

PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII. NO. 367.

ST. JOHN. N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GOOD FOR THE LAWYERS.

THEY ARE GOING IN FOR REFORM WITH A VENGEANCE.

The Proposed Law Building Which Would Bring All the Courts Together—How the Cost Might be Met—Comments Made About the Question.

The Barristers' Society are developing a scheme that will, if carried into effect, be the solution of some problems that have been exercising the minds of the legal fraternity for decades. They propose to construct a building in which to bring together all the courts, the law library, the city offices and other institutions.

The idea has been maturing for some time in the minds of a number of leading members of the society and at a meeting on Tuesday afternoon it was discussed at length and a committee was appointed to take the matter in hand. They propose to communicate with the civic, municipal, provincial and Dominion authorities on the matter and to ask their co-operation.

They have in mind the construction of a building to cost say \$100,000, and in which would be brought together the law library, equity court, probate court, the offices now contained in the city hall, the county court, circuit court, sheriff's office, registry office, judges' chambers, admiralty, and possibly the supreme court.

Just after the fire a somewhat similar scheme was propounded but it did not reach an issue but this time the fraternity are more enthusiastic and determined. They think that the supreme court should sit in St. John and they will try to obtain that concession from the attorney-general. Once before they tried this, but he being then a resident of Fredericton was opposed. As he is now a St. John man he might be induced to consider the proposition with more favor.

It would be in their plans to induce the city to sell the city building, which might be used for a bank. Then the court house might be removed and portions of it used in the construction of the new building. This might be erected upon the site of the court house or else in some more central locality and this site disposed of. It would be an excellent hotel site and should find a ready purchaser.

For years the lawyers have been complaining about the court house. The sanitary and heating arrangements are very bad and in winter there is great fear of cold from drafts. Then, again, the registry office is too small. Another point in which there would be a benefit would be the improvement of the appearance of King Square. The court house encroaches on King street east, and seriously impairs the appearance of that fine thoroughfare, and every citizen would probably like to see it out of there.

It is contended that there would not be any increased burden on any of the parties concerned by the construction of the building. Part of the cost would be defrayed by the selling of the city buildings. Four per cent. bonds might be issued for the amount of the cost and the city or province might guarantee the interest.

Recorder Skinner, Judge Treisman, C. W. Weldon, G. G. Gilbert and C. A. Stockton are among those who are chiefly interested in the idea though the whole body of lawyers of the city desire its success as it would be a great convenience to them to have all the courts brought together.

THE CHINAMAN DISGUISED.

The Reason why He did not Want the Chinese Newspaper.

A funny story is that told concerning a leading instructor of youth who lives in Amherst. Amherst has been getting more and more of a city of late years, its latest acquisition which helps to put it on a footing with the larger towns being a Chinese laundryman, Mr. Foo Choo, who has far more intelligence than the average washerman. An interview with this gentleman on the subject of the Chinese-Japanese war would likely be far more productive of an intelligent view on the question than was obtained from the St. John Chinamen who were recently interviewed on the question.

The principal of the Amherst academy recently had a Chinese paper sent to him from the Pacific coast. The professor was in somewhat the same position as the unfortunate scientists who were wrecked near the Ballygoolo Islands, and who "in spite of all their variety knowledge, and all the languages learned at college, had to fall back upon one of the crew to converse in the language of Ballygoolo." Greek he knew; Latin he knew; he was versed in the romance languages, he had studied German—high, low, jack and the game; he was versed with the umlauts and ablauts at his own earlier tongue; but in the flowery language of the flowery kindom he was not by any means as well versed as the man who did his washing.

The principal is a gentleman who believes in the universal brotherhood of man, and he had not had the paper in his possession long before wanting to share the enjoyment of its contents with his celestial

friend. The fact that the principal's early education was neglected, inasmuch as he understood very little Chinese, was not a very favorable omen for his success, as the Chinaman understood very little English.

When the principal handed Mr. Foo the paper, he of the Ben Butler eyes was delighted. He grabbed the paper from the hands of the pedagogue, and commenced to read it. But he had not read long before he handed back the paper, with an expression of supreme disgust. The principal was sorely puzzled, but when, after much conversation in the Chinese language, the language of signs and our own mother tongue, the teacher was informed that the paper was thirty years old, the principal's surprise was dispelled. The Chinaman was not an antiquarian, and the last words the principal heard as he went up the street were, "Me wantee something latee! me wantee something latee!"

BETTING ON DEATH.

Two Wagers Won in Halifax on Dr. Buchanan.

HALIFAX, May 16.—The spirit of gambling seems to be inherent in man. He would risk his money in almost any way or anything that gives a chance of increasing it while it is present in nearly everybody the spirit of gambling is more prominently developed in some than in others. What will be thought of the proportions in which this propensity has grown when it leads men to bet on the life of one whose days are almost numbered, even if he is a bad man, or a condemned wife-murderer for the matter of that.

Two wagers were won last week on Dr. Buchanan, one of them \$10 and the other \$20. A well known advertising agent, not a native of Halifax, and a Water street business man, bet \$40 on Buchanan's surviving the Wednesday which ended the respite granted the poor man who is awaiting the death chair at Sing Sing. Buchanan's life was spared for the time being and the advertising man pulled in \$40.

Such, for instance, was the game of billiards which was afterwards lost, and with it ten dollars by the winner of the \$40. The surprise he experienced in finding himself beaten was greater than the chagrin of losing the money. He could afford to lose the cash gracefully, however, for the winner of the \$40 on Buchanan's spared life was the loser of the \$10 on his own billiard playing, which he thought was nearly immaculate.

The Vaudeville People Were Game.

It was announced that there was to be an all summer variety show at the Institute but it lasted only a fortnight. The stage and greenroom, the pit and galleries are silent again after their occupation. There was nothing very new about the story of its brief career, merely the oft repeated tale of a manager who skips out with the receipts. When Gorton went away he took \$250 with him, the week's receipts for the show. He did not wait either to pay any of the bills. Or at least this is what those whom he left behind say, though variety actors are not to be strictly depended upon, for, living as they do in a land of fiction, they may imbed some of it themselves. The result was his companion was stranded, but they went vigorously to work and continued the show and get enough together in another week's performance to pay their own bills, Gorton's bills as well, so they claim, and to take them back to the States. So St. John isn't such a bad show town after all. Two of the company were formerly of St. John. Mr. Ramsdell is prominent in variety business and is a good performer. The stage manager was Hampton youth, Whitcomb by name. He ran away a few months ago and came back here to look after the stage and properties and to do a minor turn.

Why Carleton is Proud.

Carleton feels quite proud, even though the grain elevator has not this winter occupied a sphere any more important than to displace a certain number of cubic feet of sea air and to fill up the landscape with red brick. For have they not, through their representative, been awarded the honor of presiding as warden in the municipal council? Ald. Baxter was the choice of that body, though it had been thought that Ald. Blizard would be given the honor. Though long connected with the council, the veteran Duke ward man carries none of the honors this year. At the caucus when the positions were divided it was settled that Ald. Blizard should be warden. But then the Carleton man came into the field and won all his allegiance from him and it is said that he had the support of eleven out of the fifteen city men, while he had at least his share of the county support. Ald. Blizard saw he was not in it and so decorously retired. Ald. Baxter is out and out on one side or another in all matters. The genial man from Dukas is usually wavering between two opinions.

THE WORK AT THE PARK.

AN IDEA OF WHAT HAS BEEN AND IS BEING DONE.

The Views of the Gentlemen Prominent in the Association Against the Purchase of a Small lot of Land Which is Expensive—What the Ladies are Doing.

The Horticultural Association has become one of the established institutions of the city. The work that they have already accomplished has been sufficient to win for them the hearty support of all good citizens. In beautifying the squares, inculcating a love for flowers by the holding of exhibitions and in establishing a park and public gardens they are doing much to improve the city and to render it attractive.

Lately they have been busy arranging plans for their season's work and the extent of those plans show that they are ambitious. They are meeting with encouragement on all sides and a sentiment is reaching created of popular approval of their work that will in time justify the city council in doing something to help along the enterprise. With the land that they already have and for that which negotiating the association will have a tract of about 300 acres encircling and including Lily Lake. This will of itself make a complete park and the beautiful country about would admit of unlimited extension when the time came that the means at their disposal would allow.

The first property acquired was the Daniel property which was obtained from the Messrs. Pugsley by purchase. This is Rockwood, an area of about 35 or 40 acres at the further end of the lake. Then adjoining this, facing on the lake and running back some distance, is the area of about 133 acres given by Mr. J. D. Hazen. Next to this is the Fitzgerald property of between 50 and 60 acres, taking in part of the lake. This was acquired by purchase. This is what the association holds now and totals about 225 acres.

In order to complete the circuit of the lake it is necessary to obtain two other properties. One is the Gilbert property of 18 acres abutting upon the side of the lake nearest the city. Just below this and reaching down toward the marsh creek is a stretch of meadow land which they had some idea of getting. Mr. Vaux, the landscape gardener who was here, thought it would be advisable to purchase this piece, but they have about concluded not to. This was one of the chief questions that they had to consider when a delegation visited the land on Saturday last. They then about concluded that they would not need this land. This eighteen acre will cost between \$1,000 and \$5,000.

Another area that they are negotiating about belongs to the Hazen estate and consists of about 56 acres at the end of the lake adjoining Mount Pleasant avenue. This they hope to get for about \$1,000. This is the extent of their present ambition. Later they might think of extending, and ultimately the other surrounding lakes and woodland might be taken in and the site of the proposed highland park might even be included. One very fine piece is the Deury property of 400 acres running back to the Highland Park.

The roads which have already been made through the park will have considerable repairs immediately and other roads will be laid out this summer. The idea is to have a road encircling the lake, with other roads intersecting the various parts of the park. Thus people will be enabled to enjoy the pretty drive and picnic parties will have a chance to get right into the woods and spend a day of enjoyment beneath the trees.

This gives some idea of the general scope of their work and it shows that within a short space of time and with limited funds they have accomplished and are accomplishing a great deal.

Their plans in regard to the public garden are also very definite. They have an area of four acres on Seely street admirably adapted for the purpose of a garden. It consists of a depressed piece of ground on Seely street with a hill rising behind it and over-looking the lake. The hill has a southerly facing and there will be an Alpine or rock garden here. At the foot of the hill a greenhouse has been constructed and here the plants will be grown that will be placed in the public squares.

The garden will be laid out this summer according to plans made by Mr. Vaux. It shows five large beds with walks encircling them. The arrangement is irregular and departs from the conventional. It is unique, careless and attractive. The association will satisfy themselves this summer with planting trees there and arranging the flower beds. The ground is low and has been well drained. Later on fountains and rustic houses may be added. The ladies will look after the fencing of the gardens and will raise the funds for that purpose. There will be two gates to the gardens, three facing on Seely street and one leading towards the lake. The association will give anyone providing a gate the privilege of naming it, as in the

case of "The Prince of Wales Gate," Hyde Park.

IS SHE MRS. PERCY NOW?

SHE WASN'T AT THE BALL.

But she Called the Society Reporters and her Name was in the Papers.

There is a young lady residing not far from St. John whose sole ambition has ever been to gain a tooting in the charmed circle of the four hundred—to gaze, even from a shadowy corner at the gay throng which disports itself within the sacred precincts of the pale society; now this is of itself a very worthy ambition, and were it not for the vivid imagination which the young lady possesses would scarcely lead to anything very startling.

