejaculation. "There's something wrong, Bart," he said. "Look!"

"A few more niggers than usual, that's all I see. Wrong? Well, yes, to be drinking so early."

"All the same though, he noticed that the people were formed up in groups, and were discussing something eagerly, while as they drew near Bart could see that they drew away from them."

"Don't like that," he said to himself, as he followed his companion through the verandah into the gloom of the saloon, where Cherubine was seated in her mistress's place.

"This was nothing unusual now, for since her child's return Nousie had shrunk from her old duties more and more, feeling a shame of her avocations that she had never known before."

"The place seemed more dark than usual, and Paul could hardly distinguish Cherubine's face, fresh as he was from the glare of the road, but by degrees it stood out clear, with a peculiarly wild look in her eyes."

"Paul tried to speak, but a curious sensation of dread was upon him, and he turned to his companion. "Ask her," he said huskily, but before Bart could speak the door leading into the private part of the house was opened, and Nousie entered with a tall, dark creole, whose face wore an aspect of preternatural solemnity."

"Well?" cried Paul, eagerly. "Very little to tell you," said Bart. "I had to drag what I know out of him. It seems that she was ailing yesterday and the day before. Last night her condition alarmed her mother, and the doctor was sent for. She is asleep now, and must not be disturbed. I can tell you nothing without seeing her."

A wild and piercing scream reached them at that moment, echoed by Cherubine, who raised her head and let it fall heavily again, striking the table before her as if her brow were of wood."

Paul staggered as the wail rose again from outside, recovered himself and followed Bart who had dashed through the door, and following his footsteps he staggered into the white draped room which Nousie had prepared with such loving care for the advent of her child."

Paul clutched at the door as he grasped the scene in the shaded room. Nousie on her knees frantically clasping the white form of her child extended on the bed, her face buried in her white bosom, while all around over pillow and coverlet the poor girl's long black hair lay tossed. She had evidently been seized by some terribly agonizing pain in whose clutches she had writhed and tossed, for her bared arms were apart, and her head and shoulders were half over the side of the bed, where Nousie knelt. Bart was on the other side rapidly making his examination, at the end of which he went round and whispered to the stricken mother, who rose obediently, and like one in a dream helped him to compose the cramped and distorted limbs, before with a despairing gesture, he signed to Paul to approach."

Paul recoiled like a drunken man, and stared wildly at his friend, then at the beautiful face upon the pillow, from which the distortion of pain had passed, leaving it already calm and peaceful as if she slept."

"Bart—no, no, not that—not that?" whispered Paul at last, hoarsely. "God help you, old fellow!" whispered Bart with a deprecating gesture. "I can do nothing. It is too late."

"What?" cried Paul fiercely. "And is this your boasted knowledge. Helpless miserable pretender! Aube, Aube, my darling!—gone—gone. God help me, what shall I do?"

He flung himself on his knees by the bedside, and passionately kissed the soft curls again and again, heedless of everything, as by all the terms of endearment he could command, he called upon her to come back to him, for he could not live alone, till his passionately uttered words grew faint and husky."

Just at sundown, amidst wailing and tears, Aube's flower-covered bier was borne by half a dozen of the neighboring blacks, the white, statuesque figure, with its marble face open to the waning sunshine, to the burying ground, where a shallow grave was waiting a priest standing close by."

Paul followed, hand in hand with Nousie, and as they reached the grave he raised his eyes, which looked to his friend as if they blazed, for they had suddenly encountered those of Saintone, standing there with his mother."

But Paul's anger died out directly, for he could see the man's face working with the hysterical passion of his southern nature, and as he stepped forward to take a last farewell of her who lay there he uttered a broken cry, and Paul gave a sigh of relief as Saintone was led away."

"It was not he," thought Paul. "He loved her, too. It was not he."

Then, as if in a dream, he listened to the priest, and stood there, stunned, till the last sad rites were at an end, and it seemed to him as he saw the earth cover her from sight that his own life was at an end as well."

The wails of the blacks rang in his ears, and he sank, the darkness was coming on fast as Bart whispered to him, "Come."

In a dreamy way still, as if he would awake from it all soon, he was about to follow, but a cold hand touched his, and a piteous voice said to him in almost a whisper—

"Don't leave me yet, dear. I am so lonely now."

