

PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 250.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHE HAS LOTS OF NERVE.

MRS. H. T. STEVENS PRESENTS A BOLD FRONT TO THE PUBLIC.

A Sketch of Her Moncton Life—When the Baby Arrived at the Household—How Mrs. Crossman's Boy Came to Light—What Became of Him?

MONCTON, FEB. 9.—The excitement over the Hallet-Stevens case, in Moncton, seems not to have abated in the least. The proceedings before the magistrate are of the greatest possible interest to the people. The court room is thronged as soon as it is opened, and hundreds who fail to gain admittance go away disappointed.

At the time this is written, the examination is not finished, but it is thought that today, or at the furthest, tomorrow, will see the end of the proceedings before the magistrate, and that the accused will be sent up for her trial before the County Court which meets early in March, in Dorchester. The chances are that the magistrate will exercise his discretion and admit Mrs. Stevens to bail, but if he does not choose to do this, no doubt an application will be made to a judge for such an order.

The extraordinary coolness and non-chalance of the prisoner have caused a variety of comment some of them favorable but most of them unfavorable to Mrs. Stevens. Instead of appearing stricken and crushed with shame she carries herself with the air of a Lizzie Borden, and laughs and chats as she walks the streets and to and from the examination. No one will ever question the boldness and nerve of the woman after this; those who knew her thoroughly before were, indeed, not disposed to do so and her present attitude has but emphasized their opinion as to her ability to carry through any project she undertook.

Ever since she went to Moncton as the wife of H. T. Stevens, Mrs. Stevens has been a bold woman, or rather a fearless woman. She has never consulted the public in any of her enterprises whether they were of a social public or of a private nature. On the contrary she has defied the public, perfected her plans, executed them and laughed at the tongue of Mrs. Grundy. It can be well imagined therefore that she has not been as popular as she might have been. She has always occupied a well defined position in society as the wife of one of the prominent and popular men of the town but society does not care to be slighted or its opinion ignored and Mrs. Stevens did not hesitate to risk the consequences of causing her society friends to talk when her plans demanded it.

Although a married woman of some years she had not the happiness of having children, and it was in consequence of this that she and her husband concluded to adopt the ill-fated child, Mabel Hallett. That was some six or seven years ago, and people who knew the Stevens and the Hallett families were inclined to congratulate both upon the move that had been made.

It was not very long afterwards—a year or two perhaps—when it became whispered about in the mysterious way that such things get about that the long wished for event in the Stevens' family was to happen. The lady friends of Mrs. Stevens were assured of the correctness of the rumor, which was further substantiated by the fact that those necessary accompaniments of such interesting events, dressmakers, began to have an exceedingly busy time of it in the Stevens household. Nothing was too good for the expected stranger, money was lavished without stint upon the outfit which was to be his or her's when born.

Then one bright March morning the only morning paper of the town, the Times came forth with the announcement that a son had come to the house of Stevens and the joy of the inmates was complete. Mr. Stevens was then the active editor of his newspaper and he made appropriate references to the elegantly bound edition of his name.

Dr. Jas. D. Ross was the attending physician. There was no nurse save the domestic of the house who at that time and until Mrs. Stevens appeared in public again performed the delicate duties required of her.

But a few hours before this, in a house in the same town, a bright bouncing boy came into the world. Mrs. Crossman was his mother his father was absent from home. His coming was expected too and yet in this poor household no lavish preparations were made for the baby. There were no dainty garments and nothing to indicate that he had come to make any lengthy sojourn in the house of his mother. This proved too true for scarcely had the baby infant become used to the warm cotton wool by which he was surrounded than he was taken from his parent. He had been bargained for before he saw the light of day, the only condition being that the babe must be a boy. A sum in the vicinity of \$25 was paid the mother and the new owner of the boy started away with the small wicker basket that con-

AGAIN "A WOMAN IN IT."

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ALEX. D. CAMERON.

How He Married Foolishly, Lived Miserably and Died Suddenly—His Widow, Charged With Murder, Tries to End Her Own Life in Her Prison Cell.

When the coffin lid was fastened down over the body of Alexander D. Cameron, at Hampton, Nova Scotia, on Saturday the 30th of January, a number of the people in that vicinity, including the widow, supposed that there was an end of the matter. He had died on the preceding Saturday, and Dr. Gideon Barnaby was of the opinion that death was due to natural causes. He thought it was apoplexy, and said that if the brain was examined there would be found a superabundance of serum, or a clot at the base of the brain. Then the widow sent the body to Bridgetown, to be forwarded to Pictou for burial.

Hampton, N. S., is a village of which a good many of the readers of PROGRESS have never heard. The ordinary Gazetteer of Canada is silent as to the existence of such a place. It is a small settlement five miles from Bridgetown, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. There lived Capt. John E. Farnsworth, at whose house Cameron died. Others than the widow were interested in the case, and they had a belief that Cameron's death was not due to natural causes. With this feeling they called upon Coroner Primrose, of Lawrencetown, and demanded an inquest be held. When the body reached Bridgetown, on Monday, it was stopped in its transit to Pictou and an inquest was held.

It was not a very formal enquiry, but loose as the methods appear to have been, a startling revelation was made. Rupert D. Taylor, a druggist, testified that Mrs. Cameron had recently purchased 36 grains of morphia from him, and that she had got 30 of these on the morning she left to visit her husband, on the day before his death. Thereupon a post mortem examination was ordered, and every symptom of death from morphia poisoning was discovered. Later the portions of the body necessary for a test were sent to St. John for analysis.

Mrs. Cameron knew nothing of these proceedings until Wednesday, when thinking her husband slightly buried at Pictou, she came out to Bridgetown and went to the house where she had boarded.

Mrs. Saunders, who owned the house, fainted at sight of her, and Mrs. Cameron went to Burpee Chute's, where she spent the night. The next day she was arrested. Coming down in the train to Annapolis, Mrs. Cameron seemed quiet and unconcerned. On being asked for her ticket she

said, "The sheriff has my ticket." On the evening of her arrival at Annapolis she asked the gaoler for a razor, saying that she had a corn which was so painful that she could not sleep. He gave her the razor, remarking that he hoped she did not want it for any other purpose than to cut the corn. She assured him that she did not, and he left it with her. The prisoner had refused food at tea time, and late in the evening the gaoler's wife went in to try and persuade her to eat something. She found her lying with her shoulders and neck wrapped in a shawl, apparently asleep. The shawl and bed were covered with blood, and it was found that she had cut a gash several inches long in her throat. Dr. Withers was immediately sent for, and dressed the wound. A number of pieces of paper were found, several of which had evidently contained morphia. What drug was in the others, no one knows. Mrs. Cameron was used morphia for years.

A brother of Mrs. Cameron, one of the most prominent lawyers in Maine, has been at Annapolis but has returned home. He was summoned when she tried to kill herself, and while the wound was being dressed paced the floor holding both hands to his head.

On Monday Mrs. Cameron again attempted suicide by opening a vein in her arm, no care seems to have been taken to prevent anything of this sort, as she was not examined when arrested. Her handbag contained all sorts of cosmetics, which she has been in the habit of using. They probably account for much of the good looks attributed to her. At least she is far from being the "fine, buxom, handsome woman," as she sits awaiting her fate. She

used to drive a great deal, and was conspicuous by her flashy turnout and fast horses.

The preliminary examination was begun at Bridgetown on Tuesday, and Mrs. Cameron was obliged to attend with her hair in a braid down her back, as in view of her determined attempts at suicide, she could not be trusted with hair pins.

The story is that of a dashing, domineering woman with a husband twenty years older than herself and in subjection to her. Her maiden name was Jennie McNichol, and she was one of a prominent family in Washington county, Maine, members of which are leading residents of Calais and Eastport at the present time.

Cameron was a Pictou man, and was in his 50th year at the time of his death. Twenty years ago he was keeping a country store at Sherbrooke Gold Mines when he met this Jennie McNichol, then a bright and pretty girl. Despite the fact that there was about 25 years difference in their years, they were married. Cameron had reverses in business after this, but his wife saved money, and in 1884 or 1885 he and his wife removed to Bridgetown, where he started a store and appeared to prosper, until within the last two or three years, finally resulting in a collapse last year. The stock was purchased for Mrs. Cameron, who appears to have saved money from year to year, and the Camerons went to board with Burpee Chute, Mr. Cameron being in broken health.

POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

WAS THE INFATUATION OF RECTOR STEVENS A MANIA?

His Past Record and Conclusions to be Drawn From It—What a Good Many People Think of Him and of Mr. Nase—Something About His Life and Tastes.

Last Monday night, Rev. L. G. Stevens called at the sheriff's office, accompanied by his counsel, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, and was served with a writ holding him to bail in \$2,000, in an action of trespass brought by Leonard Nase. The grounds on which the action is based are known to every reader of PROGRESS. Mr. Stevens is said to be willing to let the matter be decided by the courts, with full confidence in the result. The bail demanded was given when the writ was served.

The point is not whether Mr. Stevens lost his head over the woman and wrote the most foolish letters ever penned by a clergyman in this diocese, but whether Mr. Nase has been damaged by the alleged alienation of his wife's affections. If the case ever comes to trial, it is understood that some interesting evidence will be brought into court by the counsel for Mr. Stevens.

In Mr. Nase's case, it would seem that "the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels," and while his original price of \$22,000 has been considerably abated, he is still after money, and has brought a suit with the hope of getting it at some stage of the proceedings.

The publication of extracts from the letters in the daily papers by Mr. Nase has been a sword that cuts both ways. While it showed that Mr. Stevens had been more foolish than any mortal man could have supposed he would be, it made hundreds who had condemned him of the opinion that he was laboring under some peculiar mental aberration—verily possessed of a devil—during the period of his infatuation. At the same time, the act of Mr. Nase in giving to the world these letters which his wife had received and continued to receive without protest until there was a volume of them, did not tend to put him in a very enviable light in the opinion of the public. While many people condemn Mr. Stevens, not a few are inclined to pity him, but if any pity is felt for Mr. Nase the fact has not yet been generally known. In justice to Mr. Nase's side of the case, extracts from the letters are republished on the twelfth page of PROGRESS today.

It is impossible for anyone acquainted with human nature to imagine a deliberately bad and designing man taking such a course as Mr. Stevens took. He would have been a foolish knave indeed who set about his work in that way, and Mr. Stevens in his normal mental condition has never been accounted a foolish man in any of his methods.

Nor has he been considered a bad man. His record is the reverse. When he was graduating from the leading university of America—old Harvard—his intent was to distinguish himself in the practice of medicine, and he entered on his favorite study under the guidance of one of the leading surgeons of the United States. He abandoned this profession, because he felt he had a call to enter on the higher work of the ministry. For nearly a score of years his life as a clergyman has been marked by a devotion to his labors and he has brought the exercise of fine abilities to bear in all that pertained to his work. The beauty which impresses one who visits St. Luke's church is largely due to the skill and taste of the rector which were brought to bear in carrying out the details of its construction. So, too, the flourishing condition of the parish today may be traced to his systematic and untiring energy. He was thoroughly in love with his high calling, until the devil tempted him and he fell.

No one, therefore, can claim that he has in the past been either a foolish or a bad man. Why, when he did step aside, he should have floundered so terribly in the quicksands of immoral folly is one of the things that can only be explained on the hypothesis advanced by many who know him well—that as regards that particular matter he was, for the time, mentally and morally irresponsible for the wild jargon of love, philosophy and erotic suggestion that flowed from his all too facile pen.

Foreshadowing is not defending Mr. Stevens, but his extraordinary conduct must well puzzle everybody who has had any knowledge of the man and his work in the past.

EVERYBODY SAID IT WAS JUST.

How the Verdict of the Coroner's Jury Was Received in Moncton.

MONCTON, FEB. 8.—The result of the coroner's inquest into the cause of Mabel Hallett-Stevens' death came somewhat as a surprise to most Moncton people, the verdict was different from what was expected and yet satisfactory. It was to the effect that Mabel Glennie Hallett-Stevens came to her death by a shock, the result of ill treatment from Jane Stevens, wife of H. T. Stevens.

The verdict was handed to the coroner at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, after the jury had been out for an hour and twenty-five minutes.

Public imagination had been wound up to the highest pitch of expectation during Sunday and Monday, a report having reached Moncton on Saturday night, that Mr. Best, of St. John, had discovered poison, but this proved only a rumor, the analyst having failed to discover any poison known to ordinary chemistry, though he found some very peculiar translucent discs which he was unable to account for, or identify, and at first supposed to be poison, but finally decided not to be any poison within the knowledge of the ordinary analyst; Mr. Best added in his testimony that the examination could be carried further if desired.

When the verdict became known the excitement in the city was intense, but for once, public opinion was almost unanimous as to the justice of the finding—"a thoroughly just verdict!" "I do not see how they could have done otherwise, with the evidence before them!" "It may seem harsh, and I am sorry for the family, but the verdict is perfectly just. How could they bring in any other?" were the remarks heard on the street, from groups of citizens who had gathered to discuss the investigation. Indeed there is but one opinion in Moncton at the present time, and that is that the investigation has been conducted throughout not only with absolute fairness and impartiality, but with singular moderation. The accused was given every opportunity of explaining every act and thing which looked suspicious against her and of justifying herself in the eyes of the world; the jury was composed of an unusually intelligent and fair minded body of men and it will be noted in reading the concluding proceedings of the investigation, that there were no addresses made either by the coroner or the counsel so that they were left perfectly unbiased and their decision was arrived at solely from their view of the body and the evidence presented by the different witnesses. Perhaps it would be as well in the interests of common justice to refer here to the unjustifiable imputing of the unfairness brought by a prominent St. John daily paper against those concerned in the investigation. The people of this city do not hesitate to pronounce it untrue in every

where the returns wrong? There is a strong presumption that had blunders were made. According to the figures of the census of 1891, the population of St. John city in that year was 39,179, a decrease of 2,174, or a trifle over five per cent. from the figures of 1881. There are and will be a great many people who doubt the correctness of these returns, and are of the opinion that the population has not diminished and may have increased during the last ten years.

A striking confirmation of this belief is found in the returns made by the water works for the purposes of assessment. Each house and family residing on the streets which have pipe lines or within a radius of 700 feet from a pipe line is definitely located, so that there is no chance for exaggeration of the figures. The surveys for last year and the year before differ very little, but for the purpose of comparison with the census returns the survey of 1891 may be taken. It shows no less than 8,030 families living on the streets supplied with pipe lines and not including a large number of others living outside of such lines on streets in such places as Stanley ward, and other parts of the North end, as well as other sections of the city.

These figures are for families only, and do not include stores, workshops, etc., which are separately enumerated. Allowing the moderate computation of five persons to a family, which is less than the average made by compilers of vital statistics, there is a population of over 40,000 people on the streets reached by the water-supply alone, without counting those who are outside of Mr. Murdoch's survey, but within the city limits.

In the face of this, it looks as though there had been a good deal of blundering by the men who undertook to make a count of the population of St. John.

REV. LORENZO C. STEVENS.

been a sword that cuts both ways. While it showed that Mr. Stevens had been more foolish than any mortal man could have supposed he would be, it made hundreds who had condemned him of the opinion that he was laboring under some peculiar mental aberration—verily possessed of a devil—during the period of his infatuation. At the same time, the act of Mr. Nase in giving to the world these letters which his wife had received and continued to receive without protest until there was a volume of them, did not tend to put him in a very enviable light in the opinion of the public. While many people condemn Mr. Stevens, not a few are inclined to pity him, but if any pity is felt for Mr. Nase the fact has not yet been generally known. In justice to Mr. Nase's side of the case, extracts from the letters are republished on the twelfth page of PROGRESS today.

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They have New Quarters Not Excelled by Any in Canada. The bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, embracing St. John Lodge of Perfection, 14°, Harlington Rose Croix Chapter, 18°, and New Brunswick Consistory, 32°, are about to remove into their new apartments on the upper floor of the Masonic Building, where they have fitted up a suite of rooms specially adapted to the work of the various degrees. Prior to taking possession an "At Home" was given last evening, for which some four hundred invitations were issued. The hour at which Progress goes to press prevents any details being given, but an excellent programme was arranged, including vocal and instrumental music, followed, after refreshments, by dancing. The main lodge room, on the floor below, as well as the halls and ante-rooms, gave additional accommodation for promenade purposes, etc.

The apartments devoted to the Rite occupy the whole of the fourth floor, and include two fine rooms for meetings, janitor's room and a number of smaller rooms, the utility of which is less apparent to the public than to those who have taken the degrees. Everything is very nicely finished and the furnishings will be of a correspondingly handsome style. The members of the St. John bodies have by all odds the most comfortable and convenient quarters of any occupied by the A. & A. Rite in eastern Canada, and equal, if not superior to the apartments at Hamilton, Ont., which have been considered very complete in their appointments.

The committee under whose supervision the work has been carried out are Messrs. T. W. Peters, chairman, T. Nisbet Robertson, secretary, J. V. Ellis, W. A. Ewing, Frank L. Tufts and Geo. Blake. To these have been added in connection with the "At Home," Messrs. W. H. Thorne, J. Henry Leonard, F. W. Wisdom, T. A. Godsoe and H. V. Cooper.

The rooms will be fully equipped for working purposes by the date of the annual meeting of the Lodge of Perfection, on the 21st instant.