This very doubtful accomplishment—if accomplishment it may be called, has frequently been the source of great amusement to the lady's friends—and, it is to be presumed, to herself also, as it transported her, in imagination, to the most select and exclusive social functions, which were graphically described to admiring and less fortunate listeners; the costumes worn, her chaperone's kindness, the attention she had received from male admirers, all were glowingly related later on; it made not a particle of difference that the lady had not been even bidden to whatever affair might be under discussion—her acquaintances, who did not aspire to the same lofty heights, were not supposed to know this and she was sublimely indifferent to the fact that it might ultimately be discovered that, however, was a remote possibility—and just the one which overlooked her not long ago.

There was a large and fashionable ball given some weeks ago and just whether the person in question had an invitation or not PROGRESS is not prepared to say; she did not go, however, and so the matter of having received an invitation is open to doubt. On the night of the event reporters were in attendance and after the hurry and confusion, incidental upon the arrival of a very large number of guests, had subsided, they compared notes—or, to be strictly accurate, compared lists of the dresses worn and it was then found that the name of this particular young lady graced one of the reporters' lists; it was not the list of PROGRESS' reporter, by the way, who only accepted it upon a positive assurance that the lady would certainly put in an appearance at the ball some time during the night, and had merely sent her name a little in advance. This appeared plausible enough and the papers contained her name and a description of her dress—though uncharitable ones say no such dress as the one described is included in her wardrobe. Intimate friends of the lady, persons who had attended the ball, were at a loss to account for the appearance of her name there and finally concluded that the reporters had mistaken some one else for their versatile friend, and one, at least, of the reporters was busy for several days, explaining how she got that particular name.

The above little incident might have passed off without attracting much comment but the imagination of the subject of this sketch has again been at work, and the ball, the music, and the dresses have been the cause of rapture on her part, and what was lacking in actual knowledge of the evenings festivities was supplied by a very fertile mind. Her dance programme was filled before she had fairly entered the room; several well known young men had expressed great regret that they were too late to secure a dance, and so on, ad infinitum.

The lady will likely, in her own mind, continue to move in the charmed circle, and through this wonderful accomplishment may achieve very brilliant success, but it is not at all likely she will ever again succeed in so completely gulling the reporters.

"Progress" Crayon Portrait Offer.

PROGRESS Crayon Portrait offer is open to old subscribers as well as to new. Any subscribers who pay up their subscription for another year; and send a portrait with a deposit of one dollar in addition to their subscription, can have a portrait enlarged and framed in splendid style, and receive in upon payment of another dollar, making four dollars in all. To those living outside of the city, there will be a small addition express charge, but that will be made as light as possible, or as light as PROGRESS can arrange with the express company to make it. In connection with this offer of PROGRESS some two hundred photographs have already been enlarged and have given most entire satisfaction.

The Crowd was Amused.

A man played several tunes on an accordion and did considerable dancing on the roof of a building at the corner of Union and Sydney streets last Saturday evening. A large crowd gathered, but as the song and dance artist was out of sight for a considerable time, a great many of the crowd do not know what they were a crowd for till this day.

A Great Variety of New Designs in Wall Paper and Window Shades at McArthur's 90 King St.

IS SHE MRS. PERCY NOW?

HAS PERCY LEAR REMARRIED HIS DIVORCED WIFE?

A Halifax Lawyer Saw Them at the Theatre in Boston and the Report That They are Married Again is Pretty General Though it is Not Verified.

PROGRESS readers hardly need an introduction to the people represented by engraved portraits given below. They used to be called Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lear. For a short time there is not the least doubt that Mrs. Percy had no right to the title since for the reasons that Mr. Lear



PERCY J. A. LEAR.

gave the divorce court at Halifax a learned judge found that she was not a suitable companion for him. But it almost seems as if Percy was of a different mind, because, not long after the divorce was granted he left Halifax for the more attractive city of Boston where his divorced wife was seen, and according to the story told by a gentleman in Halifax who was in the "hub" about the same time, he saw them at the theatre together. This may be a libel upon the fair name of Mr. Lear and the fairer Mrs. Lear—but rather she who was Mrs. Lear—but it cannot be compared to the insinuation conveyed in the report that they have been remarried again. Supposing for an instant that this were true what an amusing finale it would be to the laughable farce that Halifax has witnessed within the past few months. If there is an iota of truth in it how much several, yes, several times several, gentlemen in that city by the sea must feel like kicking themselves and how can they bear to think of the hundreds they paid for the support of the beautiful Mrs. Lear and the satisfaction of her luxurious husband. Mr. Lear says that he intends to return to Halifax and it is to be presumed it the report of his recent marriage is correct that he will take the former or the present Mrs. Lear along with him.

There was one story about this interesting couple that PROGRESS never published and that referred to the touching scene



IS SHE MRS. PERCY ?

when Mrs. Percy left Halifax. A correspondent said that her husband took an affectionate leave of his much advertised wife even though at the time he had made application for divorce. Putting that and this together, the possibilities open to an attractive woman and a forgiving husband are evident to the most obtuse.

The Drunken Man Kept on.

A drunken man was very uncertain in his walk down Charlotte street on Wednesday evening. Where an ordinary man would walk a mile, he would journey seven. At last he fell into a large pane of glass in front of a store. He stood and looked at the broken glass, and said, "I'm very sorry indeed for my—carelessness. I shortly did not mean to injure anyone's property, and I'm willing to pay for it," taking a roll of bills from his pocket in proof of his ability to make any amends in his power. But a lounge said, "See here, you needn't pay for that glass—run right along, and they'll never see you." The drunken man was then upon fired with a new idea. He attempted to run, but it was a failure; so he wisely concluded not

to run, but to walk as fast as ever he could. He walked pretty fast too, for a man in his condition. Then the lounge, and several other loungers, called to him to him to come back and pay for the glass. But the drunken man kept on.

A BOARD OF HEALTH "SPLIT."

A Doctor Who Managed to Get the Best of Another One.

HALIFAX, May 9.—What a charm public positions, especially when accompanied by a large or a small cash perquisite, have for many people! And to what lengths some people will go to accomplish their desires in this respect! The election of Dr. Jones to the city health board over Dr. Murray, is an illustration of both propositions. Dr. Murray had put in good work for two years on the board of health, work which the \$100 fee did not begin to pay for, yet the city council has elected Dr. Jones to take Dr. Murray's place. The story, which thus ended, is a not uninteresting one and shows what manipulation and planning may go on under a calm surface.

It is somewhat unusual for one medico to attempt, or to succeed in ousting a brother professional from a position he has secured, no matter how much he would like the place for himself. This change on the board of health furnishes an instance of this exceptional conduct. There were wheels within wheels in the little affair. Two years ago W. H. Neal was chairman, but Dr. N. E. McKay supplanted him, and it seems that Dr. Murray had the misfortune to vote for the losing man. Accordingly there may have been a couple of reasons for desiring a new man on the board in place of Dr. Murray. A change might mean that Neal would gain a vote when the chairmanship again came up for appointment, and secondly one old score might be wiped out by relegating to unofficial life a man who dared to cast his ballot at the would-be head of the board of health. Mr. Neal has but little personal influence and had he depended on himself he could never it is said have accomplished anything. But it is said he set the wheels in motion and got Dr. Jones in the field as a candidate. Jones' candidature brought a set of new influences into play. Both he and Murray are liberals but the new man has stronger party friends. Again those who favored Jones made it a question of north end versus south end, alleging that the board was too largely composed of men from one end of the city. Jones and his friends set to work on their canvass of the eighteen aldermen. Murray would have been secure of his place had he known what was going on, but he did not. Be it that a majority of the aldermen had been pledged against him, and for Jones. He started out to undo his unexpected rival's work, and found it too late. The aldermanic mind was made up, and when the city council met the vote stood 11 to 7 in favor of Jones. Here are the names: For Jones—Stewart, Geldert, Musgrave, Dennis, Redden, Butler, Hamilton, Mitchell, Lane, Ryan, Creighton. For Murray—O'Donnell, Hubley, Foster, McFarbridge, Eden, Outbit, Mosher.

It was a neat piece of work. Not that the result was anything to be proud of but because of the shrewdness with which Jones, candidature and election were worked. The canvass of the new man was prosecuted on "the dead quiet," and no one outside the circle knew anything about it till it had been finished. Chairman Neal had secured his point and Dr. Jones had beaten his fellow medico.

The aldermen doubtless think they did what was right in this matter, but there is some adverse comment outside. The annual fee is only \$100, but the money was not the only prize to be attained. A place on the board is a good advertisement for a young medical man, valuable to a young man, and then it brings besides an element of power to an old physician which might prove convenient to possess.

The result of the election for chairman is interesting in view of the Jones appointment. The new board met on Tuesday afternoon. Ald. Ryan and Ald. McFarbridge had made up their minds to vote for McKay. There are only five members on the board, thus leaving Jones and Neal on the other side, and making the parties in effect stand 3 to 2. Jones then voted for the motion to appoint McKay chairman, and the only dissenting voice was that of Mr. Neal, who had his name entered as voting against the successful man.

Sports Are Booming.

It is said by some of the sporting authorities of St. John that more interest is being taken in sports this spring than for many springs past. There are a great many practising, and practising hard, in preparation for coming contests. It is thought that all kinds of sport will not only boom this summer, and St. John, whose supremacy in sport is widely recognized, will not lose many of her laurels in the coming season.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. That Sousa's Band, as it is known, is coming to St. John, is a fact pretty generally understood by this time, not only by those living in the city but by people throughout the province. It will be their first visit to the maritime provinces and possibly their last in respect to their present personnel. That the organization in itself possesses all the merits and all the excellences claimed for it, is conceded by the highest musical authorities of the different cities in which the band has appeared and performed and St. John people may therefore justly anticipate much pleasure when the band is heard here. Under such a leader as Mr. Sousa nothing but musical excellence could exist. He was at the head of the famous United States Marine Band in Washington and resigned that position to undertake a new departure in the history of American band music. A recent writer on band leaders, in reference to Sousa says he now has a band "created out of the best material the world affords." "He is an indefatigable drill master and a graceful and forceful conductor as well." He is a manly man too and is ever ready to testify to prominent talent and skill, as for instance, when he said of the late famous band master P. S. Gilmore "There is not a band musician high or low, who, if Gilmore were alive, would not take off his hat to him." There is little doubt immense audiences will greet this band when their concerts are given.

The active members of the Oratorio Society turned out in large numbers at the rehearsal last Monday evening. The first chorus was that splendid and ever popular one "The Heavens are telling" from the "Creation." "Thanks be to God" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" were also worked pretty thoroughly in preparation for the society's share of the entertainment at the forthcoming concert of Sousa's band. There occurred to one at this rehearsal the idea that the society's rooms is too small for the purpose of rehearsing such a large chorus. As it is now arranged the soprano and alto voices being so close to conductor must render it a matter of much difficulty for him to hear the tenors and basses as fully, as in justice to himself and his work, he should hear them. For the ordinary work of the society the present hall is suitable enough perhaps, but for an extra occasion such as the present, it seems to me some larger apartment ought to be secured if possible. It would only be for three nights and the expense could scarcely be an obstacle.

