

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOW THE MONEY IS USED.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE RELIEF AND AID SOCIETY.

What is said by those who believe the Affairs of the Society should be wound up—The Other Side—How Relief is Given—New Cases Each Year.

What is to be done with the money held by the St. John Relief and Aid Society? The St. John fire happened fifteen years ago, and before the flames had died out aid began to come in from outside cities. The amount of cash received altogether from subscriptions was \$361,478.70, while \$8,768.87 more was realized from the sale of merchandise sent, making a total of \$370,247. Of this \$304,804 was expended the first year. Since then the amount has been reduced year by year, until there is now only \$51,708 on hand. This sum is invested in city bonds of long date, bearing interest at six per cent. A good many people are of the opinion that something should be done to close the whole matter up and have an *am*.

When the word came of the recent fire at St. John's, there was a suggestion that as Newfoundland had sent nearly \$9,000 to our relief, at least that amount could be taken from the funds of the Relief and Aid Society and returned to the island colony. It was soon shown, however, that by the act of incorporating the society, no such disposition of the money could be made. They held it in trust for certain specified purposes, and it could be diverted into no other channel, except by special legislation. This made an end of the matter so far as St. John's was concerned, but it has had the effect of causing some people to ask whether the Relief and Aid Society is needed now, and whether the public interests would not be better served if the business were wound up and the books closed.

At the public meeting held last Monday a citizen who has been described in one of the daily papers as the "boss grumbler," asserted that the affairs of the society should be looked into, and that it was never intended a permanent relief fund should be established. If he had taken the trouble to look at the act he would have read in the preamble that "whereas among the sufferers by the said fire are many persons of advanced age, for whom permanent provision will have to be made," showing clearly that the money was to be held for future emergencies.

Then, in view of this permanent provision, there are others who think that the number of dependents on the fund should be ascertained, annuities purchased, and the accounts closed. According to their showing this could be done with about \$40,000 of the money, leaving \$10,000 for special cases.

There is a suspicion, by some, that the expenses of the society are heavy, and that several officials are making more or less of a good thing out of it. The only man who receives anything is James Reynolds, the secretary, who has a salary of \$500 a year. It is his duty to keep a careful eye on the distribution of the funds, to investigate all new applications and have a general supervision of affairs. The society provides him with an office at a cost of \$120 a year. The auditors and committee receive no pay.

Mr. Reynolds is of opinion that the society is carrying out the idea with which it was organized, and that it needed as much as ever was. Since the beginning it has dealt with some 3,700 applications for relief, and new applications continue to be received. The scope of the society includes not only those who were immediate subjects of relief at the time of the fire, but those who now need assistance, if it is shown that their present necessity has been due to losses sustained at that time. For instance, a man may have had the whole course of his life changed by the disaster, yet with health and strength managed to fight the world for years until at last he had to succumb. So in the case of women who lost property, and though for a time they managed to keep the wolf from the door, yet are now in circumstances where a little relief is of great help to them. In such cases, of course, there can be no fixed rule. The committee must investigate each case and act according to the facts. This committee, in addition to the secretary, consists of Judge Tuck, C. A. Everett and Geo. S. DeForest. It meets once a week.

It may be asked if the number of applicants is not diminished by the drying off of the aged and infirm each year. It does not appear that this is the case, but it is asserted, on the contrary, that they are increasing. It has been said of some kinds of officials that few die and none resign, and it is somewhat the same way with the recipients of the relief fund. The secretary of the board of trade occasionally tries to boom St. John by speaking of the healthfulness of the climate, and the books of the Relief and Aid society seem to prove that he claims no more than is absolutely true. The names

on the books are often of people far advanced in the eighties, and nearly all are of an age above the average duration of human life. In the cases of some, too, death does not end all, so far as the society is concerned. They leave widows or sisters, it may be, to whom the relief is continued, as their poverty is clearly traceable to the fire.

About \$2,000 a year is expended in quarterly payments, while \$1,200 is paid out monthly. A smaller proportion receive their allowance every six months, while a few, not residing here, are paid once a year. The number on the monthly roll is 27, while 32 are on the quarterly. The payments, whenever made, are usually at the rate of \$5 a month, though some are for less. Then there are special cases such as where sums are devoted towards burial expenses, etc., while there are besides, a number of people who need only occasional assistance, and are not on the lists previously mentioned.

Every Christmas from \$1,500 to \$1,800 is distributed in the way of donations to persons of whose needy and deserving circumstances, due to the fire, there is no doubt. Altogether, it is estimated that about \$8,000 will be expended this year, this will, of course, still further reduce the capital and interest.

The objection to the scheme of purchasing annuities seems to be that an annuity would not meet the case of any but the person on whose life it was settled. There might be others immediately connected with him or her, but not appearing on the present list, who could have relief under the present system, but who would necessarily suffer if the funds were resolved into annuities.

Mr. Trudell, who had a valuable experience in connection with the Chicago fire in 1871, stated long ago that cases to be provided for might come up twenty years after the organization of such a society. That seems to be the view taken by the society in St. John.

HE GENEROUSLY REFRAINED.

Mr. Crisp Might Have Said a Great Deal More Than He Did Say.

Whatever may have been said of Rev. R. S. Crisp, his strongest opponents must admit that he generously refrained from saying a great deal that he might have said in his farewell sermon in the Carleton Methodist church, last Sunday night. The church has had "troubles," as it is apt to be called in a congregation where the pastor has been kissing proclivities, and a good many people have been unduly critical of the "old English customs" favored by Mr. Crisp. They took the puritanical idea that it was no part of a minister's functions to caress blooming damsels, or even to do such simple acts of kindness as putting on the rubbers of pretty choir girls. They made so much talk about it, in fact, that the minister was afraid his moral character might suffer, and the outside public began to share the belief. Finally at the last conference Mr. Crisp was drafted to another field of labor. He accepted of the transfer with the troubles in his farewell sermon.

He did not attach any blame to the congregation as a whole, but placed the responsibility on a few, through whose officious interference he had to go. Now, as everybody can understand, there was nothing to prevent his saying what pleased about his opponents. He had the field all to himself and could fire as much hot shot as he pleased. He might have spoken of the disturbers as a raft of bleared, frowsy-headed blatherskites, drifting to an unmentionable region, but he did not. He might have called them the scum of a caldron of iniquity, scoundrels, or blue devils, but he did not. He refrained. He had a high regard for his position as a meek and moderate minister of the church. All that he did say was that "they had made the life of the minister's wife a veritable hell on earth and that there were some members of the congregation, who, if exchanged for convicts from Dorchester penitentiary the church would get the best of the bargain."

Considering the possibilities of the English language, Mr. Crisp might have said a great deal more than he did say.

Somebody Gets It Today.

A good deal of interest has been manifested in the guessing for the handsome mirror which has been for some time on exhibition in Warn's candy store, Union street. Today the contest closes, and those who have charge of the "ballot box" have no easy task before them. The interest has been kept up week after week, and the number of people who had an eye on the mirror was large.

Remember This When Writing.

PROGRESS is always glad to get news items from its readers, but must insist that the name and address of the writer be given in all cases. A number of letters have been received recently without the necessary guarantee of good faith, and have been consigned to the waste basket. Write the name and address on a separate piece of paper.

PLENTY OF FUN FOR ALL

AT "PROGRESS" FREE PICNIC FOR ITS FRIENDS AND WORKERS.

Arrangements for Trains to Lepreau Being Made—A Programme that will Include Something to Give Everyone Enjoyment—Everything Free as the Pure Country Air.

PROGRESS proposes to give its friends, subscribers, advertisers, agents and newsboys a free picnic.

The date is not fixed yet but it will be within a month, and where it will take place and all other arrangements will be announced later.

The main point to be observed is that the picnic will be entirely at the expense of PROGRESS; that all subscribers, advertisers and agents and their friends can obtain tickets by applying at this office and that ample provision will be made for all PROGRESS newsboys. Their names will be taken at the office beginning Saturday, July 23, and every arrangement made to give them a good time, a good "tuck out," good races and other picnic accessories.

Negotiations are about completed with the Shore Line for trains to Lepreau, where splendid picnic grounds will afford plenty of scope for sport and fun. More particulars will be given next week.

PROGRESS' Silver Service went to Halifax Monday, and is on exhibition there now in Knowles' book store on the corner of George and Granville streets.

"It is a beauty" is the verdict sent from the branch office of PROGRESS. That is what the people said about it here, and from the lively and energetic canvass for coupons it is evident that a good many people are willing to do some work to win the prize. Newsboys found out quite early Saturday that there was something up. The papers were going more rapidly than usual. People who passed them other Saturday mornings without glancing at them stopped and bought the paper, while many regular customers purchased two or three.

Both children and grown up people are devising schemes to get coupons. Progress heard of one lady who had followed out its suggestion and enlisted the co-operation of her friends in other places where the paper goes. The result was even better than she had looked for. This plan is one, however, that anyone can follow up.

Another scheme which lacks an essential element and cannot be commended, was tried on in the city. A man went around to a number of streets and asked the children playing there to get him PROGRESS, one or two of them on a certain street did so and he quickly clipped out the coupon and walked away. This was tried on some newsboys with some success early in the day but a stop was put to it very quickly. People soon found out that a few boys had papers with the coupons in them and the boys found that their papers were no good without them, for clipping the coupon spoils the reading on the opposite page. That was the object of placing the coupon the first page so that everybody could see it without trouble and that it was not cut out.

Some idea of the interest the dealers contest is exciting may be gathered from the fact that one boy, Master J. E. McCoy of Moncton, increased his order 45 copies. He wants to win the \$20 promised to that agent of PROGRESS who sent in the largest total increase from July 9 to September 24. He will work hard for it and no doubt have company. Master Ralph Trainer, in St. Stephen, is another energetic boy selling PROGRESS, who is always on the move, while Master George Douglas, of Amherst, is known to Progress readers as the bright border boy agent. Amherst will help him along every time to win the \$20. Other boys on the list of agents include Master G. A. Hutchinson, of Kingston, Kent; Frank B. Steeves, of Hillsboro; Theo. Graham, of Richibucto; Harry Russell, Newcastle; Daniel Fraser, Springhill, and H. D. Hoyt, of Upper Amherst. There are also boys in Bathurst and Westville whose names are not at hand at this writing but who always do good work.

So far the boys have made a great record, and if the present contest is close the second deserving boy or dealer will not want a prize.

Let the Man Alone.

A number of young people in the West End have been making life unpleasant for an elderly man on Queen street named Richard Ashe. He was married recently, and now his wife is also subject to some annoyance from young men and women who do not hesitate to enter Mr. Ashe's house with the idea of having what they are pleased to call fun. So far as PROGRESS can learn, Mr. Ashe is a hard working man, who minds his own business, and tries to avoid the tormentors. Mention has been made of this before, but if PROGRESS has to notice it again, the names of Mr. Ashe's tormentors will make the item more readable.

STRANGE THINGS AT THE DEPOT.

The Tall Man, One who Tried the C. P. R. and an Arrival from Toronto.

When travel is good the people around the I. C. R. depot see and hear things that make life worth living for them. An ever changing crowd of all kinds of travellers shows life in all its aspects, but when anything extraordinary strikes the depot everybody is interested. An attraction Wednesday was one of the passengers from the American boat, bound for Nova Scotia. He was the tallest man that has entered the station since it was built. Officer Collins is looked upon as a pretty big man especially when he and officer Stevens both stand up to make their remarks in an argument more forcible, but the stranger was eight inches taller than the policeman. Those eight inches would probably have entitled him to the privilege of smoking in the station or going through the gate without a ticket, but the man from Boston was as good natured as he was tall. This was probably due to the fact that nobody had anything to say to him. While coming from Boston his height was secured without him knowing anything about it. The tall man stood against the wall on the lower deck of the steamer, and someone took particular notice of the spot where his head rested. When he went to another part of the steamer a tape line was run up the wall.

Another queer passenger caused considerable trouble this week by continually missing his train. He worried the officers with questions until they finally put him on a train going in the right direction, but not the train he was particularly anxious to get on. When he learned his mistake he got off and came back to the city. When he reached the depot he made inquiries at the news room. The C. P. R. was late that day, and Frank told him he could go on that. "I'm in plenty of time am I," said he; "well, do you know I think I'll go on the C. P. R. just to try it; I've never been on that train."

An arrival from Toronto also attracted considerable attention Wednesday. It was a pig in a box very little larger than the animal. He was in the station all day without anything to eat, and the box was so small that he could neither lie down or turn around. The pig had been in this position coming all the way from Toronto, and no one knew when he had had anything to eat. Animals frequently arrive at the depot in this manner. They are sent on long journeys without food and in many small boxes, and if the express companies undertook to look after them, the charges would have to be high.

A Coachman in Another Role.

A young girl belonging to some point along the St. John river arrived in the city a few days ago from Boston, where she had been "living out." She had a friend from her native place working in this city and she asked the coachman to drive her to where she was living where she heard from her last. He did so, but to his passenger's surprise her friend had left. The people of the house directed her as well as they were able to where she had gone, but after going from place to place with the coachman she failed to locate her friend. Then it occurred to her to ask the coachman what his charge was. "One dollar" was the reply. Though the charge was not excessive it seemed to make the girl feel badly and she finally said that \$1.15 was all the money she had. "Then it won't cost you anything," said the coachman. "Where are you going to stay?"

The girl did not know where she could stay, and as the boat which would carry her home did not leave until Tuesday, three days later, she was in much distress. The end of it was that the coachman took her to his home, handed her over to his wife and kept her until Tuesday.

PROGRESS tells this story with pleasure since it shows that "cabby's" heart is in the right spot.

The Effect on the Taxes.

The sum of \$6,000, voted by the city for the relief of the St. John's, Nfld., sufferers, will have a very slight effect on the assessment for next year. Allowing ten per cent for collecting and bringing the total up to \$6,600, the additional tax will be about 2 1/2 cents on every \$100. This means that a man assessed on \$400 will contribute eleven cents for the aid of suffering humanity, while the sum will be 28 cents for one with an income of \$1,000. No one will begrudge giving in this proportion, even if the tax bills must of necessity be increased to that extent, as possibly they will not be.

News for Joseph Jefferson.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson passed through Fredericton the other day on his annual fishing trip, and the Fredericton correspondent of the *Globe* announced that the "eminent tragedian" was in town. Considering the fact that Mr. Jefferson has devoted the greater part of his life to playing *Rip Van Winkle*, there should be no doubt as to claim for distinction as a comedian. But such is fame.

FREE HEART AND HAND.

HOW STRANGERS HELPED ST. JOHN FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Interesting Reminiscences of What Was Done and How It Was Done—Good Reasons Why our City Should be Ever Ready to Help Other Cities.

Now that a great deal of interest is taken in measures for the relief of the sufferers by the St. John's fire, people are reminded of how generously and promptly other places came to the aid of this city in 1877.

The first telegram received on the morning of the 21st of June was from the mayor of Boston asking what was needed. The next was from the government of Nova Scotia, while the next four were from the mayor and citizens of Halifax. The latter were very prompt, for though it was a holiday and nearly everybody was out of town a public meeting was held, at which the Halifax citizens subscribed \$10,000 on the spot. Other cities followed rapidly with evidences of their substantial sympathy, and help came in the most timely way from unexpected quarters.

The city of Boston granted \$5,000, while its citizens piled up the amount until it reached the splendid sum of \$26,819. This was all in cash and independent of over \$17,000 worth of merchandise sent by the citizens in a revenue cutter placed at their disposal by the United States government. In addition to this vast quantity of clothing and supplies were sent, of the value of which no statement was made.

Halifax, however, really did more in proportion to the size, as might naturally be expected. The citizens sent \$15,500 in cash besides most generous donations of supplies and clothing.

Federicton was prompt to respond. It sent \$2,711 in cash, supplies valued at \$4,100 and "a bundle of tracts for distribution among the destitute," value not stated.

Amherst was not as big and flourishing a place as is now, but it forwarded \$1,525 in cash, as well as more than \$1,000 worth of provisions. The other Canadian towns and cities that sent more than \$1,000 in cash were: Brantford, \$1,500; Charlotte-town, \$5,708; Chatham, N. B., \$1,361; Dartmouth, N. S., \$2,607; Guelph, \$1,000; Galt, \$1,288; Hamilton, \$8,413; Hastings, Ont., \$1,000; Huron, Ont., \$2,000; Kingston, Ont., \$2,040; London, Ont., \$7,209; Moncton, \$1,200; Montreal, \$6,223; Newcastle, N. B., \$1,150; New Glasgow, \$1,063; Ottawa, \$7,362; Peterboro, Ont., \$1,324; Picton, Ontario, \$1,042; Peel, Ontario, \$1,000; Quebec, \$4,814; Sarnia, Ont., \$1,050; Sherbrooke, \$1,000; Summerside, \$1,500; Truro, \$1,197; Toronto, \$34,848; Victoria, B. C., \$1,930; Woodstock, N. B., \$1,381; Windsor, N. S., \$4,429; Waterloo, Ont., \$1,200; Yarmouth, N. S., \$2,364, and York, Ont., \$3,000; Carleton, Ont., \$1,000.

The Dominion government gave \$20,000, the Provincial government, \$25,000, while the Intercolonial railway employees contributed \$2,122.

Glasgow, Scotland, distanced all the cities on the other side of the water by making up a purse of \$22,424. Other cities to send large amounts were: Belfast, \$2,599; Dublin, \$2,905; Edinburgh, \$1,581; Liverpool, \$1,369; London, \$7,926, which was chiefly contributed in large sums by the insurance companies; Manchester, \$6,258; Newfoundland government and the citizens of St. John's, \$8,934; and the Bank of N. America sent \$2,433.

Of the United States cities, in addition to Boston, the following sent large sums: Augusta, Me., \$2,272; Bath, \$1,252; Bangor, \$4,725, in addition to sending a special train with \$5,000 worth of cooked provisions; Buffalo, N. Y., \$2,374; Chicago, \$20,092; Detroit, \$1,812; New York, \$23,163; New Haven, \$1,212; Philadelphia, \$9,175; San Francisco, \$6,902.

A list of the places which sent sums under \$1,000 might be given, and would show that in very many cases the donations were most liberal in proportion to the size and wealth of the towns and villages. The response was a noble one, and that is one reason why the people of St. John should always be glad of the privilege of giving abundantly when a sister city suffers from a calamity like that of June 20th, 1877.

What the Howling was About.

Prince William street is a rather quiet place of an afternoon at this season, and when there is an unusual noise everybody runs to see what is the matter. That was the way it was last Wednesday, when a howling as if somebody were being murdered came from the vicinity of the club room in the Stockton building. An alarmed and interested crowd soon gathered, and after the howling had died away learned that both the country and the owner of the voice were safe. There had only been a quiet little game of cards. So far as can be learned a good looking lawyer and an able-bodied commercial traveller had sat

CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 21, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

down to try their skill with a \$5 stake. The game was pretty close and the traveller finally won by a fluke, it is claimed. The lawyer protested, but finally laid a bill of that value on the table. A little later in the discussion he took the money up and put it in his pocket. The traveller demanded it, but the lawyer laughed him to scorn, whereupon the traveller took the lawyer by the throat and guzzled him, proceeding in the meantime to search the pocket and secure the \$5 bill. It was the vocal efforts of the lawyer during the intervals of the performance that excited the fear and wonder of the people on the street. That was all.