Poets Are Hard At Work. Another batch of poems sent in competition for the \$5 February prize has been reaching Progress in instalments during the past week, and although something more than two columns is published in various parts of this issue, a formidable pile of manuscript is still awaiting consideration. It would be out of the question to publish all that are received, without issuing a special edition, but so far as possible beside what has already appeared will receive due attention during the next two weeks. Poets who have not been able to forward their manuscripts this month will have the March and April competitions in which to enter into a generous rivalry with each other. So far, the contest has been an active one, and verses have been received from every point of the compass in Canada and some from distant sections of the United States. By next month, possibly, the other side of the ocean may begin to send in its tributes. In the meantime, the supply furnished by home talent is not likely to fail.

Have Arranged the Service to Suit. Some time ago, PROGRESS told of a worthy member of one of the presbyterian churches who had walked out during a Sunday service on account of some new features of singing during the taking of the collection, etc. It was hoped, however, that he would be induced to return, and it is now stated that he has done so, a compromise having been effected which suits all parties. At the morning service, when the gentleman in question is present or supposed to be, only the old time singing is heard, but in the evening, when he does not attend, all the modern effects are given. This simple method of compromise has effectually restored harmony in the bosom of the flock.

There is a strong presumption that had blunders were made. According to the figures of the census of 1891, the population of St. John city in that year was 39,179, a decrease of 2,174, or a trifle over five per cent. from the figures of 1881. There are and will be a great many people who doubt the correctness of these returns, and are of the opinion that the population has not diminished and may have increased during the last ten years.

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SEPARATES

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YAL CLOTHING

a list of the pres-

Store,

WAYS.

l Railway.

ANGEMENT—1893.

the 17th day of Oct.

this Railway will run

ted—as follows:

AVE ST. JOHN:

Pugwash, Pictou

..... 7.00

..... 11.00

..... 16.20

..... 16.55

way on Express trains

lock and Halifax at 7.00

on for Quebec and Moncton

Cars at Moncton, at

AVE AT ST. JOHN:

Montreal, Quebec,

..... 16.25

..... 16.25

..... 19.00

..... 22.20

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THE FOLLOWING LINES OF

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TO LINE" to

St. Paul.

Passage Tickets to or

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C. E. McPHERSON,

Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't

St. John, N. B.

UNTIES R.Y.

angement.

on 6th, 1893, trains will run

(excepted) as follows:

—Express daily at 8.30 a.

m., arrive at Annapolis at

10.15, leave at Annapolis at

11.00; arrive at Annapolis

noon; arrive at Annapolis

—Express daily at 12.30 p.

m., arrive at Annapolis at

1.15, leave at Annapolis at

2.00; arrive at Annapolis

—Express daily at 5.30 p.

m., arrive at Annapolis at

6.15, leave at Annapolis at

7.00; arrive at Annapolis

—Express daily at 12.30 p.

m., arrive at Annapolis at

1.15, leave at Annapolis at

2.00; arrive at Annapolis

—Express daily at 5.30 p.

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—Express daily at 5.30 p.

m., arrive at Annapolis at

6.15, leave at Annapolis at

7.00; arrive at Annapolis



MUSICAL THEATRICAL

appearance, and they might also do away with the street parade. It favored strongly of the professional and was in bad taste. On Wednesday evening they gave a second performance and on Saturday there will be a matinee.

Fredericton is to be favored, I understand with a visit from the boys, and I heartily recommend the Frederictonians to go and see them.

Both Miss Hampton and Miss Burrows have charming roles in "The Parvenu," which will be given on Feb. 13, at the museum.

Miss Mae Branson, in her new specialty entitled "Chippie," wears a costume, the satin of which cost \$23 per yard. There is not much of it, but it is an expensive dress.

C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's production of Eugene Tompkins' Boston theatre success, the "Soudan," will be shortly presented in the Bowdoin Square theatre.

So! Smith Russell is to rewrite "The Tale of a Coat," a play that was written for the late Dion Boucicault. The piece has been rearranged by Edward E. Wheeler.

Miss Theresa Vaughn of "1492" has kept account of the number of times she has sung "Annie Rooney" during the run of the piece. Up to Friday night, in Lawrence, the record was 1031 verses.

The cordial intention which Boston has extended to Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," has decided Charles Frohman, who owns the American rights to the piece to put it on tour with a capable company next season, visiting the large cities only.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene contemplates a complete change of repertoire for next season. He expects to produce "King John," and "King Henry IV," he is playing Falstaff, and also Macbeth, and a new version of "Toodles," which he will give as an after part to "The Fool's Revenge."

Mr. Odell Williams will play the role of Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead" next season. As Mr. Denman Thompson will play nearly the whole season in Chicago, Mr. Williams will practically have the country to himself. Mr. Thompson has made an excellent choice, as Mr. Williams will look the part and play it finely.

On Feb. 20, at the Grand opera house, Boston, the Wilbur opera company will open an engagement, presenting a new opera of every performance. That charming little singer, Miss Susie Kerwin, heads a company of 50 people. It requires 157 trunks to transport the costumes of the company. "The Royal Middy" will be the opening opera.

Miss Jessie Milward, a well known English actress who has for some time occupied the responsible position of leading lady at the Drury Lane theatre, London, has been secured by Henry Irving to accompany him to America next season alternating in leading characters with Ellen Terry. Miss Milward is a sister of Herbert Milward who has been in Boston for the past month in his position as manager of the Palmer stock company.

A manager in New York declares that large comedies are working a general injury to theatrical interests: "Do the legitimate theatres, because they are taking people away from them; to the public, because they are lowering standards of taste; to the variety shows, because they are being constantly recruited from them, and to the actors, as a class, because they induce a man to give up honest work and play at the gallery."

In Ellen Terry's beautiful home in South Kensington there stands over a basket full of garments to be made for the poor. Whenever the intimate friends of the great actress run in for the woman's five minutes' call, which always spoils the morning, Miss Terry produces her basket, and while they chat the visitor must busy herself with knitting or sewing or crocheting. The number of garments which are sent out finished each year are the best kind of an illustration of how much time the modern woman spends holding her hands.

Known as Hamilton, HAMILTON, Feb. 9. -Mrs. Ellen Brown of Toronto, who was so marvellously cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills is well known in Hamilton, having been in the Hospital here where the authorities, like those of the Toronto institutions pronounced her case incurable. People who know her here are surprised to learn that she was cured, as they thought she was in the Home for Incurables in Toronto, and never expected to see her outside that place again. Mr. Geo. Farke, the popular druggist of this city says that the sales of Dodd's Kidney Pills are very large, and that, as all those to whom he has sold them are ceasing a great benefit from their use. The success of Dodd's Kidney Pills over all other kidney remedies is owing to the fact that they never failed when used for Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Backache, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Kidneys and blood.

BUY YOUR CANDY AT THE 20th Century Kandy Kitchen. They always have the finest, and for every ten cents worth you purchase you get a chance to get a Five-Hundred-Dollar PIANO For Nothing.

Commercial College IS OPEN DAY AND EVENING. Pupils may enter at any time. A thorough Business training is given pupils so that they are able to fill lucrative positions.

St. John Academy of Art Now Open. Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature. Send Stamp for Circular, F. H. C. Miles.

AMATEURS' EXCHANGE. Amateurs can place on sale their works free of charge at MILLER'S ART GALLERY, Prince William Street.

St. Martins Seminary. THIS School offers rare advantages for study and improvement. Its attractive location, healthful surroundings, and refined home-life are especially noticeable.

S. C. CORSETS ARE UNEXCELLED. Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance. at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street.

SEGEE'S OINTMENT. The popular S. O. Corset in White, The popular S. O. Corset in Drab, The popular S. O. Corset in Black.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. FOR A Short Season Only. THE NEW YORK Specialty Co'y, O'BRIEN HAVEL.

VALENTINES. Direct from TONY PATTON'S New York Theatre, assisted by a selected company of Specialty Artists and Vocalists.

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THE ORGAN. The organ solo, Rock's "Song of Peace" was nicely played; Stainer's "Gloria," "God so Loved the World," was harmoniously rendered by Mrs. Carter, Miss Melville, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Bennett.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 38 St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum in advance.

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 11.

THE EPIDEMIC OF SCANDALS.

It would almost seem that morality was at a very low ebb in the maritime provinces, judging from the number of scandals and sensations that have been forced upon the attention of the public within the last few weeks. In one instance a clergyman, with a high reputation for devotion to his calling, confesses to a series of indiscretions which can be accounted for only on the belief of an aberration of mind; in another, two prominent ministers are trying to prove each other guilty of flagrant immorality; in another, the wife of one of the best known men in this province is charged by a coroner's jury with having caused the death of an adopted daughter by cruel treatment; and finally, in Nova Scotia a woman is under arrest for having caused the death of her husband by poison. Perhaps the word "finally" is not strictly correct in this connection, for public rumor has whispered of several other St. John scandals which have not yet found their way into the newspapers. All in all, there seems an epidemic of wrong doing in respectable society, and many good souls are naturally asking what the country is coming to, and if people are not a great deal worse than they used to be.

It cannot be said that they are. Take the average of the people and the years, the plane of morality is doubtless higher than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. We hear more about scandals now than did our ancestors, because the facilities for getting and publishing information are greater than they were in the olden time. Then, too, perhaps, we look for a higher level than was looked for by our forefathers, and we are quick to expose those who offend against the moral standard of these latter days. That so many startling stories should come to the front about the same time, argues nothing. There seems to be a periodicity in a good many kinds of happenings in this world. One big fire, railroad accident, shipwreck or crime, seems to bring others in its train, and so it may be that the preponderance of unpleasant scandals at this time may be followed by a long and greatly to be desired lull. It is probably better that all should come at once, rather than that they should be separated by intervals, and so act as a moral slow poison among the people. It is to be hoped that the climax has been reached for the present.

For the effect of social scandals is undoubtedly detrimental to the interests of society. The newspapers cannot well avoid giving publicity to much that has a tendency to lower the moral tone of the community. Matters, which, when discussed at all, should be treated only with the stern rebuke that such sins merit, become the subject of levity, and men are made worse rather than better by the bad examples which the offenders have set. Then, too, when the offender is one who has been looked up to as a good man or woman, his or her lapse has the tendency to weaken the general faith in others, and religion, no less than morality, suffers because of the weakness or crime of those who have professed to be guided by its teachings. Every fall of those who have been known as Christians gives the atheist and the rationalist a weapon with which to conquer those who are weak and wavering in the faith. The effect of scandals in respectable society is to work destruction in every direction.

There is a general impression that the newspapers welcome the advent of sensations and scandals and delight in being the purveyors of the details of such affairs. This is not true. The newspapers would far rather interest the public with other things of a more healthful tone, but they would be untrue to their mission did they suppress what the public demand should be known. Even as it is, they are forced into saying more than they would say by the keen competition one with the other to give their readers the latest and most prominent facts. This applies, of course, more particularly to the daily papers, but in a measure to Progress as well. On more than

one occasion it has held back facts in the hope that in some way the matter would not become public through the papers. The nature of G. HERBERT LEE's operations and their probable effect on various estates was known in this office weeks before the collapse, but out of consideration to others than the chief offender, all reference to it was withheld until the town rang with what it heard. So, too, in the L. G. STEVENS case, all the facts were known long before the public had a suspicion of them, but it could not then be foreseen that the daily papers should give them such prominence as they have done. In other instances, where certain things were legitimate matters for publicity, Progress has kept silence simply that it does not love a scandal because it is a scandal, and because, so far as possible it aims to speak in such a way as is most healthful in the interests of the public.

So would it be with the general run of newspapers were they free to do as they please. They do not seek scandals for the sake of scandals, but when matters of general notoriety are forced upon them they have no other course than to give the news. They would rather it were some other kind of news, but if the world is wicked they cannot cloak its wickedness. The truth must come out, and it is not the fault of the papers that it does so.

From every point of view a scandal is one of the most undesirable things that a community or a newspaper is called upon to discuss. But that so long as people create scandals they will be discussed is a truth that is painfully apparent to all.

WOMAN IS NATURALLY HONEST.

One of the New York papers points to the fact that during the last ten or fifteen years there has been an enormous increase in the number of women employed in positions of trust in mercantile establishments, and yet that dishonesty among them is a most exceptional thing. Because of the increase in the employment of females, the number of defalcations and betrayals of trust is visibly less than it formerly was, and even in the case of petty thefts the offenders are almost always males. "There are," it is said, "female cashiers, accountants, auditors, bookkeepers, entry clerks and cash girls. They are intelligent, accurate, alert, and almost without exception honest." So it is we score one on the jury—a member of the girls in positions of responsibility and trust.

There is no reason why, all things being equal, woman should be any more honest than man. It is a painfully admitted fact that, in the abstract she has not so high a regard for truth. She has grades of veracity, and justifies herself for her course, but when it comes to the question of honesty as regards other people's money, she can be depended on nearly every time.

Without any wish to detract from the credit due to gentle woman in this respect, it is only fair to erring man to point out that something is due to the respective environments of the two sexes. A man who is a defaulter or embezzler usually becomes so because he has been going at a pace beyond his means. Under the conditions of modern society he can be "rapid" and hold his position in social circles, nor do his recreations affect his standing with his employers, so long as he attends to his work. He has a great deal of liberty to do as he pleases, while a woman has not a chance to imitate him and retain a respectable situation. Her tastes do not call for luxuries that cost large sums of money, she is not given to drinking, and does not speculate, or otherwise gamble. She can live on her salary, while a man of expensive tastes lives beyond the income that is allowed him. That is one way of looking at the matter.

Against this, however, it must be remembered that many women clerks are compelled to work for wages scarcely more than sufficient to provide them with the bare necessities of life, and that the same characteristic of honesty is found among this class as among their sisters who are better paid. This gives force to the theory that woman is naturally honest to a greater degree than man. It is well that it should be so. The better the women of today are, the better will be the men of the future.

THEY HAD LITTLE TO DO.

New York had a society event, the other day, which was a little out of the usual course even for that big city of odd events and strange contrasts, where the wealthy are very rich and the poor are very wretched. It was not of a nature to affect any of the great social problems of the day, but it was of interest as showing how some of the New York elite find ways to employ their time. It was a dog party.

The little brute in honor of which the affair was given was a Japanese female poodle belong to one Mrs. EUGENE CLARK, and only dogs of high social positions were invited. Invitations, elaborately got up and signed with the name of the dog, were issued and a number of society women and twenty of their dogs responded. Mrs. CLARK, the owner of the poodle, received the guests in full Japanese dress, while it is recorded that "fair young girls and matrons formed the reception committee, holding each in leash by a silver chain curled and beribboned Japanese member of Ootah's large and thriving family. In the centre Ootah herself, with her super-

cilious nose pointing skyward, a big rosette on either side of her collar, one of pink and one of blue; an air of high-born indifference and resignation in the amiable greeting with which she welcomed her guests, as if wishing it were all over." The HILTONS, the ROBERTS, Mrs. BRONSON HOWARD and other prominent members of the inner circle were present and talked of dogs. An elaborate collation was served to the animals on tables six inches high, with four dogs at each. At each plate was placed a Japanese napkin, a favor in the form of a Japanese music box and a Japanese bowl. Silly looking men in Japanese costume stood and looked on. "Pretty women in beautiful gowns sat down on the floor with their pets, and watched them solicitously as they devoured unfamiliar goodies," says an account of the affair. It proceeds to say:

There were chicken and Japanese cakes, Japanese sweets and ice cream for the dogs, and after the dogs had finished, before there was punch for the ladies and gentlemen. A birthday cake, with lighted candles and surrounded with kisses, flanked the feast, and the serving of a game pie containing presents for the doggies to take home as souvenirs, concluded the unique affair. Carriages were ordered, the dog darlings wrapped in costly blankets, went home to their delectable indignation, and Ootah dangled a gavat in her delight to think it was over. And the old woman with the basket on her arm, taking it all in from the pavement, said: "A dog party is it? Glory to God, but they must have little to do."

AY, true enough, they must have little to do, and yet in that great city where hundreds of their less fortunate sisters are suffering during a hard winter for the ordinary comforts of life, there is more than enough of work which they might do instead of trying to kill time by dog parties. If modern society were half as useful as it is silly in its ways, how different the world might be.

Rev. SIDNEY WELTON has been investigated this week by a council of delegates from churches in the Southern Baptist Association. The recommendation is that his church withdraw its fellowship from him, but it is pointed out that the church is not bound to act on this counsel. Mr. WELTON is reported as saying that he does not care for the decision of the council, which may be interpreted to mean that he will continue to preach in his congregation which permit him to do so. Mr. WELTON may have been a veritable lamb in the midst of wolves in the graveyard insurance cases, but only one man on the jury—a member of his congregation—appears to have been of that opinion. This fact, added to the decision of a council of the brethren of his own faith, might suggest to some men in his position that a prompt retirement from the ministry would be a graceful act, under the circumstances.

The legislature of Massachusetts has decided to abolish the annual fast day in that state, and has done wisely. When the day was established by the rigidly orthodox forefathers, it was observed in the spirit of fasting and prayer. In these times it has degenerated into a festival out of which the public try to get as much amusement as a holiday can supply. The services in the churches are more than offset by the recreations elsewhere. A fast day that depends for its existence on the will and pleasure of a body of politicians has not much hold upon the moral sense of the people.