Reference to the Oratorio Society reminds of the fact that Mr. Fisher is its conductor and that he has resigned his position as organist of St. Andrew's church. At least, and presumably upon the authority of some one on the music committee of that church this statement has been made, as well as the further statement that such resignation has been accepted. Whether this is a matter that concerns the public is an open question—Perhaps in itself it is none of the public's business—but such mention of the circumstance as has been made already has not emanated from Mr. Fisher. It is a noticeable fact that that gentleman has been silent as yet. Until both sides are heard—and there must be two sides—comment should be withheld. It might be in order now for Mr. Fisher, if he considers it worth while to let the public know his attitude on the subject.

The management of the comic opera "The Doctor of Alcantara" postponed from last Tuesday evening because of the illness of one of the ladies in the cast, has decided to give it next Tuesday evening. The illness of the young lady referred to, who is one of the brightest and best among our amateurs, was heard of with much regret. Corresponding satisfaction is now felt in her convalescence and the work of all concerned next Tuesday evening should be the best they have yet done. As I have previously remarked these amateurs are ambitious yet they give quite a good performance as amateurs.

Tones and Undertones. The summer opera season at the Castle Squares theatre, Boston, opened most auspiciously last week with "The Beggar Student." The production was directed by William Wolff, who lead the leading comedy role. Among the other features noted was "the Amazonian march, by trim attractive girls in orange and white tights. It was delightful if the scene was in Russia where the inhabitants are wrapped in furs."

The following is the programme given at the first of the "Pops" Concerts in Music Hall Boston, this season:

March, Queen of Sheba	Gounod
Overture, Masaniello	Auber
Waltz, Amour et Printemps	Waldteufel
Selection, Polka	Chaussegagne
Prélude to act III, Lehengrin	Wagner
Overture, William Tell	Rossini
Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana	Massaniello
Suite, L'Arlésienne, No. 2	Bizet
Overture, Light Cavalry	Suppe
Waltz, Stramboullier	Zeller
Gavotte, La Coquette	Sudani
March, Tabasco	Chadwick

The hall was crowded on the occasion,

many society and musical people being recognized among the audience. Miss Gertrude Edmunds of Boston has been engaged to sing the Trilby solos behind the scenes during the performances of "Trilby" at the Boston theatre.

Miss Jennie Patrick Walker and Mr. George J. Parker, both well and favorably known in this city, have been singing much together in concert recently. They are both well liked.

Madam's E. M. D. Angelis, of Boston, with two of her pupils will spend the summer in Paris at the home of Madame's sister. The DeAngelis family once resided in this city, I have heard.

It is rumored that contracts with two of the double basses in the Symphony orchestra will not be renewed next season and that there will be a change in the second bassoon.

"M. Timothee Adamowski is a great favorite in Boston with that species of music lover once described as "the matinee chappie," says the Boston Times of recent date.

A writer in the Century dealing with Rubinstein says "though his life was full of work and he was ever faithful to duty, Rubinstein was not a happy; man with each succeeding year he grew more and more passionate. Life failed to give him the amount of enjoyment he craved outside of his art, and except in the society of women he did not seem even commonly happy. His was a true Bohemian nature. There was a certain roughness, want of tact and even brutality in his nature, that made itself disagreeably felt at times. His was not a temper to be tried. Up to a certain point he could hold it in check admirably; but anything beyond this caused an explosion of wrath that was terrible. As in his physiognomy so in his temper there was much of the lion. Those who did not know him, consequently feared him, for his personality was one that awed especially in the latter years of his life.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins, the well known and popular actor will shortly begin his regular summer season in this city, when he will be supported by some very clever people of the dramatic profession. Among those engaged in addition to Tom Wise and others named last week, is W. A. Whitecar, a very capable and talented actor, who this season will probably be accompanied by his wife, known on the stage as Miss Laura Almosnins. Mr. Harkins has secured the right of production for several successful plays new to St. John theatre goers, among them being "The Lost Paradise," which was a pronounced success from its initial production during the season. In all probability there will also be produced a play translated and adapted from the Portuguese by Mr. Whitecar, who will fill an important role in the piece. Everyone will be glad to know of Harkins' coming and no doubt his business in this city will be large. He deserves liberal patronage because he always tries to give his patrons the very best possible.

On Thursday evening the Proscenium club, an aggregation of clever young ladies and gentlemen of this city, gave a production of Baker's drama in 4 acts entitled "Won Buck, or The New England Homestead." The production was too late for notice this week, but it is not too late to say that those clever amateurs have done some hard work in preparation for that production, and that they will give it again at a matinee in the Opera house this afternoon. Their work justifies recognition.

Madame Rejane is playing in Boston this week the first of a fortnight's engagement. Her plays for next week are "Sappho," "Madame Sans-Gene," "Divorçons," "Ma Cousine" and a special bill for Saturday night.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is still going the rounds. It has been a very great success and is still popular.

M. B. Curtis, the actor known as "Sam'l of Posen" and who has been considerably discussed as a man charged with shooting a policeman in San Francisco, is now trying to get his play produced in London. His wife is there with him.

Twenty-three years ago next Friday night "The Bells" reached the end of its first triumphant run at the Lyceum Theatre, having been played 151 consecutive nights, and made the London reputation of Henry Irving.

Effie Shannon has been engaged by Daniel and Charles Frohman for their production of "The City of Pleasure." Miss Shannon will play the part of a young wife. Elita Proctor Otis will play Gigoletti in the same production.

McKee Rankin has a version of "Trilby" which A. L. Palmer has endeavored to enjoy. Rankin has been playing it in Denver, where it was not a success. The Republican of that city, dealing with the productions of this play says: "It must be discouraging to the members of the Lyceum company, after having put so much evident thought and study into their parts, to have an audience roar with laughter at what are supposed to be the most touching scenes

in the piece and preserve perfect silence when it is really time to laugh. This is what they did last night, not from any desire to annoy the actors, but because they really appeared to see it that way."

John Augustus Stone, actor and playwright, died in 1884, at the age of 83 years. His body was recently exhumed from the Machpelah Cemetery in Philadelphia and placed in a vault until a final resting place is selected. He was a great friend of Edwin Forrest, and won the \$500 prize offered by Forrest for the best original tragedy in 1828. The play was "Metamora; or the Last of the Wampanoags," and was retained in the repertory of Forrest until his death.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is like Tennyson's Brook it goes on for ever. "says a recent paper. Every generation feels in duty bound to see this play.

At the benefit arranged for the veteran actor, C. W. Couldock, the "Rivals" will be played with the following cast of characters:

- Bob Acres Joseph Jefferson
- Sir Lucia O'Trigger N. C. Goodwin
- Sir Anthony Absolute William H. Crane
- Captain Absolute Henry Miller
- David De Wolf Hopper
- Fag Thomas Q. Scarborough
- Faulkner Thomas W. Keene
- Mrs. Malaprop Mrs. John Drew
- Lydia Langrish Viola Allen
- Lucy Nellie McHenry

In this cast are names of several who are starting and have been stellar attractions for some time past, while Mrs. John Drew stands unrivalled on the stage today in the character of Mrs. Malaprop.

Joseph Haworth is reported seriously ill at New York.

Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter has secured the play "The Queen's Necklace" and is much pleased with it. With Mr. Bellow, she will start next season and in this play will impersonate Marie Antoinette while Mr. Bellow will do the Cardinal de Rohan.

A critic says "the critics have overpraised Wilton Lackaye and he is suffering from what stage folk call a "sore head." He is playing Svengali in Potter's play and it is conceded the best thing he has done.

Mansfield's new play "The King of Peru" was not a success.

The London (Eng.) public are delighted to have Sylvia Grey back to the stage after several years of retirement into the privacy of a quiet domestic life. She made her reappearance at the Trafalgar, London, as Lady Acacia in "Baron Golosh," and was rapturously received.

"The Burglar" is put on the New England circuit and started on its career yesterday. In the company are Miss Rachel Noah, William F. Timmins and Miss Lottie Briscoe, a child actress, all are especially engaged.

Miss Ednorah Nahar, the well-known and talented young reader made her professional debut in "Leah the Forsaken" at the Hollis theatre, Boston last week. The occasion served also to introduce to the public a charming young society woman, a Virginian by birth, Miss Marion Neiswanger who had the role of Madalena. A notice of the debutante says "Miss Nahar was an interesting and earnest Leah."



SOUSA'S CELEBRATED BAND.

She is a woman of concentrated feeling and courage, and although her conception of the character was intelligent, she lacks the physical energy to comply with such a fearful impersonation. But one must remember that the bulk of the stage business" fell upon Miss Nahar's shoulders, which made her maiden entrance into professional stage life somewhat difficult.

While of the other lady it has this to say; "Madalena, which is merely a foil to that of Leah," looked and acted the part well. Her enunciation was at all times clear, despite her seeming lack of physical vigor, and the smoothness and intelligence with which she rendered her lines was one of the features of the performance. Miss Neiswanger has a winning stage presence. With earnest study she shows promise of future success."

Lobbylounger—"How was the play last night?" Firstiter—"Wonderful! Most artistic and dramatic production seen in years. Held the audience spell-bound from first to last. Why, sir, in some of the thrilling situations there were times when not a sound could be heard but the hard breathing of Othello, the suppressed sobs of Desdemona and the conversation in the boxes."

A. M. Palmer has procured the rights

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to an unnamed drama of city life by Nym Crinkle and Colonel Edward M. Alfriend. The piece will be produced in September.

Eleanor Barry is playing "Trilby" in one of A. M. Palmer's companies. She must be lovely in that role.

Wilson Barrett's new play "The Sign of the Cross" has been the medium of a success for Maud Hoffman. A notice of her work says "The Berenice of Miss Hoffman is a woman swayed by a tremendous and unbridled passion, and in her scene with Marcus, in the second act, she depicted that passion with a fire and abandon which was electrifying. Her acting throughout was full of color and magnetic grace."

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Sousa's Celebrated Band, which will be here in June.

The great concerts which are to take place in St. John, on the 4th and 5th of June, and at Halifax on the 6th and 7th, with a closing matinee at Moncton on the 8th, are exciting unusual interest throughout the Provinces and give promise of surpassing all such events in our past history. Excursions are being arranged

band, and 78th Batt. band of Windsor will accompany excursions to Halifax. Single return fares will be issued to the different cities by all railway and steamboat lines. All agents have particulars: and can supply both excursion and concert tickets. Prices from all points will be published next week—special trains will run from New Glasgow, Truro, Wolfville, Windsor, and Kentville returning same night after concert.

Any further information can be obtained addressing Manager Sousa Band Concerts, Pagan Place, St. John.

Typesetter and Archbishop

The Roman catholic archbishop of Adelaide, the metropolis of South Australia, Dr O'Reilly can set up type with a facility that would easily qualify him for membership of the London society of compositors. Archbishop Mgrditch Khramian, of the Armenian church, is also said to be a composer. He studied at the monasteries of Lim and Gdoo's, two islets on the Lake Van; and who appointed superior of the Monastery of Varak, in the neighborhood of Van, he founded a seminary, a printing press, and a library and museum, as also a monthly review. He incurred the displeasure of the Russian government, and was required to leave the country. Elected in 1862 superior of the ancient and celebrated Monastery of Soorp-Garabad, at

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND EDUCATION

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Until further notice the steamer "CLIFTON" will leave for Halifax at 10:00 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 5:30 a.m. arriving at 9:00 a.m. Returning will leave at 4 p.m. for Hampton, Clifton and other intermediate points.