"Progress" Is Not In It.

It is lucky for PROGRESS that it can get along without civic advertising, or at least that civic advertising that comes from Director A. Chipman Smith and the Board of Public Works. There is a pretty general impression that Chief Smith runs the board and so far as the advertising is concerned the impression seems to be pretty nearly right. A "call for tenders" can get all the publicity necessary in four daily papers. There is no doubt of that; neither is there any doubt but that two dailies would do just as well as four, and again no one will question that PROGRESS alone could give it wider publicity than any two of the dailies. The board, however, and the director seem to be "down" on PROGRESS and forget it, which is an offset probably to the very excellent memory and imagination of the assessors who see to it that its contributions to the city treasury increase with remarkable regularity. There is no hard feeling over the absence of the "ad" in PROGRESS office, but its repeated failure to show up has become amusing. Complimentary or uncompensated notices of Mr. Director Smith and his board will appear as usual, and good citizens will make up their mind that city officials are small in their methods and almost as insignificant as the shrivelled cedar scrubs that disfigure King square.

The Premium Demand.

Two bright little girls called at PROGRESS office early Monday wanting to know how many new subscribers they would have to secure to get the 30 inch tricycle, which sells at retail for \$14.00. "Sixteen new subscribers" was the answer, and the reply that they thought they could get them, the little canvassers went out. Sets of Dickens and Thackeray have captured several new names this week and this is the first week too. Although there are fifteen books in one set and ten books in another and the weight of Dickens is about 22 pounds, the express rate secured by PROGRESS for its subscribers is so low that it need not enter into consideration. The rate will be cheerfully given upon application and if any person would care to look at one of the sets before investing PROGRESS will send it for examination and pay return express charges should it not prove satisfactory. On the eighth page of this issue a six ball croquet set is offered for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional.

One Slocum of Toronto.

A poor woman in Bloomfield who is ill with consumption, some time ago trusted the plausible statements of one Slocum of Toronto, to the effect that ten ten dollars he would guarantee a cure of her disease. His offer was accompanied by printed guarantees, calculated to deceive trusting unsuspecting persons, which promised "money refunded" or more medicine if no cure was brought about. Of course, there was no cure, and the woman sent for more medicine. This was refused unless more cash accompanied the order. The result was that the woman and her neighbors forwarded the letters to PROGRESS to warn other people not to be persuaded to do likewise. Slocum has advertised very lavishly in some of the city papers which have had hard work to get their money—if, indeed, they have got it at all—and from his mail literature it would appear that he is as well prepared to gull the people as the newspapers.

ALL IN KNOWING HOW.

AND "GEOFF" DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHITEWASHING.

The Ceiling a Hard Place to Whitewash, but it was Easy to Fresco the Walls and the Parquetting in the White-Washed Parlor.

There is no doubt that amateur work to be a success, must be done well; otherwise it is sure to suffer when subjected to the crucial test of comparison with professional work of the same order.

There is something very deceptive about whitewashing, like editing a paper or raking a fire, it looks so easy, until you try it, and then it turns out to be so very hard.

You watch a professional white-washer pursuing his daily avocation, and you will be impressed with the graceful abandon and easy confidence with which he sets to work, it seems easier for him to whitewash than not, and as you watch him plunge his brush into the crummy mass in his bucket, flirt it airily on the edge of the same to remove superfluous drops and then apply it to the ceiling with long, even strokes that leave a trail of alabaster whiteness behind, and you burn to distinguish yourself in the whitewashing line also.

The first outlay of a dollar and a half for the brush, seemed large, but I reflected that the one brush would probably last a lifetime, and as the amount of whitening which the obliging clerk in the brush store informed me would be amply sufficient for two ceilings only cost six cents, I concluded that I could afford to be lavish about the brush.

It afterwards turned out that the whitening I had purchased would have been sufficient to whitewash the entire interior of a large hotel, but it was cheap at any rate and what is left over will do to clean silver for the next five years.

I carried my purchases home in triumph and could scarcely wait until the next day to begin work. I was determined not to neglect any precaution that would insure success, so I soaked my brush in cold water, the night before, to soften it, and immediately after dinner I set to work.

I had often noticed a streaky appearance about home laundried ceilings, and I decided that it was caused by the whitewash being too thin, so I made it reasonably thick and then I stirred it well and set to work. Somehow it was not nearly so easy as it looked!

In the first place, the whitewash showed an alarming tendency to leave the brush the moment I raised it, and pour in an unbroken stream down my arm, and I am firmly convinced that if I had held the arm up long enough I should have been drowned, but I was only too thankful to rest by lowering it, and the next time I lifted it the brush was perfectly dry, and a few ridges on the ceiling which obstinately refused to be stroked out by repeated applications of the brush carefully moistened with thin whitewash.

Every time I scrambled down from the table on which I was mounted, to get a fresh supply, I had to stir up the mixture with a stick, because the solid portion would sink to the bottom, and a clear and useless liquid rise to the top; then by the time I had laboriously climbed up again, the place I had been working on was quite dry, and the more I tried to smooth it and weld the different strokes of the brush together in such perfect harmony that the joinings would not show, the thicker the deposit and the more distinct the beginning and ending of each "sweep of the brush" as artists say became.

The harder I worked the more the brush leaked, but still I persevered. I persevered until there was nothing in that room large enough to hold a drop of whitewash that was not white, the floor, the paper, the windows, the furniture, myself, even the pup, everything in fact—except the ceiling—that was far from being as white as I could have wished, but what the ceiling lacked the floor fully atoned for.

The whitewash was so thick upon it that if you stood still for a moment you stuck fast. I suppose it could scarcely be considered a success except as an experiment, and a sort of warning to abstain from such attempts in future, because I had rheumatism in my neck for three days afterwards, and the entire suit of clothes I wore during the exercises had to be burned, but still it taught us a very valuable lesson, in one way, whenever I look up at that ceiling which resembles a picture by the old masters, it is so full of lights and shadows, I register a fresh resolution never to step out of my sphere again, or attempt anything which I am not sure is my special forte, also to employ professional labor in preference to amateur when I wish to save money.

Music for the Doctors.

The New Brunswick Medical society meet here next week and a grand complimentary concert is to be tendered them Tuesday evening in the opera house.

Mr. Morton Harrison has the matter in hand which ensures its success from a musical standpoint. At this writing his programme is not complete, but popular talent will not be wanting. Something in the nature of a musical surprise is very probable if Mr. Harrison's mission when he left Progress office proves successful.

It is Welcomed Every Year.

McAlpine's St. John directory for 1892 is quite up to the mark in all respects, and appears to have been very carefully compiled. It compares favorably with its predecessors in every way, and is well got up by the printer, publisher and binder. It is one of the books that no man who undertakes to do business can afford to do without.

Published by D. McAlpine & Sons, printed by G. W. Day, and bound at McMillan's.

Visiting the Warship.

A large number of people have visited the warship in the harbor this week, and today and tomorrow will be the visiting days. A steam launch leaves North on the South wharf regularly during visiting hours, and gives tickets which are good for the return passage. This will be appreciated by those who have paid to get on a warship, looked in vain for the boat they went in, then paid again to regain shore.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

Somewhat has said that a matrimonial boom in summer is an indication of a hard winter. I do not know whether this applies to the community, or only the young married people who are experiencing their first winter of married life, and will not attempt to prove or disprove the truth of the prediction. But a boom in the matrimonial market is undoubtedly evidence of prosperity on the part of the young men of the city, especially when the marriages are well affairs like the majority of those which have taken place this summer.

The efforts of fond parents, charming brides and happy bridegrooms to make a good impression on the public, would furnish material for a good sized book. Stories more or less true are told that do not appear in the newspaper accounts of the happy event, and many of these stories are truly remarkable. In many cases a marriageable daughter proves to be an expensive luxury, so to speak, and an effort is made to make the day she leaves the parental roof one to be remembered.

I heard of an instance recently where a wedding day will be remembered every six months at least. The marriage was a well affair; much of the bride's trousseau was imported, the guests included the best people of a certain "set," the presents were "numerous and costly." The wedding was a grand success so far as the impression made on the general public went. The main object was attained. People talked about it. But to accomplish all this the bride's father had to put a mortgage on his house.

Another wedding received considerable prominence in the newspapers, but there was an indefiniteness in one part of the account that mystified some who read it. The family were evidently anxious to impress upon the public the fact that all the requirements of fashion had been complied with, and gave the reporters full particulars, until the bride's trousseau was mentioned. "You might say that the newly married couple left on their bridal tour immediately after the ceremony," suggested a relative. "Where are they going?" was asked. "Oh, that is not going," was the reply.

The reporter involuntarily looked up stairs to see if the happy couple were looking at him over the balustrade.

In a city like St. John there is always a large part of the population with an uncomfortable amount of spare time to fill in on the summer evenings. There are few places where people who have to work during the day can find amusement and walk in the suburbs or a "tour around the block" is about the only pleasure within the reach of many. We have no park where working people can imagine themselves in the country for a few hours, and the days of open-air hand concerts are apparently over. The squares are looking very pretty but no one could think of spending an hour in any one of them.

That St. John people would appreciate anything in the way of a pleasure ground is evident to everyone who takes a walk up town or down to the depot on a Sunday evening. The streets are crowded with strollers until long after the churches are out, and the number of people who seem to take a special delight in seeing the western train leave the station is a constant source of surprise to strangers. The people have no place else to go. They cannot stay in the house on a fine evening, and are at last how to put in the time. Tuesday evening the depot was crowded and Mill street was almost impassable until near midnight.

There is not much pleasure in seeing a lot of tired and sun burnt excursionists coming home, and nobody expected to see a procession, but the fact that a larger train than usual was expected furnished an excuse for going to the depot, and hundreds went. Many people who would not stroll aimlessly along the streets, do not hesitate to take a walk in the evening if they have some particular place to go, and it takes very little to draw a crowd. The passenger list of the New York boat is not usually a very large one, but the number of people who go down on the wharf to see her coming is increasing every week, while the Boston boats on their arrival are usually greeted with what I once heard a sarcastic American term, "Half the population." Why not give the people band concerts, if we cannot have a park?

Did you ever notice a woman when she wants to take a street car? Car drivers have become notorious everywhere for their inability to see a prospect who is a singer, and when they do notice one, the way they studiously ignore his or her presence is annoying to say the least. A woman cannot run up and grasp the handles while the car is going, like most men do, but she can give a pantomime show for the benefit of the general public, that is appreciated by everyone but the driver. He evidently enjoys it, in a quiet way, for an attempt to assure the woman, by word, look or motion that her anxiety is totally unneeded for, is something unheard of. He lets her wave her hand, or parol, and walk on the track in a vain endeavor to make him notice her, then when she least expects it he suddenly stops the car, and she gets on board with all possible haste for fear he will start up again before she is seated. Then she gets her breath to enable her to give another pantomime show before the sidewalk is reached again. Before she is within a block of her destination her hand is on the bell strap, while she gazes nervously out the window, and finally pulls the strap before the car is within 50 yards of the place at which she wants to get off. A woman places no trust whatever in a car driver.

Brooks.

Diamonds Falling from the Sky.

Meteoritic bodies amongst which some diamonds have been found have fallen in immense quantities. On November 27th, 1872, such a shower fell that competent observers counted singly eight or ten thousand in the course of two hours. The stones in which the presence of diamonds have been revealed are both small and large. In 1803, 2,000 small red-hot stones fell in Normandy, while one is still shown at Copenhagen which was found in Greenland, weighing 49,000 lbs.

BITS FROM "BUTLER'S JOURNAL."

No Money but Lots of Fun.

Volume third of the Journal begins with this issue, and we start on the new volume with new hope and courage for the future. We have not made any money out of it, but we have had lots of fun—have made many friends and some enemies. We propose to go on in the same course. To our friends we extend our heartfelt thanks, to our enemies our respect, but if they are of that narrow, hidebound class who will stop a paper the minute they see something in it that does not agree with some of their pet ideas, giving the editor no credit for these portions of the paper that have interested them. We don't want their names down on our books.

We have received a much larger support than we expected at the start, and often from those to whom we would not naturally look for encouragement, while some of those who agreed the strongest with our opinions have gone back on us. It seemed strange to us, however, that any one among our numerous friends would let the small sum of 25 cents stand between them and the Journal, but that they would all subscribe, as they have always expressed a desire to help us along. But some, while still professing friendship, hang back for the first named cause, while others (we grieve to say it, but it is true) are too mean, and think more of the subscription price than any amount of friendship.

Conratulations.

Our warmest congratulations go out to Peter Farrell and his fair young bride. May the sunshine of life ever illumine their pathway and may their future troubles be only "little ones."

The Record Busted.

A hen of the Brahma persuasion belonging to John Stickney, Gordon Vale, York Co., has busted the record by laying an egg that measures 6 1/4 inches around and 7 1/2 lengthwise and weighs 4 ounces.

The Fellow from Marysville.

A fellow from Marysville was sent to buy some but of Cochon eggs from a poultry man at Gibson for another party at Marysville. He bought the eggs, brought them home and set them under his own hen, then purchased some eggs at the Marysville store of the common barnyard fowl, and palmed them off on the man as Buff Cochon. Imagine the latter's surprise and indignation when the hen in the allotted space of time, hatched out a dozen of the common dung-hill variety, while the clever trickster was in possession of a dozen fine Buff Cochon chickens. That fellow will make his way through the world.

The Editor Attends Sunday School.

The road being rough and the people poor I did not call on many families, and during the day can find amusement and walk in the suburbs or a "tour around the block" is about the only pleasure within the reach of many. We have no park where working people can imagine themselves in the country for a few hours, and the days of open-air hand concerts are apparently over. The squares are looking very pretty but no one could think of spending an hour in any one of them.

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THE HUNTER'S FARE.

From "Nehliakia."

No sound, no light as the far chukadee calling, the stillness started. So he trod, And crouching, crept like panther to its prey, For track or trace where went the flying deer, Unheeded his fangs from velvet. Still intent Scanning the snow with undeviated eyes For track or trace where went the flying deer, He lurked innocently, Naught saw he, nor heard, Till, lo! an arrow thro' a stir, proclaimed The universal silence violat!

Ardent, the moon, endangeroed, rent apart Her slowly-darting prison with free feet To look upon the beautiful things in motion; She lit an open space all paved with snow, She lit the graceful, clustering shapes that came, And in her presence something strangely human; Near, curious nudged, where Nehliakia hid, Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

Covered, he saw, conspicuous in the glow Of the full brightening moon, a monster stag, Never such marvel met a hunter's eye! Never looked breast so god-like; never bearing With beaming front majestic; stature struck, As his huge frame were granite, stood he there, Brightly devised the creature's shape, How nobly fashioned! Of what port superb! His brow, high-browed, seemed armed with powers of stars, Where colly throne'd they sit; his glossy breast Of graceful angles, instinct with powers of stars.

Stung near to madness, with a fierce delight Of what he saw, the hunter bent his bow; Planted a venom'd barb upon the string, And in an open space all paved with snow, He turned a look of wonder, nor showed fear; But held himself in dreadful majesty, Gazing with mild reproach upon his slayer, Something divine there seemed in his revealed; And in his presence something strangely human; Near, curious nudged, where Nehliakia hid, Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

After a level, straightway did he swoon, With wavering sense, and with blur-blinded eye, And agonizing thro' unutterable pain, His outstretched hand clutched a lean shank; his head

Useless clinging fingers lost, and grew Instantly hoof'd and bony; his smooth skin Hairy and shag'd became, and his high brow Now low and narrow now, o'ertopped with hair; While strangely seemed a long protruded face To grow upon him, bestialy inclined. Then, while on his pain'd sense and misted Rang mockery of laughter, deep withdrawn Behind far glades, receding and retreating, Riterly to his altered self he came. And sprang, a wounded stag, no more.

Arctura J. Lockhart.

Everything in Season.

Native Strawberries and Sweet Cream, Tomatoes, American Fruits from every international boat. Nursery Biscuit, Choice Butter in Rolls and 5 and 10 pound pails. Sold by J. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

AN ENAMELLED CLOCK, Black White or gilt Dial for \$7.75. Never looked breast so god-like; never bearing With beaming front majestic; stature struck, As his huge frame were granite, stood he there, Brightly devised the creature's shape, How nobly fashioned! Of what port superb! His brow, high-browed, seemed armed with powers of stars, Where colly throne'd they sit; his glossy breast Of graceful angles, instinct with powers of stars.

STAMPS, 100 all different, 20c. Including 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887, 1886, 1885, 1884, 1883, 1882, 1881, 1880, 1879, 1878, 1877, 1876, 1875, 1874, 1873, 1872, 1871, 1870, 1869, 1868, 1867, 1866, 1865, 1864, 1863, 1862, 1861, 1860, 1859, 1858, 1857, 1856, 1855, 1854, 1853, 1852, 1851, 1850, 1849, 1848, 1847, 1846, 1845, 1844, 1843, 1842, 1841, 1840, 1839, 1838, 1837, 1836, 1835, 1834, 1833, 1832, 1831, 1830, 1829, 1828, 1827, 1826, 1825, 1824, 1823, 1822, 1821, 1820, 1819, 1818, 1817, 1816, 1815, 1814, 1813, 1812, 1811, 1810, 1809, 1808, 1807, 1806, 1805, 1804, 1803, 1802, 1801, 1800, 1799, 1798, 1797, 1796, 1795, 1794, 1793, 1792, 1791, 1790, 1789, 1788, 1787, 1786, 1785, 1784, 1783, 1782, 1781, 1780, 1779, 1778, 1777, 1776, 1775, 1774, 1773, 1772, 1771, 1770, 1769, 1768, 1767, 1766, 1765, 1764, 1763, 1762, 1761, 1760, 1759, 1758, 1757, 1756, 1755, 1754, 1753, 1752, 1751, 1750, 1749, 1748, 1747, 1746, 1745, 1744, 1743, 1742, 1741, 1740, 1739, 1738, 1737, 1736, 1735, 1734, 1733, 1732, 1731, 1730, 1729, 1728, 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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The managers of the Opera House have been trying to induce the Denman Thompson company to come to St. John and put on The Old Homestead. This play depends largely upon its scenery, and the company say that the St. John Opera House stage is too small to put it on effectively. This is the reason given for not coming here. The Old Homestead has been wonderfully successful. It ran for several years in New York, and at the Boston theatre had a run of eleven weeks. It will be put on here again this fall, and next July will be open in Chicago. Mr. Val. P. Akery is a member of The Old Homestead quartette is visiting friends in this city.