Such bodies as the tribunals which have been investigating the CURRIE-CRISP affair and the case of Rev. SIDNEY WELTON have an undoubted right to exclude the press and the public from their sessions. The wisdom of doing so is another question. It is in the interests of public morality that such cases should be thoroughly and fairly investigated, and no doubt they will be, but the public is always suspicious of secret tribunals. Besides, the newspapers are bound to have reports in some shape or other, and it would be better that they should be as near the truth as possible.

One Mr. IVEN WHEEN, a Danish newspaper man, is trying to get around the world in eighteen months without using any money. Mr. WHEEN's head. The average newspaper man who does not start on such a tour until he has money enough to pay his way is likely to get left.

In view of the fact that the charge against Mrs. STEVENS is before the proper tribunals, the letter signed "A Mother" is withheld, though its sentiments are in accord with the popular opinion on the subject. The case is a sad one, at best, and it is not strange that it excites a wide and deep interest.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

Some Men Would Have Drunk Whiskey. Mr. R. W. Stephens lost a horse on the 21st inst. He had been working hard and drank considerable cold water.—St. Stephen's Budget.

Surprise in a Scoot Act Town. On Sunday morning thieves broke into Mr. Frank Tyrrell's store room near the bridge and stole a quantity of liquor.—St. Stephen's Budget.

Test of the True Musician. As a proof that the people of Lunenburg in general are musicians, there have been no less than five concert and piano agents in town during the past fortnight, and a large business has been done.—Lunenburg Argus.

Matrimonial Boom at Debon. John Chittick wood and Miss Emily Harris of this village; Rev. Thomas Pierce tied the nuptial knot. John stole a march on the boys, but he was caught by the girls; he thought it was all, but he could not get by the girl who said "no"; and if we mistake not his boots testified to this fact.—Charleston Sentinel.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Montgomery's Maid. A single strain—I turned to see Who bore that thrilling voice; Or all the chances to a bard This was Apollo's choice!

In love's green lodge I met her first— The spirit-like wilderness: Like star comes down and turned a maid, Such was her loveliness.

My Own of the Scottish Hill— My Highland Mary, stood, And shed its angel light about Her rhymer neighborhood.

Not buxom warm, like Bonnie Jean, Yet purely-bright was she; She held my heart's keen passion-fire In awful chastity.

She was all grace and shapeliness; Her milk-white feet were bare; A glimmering aureole seemed to rest Upon her shining hair.

One golden lock it all I hold;— And yet, she once was mine! Yes, I have clasped with trembling arms A creature half divine!

Fity, and trust, and gentleness Were in her soft blue eyes, That, mixed with celestial dew Commanded of gratitude.

O Sabbath, sacred more than all The holy gifts of God, That light the tearful heritage Of toil-enumerated man!

That day I never can forget When last I met her here! Sweeter the singing birds, the blossoms That decked the opening year.

'Twas in the merry month of May; The birch tree's tender green And clustered hazel-horns scented flowers Along the Ayr were seen.

The hawcock darted up on high, Scattering his ferny notes; And Merle and mairn shook the song, From their enamored throats.

And love was in the scented dew And in the warm blue skies; And love was in the liquid light Of Highland Mary's eyes.

Where soft the murmuring waters run We tread the leaf-lag days; Blissful the hours; but swiftly sped The winged Joves away.

Our happiest and our last they were; The eve came stealing on; She vanished from my yearning gaze And evermore was gone!

O face of perfect love! O eyes That looked so kind on me! O robber Death! how can I yield My noblest hope to thee?

Thou art forever with the spring, Thy day is ever fair; But lonely rings our limpid falls That run to meet the Ayr.

Lonely my walks by dale and brae, And 'neath the greenwood tree; Thy grave is in the dingy town And near the moaning sea.

But thou, O my leaf-haunting star! Art set within my soul; With thou not hold the poet's heart In thy divine control?

Though he may fall, and sorrow sore To see the wound and stain, Thy memory, like thy living smile, Shall make him whole again.

Who fed thee with His own pure love Hath filled my very heart, And I seek me out among His birds To catch their singing art.

For he who loves thee cannot die— His lightest word is fame; And singing worlds shall weep to hear His Highland Mary's name.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

The traditional account of Highland Mary presented to us as a maiden of uncommon purity and beauty. Mrs. Begg, Burns' sister, said that she had "a bonnie face and form, complexion of unusual fairness, soft blue eyes, a profusion of shining hair which fell to her knees, a slender and petite figure, which made her seem younger than twenty summers, a bright smile and pleasing manners, which won the old lady's heart." The "old lady" was Burns' mother, Hugh Miller speaks of her as "beautiful, stony-like, expensively moulded, statuesque in symmetry and marble-like whiteness." She was buried in the burial-ground of her Uncle by the West Kirkyard at Greenlock, with a stone's throw of the Clyde. A wall separates the grave from Crawford street, and the smoke and dust of the town pollute the air.

Canadian Skies.

The beauties of Italia's land The dearest of my life, Have oft been praised in poet's song Or gratified the eye.

The glories of some foreign soil The grandeur there displayed, The tragic tales recounted o'er Have oft our hearts dismayed.

The post has with rapturous pen Described the land of love, The land of music and of song, With brightest sky above.

Where nymphs float upon the breeze, Where sunbeams and zephyrs abound, Where muses brave their haunts, and where The truest love is found.

Where cupid's dart strikes deeper still, Than in our northern clime, Where lovers in their sylvan bowers Mark not the flight of time.

But I will sing of sky as clear, Of scenes more lively still, Of waters from the ocean lake, So tiny rippling still.

We may not have traditions old Or ruins in decay, We have not reached the height arts Which other lands display.

But we can match Italian sky, With sky as clear again, And we can boast as bright a sun, As ever shone on Spain.

And we have lakes of beauty too Where gondolas may sail, With scenes of stirring grandeur, or The peaceful quiet vale.

And we have streams that leap down cliffs, And tumble o'er and o'er, From the murmuring brook of the mountain side, To Niagara's awful roar.

And we have nymphs with eyes as bright And sylvan bowers as gay, And lovers who can woo as well And love as true as they.

There may be some who wish to see A higher sun arise, But I am o'er content to dwell Beneath "Canadian skies."

O. M. H.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

"The Mother's Nursery Guide" is a welcome visitor in every household where there is a baby, and the February number is no exception to the rule. Dr. M. M. Vinton's article on "Baby's First Month," is an excellent guide for any young mother, filled as it is with practical advice as to the best methods of starting the youthful king, or queen right, on the perilous and slippery path we must all tread. It is replete with valuable suggestions as to feeding, bathing and sleeping. Dr. W. B. Canfield has an equally important article on "Fever," especially in children, their cause and treatment, which will be most useful to all parents of young children. "Supplementary School Work in the Home," "The Development of a Child's Language," "The Kindergarten at Home," "The Mother's Parliament," medical answers to various questions, and other interesting topics. Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beekman St., New York; \$2 a year.

A notable feature of "The Book Buyer," for February, is the publication of six pages from as many "mental albums," filled out by such well known authors as Eugene Field, Robert Grant, Octave Hjerth Boyesen, Harding Davis and Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen. The opening article is a description of the life and work of the poet, William Watson, whose name was at one time mentioned in connection with the succession to the laureateship, and gives an insight into the literary life of an English poet, whose works are less well known than they should be on this side of the water.

About Authors is a pleasant chat in regard to the best known people in the literary world, and is embellished with a fine picture of the residence of Rudyard Kipling, one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," "Biography and History" is fully up to the usual mark, and "A Play," and "Two volumes of Poems," gives a sketch of Sir Edwin Arnold's new play "Aldama, or the Japanese Wife," a charming story of the Japanese Griselda, the ideal wife of feudal Japanese times. The poems are a new edition of William Winter's poems, under the title of "The Wanderers," and Miss Edna Dean Proctor's "Song of the Ancient People," "Novels and Short Stories," "Literary, Social and Scientific," "New Books" and "The Literary Quert" conclude the number.

The publishers of "The National Magazine," having purchased the "Magazine of American History," which was edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, until her death last month, the two magazines have been merged into one, under the name of the older periodical, "The Magazine of American History," which begins with the February number. General James Grant Wilson, editor of Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography, will be the editor of this publication, which will be enlarged more than thirty pages, while the price will be reduced from \$5 to \$4 per annum. The historical prize competition inaugurated by "The National Magazine," and offering \$5,000 in fourteen prizes, is continued by the new magazine, and the conditions unchanged. Particulars can be obtained by sending a stamp to the "Magazine of National History," 132 Nassau Street, New York City. A sketch of the late editor, Mrs. Lamb, accompanied by an admirable portrait of her, as a frontispiece, and the articles "A North Carolina Monastery," and "An Incident in the Life of Webster," which were arranged by Mrs. Lamb for the present number, will have a special interest for the public. "Le Tour and Acadia," a sketch of one of the most interesting incidents in the history of Nova Scotia, and also of Massachusetts. Other interesting articles are, Professor Weeks' sketch of John Archdale, the Quaker Governor of North Carolina in 1734; a paper by the editor on Bayard Taylor, the poet-traveler; a Columbian Ode for the celebration of 1792, by John Pintard, founder of the New York Historical Society; and various other papers which should be of great interest to American readers.

"Donahoe's Magazine" for February gives good evidence of the intention of the present management to give it a high place among the leading periodicals of the country. It makes a fine appearance typographically, while the illustrations are in keeping with the general character of the number. Among the more prominent contributors are "Joe" Howard, who gives reminiscences of "Catholic Prelates I Have Known"; Jas. W. Clarke, the well known American public school systems; and Rev. Fr. Currier, the Redemptorist, who has a very timely paper on Monsignor Satali, the Papal Delegate. A very interesting article on "Catholic New York" is furnished by Dr. Richard H. Clarke, while John W. O'Keefe's paper on Catholic Actresses is enriched by a number of portraits, including those of Mary Anderson, Mlle. Rhea and Modjeska. A brief sketch of the character of Cardinal Gibbons, by W. H. Tammen, is accompanied by a fine portrait of that eminent prelate. There are many other features of interest, including the women and girls' department. Donahoe's Magazine Co., Boston; \$2 a year.

The copyright on the first edition of Donald G. Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor," having expired, the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, announce for immediate issue in uniform style, two new, complete author's editions, of the "Reveries" and "Dream Life." Parts of the "Reveries" are still protected by copyright, and the copyright on "Dream Life" will not expire until 1894, but the publishers desire to anticipate the publication of unauthorized editions, by issuing these books in cheap and attractive editions.

The story of the "Atlantic Telegraph," by Dr. Henry M. Field, is to be reissued by the Scribners in a revised edition from new plates. The recent death of Cyrus W. Field recalls attention to the great enterprise with which his name was always associated, the story of the great

achievement written by the chief actor's brother, is complete, authentic and full of interest.

"The Campaign of Waterloo," by John C. Hopes, published by the Scribners on January 20th has already passed into a second edition.

A new volume will shortly be added to the popular series of "Famous Women of the French Court," published by the Scribners. It will be the third and last volume on the career of the charming, Duchess de Berry, and will be entitled "The Duchess de Berry and the Revolution of July, 1830."

The forthcoming volume in the "Great Edgewood" series will be on Froebel and the kindergarten movement in education. It is written by H. Courthouse Bowen, lecturer at the University of Cambridge, and gives a full account of the life and work of Froebel, and the growth and development of the kindergarten movement from its origin. It will be published immediately by the Scribners.

Among the attractions in the March number of "Donahoe's Magazine" will be an illustrated article on Catholicism in the Maritime Provinces, by John Boden, formerly of St. John and now on the staff of the N. Y. Press.

Official Tyranny in Quebec.

Things seem to have come to a pretty pass in Quebec city. The chief of police advertised in the Chronicle that he "has received instructions to put in force the law prohibiting the purchase or sale of any produce or provisions intended for the public markets of the city, in or upon any street, public place, yard, house or building or any other place whatever in the city. Anyone infringing the above by-law will be liable to a fine of forty dollars." As the sweeping phrase of "any other place whatever" includes markets and all other available quarters, it seems evident that the citizens of the ancient capital will be forced to go outside the city limits to do their marketing. And this is in Canada, in the nineteenth century.

Change in an Old Halifax Firm.

It is understood that a change will take place in the old and well known wholesale dry goods firm of T. & E. Kenny, Halifax, before very long. It is the intention of T. E. Kenny to retire from the business and it is said that all the employees of the firm have received notices to the effect that their services will not be required after six months have elapsed. Mr. T. E. Kenny has many outside interests to take up his attention—shipping, banking, etc, to say nothing of his duties as M. P. for Halifax county. He will devote his attention entirely to these upon his retiring from the dry goods business. It is generally understood that Edward G. Kenny, eldest son of T. E. Kenny, M. P., will carry on the business upon the retirement of his father.

Words Filled Them.

It is said that at a late meeting of the parishioners of the Rev. Sydney Welton's church, two of the lady members became very much excited in a discussion in regard to Mr. Welton. The argument waxed warm after the meeting was over, and by the time they reached Scott's corner, words gave out and they decided to settle the question by more forcible arguments. Friends separated the ladies after some trouble but the dispute remained unsettled.

Should be Stopped.

The practice of hoodlums, in gangs of a dozen or more, hiding along the road beyond the Marsh Bridge and pelting sleighing parties with snow and ice, should be promptly stopped. On Thursday evening a lady in a sleigh got a severe blow on the face from a missile thrown by these young rascals, who were hidden in a hollow just beyond Kierstead & White's store.

Her Majesty at Work.

While she is staying at Balmoral the Queen does her official work in a very large sitting-room, seated at a high writing table plentifully littered with papers, letters and telegrams, and adorned with several family photographs. On her Majesty's right hand stands another table loaded with despatch-boxes, and on yet another there is a large silver salver, on which she places documents as she has done with them. When this is full, it is carried off to Sir Henry Ponsonby, who arranges its contents and packs them up for despatch. One of the most prominent objects in the room is a large easel bearing an excellent portrait of the Prince Consort. A book-table, loaded with books, stands close by Her Majesty's favorite easy-chair.

As She Is Wrote.

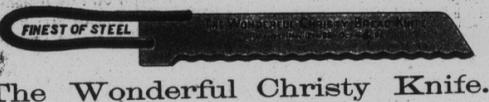
They write delightful English in Japan. Here are a few examples: "On a bottle of claret." "Weak man who is not to hard of his stomach takes notice of his health, ever must use this wine usually." "In a dentist's circular." "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and comestence, as you know; therefore, when it is attacked by disease or injury, artificial tooth is also very useful." "An article of municipal law." "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the said package."

An ingenious explanation is given of the Pope's habit of rattling his keys wherever he goes. It is said that English and American tourists have been in the habit of purchasing articles which they may have handled at high prices as relics, and that a number of small objects, the Vatican were demanded of small objects. Therefore, to put a stop to these practices, the Pope locks up his room with his own hand, and carries the keys in his own keeping.

Advertisement for Her Christy Present, COLES, and CHI PRE PRE. Includes an illustration of a woman and text: "IT IS PURE RAPID... IT IS IN... WI... ANOT... FINEST OF ST... The W... DO... A Lad... ago... Groc... and th... Her Chri... Present... A thing of beauty that every day in the year... that will last half a li... COLES, R... Eng... Two casks Lea & Co's condensed milk; 1 Marmalade; 3 sals... sorted flavors. 20... W. ALEX... CHI PRE PRE... 186 Uni...

**A HOWLING SUCCESS.**  
**LOGAN'S STERLING SOAP**  
 OWES ITS REPUTATION AND SUCCESS TO ITS OWN MERITS.  
 IT IS PURE, UNADULTERATED AND FOR RAPID CLEANSING POWER HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS INVALUABLE IN KITCHEN & LAUNDRY. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.  
**WILLIAM LOGAN, ST. JOHN.**

**ANOTHER NOVELTY.**



The Wonderful Christy Knife.

Who has not been annoyed time and again in the attempt to cut bread with an ordinary knife? The Christy Knife will cut hot bread as nicely as it will cold. It is far superior to a smooth edged knife in every respect. Having once used it you will never be without it. It is indispensable to good housekeeping.

For sale by the Set, including the Bread, the Cake, and the Faring Knife.

PRICE \$1.25.

SHERATON & KINNEAR, 38 KING ST.

**DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE.**

A lady bought groceries on Charlotte Street a few days ago, thinking she was at HARDRESS CLARKE'S Cash Grocery, 73 Sydney Street. She discovered her mistake and the goods were not taken.

**DON'T REPEAT THIS MISTAKE.**  
**HARDRESS CLARKE'S CASH GROCERY**  
 IS AT  
**73 SYDNEY STREET.**  
 (One door from Princess Street.)

**Her Christmas Present**  
 A BISELL CARPET SWEEPER  
 A gift of beauty that will lighten the burden of every day in the year. The "Bissells" are perfect. A thing of beauty that will lighten the burden of every day in the year. This is the Queen of all Christmas presents. Sold by COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte St.

**English Grocery Goods**  
 at W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

Two cases Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce; 1 case Pearl Barley; 7 cases Swiss condensed milk; 1 case curled Macaroni and Vermicelli; 1 case and 1 case Keiller's Marmalade; 3 cases Pearl and Flake Tapioca; 2 cases Portable Table Jellies. Assorted flavors. 30 boxes Fry's Pure Cocoa and Chocolate. Also 60 Pails Cider Jelly.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts. Branch Store cor. Hill and Pond Sts., St. John, N. B.