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All Ladies Love Sweet Perfumes. Then let your next gift be a bottle of Piesse & Lubin's English Perfume. The acme of elegance OPOPONAX. Perfumery from the East that breathe a fragrance.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

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

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

The circulation of this paper is over 25,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Address: Progress Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,641.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18

THE ATHENÆUM SENSATION.

The London Athenæum is the last paper in the world that one would accuse of "fake" journalism. It is also one of the last ones from which one would expect a sensation. But when this literary journal announces that it will depart from the even and unexcitable tenor of its way, a genuine sensation may be expected.

It was less than a year ago, at the very time when the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, which was long ago proved to be a velvet mask, was finally settled, that the announcement was made that it was decisively proven that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was the author of the JUNIUS letters. This, however, did not create any great feeling of surprise in the minds of the public, as although the names of over fifty prominent men, including Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, Dr. PHILIP FRANCIS, EDMUND BURKE, who called JUNIUS "this mighty bear of the forest," HORACE WALPOLE, BISHOP BUTLER, LORDS CAMDEN, CHATHAM, and CHESTERFIELD and "Single-speech HAMILTON," were associated with the authorship of the letters, it is now generally conceded that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was JUNIUS, as BYRON so cleverly hinted in "Don Juan." Over one hundred books, besides a vast number of essays, have been written to prove that it was Sir FRANCIS or somebody else; as many people claimed the honor and the bitterness for themselves as confessed to the authorship of "The Bread Winners," or "Betsy and I Are Out"—but Sir PHILIP, although, like Brer Rabbit, "he lay low," seems to have given pretty conclusive clues that he was at the bottom of the mystery.

But now the London Athenæum has announced that it would this week print a JUNIUS letter that will for all time prove that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was not the author of the most powerful polemics of English politics. And as the reputation for seriousness and veracity that the London Athenæum possesses is one too precious to lose, this week's issue of the paper will be looked for with much interest.

There certainly seem far better grounds for supposing that Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was the mysterious namesake of the Bourgeois theologian than BYRON'S playful reference. As MACULAY said, "The case against FRANCIS, rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer." But coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer are not always reliable, as WILKIE COLLINS has taken much pains to point out in his "Cases of Circumstantial Evidence."

The circumstantial evidence in the FRANCIS case has occupied a good deal of the space in the hundred books and the many hundred essays that have been written about the JUNIUS letters. There are many coincidences in dates and circumstances concerning which Sir PHILIP never proved an alibi, and there are not any instances on record where he directly denied the impeachment that he was the writer. In answer to an enquiry he once wrote: "Whether you will assist in giving currency to a silly malignant falsehood is a question for your own discretion." But this answer may fairly be regarded as evasive.

Lady FRANCIS does not appear to have been a very discreet wife, judging from the fact that she affirmed that Sir PHILIP'S first gift to her after her marriage was an edition of JUNIUS, and that he bade her take it to her room, keep, from sight, and never to speak of the subject; which command she kept—till she was a widow. He also bequeathed her a copy of JOHN TAYLOR'S "Identity of JUNIUS with a Distinguished Living Character Established," the distinguished living character being Sir PHILIP FRANCIS. She furthermore said that Sir PHILIP made himself known to the King, Lord NORTH, and Lord CHATHAM, under an engagement of secrecy, receiving in consequence his Indian appointment. Lady FRANCIS

intimated that as these three gentlemen were equally interested with Sir PHILIP in not divulging the secret, it was well kept by them. Lady FRANCIS, being proud of her husband, was evidently not so particular.

A later widely-accepted proof of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS' authorship of the JUNIUS letters is of especial interest to people on this side of the water, as it is illustrative of the laws of international action and interaction which are playing such an important part in hastening the federation of the world.

RICHARD TILGHMAN—not the one of that ilk whose name is so intimately connected in history with that of WASHINGTON—who resided in Philadelphia in the last century, prior to the revolutionary war, is said to have been the cousin and amanuensis of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, and to be the only man of that day who positively knew that Sir PHILIP was the long-sought JUNIUS. At any rate, he is known to have been very intimate with FRANCIS. After the publication of the facsimiles of the feigned writing of JUNIUS, a lady recognized the handwriting as the same as that of an anonymous note which she received in 1770 at Bath, enclosing a copy of verses written in a different hand. In 1867, at the time of his publication of MERIVALE'S "Memoir," two lines of these verses were found quoted in a letter to FRANCIS from TILGHMAN, written from Philadelphia and dated Sept. 29, 1773. The letter implied that FRANCIS would recognize them. Renewed examination proved that the lady's copy of the verses was in TILGHMAN'S hand writing. TILGHMAN was a law student in the Temple in 1769 and 1770, and was with FRANCIS at Bath when the verses were delivered. At a careful examination by experts of the note in which the verses were enclosed, and it was hesitatingly pronounced that it was written in the feigned hand of JUNIUS. TILGHMAN could not have been JUNIUS, as the letters were begun before he left America. So here was another circumstance pointing to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS.

Not only is Sir PHILIP supposed to be JUNIUS, but he is charged with being PHILIP-JUNIUS, MENNON, ATTICUS, LUCIUS, BRUTUS, and other correspondents of WOODFALL'S sensational paper. Few of the productions of the latter writers, however, reveal anything like JUNIUS' cleverness. Whoever wrote the "Letters of JUNIUS" was a scholar and a scorcher.

If the London Athenæum proves conclusively that, despite the above proofs and the equally convincing ones of Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN, it will have a bigger "scoop" than ever achieved by the London Times, and moreover, it will be one in its own line, and not in that whose prime object is to give the latest news.

At the time of the recent parity crusade in London, when a mass of communications about the subject were flooding the English press, the most refreshing of all these was the following complaint written to the Pall Mall Gazette by "An Ordinary English Girl": "Don't you think you men might sometimes regard un'allen women as being interesting? I know we are not considered as interesting, but I do think the fallen woman is having an undue share of attention. All the new books are about her, all the plays, and now all the public interest and the newspapers," HENRY ARTHUR JONES' new play, "The Triumph of the Philistines," may be due to a perusal of the "Ordinary English Girl's" letter. The heroine of the novel is a girl with a future, and a promising future, instead of a woman with a shady past. It is evident that Mr. JONES is not dealing with a modern DELILAH in "The Triumph of the Philistines." It is also evident that he is not a believer in the precedent of the popular dramatist who, when asked how many characters were to appear in his new play, indignantly replied, "Characters! Why, didn't I tell you that this is to be an up-to-date play? Not a single person in the piece has even a shred of character!"

That a book like "Coin's Financial School" should be bringing in coin or its equivalent to the writer at the rate of one thousand dollars a day, while sound works on the money question have but a limited circulation, is even more remarkable than the success of some latter-day songs. "Coin's Financial School" is as wanting as the dollar which bears the pious reflection "In God we trust."

Japan seems to be a veritable Topsy-turvy Land. The Japanese read their books from the bottom and begin building their houses from the top.

"A Hundred Years to Come."

The words and music of this widely-known poem, the history of which appeared in PROGRESS a few weeks ago, has just been issued in folio form by Messrs. Spencer and Heron, of the Record. Everybody knows now who wrote the words of "A Hundred Years to Come," and everybody will also be pleased to know that the music of the song was composed by Rev. H. T. Crossley, the evangelist. One of the latest they have placed is a front page of the publication has a splendid portrait of Mr. Spencer. The price of "One Hundred Years to Come" is ten cents, and it will be on sale at the principal bookstores.

PEN-PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Modern Society is a London paper which is no respecter of persons. The Queen is not insulted in it, but some of her eccentric doings are gently ridiculed.

Connecticut, which recently passed a bill against defacing buildings and natural objects with advertisements without owners' consent, is likely to pass a handbill law which, while it permits the placing of bills inside house doors, forbids the practice of throwing them on lawns and the ringing of door-bells by bill-distributors.

The name of "Joe" Edwards, who was, when conductor, the most popular one in America, seems to be largely used in Annapolisville advertising at present. A liniment man and a blood purifier proprietor have prepared very attractive advertisements with Mr. Edwards' recommendations of their wares as the jewels—which they attractively set. It is hard to believe that quoted reference of Longfellow to "Joe" as "Mr. Edwards." Although the poet never visited Acadie, he knew enough about the country to have alluded to the genial Joseph in different terms.

The New York Sun is gracious enough to say that it likes the chatty style of advertising which a number of business houses in that city have adopted. "The dealers," says the Sun, "talk in the advertisements as they would talk to a customer at the counter when showing their goods; and some of them use very sprightly language, good enough for a book. There is no doubt that they thus tempt people to buy, especially when the wares are first-class and the prices are low." We have some ad-writers in St. John as good as the best of the New York ones, judging from the advertising columns of the St. John papers.

An instance of the recognition of newspapers as a potent means of education is the founding of the special newspaper room in the public library building, Boston. Nothing that is not a newspaper can be admitted to this room—all magazines, reviews, etc., being prohibited. This is the first distinctively newspaper reading room ever established in connection with the educational institutions of the United States. It owes its existence to the idea of the late J. H. Fiske, who left a perpetual endowment of \$2,000 a year for its maintenance. It will contain representative newspapers from every country in the known world and in every language in which newspapers are printed.

Have we reached the limit of progress in the production of papers, with all our wonderful advances in that direction during the last few years? We have the fast perfecting press and the remarkable Mergenthaler machines, which both cast and set the type, and do it expeditiously at that. But we are wiser in our generation than were people of fifty years ago, and we have learned to prophesy—at least some of us have. It was only a few years ago that the linotype machine that would be at all satisfactory was declared to be an impossibility. But the success of these machines have taught people connected with the printing business and others more or less intimately connected with it to be very sanguine about the future newspaper. Both press and type of the present patterns may, in a few years more, be things of the past. These results will be brought about by a combination of lithography and telegraphy. The web-perfecting press will be cast aside for an adaptation of the lithographic press. This press will probably have cylindrical, like the present perfecting press, but as it is as impossible to put lithographic stones around cylinders as it is to put types around them, a zinc plate, prepared with a coating of pyrogallol acid and gum to enable it to hold water, will probably be substituted. This idea is already well known to engravers. By mounting the zinc plates type high, with a little modification, a similar press would do the work. In coming years news will be furnished in column width from the Associated or other news centre, printed on transferable paper, with the ink used for that purpose, by a machine somewhat after the fashion of the typewriter. This matter will be duplicated by electricity to all associated press papers and it will then be transferred to the prepared zinc plates. This will be but a short step from the present method by which writings and drawings are made at the end of a line and duplicated at the other, which is not a very recent invention. The coming newspaper will be able to be produced in a marvelously short period of time by means of these and other inventions.

A Chance to Save Money. PROGRESS is glad to announce to its subscribers, and to the public generally, that it has concluded arrangements by which the Cosmopolitan Magazine can be sent to anyone who wishes it with PROGRESS for one year, for three dollars. This is a reduction of fifty cents on the ordinary combination of the two papers, and can be taken advantage of by anyone who wishes to save the full dollar.