Monday evening there will be a benefit at the Opera house for Mr. J. L. Duffy. The Shamrock and Rose will be put on by amateurs. Mr. Duffy is one of the most successful amateur actors in the city. An Irish play without an informer lame, pitiful looking, and held in general contempt would be a novelty. It is apparently essential to the success of a drama of this kind, and when one is put on in St. John Mr. Duffy is always in demand. It is a character in which he has been very successful, and has given performances that had nothing amateur about them. He has many friends among the theatre-going public, and the audience Monday night should be a large one.

The ever popular H. Prince Webster, manager of the Boston Comedy Co., arrived on the Wednesday night boat, for his annual vacation. He has just completed a prosperous season of 45 weeks, his company having given 270 night and 27 afternoon performances, since opening last August, making a total of 297 entertainments for the season. Mr. Webster has re-engaged the same excellent company for this year and expects to appear here about Aug. 20th. He will be, as usual, well patronized, for he likes to come to Boothbay and Boothbay people like to have him here.—Boothbay (Me.) Register.

We possess several authors in this country who have come into prominence in the production of their own works. The N. Y. Press. Principal among them are Augustin Daly, Bartley Campbell, Edward Harrigan, William Gillette, Richard Mansfield and Ramsay Morris, all of whom have been somewhat successful. The first two have been content with writing, rehearsal and management; the others not only write but perform in their plays. Strange though it may seem, Augustin Daly was at one time an actor, and as he declares smugly, "a very bad actor, too." It only required a few performances to convince the young player that he had no promise of success on the boards. He promptly threw up his contract and devoted himself to criticizing the art whose practical illustration was denied him. Success in this vocation was instantaneous. At the age of twenty-four Augustin Daly was dramatic critic for no less than six New York newspapers. His reviews were caustic but clever, and attracted general attention by their author's evident knowledge of theater as well as dramatic art. He was commissioned to write a play for Miss Bateman, then one of the chief stars of the American stage. Instead of venturing on the construction of an original theme he chose the subject of Dr. Mosenthal's gloomy poem "Deborah." He must have had a deep technical knowledge of law, an easy familiarity with the most abstruse proceedings of English jurisprudence. He must also have been a classical scholar, that never went to school, for he has used Sophocles, Horace and Virgil, Lucretius, Seneca and Euripides, evidently as easy as rolling a log. He lived in London twenty-five years, and wrote thirty-seven dramas, 154 sonnets and three poems and accumulated a fortune, the income of which was left to \$25,000 a year, and yet when he left London to make beer for sale, and lent money to his old acquaintances in Stratford, he gave literature the grand shake and never mentioned any of his plays, half of which had not been produced (Macbeth, Tempest, Julius Caesar). In his will he left a book, a play or a sonnet, and he was very close at that and certainly did not give them away. William—whatever his name might have been—knew his business, and don't let any one make a mistake about that.

A family up town had some theatre tickets which, not being able to use, they turned over to a green servant girl, who said she had never been to a theatre, says the New York Tribune. After receiving directions the girl started out. About nine o'clock the family was surprised to see the girl back, and called her in the room to see what the trouble was. "Why, Mary, didn't you find the place?" was asked. "Indeed I did, and it was a fine place, and a gentleman showed me a seat near the front." "And why didn't you stay? What did you do?" "Well, ivery whan were looking at a fine picture in front, and the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen, and some people came out and began talking family matters, and so I thought I better come home."

De Wolfe Hopper's kisses are among his funniest attractions; when Madame Ceterly was in the company he could bring down the house by kissing his hand and pressing it to her rosy lips. E. J. Manley's Gloriana kisses are anything but icy, and sparks have also been a feature of Mr. Robert Hilliard's kisses. It was Mr. Harry Hilliard's explosive kisses in the opera Polly, who Miss Russell was airy fairy Lillian, that made kindling of the wood mantle over the domestic hearth. Teddy Solomon stopped in the middle of the dress rehearsal and refused to lead the orchestra. The most extraordinary kissing is accomplished by Marie Tempest when occasion requires. She has a trick of placing her thumb-nails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making a distinctly audible noise. To his appearance she has the tenor's face between her hands and

wished to see how much worse the English version was than his own. Amazed into admiration by Gillette's audacity the Madison Square manager sent him a desired box. But Mr. Palmer absented himself from the theater on the night of the performance last, happily, meeting Gillette in the foyer they might come to blows.

William S. Gilbert, late of Gilbert & Sullivan, whose biting satire has manifested itself in plays and poems alike, is a magistrate in an old-fashioned English village, though few of his admirers have heard it. The famous librettist seems to enjoy his few emoluments as justice of the peace for Middlesex, too. His appearance is described by one who recently saw him on the bench as that of a well-to-do gentleman farmer rather than a bright humorist. Handsome and well built, with hair fast turning gray, Mr. Gilbert has, despite a certain severity of expression, made himself very popular among the officials of the court and the constables generally, one of whom is never tired of saying to newcomers: "You wouldn't think, to look at 'im, 'e 'ad such a lot of humor." Like a true genius, Gilbert behaves with becoming modesty. It is cited in his ever-lasting credit that one cold morning he arrived before the court was open. Instead of making a fuss to be let in, as most Judges would, he quietly walked up and down, waiting his chance with the rest. On the bench he speaks very sparingly, but when he does make an utterance it is to the point, and is worth listening to. During the hearing of a case he is ever making pen-and-ink sketches on the sheet of fool-cap before him, not of the people in court, but of fanciful heads. These sketches are much sought after, and when the court rises are eagerly scanned by the officers and loungers. But while so occupied Gilbert is keenly alive to all that is taking place, as he shows by occasionally stopping from his drawing to put a question to the witness.

Augustus P. Dunlop sums up some phases of the Shakespearean situation as follows: What a peculiar genius the Immortal William appears to the one who quietly sits down and fishes in the sea of literature! To begin with, he couldn't write his name so everybody could read it; those that say he spelled it Shakespeare or Shakspere just as the humor struck him. In his will he varied the spelling three times, and although neither his father or mother could write at all, his relatives spelled his name Shaxpur, Chackepur, Shagpore and Shaykspeare, and literature has an abstruse monopoly on Shakespeare. No letter, or book, or copy, or MSS. of any kind written by him has come down to us. He writes in the preface of "Venus and Adonis" that it is his first, and prefixes it with a quotation from Ovid. This was while he lived at Stratford and was a lad of 20. Hamlet was very likely his first play produced, and then he was 22. Yet he was taken from a foreign play not then translated into English, and he must have been the greatest linguist of his day, because many of his plays are based on Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French books not then turned into English.

He must have had a deep technical knowledge of law, an easy familiarity with the most abstruse proceedings of English jurisprudence. He must also have been a classical scholar, that never went to school, for he has used Sophocles, Horace and Virgil, Lucretius, Seneca and Euripides, evidently as easy as rolling a log. He lived in London twenty-five years, and wrote thirty-seven dramas, 154 sonnets and three poems and accumulated a fortune, the income of which was left to \$25,000 a year, and yet when he left London to make beer for sale, and lent money to his old acquaintances in Stratford, he gave literature the grand shake and never mentioned any of his plays, half of which had not been produced (Macbeth, Tempest, Julius Caesar). In his will he left a book, a play or a sonnet, and he was very close at that and certainly did not give them away. William—whatever his name might have been—knew his business, and don't let any one make a mistake about that.

A family up town had some theatre tickets which, not being able to use, they turned over to a green servant girl, who said she had never been to a theatre, says the New York Tribune. After receiving directions the girl started out. About nine o'clock the family was surprised to see the girl back, and called her in the room to see what the trouble was. "Why, Mary, didn't you find the place?" was asked. "Indeed I did, and it was a fine place, and a gentleman showed me a seat near the front." "And why didn't you stay? What did you do?" "Well, ivery whan were looking at a fine picture in front, and the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen, and some people came out and began talking family matters, and so I thought I better come home."

De Wolfe Hopper's kisses are among his funniest attractions; when Madame Ceterly was in the company he could bring down the house by kissing his hand and pressing it to her rosy lips. E. J. Manley's Gloriana kisses are anything but icy, and sparks have also been a feature of Mr. Robert Hilliard's kisses. It was Mr. Harry Hilliard's explosive kisses in the opera Polly, who Miss Russell was airy fairy Lillian, that made kindling of the wood mantle over the domestic hearth. Teddy Solomon stopped in the middle of the dress rehearsal and refused to lead the orchestra. The most extraordinary kissing is accomplished by Marie Tempest when occasion requires. She has a trick of placing her thumb-nails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making a distinctly audible noise. To his appearance she has the tenor's face between her hands and

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her lips pressed to his, whereas there is the length of her hands between them. Tenors as a class do not take kindly to the Tempest kiss, but she is the prima donna and it goes.

Actors who have been privileged to perform in presence of the most august tribunal in England declare that it is extremely difficult to play with requisite spirit before an audience composed of the Queen and her court. This aristocratic assemblage is entirely conservative in manifestations of pleasure. The Queen and her ladies witness the finest passages of comedy and tragic acting without being moved by them, and when the play is ended, quit the improvised theatre without rewarding the actors by a smile of approval or a token of applause. There is, it would seem, much of the medieval spirit of contempt for actors evinced during these performances at Windsor. The Queen herself often compliments her entertainers, and as in the recent case of "Buffalo Bill" and Nate Salisbury, gives a trifling jewel to the principals; but the nobles and ladies in waiting show no such condescension. The player feels keenly that his audience at Windsor Castle regards him merely as a puppet or speaking automaton for a passing entertainment, and feels a sense of indignity in the silent and indifferent contempt of the aristocratic women and lordly gentlemen before whom he enacts his character.

Nor is this haughty treatment softened by the supper that the queen graciously orders provided for the players. The condition of the actor, so strongly evidenced in the Hamlet interlude, comes with painful memory to both comedians and tragedians when they sit down after the performance to a supper of bread and cheese and beer. This bill of fare for the rural refreshment of actors is traditional and, like all matters of red tape, cannot be changed to suit improvement in the state of modern stage. It is known to her majesty as well as her subjects that actors of the style of Henry Irving, Wyndham and Ellen Terry, fare as richly as the residents of Belgravia. But hospitality in the queen's household is governed by us. He writes in the preface of "Venus and Adonis" that it is his first, and prefixes it with a quotation from Ovid. This was while he lived at Stratford and was a lad of 20. Hamlet was very likely his first play produced, and then he was 22. Yet he was taken from a foreign play not then translated into English, and he must have been the greatest linguist of his day, because many of his plays are based on Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French books not then turned into English.

Walking is the great German method of taking an outing. Even those who can write at a wheel or a horse, walk. It may be because the compulsory military service of Germany makes a trained walker of every able-bodied son of the Vaterland. But I think it is because the German's simple tastes lead him to choose the most natural and therefore the most healthful method of exercise. This view is borne out by the fact that walking is the favorite exercise of school boys and youths below the age of military service. It is naturally stimulated by the admirable condition of the roads, and by the care taken by the authorities to preserve the beauty of the rural surroundings of towns and cities.

I once heard Carl Schurz say that every German at school, boy or other of his life wrote poetry. I believe there is more or less poetry in every German's soul. He loves nature. Does he love nature because he walks abroad among the fields and through the woods, over mountains and down into the valleys; or does he walk because he loves nature? Both! These tastes are mutually strengthening, with, however, an innate love of nature predominating. Many an afternoon, as a boy, when at school at Wiesbaden, I have walked to Biebrich, some five miles distance, had a bath in the Rhine, and returned on foot. The railroad fare was a pittance, but we preferred walking. On our way to Biebrich and on our return we met at various points many of the teachers of our school. Both teachers and the taught had the same love to the same exercise.—Gustave Kobbé in Christian Union.

An Easy "Bull's-Eye." A waggish broker who is widely and popularly known on the Stock Exchange, is sojourning in the country, and he made considerable fun for himself and his associates last week. He is by no means noted as a marksman, and when he took half-a-dozen of his town associates round to the back of the house one morning and showed them a bullet embedded in the bull's-eye of a target, neatly painted on a barn door, the natural inquiry was—"Who fired the shot?" "I fired the shot at a distance of two hundred yards," said the waggish broker, earnestly. "Oh, pshaw! Nonsense! Pooh-pooh! You couldn't have hit the barn at that distance," were the comments of his friends. But the waggish broker was persistent, and he suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to try.

Yes, two or three of them were willing to wager almost anything, from a dinner to a hundred pounds, that the young broker did not fire that shot. He took two bets—one of a dinner for the men, and another for a case of champagne. Then he brought out two witnesses—two distinguished men—who very soberly declared that they had seen him with a rifle, standing at a distance of two hundred yards away, put the bullet where it was. The credibility of the witnesses was above suspicion, and the bets were paid by the losers. During the merry-making that followed, the waggish broker confessed that he had painted the target on the barn after he had fired the shot.

The "QUADRANT" as a Roadster



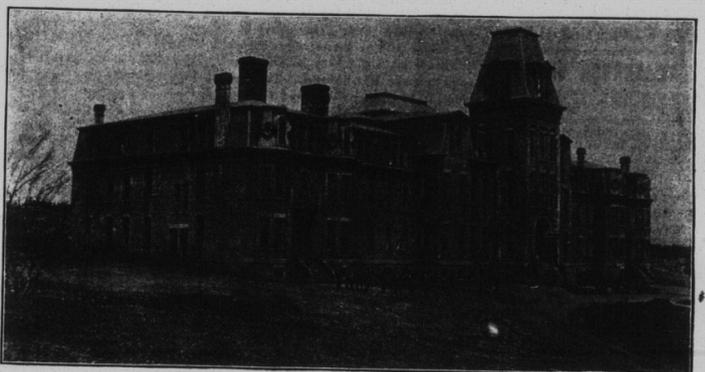
May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them. The following gives the results of the 100 miles Road Race at Philadelphia, 1891:

Table with 5 columns: Nationality, Machine, Started, Finished, Proportion. Rows include American Columbia, English All other makes, and English QUADRANT.

No information is given as to what make won, but in the previous year's race, out of over a 100 Safety Bicycles at the start, the majority of any one make were "Quadrants." The first Safety to finish was a "Quadrant," and the first lady to finish rode a "Quadrant."

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Of these there are, first, the Sabbatical institutions of the Old Testament, viz., the weekly Sabbath, the seventh new moon or Feast of Trumpets, the Sabbatical year and the year of Jubilee. Besides these there were the great feasts, Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles, together with the two of later times—Purim and that of the Dedication. The time spent in these observances required frequent and in some cases protracted suspension of labor. To the Jews living in the remote districts of Palestine, particularly the pilgrimages to and from Jerusalem, together with the time spent in the actual celebration of the feasts, which in the case of the Passover and Tabernacles was each eight days, meant an amount of migratory recreation and rest from the ordinary occupations of life, year by year, greater proportionately than that obtained in the vacation of these days.

A Philanthropic Doctor. A Russian journal reports a case of a philanthropic physician. Visiting the peasants of his districts, he found that in many instances their sickness was caused by hungriness. He took most needy he prescribed "six poods of pure" flour in doses of two poods a day." He ordered the medicine to be got at a drug store where it would be issued free of charge every day. The good doctor made arrangements with the druggist to supply the flour at his own expense.

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SWEETSER'S GUIDE to the Maritime Provinces. APPLETON'S TOURIST'S and SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, by C. G. D. Roberts. RAND, McNALLY'S INDEX MAP of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. I. VIEWS OF ST. JOHN, ETC. J. & A. McMILLAN, BOOKSELLERS and STATIONERS, Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

THE St. John Globe published in its issue of July 9, '92: "White Hellebore Powder is the best substance for killing currant worms. Apply with a dreging box." We put up White Hellebore Powder in 10c., 25c. and 50c. packages, and will mail it to any address, postage paid on receipt of price. MOORE'S DRUG STORE, 109 BRUSSELS, COR. RICHMOND ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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A number of well known lady and gentlemen amateurs, who will produce J. F. Murphy's 4 act Romantic Irish Drama.

"Shamrock and Rose," With grand Scenic effects, including The Castle by Moonlight and Corrigmor at Sunrise.

New Music! New Songs! Harrison's Full Orchestra in Attendance.

Prices of admission—Floor and Balcony 35 cents, Gallery 25 cents. Tickets at Murphy's Music Store, Opera House Block.

GRAND CONCERT UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE New Brunswick Medical Society, Tuesday Ev'g, July 19

A Special Programme is in preparation. The Medical Society attends in a body. Prices—50, 35 and 25 Cents.

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I HAVE much pleasure in informing the public that I will, on July 1st, open "THE WILLOWS," the new Summer retreat on the banks of the Kennebec, at what is popularly known as Waddell's Landing. The house is new and well furnished. The rooms are large, airy and comfortable; especially adapted to the comfort of permanent guests. "THE WILLOWS" can be reached three days in the week by the Steamer "Clifton," which makes the run in a trifle over two hours, or by stage from Robbsey connecting with morning train, which is three miles distant. For terms and particulars, address HUGH J. McCORMICK, Reed's Point, Kings Co. June 11.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 16.

AID IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The action of the council in granting \$6,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the St. John's, Newfoundland, fire will be cordially endorsed by all classes of citizens. Apart from the debt of gratitude our people owe to St. John's for its prompt and liberal assistance at the time of our own great fire, the present donation is one which ought to be made. Supplemented as it will be by private subscriptions, the contribution from this city is likely to be one for which there will be no cause to feel ashamed.

The city has given generously, when the condition of its finances is considered. It will come out of the ratepayers, of course, but the addition to the tax-bills will be so small that nobody will feel it. As told elsewhere, the clerk or workman assessed on \$400 income will have to pay just eleven cents more, and no man can object to donating in that proportion for the relief of suffering humanity.

A great deal has been said by some as to the propriety of taking a sum from the funds of the relief and aid society, but the fact that this fund is held for a special purpose from which it cannot be divided without express legislation is a sufficient answer to all that has been urged on the subject. It has been shown, too, that the claimants entitled to relief from this fund are increasing, rather than diminishing, as the years roll by. Apart from all this, the donors of the money in 1877 intended it for the relief of the sufferers by the fire that year, and for no other purpose. So long as it can be shown that distress due to that fire is still to be found, so long as that land a sacred trust to be applied for the purpose for which it was given. That there are many cases where relief is still necessary is well known to all who have taken the trouble to look into the matter.

For the city and the citizens to give freely according to their means ought to be considered both a privilege and a duty. That seems to be the spirit so far shown, and it is the true spirit. St. John is doing just as it should do.

SOME PHASES OF WOMEN'S WORK.

There is food for a good deal of thought in the following statement recently made by a New York preacher:

"There are 250,000 women in New York city, exclusive of those in domestic service, who are bread winners, who have no male protectors and no means of support other than their own efforts. Though there are 248 trades open to them, an advertisement for one worker often brings a hundred applicants. Many of them are obliged to accept whatever wages are offered to them. There are trained sewing women in this city working nineteen hours a day for 25 cents. Boys' knee pants bring 35 cents a dozen trousers from 12 1/2 cents to 25 cents, and shirts from 6 1/2 cents to 12 1/2 cents. To work as prisoners for crime would be a respite to many of them. The injustice, the oppression and the sufferings of these 250,000, what a theme for the reformer or the novelist, these starvation wages.