**CHICAGO BEEF, PRESERVED TONGUE, PRESERVED HAM.**

**JOHN HOPKINS,**  
 186 Union Street, St. John, N. B.  
 188, Telephone.



**St. John—South End.**  
 On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Geo. McAvity entertained a number of her friends at an afternoon at home at her residence, Leinster street.  
 On Thursday evening the last of the series of assemblies came off at the Pugsley building. Everything that the committee could do was done to make this finale of six most merry gatherings as enjoyable as it was possible. With few exceptions every one who had received cards of invitation at the commencement of the winter present assembly, dancing to the delightful music of Harrison's orchestra was kept up with much spirit the entire evening. This will probably be the last dance for some time as all good church people will no doubt keep the Lenten season as strictly as the church commands.

Miss Kate Jones accompanied by her brother, Mr. George Jones, left on Sunday last for a trip to New York.  
 Miss Ada Bayard and Miss Warner, spent this week at Dorchester, the guests of Mrs. J. T. Smith. Miss George Wheeler returned from a visit of some months to Boston and is the guest of Mrs. Jarvis, Elliot row.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilbert have taken rooms at Mrs. Thomas Raymond's, Queen street, for the winter.

The death is recorded this week of Mrs. Wm. Fraser, widow of the late Dr. Fraser, who died at her residence, Fredericton, on Tuesday last. Mrs. Fraser was well known and much respected in this city as well as Fredericton, having resided in St. John for some years. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. F. Lawrence Sturges, who in consequence of her mother's death, was called to Fredericton this week.

Mr. H. K. Austin, of Fredericton, arrived in St. John this week to take a position in the Bank of Montreal, the increase of business at that institution necessitating an increase in staff.

Miss Florence King, accompanied by her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. King, leaves for New York on Monday next, where her marriage with Dr. Reynolds, of London, England, will take place. Miss King is a society favorite and while her friends will wish her every happiness, she will be much missed in their society.

On Wednesday Mrs. John McMillan entertained a few friends at luncheon—a farewell gathering for Miss King.  
 Mr. Charles McLaughlin has taken the residence on Orange street, lately occupied by Mr. F. T. C. Burpee.  
 Mr. W. Malcolm Mackay has purchased the handsome residence on Orange street at present occupied by Mr. Geo. McLeod. The price paid by Mr. Mackay for it, he hears, was \$10,000.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street gave a small but very pleasant whist party for a few friends. Mr. Murray Boyd is taking a vacation in Toronto.  
 The dance given last week, by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison, Princess street for their son Walter proved a great success. The decorations of the different apartments displayed great taste, those in the dining room being particularly novel, consisting of quantities of colored ribbons festooned from the ceiling, meeting an enormous bouquet of flowers in the centre of the supper table.

Dr. Charles W. Hoare and his bride (see Miss Beattie Scott, formerly of this city), who have been visiting relatives here, left last week for Walkerville, Ont., where they will reside in future.  
 Lieut.-Col. Mansell, and Mrs. Mansell, of Fredericton spent Tuesday in St. John.  
 Mr. A. E. McIntyre, who has been making a tour of several of the counties in Nova Scotia, has returned home.

Capt. Fowles arrived here from Havelock, on the 3rd, to join Mrs. Fowles, who has been for some time under the treatment of Dr. J. Morrison, occupying her health in much improved.  
 At the annual meeting of the Church of England Institute, lately held, the following ladies were elected as officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. J. Bassell Armstrong, Vice President; Miss Harriet Peters, Secretary; Miss Fanny Symonds, Treasurer; Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. R. P. Starr, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, Mrs. John Allison, Committee of Management.

Mr. George Carvill, who has been visiting Halifax, has returned home.  
 Mr. J. W. Smith, of this city, left for Bermuda this week.  
 Mr. Hurd Peters, is visiting Moncton this week.  
 Mr. George R. McLeod, was a passenger by Sunday night's train, to New York, to take the steamer there for England.

Sir John Ross, Commander of the forces at Halifax, and Miss Ross were here on Thursday, en route to Montreal.  
 Mrs. Tilm, wife of Mr. E. Tilm of the C. P. R., who has been confined to her bed for some weeks from illness, will leave by the Taymouth Castle, on the 23rd inst., for the West Indies, for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Montagu Chamberlain, so well known here, and who for the last four years has been Reporter at Harvard University, has resigned his position, owing to ill health.  
 Miss Desbarres, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. E. Barker, Mount Pleasant, has returned to her home in Halifax.

Mr. Howard Bombar, of St. Stephen, brother of Rev. W. C. Goscher, of that place, has conveyed to St. John, where he intends residing in future, the Lieut.-Governor Carvill and party, at P. E. Island, passed through St. John on Wednesday, in Mr. Carvill's private car, en route to Boston.  
 Miss Anne McGregor, has returned home from a visit to St. Stephen.

Rev. Carl Smith has left St. John and returned to Fort Hood, on account of the continued ill health of his wife. Mr. Smith will not only be much missed in the collegiate school, but here in the parish of St. Mark, where he acted as assistant to Rev. John de Sorges.

The members of the St. John Bicycle Club intend giving an entertainment about Easter, and a number of well known young ladies of this city will take part in the various tableaux, which will be under the management of Mrs. Thomas Temple, Mrs. Geo. C. Cozier and Mrs. George F. Smith.  
 Mr. Alfred Drake left a few days ago for his new home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Loppin, who have been visiting friends here, have now returned to Bathurst.  
 The many friends here of Mr. C. F. Dorman, of Moncton, Moncton, who with his family made a long stay in St. John last summer, will be sorry to hear of the death of his only daughter, Gladys, which occurred on the 3rd of February.

The Bishop of Fredericton has been spending some days in St. John. He was the guest, while here, of Capt. D. F. Tapley.  
 Captain and Mrs. Lott arrived at home from New York on Saturday. Captain Lott has quite been the effects of the hardships that she experienced at the time of the loss of the schooner "Minnedouk".  
 Mr. W. G. Smith (of Messrs. Manchester, Robertson and Allison), sailed from New York last Wednesday in the White Star line steamer "Trenton" for England.

Mr. James King of this city, who with his wife is now at DeLisle, (where they are the guests of Mrs. King's sister), met with a very serious and painful accident lately, his right hand being so badly burnt by the explosion of chemicals that he will be unable to travel for some time.  
 Mr. and Mrs. George W. Moore of Fort Arthur, have been making a short visit here to Mrs. Balmford and Wm. Moore, DeLisle.

Mr. J. E. B. McDowdy left on Monday night for Montreal and Ottawa, where he will stay with friends.  
 Mr. J. A. Gregory of Fredericton, and Hon. A. B. White of Moncton, spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. W. H. Parlee principal of the Windsor street school is confined to his room with a severe cold. A large number of well known gentlemen enjoyed a very pleasant evening where a game supper was provided by Mr. William J. Holroyd.

Mrs. J. C. Smith of Fredericton is the guest of Rev. Dr. Macrae, Coburn street.  
 Zachary's Cough Cures and Colds.

**MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,**  
 61 and 63 King St.,  
**SPECIAL SALE**  
 at 88 Cents per Yard.  
**FRENCH CASHMERE.**

ALL WOOL, NEWEST SHADES, FULL DOUBLE WIDTH. This we consider the finest range in colorings and quality at price ever offered. 38c. per yard for All-Wool New Shades FRENCH CASHMERE. Shades are: Buttercup, Sulphur, Heliotrope, Fawns, Cardinal, Rose, Coral, Cornflower, Blue, New Greys, etc. Send for Sample by mail, promptly forwarded by us.

Macaulay Brothers & Company.

DO YOU KNOW THAT  
**A FEW FLOWERS**  
 will Always Please Your Sick Friend?  
**Flowers by Mail a Specialty.**

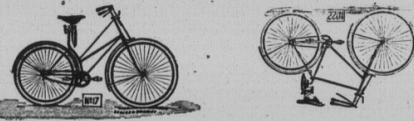
On receipt of 50c. or \$1.00 we will send a sample lot by mail prepaid. Safe arrival guaranteed.  
**NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, - Lockwood St., Halifax, N. S.**  
**JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.**

**FANCY GOODS.**

C. FLOOD & SONS,

KING Street, St. John.

**THE "QUADRANT."**



CYCLISTS!! Keep your eyes peeled for "QUADRANT" Wheels. Samples of 1893 Machines will arrive shortly, including "RACERS" (26 lbs.), "SCOOTERS" (28 lbs.), ROADSTERS, and LADIES' MACHINES, &c.

All the Latest Improvements—  
 Better Machines than ever.

**ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents,**  
 St. John, N. B., LIVE LOCAL AGENTS WANTED. Toronto, Ont.

J. H. Connelley,  
 -- PHOTO --  
 75 Charlotte St.

**PERFUMES,**

Hair Brushes and Combs, Hand Mirrors, Cut and Ornamental Glass Bottles, Ladies' Purse and the finest Assortment of Hair Ornaments in Canada. If you want Perfumes, we have the best that are made.

**AMERICAN HAIR STORE,**  
 87 Charlotte Street.  
 (3 doors South of King.)

SELLY'S PERFUMES 30 cts. per oz.

**MEMORANDUM.**  
 FEB 7.—A pleasant social event was the dance at the residence of Mr. Maurice Belliveau, Tuesday evening. About 25 couples danced to the music of the orchestra until a late hour.  
 Mr. Owen Cherry, who has been ill for several weeks, is much better.  
 Rev. Mr. Gaynor, has recovered from his recent illness.  
 Dr. E. P. Doherty and family have removed from the Joggins Mines, to this village, and will be welcomed here by a large circle of friends.  
 Mr. Frank Toole is preparing to leave his family in Moncton.  
 (Continued on Eighth Page.)



Are dearer to you now than in any month of the year, simply because they are harder to get

**THAT'S WHY**

we offer special reductions, as advertised in daily and weekly papers. If you are a reader of advertisements

**YOU KNOW WHERE**

to buy your goods during February.

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

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FROM ANTHONY, SOCIETY NEWS AND OTHER INTERESTING

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KENNEDY'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street; KENNEDY & CO., 111 Barrington street; LAMBERT'S, 111 Barrington street; HALL'S, 111 Barrington street; MORRIS & MITCHELL, 111 Barrington street; STICKNEY'S, 111 Barrington street; FORTNEY'S, 111 Barrington street; J. W. DOLAN, 211 Brunswick street; F. J. GREAVES, 145 Pleasant street; A. J. MERRITT, 145 Pleasant street; GARDNER NEWS CO., 145 Pleasant street; KENNEDY & CO., 111 Barrington street; F. J. HOGAN, 111 Barrington street; Dartmouth, N. S.

The little concert got up for a charitable purpose by a few ladies of well known name in such good works, and at St. Luke's Hall, on Saturday evening, was a great success. The hall was filled by very smart and appreciative audience, and a substantial sum of money was realized by the unambitious and well carried out entertainment.

I have heard lately much grumbling from various people with pet charities at heart, on the score that Halifax people will not give to any object unless they get an evening's amusement for their twenty-five or fifty cents. This may be, but I doubt if there is any other town in Canada, where so many entertainments of all kinds of charity are so well supported. On Saturday evening Miss Clarke made what will probably be her last appearance before a Halifax audience. It is probably to be regretted that on her marriage she leaves the place. She will be greatly missed in musical circles.

The weather has intervened to stop the triumphal course of the daily sleigh drives which have been going on in every class of society. On Wednesday afternoon the Lieutenant's Regiment were to have had a short drive, with a tea at Wellington Barracks afterwards, but the roads proved so exceedingly icy and dangerous that it was decided to postpone it.

One of the pleasantest of small dances was given this week by Mrs. J. Symonds. This is probably the very last dance we shall have before Lent, which depends upon us this coming week.

This week there has been an unusual number of card parties, even for a place so devoted to cards as Halifax. On Monday evening there were two poker parties, on Tuesday, three, and later in the week two on the same evening. But besides these miscellaneous parties there has been very little doing. Believing I have been cited as Sir John and Miss Ross, Mrs. White, A. D. C., Major Ferguson, Major and Mrs. Waldron, etc., have gone to Montreal for the carnival. I fear that in consequence of the illness of Lord Stanley's son, and the departure of their mother to New York en route for England, Sir John and Miss Ross will not make their intended visit to Rideau Hall but will return here from Montreal direct. (Later reports state that Lady Stanley will not proceed to England, her sons' health having improved.—Ed.)

Mr. T. E. Kenny, M. P., leaves next week for Ottawa. Mrs. Alexander and her sister Miss May Ross, leave in the latter part of this month for England, Captain Alexander will remain here.

Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall will also be a passenger in the same steamer. Mr. and Mrs. G. Dodd, of Yarmouth, are making a short stay in Halifax. The Rev. Kenneth Hilde is also here for a short time.

The community was sadly surprised on Wednesday morning at hearing the news of the sudden death of Mr. Alexander Anderson. Mr. Anderson had been for so long an invalid, bearing his daily load of suffering with patience, and always welcoming the friends who went constantly to see him, that his death was almost as great a shock to his acquaintances as if he had been a man in perfect health. For Mrs. Anderson, who has for years been his nursing and devoted nurse, and his sympathy with her, as well as for the young daughters who had recently gone to live with their parents, having spent the years since the beginning of their father's illness with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Book.

There is to be an organ recital at St. Paul's church on Tuesday evening next, and I hear that Mr. Hutchings has provided a very interesting programme for it.

The next Orphans concert, too, is from all accounts to be a very good one. The Orphans hall, by the way, was occupied in rather a novel way in its history, by the Salvation Army on Tuesday evening.

The opening of the school of cookery has not yet been officially announced, owing to the illness of the teacher, Miss Ormond. I hear that there will be evening classes for servants, and for women who are too busy to attend in the daytime, or do not wish to become regular subscribers. Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Courtney are both much interested in this school, and it is to be hoped it will be a financial success, as well as an occupation for society during Lent.

Prince Victor Duplek Singh, so well known in Halifax and reports of whose financial wreck was at one time current, has triumphantly surmounted his embarrassment, and is at present spending his winter between London and Monte Carlo.

Miss Clark's wedding, quiet as it is to be, will be quite the event of the next week, as it is to be a "white wedding," the prospective bride has every one's best wishes for a fine day.

There is every prospect of next summer being an exceedingly gay one in Halifax. Many reasons will tend to make it so, a new regiment, a new commander of the force, although no one could possibly do more for the gentry of Halifax than does the present commander, and the visit of some representative of the Royal Family, who will pass through here on his way to the World's Fair at Chicago. Halifax will then have as lively a summer as she has ever had. The World's Fair, however, will do a great deal to injure Halifax; the Americans, who came in crowds last year, will be conspicuous by their absence. Every good citizen of the United States when he wishes to take his holidays, when he wishes to spend his money, will not betake himself to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, but will visit himself to Chicago, where he will see all the kingdoms of the earth spread out before his view.

As long a time as two weeks ago immediately after the death of the late Bishop of Massachusetts, I prophesied that the Bishop of Nova Scotia would go to Boston and do duty till another Bishop had been appointed. As every one knows my prophecy has come true, and it seems doubtful if I shall see the Bishop back for sometime if at all. Meanwhile the diocese of Nova Scotia is without a head and may remain for some time in that unfortunate condition. It was I believe this time last year that the Bishop went to duty in New York.

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Feb. 8.—The Ramblers Cycle Club had its annual drive and dinner at Bedford, last Wednesday afternoon. Before dinner the annual meeting and election of officers was held, which resulted in the following officers being chosen for the ensuing year:—A. M. Hoare, president; H. L. Hart, vice-president; A. M. Hoare, 2nd vice-president; W. H. Roberts, captain; R. M. Cutler, 1st lieutenant; G. B. Taylor, 2nd lieutenant.

Mr. A. M. B. had gathered at the depot on Friday evening en route for Seville to give a

Red Figure Sale.

Our entire stock of winter goods marked away down in Red Figures to ensure a total clearance previous to stock-taking.

- MEN'S OVERCOATS \$7.75 A fine lot of Nap Reefers marked away down to \$7.75 and \$8.40, and a lot of extra good quality Reefers at \$5.25 and \$6.25.
MEN'S PANTS \$1.50 A lot of good, strong working pants at 90c. and 1.20. Extra good all-wool pants marked away down to \$1.25.
MEN'S SUITS \$6.00 All our winter suits in heavy and medium weights marked away down to \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$10.00.
MEN'S DRESS PANTS \$3.25 Our entire stock of dress pants marked away down to \$2.50, \$2.90, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.00.
BOYS' SUITS \$2.75 A fine lot of good suits for boys all marked away down to \$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.75, \$4.25.

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE, 168 & 170 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. FOR THIS WEEK SURE. JUST A WORD ABOUT HOUSE FURNISHING.

We have everything to make home comfortable and beautiful. Just now you can get some great bargains in Furniture and Carpets. Write for prices and particulars if you want anything. We can make it to your advantage if you will let us know your requirements.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd. Successors to A. Stephen & Son, Halifax, N. S.



Millinery Orders Solicited. Halifax, N. S.

H. Foster, 2nd lieutenant and Percy S. Pender, secretary. The report of the treasurer showed the finances of the club to be in a splendid condition. That there were 74 members enrolled, with good prospects of over 100 members for the coming year. During the speeches after dinner the question of better roads came up. It was agreed that the road between Halifax and Bedford was the worst in the country, considering the amount of driving that is on it. It was suggested that the club petition the local government for a grant to fix the road, and do not intend to have their sports ended this year than last, probably about September 1st.