Sheraton & Whittaker's "Perfect" Range. Messrs. Sheraton & Whittaker are certainly getting their share of range orders. One of the latest they have placed is a "perfect" range in the Boys' Industrial home. The firm says that this range is used in a great many boarding houses in the city, and in every instance is giving perfect satisfaction.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Star of Peace. Dear Lord, beside Thy cross I stand, While o'er life's sounding sea, A bright star from the tented land, Shines sweetly forth on me. Where still and far the valleys white, In cloud land glory cease; Beams thro' the splendor of the night, The blessed star of peace. In night winged shadows black and strong, Beyond the mountain dim, My star of peace walks all along, Singing her holy hymn. While fainter still, far away, The countless white robes go, Dear souls too heavenly to stay, Where sorrow's waters flow. Its gleaming banner leads the way, Where in their sunny state, The guardian angels of the day, Watch by the jeweled gate. The song of victory awakes, Her triumph tones increase; The great multitude host of angels; God gives, the earth His peace. Oh, beyond the star how pure thy ray, Beyond the touch of time, Revealing in our dearest day Love's sweet celestial clime. The strifeless land, the place of rest, Where grief or parting pain, In the great mansion of the blest, Ne'er touch our hearts again. No storming ocean winds can blow, Nor nights of driving rain, Beat on us as we onward go, With those we meet again. Over the great white throne at last, Ended life's little lease; When we the swelling flood have passed Shine forth, O star of peace. GUYA VINE, May 1895. CYRUS GOLDE.

A School Chum on Whitcomb Riley. They called him Jim, or they called him Whit, Or anything as they saw fit; An' the boy'd smile and give reply, With a howler twinkle in his eye. I knowed 'a' sunthil' was in that lad, 'Sides laziness and a streak of bad, An' an appetite for punkin pie, A brass breastpin and a red necktie. Jim Wolt would sit for good long hours, In the shade among the flowers, A dreamin' dream of some play and work, An' how a boy the chores could shirk. He had a brother younger'n him, An' not as half as lazy as Jim; An' while he dreamt of good an' bad, Jim would see as the water was brung. An' this was all the work he done, From rain 'till the sunset sun; While he was a dreamin' how to shirk His little brother done all the work. An' now Jim's puttin' on monstrous style, A wearin' shirt just gotten bile; A writin' poetry an' books, An' a whoopin' back on his handsum looks. A makin' speeches an' wearin' specks—Dagon what'll he be doin' nex'? Runnin' for Congress or township squire, Or leader of the Loo-pole quire. I's orful fanny how some fop From a shady nook to a place on top; How a floozier lad will git up stairs, Scrape off his treckles an' put on airs. But I knowed 'a' sunthil' was in that lad, 'Sides laziness and a streak of bad; An' an appetite for punkin pie, A brass breastpin an' a red necktie. Richard Wood in Burlington Hawkeye.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The June McClure's Magazine is of much historical importance. It tells of the most encouraging period in General Grant's career, between the breaking out of the war and his appointment to a brigadiership by President Lincoln, showing that his services were offered to four states and declined, and that he began his war service as the humblest of clerks in a state adjutant-general's office. A paper on "Napoleon's Relations with the United States" the curious story of the purchase of Louisiana. The story of Lincoln's secret night journey from Harrisburg to Washington in 1861, to escape the possibility of assassination at Baltimore will also be given. Moreover Archibald Forbes will describe from personal observation the meeting of Napoleon III. with King William of Prussia and Prince Bismark, the day after the battle of Sedan, when Napoleon put himself at their mercy in order to solicit for his army better terms of surrender than the Prussians were proposing.

One of the books of the year is Henry M. Stanley's "My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia," to be published at once by the Scribners. It consists of two parts, the first of which relates his experiences during the two Indian campaigns of 1867, while the second treats of the early history of the Suez canal, the exploration of Palestine, Persia, and the regions of the Caucasus. The book will be of special interest at this time because it contains considerable matter bearing on the recent atrocities in Armenia.

Modern Advance Unlimited. There is really no limit to modern advance, and this the Priestleys, whose black dress fabrics are known all over the world, have proved, for in the new "Eudora" they have improved upon what has been deemed by thousands of ladies absolute perfection, namely, their beautiful Henrietta dress goods. But the "Eudora" has secured the suffrages of the ladies, and for the reason that it has a lovely glow which is all its own, greater width and weight, while it has the quality of absolutely shedding the dust. Wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and the name stamped on every five yards.

A Chance for Canadian Writers. Now that the New York Herald is offering large prizes for stories by United States people, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., thinks that it is a good time to give Canadians a chance in this field. As will be seen in another column, this company offers a series of prizes amounting to \$300 for the five best original stories submitted. The amount is the largest ever offered in a competition of this kind in Canada. Only those who have never won a prize in a competition of this kind are allowed to compete.

IS KING'S "ALL RIGHT"?

IT DOES NOT SEEM AS BAD AS REPORTED.

Recent Donations to the College—A Good Number of New Matriculants Coming in—Some Law Church Governors—What will be the Future of the College?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As some of the remarks made in the article published in PROGRESS of May 11th about the affairs of King's college may possibly give rise to misconception as to the true position of the college, I venture to send you this letter on the subject.

We read for instance that "students fewer and fewer are the conditions which prevail." Now what are the real facts of the case? Any one taking the trouble to look into the matter will find that for the last year or so there has been a considerably larger number of students in residence than was the case some few years ago. The prospects as to the number of students for next year is also bright, as I believe somewhere about twenty are expected to present themselves for matriculation in June. Possibly however the unfavorable notices in the public press may help to lessen this number. It will however be readily seen that "students fewer and fewer" is not at all a fair way of describing the actual condition of affairs. We next read that "the year has gone and there is no response in funds." Let us see again what is the actual state of the case. Doubtless the true state of church people has not been aroused to the extent that one would wish, but far from there being "no response in funds" we find that at the time convocation last June in response to an appeal made by His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia something between \$2,000 and \$3,000 was then and there promised. This was to be paid in instalments extending over five years. During the year the college was left \$2,400 by the will of the late Rev. A. H. Weeks and only just lately Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary, New York, has contributed \$1,000 towards the liquidation of the debt. What amount has been raised by the committee appointed by the Alumni last June cannot of course be exactly known till their report is handed in at the forthcoming annual meeting. An appeal has also been issued by the students asking all who do not desire to see the college closed or its faculty diminished in numbers, to rally to the support of the oldest university in Canada. Annexed to the appeal is a collecting card. These appeals are being sent by the students to their friends throughout the country, and the students themselves intend to thoroughly canvass the town of Windsor. By this means it is hoped that quite a respectable sum may be raised to hand over to the board of governors before their meeting in June. Thus we see that already during the year over \$5,000 has either been given or promised to the college funds.

Lower down with reference to the Rev. Dyson Hague, rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, and "others of the best church of England ministers in this vicinity," we are told that "they have no sympathy with King's and its present theological trouble." Again what are the facts? By referring to the college calendar of 1894-95 it will be seen that not only is the Rev. Dyson Hague a member of the associated Alumni of King's college and consequently a subscriber to its funds, but he is actually a member of its divinity faculty, holding the position of lecturer in pastoral theology. As one of those who have been privileged to attend a course of lectures delivered by him in the college on this subject, I can vouch for the pleasure and profit which the divinity students of King's received from his lectures. Only a few months ago the reverend gentleman kindly came up and gave an address before the students' missionary society. Does this look as if he had no sympathy with King's? Of course as a graduate of Wycliffe college it is only natural that his own Alma Mater should claim the first place in his affections. Doubtless if inquiry were made, it would be found that what I have shown to be the true state of the case in a particular instance is also true of "others of the best church of England ministers in this vicinity." I am at a loss to understand what is meant by "its present theological troubles." The troubles as far as I can see are of a purely financial nature. Here in the college we hear nothing of theological troubles. King's, of course, as the Divinity School of the two dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton cannot be the institution of any party or school of thought within the church. No attempt is made to force students to adopt the views of any particular party. Speaking from actual knowledge, I can say that at present amongst the divinity students there are men holding all the varying shades of opinion found within the English church. Adopting the popular phraseology on the subject we have at present high, low and broad churchmen.

We are next told that the low church party care not a straw for King's. Again, what are the facts? Can this statement be regarded as altogether correct when we find such names as those of J. Y. Payzant, Esq., and Hon. Senator Almon amongst the governors of the college. Mr. J. Y. Payzant, who is a prominent member of St. Paul's, Halifax, is also the treasurer of the board of governors and has all along

taken the deepest interest in the college. His son, Mr. Wm. L. Payzant, B. A., a graduate of King's and himself an active member of St. Paul's, is a member of the executive committee of the Alumni. This certainly looks as if they cared not a straw for the college! I imagine that if the matter were looked into it would be found in most cases that the churchmen who refuse to support King's college are not those who are low in their views of doctrine, but those who hold low views of the obligation of giving liberally towards the support of their church. It is a matter which touches the pocket rather than the religious views. It is to be hoped that the new governors now being elected by the Rural Daaneries will be men who will really work with might and main for the good of the college, who will not be influenced by misrepresentation or intrigue, from which the college in the past has suffered so severely. Doubtless if this proves to be the case, the increased Board at their meeting next June will see their way clear to reinstating the faculty, and will also attempt the somewhat difficult task of obtaining another Professor of English literature to take the chair vacated by Prof. Roberts, who has held it with so much distinction. The dark days of King's cannot last for ever, and it only all would now work manfully together for the common good, King's future prosperity would be assured.

Apologizing for thus trespassing on your valuable space and thanking you in anticipation for your kindness in inserting— A STUDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE. BEST LOAN IN ITS HISTORY.

HALIFAX, May 16.—The city of Halifax this week made the best loan in its history. The sum of \$157,000 was wanted for sewerage and other civic purposes. The most favorable loan ever made by the city in previous times was \$30,000 which brought one cent on the hundred dollars premium at 4 per cent. In old times Halifax had to pay 6 per cent. for its money, and instead of a premium her loans only commanded ninety-six or four cents on the hundred dollars below par. The \$157,000 required this spring was taken by E. Jarvis, of Toronto, at 4 per cent. with 15 cents premium. This amounts to a premium of \$235.50 on the transaction. A smaller amount was taken at Halifax by J. C. Mackintosh who gave a premium of 2 1/2 cents. This is a great reduction, certainly, but it is only in keeping with the fall in interest charges the world over, and the question might be asked, "With due regard for economy, and a less rapidly growing civic debt, might not we borrow money on still better terms. Immense amounts of wealth are lying idle awaiting safe investment in all the money centres of the country, a good show of which is held by capitalists in this city.

A Book for the Summer.

"A Heart-Broken Corner, and Other Wonders," by A. M. Biddling of the Sun and Harry A. Woodworth of Progress, is the latest book out. "A Heart-Broken Corner" is a humorous story that, in the light of recent events, will appeal to maritime province people, and so will the rest of the book, as it deals principally with maritime province subjects. There are ghost and devil stories, a character sketch of a farmer and his wife, accounts of a sorrowful tombstone man and a conscientious game-warden, the only reliable version of Douglas Sladen's visit to Grand Pre, New Brunswick folk-lore, Indian legends, a sketch of a negro at an inquest, a yarn of a Boston dude who went deer-hunting in New Brunswick, two sketches in the dialect of the Acadian-French, a mirthful adventure of the Duke of Kent and a young lady in Annapolis, etc. Fifteen cents is the price of the book.