Bart drew back and gave up his idea of taking Paul back to their place as he saw him gravely head over Nousie. Draw her arm through his, and followed by a group of weeping people, led her to her home, the young doctor coming almost last."

Nousie started from her chair again, stood listening intently, and then ran to the open door and listened, and as fresh voices were heard as of people passing—

She hurried back with her face wild as if from some fresh horror, and stood with her hands clasped to her forehead. Then dropping on her knees she caught Cherubine's arm and shook her."

The woman's eyes unclosed, and she appeared to be awakened from a deep sleep. "Do you hear me?" said Nousie, sharply. "I cannot think; the trouble has dazed me. The meeting—it was tomorrow night!"

Cherubine closed her eyes as if sinking into her deep sleep again, but her lips moved, and she said in a faint whisper: "No—tonight—great meeting—the goat without horns—tonight."

"She is wandering," said Bart, feeling her pulse. "Dying," said Paul hoarsely. "I think not. The poison seems to be narcotic. Sleep."

Nousie had risen, and stood with her hands pressed to her brow. Then she uttered a low strange cry as she caught at Paul's arm, and literally dragged him to the door."

"Quick!" she gasped. "It is too horrible, but—God help me—my brain seems turned. Here, quick! You are young and strong. Run—run fast as man can go, and—"

She dragged him down so that she could whisper a few words in his ear. "What?" he cried, starting from her, and gazing at her as if he thought her mad."

"You are wasting time," she cried piteously. "Go—! her mother, ask you. It is for Aube's sake. Go!"

Paul turned from her and darted out into the darkness, while Nousie stood panting with excitement as she listened to his escape."

footsteps till they died away. Then she turned back into the room with her breath coming and going with a hoarse sound."

"She is asleep," said Bart as he approached her. "Tell me what all this means?"

"Wait, wait, she replied, as she pressed her hands to her head again, and then hurried to a cupboard, whose door she threw open."

"But where have you sent my friend?" "Wait till he returns. I cannot speak to you now. Yes," she said, "I must think of something else or I shall go mad. Tell me—will she live?"

"I hope so. I cannot say. But tell me this—it was an error then? She would not purposely have given poison to your child?"

"No," said Bart bluntly. "I don't think I am."

"Nousie groaned. "You would fight—for him—your friend?" "I should try to," said Bart grimly. "And you have pistols?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how long he is!" cried Nousie, running to the door again. "I am not sure," she cried piteously, "or I should go along with you."

"Look here," said Bart, sharply. "We are your friends, Madame Dulau, and for that poor girl's sake we will try to serve you in this new trouble if you will only tell me what it means; but it is all a riddle to me. Come, tell me where have you sent Paul?"

She held up her hands to him. "Hush, listen," she cried, and she ran again to the door, but came back wringing her hands. "No, no, wait," she said. "When he comes. It can't be so. I am mad and wild, and think such horrors. Ah! at last!"

For there were rapid steps in the road, and before she could reach the door Paul rushed in, a ghastly-looking and wild, the sweat standing in great drops upon his face, his hair clinging to his temples and foam upon his lips."

"Paul, man!" cried Bart, running to him and drawing a pistol. "Are you being hunted down?"

"Speak! My child?" cried Nousie, who was clinging to Paul as he fought for his breath, which came and went with a rattling sound."

"The grave!" he gasped at last; and his voice was like that of one in mortal agony. "rifled—my darling—she is not there."

Nousie uttered a low strange moaning sound as she caught the two young men each by the wrist, and the woman's manner and voice seemed changed as she dragged them to the inner part of the room, close by where Cherubine lay now in a trance like that of death."

"Do as I tell you," she said in a quick, strong voice, "we may be in time."

Group after group had come through the doorway, a fierce-looking black, one of whose faces, for the greater part black, but dotted here and there by those of the mulatto and nearly white, turned from one to the other, each scanning his or her neighbor with an eager, eager, eager gaze, and the yellow light, aided by the glow from the red ornamentation of the gathered worshippers, and flashed and glowed from a hundred eyes, made the place seem like some pandemonium such as poets have described."

The murmurs of impatience rose and fell, and the red curtain swayed, but no sign was made from beyond it till an excited voice shrieked the word "Papaloi!" and this seemed to be the cue for a burst of other cries—"Maman!—Papaloi!" followed by a suppressed murmur of excitement, and the rolling of opal eyeballs as the great red curtain suddenly divided in two from top to bottom, and was drawn quickly back by invisible hands."