The dinner and drive was voted a great success, thanks to good sleighing, a good driver and a good crowd of over fifty. Mr. Walker Magr has been promoted to the position of manager of the Halifax Banking Co., at Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Magr had hosts of friends here both in business and social ways, and his departure will be much regretted. He enters upon his new duties Feb. 15th. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hickman have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lee Waring (St. John) during the past week.

ARRIVALS. [Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcock.]

Feb. 8.—The pretty suburban residence of Dr. and Mrs. Hewson, on Victoria street, was the scene of an unusually bright and pleasant progressive whist party on Wednesday evening. The hostess included married and single in her list of guests; who numbered upwards of fifty, just enough to fill the spacious and tastefully furnished drawing rooms in a way that gave no anxiety regarding the welfare of cherished tables.

Mrs. Hewson, in a very pretty gown of black satin and lace, looked particularly nice and entertained charmingly not overlooking the general doctor, who always looks well and is a capital host. Black gowns, as usual, had the monopoly, many of them were very pretty relieved with a happy touch of color. Particularly noticeable among the matrons was Mrs. Harry Tremaine in a most becoming gown of pale blue silk and Mrs. Noel Steele, who wore a very pretty and stylish dress of green silk. Miss Morrison of St. John, a charming blonde in a pretty gown of black velvet, and Miss Gwen Main in a pretty arranged dress of white challie and pale blue velvet were conspicuous among the younger guests. The first prizes which were very pretty were captured by Mrs. Noel Steele and Mr. W. T. Pipes. The booby prizes which were quite out of the ordinary and very amusing were given by Mrs. Bliss and Mr. Moran.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Hewson entertained at six o'clock tea a large number of the young friends of Miss Florence, a very pleasing young hostess, who was untiring in her efforts to make her young guests happy, and succeeded admirably if every face be evidence.

The ladies of Christ church have concluded that a Parish House is a very requisite article at present, and by the way they have recently come to the point, they don't propose to let very many months go by before it puts in an appearance. The members of the recently organized guild held a sociable at the residence of Dr. Bliss last Thursday evening, which was a success in every way. The entertainment was carried out principally by the younger members in charge of Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. Ketchum, who have made themselves amply in the way of prompt charities and good cake and coffee, which was served in a 'jelly' yourself if you please' style that was very agreeable and certainly augured well for their next, which I fear will be held at the vicarage.

When the A. M. B. band gathered at the depot on Friday evening en route for Seville to give a

TRURO, N. S.

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

Feb. 8.—Miss Mattie Jones returned last week from her trip to Boston, she is accompanied by her sister Miss M. Jones.

Miss Flora Hyde returned from her visit among Halifax friends, last Friday.

Mrs. Harry Brown was "at home" two evenings last week, Wednesday and Friday. On Wednesday evening the eight tables of whist were mostly composed of married people. Those present were: Mrs. Thos. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hartigan, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Tremaine, Dr. and Mrs. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. Waddell, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Jones, Messrs. W. D. Bowers, J. D. Bowers, Geo. Hall, Doctor Yerton.

Mrs. Harry Hartigan won the ladies' first prize, a handsome volume of Milton's poems, gentlemen's first, a paper knife was won by Mr. Martin Dickie. Supper was served at 8 o'clock, and the party broke up at 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Jones, Messrs. W. D. Bowers, J. D. Bowers, Geo. Hall, Doctor Yerton.

On Friday evening, Mrs. Brown's second card party proved one of the brightest of the season, the interest in the game being very lively; Miss Flora Hyde won the ladies' booby prize, a handsome feather fan; gentlemen's first, fell to Mr. D. B. Cummings, a gentleman's laundry list; Miss Calkin won the ladies' booby prize, and Dr. Hall, the gent's. Those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. S. Starratt, Miss Starratt, Misses Hyde, Miss Allen, Miss Archibald, Miss Tremaine, Miss McKay, Miss Pratt, Miss Crowe, Miss Calkin, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Bent, Miss Black, Miss Scott, Miss Kettle, Miss Young; Dr. Hall, Dr. Dent, Dr. Yorkston, Mr. Willmore, Mr. E. R. Stuart, Mr. George Hall; Messrs. Bowers, Tabor, Fraser and L. Crowe.

Miss Dimock, who has but very recently been again accepting invitations, was looking very well in a beautiful toilette of deep, silken black with white flowers. Miss Starratt wore a most becoming gown of cardinal silk. Mrs. Crowe, who is a very charming hostess, was ably seconded by her mother, Mrs. D. B. Dickie, and her sister, Mrs. Robert Dickie, left for their home in Canada on Monday last.

Miss Maggie Leach gave a whist party on Saturday evening last, at her home, Victoria Square. Those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bowers, Miss Hyde, Miss Flora Hyde, Miss Allen, Miss Mary Sutherland, Miss Akhmed, Miss Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bowers, A. H. Vernon.

Miss Ross, was looking unusually well in a toilette of grey silk and trimmings of apple green velvet. The ladies' prize list, which was very interesting, was read by Miss Starratt. The booby prizes were a bedstead, beautifully decorated and a year cake, Pieschmann's premium.

Mr. W. S. Muir's many friends will be glad to know that she is expected home on Saturday next. Miss J. J. Taylor, occupies the pulpit of St. Andrew's next Sunday.

Rev. Thos. Cumming preaches before the students of Dalhousie college, on Sunday next.

Mrs. G. O. Fulon entertained a large number of young people at an evening party on Saturday last, at her home, 111 Barrington street. Mr. J. S. Sillip has returned from St. John, and is boarding at the "Stanley House."

Mrs. G. A. Manning was seen visiting her daughters in Boston, and is en route to her home in Kentville, in a special car en passant with Mrs. J. A. Hanson, Wilton, and gold embroidered vest. Miss McKay entertained a small number of friends on Saturday last, at her home, 111 Barrington street. The party was beautifully clear, and the sleighing perfect, and the drive about and in the immediate vicinity town very enjoyable. After the drive, Mrs. McKay entertained her guests at her home, where a few hours were very pleasantly spent, and an appetizing repast of parakee.

Mrs. Jas. Birrell was "at home" on Monday evening last, from eight to eleven, to a number of friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hefferman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Hyde, Miss Birrell, Miss Emma Black, Miss Yull, Captain Yull, Doctor Kent, Messrs. Geo. Hall, W. Crowe.

The anniversary of the St. James church held a social in the Y. M. C. A. building last Thursday evening. Mr. W. Henry, of Halifax, was in town last week. Mr. L. W. Hoyt returned from Fredericton Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Baker returned to Gaboron Saturday.

At Miss Vooght's dance Friday night the following guests were present: Dr. and Mrs. Bath, Miss MacPherson, Misses Bell and L. Robertson, Mrs. M. P. Partridge, Misses McCreary, Miss Moore, Miss Ingraham, Miss Bodwin, Miss Ada Plant, Messrs. McKay, Sutherland, Book, Eason, Cliff Robertson, Len. Robertson, Frank Robertson, Farbridge, Campbell, H. Moore and F. H. Baderham.

The anniversary of the St. James church held a social in the Y. M. C. A. building last Thursday evening. After satisfying the inner man with the abundance of good things provided, a musical programme interspersed with readings, was very much enjoyed during the evening.

Miss Willey of St. John's and Miss Davies of Stellarton, are the guests of Mrs. W. Gordon.

Mr. Pyke, of Dartmouth, was in town for the last week, his many friends were delighted to see him.

Rev. James B. Falconer left for Newport last Monday, where he has accepted a call, he was accompanied by his father, who assisted at his induction.

Miss James, of Halifax, is visiting Miss Falconer. The congregation of St. James church held a social in the Y. M. C. A. building last Thursday evening. After satisfying the inner man with the abundance of good things provided, a musical programme interspersed with readings, was very much enjoyed during the evening.

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Advertisement for 'BOSTON DRUG' featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'MILBURNERY Department' listing various fabrics like silks, ribbons, and laces.

Advertisement for 'SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.' listing various fabrics and goods.

Advertisement for 'TO ENJOY LIFE' featuring a list of necessities for a happy home, including a chair and slippers.

Advertisement for 'THE PARLOR SHOE STORE' listing various styles of shoes and slippers.

Advertisement for 'THE SLIPPER HOUSE OF HALIFAX' listing various styles of slippers.

Advertisement for 'L. HIGGINS & CO., 85 Barrington St., Halifax.' listing various goods and services.

Advertisement for 'BOSTON DRUG' featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS' listing various ailments treated by the pills.

Advertisement for 'CHOCOLATE & COCOA' listing various products and prices.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names like 'HACKMOR...' and 'THE DIV...'.

Special Sale.

WE ARE SHOWING EXTRA GOOD VALUE IN:

BLACK DRESS GOODS:

BLACK ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE, BLACK WOOL DRESS SERGES, BLACK WOOL STORM SERGES, BLACK FRENCH MERINOS, BLACK SILK WARP HENRIETTES, BLACK STRIPED DRESS GOODS, BLACK FIGURED DRESS GOODS, BLACK GRAPES, ETC.

LADIES' KID GLOVES:

85c.

\$1.00.

\$1.10.

S. C. PORTER,

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



are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

WINDSOR.

Prognosis is for sale in Windsor at Knowles and Macdonald's Bookstore. The race at the rink on Monday evening was most interesting. The one mile race between A. B. Shaw, of Windsor, and F. Hillis, of Dartmouth, was very exciting. Shaw won by a very short distance.

Mr. Gordon Drysdale has been spending a few weeks with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Drysdale, at "Avalonhurst." She will leave shortly for British Columbia. Captain Davis, who has been in Windsor for a year, leaves tomorrow for New York.

Mr. W. H. Sutherland was in Halifax for a few days last week, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sutherland. Mr. William Hoach is visiting in Truro, the guest of Mrs. T. E. Currier.

There was great excitement among the gentlemen over the civic election which took place today. Dr. Gosip was elected mayor by acclamation and Mr. C. Dewolf Smith was elected alderman.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bennett of St. John have been in town lately, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Coohey and other relatives in this town.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Prognosis is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. Ralph Adams and the book store of S. S. Wall in Calais at O. F. Frost's. The carnival at the St. Croix skating rink on Thursday evening was a grand success.

Mr. Charles King, of Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George King, at their home in Calais. Mrs. S. H. Blair who has been spending the past two months in Ottawa, is now in St. John, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Harriette Ridgeway.

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NEW GLASGOW.

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DIGBY, N. S.

The dance in the Academy of Music, Annapolis, Wednesday evening, was a very enjoyable affair. Among those who accepted invitations from Digby were: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Green, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell, Miss McCormick, Miss Jessie Stewart, the Misses Smith, Miss Beatrice Oliver, and Messrs. Pithado, Gupitel, Merkle and Tins.

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BRIDGETOWN.

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Advertisement for 'DRUG' and 'SUNLIGHT SOAP' with various product images and text.

Advertisement for 'The Gladstone Sleigh' by John Edgecombe & Sons, featuring an illustration of a sleigh and descriptive text.

Advertisement for 'MILLER BROTHERS' pianos and organs, including contact information and a list of services.

Advertisement for 'STOP' hair store, featuring 'Sunlight Soap' and 'Ladies' Hair Store' with contact details.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

AROUND THE SKELLIGS.

RAMBLES OF A STRANGER WITH A PENCIL AND NOTE BOOK.

What Can be Found of Interest and Interest One Among the Old Monks' Hamlets of Great Skellig Rock - A Scene in Valletta in Early Morning.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—I wonder how many Americans ever visited the famous Skelligs of the southwest coast of Ireland? They are the most southwesterly extensions of Ireland; are three in number; and lie in a curved line southwest of Port Magee. The first and the least, is called Lemon Rock. It is a round, solid mass rising only a few feet above the water. The second and next larger is called Little, or Lesser, Skellig, and is a craggy grouping of rocky pinnacles, standing grim and black against the sky; as though some city of churches with wondrous steeples had been submerged, rearing above the waves their mighty Gothic spires, among which millions of sea-birds had found their desolate homes.

The third, the Great Skellig, is precisely nine miles at sea from Port Magee. It is an enormous and precipitous mass of rock rising perpendicularly at nearly all angles to the height of several hundred feet, and from these pushing skyward stupendous, irregular groups, terminating in two lofty pinnacles, the highest of which reaches an altitude of 710 feet. It is said that the ocean surroundings around it are far deeper than those in any part of the English channel; and at no other point upon the whole Atlantic are witnessed such awful battles between wave and stone. The base of the only lighthouse now in use upon Great Skellig stands upon a levelled rock, 140 feet above the sea, and the roof of this lofty structure was a few years ago crushed in and partly carried away by the assaults of the waves, which must have been lifted upwards of 180 feet above the sea-level to have been dashed upon it!

A determination to land upon and scale Great Skellig rock is more easily formed than is the project performed; for certain destruction attends attempting landing, save when old ocean may be caught napping and for a few hours quite at rest. Every day for nearly a week, with a Kerry fisherman friend, I arose before day and tramped to the cliffs below Port Magee for forecast of wind, weather and sea. At last a propitious day came. With my friend and three of his hardy companions we set forth in a strong open boat with the outgoing tide from the tiny pier of the port, and without stroke of oar were soon sweeping through the southern entrance of the harbor of Valletta.

The sea was perfectly calm as we left the channel, save where imperceptible distant swells, massing upon the half-hidden ledge that protects the harbor entrance, flung glittering spume and spray landward behind us. Over to the west, Bray Head rose precipitously 1,000 feet out of the water. Beyond this, innumerable fishers' sails blended with a huge oncoming surge at the edge of the horizon. To the left, grim headlands stretched away in dark projections to far Bolus Head; and the long, regular stroke of the oarsmen soon sped us past Puffin Island. In an hour and a half we were alongside Lemon Island, lying like some sleeping half-hidden monster to our right; and in two hours' time we had come abreast of Little Skellig.

Here we were favored with a characteristic sight. This island is the only one off the Irish coast where the puffin haunts and breeds in countless numbers. Taking advantage of the placid sea, perhaps three score coastwise folk were here seeking these fowl within the fissures and clefts of the crags. Many a serial battles between men along with ropes from dangerous heights and the birds they were mercilessly seeking, were seen in progress as we passed. The eggs and flesh of the puffin are eaten; their feathers are dried and sold; and a trifling traffic is carried on in pickled, or dried puffins which are exchanged for potatoes and meal with the country folk of the Iveragh wilds.

At last the Great Skellig was reached, and we made a landing without difficulty at the only spot upon which foot can be set from the sea. I begged the boatmen to climb the crags with me, but they shook their heads gravely and refused. The reason for this, as related by my fisher friend who consented to accompany me, was on account of certain portentous superstitions the peasantry and fishermen tenaciously hold regarding the spot. The only human beings now living upon Great Skellig are those having charge of the lighthouse.

But more than a thousand years ago, hundreds, if not thousands, passed their lives in religious devotions upon this wild sea-mountain; for this place was then the St. Michael's Mount of Ireland. Its history was luminous even in the earliest days of Christianity in Erin. A majestic monastery once stood in the little valley between the two lofty peaks of the island. From the single landing place, 630 stone steps, many portions of which remain, led to the monastery, the great chapel, the oratories, the stone cells, the ancient burial place, and

many unrecorded structures which the incalculable toil and zealous consecration of a remote age groped within this sacred spot. Easily traced remains of nearly all these structures still exist; and fragments of gigantic crosses here and there push through the strange debris, whose contemplation cannot but send a thrill through the least impressive heart.

Far, far above this tens of thousands of pilgrims in the intervening centuries have climbed. Near the top of the highest pinnacle one must squeeze through a narrow orifice called the Needle's Eye, in order to follow their olden painful way. Just beyond this is a narrow ridge or saddle of solid rock. One must get astride this and work along with legs and hands until an ascending shelving rock is reached. The danger here is terrible. One false movement, and you are plunged headlong into the sea from either side. From this to the highest point any fairly sure-footed man may pass securely to the slender yard-wide summit, along which are found rudely-sculptured crosses, or stations.

I have been in some eerie spots in my travel, but never before have I stood where such sense of sublimity mingled with awe-inspiring insecurity possessed me. On three sides you look down a black, straight line of over 700 feet into the ocean. Behind and below you are the solemn ruins of remote ages. Far to the north and east is the weird, sea-walled coast. Your own land is 2,000 miles beyond those white specks of fisher-boats to the west. Around and above you are only the palpable clouds, and ghostly whistle of darting sea-bird's wing. The solemn grandeur and awful impressiveness of the place are appalling.

The descent was more dangerous than the climbing; but we accomplished it safely, re-entered the boat and made for Port Magee. I never wish to see Great Skellig again—unless from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, when a sight of it as the first glimpse of Europe is occasionally had; and as we rounded the reef into the safer channel, while night was softly descending, and the lights from a thousand mackerel-fishers' boats gleamed along the western horizon, I turned with a sigh of relief from this tremendous and desolate terror of the deep, to welcoming land, as from some hideous phantasm of unhappy dreams.

Valletta, the chief city of Malta, is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead; but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time if you are abroad alone, the silent churches, the huge abbeys, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies seem to whisper anew their tales of romance old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days.

But soon from this patio, from that narrow thoroughfare, another silent archway, from huge barred doors that open and close with a startling click, come funeral forms, clad in sombre black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their advent has been so sudden and their number is at once so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay. But these do not remain.