Why the Minister Didn't Vote.

HALIFAX, May 16.—A story is told of a Methodist minister in this city who failed to vote for the alderman in his own ward at the last civic election. He found that one of candidates had voted for a civic subsidy to the Home of the Good Shepherd. The other was in favor of running the street cars on Sunday. So it was that he could not find it in his conscience to vote for either. He might have seen little more lenient to the subsidy-voting candidate, for that citizen had some time before given \$100 to the Methodist church in the locality, though he belongs to another denomination. There men who would not vote for the Angel Gabriel, were he a candidate, if the blast of his trumpet did not sound exactly loud enough.

Becoming Quite the Fashion.

Mr. J. H. Bond, who is well known now in the city as riding master, has issued a neat card calling the attention of ladies and gentlemen to the fact, and giving his terms for instruction and for mounts. Mr. Bond's ability to give instruction has been thoroughly proved in this city, and ten years experience "on the other side," in training horses to the saddle has made him a thorough master of the art. He has equipped his stable in first class style, imported saddles and bridles especially from England, and furnishes mounts at reasonable rates for those who require them. Learning to ride is becoming quite the fashion among society ladies and gentlemen.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Fertilizers. Imperial Superphosphate. Potato Phosphate. Fruit Tree Fertilizer. Bone Meal. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Earnscliffe Gardens, CONTAINING TRIED AND APPROVED LINES OF Plum, Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting.

Stower's Lime Juice Cordial. ORIGINAL. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEALERS.

STAR RANGE, \$17.50. The Cheapest 6-Hole Range on the Market. First-class in every respect. Call and inspect it.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING STREET. NEW ZEPHYR GINGHAMS, NEW PRINTED BRILLIANTS, NEW PRINTED LAWNS, NEW SATEENS, NEW CAMBRICS, TAN BLOUSE WAISTS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES &c., &c.

St. John—South-End. Mr. Edward Sears left last week for a trip to New York. W. J. Emley, of Washington, was at the Victoria the first of the week. Messrs. E. McLeod and Geo. F. Blair, M. P.'s, arrived home from Ottawa on Saturday last. Rev. F. M. Hurd, D. D., of Ottawa, was in the city over Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thompson, of Germal street. He arrived in the city Saturday from the West Indies and intended proceeding to England, but a telegram informing him of the serious illness of one of his children was received and this necessitated his return to Ottawa; Dr. Hurd's health has been very poor recently, and he will not resume work for some time. Messrs. Geo. M. and Douglas Olive, formerly of this city but at present residing in Cambridgeport, Mass., were in town for a day or two recently, but returned to that city by Monday boat. Among the St. John people in Boston last week were Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Troop, and Mr. J. M. Johnson. Among the passengers on the Duart Castle last week were Rev. Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton, who have spent the past three or four months in the West Indies, for the benefit of Mr. Eaton's health, which is very much improved. They visited many of the islands, and are greatly pleased with their trip. Mr. F. M. Mank, spent Sunday in Qalspans, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Magee. Messrs. J. J. Olive and W. L. Waring, of St. John, were in Charlottetown for a short time last week. Mr. E. H. Allan, of Fredericton, spent a short time in the city recently as guest at the New Victoria. Mr. J. A. Ashe, of Truro, was at the Victoria, the first of the week. Mr. J. C. Webster, of Boston, Mass., and E. E. Trede, of London, were also at the Victoria this week. Mrs. Myles, of the North end, was stricken with paralysis some days ago and is in a very precarious condition. Mr. W. J. Stamer, of Vancouver, B. C., was in the city a short time recently. Mr. J. Kessler, of Stockton, California, was at the Victoria this week. H. F. Walker, of Peabody, Mass., was also at the Victoria over Sunday. Mrs. Thors of this city, has been visiting her daughter Mrs. J. S. Marie, of Moncton, recently. Mrs. Fielding, wife of the Nova Scotia premier, Hon. W. S. Fielding who has been staying in St. John, returned home this week; Hon. Mr. Fielding was a passenger on the Duart Castle on her last trip. Mr. Alexander Heron spent Sunday in Fredericton with his family, returning to town Monday morning. Mr. J. DeSoyes went to Moncton on a short vacation this week. It is gratifying to Mr. DeSoyes congregation and to his friends in the city generally to know that he has declined a very flattering offer to leave St. John, for the pastorate of a large and influential church at Toronto, and also of a professorship in Wycliffe Theological college. Both positions are better than a financial standpoint than the one he now enjoys and the work would no doubt be very congenial, but he prefers to remain in St. John and the congregation of the Stone church will no doubt feel highly flattered. State Senator Hopper and Mrs. Hopper of Ashland, Me., were in the city for a few days recently. Both positions are better than a financial standpoint than the one he now enjoys and the work would no doubt be very congenial, but he prefers to remain in St. John and the congregation of the Stone church will no doubt feel highly flattered. State Senator Hopper and Mrs. Hopper of Ashland, Me., were in the city for a few days recently. Mr. Thomas Richardson, ex-M. P. F. paid a visit to St. John this week. Mr. F. McGoldrick, of Fredericton was among the Victoria's guests this week. Mrs. Hazard left last Monday morning for a visit to Boston and other places; she will be away three weeks. Rev. L. G. MacNeill and Mrs. MacNeill were in London the last of April, and registered at the High Commission office. They will return to St. John next month. Miss Troop left this week for Yarmouth, N. S. to visit relatives. Mr. C. H. McLean, who has been staying in the city for a short time left Tuesday for Eastport. The news of the death of Mrs. Munroe, wife of John E. Munroe, of Yarmouth street, who was many years ago, she had been in poor health for a long time but death terminated her sufferings on Sunday last. The funeral took place on Wednesday and was largely attended. Mr. Merritt of this city spent a few days recently in Digby, N. S. Dr. Crawford was in Digby, N. S. for a short time last week. Auditor General Beck, of Fredericton, was in St. John for a short time this week. Mr. George Henderson met with a slight accident Saturday, while bicycling, and is in consequence confined to his house. Miss Winnie Hall who spent the winter in the Southern States has returned home and is being warmly greeted by her friends. C. A. Wadson and Mrs. Wadson, of Boston, were in the city this week guests at the Aberdeen. Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr, were among the guests at the Aberdeen this week. Lieut. Oliver, of Fredericton, was in the city this week as a delegate to the S. S. Convention. Mrs. Henry Lawson, Orange street, who has been ill for some time is slowly improving. Mr. Robert Connolly, of Point Wolfe, were guests at the Aberdeen this week. J. R. Cowan's general manager of the Springhill Mines was registered at the Royal Tuesday. Among the city's clerical visitors this week were, Rev. A. J. Creswell, Springfield, Rev. T. A. Dickson and Rev. Mr. Shaw, Machias, Me., Rev. Mr. Loyd and Rev. Mr. Lee of Rethsay; the two last mentioned were accompanied by their wives. Hon. L. E. Baker of Yarmouth street, among the many arrivals here this week, and during his stay he was a guest at the Royal. A very pleasant conversation was given in St. David's church on Tuesday evening by the Young Peoples Association of that church; it was a very pleasant and successful affair. The names on the programme included, Mrs. Ried, Miss Crawford, Miss Lewis, Miss Alice Pimner, Mrs. Doherty, Messrs. Ricketts, Crookshank, Bowden, Mathewson, Ewing, G. C. Jordan, Fowler, McGowan, Milligan and White. Refreshment were served during the evening. Mr. D. A. Halsey of New York, and Mrs. Halsey paid a brief visit to St. John recently. The marriage took place at Kingston, N. B. on Tuesday last, of Mr. Wm. H. McLeod son of Geo. McLeod of St. John and Jessie Hannah, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hannah of Richibucto; Rev. Wm. Hamilton performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are enjoying a short wedding trip. Rev. Mr. Davenport of the Mission church and Mr. G. A. Schofield of the New Brunswick bank were in Fredericton last week the guests of Mrs. Medley. Mrs. George Clarke is visiting her mother on King street east. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gollmer, Cambridge, spent last week in the city. Mr. Charles Cameron left last Monday for Nova Scotia on a fishing expedition. Mrs. John W. Ring was slightly indisposed this week and was confined to her residence on King street east. Mr. S. L. Peters, of Queenstown, was in the city the first of the week. Mr. George Lawson, who was home from Boston, Why not Base Long Selected Come in Your Chaises? Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Grand Maritime Festival.

...The world's famous...

SOUSA'S BAND.

MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor. Miss Marie Barnard, A Distinguished Soprano, a pupil of the renowned Marchesi. Miss Currie Duke, Indisputably America's greatest Violinist, a pupil of Joachim, the King of Violinists.

50 Musicians 50 St. Andrew's Rink, St. John.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVG'S, 4th and 5th June, WITH WEDNESDAY MATINEE. 150 Voices Volunteered by the St. John Oratorio Society. Exhibition Building, Halifax, THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVG'S; 6th and 7th June, with Friday Matinee. VOLUNTEERED BY THE ORPHEUS CLUB OF HALIFAX.

Saturday Afternoon, 8th June, VICTORIA RINK - MONCTON. Special Excursions from all points; inquire of Station Masters. Full particulars in all papers. For information or tickets write to E. A. Boland, Moncton; J. L. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. T. H. Fenet, Fredericton; or Morley McLaughlin, Queen Hotel, Halifax, and 285 Germal St., St. John.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c. All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when his time comes. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. CREME DE LA CREME CIGAR CO., MONTREAL.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents for New Brunswick. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye a Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced. American Dye Works Co., Works Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

This "Three of a Kind" is very hard to beat. Best Materials. First-class Workmanship. Low Prices. all combined in "THE SLATER \$3.00 SHOE FOR MEN" If your dealer does not keep them, write to us. GEO. T. SLATER & SONS, MONTREAL. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine. HEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, SEC. ARGUMENT, (Registered), CLARET. E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR, - My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and more palatable than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. The Good Wine Merchant, 61 Union Street, St. John Telephone 43, 22, 9 in 24 and 30 Machine Processes.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

For Additional Society News See Fifth and Sixth Pages.

HALIFAX NOTES. Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MORROW & CO., 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD SMITH, Morris street; HAYES & MYLON, George street; CONNOLLY'S BOOK STORE, Spring Garden Road; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden Road; F. J. GRIFFIN, 111 Jacob street; CANADA NEWS CO., 111 Jacob street; GIBSON & CO., Granville street; F. J. HORTON, Spring Garden Road; W. J. HARRIS, 111 Jacob street; N. BARR & SON, George street; H. BELVER, Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

The choir of St. Mark's has been busy lately practicing the sacred oratorio "Paradise" under the training of Mr. Saunders band master King's regiment and it has been decided to give it in St. Mark's church on Sunday next. The exact date has not yet been announced. The band of the Kings regiment will form the orchestra. Lady Thompson will go to Ottawa next week and while there will be the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Her three daughters who have been staying at a government house for some time will return to Toronto with her.

The concert given recently in Oddfellows' hall was a very decided success in every way. It was given by the orchestra of Mystic lodge assisted by friends; the accompaniments were played by Miss Hall; Miss Higgins with her flute contributed largely towards the evening's pleasure. I understand it was also a financial success.