The remedy for this human slavery lies partly with the workers and partly with the employers. The latter, in their greed for gain, are not likely to exercise humanity at the expense of profit, and to a large extent the women must work out the problem for themselves. It can be accomplished slowly, but the difficulty is to educate the workers into a sense of what their position really is and ought to be. With the great majority of them, the struggle for bread is a hand to hand fight in which they have no time nor inclination to solve social problems. All theories are killed, all ambitions crushed under the grinding of body and soul by which the more fortunate classes may profit.

The demoralizing effects of steady toil and insufficient pay need not be mentioned. They are obvious in all communities where woman's labor is a great factor in the building up of wealth. The wonder is not that so many girls cease to betrust themselves, but that any fair proportion escape the pitfalls into which their conditions of servitude drive them. Everything militates against the preservation of the life of true womanhood in the

girl who has her soul discouraged by the constant fight to gain a pittance at times insufficient to provide more than the plainest of food and raiment. Soul, mind and body, are alike starved, until it seems to the toiler that there can be no worse life than the so-called life of honest labor.

One of the remedies suggested by the preacher in question is, "Let every woman learn to do some one thing. Unskilled labor must take what it is given." This is sound advice, if women will only heed it. The trouble is that a great many of them will not do so. Very many girls engage in work as a temporary expedient, a disagreeable necessity that they hope will exist for only a few years at the most. When a young man learns a trade or adopts a vocation, he does so with the idea that the more he perfects himself in it the greater will be his success. It is likely to be his work for life, and it becomes his ambition. It is quite different with many, perhaps the majority, of girls. They work because they have to earn money for the present. They are hired to do this or that, and they do it because they are hired. Very likely it is work that fails to interest them. Their hearts are not in it. They have no aspiration to make it a life work. Their ambition is to get married, "when the right one comes along." Too often, alas, the man who does come is not "the right one," and the change from the single life of a wage worker to the life of an abused and neglected wife is the end of the dream.

If every young woman who earns wages would cease to depend upon the probabilities of the future, and employ the possibilities of the present, woman's work would be more thorough, and employers would be forced to recognize that work when done by females was entitled to as good pay as the same kind of work when done by males. At present woman's work is ill-paid, because, in many instances, it is not as thorough as the work of men. Every year the fields of labor in which only males once worked are thrown open more and more to the other sex. If both sexes can do certain kinds of work equally well, why should they not be equally well paid? That there will be inequality in wages, so long as girls feel that they are only hired for the time goes without saying.

In an article on the servant-girl question, a few weeks ago, PROGRESS took the ground that domestic service, if women were properly trained for it, should hold as high a position as other classes of female labor. There is no reason why this should not be so, if thousands of the bright girls who are now killing their souls and bodies in stores and factories would look at the matter in the right light. Why should it be considered degrading to assist others in what is, as a rule, neither hard nor unpleasant work. The trained domestic of the future will be no more like the common "servant-girl" of the past than are the trained nurses akin to the SAHIBY CAMPS of other days. The sooner this fact is recognized, the sooner will be found the solution of one phase of the problem of woman's work. The home, as a field for honorable labor, should rank far above the store or the factory.

All girls cannot be artists, music teachers, journalists, typewriters, and the like. As with men, a large proportion must rely on more common but not less honorable occupations. If they are true to themselves and their work, all classes should be equally respected.

The labor organizations in the United States have now and then tried to do something to secure justice for women wage-workers in the great stores and factories, but their success has been spasmodic and partial. Something more is needed than attention to particular cases, and no organization, however perfect, can accomplish all that should be done. As has been said, it is useless to expect employers to do anything so long as it is to their profit to cheapen female labor. The workers themselves can do something to hasten reform, but they cannot do everything. They need sympathy and help from the people who in their hearts are anxious to see some practical good done in this world. It is PROGRESS' tears it is a hard fact that the greater part of what has been done to ameliorate the condition of women wage workers has been done by men. The good women of this world are too apt to neglect their sisters in the solicitude for the welfare of their brothers. There are women's associations which undertake to stop men from drinking liquor or using tobacco, and there is this and that done to make useful men out of bad boys, but what is done to help the women and girls to get even common justice in the struggle for bread? How many of the fashionable philanthropists of New York, are raising a finger in aid of the quarter of a million slaves who are wearing away their lives in the toil of a great city?

HOW SOME WOMEN VIEW IT. The New York Press, which claims to reach half a million of people every day, has this editorial paragraph:

It is very mean, no doubt, in Miss VACARESCO, whose engagement to Prince FERDINAND of Roumania was broken up because she was not of royal blood, to be sending the prince's old love letters, one at a time, to his new affianced, the Princess MARY of Edinburgh. But, considering all the circumstances, it is also very feminine and pardonable.

No, it is not pardonable, nor can anything be which is "very mean," as the Press admits this to be. Such an act is as dishonorable in a woman as in a man, and PROGRESS would be sorry to think that any mean and dishonorable act was "very feminine." It is unfortunately true, however, that some women have a very dim perception of how far a sense of honor should restrain them from revealing to others what men have said to them in times when affection induced full confidence. There are women who consider themselves honorable and high-minded who have no scruples in confiding to others things that a man's sense of honor would forbid him to mention. To such women, accustomed to accept and receive admiration, it may seem a small matter that a man should offer the highest tribute he can pay them, but when he does so, his motives should be respected. Some women, however, are so constituted that they do not realize the trust that has been placed in them. They mean well, no doubt, but their sense of honor is not acute. They have their own way of looking at matters.

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Some weeks ago, when a Dorchester correspondent stated that there was a proposition to raise money for town improvements by the aid of a lottery, PROGRESS gave its opinion of the matter in plain terms. According to the statements of a reliable writer in this issue, it seems that the affair has been something worse than a lottery. If what is asserted be true, and PROGRESS has no reason to doubt it, the proceedings seem very much in the nature of a swindle. The actors in the affair have, in any case, rendered themselves liable to prosecution, and the question of the nature of their offence is simply of degree.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES. Yet Editor Dennis is a Bridegroom. A philosopher has well said that "marriage is only a ceremony pledging two persons to charity for the fallings of each other."—N. G. Enterprise.

High Art at New Glasgow. Sam Turner and his efficient staff of assistants have just finished painting Stewart & Co.'s beautiful grocery store. The work is beautifully done and reflects much credit on friend Sam's good taste and skill as a painter of the first class.—Enterprise.

The Editor is not Concerned. We are not concerned in any way with the raids of Mr. Menzies, or others of his stripe, whether they be made by day upon alleged violators of the Scott Act, or by night upon the preserves of their neighbors in the absence of the male representative of the household.—Chatham Advertiser.

Gooding the Pampered Official. If the street commissioner would take a hammer in one hand and a package of spikes in the other, make a tour of the sidewalks and spike down the loose ends of planks that are tripping up pedestrians, he would be doing his duty and obliging the public.—Chatham World.

On Duck Cove's Sands. On Duck Cove's sands I idly strolled, And to the trembling Naiad told A tale of love (whose fervor still I feel, as with responsive thrill, My faltering heart leaps from its coil Desemulded) and as the bold, Yet timid, words of passion rolled To her sweet ear a heart stood still

On Duck Cove's Sands. And with a look that clear foretold An ardent lover somewhat sold, She spoke: "Why, over yon green hill My husband comes!"—The breeze blew chill And I "moved on," and idly strolled, On Duck Cove's Sands.

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be married. How much more healthful it would be, if instead of cherishing a folly of this kind they would learn the truth that the result so dreaded is more often due to a girl having "put on" something besides a bridal veil. It may be that the real veil which has brought such bad luck is that of insincerity or it may be something else. A girl can "put on" much that will keep her single, but the bridal veil and orange blossoms have nothing to do with the matter.

So it is with numberless other superstitions. It is time they were relegated to the ignorant and weak. They do not belong to the sensible people of an enlightened age. The Thirteen Club, of New York, which has had exceptionally good luck for many years, should have its initiators in crushing out superstitions all over the continent.

A man died in a Cincinnati hospital, the other day, and when the remains were sent home it was found that the skull was filled with sawdust, instead of brains. This remarkable fact prompted the friends of the deceased to demand an investigation, pending the result of which PROGRESS forbears to indulge in a speculation on the subject. It can be shown that the brains were taken out and the sawdust substituted, the explanation is simple enough, but otherwise there is a wide range for thought. The telegraphic particulars are so meagre that it cannot be surmised what kind of a man the deceased was in life. He may have been anything, from a society swell to an anti-tobacco crank, if the sawdust was there in his lifetime.

Some weeks ago, when a Dorchester correspondent stated that there was a proposition to raise money for town improvements by the aid of a lottery, PROGRESS gave its opinion of the matter in plain terms. According to the statements of a reliable writer in this issue, it seems that the affair has been something worse than a lottery. If what is asserted be true, and PROGRESS has no reason to doubt it, the proceedings seem very much in the nature of a swindle. The actors in the affair have, in any case, rendered themselves liable to prosecution, and the question of the nature of their offence is simply of degree.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES. Yet Editor Dennis is a Bridegroom. A philosopher has well said that "marriage is only a ceremony pledging two persons to charity for the fallings of each other."—N. G. Enterprise.

High Art at New Glasgow. Sam Turner and his efficient staff of assistants have just finished painting Stewart & Co.'s beautiful grocery store. The work is beautifully done and reflects much credit on friend Sam's good taste and skill as a painter of the first class.—Enterprise.

The Editor is not Concerned. We are not concerned in any way with the raids of Mr. Menzies, or others of his stripe, whether they be made by day upon alleged violators of the Scott Act, or by night upon the preserves of their neighbors in the absence of the male representative of the household.—Chatham Advertiser.

Gooding the Pampered Official. If the street commissioner would take a hammer in one hand and a package of spikes in the other, make a tour of the sidewalks and spike down the loose ends of planks that are tripping up pedestrians, he would be doing his duty and obliging the public.—Chatham World.

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IT WAS BAD NEWS FOR THEM.

How Jimmy Kennedy went Away and His Friends Lost Trace of Him.

When professional base ball was the rage in St. John and everyone went to the St. John and Shamrock grounds every fine afternoon, nobody in town was better known than "Jimmy" Kennedy. Besides being a local man in a team composed largely of crack Maine players, there were other things that made him of special interest to the crowd. No fears were entertained of a disaster in the vicinity of third base when Kennedy was on the team, and most of the fun came from that corner. His antics kept the crowd in good humor and made him a favorite, while all admired him as a ball player.

One morning about a year ago an item appeared in the papers saying that Jimmy Kennedy had left for the far west. This was a surprise to everybody. His parents could hardly believe it. He had said nothing about going away to anyone, and had left the house shortly after supper the night before to go up town, just the same as he had been in the habit of doing for years.

At that time his father was in Boston. Jimmy was working every day. The day he went away he worked until six o'clock. When he went home there was a barrel of flour outside the house that had been delivered during the afternoon, and his mother asked him to carry it up stairs, and take out the head. Jimmy took off his coat and had the barrel up stairs in time that would have surprised anybody who never saw flour handled on the South wharf; and taking the head out seemed fun for him.

This done he got ready for supper and sat down with the rest of the family. The conversation was about every day affairs, and the Pacific Coast was not mentioned. It was farthest from the thoughts of everyone but the ex-member of the Nationals.

After supper he stayed in the house for awhile, then went out. Not one of the family saw him afterwards.

When they heard that he had gone, all remembered that he had been in correspondence with a friend who was formerly master of one of Mr. Kennedy's vessels, but is now sailing on a tug boat on the Pacific coast. They thought Jimmy had gone out to where he was.

Had any other member of the family gone away in this manner, the surprise would have been greater, but it "was just like Jimmy," and it was not hard to find a reason for it. He was what people like to call "a queer fellow."

Kindly, good natured, and full of dry humor, he could play ball before thousands of people and do as much coaching as any man on the team, but in private life he was of a retiring disposition, and averse to any unnecessary demonstration where he was concerned. He liked to be with those who were his friends when he was one of the party, but at times when they attempted to do him special honor Kennedy was ill at ease.

So, when he quietly went away without telling anybody about it, he did so in all probability to avoid any fuss at the depot. There is no doubt that had his friends known anything of his intended departure the scene at the depot would have been one to be remembered. His popularity was a sufficient guarantee of that.

For months after Kennedy went away his parents looked for a letter in every mail, but none came. Then his father wrote to the captain he had corresponded with, but the answer said that he had not seen Jimmy or heard anything about him. Enquiries were made of people who had been out west but no one had seen him. Where he went after leaving St. John no one knew.

A letter from a St. John man in Eureka, Cal., printed in PROGRESS of July 2, contained the following paragraph:

This is a sporting place also, and a short time ago I went out to Samos, Eureka's pleasure resort, and saw a game of base ball. I thought I recognized in the third bag and pulling down flies for the St. Johns.

That was the first his friends heard of him since he went away. On the following Saturday the daily papers printed a despatch from the Standard of Anaconda, Montana, saying that James Kennedy, hailing from St. John, N. B., had been instantly killed in a mill at De Lamar, Idaho, on July 3; and that he had only been in De Lamar a few days, having arrived there from Humboldt county, Cal.

The Boatmen and the Launch. The boatmen are not feeling good over the new competition to their usually good business in carrying visitors to and from the visiting war ship. There is little enough for them to do at all times they claim and it is not right that they should be interfered with. This year a steam launch, owned by the Messrs. Temple, is towing boats backward and forward to the warship and doing the most of the business. The launch could not, of course, carry passengers since it is against the steamboat regulation, but that is got over by towing the boats.

They Have Lots of Faith. It must be admitted that the prohibition party in the United States has a superabundance of faith, in the face of the fact that 31,475,519 barrels of beer were produced last year. It will take some time to convert the country into a Sahara at this rate.

"STAY EAST YOUNG MAN."

The St. Andrew's "Beacon's" Adds to "Progress" Article of Last Week.

The article in last week's PROGRESS giving experiences of St. John boys in the States, such as are not usually printed in provincial papers, probably did not contain anything new to many readers of the paper, but people are prone to forget the dark side of anything the bright aspect of which always betrays them. The St. Andrew's Beacon has something to say this week on the exodus question, in the same strain, as follows:

"Stay East, young man," is a motto that the Beacon would like to see adopted by all the sons of New Brunswick. There is good reason for believing that many natives of this province who are now struggling for a subsistence in the crowded sun-scorched cities of the West are heartily sorry that they did not put this motto into practice long ago. Lured by the gilded stories of wealth that, like ripe apples, waited but the plucking, and by the phenomenal success of a few friends who had gone before them, thousands of young men belonging to this province have succumbed to the western fever. A small proportion of them have succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition, but the great majority have had and are having, a desperate struggle to make buckles and strap meet. Concerning the former class we hear much, but over the failures of the latter an almost impenetrable veil is drawn. While many of those who leave us are compelled from sheer necessity to do so, yet there are many who need not go away, and who would be far better at home, giving their strength towards developing their native Province, and wearing their lives out among strangers. There is a great work at home for many of our young men to do. It may not bring them sudden wealth or sudden fame, but it will yield them a fair remuneration for their toil, and their surroundings will be more healthful and pleasant, and their chances of life greatly improved.

EDISON IN A NEW ROLE. A WONDERFUL HORSE THAT LIVED IN OBSCURITY.

His Former Owner Did Not Appreciate His Beautiful Tail and Mane and Cut Them Off—He is Now in His Proper Sphere and the Public will Have a Chance to See Him.

Among those who attended the exhibition in St. John last fall was Mr. James Nutter of Queens county. Mr. Nutter is an admirer of good horses, and the tent inside the exhibition fence had a peculiar interest for him. He paid his dime to the tune of the hand organ and saw the horse that was advertised as one of the special features of the exhibition. Linus was looked upon as a wonderful animal, his owner had made a fortune out of him, he had travelled all over the country, and had come from some far-away place; so Mr. Nutter expected to see something entirely new to a man who lived in Queens county, N. B.

He was somewhat disappointed, and when he saw his brother-in-law, Mr. Bain, of this city, told him there was a horse in Queens county that was a much better animal than Linus in every way, but had not attracted any attention whatever. People from the country are not so prone to express surprise at everything as they were before newspapers circulated among the hay fields, wild woods and mountains. They now have a weakness for saying "we had better than that at home." Mr. Bain knew this and took very little stock in what his brother-in-law had told him.

Some time afterward he again heard of Queens county horse, and was urged to go up and see it. Mr. Nutter had told him that the mane and tail were much thicker than that of Linus and that he was a better bred horse. Mr. Bain spoke to several of his friends about it and they decided to find out just what kind of an animal the Queens county horse was. Mr. Bain was sent up to Summerfield on the Gagetown road. Mr. James McKinney is a well-to-do farmer, and has always had a number of fine horses. The future Edison was one of them. He was a fine dapple gray stallion with black points,

and weighed 1400 pounds. Good horses are not uncommon with Mr. McKinney, and Edison did not attract any particular attention, except that his tail and mane grew so long as to interfere with his usefulness as carriage or working horse. So the superfluous tail and mane were cut off. They grew rapidly, however, and had to be cut again and again. Nobody seemed to see anything remarkable in this, except that Edison required a little more attention than the other horses. When the exhibition was held last fall and the long tailed horse was made to appear as an important feature of it, Edison claimed some attention. A number of people heard about him,

and the success of Linus set several parties of a speculative turn of mind thinking. Summerfield became a centre of attraction. Mr. Hain was one of the first to arrive on the scene. He recognized Edison as a valuable animal, and promptly closed a bargain by which he was to come to St. John. A few days after he left Summerfield, Mr. McKinney had more visitors. They all wanted the horse, and were willing to pay double the amount offered by St. John men, but the horse had been sold and the money paid, and that settled the matter. Edison was purchased in December and came to St. John. At that time his tail

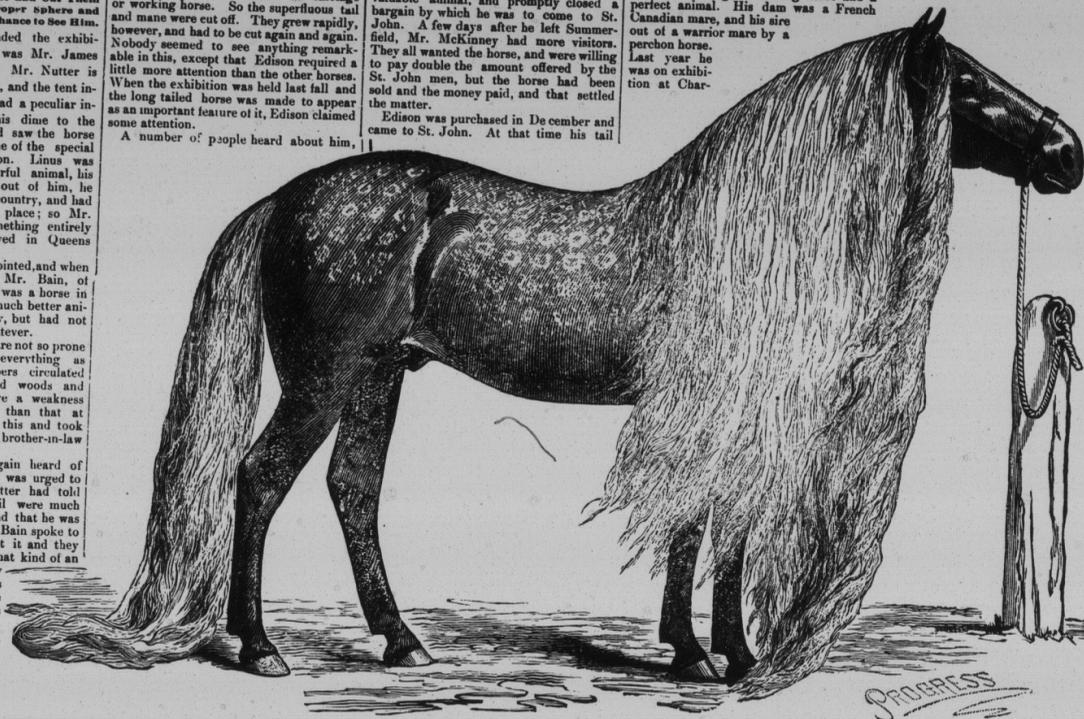
was 3 1/2 feet long, but it now trails about nine inches on the ground, and is thick and beautiful. His mane is six feet long and foretop three feet and a half. Edison is a good driving horse and a perfect animal. His dam was a French Canadian mare, and his sire out of a warrior mare by a perchon horse. Last year he was on exhibition at Charlottetown and was seen by hundreds of people. He is being shown here in St. John this week under the management of Mr. Geo. Hallett.