A "Ah!" rippled through the assembly as, dimly seen at the back of the stage or platform rose a rough kind of altar, upon which stood a large dark box, which was either stained or appeared to be in the lurid glow of the red curtain."

The gathering yelled with excitement, clutching each other and leaping up, the smoky lamps swayed, and a fit of delirium seemed to be seizing upon all there."

In the midst of the wild and increasing excitement, a fierce-looking black, one of two who had entered with a woman almost the last, leaned towards the latter and whispered—

"This nunnerly sickness me. You must have been mistaken."

"Hush! Your life is at stake," she whispered back. "Ah!" rippled through the assembly as, dimly seen at the back of the stage or platform rose a rough kind of altar, upon which stood a large dark box, which was either stained or appeared to be in the lurid glow of the red curtain."

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Paul made no reply, for Nousie was holding his arm fast and trembling violently. He bent towards her, and replied, after a glance round to see that the people were too much intent upon the choral dance to heed them—a portion of the spectators, or resting performers of the rites. "I am right," she said slowly. "I know these people and what they do. It may mean all our deaths, but you will be brave and try."

"Have no fear."

"Look!" whispered Nousie. "There, on the other side."

"Well, I see two blacks," said Paul. "You mean those leaving the place?"

"Saintone—Deffrad's friend. They will help us. Ah! be ready! They will risk it now."

"Ask what?" said Bart, angrily pressing towards them. "Madame Dulau, this is too much. We have come at your wish to this diabolical orgie. What can it do to us that we want to discover?"

Nousie's eyes looked wildly in his, and she held up her hand. "Don't destroy my hope of saving her," she whispered, piteously. "Can you not trust me a little while?"

All at once Nousie drew her breath with a spasmodic catch, and thrust her hand into her breast. "For the savage din ceased, and moved by one impulse the people pressed up toward the platform, stopped half-way, as if checked by some invisible barrier, and one only approached deprecatingly and with outstretched hands, preferring some petition."

Jacaine's teeth were bared, and he turned and approached Genie, whispered to her, and she slowly went through a kind of pantomime, as if resuming consciousness. She gazed wildly round, pressed her hands to her temples, and taking Jacaine's hand, stepped slowly down, and stood with her back to the people, her hands upon the serpent's cage and her head bent down, in adoring supplication, while a low exclamation of surprise and awe from the crowd, who were waiting for their request to be granted."

The silence and heat were awful, and darkness was beginning to add to the horrors of the scene, for two of the lamps hung downward with the rest of the crowd, who were waiting for their request to be granted."

Suddenly Genie rose erect, her eyes glittering as she turned upon the crowd and drew herself up, her lips apart and her teeth showing in a fierce manner. She made a sign with both hands, as if she were scattering the serpent's gifts to them. Then a wild excited shout rose from the people, followed by a dead silence, as the woman turned slowly to the back of the platform and disappeared, while, as if to excite the hideous passions of his followers, Jacaine stood watching them, and slowly drew a glittering knife from the blue scarf which girded his waist."

Nousie glanced quickly at her two companions, and saw that they were well forward, watching eagerly for the next step in the proceedings. Paul being now almost spellbound, and the doubts which had troubled him before, giving place to a strange expectancy that he could not have analysed had he tried."

The next minute, in the midst of the painful hush which had fallen upon the place, his whole manner changed, and he stood gasping—mentally stunned, for that which followed was beyond his wildest dreams."

"Aube!" ejaculated Paul in a hoarse whisper, as Bart stood beside him with his jaw dropped, and the sweat standing in great drops upon his forehead."

"What is it for—what does it mean?" Paul asked himself, as he stood there staring wildly, and he saw the gleam of the knife in the huge black's hand, and noted that his thick lips were apart displaying his white teeth in an ugly grin. Then still dimly and dreamily he recalled how he had heard that in these savage rites there was at times a human sacrifice to the serpent god, and he shuddered again, as his eyes wandered over the white figure with its pale set face and fixed and staring eyes. The sacrifice was dragged in the lurid glow of the red curtain, and he recalled in India and in the offerings of the old Mexican priests, and it must be so here—with this maiden who resembled Aube so strongly, Aube his darling who was dead."

"Now—quick!" a voice whispered in his ear—"they will kill her. Now! before it is too late."