Miss Stubbings has returned from Bermuda, where she spent the winter. She is looking much better than when she went away. Captain Kent R. E. who was stationed on this garrison a long time ago has again been appointed to Halifax. Mrs. Kent will arrive later in the season.

Mayor Alexander who has been spending the winter at home returned. Mr. Jones, of the Kings has also returned after an absence of four months.

May 15.—Perhaps no saying is more often quoted than that of Coe's "variety is the spice of life, that gives it all its flavor." I have no doubt that it is true in most cases but not in the case of water. Last week, we were basking in summer sunshine and now without any gradual change we are plunged into dampness, coldness and rain. You had to bring your gaze down from the attic where you placed them for the summer and light a fire in your nicely swept chimney. No wonder people get cold, but colds at present are not the fashionable epidemic. German measles are to the fore, and attack not the small child only but grown up people. It does seem such an ungrateful illness and one to be classed along with mumps which you are supposed to have had in early childhood. Dramatic entertainments are the one form of amusement this week and apparently for several weeks to come.

"Triby" has been a great success, drawing large houses at each performance. Miss Cecil's performance as "Triby" was extremely good, though it was a bit unfortunate that she was not blessed with a pretty foot, especially as she has to call attention to it in her lines. As "Stengail" Mr. W. V. Ranous made the success of the play, he also has the credit of being the adapter of this version of the play. Friday and Saturday nights, "Hispania" is to take place. I will have to wait till next week to tell you about it, it comes out too late for this one. It promises to be a success in every way, as no end of tickets have been sold. Saturday night is evidently the most popular night. Miss Blanche Wickham has a theatre party that night and a supper afterwards and I hear of one or two other parties. One of the attractions of the performance is a skirt dance given by the troupe lady (what a gentleman), as indeed are all the performers. The company had a very good advertisement on Saturday night last. A letter was written to one of the evening papers complaining of the public assistance that this company was in discharging people with their practices. A little bit of advice that was a member of the said company who wrote the letter, and it seems only reasonable, for surely there is no "city club" member who is so thin skinned or whose temper is so easily ruffled.

Next week that popular theatrical manager, Mr. W. S. Hartman opens his new season at the Academy. "The Lost Paradise" is the play he has chosen for its opening night. The Orpheus club give their third and final concert on Tuesday next. The programme consist of solo work principally and three choruses by the club. The Orpheus are going to sing at the concert given the sixth and seventh of June by Sousa's band. The concert is to be held in the exhibition building which will be a novelty.

Mr. Morrison has styled his new boarding house by the high sounding name of the "Groveview." A little bit of advice that was a member of the said company who wrote the letter, and it seems only reasonable, for surely there is no "city club" member who is so thin skinned or whose temper is so easily ruffled.

Miss Blanche Stubbings has returned from Bermuda where she has been spending the winter with Mrs. Rowe. Mrs. Krabe, Miss Anna Mitchell and Mrs. Longley were passengers by the same steamer. Capt. and Mrs. Graeme Dallas, who have been for a fortnight's visit to Boston, returned last night. Miss Corbett returned for a few weeks longer. Mrs. Vizard, after a stay of nearly four years, has returned from England. Captain and Mrs. Moynihan, of the Kings are leaving on Saturday by the "Halifax City." They will not return to Halifax but will join the regiment in the West Indies. Another lady of the regiment who will not return here is Mrs. Mellor. She is much missed, and her delightful singing will often be thought of with pleasure.

Mr. Smith, R. E. has, I hear, received an appointment in Africa; he was there once before. At present he is in England so will not likely return here. He will be missed by the Polo club as he was a most energetic player.

The Budo has returned and preached twice on Sunday in St. Stephen's in the morning and St. Paul's in the evening. The long talk of next week for dance is expected to come off next week. It is the same old story—waiting for the painters to finish their work.

H. M. S. Canada is in port at present; she will wait till the flag ship arrives. The papers speak of an intended visit of the American fleet, which is generally hoped will take place.

"The Blake" has arrived in England and the admiral has gone to London to take up an appointment he has received there. MARTHA.

TRURO. Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.

May 15.—Mrs. Annand, Halifax, was in town last week a guest of her sister, Mrs. H. W. Crown, Allington place. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dimock (formerly Miss Winale Hyde) arrived in Truro on Saturday last, and are guests at Mrs. E. C. Bigelow's. Mr. Dimock sailed this week for St. John's Newfoundland in the interest of his firm. Mrs. Dimock will visit friends in Halifax and Truro during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahon, and Dr. H. H. Muir are table boarders at Mrs. Bigelow's for the summer.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired, Dressed, 27 Waterloo St.

Dr. J. R. McLean is also pleasantly situated at the same home. Mr. F. L. Muir's many friends regret to know of his continued indisposition which confines him to bed, and the doctor's care.

Mr. Melville Cummings arrived home last Thursday night from New York. Mr. Cummings' numerous friends are glad to know that the optician consulted in New York found nothing serious the matter.

WINDSOR. Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.

May 14.—Dr. H. V. Hind was in Halifax a day or two last week. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith who have been in St. John N. B., returned home on Monday.

On Tuesday Mrs. O. H. Hoeh had a small Maying party to Potter's mill. Mr. Will Ewitt returned on Saturday, from New York. He intends spending the summer at home. A number of young people took a walk to Avon falls on Wednesday in search of May flowers. Among those who went were: Miss Margie Curry, Miss Madeline Black, Miss Annie Pratt, Miss Margaret, Mrs. M. C. McCallum, Mr. Lyons, Mr. O. Dr. and Mr. Cummings and Mr. Geo. McCallum.

The cricket match on Saturday afternoon between the Kings' college Three Kings cricket club, and the Collegiate school, resulted in an easy victory for the former. Mr. and Miss Pratt, of Wolfville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wince, over Sunday. Miss Marie Hynes has returned from New York and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James F. McLean.

The following are the names of the little folks who were entertained on Tuesday from four till six by Miss Isabelle Cameron assisted by Master Charles and Miss Cora Kennedy, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Gene McKay, Miss Sarah Fraser, Miss Jessie Ross, Miss Myrtle Bailey, Miss Kate McKinnon, Miss Annie McCreery, Miss Lily McCreery, Miss Nellie Walker, Miss Lizzie Walker, Messrs. Walter Kennedy, Robin McKay, Laeolot McGregor, Bernard Green, Kenneth McKinnon, Frank Glendinning, Archie Walker and others.

The Misses Carmichael, of Pictou, were entertained last week by Mr. and Mrs. Bois DeVeber. Mrs. Alfred Fraser, of Canoe, is visiting friends in town.

The singing in St. James' church on Sunday last was remarkably good. A male choir has been organized by Mr. H. B. Redpath with highly satisfactory results. Walking parties are very pleasant diversions for some of our young folk in this dull season. That given on Saturday afternoon by some of our young ladies was particularly enjoyable, the afternoon was spent searching for the beautiful trailing arbutus. At five the party returned well laden with these sweet blossoms.

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It is with much regret that I chronicle the sudden death of Mrs. Frank Gerrard on Tuesday last. Much sympathy is extended to the many bereaved ones. This morning we had an eventful morning for our school children, it being the day appointed by the school board for the closing of the school for the term. At ten o'clock the children marched from their representative schools to the school building, keeping in remarkably good order. A programme consisting of recitations, etc., was carried out with much interest. The reading by Miss Annie C. Fraser, whose clear and distinct enunciation made the reading doubly enjoyable. An essay on trees by Miss Annie C. Fraser was read by Mr. Ernest Sedgewick, it being exceedingly well done. The young writer's modesty hindered and reflected much credit on Mr. Tait. Many trees were planted.

DIGBY. Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.

May 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barril, of Weymouth, were in town one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barril, of Weymouth, were in town one day last week.

Mr. Harley has gone to her home in Windsor, and will remain until the new rectory here is fit for occupancy, probably three or four weeks. Trinity church parsonages may feel justly proud of their handsome rector.

Dr. DuVerat returned on Monday from a visit to St. John's. Miss Ostrand and her family returned from a lengthy visit in New York.

Mr. Merritt, of St. John, was in town for a few days last week. Mrs. Short is confined to her room through illness.

Dr. Crawford, of St. John, is here for a few days. A party of Americans in company with Mr. H. B. Short, and Mr. Toop, of the Myrtle House are on a tour of inspection to the Bear River this week. Mr. W. B. Stewart has returned from Boston.

JULIETTE. Progress is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.

May 15.—Mrs. John Brown, who has been stopping at the Terrace for the past month, went to Halifax last Thursday for a short visit.

Rev. W. A. Anson, of Amherst, visited Misses Conroy and the pulpit of Christ church at both services on Sunday. Rev. V. E. Harris having gone to the Juggins to open the new episcopal church at that place.

Mrs. Fred Rogers, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Main and Mrs. Rogers, returned to her home in Amherst, P. E. I., last Thursday. Her little niece, Miss Maggie Main, went with her to spend the summer months.

Mrs. Max Sterne spent Sunday at River Herbert. Mrs. Clarence Trueman and little daughter Beattie spent Tuesday in Sackville.

Mr. H. G. C. Ketchum went for a trip to New York on Friday. Mrs. Ketchum spent Sunday in Moncton the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Binney.

Rev. S. McAnley Black of St. John occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church at both services on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Steele having gone on a well earned vacation to St. John and Boston. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon on the arrival of another wee lassie to entertain.

Miss Alice MacKinnon, of Miramichi, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon, La-plance street.

Mr. and Mrs. James and daughter, Miss Tiche, returned last Thursday from Bermuda, where they have been spending the winter.

ST. ANDREWS. Progress is for sale in St. Andrews by T. B. Wren.

May 14. Rev. A. Gunn has gone to Suctouche to remain about a month.

Mr. James Bogus of St. George made a short stay in St. Andrews this week. Miss Magee's friends are pleased to welcome her home again. During her absence, Miss James filled her place as organist of All Saints' church.

Mr. Thos. Williams of Moncton was among last week's visitors. Mr. G. H. Street came from St. John last week to arrange for Dr. Osborne's funeral.

I believe Greenock church will have a mmiste stationed here soon, Rev. Mr. Mahon. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte and family of Badbury will summer at the Algonquin.

We are sorry to not have Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley here this summer. Their residence is to be occupied by Mr. A. B. MacDonald of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Farrell returned from St. Stephen on Saturday. Mr. Grimmer has been spending a few days fishing at Grand Lake.

Quite a large excursion party went to St. Stephen on the Arbutus Saturday. Mrs. W. D. Turner and family, of St. John, have come for a six months stay at their summer residence to Suctouche.

Mr. J. B. Sutherland paid a flying visit to his St. Andrews friends on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith are at home again, after a very enjoyable visit to friends in St. John. The Tunes cottage, whose owner is in Boston, has been leased to Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, of New York.

Mr. Percy Hanson, of Houlton, Me., came to St. Andrews last Saturday for a short stay. Mr. Frank Hibbard, of St. George, arrived here today.

Mr. Gibson, of Benton, is making a short visit to St. Andrews, he is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hanson.

Mr. John Grimmer, of St. Stephen, is visiting friends here. Mr. Julius T. Whitlock drove down from St. Stephen on Thursday.

The T. J. A. furnished us with a treat last Tuesday evening, in listening to Sara Lord Bailey. Next week we hope to hear Rosa D'Erina JACK.