Known by the Hand. A sculptor could be read from the character could be read from the hand, once declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than an idiot for his caution, but his hand judgement turned out correct after all, for another sculptor having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment.

Another of these hand readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there were some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers that he disliked. The matter weighed on his mind. He was a queer sort of fellow, and plain spoken. "My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection, but the more I study your hand, the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break off the engagement." They did. She married another man, and eloped with a third in less than four years. There must be something in hand-reading after all.

Vaccination in India.

A striking account of the difficulties attending on the attempt to extend the practice of vaccination in India is given by Surgeon-General Sir William Moore. The chief obstacle is superstitious prejudice. The population firmly believe variola to be under the control of the goddess "Mata," in whose honor temples abound and fairs are held, where thousands of women and children attend with offerings. The deities of most of the numerous conical hills present either a reddened stone or temple devoted to "Mata," with most probably an attendant Brahmin priest. Nearly every village has its goddess of smallpox in the immediate locality, and in many places a large piece of ground is esteemed holy and dedicated to "Mata." The people do not pray to escape the affliction, unless in seasons when it occurs with more than ordinary violence. They do, however, petition for a mild visitation. But even the loss of an eye does not appear to be viewed as a very serious calamity. "Is there not another eye sufficient for all purposes?" questioned one of these stoical philosophers. "If it were the leg or hand, it would be different, but an eye is immaterial."



HOW TO HANDLE A KNIFE.

Without Making Grease Spots All Over the Table Cloth.

The chair placed for a carver must be high enough to allow the work to be done comfortably without the carver being obliged to stand. The platter must be large enough to hold the entire joint or bird when carved, without any piece falling over the edge of the platter. A waiter should make sure before placing a dish in front of the carver that the dish is really hot; if it is not the dish gravy will become chilled, and consequently unfit for use, before it can be served.

See that no string or skewer is left to annoy the carver. The silver skewers sent to table intentionally are, of course, excepted. The platter must be placed near enough to the carver to prevent awkwardness or the necessity of moving the dish. In serving large birds, as goose or turkey, place the head always to the left. If smaller birds, as partridge or grouse, which are placed across the platter, let the heads be on the farther side. A saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left of the carver. A haunch of venison or mutton, with the loin or backbone nearest the carver. A leg of mutton or lamb, or a knuckle of veal, with the thickest part toward the back of the platter. A shoulder of mutton or veal, with the thickest part up. A rib roast or a sirloin roast should be placed with the backbone at the right end of the platter. A round of beef, with the tenderloin next to the carver. A fillet of beef, with the thickest end at the right end of the platter. A calf's head with face to the right. A roast pig, with head to the left. A roast ham, with the thickest part on the farther side of the platter.

To carve a beefsteak, the eye must be trained to know at once the best parts, and all of the best should not be served to one or two persons. First cut out the tenderloin close to the bone and cut it into long, narrow pieces, then cut the other part from the bone and cut into strips. Serve a part of each, and serve the fat to those who prefer it.

To carve a leg of mutton, or lamb or knuckle of veal, put the fork in the top, turn it toward you and cut slices through to the bone, slip the knife under and cut them away from the bone. The under side may be sliced in the same manner. A saddle of mutton must be carved with the grain of the meat, in long, thin slices, from each side of the back. It must be partly turned over to reach the tenderloin and kidney fat.

To carve a forequarter, put the carving fork in firmly near the knuckle. Cut all around the leg and up on the shoulder. Lift the leg from the shoulder and cut till you reach the joint. Cut through this joint, then from left to right, separating the lower from the upper part of the breast. Take out the blade, if it has not already been removed, divide the ribs and then slice the leg if it be required.

The leg and saddle of venison are carved in the same way as the leg and saddle of mutton. When the leg and loin are served together, the loin should be carved before the leg. First cut off the flank and cut it in pieces, then separate the ribs and afterward carve the leg.

Roast ham should be cut from the thickest part down to the bone, in thin slices, the fat and crust being served with each slice. In carving tongue, the tip or thinnest part should be cut lengthwise. The centre is the finest part. Before trying to carve poultry, study the joints of the uncooked birds. When you find a joint and cut the cord and gristle, a leg or a wing is free. To find a side bone or a collar bone is not easy at first, but can be learned by a little practice.

Watch the rapid manipulations of a good carver. Remember that to carve a roast chicken or turkey, you remove first the leg then the wing from one side, separate leg and wing from the other side, separating the joints. Then carve the breast on each side; next take off the wishbone,

separate the collar bones and shoulder blades, separate the breastbone from the back, then the back from the body, and then the side bones. In large birds the second joints and legs should be carved in at least two pieces.

The breast of a roast goose and of a roast duck should be cut parallel to the backbone. Small birds, when not served whole, may be cut from the neck to the end of the breast and down through the backbone.

To carve a large partridge, cut off the leg and wing from one side, then from the other, leg and wing should be served together. Remove the breast from the back and cut it through the middle. When the birds are smaller, serve one-half of a bird to each person.

In carving fish, learn to serve neatly and leave backbone on the platter. Carve to the bone, and serve. Remove the bone to one side and carve the lower half. A carver should try not only to serve each person acceptably, but to leave the meat on the platter in an appetizing form for a second helping.—Good House-keeping.

His Own Servant.

When Honore de Balzac, the novelist, stated in cart, life his wish to become a literary man, his father, who had destined him for the bar, was shocked and disappointed. Still, he gave the boy two years in which to prove his fitness for a literary life, and Honore was accordingly installed in an attic near the library where he proposed to work.

His mother believed that a little hardship would soon bring him to his senses, but the correspondence which he thereupon began with his sister shows that the man who was afterwards to attain distinction in his chosen work could afford, as a youth, to scorn such trifles as waiting upon himself. In the very first letter he confided to his sister the news that he had taken a servant. He writes:—

"He is named Myself! And a bad bargain he is, truly! Myself is lazy, clumsy, thoughtless. His master is hungry or thirsty, and often enough Myself has neither bread nor water to give him; he doesn't even know how to shield him from the wind which whistles through the door and window. As soon as I am awake, I ring for Myself, and he makes my bed. Then he sweeps the room, and clumsy he is at it. "Myself!"

"Yes, sir." "Look at that cobweb with the big fly buzzing in it! I am all-giddy with the noise, and the fluff under the bed, and the dust on the window panes!" "The lazy beggar gazes at me and doesn't stir, and yet, in spite of all his defects, I can't get rid of that unintelligent Myself!"

And the same stupid "Myself" it was who afterwards enriched French literature with a series of wonderful works. A French Matrimonial Swindle.

The Court of Correction Police, Paris, was occupied recently with the trial of Madame Eviline Leal, who has been detected in carrying out an extraordinary system of matrimonial swindles. The prisoner, who asserts that she belongs to a good English family, is a tall, fair woman, about 30 years of age, and still handsome.

Her plan of operation was to insert advertisements in papers stating that a lady, young, and possessing a fortune of 1,200,000 francs, was desirous of marrying a nobleman or merchant. She received numerous replies, and introduced herself to her dupes under various names, either as an English woman or as an American, and the widow of an American general.

After receiving from her suitors a large number of gifts, the total value of which is estimated at from 200,000 francs to 300,000 francs, she would disappear and live luxuriously on the proceeds of her fraud. The swindling career of Madame Leal was arrested by a sentence of six months' imprisonment at the expiration of which she will be expelled from French territory.

HE MAKES GLASS EYES.

Mistake is Reasonable, but Optics Made to Order Come High.

"I can make any kind of eye, one that will suit a girl's doll, or her mamma, if she should ever be so unfortunate as to be in want of one," said a well known glass eye maker in London. "I do not do much in the way of birds' eyes, they are mostly manufactured in Birmingham, and, like the dolls' eyes, do not require very special skill. It is where you have to match the natural eye with an artificial one so like it as to be practically indistinguishable that our special art comes in.

"I keep a good many 'human' eyes on hand, though frequently I am asked to make one to order. Here are two boxes, each containing about 200—black, hazel, blue, and grey. You will see the lighter colors are of all shades, and scarcely one pair is exactly the same as another.

"These are ladies' eyes on your right. You will notice that they have more sparkle and brilliancy than the gentlemen's. Here is a pair made to order, or rather I should say two, for they are, of course, intended for different ladies. They are both young and nice-looking, and no one will be able to tell that both their eyes are not perfectly natural. When a lady or gentleman comes to me for an eye, I study closely the exact shade of color. It is more important to them than sitting for their portrait to a Royal Academician.

"No, you cannot tell it is artificial, unless where the wearer cannot afford the price, and is content to buy what we call a misfit. These are, of course, much cheaper, but it is a rare chance if they match the other eye. And then they do not fit the socket exactly, as those do made to order, and they do not move in accordance with the movements of the natural eye. That is how they are so often detected. A perfectly fitting eye is as responsive to the movements of the muscles as the natural eyeball.

Even doctors, when not put on the guard, are frequently deceived, and I have more than one lady customer whose husbands believe their wives to be possessors of the orthodox number. In fact, both husband and wife might each have a glass eye and the other not know, but I must say, I have never had such an instance in my experience.

"It is wiser to take out the eye when retiring for the night. Many sleep with them under their pillow, others put them in a tumbler of water, while many don't take the trouble to remove them at all. They are not like false teeth, you know, ready to slip down the throat.

"Some people wear out false eyes faster than others do. I suppose it arises from the active secretion of fluid in the socket. Yes; I suppose you may call it tears, but it need not be from crying only. The secretion acts on the false eye as acid does on metal, and the surface becomes corroded and roughened. The roughness leads to inflammation, and then the best thing they can do is to come to me for a new eye. Our sale of men's eyes is double that of women's. Men are more exposed to accident. An old maker, whom I knew when learning the trade, once supplied a lady with two eyes. She had lost one, and was so pleased with the artificial one provided, that when an unfortunate accident deprived her of the other she had a second made to match it.

Roguary in all Countries. It is doubtful if any race of swindlers can quite equal the Asiatic. The smile, which is childlike and bland, of the accomplished Chinaman often masks a profundity of cunning and a dexterity in fraud that the Caucasian cannot rival. Even the mild Hindu has a faculty for fraud that is not always suspected.

In the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay the vilest poison is sold to the English sailors as whiskey or brandy in bottles branded with a reliable dealer's name. Jack pays the price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction. The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of the genuine bottles

and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skilful application of the blowpipe he drills a small hole in the bottom of the bottle, draws off all the genuine liquid, replaces it with his poisonous stuff, closes up the hole so that no trace remains, and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as real "Martell" or "fine old Irish." The abstracted liquor will, of course, always sell on its own merits elsewhere.

Another ingenious device of the mild Hindu is to drill a hole in the thickness of a rupee, and then scrape out the silver from the inside, leaving only a sort of shell, without damaging the impression on the rim. Lead is then poured gently in, mixed with some alloy, which gives the requisite ring, and the hole is carefully closed.

Only a keen and experienced eye can detect the imposture. The silver which is thus abstracted will be worth nearly a shilling, and the manipulator has still his rupee to spend. But the operation may occupy him the greater portion of a week, during which time he might have earned two rupees by honest work!

Women's Fashionable Medicines. "The greatest trade we have among ladies," said a handsome young druggist to the writer of this a few days since, "is not perfumes, as you might reasonably suppose, or cosmetics, but nerve tonics. Any new nerve tonic that is put on the market finds our patrons who is a good, strong woman, and whose only nerve trouble is that she thinks she has nerve trouble, who has tried every nerve tonic we have in stock. Her system by this time should be perfectly calmed by any new compound, and yet it is not half an hour since she left her, taking with her a bottle of the present fashionable nerve sooter. She has a pillow of dried poppy flowers, another of hops, and she has tried all the chemical fads. She is only one of many. Each new tonic has a short run to be replaced by another. If there is a permanent fashionable disease it is so-called or real nervous prostration. —New Orleans Picayune.

Hard Work but the Pay's Good. "It's the hardest thing in the world to be funny in comic opera," says Jefferson de Angelis, the Casino comedian, to a reporter. "In comedy or farce the comedian has his situation and his lines. The author provides these. In comic opera, as a rule, the comedian has nothing to work with. His part, when it is given to him, is a void which is expected to fill with 'business' and 'gags.' These he has to invent. He racks his brain to find them. He lies awake at night thinking them out. He dreams them and bolts out of bed to write them down. When finally he has evolved a good bit of business or a line he often has to fight with the stage manager to be allowed to introduce it, because the stage manager perhaps does not see the fun in it, or finds some other objection. Oh, I tell you, a comedian's lot is not a happy one—except on salary day."

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SCENES IN OLD EXETER.

REMINERS OF MERRIE ENGLAND OF THE PAST.

Cheery Country Folk Who Love Old Devon—A Town in Which the Past and Present Blend Harmoniously—Roads That are Not Found in America.

All the way to Exeter, alongside those huge carts which bowled along under their great loads as easily as over a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have inexpressibly longed for the power to bodily transfer some of these grand old roads to America, and compel American farmers to know what might be the matchless independence of their lives and living with these perfect defences for their toil and homes and granaries against most of the monopolistic and "corner" abominations of our land.

I set out to write about Exeter; but this subject of better American roads will not down. In five years' time I have tramped along 3,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step my feet upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's delay.

"Ah, but the grand English roads you go so glibly write about have been centuries in building. How can we accomplish, in a year or generation, what has required 2,000 years' labor for perfection there?"

This would be good argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a British, or for that matter a European, stone road in existence that was not originally at once constructed to absolute completion, whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, with European governmental and social conditions inconceivably hard upon peasant populations, wherever these roads exist the condition of the people is incomparatively more happy and prosperous than where they do not; while land values have invariably been increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of stone highway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, God forsaken land existed on the face of the earth. What was the result? In less than ten years' time these roads did more for the 6,000,000 people of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the books, all the newspapers, all the battles, and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Miecyslaw and Boleslas to the day these roads were done.

With such thoughts as these I came, with the carts and cartmen, along the brow of the hills skirting the noble vale of the Exe, and made a road which looks far away to the warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs of Devon.

It was in ancient days an old British town, built long before Cæsar, and called Caer Exe, or the city on the river. Antiquarians observe that, like most Celtic trading towns, it was built for safety some little distance from the sea, and just beyond where the river Exe ceases to be navigable. Discovered coins of the Greek dynasty in Sparta and Egypt prove that Phœnician merchants must have come here many years before Christ to trade for Cornish and Dartmoor tin. Then the Roman marched in and made it a great station. Lastly the Saxons fortified the town on the Exe, and traded here with the Cornish Britons across the Tamar.

The Exe was the frontier then for the Danonians, but Athelstan came and drove them pell-mell into Cornwall and rebuilt the walls of Exeter. The Cornish Britons cooped up among the rocks of Cornwall, soon had their revengers. The Danes came crowding up the Exe with their black sails and black banners and wintered in Exeter in 876, rejoicing in Saxon beves and ale. The old red tower, still seen in the Rougemont ruins of today, was always getting beaten about by stones from military engines and chipped by crossbow bolts. William the Conqueror besieged it, wishing to seize Githa, mother of Harold, and her daughter, but they escaped safely to Bruges, while Parkin Wartock, as Richard IV, when joined by the Cornishmen of Bodmin, besieged the place but unsuccessfully, and was finally hanged at Tyburn.

And so on and on runs the grim story that has left just enough scar and hardness on the lovely, leafy old city to add a mellow charm to all you may see and know. Fifty thousand folk do not live together in a more winsome spot in England. The embowered Devon hills which surround it, the glorious valleys which reach their greens and blossoms to its very doors, the grand sweep of the Exe vale to the sea, the city's noble old antiquities, its beautiful streets, half in the shadows of a remote architectural past and half in the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a sweet and winsome face.

It all blends in that fine sunset glow which some of these old cathedral towns take on so fittingly. The pleasant smiling smiles back to you from polished panes, from snow white old arches from bright red roofs and brighter red banks of roses, from marvelously clean stone steps and arcways, from bits of ancient tilings, from doornobs and brasses glittering like burnished gold, from the suggest and trimmest of shop windows; indeed, from all things that can tell substantial, well kept, age without the semblance of a wrinkle or a frown upon it.

You feel this sense of radiating heartiness and amplitude again in Exeter around the market places on these pleasant market days. All the country folk gathered here are well garmented, comfortable and cheery. They all look as though they had stepped out of the "merrie old England" of the books, now so hard to find outside of the covers of those books. Pride glows in their faces for old Devon and Exeter, its capital, and in themselves. They do say Dickens found his "Fat Boy," of Dingy Dell, among them. And well he might, for they are fat and fine and stanch, one and all. Rosy, overlapping jowls and big paunches, suggestive of plum puddings

and the famous "clotted cream" of Devon, are everywhere among them.

You are thus in love with Exeter long before you have many times wandered up and down Queen and High streets, sauntered through the arcade of Chapel street, peering into the old half timbered structures that cluster in stately fashion around the wide cathedral close, and have at last come among the silences within the great cathedral walls. A pedant can alone tell another the exactitudes and measurements of such a mossy, massive, marvellous edifice. Coming one by one to England's splendid cathedrals, you will at least surely remember of them all those impressions upon your mind and heart which seemed most powerfully characteristic of each.