The spell was broken, and the thoughts that must have been momentary in their passage through Paul's brain were gone with the nightmare-like fancies. For it was Nousie's touch upon his arm, her words too in his ear. By some strange juggery Aube had been brought there and she was to be the victim of these unholy rites."

Paul's hand grasped his friend's arm, and he too started as if from some strange spell."

It was only a matter of moments. Genie still waved her hand above the victim, and seemed to be dedicating the offering to the serpent before whose altar they were, and the black stood, knife in hand, his eyes bloodshot and wild, as he swept them over his followers, silently asking their sanction to his deed. And then as a low murmur again rose, increasing to a shout from a hundred throats thirsting for the victim's blood, Jacaine swung himself round, threw his right arm back with the glittering knife dimly seen in the smoky light, and caught the victim's other arm, Genie aiding so that the victim swung forward and hung toward the excited throng sustained by her prisoned wrists, her head thrown back, and neck and bosom bared in one soft white curve."

A loud roar of excitement now arose—the cry of a herd of wolves, but it changed into a yell of savage astonishment, as a dark figure seemed to hurtle into the huge black, who was borne backward. Taken as she was by surprise, Genie was dashed aside to go staggering against the rough wall, and Aube was caught in her mother's arms, Nousie clasping her tightly to her breast, and then matching one hand free, thrusting it into her bosom, and facing round she shouted, ready to slay the first who should try to rob her of her child."

Words were uttered, fierce cries, and passionate adjurations; but all were drowned in the savage roar of disappointment, as, robbed of their prey, the over-

wrought crowd of worshippers surged forward in a wave. There was no shrinking now, for they were fighting in the serpent's cause, and in the fierce struggle which followed, men swayed here and there, the platform cracked, and the altar, with its serpent ark was overturned, and a lamp fell from its hold, and crashed on the floor, making the interior still more dim."

The encounter was fierce but short. The great black recoiled, and a dozen hands were there to help him; double that number were trying to clutch the interrupters of the rites, and in a very few minutes Paul and Bart were prisoners, roughly bound, and thrown upon the floor, while Nousie was torn away shrieking from her insensible child."

But her cries were drowned in the raging murmur of the excited crowd, which clamored loudly now for the conclusion of the rite, and the mutterings rose into a roar of passionate exultation, for, forgetting their prisoners where they had been cast down, all present watched Genie as with instinctive haste, she caught Aube's wrist, and made a sign to the black. He, too, once more caught the soft white arm, drawing back his knife, and then lurched forward and fell heavily, as the sharp report of a revolver rang out; another and another, and two fresh comers fought their way to the platform."

For, sickened by the heat, disgusted by the proceedings, Saintone and Deffrad, in total ignorance of what was to follow, had left the scene a few minutes before, and were sauntering slowly back to the town when they were arrested by the outcry, and reached the doorway in time to recognise the victim Genie's diabolical ingenuity had prepared."

Saintone stood for a moment paralysed, and then with a quick order to his friend, snatched out his revolver, rested the barrel against the doorpost, and fired."

The encounter that followed bade fair to be a repetition of that which had gone before, the negroes setting up a fierce howl of rage and rushing forward once more as the newcomers reached the platform; but Deffrad's pistol flashed twice in defence of his friend, and at each shot a man fell."

Meanwhile Saintone, who had sprung up, seized Aube and dragged her from Genie, sending the priestess staggering with a blow from his pistol, and he was making his way down, burdened with his load, when Genie snatched a knife from her waist and sprang at him, but only to fall face downward with a bullet from his revolver through her brain."

There was a pause. Another furious howl arose as the people recovered from their astonishment. The shots had dazed them for the moment, and they had shrunk from the deadly weapons, but as they saw their two leaders fall, and the victim again about to be snatched from their hands, about a score rushed forward."

Shot followed shot rapidly, and others fell, but there were 50 men and raging furies ready to take their places; and as Aube fell back upon the platform the last chambers of the revolvers were emptied, and Saintone and Deffrad were surrounded by a howling throng, who fought and struck at them, striving to drag them down in spite of their brave resistance."

Another minute and they would have been torn to pieces where they fought for dear life, but a shriek of horror arose, and the whole mob, as it moved by one impulse, rushed for the door, bearing their misdeeds and panting victims in their midst."