For a soft and delicate hand, as if by accident, with a swift motion changes the folds of the *faldetta*, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one turned roguishly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valletta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a reverent worshipper, mentally blessing one and all for their piety and pretty gracious ways.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Banquet of Chestnuts.

"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa," says a writer in the Chicago Tribune.

"The remarkable 'spread' was given by an antiquary named Gorbil, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit.

"The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

"There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a spoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it.

"The apple-jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

The Patent office at Washington last year issued 21,437 patents to the citizens of the United States and 2,051 to foreigners. The surplus for the year amounted to \$175,325.48.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE STORY OF THE GROWTH OF A VILLAGE ON THE BORDER.

It is a Town Now, and Revels in Many New Fancied Notions—Some of the Resources of Civilization, Including the Soft "Act" and Town Council.

Well, it has been cold. It reminds one of the hard winters of long ago. It is only a gentle reminder however, for the winters such as we had as boys are things of the past. It was in 1840, if I remember rightly, that winter set in with a heavy snow storm on the 20th. November, and it was a winter. I was not grown to man's estate at that time and whether it be that the journeys through the drifts to the little school-house unduly impressed my youthful mind, or whether the snow actually was as deep as fancy paints it, I know not, but our modern snows look as nothing in comparison. True, we had no snow-ploughs then to clean the sidewalks, and as we had little in the way of sidewalks there was not much need for it. The middle of the road was broken with a two or four or six horse team, and that answered for pedestrians as well as equestrians. What good old days they were. The folk lived simply in our village 40 or 50 years ago. Everybody knew everybody else, and many a pleasant evening was spent at a social game of whist by the light of a home made tallow dip and the heat of a blazing log fire, or in merry social games in which old and young could join. Alas! it is not only the winters that have changed. The tallows have given place to kerosene, gas and electricity, which perhaps were not so bad were it not so expensive. Nothing less than a five cent article will do now as an accompaniment to the erst-while harmless game of whist, and gaming for larger stakes is carried on nightly by those who frequent the dog-hole bar room, and on up through society to those who go to the big hotel.

An honest man was not of infrequent occurrence in days of yore, but such is the greed for gain and the stress of party politics that even our leaders submerge the right, and are ready to trade off principle for immediate party advantage or personal ends.

The village has outgrown its short clothes and now revels in the name of the town, with all the glories that the name implies. We have a mayor and six councillors and all the minor officers, plank sidewalks, high taxation, and a big debt which is growing bigger, and a daily newspaper within a mile of us. The old hand engine "Iron Duke" which with the boys in blue shirts and white pants to man it, danced with pride as it sent a stream from a seven eighth nozzle over the highest building in town, is supplanted by the new fangled hydrants, which might be well enough if the head of the department knew how to handle the water that comes from them, which he does not seem to.

The volunteer fire company that used to make the welkin ring with its cheery song as the members pumped, pumped, pumped, to fill the reservoir from the river after the fire was over, has given way to the smaller company of mercenaries whose salary has been increased in greater ratio than its efficiency by the present council. A somewhat bulky brass buttoned individual, the view of said buttons being now obscured by a con skin coat, is supposed to parade our streets and quell disorder, and drive stray cows to the pound, etc., etc., what time he is not engaged in training his friend's fast horses in the streets of St. Stephen and Calais, and there is a lesser light supposed to rule the night, whose principal characteristic is that he becomes invisible to the ordinary maked eye after midnight.

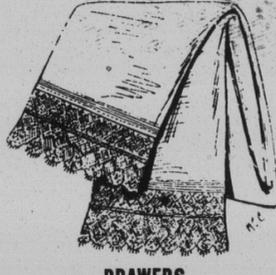
The old militia day is gone, and the town meeting is no more. What a day it was to be sure. Plenty of liquid refreshments then, with the usual results, and no one to interfere with the personal liberty of the drinker or the seller. The town has gone dry since, or at least it is supposed to have done so. Senator Scott would fail to recognize his act however as it is administered in St. Stephen at present. The little Montreal Frenchman who sells French liquors to Murray and others says that it pays him to come here often now. Murray knows what good liquor is, and has a good class of customers and is well protected by the authorities. It is said that he has to pay well for the protection, but that is a private matter into which it would be uncourteous for us to inquire. Time was, and that not very long ago, when the dispensers of the ardent kept front and back doors locked and the shutters on and the thirsty soul had to give the proper signal before he could gain admission. In the advance of civilization the hindrances to trade have been removed and under the encouragement given it during the past year the business has prospered. The uncouth shutters are off the windows and the doors unlocked, and free right and access from the street to the bar-room. The number of business houses has increased twofold, and the persecuted beings can now lift up their heads with their neighbors in

A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WHITE WEAR

For Our FEBRUARY SALE.



CORSET COVERS. 17c. to \$1.80.



DRAWERS. 25c. to \$2.25.



NIGHTGOWNS. 55c. to \$5.00.

CHEMISE. 25c. to \$3.25. SKIRTS. 47c. to \$5.00.

Ladies' Underclothing Cheaper than they can be made up in your own homes.

SPECIAL PRICES ON MANY ARTICLES FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.



Our Big Store, Corner King & Germain.

The early to rise, Roll-the-Hoop-Boys' clothes, are a shade rusty about now. Get him a school suit, or play suit. Either will do; they're the same. Extra Knicker Pants brighten up the clothes. But you'd better get the whole suit. Best of all.

Send Back What You Don't Like.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY.

During February

we hem Cottons and Linens free, or if you prefer to do your own hemming we will pay you the same as we would have to pay another.

The lot of trimmings that were accounted such big bargains at 8c., are now 5c., and Dress Goods—well our stock of Dress Goods in now in such a condition we do not urge their sale.

Butterick's Large Catalogues for Winter, 5c. Former price 25c.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., St. John.

DICKENS AND GHOSTS.

He Never Could find a Haunted House in Which to Study Them.

My friend Mr. Charles Dickens writes me: "You are not quite accurate in the 'Nete Book' as to my father and the haunted houses. He never obtained permission to pass a night in one. He tried to do so often enough, but the difficulty was that no haunted house could ever be found. . . . The most promising stories melted into thin air on close examination. There was a party always ready to investigate any phenomena anywhere: it consisted of my father, W. H. Willis, Edmund Yates, myself, and two big dogs, who lived in the stable-yard at Gad's hill. But no employment was ever found for us."

Haunted houses therefore, it seems, like ghosts themselves, are often heard but never seen. It is not at all likely that they should have become more common since the great novelist's time. One meets lawyers who believe in a good many things that a mere layman is unable to swallow, but never one that believes in a ghost; it is therefore curious enough that perhaps the best authenticated story of the return of a departed spirit to this world owes its imprimatur to a judge's "opinion." Smellie, the naturalist, made a solemn agreement with his friend Greenlaw, the linguist, that whichever of them died first should return and give an account of his experience to the other; if the deceased should not return within a year, it was to be concluded that he could not obtain permission. This document was signed with their blood and formally sealed.

Greenlaw died in 1774, aged sixty-two. Smellie grew very anxious as the end of the year approached "owing to the intensity of his expectations." One evening he fell asleep in his chair, and Greenlaw, habited in white, appeared to him. He said he had had such difficulty in procuring the desired permission that he was in a better world than the present, but that the hopes of its inhabitants were by no means satisfied, and they still looked forward to a happier existence. Smellie was quite confident that he had seen his friend, but to make sure laid the whole case, with the contract, before his friend, Lord Monboddo, "which decided that there could not be the smallest reasonable doubt in believing that Greenlaw did actually appear."—James Fyfe in London News.

Some of the older residents, afflicted with old fashioned honesty, will lament the changes noted, and pessimistically enquire as to the future, but the people at large

DOUBLE DYED RASCALS.

MINDOO POISONERS AND THEIR WAYS OF WORKING.

Prophets Who Know How to Make Their Predictions Come True—Methods Employed by Them—Some Notable Instances of Detected Crimes.

The worst of magicians and prophets is that they can hardly ever resist the temptation to make their prophecies come true.

Some man once predicted that on a particular day one of our cathedrals would be in flames, and so it would have been if the hand had not been caught as he was setting the building on fire.

Again, Catin tells a story of a Red Indian chief, whose reputation as a prophet increased by leaps and bounds after he had purchased a quantity of arsenic from a white trader.

Dr. Barry, the chemical analyst to the Government of Bombay, makes us acquainted with another of these trustworthy prophets.

He says, in his latest report, that in the Kalgudi district of Hindostan a woman obtained a "charm" from a native seer.

Dr. Barry's report, and other official documents of a like nature, show that poisoning is still fairly common in India.

The usual method of the Cobbler is to drop a lead covered with arsenic in front of a cow, and then the victim is taken to a place set apart in every village for dead animals, when he comes forth and secures the skin.

These rascals are partly foiled; however, a native vegetable poison, is used for this purpose, and nothing could possibly be better.

The Thug caste pays no attention to men, whom it firsts drugs and then plunders. But a native vegetable poison, is used for this purpose, and nothing could possibly be better.

For general criminal purposes arsenic and strychnine are the poisons most commonly used in India.

Oh wise judge! Of course, he, too, was soon affected in the same way. Nine persons in all partook of that poisonous dish, but only one died, and he unfortunately, was not the professional wise man.

The magician, if he can profit by experience, will in future be as careful in his dealings with poison as was a woman of Bijapore.

This methodical murderess resolved that "something should happen" to an obnoxious male neighbour.

Quite another different sort of person was one Buchoo. The son of a wealthy man, he fell into debt, and as the "old man" showed no disposition to become "friendly," and to "part" after the approved style of the kind and doing fathers of fiction, he resolved to sweep away all the relatives who stood in the way of this domestic drama.

To turn from details to statistics, it appears that in 1891, 151 cases of suspected poisoning were referred to the chemical analyst of Bombay, and that in nearly one-half of these—49 per cent.—the suspicion was justified.

In the diary of George M. Dallas, formerly United States Minister to Russia, occurs a story, which as a writer remarks, illustrates the extent to which, in that country, the most important matters are subject to imperial whims.

The empress, having written a letter to her father, gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier, then waiting to start.

As soon as the empress was told what had been done, she sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg.

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The prettiest battle I ever witnessed, says a recent writer, was between a Cuban and a couple of sharks.

We had reached Havana from New York, and were lying half a mile from the docks, waiting for the signal to go.

The father plunged overboard and seized him, and the big sharks made it once for the pair.

Several of us began to blaze away at him with our revolvers, but the Cuban appeared to fear our bad marksmanship.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fire in the bosom of his family.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "but I had had the stroke laid me low."

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors.

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ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE.

AN ODDFELLOWS LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With Hope for Others.

Canadian Order of Oddfellows. Manchester Unity. Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118. LONDON, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company: GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine, Pink Pills, has done for my brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia, and given up by our doctor as incurable.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge.

Ed. Gillett, secretary. 521 Phillip Street, London, Ont. This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertising reporter proceeded to investigate it.

It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. F. Carrothers, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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The lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day.

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can find no words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and to testify to the efficacy of the utterance. 'I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can.'"

"I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT. "There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We hesitated again for some time on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect.

Mr. Gillett opened his secretary and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows: Dr. Pingel, Office, 345 Dundas street, LONDON, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett: DEAR SIR,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance (O. O. F. M. U.), who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood taken into brain). As so impracticable had taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally, A. R. PINGEL. "After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He's better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them.

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for many years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man, and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so suddenly. He should be a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to it on the table); well, if I tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over, of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers of sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired, he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

DR. PINGEL. Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?" "Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?" "I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by taking them he became well again. There seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and allow complexion, and to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

The public are also cautioned against so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale people, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of Mothers for their children's ailments. It is the only safe, reliable, and pure remedy for all ailments of children.

Twenty-five cents a Bottle. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and give me a little more hope.

With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and give me a little more hope.

RUB! RUB! RUB! in the wash tub!

That's the usual story on wash day. It's hard on the clothes but still harder on the washer.

Surprise Soap changes this. It does away with hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap: the dirt will drop out, not be rubbed in.

Thousands use Surprise the "Surprise" way, on wash day, to save wearing out the clothes by that hard rubbing. It saves hard work too.

Surprise Soap does it. READ the directions on the wrapper.

T O W H E L D A Y;

Rubbing the goods out and bruising the knuckles on a corrugated zinc-covered board—(It must DESTROY the THREAD—witness;—the bruised knuckles, if not covered by the goods);—

making the hands all red and tender, chapped and sore; using coal, soap and time that might be more profitable and agreeably engaged; and, lastly, developing PHYSICAL FORCE from a power which, if applied through MENTAL ENERGY, might elevate to a much higher plane of human existence, and produce that quality which distinguishes the MAN from men, and the WOMAN from women.

T H E W A Y;

Send to Ungar's Laundry where they are simply put into a cylinder partly filled with water nearly at boiling point. The cylinder is then revolved—the hot water expanding the goods and setting the dirt free, as the articles are tumbled over and over and dropped from the sides of the cylinder.

No rubbing! No friction in this process; TRY IT! BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dry Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 99 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional!



We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 267 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$16, but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old and new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.

ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN N. B.



READ the directions on the wrapper.

This brilliant... of Constantinople... Chrysostom, the... because... quence; and... believed by his... day a sworn o... mouth when h... father dying a... Anthusa, who... than spirit, de... and was to his... time. He wro... tion as a spee... in the forum... of the Holy S... the early fath... and historic... Word. Who... used an in... taxes, and t... streets of the... and his famil... citement call... to fear the r... were filled w... improved the... cessity of r... moved throu... life in Cons... austerity, an... of his reform... custom of t... their famil... He censured... y. He r... bishop's tal... feeding the... hospital, fo... the storm... urged his pr... in prayer,"... Lord Jesus... sake, deser... offered, is... at his many... troublecon... council of... Constantin... beloved, r... used an in... vent blood... to the offic... illed to a p... as it was... popular i... violent, r... alarmed, c... compelled... the popu... and he d... to his pr... a few le... classes, a... lic attack... cause of... again det... received... manding... was con... in Arme... endured... ertheless... people h... his exile... help of t... aid much... of the p... by the i... and cru... was con... When h... treated... him the... dering, w... exhaust... on his t... third y... The la... were...





WOMAN and HER WORK.

I was talking to a pretty girl of sixteen the other day, a saucy monkey who had infinite faith in her own charms and who was fully aware that her youth and good looks were going to be potent factors in procuring for her the best possible time in this weary old world, that a daughter of Eve can reasonably look forward to, and who had every intention of enjoying her privileges to the full. This same dame calmly pronounced the theory that looks were not everything, and beauty was only skin deep, but she admitted that it was a pity one could not be always young. The little rascal could afford to promulgate such doctrines, and she knew it too; but alas; and doubly alas, if looks are not everything they are so much in this world that the woman who does not possess at least a reasonable share of good looks is apt to be "not in it" as the bad little boy says as far as the other sex is concerned. You can preach about intellectual superiority mental charms and the domestic virtues until you are weary and your throat is sore, and your audience if he happens to be a masculine one will listen in a smiling acquiescence, and even applaud mildly to distract your attention from the fact that he is yawning, but as soon as you make sufficiently long pause to give him a decent excuse for escaping he will desert your banner leave you to ignominious defeat, and enlist under the standard of the prettiest girl he can find in the town utterly regardless of mental superiority. Small blame to him I say, for after all the world was made for beauty and beauty knows it, so why should she not take advantage of her glorious endowment.

But let me whisper it here for the benefit of those dear girls who are not so fortunate as to possess beauty, there are two things which go far towards captivating the fickle fancy of the magnificent animal man, than even a pretty face; and the first and most potent charm is that indefinable quality called style.

The pretty girl may look her best and sweetest, she may charm as wisely as she knows how, but beside the girl who possesses that best of physical gifts, style, combined with a good figure, she will not be anywhere at all; while, if the stylish girl happens to be bright and animated, in addition to her other attractions, the pretty one might as well fold her tent like the Arabs and silently steal away, as far as most men are concerned. In all three the fortunate lass who rejoices in all three of these charms has the world at her feet and can keep it rolling—in a metaphorical sense—with a very slight motion of her little foot.

I have always thought Cleopatra must have been a very stylish person indeed, for no ordinary beautiful woman could have had an opportunity of getting into the terrible amount of mischief she managed to create around her, unless she had something besides mere beauty to aid her. Helen, glorious Helen too, was dowered with some other and more potent gift than beauty alone. She turned men's heads with a glance, and set nations by the ears till they went to war with each other, and fought to the death, for the possession of her lovely, if not too virtuous ladyship. Never mind girls! We can't all be Helen's and we don't want to be Cleopatra's because if we were we should get into the divorce courts and have no end of unpleasantness. This is the prosaic end of the nineteenth century, and if we cannot be heroines of romance we can at least try to be stylish and well dressed; so as a preliminary step to that desirable end, we will talk about fashions for a while.

One of the oldest and prettiest fashions this winter has brought forth for our approval is the colored velvet sleeve in the black dress. Imagine a dress of black gauze or chiffon with sleeves of old rose velvet, or one of black gauze dotted with polka dots about the size of a five cent piece in poppy red silk, with big puffed sleeves of Poppy red velvet!

I heard of one black lace dress with sleeves of turquoise blue velvet, but somehow I did not care for the idea, and I think one's taste would require to be educated up to the idea of it; black and blue do not go very well together. The American fashion plates and books all indicate a decided tendency towards the long dreaded return to corsetry. No longer do the skirts draw in so closely about the foot as to threaten to trip us up at each step; instead they flare outward to such a degree that they almost form a skirt, and are far from graceful, or convenient either.