In the sense of architectural distinctiveness Exeter cathedral will remain in your memory remarkably distinguished from all other English cathedrals. Their plans invariably comprise a huge central tower and smaller towers at the west end. Here are towers crowning the transept. This does away with the usual four cumbersome arches architecturally separating nave and choir, and permits the grandest uninterrupted view of vault and vista of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the nave are of equal length, and throughout the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structure is not a dodge-podge of "restoration," but one of great design, to a sense in the beholder of indescribable breadth and spaciousness. Whatever else you may feel within Exeter cathedral, which has stood here practically as you now see it for certainly more than 600 and perhaps more than 800 years, it will remain in your memory as the one cathedral of England which must stand as the highest expression in consecrated stone of perfect dignity and repose.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

KINDNESS A MORAL LEVER.

Among Criminals are Few Who in Youth Loved Four Footed Beasts.

One of the most important duties of a mother is to teach her son kindness to animals. No sight in our boasted age of civilization is more painful, and none more disgraceful, than the cruelty practiced by boys, and I regret to say, by men as well, upon the helpless animals in their power.

Thousands of mother's hearts die very lives to all sorts of ghastly and very while their young sons grow up to torment the cat, maltreat the dog and kill and maim every small creature they can get their hands upon. It is a burning and a crying shame upon us as a race in the nineteenth century, and especially upon us as mothers.

The boy is a little savage, his tenderness cannot be counted upon, his sympathy is an unknown quantity; but he is a bundle of curiosity, his attention can be roused—and here is the point to attack him. He must be instructed and interested in the lives of the lower orders of creatures. To this end the mother must begin with herself. She must know something of the wonderful facts of natural history, so that when she finds that her son is torturing a mouse, flies and teasing the kitten, she can tell him some curious and entertaining facts in the lives of those animals—show him how the fly is developed, the office it performs, and, if possible, its marvelous beauty under the microscope.

The world of life below us is brimming with wonders, and the child is fairly hungry for information. He will not throw stones at a bird whose movements he has learned to understand, whose actions he is entertained by, nor will he crush an ant whose strange and remarkable life history he knows something of; he will rather want to see what it will do. His intelligence must be aroused and led, and as he becomes older his sympathies will grow.

How a mother possessing a good heart lie upon that meek and gentle one in Judea can permit her sons to come up like the brutal savages, who have a far different ideal, is a problem I am unable to solve. It is as much a deadly wrong to the boy to let him indulge in cruelty as it is to the animal he abuses. Every act of brutality hardens him and makes him more ready for crimes against his fellow man.

As to the civilizing and humanizing tendency of kindness to animals, some curious and significant statistics have been collected. It has been discovered by search among the criminal classes inmates of prisons and penitentiaries, that a man who in boyhood owns and cares for animals very rarely becomes a criminal.—Olive Thorne Miller.

The Ostrich has many strange ways, and I was particularly interested in studying them. They go in flocks of three or four females and one male about their nesting time, and for several weeks before locating their nests, the hens drop their eggs all about the pampas. These are called haucko eggs (pronounced "wacho"), and are much more delicate in flavor than the eggs taken from the nest. They have a thinner shell, and when fresh laid are of a beautiful golden color. We cooked them by first breaking a hole in the small end of the egg large enough to insert a teaspoon.

The egg would be set up among some hot ashes, a pinch of salt and pepper put into it and the contents kept stirred with a stick so that all would be done alike. The flavor is excellent and one egg would satisfy a very hungry man. As soon as the ostriches decide upon a suitable place for a nest, the male bird scratches away the grass and slightly hollows out the ground for a space of about 3ft. in diameter. All the hens of the flock lay in the same nest until there are from 25 to 35 eggs laid. The male bird takes possession and sits on the eggs until they are hatched. As soon as the flock can leave the nest the old fellow leads them away to feed on flies and small insects, and everything is lovely until he spies another male bird with a brood of his own. He then goes to see each other they make peculiar booming sound and every little ostrich disappears in the grass. The old ones then approach each other and engage in a most deadly conflict. They fight until one of the other is killed or runs away. The remaining one will then utter a peculiar sound and both broods will spring up from their hiding places and follow the victor, who struts off as proud as a peacock. I have seen old male ostriches with three broods, each of a different size, two they had captured.—Forest and Stream.

BISMARCK AT HOME.

At a Picnic in the Forest of His Vast Estate.—How He Looks in 1892.

Prince Otto von Bismarck's vast estate is within half an hour's ride by train from Hamburg, and he received a correspondent in one of the most beautiful groves of his vast forests recently while entertaining a celebrated club of Hamburg. There was a dinner under the trees, and the affair was more like an American picnic than a formal feast. There were speeches and toasts in Bismarck's honor, and the Prince and all of his family were present and mixed with the people with an entire absence of conventionalities. Prince Bismarck chatted and laughed and made jokes with the ladies and gentlemen present. He moved about among them with his big dogs beside him, took flowers from the ladies and pinned them into his buttonhole, and acted, in short, like one of our country deacons at a church picnic.

It seemed to be perfectly happy, and he shows no signs of any trouble or sorrow over his change of life. The people at the picnic were his friends and worshippers, and among the features of the celebration was the raising, at the close of a song, out of a grave hidden by branches, a gigantic statue of Bismarck in the full armor of his rank as an officer. This was done by about a score of men dressed for all the world like the dwarfs which Rip Van Winkle sees during his twenty years' sleep on the mountain. These men had long white beards and they wore brown quaintly cut coats and wooden hats. The grave was on a small hill and the statue towered up among the trees, and when it was raised these little woodmen threw themselves down around its feet, making a scene which was picturesque in the extreme. As it stood upright a member of the club paid a high tribute to Bismarck, to whom the whole was a surprise, and the party cheered.

Prince Bismarck made a witty and a pleasant response, and as he did so about fifty of the prettiest girls of Hamburg went up to the statue and threw themselves down on the ground about it, making as if they were a picture of beauty worshipping fame. Bismarck then walked up to these ladies and talked to them, and the two hours which he spent with the party was of a similar character. I came to Friedrichsruhe in the morning and spent the forenoon, in wandering about through the beautiful forests, which make up a great part of the estate, and at the suggestion of the prince's private secretary attended the picnic reception. I had an opportunity to shake hands with Prince Bismarck and to have a short talk with him. I met many of his friends and through them and the events of the day learned much that is new concerning the prince and his life since he gave up his chancellorship of the German Empire and became a private citizen. His whole family, including the Countess Hoyas, the affianced bride of Count Herbert von Bismarck, were present, and the affair was most charming in its character. His whole family, including the Countess Hoyas, the affianced bride of Count Herbert von Bismarck, were present, and the affair was most charming in its character.

But let me tell you how Prince Bismarck looks at 77 years of age. He is as big as any man you have ever seen, and he stands six feet two in his stockings. He is as straight as the mighty oaks which stand by the tens of thousands in his forests, and his shoulders are broad and full. His frame is that of a giant, but he keeps it from fat by careful living, and his weight ranges from 176 to 200 pounds. The head of Bismarck is one of the most striking features of his face, and he can be said to have a far different expression from that seen in his pictures. There seems to me an entire absence of sternness about it, and his blue eyes were kind and smiling.

Prince Bismarck said to flash fire, however, when Bismarck grows angry, and he can be the personification of wrath. Prince Bismarck's head is fully as large as that of Daniel Webster. It is rather rounder than that seen in Webster's best portraits, but it gives more than Webster's strength of character. The forehead is broad and full, and the top of the head, as can be seen from its baldness, is one of characteristic bumps, such a would delight a phrenologist. Bismarck's hair consists of a fine fringe, which runs from high above his large ears around the sides of his head to the neck. It is now as white as snow, and the heavy mustache, which shows prominently out from under his large and full nose, is of frosted silver, with yellowish tinge directly under the nose. One of the most striking features of his face is his eyebrows. These are very heavy, and they stand out over his full steel blue eyes like silver bristles. His eyes are rather fat and the flesh under them pulls out slightly, though not so much as you see in the face of Secretary Blaine. His chin is long and full and almost double and has a way of clearing his throat as he talks and of moving his head back and forth in emphasis of his words. He articulates distinctly and his tones are by no means unpleasant. He does not, you know, believe much in oratory, and he thinks that eloquent public speakers are more of an evil than a good. He once compared orators to duds, who wear shoes to small for them, and spend their time in sticking out their feet to be looked at. His manner of speaking is more like that of our best after dinner orators, and he uses the simple conversational style, saying the most striking things in a most striking way with little apparent emotion. He talks in the same tone in private conversation, and he is said to be one of the most entertaining talkers in Europe. He has no airs of either tone or language, and he made every one feel perfectly at home at this feast. He is too great a man to be snobbish, and I was not surprised at his great simplicity of manner.

Prince Bismarck dresses as simply as he talks. He wore yesterday a long double-breasted frock coat buttoned well up over his broad chest, and a pair of dark pantaloons. Around his neck a white necktie like a stock shoe out above a white shirt, and upon his head a soft white felt hat with a brim as broad as that of the sombrero which Ben Butler used to wear. During the afternoon he took this hat off many times, and each time crushed it differently in putting it on. Sometimes the wide rim was turned up at the side, again it came down over his eyes, and now it turned up at the back or the crown was pressed out or in. He had a long cane in his hand, and during a part of the day sat leaning his hands upon this as he talked.—F. G. Carpenter.

They Came Up Quick.

"How are you getting on with your garden, Weedecker? Did your seeds come up?" "Oh, yes—they all came up in about two days. My neighbors keep hens."

Tender and True.

Jack—I dined with Buskin the other day. He's a dry wit—called the turkey Douglas. Tom—Why? Jack—Because it was tender and true.

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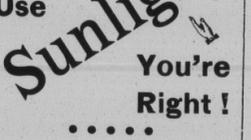
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Write me a Letter

AND RECEIVE A REASON WHY YOU NEED NEVER WRITE ANOTHER.



For the long epoch of penmanship is closing with the century. Aching wrists and cramped fingers are to inherit a legacy of rest. The slaves of the inkstand are to go free, and that bespattered and bespattering nuisance to become a volcano forever extinct. And it is high time, Heaven knows. The most desired of all inventions comes late, yet late; but we bless our sinful souls with the thought that it is come at last. And when you read the brilliant story of

New Yost Writing Machine,

and consider the illimitable field of its future usefulness, you will be glad it arrived in your lifetime. There are other so-called typewriters—mosses that cling to the mouldering past, illustrations of the doctrine of arrested development. But the New Yost has excellences worthy of the adjective "new." They are sui generis, born with it, common factors with none other. In THIS MIRACLE OF MECHANISM "old things are done away and all things are become new."

It has a new mode of printing—direct from concave steel type. It discards the foul, costly, and cumbrous ink ribbon, and inks from a pad that will outlast twenty ribbons. Its work is clean-cut, clear, and beautiful. Its alignment is perfect—not for advertising purposes, but as a matter of fact. And it stays so, because the wonderful and infallible centre-guide permits not the least deviation. This is true of no other typewriter. The key-board contains every needed letter and character in open sight. No shift keys; soft touch; high speed, and ease of operation. The finest materials; handsome and durable construction.

You cannot argue from other machines to the New Yost. The latter is of today and stands alone. Write, therefore, for the catalogue, and afterwards write with the instrument which it describes. Address

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. Second-hand Remington's, Caligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale cheap.

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"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

Since I lifted up my voice and gave my small testimony with regard to the excellence of our "Seasonable Receipts," I have had so much "corroborative evidence" from the girls that I only wonder now that they thought of telling me what they thought of those appetizing recipes before. However, better late than never, and I fancy the editor of that column will be spurred on to such extra efforts now that we shall almost fancy we are eating ambrosia if we adhere strictly to his method. By the way, I wonder if that same editor of "Seasonable Receipts" ever made a fresh strawberry pie, and if he did not, whether he has the least idea how good it is? It is very much like strawberry short-cake, only much better. I do not want to poach upon his preserves, but still I think I will tell the girls how to make it, and let them try for themselves. You make puff paste and cut it quite thick, nearly half an inch, bake in a well buttered pie plate, and when it is done it should be nearly an inch high. Split it while hot, brush up enough fresh ripe strawberries to fill the pie, putting plenty of sugar with them, spread a thick layer of the berries and sugar on the under crust, lay the top crust carefully in place again and serve. I can assure you from personal and frequent experience that it is a pie fit for the queen herself, if her gracious majesty was not so devoted to tapioca pudding that she seldom touches paste. This is a sort of digestion so I will return to the narrow path and answer my correspondents.

GRINNON BARRETT, St. Andrews.—I suppose you will think me very spiteful if I say I am glad it is raining, and you are lonely, but still I really think you deserve it! You remember, don't you, how you grumbled at housecleaning time about women and their ways, especially their ways of cleaning houses? Well now, you are all alone, the very baby you complained about is gone, and still you are not happy; you can saw wood in the parlor, keep your boots on the mantel piece and boil your tea over the lamp if you are so minded and yet you complain, I am really afraid you are a chronic grumbler, why don't you learn to deserve your name and really grin and bar et? After that I never make fun of your poetry again, need I? Well I was glad to hear from you again your whimsical letters are a real pleasure to me. I don't think you are dissatisfied with the muses as always at such long range there is a great deal of poetry in your prose, the touch about "Lenore" and the shadowy faces of the past, haunting you in the big old house was much better than the poem you sent me. I hope the tea was good, and not overdrawn, generally a man's one idea of good tea is to boil it well.

SCHOOL BOY, Nova Scotia.—Yes you are rather a stranger, but I suppose you were to hard at work at your examinations and closing exercises, as everybody else is just now, to have time for writing. Of course you are always welcome, I told you so long ago. (1) Jeffrey. (2) No. I really do not see the least harm in it, not nearly so much as in driving on Sunday, because that prevents the horse from having a day of rest, and if you never do any more harm than that, you will do very well indeed, I think. (3) Yes, I am sure I should, and I think almost any man would do the same, unless he felt too disgusted by their forwardness to take any notice of them at all. (4) Tap-pee, it means carpet, sur le tapis, on the carpet. I believe the expression "on the carpet" really originated from the fact that meetings of boards and corporations to discuss important matters, usually took place around a table which was generally covered with green baize, the next subject for consideration was spoken of as "laid on the table," and finally the table being covered with baize or carpet "on the carpet," and by some strong adaptation of terms it became "on the tapis." This, at least, is the explanation I have read of the origin of the expression. So you see we should really say "on the table," instead of "on the carpet," or the floor. Yes, I really think I have quite a number of boy friends, and I am glad to have them, at least some of them. No, I should not mind about the name in the least, it is very awkward that people should know so much, is it not? I do know a little about it I confess but that does not make any difference at all, it is just the same as it was before. You never asked me too many questions at all, and I like your letters very much.

SABEAN, Halifax.—When a letter is as utterly without sense or meaning of any kind, as yours, I never waste my time in answering it, I think the moon must have been at the full when you wrote it and that perhaps when it changes you will be more rational.

NOVELS, St. John.—(1) About the size you need in writing to me, or a little larger is the favorite size with novelists. (2) Pack it just as you would a novel, you were sending to some friend, mark it "Printers Copy," or "MS. only," and be sure you see that you pay full postage on it. (3) If it is as bulky as that I think you had better bring the pages together at the upper left hand corner, in order to avoid their getting scattered. (4) I really cannot tell you. It would depend entirely upon the publication you sent them to, and even then prices vary. I am always most happy to afford any information in my power to my correspondents, and I often wish for their sakes that I knew twice as much as I do. Yes, a good many of my "girls" are boys, especially lately.

WOB-BE-GONE, St. John.—I am glad you were pleased with your last answer. Do you know I have always heard that one should go abroad in order to hear home news, but I never realized the truth of the saying fully until I read your letter. You knew so much more about my affairs than I did myself, that you absolutely took away my breath. In the first place I have no friend, nor even the most distant acquaintance who is spending the summer

at Lennoxville. The only thing I happen to know about Lennoxville is the fact that it was the seat of a very well known and excellent school, which was burned down a year or two ago. As for "the friend I spent the night with" until I received your letter I was under the impression that I spent the night in the modest seclusion of my own room at my boarding house, but doubtless you know best, I thank you for the many kind things you say about me. I am glad to say that I have too much sense to be "shocked" at hearing that you are a very good cook, I only wish there were more like you; and I am also glad to hear that you agree with me as to the excellence of the recipes in my neighbor's column. I am afraid I should not be very successful at reading either one's character or disposition from their letters. I daresay I should enjoy meeting you very much indeed, but I am afraid you would be very much disappointed. I am always glad to hear from you.

A WOULD-BE-ACTOR.—As you say in the postscript of your letter that it is from one who has serious intentions of going on the stage, I think I can best answer it by beginning at the very end and saying simply, "don't!" Unless you have some very marked talent for acting and frankly speaking; I don't think from your letter that you have; it is just about as hard a trade as you could well learn, lots of hard work, and very little play. For those who succeed and win a foremost place in their profession, the reward is great, but you must remember that such fortunate ones are the exception, not the rule while the great majority toil on all their lives with small pay, less fame, and only one thing in plenty, and that is—hard work. You would soon tire of it, I think, and wish yourself in some less arduous profession. The stage is regarded very differently now from the estimation in which it was held formerly, and only very narrow minded people would see any harm either in going to a play, or adopting the stage as a profession. I think the company lately in St. John exceptionally good, they give one the impression not only of being artists but also, ladies, and gentlemen. I think there are others in the company much better artists than the one you mention. Not being a member of the profession I am not in the secrets of "make up," and cannot possibly describe how it is done. I have not the honor of an acquaintance of the gentleman and therefore cannot give him good compliments, nor should I do so if I knew him ever so well, I fancy he is too well accustomed to receiving messages from young ladies to take much interest in such things. I saw *Two Nights in Rome* and enjoyed it very much, but cannot agree with you as to the modest British youth. I thought it exceedingly poor, make up and all. It is very hard to be an actor I can assure you, even an amateur one, and doubly difficult to be even a second rate professional, so I should strongly recommend you to give up the idea. I think that is the best advice I can give you.

LUCILLE, Nova Scotia.—I am always glad to recognize your writing, it is a real pleasure to me, and you cannot write too often. Nothing that you said sounded in the least "grating," you have much to be quiet and composed a manner to be accused of such a thing, and I thank you very sincerely for all that you say, for I feel certain you do really mean every word of it. What a lovely birthday gift, did it come from the hub, the railway hub, I mean? Are you going to continue the good work, you know what work I mean? How could I send the youth a message when I have never seen him? But you have really made my heart flutter. You surprise me greatly! I have nothing to do with the column you speak of, and you have aroused my curiosity to an immense extent, who can it be. I had always imagined I had a style of my own, however humble, and I am anxious to see who my twin is; I seldom see the paper you speak of. So you, too, find the receipts good? I am glad to find another kindred spirit. Yes, I am a member, but I don't play.