It was none too soon, for the temple of their obscure rites was doomed. The thrown down lamp had remained unnoticed, and the smoke had veiled what had been taking place, till as it with a bound, a great pillar of flame had shot up one side of the brushwood walls, and leaped along the rafters and the dry leafy thatch, which roared and crackled as it burst into flame, casting down a lurid glare through the smoke upon whose Aube lay, white and still, apparently doomed to die a purer death than that designed—a burnt sacrifice in the serpent's name."

But a bright keen knife was at work behind the great red curtain on one side, and the fire there was at times a miracle to the wretched crew."

"Draw your revolver, man," whispered Bart. "I had forgotten mine and used my fists," as Paul now stepped forward, raised the deeply-dugged victim and bore her behind the screen at the back. Nousie guiding him to where a narrow entrance helped the priest in his mystic jugglery before his miserable disciples."

It was none too soon, for as Bart came last and passed through, a portion of the burning roof fell, and the sides of the building tottered in the furious blaze."

Favored by the darkness they traversed the forest path, and guided by Nousie reached the port by a deserted way just as the sun rose above the glowing sea."

Fortune favored them, inasmuch as a large French steamer had come into harbor only two days before, and they were willingly received on board; while a few hours after Bart was able to announce that the effects of the potent narcotic, under whose influence Aube had been kept, were gradually dying away."

In the course of the day news reached the vessel that there had been some kind of rising among the negroes at one of their festivals, a hut had been fired, several burned to death, and a well-known gentleman and his friend nearly killed."

It was long after midnight, and just as he was growing terribly anxious that Nousie came on board, walking very slowly, and as if completely wearied out."

"Ah," she sighed, as she took Paul's arm, and leaned upon it heavily. "My darling?"

"Sleeping calmly."

"Take me to her," said Nousie softly, and Paul led her toward the cabin."

"How weary you are," he said. "You found Cherubine?"

"Asleep," she said gently, and, with a strange pathos in her voice, "They had been and stabbed her to the heart."

"What?"

"And the house was burning as I came away."

"Thank heaven we are out of that dreadful place," thought Paul, as he stopped by Aube's cabin for Nousie to enter, but she held his right arm tightly."

"Come too," she said; and he walked with her into the cabin, where she whispered a few words to the lady watching and then went to the cot and kissed her sleeping child."

"Take me away," she whispered to Paul. "I cannot bear it. I am very weak. It might hurt her."

He led her back on deck, and she sank into one of the cane reclining chairs with a heavy sigh."

"You are completely overcome," said Paul, tenderly. "Let me get you some wine?"

"No; don't leave me, dear," she said. "It is getting so dark. Tell me once more that you love me, Aube."

"Love her?" cried Paul. "Ah yes, you do love her, and will be kind to her. It is better so. Kiss dear Luce when you get home, and tell her always to be a sister to my child."

"Madame Dulau," cried Paul in alarm, "you are ill. Let me fetch Durham?"

"No, no," she sighed, "don't leave me. They struck me twice. It is too late. It is better so. Come closer. Kiss me, dear. Ah," she sighed, as he bent down, passed his arm about her, and pressed his lips to hers, while she feebly clasped his neck, "my darling's husband. Good-bye, dear Paul. I shall not disgrace you now—good."

She did not finish the sentence, for her head sank down on Paul Lowther's breast. The last victim of the Vaudoux was dead, with two deadly wounds above the heart."

CHAPTER XXI.—IN ENGLAND. Aube Dulau had been back in the calm seclusion of the pension trying to forget her griefs in the companionship of Luce, some six months before a fresh sorrow came to her in the parting, for with her brother's full consent, Luce left France for the country town where Doctor Durham had taken his new degree and the practice that was to be his."

The wedding was quiet and there was no honeymoon, for the doctor was too busy making friends with his new patients. But it was none the less a happy match, and the wedding trip money came in very useful in other ways."

Nearly a year more had passed before, during a visit to her friend, Aube could be brought to say the words for which Paul Lowther prayed. He had long enough before given into her charge the packet confided to him by Nousie, the contents being the warrants for a large sum invested in England and France."

It was one evening that Paul at last dragged forth the reluctant word trying to forget her griefs in the companionship of Luce, some six months before a fresh sorrow came to her in the parting, for with her brother's full consent, Luce left France for the country town where Doctor Durham had taken his new degree and the practice that was to be his."

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