I saw one dress lately which was, I suppose, in the tip of the fashion, but, oh dear, it made me think of what a hoop skirt would be without any cover; it was of tan-colored cloth, the skirt trimmed with eight degrees that they almost form a skirt, and are far from graceful, or convenient either.

Another unbecoming fashion, which seems to be gaining ground, is the fillet worn around the head; so, if you want to look like the Honourable Mrs. Norton, girls, you can easily do so by winding ribbon or folded gauze around your head, bringing it twice around so as to enclose the hair. I don't know how or where you can fasten it so the ends won't show, but I do know that it will take two yards of ribbon or gauze to make one fillet, and that the gauze may be either white or colored,

horrible winter weather I ever experienced, and I am sure that if I feel the cold, blessed as I am with every comfort in the shape of soft furs and warm clothing to keep the sharp winds and bitter frost at bay, those who have scanty clothing and poor fires must suffer terribly. Somehow I never could see the beauty of those bitter days and nights called "perfect winter weather." I only see the misery, the sorrow and the suffering that they bring to the poor, and to the unfortunate animals who have no protection and no defence. "God help the poor," as a witty man once said, "with so much to be done for them that a sleigh drive, I fear the fire and a book "every time," as the boys say; but it is kind of you to express the wish that I have enjoyed what is so great a pleasure to most people.

(1.) I am afraid the life of a hospital nurse would be too hard for one who is "not very strong" as the work is hard and continuous. I have known very strong girls break down utterly after a few years of hospital life, and you know that published statistics show the average life of a hospital nurse to be the shortest of any given profession; and yet I know girls of anything but robust physique who have engaged in the work of nursing, won distinction in their profession and are at the present time enjoying excellent health, and perfectly satisfied that there is no more congenial work in the world than theirs. So you see how much depends upon the constitution. (2.) As critics, and Ralph Waldo Emerson pronounced it a genuine composition of Poe's. Even after Riley acknowledged the imposture, certain papers would not accept his authorship, but accused "this Western upstart" of trying to palm off as his own a masterpiece which was "undoubtedly from the pen of Edgar Allan Poe." As several versions have appeared in print, I recently took the liberty to write to Mr. Riley. In reply, he forwarded a newspaper clipping with his corrections made along the margin.

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DURING FEBRUARY

We propose closing out a number of Lines which if not sold this month will not be sold this winter. Therefore the following lines will go at prices that in some cases will be much less than cost. Men's and Women's Black Moose Moccasins DON'T sell at \$1.75. We'll try them at 75c., all around. Men's Yellow Buckskin Moccasins, broken sizes, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Now at \$1.00. Women's warm German Slippers, broken sizes, formerly \$1.00 and \$1.50. Now 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Children's German Slippers, formerly 50c. Now 25c. Youth's Oil Tan Larrigans, formerly 75c. Now 25c. Sizes 10, 11, 12 only. Women's, Misses' and Children's Warm Lined Skating Boots at reduced prices.

These are all fresh goods, but some of the sizes being gone we want to see them all gone. WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING AND 212 UNION STREETS.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process. Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

Would you Like to go Shopping in MONTREAL. COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILIP'S SQUARE, MONTREAL. Special attention given to Mail Orders. Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, China and Glassware Kitchen Utensils, Silverware, Lamps, Japanese Goods, Ladies, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

MANTLES and MILLINERY. Full Stock in each Department. Trial Orders Solicited. HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

Buy Comfortable Corsets. The only comfortable corset is The Improved All-Featherbone Corset. WHY? Because it has no side steels to break, rust or hurt. Try a pair for a week and see.

The New World Typewriter. Price \$15.00.

SPEED—30 WORDS A MINUTE. SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION. ALIGNMENT PERFECT. EASILY LEARNED. ALWAYS READY. WRITES 77 CHARACTERS.

Agents wanted in every town in the Maritime Provinces. APPLY TO H. CHUBB & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

Worth Remembering! FERGUSON & PAGE Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry business. Call at 43 King Street

TO MAKE SURE of a nice Envelope, see that the box bears the number 1050. Ask your Stationer or Printer for them. Wholesale at SCHOFIELD BROS., 25 and 27 WATER ST.

SUN FIRE INSURANCE. IRA CORNWALL, Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces. B. B. BLIZZARD, St. John, N. B.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ROUGE CO. MONTREAL. 3,000,000. Shares of one cent each. Halifax, President. Montreal, Vice-President. Montreal, N. B. New York, N. Y. Elizabeth, N. Y. Montreal, N. B. OF COMMERCE. HALIFAX, N. S. MON, Montreal.

the owners of the shares at the rate of one cent per share. The shares will be re-issued in 1893, at the Canadian offices of Halifax, and at company, N. Y. The shares may be above places, on request. The amount paid in the event of the shares being applied for, the amount of the shares to be withdrawn from the company. The amount of the shares to be withdrawn from the company. The amount of the shares to be withdrawn from the company.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Nearly 100 different machines have been invented for boring twigs.

A race horse clears from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound.

Nearly all the shoemaking business in California is done by Chinamen.

Apples were worth from one to two shillings each in the reign of Henry VII.

In Great Britain the yearly loss in wages through ill-health is said to be £11,000,000.

One hundred cubic feet of wall requires a cord of stone, three buckets of lime and a cubic yard of sand.

The direct light of the sun is about 600,000 times more intense than that of the full moon.

At the siege of Jerusalem the Romans had a catapult that threw a stone weighing 170 pounds a distance of 500 yards.

England received about 10,057,600 letters from the United States last year, Germany received 5,858,040 letters, and France 1,884,040.

The value of the ceramic treasures which adorn Buckingham palace and the private apartments at Windsor considerably exceed £200,000.

The fleeces of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a genuine cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

Records show that the greatest day's run of an ocean steamer was 515 miles. The steamer had previously been known to make 500 miles per day for three days in succession.

The Prussian army contains but one officer raised from its ranks. This is Colonel Lademann, who was promoted for acts of bravery in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1864.

From statistics covering the last thirty-two years it is computed that the average life of women in France has been 38 years, and of men 36 years. During last year however, the average rose to 40 years for both sexes.

Advocating greater simplicity of life among the wealthier classes of society, Dean Lefroy remarked recently that a hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds a year are spent in Great Britain upon perfumed spirits from abroad.

Andre Gaertner, founder of the Mechanical museum at Dresden, who was born in 1654, is said to be the inventor of the elevator. In 1717, having become infirm, he made a machine which enabled him to go up and down the three stories of the house.

Probably few people are aware that in the event of war being declared by England, it is the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to announce the fact from the steps of the Royal Exchange. On such occasions he is attended by the whole of the City functionaries.

Few persons are aware that the British government look after the graves of soldiers who have perished in foreign wars, and that £200 is paid yearly for maintaining the cemetery in the Crimea. The sum of £7 is also given for keeping the English graves in order at Suakin.

Collecting the bones of bison killed on the prairies of the north-west in former years is now a profitable industry, carried on by Indians and halfbreeds for the most part. The bones are transported to the settled districts and transformed into phosphates for the use of the farmers.

An electrician says that the day is not so far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise all the modern pyrotechnical effects.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered as late as 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them supposing it to be some kind of an animal which the sailors had brought with them and which must be fed on wood. To this day they designate it by a term which signifies "wood eater."

About the year 1788, a Bristol plumber named Watts dreamed that he was out in a shower of molten lead. He observed that the metal came down in spherical drops, and afterwards, to find whether it would be poured melted metal into a vessel of water below. To his great delight he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully-formed globular balls, and he at once took out a patent.

All the Czars of Russia have been crowned in the Kremlin in Moscow, and in the treasury there are the thrones of all the emperors of the past and the historic jewels and the choicest plate now owned by the Russian crown. There are £120,000,000 worth of gold and silver and precious stones in that treasury, and there are basins of gold there which are as big as a baby's bath tub, and two card tables of solid silver, which are worth a king's ransom.

Coffee is more generally consumed by the people of Brazil than by any other people in the world. The coffee fields of Brazil cover 2,000,000 acres, with 800,000,000 trees, each tree averaging about one pound per annum. The industry there employs 800,000 hands. The consumption of coffee in Brazil averages yearly 14 lbs. per inhabitant; in Belgium and Holland, 11 lbs.; in the United States 7 lbs.; in Germany, 5 lbs.; in Great Britain, very little over half a pound.

One of the most remarkable buildings from the acoustic point of view is the beehive-shaped Temple in Salt Lake City. It holds from 12,000 to 14,000 people, and even when packed, one can literally hear a pin fall. The fanfanyon corresponding to the verges of ordinary churches stood at the farthest end and dropped a pin into his hat. The sound of its fall was most distinctly audible to all present. The scratching of the pin against the side of the hat was also plainly heard across the whole breadth of the building. The Temple was designed by Brigham Young, who professed to have been directly inspired by the Almighty in the matter, as he knew nothing of acoustics.

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value.

It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Solely for sale by... Price 25c per bottle, six bottles, \$1.50.

And the Child in the Arms of its Mother.



MRS. FRANK E. NADAU AND CHILD.

A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY whose life was saved by GRODNER'S SYRUP.

A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

GENTLEMEN:—My child is the picture of health to-day because I heeded the advice of a friend and I tried your remedy. Our baby was cutting his teeth last spring, and like many other children at such a time, he became very sick and feverish.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A Perfect Guarantee with each bottle.

THE GRODNER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.

OVERWORKED BRAINS.

Ministers, students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Fogginess, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured by HARRIS'S VEGETABLE.

PERRIN'S COUGH CURE

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared, and are used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success.

Table listing various ailments and their corresponding prices for Humphreys' Specifics.

SPECIFICS.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"That's a fine baby of yours, Mawson." "Yes. You ought to hear him at night. He cries like twins."

Buyer—Is this suit all wool. Mozinsky. "I want lie to you, my friend, for it is not. De buttons are made of silk."

A man never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his house in the dark.

Roosters are a good deal like men. A rooster never gives notice of finding a worm until after he has swallowed it.

Critics (looking at a picture of the impressionist school)—If that's high art, then I'm an idiot. Cynicus—Well, that is high art.

"Dear wife, there's a hole in my stocking." "Is that so? Darling, give me half a dollar and I'll go and get you a new pair."

Mother—So you wish my daughter for your wife. He (gallantly)—Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law.

Diner—Look here, waiter! There's a pin in this soup. Suppose I had swallowed it? Waiter—It wouldn't have hurt you, sir. It's a safety pin.

Gwendoline—And you really love your husband. Clara—Wildly. Gwendoline—And he loves you? Clara—Passionately. Gwendoline—Just like a novel, isn't it?

Little Johnnie—I guess sis has accepted Mr. Newcomer. Little Sister—Why? Little Johnnie—He hasn't given me any candy for a week, and yesterday he kicked the dog.

"Ab, John," she said, just before the marriage, "I fear I am not worthy of you. You are such a good man." "Never mind, Martha, I'll change all that after the wedding."

First Boy—Whenever there's a picture of two lovers, there's always a lot of little boys around with wings. Wot's they for? Second Boy—I guess they is her little brothers what's dead.

Patient—You haven't sent me any bill yet, doctor. Are you not afraid to let it run so long? Doctor (cheerfully)—No, I'm not afraid. I'm sure to get it out of the estate, you know.

Johnson—What became of that man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning? Dock Worker—He fell in one day when he had them all on, and the weight of 'em sunk him.

"This cheese," said the guest to the waiter, "has a most dreadful odor." "All the better, sir," was the reply; "cheese is different from any other kind of food, the worse it smells the better it is."

Mother—I cannot let you go out this weather. It is a mother's duty to care for her children in a season of the year. Francis—That's all right in summer, but in winter you ought to let them slide.

Churchwarden Smith—Mr. Jones are you aware that you put a counterfeit coin in the contribution box this morning? Mr. Jones—Yes; I owe the heathen a grudge for roasting a missionary uncle of mine.

Drill Sergeant—I say, Smith, have you any idea of how slow and stupid you are? Private Smith—I don't know. D. S.—Oh, course you don't, but let me tell you that an Egyptian mummy is frisky compared with you.

Reporter (interviewing an aged negro)—And they tell me, Aunt, you are 110 years old. Now, how does it happen that you have lived that long? Aunt Sheba—Don't know zactly, but spect it's bekaise I nebehd die sah.

"Has Sarah's young man gone?" asked the father, shouting down stairs. "No," said the young brother. "Why not?" "Because she has just stepped outside to bid him goodnight."

Small Son—Vy you lets dot customer beat you down fifty zents on dose pants? Father—Dot's all right, mine son. I left dose price marks on behind, and he will do us ten tollars' worth of advertising, bevore he gets to Broadway.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can swear. Wife—No, I can't. I can think with a horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.

Objecting Parent—Yes; I know how it is with you young people. You'd get along so long as the sea is calm and it is smooth sailing; but what would you do in case of a squall? Practical Suitor—Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can employ a nurse.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my grey hair. My hair is grey, and it will continue to be grey as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black, and will continue to be black as long as he dies."

Knowit—My cook is a treasure. Want to know—You're in better luck than most people, then. Knowit—It wasn't till lately. You see, she had a row with the grocer, and to revenge herself she is very saving with the groceries. The bill is only half what it used to be.

Complaining Husband—My dear, I should think you would be more careful when buying things for me. Now, these expensive slippers you brought from Paris are altogether too small. I can never wear them. Cheerful Wife—Well, they'll do to spank Tommy with, dear.

"You may talk all you like about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do." "And that was?" inquired Mr. Snipps. "Lost 50,000,000 hairpins and wore the wings of 8,000,000 birds on their hats."

Miss Sawtelle—There goes Professor Branes, the great scientist. I'd give a good deal to know what mighty problem he is thinking of now. Professor Branes (ruminating)—Let me see, I was to get three yards of tape at Smith's, a pair of lead-lard at the grocer's, order the coal, pay the butcher, and get some washing-stuff for the baby with Mrs. Branes would attend to these matters herself.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

I have an elegant assortment of Leather and Plush goods in stock made especially for the Holiday trade.

A very choice assortment of English, French, and American Perfumes in stock, selected especially for the season. Call early.

CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE

HACKNOMORE Cures

COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP. 25c. and 50c. a bottle.

G. A. MOORE, St. John.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

This SEASON'S GOODS are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets.

First-Class Materials! Equitable Prices!

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUT with JAMES S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

HENRY B. ESMOND, M. D. (NEW YORK AND LONDON.)

CONSUMPTION CANCERS

DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.)

Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat.

HARRIS B. FENETY, L.L.B., BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

QUIGLEY & MULLIN, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, St. George's Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England.

JOHN L. GARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Lord Salisbury is the first British Premier who has set foot on Australian soil.

Mrs. DeWitt Talmage makes her husband's pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests are in her hands.

A portrait of the Empress of Germany is to be hung in every barrack-room of the empire, by order of the emperor, that none may fail to recognize her.

Jay Gould's personal estate, estimated at seventy millions, was left to his children in such a way that the state tax will amount to \$750,000 annually. It was left in trust.

Amongst the shoes possessed by the Princess of Wales—and she collects boots and shoes of all periods worn by famous persons—the pair which she treasures most are those once worn by Mary Queen of Scots.

The Queen of Roumania, as is well known, exhibits a deep interest in the culture of the people. As a scholar, her Majesty has almost a European reputation, and her poems are much admired in England.

Ulrike von Lovetzo, whom Goethe admired when he was 70 and she 17, and wished to marry, reached her 90th birthday last week at her castle of Trzeitzel, in Bohemia. She is the subject of Goethe's "Trilogy of Passion."

Prof. Tyndall, in a letter dated Haslemere, January 12, writes: "I am steadily progressing towards convalescence, but I find this cold weather is very trying to lungs which have passed through such an ordeal as mine during the past year."

W. D. Howells has for many years carried an annual income of about \$20,000 with his pen. The novelist is very fond of Italy, and would, it is believed, take up his residence in that country if his father—83 years of age—could undertake the journey.

Fritjof Nansen, the explorer, three years ago married Miss Eva Sars, Miss Nansen last winter accompanied him on a long excursion on snowshoes through the mountains, during which the nights were passed in sleeping bags. Last week a child was born to Dr. Nansen.

Baron Ascento, a wealthy Spaniard, can only sleep in a railway carriage, the cabin of a steamer, or a coach in full motion. For the last four years he has never ceased travelling by night in order to obtain sleep; and during that period he has never spent a single night in a house.

Jeanne Eugenie Moreau, the child wonder of Paris, whose phenomenal memory has made her a highly-educated person at the age of five years, is a granddaughter of the Philippe Moreau, who led the assault on the Bastille in 1789, and who was decorated therefore by Lafayette.

Various celebrities have dropped one or more middle names. Mr. Edmund Gosse was christened Edmund William Gosse; Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson; Mr. Robert Buchanan, Robert Williams Buchanan; Mr. Henry Labouchere, Henry du Pre Labouchere.

The Czar of Russia is very fond of fishing, and spends many consecutive days of every season at his favorite resort, the Langella salmon fishery, on the coast of Finland, amid most romantic scenery. The Empress and family assist by cooking the fish at a spacious villa built for this purpose.