Why Her Hat is Removed. A young lawyer of Boston was asked the other day, says the Post, why in the English courts a woman must remove her hat. He could not answer the question, but an old lawyer, to whom the matter was referred, recalled the opinion of Sir Edward Coke on the matter. It was a murder trial where the prisoner was a woman and appeared before the court with her head covered. Sir Edward Coke ordered the woman to remove her hat and said: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The accused tartly replied: "It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man." "It isn't strange at all," replied the judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, cannot discover the secrets which are known to God, and therefore, in investigating the truth, where human life is in peril and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides, the countenance is often the index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat should be removed and therewith the shadow that it casts upon your face."

Wedding Decorations Out West. At the farewell reception to a Western bridegroom elect, recently, an original scheme of decoration was carried out by his friends which caused much ransacking of old closets and attics. The frieze about the room and a series of festoons below it were made up entirely of old shoes. The mantel was banked with worn out slippers, the panels between the windows wreathed with them, and the gas jets hung with bouquets of them. Each pair of shoes had a true-lovers knot of white ribbons, and flowers were crowded into the rips and holes of the discarded foot gear. The menu consisted of rice croquettes and cakes, rice wine, soup, dumplings, and pudding, and the cigarettes were rolled in rice paper.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

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

W. T. Carden, Ontario, asks for recipe for making lime water. I found the following in the Household Cook Book, and having made it myself from this recipe and found it to be equal to that sold at the druggists at from 10 to 15 cents for a small bottle. I consider it a valuable piece of information for any Pater familias, especially at this season of the year. Lime water is one of the most useful agents of household economy if rightly understood. Its mode of preparation is as follows: Put a stone of fresh unslacked lime about the size of a half-penny measure into a large stone jar or unpainted pail or tub, and pour over it slowly and carefully, so as not to unslack it too rapidly, four gallons of hot water, and stir thoroughly; settle, and then strain it again two or three times in twenty-four hours. Then bottle carefully all that can be dipped off with a cup in a clear and limpid state.

As a remedy for children's summer complaints one to two teaspoons in a cup of milk is a dose, and when diarrhea is caused by acidity of the stomach, it is an excellent remedy. When put into milk it gives no unpleasant taste, but rather improves the flavor. When put into milk that might curdle when heated, it will prevent its so doing, and it can then be used for puddings and pies. A little stirred into cream or milk after hot day or night, will prevent its turning sour in coffee. It is unequalled in cleansing bottles or small milk vessels, or babies' nursing bottles, as it sweetens and purifies without leaving an unpleasant odour or flavour. A cupful, or even more, mixed in the sponge of a bath, or rubbed over the night will prevent it from souring. A good remedy for sour stomach for people of all ages.

Put a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of rose-water in a basin; beat it till it is like snow. Then add half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a gill of boiling water. Crush some strawberries and mix them with the cream. When the isinglass is quite dissolved and cold mix all together, with castor sugar to taste. Then put it into a well-washed mould, place it on ice till it is set, then turn it out carefully into a glass dish.

Wanted in St. John. A correspondent thus expounds a novel "reform." "The idea of a co-operative cooking club occurred to me, some time ago, as a very economical and convenient arrangement for the large population of slender means who inhabit 'unfurnished apartments' and small 'flats,' or small households. There are many domestic duties to be attended to, and little or none, or especially in the cookery department, which is one of the foundations of 'good health.' There are many who are too much exhausted to prepare a proper meal after attending to a thousand other things, much less enjoy it; and many who could employ the time more profitably, and most of all who can ill afford the present waste of separate fuel, &c. There is nothing more absurd than to look around and see row upon row of little households, each with its own waste and discomforts, and reflect that combination is only wanting to change dyspepsia into joy and discomfort into leisure. There need not be a penny more spent, but rather, by a little experience, there would be a perceptible saving in the present rate of expenditure."

Gingerbread and Snaps. Hard gingerbread, soft gingerbread, do you know, can be made with perfect success without eggs. Gingerbread may be considered costly in time, as it is a labor requiring patience to roll them out until they are of paper thinness, as they should be, and then to cut and bake with due care. But the actual expense is very small, and my own experience, there would be a perceptible saving in the present rate of expenditure.

Ginger Snaps. One cupful of sugar; one cupful of treacle, one cupful of butter (lard will answer, mixed lard and suet from the frying-kettle is better), one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of hot water. Make a stiff dough with flour, and knead thoroughly. Roll as thin as possible, cut in small rounds, and bake in a moderate oven.

Soft Gingerbread. For a very nice, melting, soft gingerbread, made without eggs, butter, or milk, use half a cupful of fat from the frying kettle, a large cupful of dark treacle, a teaspoonful of ginger, one of soda, half a cupful of hot water, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. The only difficulty is in getting the batter stiff enough, yet not too stiff, and in good baking. The oven must be hot, but not so furiously hot as to scorch. All cakes made without eggs require to be somewhat stiffer than when eggs are used. It is difficult to give exact quantity, as both treacle and flour vary somewhat in this respect. Good ginger cookies are made after the same receipt. Of course they must be made stiff enough to roll out without sticking.

For drop cakes substitute cloves and cinnamon for the ginger, and make soft enough to drop from the spoon and hold shape without running together in the pan.

A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude. The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the far objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship thank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

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



THEY WONT SCARE THE CROWS.

A man was fooled the other day, Who tried to scare the crows. By setting up a dummy made Out of a suit of clothes; He hid behind a distant fence To note the crows' surprise, But what he saw confounded him And made him doubt his eyes. The crows in pairs and clusters came From field and woodland shade, But not a crow of all the flock Seemed in the least afraid; In fact the dummy seemed to have For each a sudden charm, And one old fellow perched himself Upon its outstretched arm. Then all the others clustered 'round With confidence inspired, Instead of being scared away They chattered and admired; The farmer chased them from the field And raised an awful fuss, And then he saw that he had bought That suit of clothes from us. He fairly howled and stormed about That well made suit of clothes, Because they looked too stylish still To scare away the crows.

THEY WONT SCARE THE CROWS.

You can make scare crows out of clothing that many people sell, but our clothing never gets old and ugly enough for that purpose.

OUR SUITS LOOK WELL until the last thread is gone. There is a PECULIAR STYLE AND SET about them that makes them attractive even to crows. OUR SUMMER STOCK is full of nobby surprises that you ought to see. Suits ranging from \$5.65 to \$16.00. Plain figures used and one price.

R. W. LEETCH, NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE,

47 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Bake in a quick oven. Three or four raisins or currants stuck in the top of each will please the children, for whom these are all good, wholesome cakes.

The Queens Dinner. Some of my readers may like to know how the Queen of England dines on ordinary occasions. The following menu of her majesty's dinner of Sunday, May 9th, 1892, was sent me by an English correspondent:

A la puree d'asperges—A thick asparagus Soup. Aux Riz Clair—A clear Rice Soup.

Poissons. Les Tranches de Saumon, Sauce Tartare—Broiled Salmon Steak. Les Paupiettes de Filets de Soles Parisienne, Filets de Soles.

ENTREE. La Mouque de Volaille Concombres—A Light Entree of fowl with a garnish of Cucumbers.

RELEVES. Roast Beef. Plum Pudding. Pot. L'Oison—Green Goose.

ENTREMETS. Les Artichauts en Quartier—Quartered Artichokes. Le Souffle a la Gail—An Omelette Souffle. Les Petits Biscuits Glaces aux Fraises—Something Like Strawberry Shortcake.

SIDE TABLE. Hot and Cold Fowl, Tongue, Cold Beef.

A Marked Man. The police of Paris announce that Francis Paucry has escaped from the penal colony of New Caledonia with three other captives. The description of Paucry says that he is tattooed and describes his tattoo marks as follows: He has on the shoulders epaulettes of a vice admiral, two busts of females, a torero in action, an anchor, a pansy, a flower on the right hand, two busts of musketeers, a bust of a warrior with a canteen, two yatagons crossing each other on the left arm, two pigeons, a turban, two flaming hearts, a crown; on the chest there is seen a horseman, a cross and a dagger; on the heart a star, a heart and a head; on the right knee two pugilists, and a cask on the stomach.—Chicago Times.

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is the cheapest, whether it is to eat, drink or wear. Why? Because the cheapest of its kind is pretty certain to be the poorest. In manufacturing beverages this is more than certain, and in such lines the poorest is also certain to be hurtful. Avert the danger by buying only what is reliable. This is eminently the case with the

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

It is said every child in Japan is taught to write with either hand.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

Persia has a race of pigmy camels, who are but twenty-five inches high and weigh but fifty pounds.

A German geologist estimates that the Dead Sea will be one mass of solid salt within less than 500 years.

The microscopists say that a mosquito has twenty-two "teeth" in the end of its bill—eleven above and the same number below.

Galileo's first telescope was made out of a common lead pipe, into the ends of which were glued ordinary spectacle glasses.

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of the common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to 1,200 years of cultivation.

Africa is the most remarkable of all the countries as respects its animal distributions. Out of a total of 523 known species 472 of them are to be found in no other country.

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

Out of the 200,000 working women of New York there are 27,000 who support their husbands. Of these latter, probably there is but a very small percentage who would not be self-supporting but for intemperance and other vices.

Onge Indians are said to be the richest community in the world. They are but 1,500 in number, and they have over eight million dollars deposited to their credit in the treasury at Washington, and they own 1,470,000 acres of the best land in Oklahoma.

A calculation has been made of the force developed by a flash of lightning which struck a church, and the result is stated to have been 12,000 horse-power—that is, in ordinary mechanical parlance, equal to the raising of 396,000,000 pounds one foot high in a minute.

It seems the weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. It is a question of climate, not of intellect. The colder the climate, the greater the size of the brain. The largest heads of all are those of the Chugashies, who live very far north, and next come the heads of the Lapps.

The Passion Play was inaugurated in 1633, after a vow made by the villagers in the hope of staying a pestilence. The monks in the famous monastery of Ettal, near by in the Ammer Valley, wrote the original version, but the play has been frequently revised. The music was written by one Rochus Deller in 1814.

The assessed value of all property in the city of New York is \$1,828,264,275. As the property is assessed at about 60 per cent, it is safe to say that the property in New York is easily worth including government and municipal property and that of the charitable and benevolent organizations, which is exempt, \$6,000,000,000.

Experts in ethnology recognize these degrees of negro blood: a half-negro is a mulatto; a half-mulatto is a quadroon; a half-quadroon is a metis, and by successive steps come meamleou, demi-meamleou, sang-mele, marabou, and sacatra. Probably for all practical purposes the child of a quadroon ceases to be a negro in appearance.

In 1848 there were no envelopes or stamps. The letters were simply folded rather intricately and sealed with wax and the postage was paid for in money in the United States. For less than 100 miles it was 6 1/2 cents a letter, for more than 100 miles 12 1/2 cents, and for more than 300 miles, 18 1/2 cents. It cost 40 cents to send a letter to California.

No Austrian male subject who is married can procure a passport for a journey beyond the frontier in any direction without first having the express consent of his wife. In Austria, however, the railways hold out considerable inducements to married men to take their wives along with them when travelling; ladies, accompanied by their husbands, being charged only half fare.

The cause of the opal being deemed an unlucky gem is probably due to the nature of the stone itself. The iridescence of the opal is caused by innumerable minute cracks, which reflect the light from a thousand surfaces and so induce the play of color. It sometimes happens that, from the stone splits into a number of pieces. A valuable opal has thus been known to become utterly worthless in a short time, and of a beautiful gem only a thimbleful of fragments remains. Such accidents as this have probably given rise to the idea that the opal is unlucky to own, and the superstition growing, the idea became fixed that this gem brought misfortune to its possessor.

All that now remains of the Apostles of Christ are in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz.: Peter, Philip, James the Less, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi and Thomas at Ortona. One, James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute. Mark and Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is buried in Rome, in the church which bears his name; so, too, are Simon and Jude. James the Lesser is

buried in the church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.
Pipkin—"I don't believe I'll keep this typewriter; it is defective." Dealer—"In what respect?" Pipkin—"It doesn't spell correctly."

"Do not ask a man who is learning to ride a bicycle how he is getting on," says an exchange. A more tender subject is how he is getting off.

Tattered Tom—"Wot'y'r asleepin' on that hard log fer, 'stead of on th' soft grass?" Wearis Willie—"Too much trouble ter roll off."—New York Weekly.

Lodger—"I detect a rather disagreeable smell in the house, Mrs. Jones. Are you sure the drains—?" Landlady—"Oh, it can't be the drains, sir, whatever. There are none sir."

Harry—"Why don't you stand before the mirror when putting on your tie?" Chappie—"Because it is such damned bad fawn to be seen below I am fully dresseded."—N. Y. Sun.

"It's getting warm, isn't it?" said one young chicken to another, which had just emerged from the shell. "Yes," replied the other. "That's the reason I left off my ova coat."

First boarder—"I wonder what makes this strawberry short-cake so heavy." Second boarder—"Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow."—New York Weekly.

Dorothy—"And when I grow up I shall get married and have a fine wedding, but I shan't ask you to it, mamma. Mamma—"Why won't you ask me to it dear?" "Because you didn't ask me to yours."

Hostess—"What has become of Sandy Smith, who stood so high in your class?" Alumnus—"Oh, he's taken orders." Hostess—"He's in the ministry, then?" Alumnus—"No, in a restaurant."—Brooklyn Life.

I appreciated.—So you wrote her a poem?" "Yes," replied the young man, sadly. "What did she say?" "She said she admired my letter, but she didn't quite understand my method of using capitals."—Puck.

Little Girl—"My papa has to get up awful early, so as to get to the office and see if his clerks is there attendin' to business. Little Boy—"My papa don't have to. He's one of the clerks."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Last Sunday morning Deacon Smith in service said, with grim, malicious smile, which broadened when the preacher cried, "My friends, the Lord doth call." And Deacon Smith, but he wakened, said, "One small pair, that's all."

Aunt Rachel—"Peggy, girl, what kind of a botch have ye made of this sleeve?" "Pears like ye must beft hander, ain't it?" "New Protegee, colored—"Wall, yes'm patly. On one side I's lef'-handed, an' on tudder I's right-handed."

Equal to the Occasion—Weary Raggles (suddenly stopping)—"Ooo! Lookee there! Sign says: 'Help Wanted.' Le's run! Dusty Rhodes—"I ain't got no business head. Just you pick up that sign an' carry it along, an' I'll foller behind an' pass 'round th' hat."

barber—"Did that young man take you to the theatre in a carriage?" Daughter—"No; he took the elevated." "I thought he would, I knew he was too mean to live the moment I set eyes on him." "Did you?" "He wears a full beard."—New York Weekly.

Housekeeper—"Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?" Great Scientist—"Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, bang them on a line, and beat them with a heavy stick." "Will that kill the insects?" "Yes, madam, if you hit them."—New York Weekly.

A Wise Youth.—"Don't you think you waste time and money with your yacht, Mr. deLoaf?" asked the minister. "No, sir, I do not. There is no telling, Dr. Fourthley, when this world is to be deluged again, and I'm not going to be caught on dry land with the example of Noah before me."

Cumso—"You look sad. Have you heard some bad news?" Fangle—"Yes." "What was it? Did your tailor tell you that he wouldn't trust you any longer?" "No; that wasn't it. My wife came in and told me that the manager of the largest dry-goods store in town said my credit was good for anything in the store."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter into society. "And above all, avoid flirtations; but if you must flirt, or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman, it is always safer." "Why?" asked the young man. "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted, and cut you out before any harm has been done."

"This Little Bit of French."—First friend (at the theatre): "What made you clap your hands just now, when Sarah Bernhard advanced to the footlights and addressed a few words to the audience?" Second ditto: "If I hadn't folks might have thought I didn't understand French. What was it she said?" First ditto: "She merely said that she did not feel well, and that another lady would finish her part."

A Soft Snap—Living Skeleton (grumpily)—"The two-headed man makes me tired!" He wants the earth. Wild Man of Borneo—What's the matter with him, Sim? Skeleton—He gets two meals to my one; do he? He smokes with one mouth and chews with the other; and he can whittle and sing both at the same time. He says he is going to vote twice at the coming election, and I saw him kissing two different girls at the same time last night. And yet he wears only one suit of clothes, and rides on a single railway ticket. He wants the earth!"

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The King of Greece has a pleasant way of spending some of the summer months. He turns farmer, and works as hard as though he was a land laborer. He can plough a field, cut and bind corn, in short, keep a farm going from start to finish, as though it was his livelihood.

Miss Margaret Thomas recently found, about a mile from the city of Bath, England, the house in which Fielding wrote his *Tom Jones*. The house is roofed with red tiles, has a stone front, in summer almost completely hidden under creepers and shrubs, and stands a little way from the road.

Mrs. Guild, an American sculptress, has recently completed a bust of Mr. Gladstone, which is very highly commended by the critics as a portrait and a work of art. Mrs. Guild has been obliged to reproduce the difficult features of the great statesman from studying it only in his library while he was at work.

In consideration of the great services which Presidents Grant and Garfield rendered the United States, it has lately been enacted that their widows be allowed to send their letters through the post free. They merely write their names on the backs of envelopes, and attach a sufficient note to allow them to pass without any charge for postage.

The position of reader to the Queen is no sinecure, for Her Majesty likes to be read to some four or five hours a day. She delights in all good novels, volumes of reminiscence and travel. Herself an excellent eclectician, she cannot bear to hear anything badly or unimportantly read. Her Majesty often gives hints to the lady reading, though she never interrupts till the reading is quite finished.

The Comtesse de Pourtales, who was one of the most beautiful among the many beautiful women of the court of Napoleon III., and is still one of the most celebrated of the *grandes dames* in the salons, which are the last footholds of French aristocracy, is a devoted wife and mother, a skillful financier, and clever politician. It is said of her that "the Comtesse de Pourtales can wash her grandchild's face or hem a towel just as easily as she can dictate, form for the peace of a kingdom or place an empire at her feet."

Madame Bernhardt's opinions respecting her fellow-players are interesting. Miss Mary Anderson she considers very beautiful and great, and a—a good actress, but thinks that there are few really great artists in any country. Even France, it would appear, possesses but four; while England and America can only be credited with a similar number.

On Monday Thursday, the Emperor of Austria took part in a curious ceremony which was the feat of twelve old men. The ceremonial takes place in the dining room of the palace, and is preceded by the serving of a meal in four courses to the almsmen. The Emperor and Archdukes place the dishes on the table, and remove them themselves after the repast is over. The right leg of each man is then bare, by court servants, the Emperor kneels, and pours a little water out of a golden basin over each man's foot. The ceremony is brought to a close by the Emperor hanging a purse full of coins round every old man's neck.

Signor Giolitti, the new Premier of Italy, is one of the tallest men in Rome. He is famous for his strength, which is truly herculean. He is an excellent boxer and a fine billiard player. The Premier is intensely democratic. On one occasion, while a member of Crispi's Cabinet, he was invited to go on a tour of inspection. A special car was attached to the train, beautifully fitted up for the minister's accommodation. When the train arrived at a town where a reception was to be given in Giolitti's honor, the authorities, clad in dress suits, opened the door of the special car to welcome his excellency. But, to the consternation of everyone, the car was empty. A search of the train was made, and Giolitti was found at last in one of the third-class compartments busily talking to the peasant passengers about corn and potatoes. He had become tired of his luxurious car.