When Dr. Nansen sets out for the Arctic regions he will carry several photographs with him. One will be entirely filled with his favourite songs as sung by his wife, while another will contain a charming collection of "baby's cries" as uttered at all times and seasons by the explorer's only child.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake of England has achieved the highest distinction as a student in medicine ever won by a woman. She has taken a "double first" in the examinations at the London University, not by special cramming, but by systematic, persevering work throughout the entire course.

Mme. Brochard, sub-superintendent of the Lenon Hospital, has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for faithful service during the cholera epidemic. She is such a diligent woman that she could not at first be persuaded to wear the insignia openly, but concealed the red ribbon beneath a fold of her dress, insisting that she had no better right than those around her to be singled out for the honor.

Leading London papers state that they are authorized to deny statements recently circulated alleging that Mr. Ruskin is in a weak mental condition, and that he suffers from delusions that his life is threatened. Ruskin is in better health at present than he has been for some years past, both mentally and bodily. He no longer works, but he walks every day, and takes a great interest in everything around him.

Major General Sir George Stewart White, who is to succeed Lord Roberts as commander in chief in India, has been thirty-eight years in the British army, most of that time having been spent in that country. In 1886 he was sent into Burma to command the army of occupation, 30,000 strong; and his management of the perplexing questions, military and political, for four years, elicited high praise from the Viceroy.

August Strindberg, the Danish poet, is famous for his hatred of women. This aversion seems to be uncontrollable at times, and often leads the author into difficulty. Not long ago, he happened to meet a lady at the house of a friend, and, taking hold of her, threw her from the veranda. The poor woman, who was injured, brought an action against the ungentle writer. He was condemned to pay the plaintiff very heavy damages, as well as the costs of the proceedings.

Queen Victoria and her daughters are to send as their offering to the Columbian Fair specimens of their handiwork. The Queen sends a bit of linen spun and woven by herself and some sketches and water colors. Princess Christian contributes embroidery and a sailor's jersey knitted by herself. A richly carved chair of her own handiwork is sent by the Princess of Wales, and her daughters have executed specimens of beaten brass work to show the technical handicrafts taught in the Sandringham School. There are water colors from the other daughters of the Queen's family.

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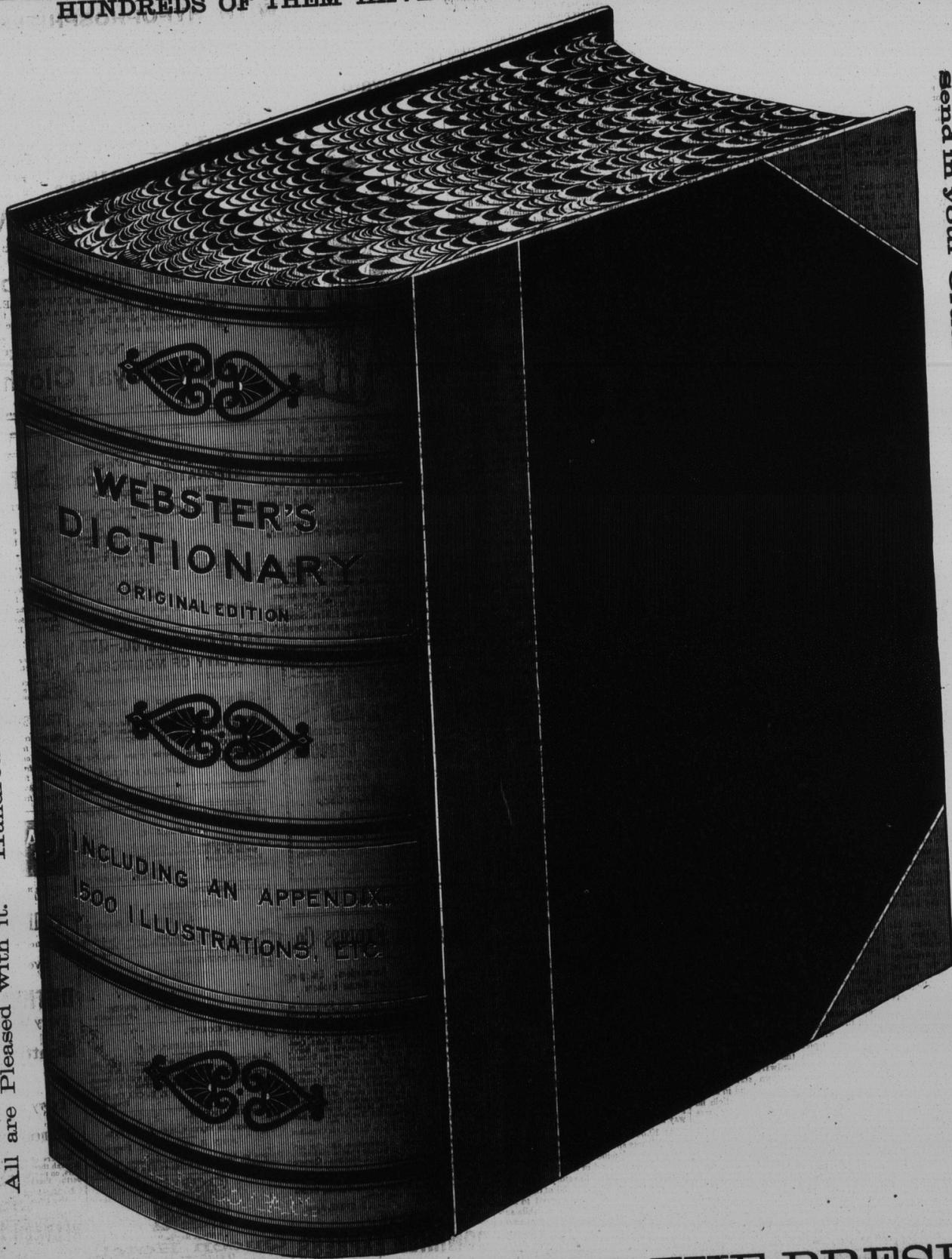
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SAVED FROM DISHONOR.

Plum full to-night, sir, except a small back room under the stairs. Sorry, but the silver convention has brought in a good many delegates. Thus said the hotel clerk of the Grand Central to Willis Crandall, who was making his first trip west of the Missouri River for the New York diamond dealers whom he represented. The train on the Great Northern had been delayed several hours, so that it was nearly 11 o'clock before those belated travellers who were booked for Helena arrived at their destination.

Willis was nervous and apprehensive. He carried a valuable case of diamonds in his valise, and was anxious to get to the hotel. Somehow he had imbibed a notion that the tall, slim gentleman with the yellow mustache who had occupied the berth in the sleeper across the aisle from him since leaving St. Paul was not so innocent as he appeared. If Willis were not mistaken, he had seen the owner of those blonde mustaches in one of the jewelry stores he had visited in Minneapolis, and the impression haunted him that the man had designs on his valuable samples.

"Can it be possible," thought Crandall, "that the fellow, having caught a glimpse of my stock, is determined to rob me? He has not, it is true, spoken one word to me since we started, nor have I intercepted a glance in my direction, but still I mistrust him. Well, I must be doubly cautious, that's all."

A cab had quickly conveyed Willis from the depot to the Grand Central, where he was confronted by the depressing information that the hotel was crowded.

"Only a small back room," he mentally pondered, "I will have to do with. Well, if I stay here and occupy it I shall at least get rid of my fellow traveller; guess I had better take it."

So he bade the clerk assign him to the small back room under the stairs and was about to congratulate himself on getting any sort of quarters when, following the cry of "Front," which brought a bell boy to the marble counter, he heard a grim order emanate: "Show this gentleman up to No. 13."

Willis shivered. "No. 13," he mentally repeated. "I were at all superstitious I should regard that as a bad omen. Fortunately my weaknesses do not lie in that direction." Then to the small boy, who offered to relieve him of his grip: "No, never mind, my son, I'll carry that up myself."

indicated the severity of the blow. Rain, utter ruin, confronted him. No matter how innocent he might be his reputation was forever blasted should he fail to recover the gems, while if he attempted to make good the loss it meant for him the sacrifice of a lifetime. Little wonder that his mental agony was intense.

Out in the clear, cold air Willis walked to calm his perturbed feelings, and to formulate some plan that might aid him in tracing the thief. Long ago he had come to the conclusion that the man with the yellow mustache was responsible for the crime, but how to establish that theory and recover the diamonds were problems difficult to solve. By this time the robber was probably 200 miles away, in what direction the fellow fly when no danger threatened?

Retracing by his walk, and with a mind made easier by his cogitations, Willis returned to the hotel in time to eat a fairly hearty dinner, after which he examined the register, to find the name of Felix Chambers, No. 35, written in a sprawling hand just below his own neat signature. The man had been assigned to room 35, which, as Crandall knew, was on the floor above him.

Willis echoed his former observation. "By the way," he continued, "don't forget that you stowed me away in a dingy little back room. Wish you would make a change first chance you get."

Number 35. That must be the room adjoining the one occupied by the man whom he believed had stolen his diamonds. The opportunity for which he had been praying was suddenly thrust upon him, and he might as well take it, as he would lose no time in executing a plan of reprisal which had darted into his brain the moment the clerk had announced the number of the room to be vacated. It should be a case of retributive justice wherein he would not forget the officers of the law for assisting him.

The key to No. 35 was in the rack at the office when the clerk turned over room 35 to Willis Crandall. The bellboy of the previous night helped him make the transfer from No. 13, and this time Willis allowed him to carry his valise up the single flight of stairs to his new quarters. For this assistance he received a shining quart of rum, much to his astonishment, as he had already sized Willis up as one of them grumpy, stinky ducks from back east.

Left to himself, Crandall turned the key in the lock and then stealthily applied his eye to the keyhole in the bolted door, which, as he had foreseen, separated the two rooms. The gas burned low, indicating that the occupant had gone out, so after a few moments Willis ventured to try the handle of the door. Of course the latter was locked; he had expected nothing less, but what particularly pleased him was the discovery that there was no bolt on the inside. He ascertained this by the loose action of the door, which rattled easily to his plans.

Applying the key of his room to the lock in the partition door, he was scarcely disappointed to find it did not fit, and was by no means discouraged. He had picked the locks in his father's house back in Poughkeepsie many a time, as a boy, just for the fun of the thing, and knew he would have no trouble with the common pattern before him. A stout piece of bent wire was all he needed to perform the trick, and this he could obtain at any hardware store. He hastily retreated down stairs Willis made his way out of doors, and in a few minutes had bought just the article he needed. The key of 35, he noticed, was still on the rack, so that he felt sure the occupant had not yet returned. With a pair of pliers purchased at the same time Crandall quickly gave the wire the desired crook, and, inserting it in the lock, snapped the bolt back in a jiffy.

Before he could settle the question satisfactorily the intruder heard unsteady footsteps in the hallway, which by their gradually diminishing gait indicated the possessor of the key was in close proximity. Quickly withdrawing to his own apartment and slipping the bolt Willis shortly heard a key jangling in the lock of the adjoining room, and in another minute he saw, through the friendly keyhole, the owner of the yellow mustache stagger into the room. Crandall's heart gave an exultant leap. The man was unmistakably drunk. So much the better for his plan of action. Continuing his vigil he watched the fellow's clumsy efforts to address, and saw him finally crawl into bed only partially disrobed, leaving the gas still burning low.

Receding from his peep hole Willis again went down stairs, and on this occasion visited a drug store several blocks distant, where he had a small vial filled by a sleepy night clerk, who asked no questions. As he returned to his room he carefully looked and bolted the door, and, taking off his coat and shoes, sat perfectly still until the sonorous breathing of the man with the yellow mustache assured him he might safely venture inside.

Pushing back the bolt and opening the door, with quickened pulses Willis crossed the threshold on his hands and knees and crawled to the side of the bed whereon lay, in a drunken stupor, the man whom he firmly believed had stolen the diamonds entrusted to his care. The stentorian breathing convinced Willis he had nothing to fear, but to render himself doubly secure from interference he had purchased a bottle of chloroform, which he now extended from his vest pocket. Pouring a quantity of the fluid on a handkerchief that lay on the floor he allowed the sleeper to inhale the strong narcotic. Crandall did this with some mental compunctions, but he could not afford to take any chances.

Leaving the handkerchief on the pillow Willis stood upright, and by the dim light gazed on the features of the senseless man. It was not a bad appearing face, but rather that of one whose dissipation had driven him to extremes. The scrutiny, short as it was, rendered Crandall more convinced that he was right, and with feverish activity he began his search.

From a bunch of keys found in the trousers pocket of his victim Willis selected one that unlocked the valise, which he flung open with nervous hand. Nothing that interested him was in the first compartment, but on the other side, rolled up in a pair of underdrawers, he exposed to view the missing diamond case. He was not surprised at this find, for all along he had been confident of the identity of the thief; still he eagerly scanned the morocco leather in the hope that he would find in the pockets and lining of the clothing lying in a confused heap on the floor, but all to no purpose. The diamonds were still as far from his possession as ever.

Once more approaching the bed, Willis thrust his hands under the pillows, roughly displacing the head of the sleeper, and, whose laborious breathing might have alarmed any one whose nerves were less highly strung than were Crandall's at that moment. The search proved fruitless, but the swaying of the man's neck exposed a string which had previously been concealed by his high cut undershirt.

A tug of the cord, with sharp resistance, and with whipping open the woolen garment the excited searcher discovered the cause of the obstruction. A chamois skin bag lay ensconced under the left armpit of the thief, against which it was tightly pressed. To sever the string and seize the bag was the work of an instant, and the next moment Willis was standing under the gas jet gazing with wide staring eyes on the recovered diamonds. Sinking to the floor and oblivious to the big beads of perspiration which poured down his face, Crandall opened the morocco case and counted out into his precious gems. Thank heavens there were none missing and his honor and reputation were safe. Locking the rifled valise, he restored the keys to the pocket whence they had been borrowed, buttoned the man's undershirt and otherwise carefully removed all traces of his visit. Then, with a last look toward the bed he returned to his room, bolting the door in his wake.

Utterly exhausted by this ordeal Willis dropped on the bed, and, strange as it may seem, fell into a deep slumber from which he was not aroused until the next morning, when he heard the chambermaid trying the door of his room. To spring out of bed, put on his shoes and make a hasty toilet a few minutes, and then with his precious case buttoned in his vest pocket he was stepped into the hallway by the chambermaid's pass key in the lock of the door opposite. It suggested an idea. Deftly withdrawing it, he re-entered the partition door, and in a moment had relocked the door, thus completely removing all traces of his burglarious action. Replacing the key, he passed down the stairway and into the dining room.

At 10.30 o'clock that forenoon Willis Crandall was speeding westward from Helena to the Pacific coast, which explains why he failed to read in the Helena papers of the succeeding day the story of the finding of a dead man in room 35 of the Grand Central Hotel, who was supposed to have taken an overdose of chloroform while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens. A small bottle of the fluid, bearing the label of a St. Paul druggist, was found in his pocket, while his handkerchief, that had been saturated with the narcotic, lay beside his face on the pillow.

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Intercolonial Railway. 1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the trains of this Railway will run daily-Sunday excepted-as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Fortwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 13.20 Express for Sussex..... 16.20 Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.35 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.25 Express from Point du Chene and Moncton Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 10.00 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

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WESTERN COUNTIES RY. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 15, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH-Express daily at 9.10 a. m. 12.40 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 8.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNOPOLES-Express daily at 12.15 p. m. 4.50 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.40 p. m.

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WAS IT CURRIE?

By a Committee of the Story of Scotchtown. D. D. Currie-Mr. Currie the same Currie-Whether D. D. Currie is guilty of the crime the latter is accused, been investigated by N. B. and P. E. I. Co. tion that a good many solve for themselves, m evidence and rumors t the streets. The sec investigation was conducted number of rumors. B listing to the actual evi what the verdict of t much of the evidence out.

Both of the principals Currie and Crisp, ar any two of the minist denunciation. While conference Mr. Currie one of the very ablest occupied in turn the p important churches in work was recognized and his energy and pe demand in every qu handsomest structures churches of the deno under his supervision, tions in the maritime numerical strength to upon the members b among them. He w privately as he was elc form. A delightful, ion, he was at home with the joyful and s In fact he was a mision man who understood oughly and who used advantage of himself a The reputation of form speaker was wh own people, and when he was usually one of what in demand by t churches. He lacked the force of Mr. Cur the same popularity whom he dwelt with. In the little village year 1885 the Rev. M and he enjoyed all the of a minister worki He was thoroughly at ple knew their int and what their manne It was about this tior at that time an hono methodist church, pa town district where M Mr. Crisp knew he w brother in the minist tour for the church, n his reception. In the transpired since, M by Mr. Currie of hi him into which, if he be and was pushed. The Moore family it was composed of and his daughter E country girl who poss qualities of a village modesty. She was whether she deserved stance gave a tinge to not desirable. The to do, in fact they lived in one of the sn village which was no best places for a gue In spite of these the fact that there w people in the plac maintain any visiti Currie was shown t dwelling where the was the fascinating t The meeting at wa held that eveni time Mr. Currie moe people doing his wo He had not much of his acquaintance wit ed, before the hour to speak and he w Miss Moore attend and when it was ov to her home in the c According to the ev court in Gagetown house on that partic was already there a there for some tim comaratively with hi ing. Then it was g given by Eliza in witness such as to be wondered that guilty" at that tim that his acquaintan a few hours old; th bar in the sitting roo from the room wh