Max O'Kell (M. Paul Blouet) is a native of Brittany, and was educated in Paris. Having passed through the Ecole Polytechnique, he received his commission a few months before the commencement of Franco-Prussian war, and fought at Saarbrück and Worth, being taken prisoner at Sedan. He was a German prisoner for five months, and being set free just in time to assist in re-capturing Paris from the Communists, he was severely wounded at a street barricade, and thus incapacitated for war. To this we owe his amusing books, for, adopting journalism as a profession, M. Blouet came to London as a correspondent of the *Paris Le Temps*. He became French tutor at St. Paul's school, and married an English lady. The success of his books, the first of which was *John Bull et Son Ile*, soon enabled him to give up teaching and to turn his attention to the career of public lecturer, which he has found extremely lucrative.

A writer who saw Dr. Mary Walker with all her eccentricities at the Chicago convention says: "Really nothing could be queerer than the personal appearance of this odd little woman. Her creaseless trousers are a black broadcloth, as is also her Prince Albert coat. From her withering throat turn back the points of a standing collar that is fastened with a diamond stud. A black-and-red four-in-hand tie is ornamented with a large carbuncle scarf-pin set in pearls. A buttoned brown overcoat, buttoned gloves, brown dogskin gloves and a silk hat completed her costume as she appeared at the opening session of the convention. She is short and very slight and wears wide bowed spectacles, which give her a goggle, goggle look. From some points of view she resembles nothing so much as a very bad clothes' dummy; from others she strikingly reminds one of a gigantic Kansas cicada, strangely colored black and brown, and again she is not like anything that is in heaven above, on the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. However, absurd and objectionable as she is, one cannot escape a feeling of pity that she is so old and so fragile."

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Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

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Are You Trying For This?



The engraving printed above is an exact representation of the beautiful Silver Service offered for the most coupons cut from *Progress* from next Saturday (July 9) to Saturday, September 24th. Although this paper has a circulation larger than any other paper in these provinces the publisher has good reason to think that it can be increased two or three fold, and to that end—to gain new readers for the paper—to make new acquaintances for it, this beautiful prize is given. There is hardly a reader of *Progress* who does not know of some

of their friends who do not take *Progress*. This prize is offered with the hope that they will induce them to buy it and give them the Coupon, which will be printed upon the first page of each issue beginning July 9.

Do not imagine that if you live in a small town you have not the same chance as your rival in St. John or Halifax. You have just as good a chance because there will be so many try for the prize in the larger places that the coupons will be more eagerly sought after. Besides this there will be a natural and family rivalry between the

different towns that *Progress* has agents in to see which will bear off the trophy. This will be increased by the fact that the agent of *Progress* who succeeds in increasing his order the most will receive a check for \$20 when the silver service is given. So help yourselves and your agent at the same time. Here is one hint that any one can make use of: Remember to write and tell your friends in *other* towns that you are in for the prize, and ask them to send you all the coupons they can collect.

This is but one of a score of good ideas that will occur to the competitors. The

only conditions in connection with the contest is that no selling agent of *Progress* or any one in the office can compete for the prize.

It is the intention of the publisher to exhibit the Silver Service in all the towns where *Progress* is sold—as far as possible—but do not wait until you see it before you begin to work for it. Rest assured that it is guaranteed by Messrs. Ferguson & Page, that it was selected and imported for *Progress* for this prize; that it is the best quadruple plate, and that its value is not less than \$45.

"Progress" Silver Service Contest.

WHY GREAT PEOPLE LIVE LONG.

An Active Brain Has Something to Do With It, Says a Physician.

It often strikes thinking people as odd that those lives which are famous, either through the brilliancy of their owners' attainments or through some circumstances either of wealth or birth, should be as a rule long ones.

A celebrated physician, asked if he could account for it, said that in a general way he did so by the fact that such persons, in order to attain their fame, or in order to keep positions of responsibility already attained, were obliged to use their God-given mental faculties, and that use was conducive to keeping them in order, to strengthening, brightening, and improving them, just as allowing them to remain dormant, or only partially using them, would get them into disorder, dull and, finally, prematurely destroy them.

Brain power was a thing on which general health greatly depended, he said, and half the people in ordinary walks of life only used half, sometimes not a quarter, of their brains. Individually, the great healer pointed out there were, no doubt, various reasons why famous people lived long; but even here, he averred, it was always a principle that the brains given were used to the full, not taxed too continuously, and not allowed to fall into disuse through never being taxed.

We, in England, have many examples of lives that have reached, and passed, the threescore years and ten allotted as man's usual space of existence here, and are yet vigorous lives, useful and active. The Queen, for instance, who works as surely few women of her age work. It is true that Her Majesty is the subject of very special care. A doctor is always resident under her roof. Sir William Jenner pays periodical visits at short intervals.

The queen's diet is carefully considered, and is prepared with all the skill of modern science; she is wonderfully good in obeying the dictates of her doctors. She lives healthily, regularly, and is cared for and thought of at every turn. Still, all these things would hardly have secured for her so long and healthy a life taken alone. The queen works; there is nothing of importance going on all through Europe which she is not conversant with. Her memory is marvellous, and has become so by being constantly exercised. She is vigorous in body as in mind, and often causes court ladies discomfort by driving in an open carriage in bitterly cold weather.

Mr. Gladstone is the monarch's senior by nearly ten years. He has referred in public to the wife's care of him, her forethought, her personal supervision of all that concerns his comfort, and her true and noble wifehood to him through the fifty-three years of their married life; and has gallantly and gracefully attributed to this estimable lady, and pattern wife much of his bodily vigor and consequent success. They have no doubt contributed largely towards it, but had Mr. Gladstone's brains lain dormant, or even partially so, he would almost certainly not be the man he is now, even if he were still alive.

There is in society an example of marvellously well-worn years in the person of the celebrated Marquis Marchioness of Ailesbury. Now, it is a rare thing to put a lady's age in black and white, even when she is justly proud of it. We will therefore only state that if the Marchioness live until next year she will see the sixtieth anniversary of her wedding day. She is erect and upright as a dart, and there is no beauty's box at the opera more besieged by men eager for a few words with the occupant than that of this wonderful Marchioness. Her intellect is keen, her wit brilliant, her repartee smart, her memory bright, and all her powers as well in working order as ever they were.

Lady Ailesbury is a conversationalist of the first order. The art, as an art, has been said to be dead, but that cannot be so while this lady lives. She is a favorite

guest at country houses, an honored one at Sandringham. When hospitalities were there dispensed, the Prince of Wales and his lovely wife vied with each other in offering pretty attentions to this fine old lady, whose heart and brain are young enough. She is very fond of young folk, and one of her great charms is that she does not wax ill-natured in her wit, that her anecdote is not scandalous, and her repartee is not in personalities at the expense of those with whom it may be exchanged. There is not any envy, hatred, or malice about her; she has used her brains fair and square, kept them bright, and kept herself happy with a good heart, as may be seen by her beautiful, serene countenance, which looks as though it had come to life from a fine old miniature.

These are but a few examples of people who enjoy prominent positions, either due to their own efforts or to other circumstances, but whose brains have all been actively exercised for many years. There are, of course, cases of inherited weakly constitutions, and others of constitutions impaired in reckless youth, where fine brains, well exercised, have not produced length of days.

The late Earl of Lucan, who lived over eighty-eight years, would never hear of the doctrine of nourishment and feeding up. He lived with a view to seeing how little he could keep going on, and always declared that more people were killed by over-eating than by under-eating.

It is the fashion now to say, "Oh, he (or she) killed him (or her) self with work," but it is very, very seldom that work kills if it is heartily and intelligently done. A man may work like an automaton and never use his brain, which will then as surely get in disrepair as though he idled, and will probably bring the body into disorder too. There is no doubt that, as brain work is conducive to mental health, so is physical exercise to bodily health, and both practised together will, in all human probability, lead to fame, good days and long life.—*Tid Bits.*

What Brides Delight In.

Every bride delights to give some touch of originality to her wedding fête, and florists and decorators are taxed to suggest or carry out some distinctive design. A couple recently stood under a large wedding ring of golden flowers hung above their heads by broad, white ribbons. A background of another wedding was a screen of greens, on which a large true lovers' knot was designed in roses, while at still another wedding celebrated last week an arch of wedding bells made of white flowers spanned the entrance to the room where the ceremony was performed. In the heart of each floral bell was fastened a metal one, whose silver tinkle rang musically out with every air vibration.

Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols

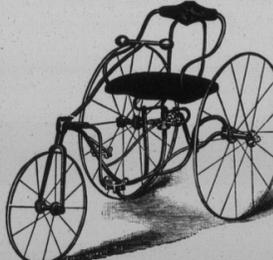
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GIRLS' TRICYCLES

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There is no thing so enjoyable or more healthful for young girls in Summer than exercise on the tricycle. We can give a splendid 20 inch wheel tricycle, metal tire, strong and durable in every particular for a club of three new subscribers and \$3 additional. The retail price of this tricycle is \$10.

N. B.—We have a larger tricycle for larger girls, 30 inch wheel, metal tire, which will be sent for a club of three new subscribers and \$9 additional. Retail price \$14.

Boys' Velocipedes

Given for two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional.

Every boy is not able to buy a velocipede and pay the cash for it much as he would like to. We open a way for him to possess one for a little work and a small amount in cash. For two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional any boy can obtain this tireless companion. Retail price \$7.50.



Extra Quality Twine Hammock

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Hammocks are some of the pleasant accompaniments of summer. Without one the country retreat lacks something; with it there is a variety of enjoyment. Our premium hammock has been selected especially for its strength and durability. It is of extra quality twine, regular length. Retail price \$2.25. Given for one new subscriber to *Progress* and \$1.05 additional.

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If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame.

- EAST LYNNE.** By Mrs. Henry Wood.
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Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, uncut, and unaltered, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

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A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN!

Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest!

An Entirely New Edition of

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES,

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. "His popularity," says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's—'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and only one American author, Poe, has since gained a name as all commensurate with Cooper's abroad." The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairie keeps its story," says the same writer above quoted. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for the young, and old than Cooper's famous romances. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume, containing all of these famous romances complete, uncut, and unaltered, viz.:

- THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PAWNEES.

This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. It contains five of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole winter's reading is compressed in this mammoth volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with them. We have an arrangement with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost as a free gift to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvelous of all.

Read Our Great Premium Offer! We will send THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, complete, as above described, with *Progress* for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.25, which is an advance of but 25 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this fine edition of the famous Leatherstocking Tales for only 25 cents. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer. EDWARD S. CARTER.

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Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6. The set is listed at \$10. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.



TENNIS RACQUET

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We will give a full size best English tennis racquet, manufactured by Ayres of London, for one new subscriber and \$1.25 additional. Retail price \$3.00.



"THIS HOUSE TO LET"

Yes, said old Mrs. Pounce, nodding her orange-colored cap-strings, they put me in—the House Agency did—to take care of the house; with a bright-painted "TO LET" stuck up in front of the area-wind-

"You may say so, sir," said I, with a courtesy; "there's many houses I've had charge of, and never a fault has been found yet. And this shan't be the first one," says I.

"We've a large business," says Mr. Eagle, "and if you give satisfaction, Mrs. Pounce," says he, as civil spoken as possible, "it's likely you'll never be without a roof to your head."

Well, my dear, of all nice houses—and I've seen a many in my day—this was the nicest. Brownstone front, with a bay-window and snug garden planted all in box-borders, hot and cold water all through, a little conservatory with an arched glass roof at the rear, and the hall floor covered with real Minton tiles, as made you think you were walking on pictures; walls painted with Cupids and Venuses and garlands of flowers, and dados of hardwood all throughout.

And the board hadn't been up twenty-four hours before there was a rush to look at the house. Young married couples as wanted to give up apartments; old married folks as wasn't suited with their location; boarding-house keepers as made believe they were private families; and private families as wanted to take a few select boarders. But the rent was put up tolerably high, and most of 'em dropped off, after I'd named the sum.

"Never mind, Mrs. Pounce—never mind," says Mr. Eagle, rubbing his hands. "It's a house that there'll be no difficulty in letting, without any reduction of rent. Just wait," says he, "until the spring sets in."

But, one day, in trots an old gentleman, with gold spectacles, and a smooth-shaven face, and "business" writ in every wrinkle of his forehead.

"This house to let, ma'am?" says he. "Yes, sir," says I. "Can I look at it?" says he. "Certainly, sir," says I. I began as smooth as oil, about the hot and cold water, the marble-floored bath-room, and the minton tiles, and all of a sudden, he put up two hands in a warning sort of way.

plexing. At what time was the personage here?

"The clock struck twelve, sir," says I. "Just as he went away."

"I've taken the house," says he, "and I'll have it, cost it what may. Do you say that the rent is two hundred pounds? I'll give you two hundred and fifty down; if my claim and that of this lady are equally good, the question of price must settle it."

Well, we supposed—and Mr. Eagle—as that was the end of the matter. But not a bit of it. The lady came that same afternoon with an upholsterer and a tape-measure to see about the carpets.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds, indeed!" says she, with a toss of her curls. "It will take more than a pauper two hundred and fifty pounds to unsettle my plans. I'll give three hundred sooner than I'll lose the house."

When my old gentleman hears this, he grinds his teeth in a manner as was fearful to hear.

"It's my house," says he, "and I will have it! Three hundred and fifty pounds, Eagle!"

"Come," says Mr. Eagle, "matters are getting lively. Real estate is looking up in the market," says he.

But you should have heard what a whistle he gave when I told him, the very next day, that the old lady had authorized me to offer four hundred.

"I'll not stand this any longer," says Mr. Eagle, jumping up and sending the papers flying all over the office table. "I've a conscience, if Fate has made a real estate agent of me. Tell her to come round this afternoon and sign the lease. Four hundred pounds is twice what we asked, and we asked all the property was worth to begin with."

Ayer's Pills

the best remedy for Constipation, Jaundice, Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia.

Easy to Take

sure to cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Every Dose Effective

THINGS OF VALUE. A sure way to punish yourself is to hate other people.

Dyspepsia lack strength. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and gives the Dyspeptic strength.

If the sinner were never respectable, sin would not be dangerous.

K. D. C. taken immediately after eating starts the process of digestion at once, and prevents all unpleasant symptoms of Dyspepsia.

The man who knows a great deal, knows better than to try to tell it all.

The best recommendation for K. D. C. is the cure it makes. It has cured sufferers from every stage of Dyspepsia. It will cure you too.

To be slow to anger is better than to own the best kind of a seven shooter.

A free sample package of Wonderful Working Dyspepsia Cure, K. D. C., mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

It won't do any good to confess your sins, unless you are willing to forsake them.

When you decide to be cured of Dyspepsia try K. D. C. the King of Cures. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

If your religion does not make you happy nobody around you will turn your back on you.

Edward Linolef, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

A man will sometimes fight for his dog where he wouldn't turn his hand over for his wife.

PELEE ISLAND CO.'S Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape.

The devil has more sense than to undertake to make a drunkard out of a stingy man.

MARY O'NEIL, W. C. T. U. Coffee Rooms, Halifax, N. S., writes—"Having positively been cured of dyspepsia by the use of one package of K. D. C. I would cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from this dreadful disease."

Before you go boasting that you have been cured, be sure that you have got entirely over it.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Incorporated, 1887, with Cash Capital of \$50,000.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont. G. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Can.

Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances.

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed.

It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current that is readily felt.

POSITIVELY CURES Rheumatism, Sexual Weakness, Sciatica, Female Complaints, General Debility, Impotency, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Nervous Disorders, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Louisa Back, Varicose, Urinary Diseases, RHEUMATISM.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science "hatters" failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of rheumatism than all other means combined.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood. As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing so equal as Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances.

We Challenge the World to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined.

Electric Insulation.—Dr. Owen's Electric Insulator will prevent Rheumatism and cure Children and Cramps in the feet and legs. Price 25c, by mail.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply congeals as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

STEAMERS. STEAMER CLIFTON. ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indianstown at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning will leave Hampton at 3:30 o'clock p. m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Belle's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED.) FOR BOSTON COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until Sept. 30th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and New York as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Morning at 12:30 (Standard), for Eastport and Boston; Tuesday and Friday Mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) SEASON 1892. The following is the proposed sailings of the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; Digby and Annapolis—Friday, Saturday, Sunday (Sundays excepted).

SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steamers sail from St. John at 7:30 a. m., local time, return trip, sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax.

Ask for Islay Blend. TAKE NO OTHER. Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada.



THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKY. DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salsbury, Norton, Maryville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanebo, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, Waymouth, and scores of other places should each have a bottle of Islay Blend Whisky.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CHEAP Excursions TO THE Canadian North West! FROM ALL POINTS IN THE Maritime Provinces, TO LEAVE ON JUNE 13th, 20th, 27th and JULY 18th, 1892.

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL JULY 24th, 31st, August 7th, 28th, 1892.

For Rates of fare and other information enquire of your nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

Passengers are recommended by the Canadian Pacific Ry. to purchase their tickets via ST. JOHN and the SHORE LINE RAILWAY, as Colonist cars will be in waiting in St. John for their conveyance.

Shore Line Railway ST. JOHN and ST. STEPHEN. NEW PASSENGER CARS!

The Scenery of Mountains and Valley along this Road Cannot be Surpassed.

FISHING. In the Lakes and Streams bordering on the Railway there is abundance of fine fishing.

PICNICS. Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Special Low Rates to parties of five or more.

Every variety of scenery can be found at Lepreau—Mountains, Lakes, Cascades, Pine Barrens and Islands are seen in all their natural beauty and free from the intrusion of the crowd.

Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Special Low Rates to parties of five or more.

Every variety of scenery can be found at Lepreau—Mountains, Lakes, Cascades, Pine Barrens and Islands are seen in all their natural beauty and free from the intrusion of the crowd.

Tickets One Fare, good to return on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, leaving St. John, West Side, daily at 7:30 a. m., connecting with Ferry leaving East Side at 7:15 a. m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 1:30 p. m., arriving St. John at 5:30 p. m., Standard time.

No charge for Commercial Travellers' excess baggage. Baggage and freight received and delivered at Montreal, W. or St. J.

For special rates for Picnics and Excursions apply to G. G. HURX, Treasurer, No. 3 Pagnley Building, cor. Prince William and Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Point du Chene, 10:30; for Halifax, 12:00; for Sackville, 16:25; for Quebec and Montreal, 18:00.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Summer Arrangement. On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:10 a. m.; 11:50 a. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4:32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1:05 p. m.; 4:45 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:50 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11:05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8:15 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11:05 a. m.

KEEP COOL! ICE. ORDERS through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and we cannot speak too highly of them. The soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. It is free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest possible amount of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider that the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS—T. REDWOOD, F.R.C.S., F.L.C., F.R.S.; T. HOBBS REDWOOD, F.L.C., F.O.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.L.C., F.O.S. Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 83, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.