HANPTON. May 15.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCordock, of St. John, arrived on Saturday and are located at Mrs. A. M. Barnes, Linden heights.

Mr. Geo. Cushing was in town on Thursday. Rev. Ezekiel Hopper, accompanied by his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. were here last week the guests of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. March.

Among the visitors in town last week were Mr. James E. Cowan, Mr. C. A. MacDonald, Mr. William Pughly, and Mr. Anderson Blair, of St. John. Mr. Chas. J. Sayre, of Richibucto, and Mr. F. A. McCully, of Moncton.

Mrs. Wilson, of St. John, is visiting her son, Mr. Geo. M. Wilson. Judge Wedderburn and family, who have been spending the winter in the city, have returned to their home at the village.

Mrs. Geo. W. Currie and Miss Currie, after spending the winter here, removed to St. John on Thursday.

Rev. John B. Howard, of Springfield, was the guest of his brother Rev. F. Howard, on Thursday. Mr. J. Pope Barnes spent Sunday with his mother at Norton Village.

Mrs. James G. Gordon and family have returned to their summer home at Lakeside. Mrs. S. H. Langstroth, of Newburg, spent Tuesday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Warwick, of St. John, were in town on Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wickham.

Mr. T. V. Cooke, general store keeper L. C. R., went to Halifax on Tuesday morning. Miss Mabel Hillison, who has been in Amherst for the past two weeks visiting friends, returned home on Monday.

Mr. W. C. Paver, secretary of the I. C. R. insurance association, left on Friday evening for Quebec, he was accompanied by Mrs. Paver.

Hon. Peter Mitchell passed through Moncton on Friday last, on his way to Northumberland from St. John.

Dr. Jenkins, ex-M. P. P., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was in town last Friday on his way home from a trip to Ottawa.

Mr. Henry Smith, of Ottawa, was in the city last Sunday. Judge Landry, of Dorchester, was in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. William McQuinn, of Fredericton, his father and brother were in town on Monday en route to Shediac where Mr. McQuinn was married today to Miss Porter of that place.

Rev. W. B. Thomas, of Point deBute, was in town on Tuesday.

held a Gospel Temperance meeting in the opera house at which Dr. McLeod gave very interesting addresses.

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This Food should recommend itself to the judgment of every Mother who wishes her baby to be nourished and developed exactly as nature designed it should be. Milk Granules, The perfect Equivalent of Mother's Milk. This food is specially prepared for infants, during the early months of infancy as it is absolutely free from Starch, Glucose and Case Sugar, and contains nothing that is not naturally present in Milk and lacks nothing that is in breast milk of good quality. If your grocer or druggist do not keep it, send direct to The Johnston Fluid Beef Co., Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY Excursions. Tickets on sale May 22 and 24, good for return passage until May 27, 1895, at ONE FARE for the round trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'g Ag't, Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'g Ag't, St. John, N. B.

We Ship Wedding CAKES all over the Dominion. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

A Word With the Ladies. Why use the nasty, ill smelling 'Oils' so-called, that stain the clothing, when you can get better and quicker results from Minard's Liniment, that will not injure or stain the finest fabric? This is also one of the qualities that imitations of Minard's Liniment do not possess.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that Weary Languid and Worn out Feeling that women complain of particularly at this season of the year. All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cts. per bottle.

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS.

Low-Priced Carriages. Advertise in 'PROGRESS,' which have a good reputation to sustain are what we build. They cannot be equalled at our prices. Price & Shaw, 322 to 326 Main St., St. John, N. B.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble-hearted Family Physician...

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

It is marvelous how many complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly...

Get a Glass! Quick!! There's lots of snap and vim in this Hires' Rootbeer. There's lots of pleasure and good health in it, too.

MILWAUKEE. [Process is for sale in Milwaukee by James O'Connell.]

CHICAGO. [Process is for sale in Chicago by James O'Connell.]

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Process is for sale in St. Stephen and Calais by James O'Connell.]

ROSELAND. [Process is for sale in Roseland by James O'Connell.]

SEBURN. [Process is for sale in Seburn by James O'Connell.]

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social, and with a well-remembered dinner, the outing was most delightful, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of being of the party.

Mr. John Morley, of Boston, is here on a business trip, and is registered at the St. Croix Hotel.

Mrs. Walter W. Inches, and Mrs. H. W. Grimmer are entertaining a party of little girls, at Mrs. Inches residence this afternoon in honor of the birthdays of their little daughters, Miss Hazel Inches and Miss Roberta Grimmer.

Arrangements are being made by a number of ladies and gentlemen to visit St. John to hear the Sousa band.

Mr. W. T. Todd returned from Musquash today. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton are today moving into the handsome residence on Main street, Calais which was the home of their father the late Mr. Franklin Eaton.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris, well known on the St. Croix, arrived in Calais on Monday, and spent the summer here. Mr. Harris has recently severed his connection with the Madras Medical theatrical company of which he has been a valued member for some time.

Miss Carrie Lord is home from Wellesley College during the absence of her mother Mrs. George Lord. Mr. Henry Fitz has returned from a business trip in Boston.

Mr. Charles F. Beard, of Belmont Mass. are expected here on the twenty-third, to remain during the summer months.

Mr. Hugh Callahan, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens has been very ill during the past week but is slowly improving and his physicians have great hopes of his recovery.

Mrs. C. G. McCreely left on Monday morning for a visit in Bangor. She will visit Boston before she returns.

Mrs. J. W. Prescott, accompanied by Miss Mabel Murche left this morning for Boston. Miss Murche intends to spend the summer visiting friends in different parts of the State.

Mr. Julian Merrill, of Boston, is spending a few days in Calais.

Captain John D. Chipman returned from Ottawa on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter have arrived home from their wedding tour, and will reside in Milltown. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voss, of Portland, Maine, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voss, of Portland, Maine, are in Milltown, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Tracy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter with a party of friends have been spending a few days at Grand Lake stream, enjoying the fine fishing there.

Mr. Roy Maxwell arrived from Rumford Falls on Sunday evening to make a brief visit here.

Rev. O. S. Newham, Mr. Newham, Dr. and Mrs. Deacon and Miss Edith Newham are visiting St. John.

Mr. W. H. Todd has opened her residence on State street, and is ready to receive her friends.

Mr. James Boyer, M. Customs of St. George, was in town for a brief visit during the past week.

Mr. E. H. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.

Mr. James Miller, of Chatham, spent several days here last week, having come around from Miramichi in Mr. Geo. W. Robertson's steam, Calluna.

Mrs. Hugh Jardine, of Presque Isle, Me., is visiting her parents, Dr. I. W. and Mrs. Doherty at Kingston.

Mr. James Ferguson, of Bathurst, was in town on Thursday last.

For the Bath & Complexion. Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., J. HUNTER WHITE, - Agent for New Brunswick.

Memorials Interior... Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

Colonial House, Montreal. We carry a complete stock of Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Mantles, Millinery, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes.

Henry Morgan & Co. Montreal. Samples sent on application.

SPONGES! TOILET, BATH and CARRIAGE SPONGES. FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS.

W. G. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST, 85 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN.



CANCER OF THE LIP CURED BY AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

plasm which followed the selection proved that she was a great favorite in her particular role. Much praise is due Mrs. Tupper, who was the chief promoter of the entertainment, and both she and the young ladies should feel proud of the success of their undertaking.

Mr. W. H. Todd has opened her residence on State street, and is ready to receive her friends.

There was a man in our town, Who chanced to see a woman, To every one's surprise, He said to her, 'You are a beauty, With all his might and main, The wise man straightway humped himself, And got on on again.'

Out of sorts - Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, irritable temper, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Mrs. Henderson, 22 Cameron St., Toronto, writes: I was suffering from pleurisy and bad cough. I was wasted and very weak, having had to be propped up in bed.

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Advertisement for various products including 'ent of every Mother', 'es, er's Milk', 'DIAN RY', 'EN'S', 'HDAY', 'rsions.', 'May 23 and 24, passage until May', 'FARE', 'C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.', 'dding', 'AKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION', 'They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated', 'arry Webb Toronto', 'ord the lies.', 'sty, ill smelling', 'l that stain the', 'l you can get bet-', 'r results from', 'ment that will', 'tain the finest', 'also one of the', 'imitations of', 'ent do not pos', 'UR FISH', 'ced', 'HN BY', 'BROS.', 'It gives', 'ults.', 'K. D. C. AND PILLS FREE TO ANY ADDRESS K.D.C.Co., Ltd. NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 18 1895.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW DEFENDED.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr Vigorously Defends Her—She is Often Unjustly Accused—The Other Side of the Question—A Lover's Debt of Obligation to His Sweetheart's Mother—A Mother's Altered Place After Her Daughter's Marriage.

There are no conditions in a woman's life so like, and so unlike, as those of mother and mother-in-law. In the first relation she is generally beloved and honored; in the latter, she is sure to be suspected of evil, if not actually accused of it.

The position of the mother-in-law has two sides; she may be mother-in-law to her daughter's husband, or mother-in-law to her son's wife; but it is in the first of these positions she is most bitterly and universally slandered.

The lover is anxious to please her, he flatters her prejudices, he defers to her opinions, he does his very best to persuade her that he will not only be a good husband to her daughter, but a good son to herself.

But there is not on earth two more different creatures than the lover and the new-made husband. The one is diffident and anxious to please, the other is so amazed at his own perfections and position, that he is totally incapable of any just estimate regarding the good qualities or the position of any other person.

The first person to feel this new importance is usually his mother-in-law. He has been very subservient to her in his courting days; he therefore thinks it necessary to make her understand at once that he is now independent.

is too sensitive; she puts unpleasant thoughts out of her mind, and tries again, only to be again wounded. Finally she is compelled to admit to her aching heart, that in getting a son-in-law, she has also got a daughter-in-law.

It must be noted that in this phase of the relationship, the young husband arraigns himself particularly against his wife's mother. Her father and brothers are generally so civilly treated, that they find it hard to believe a mother can be less kindly regarded.

The second phase of this relationship—that in which the mother becomes mother-in-law to her son's wife—is one wherein the woman is most apt to be at fault. A mother's love for her son is a very jealous love, and she never quite forgives the woman who takes the first place in her son's life.

But it must be noticed how comparatively seldom this side of the mother-in-law question is commented on. It is always the wife's mother that is the subject for the miserable jokes of the world-be-witlings or the pretended funny stories of the comic papers.

It ought not to spring from either side, the relation is one full of sweet and beautiful possibilities, and in a large majority of cases, these are fully realized. And as we hear only of the miserable marriages, so also we hear only of the trouble made by mothers-in-law; the families in which their influence is sweet and binding, being beyond the numbering, as they are beyond the knowledge of the general public.

One point is certain, that at first the relationship should be very much left alone. We should give it a year or two to grow in. It is like a transplanted flower, and must have time to root itself, and become accustomed to its new conditions.

There is one more very important reserve for the loving mother-in-law to practice: she must be so busy with her own affairs as to have no time to look after those of the newly married. Every bird likes to build its nest in its own way, and new house-keepers are very jealous of interference.

she must be so busy with her own affairs as to have no time to look after those of the newly married. Every bird likes to build its nest in its own way, and new house-keepers are very jealous of interference.

As to the rights of mothers-in-law, there is sure to be a great difference of opinion, but there can be no dispute in regard to the despicable wrong done to all womanhood in the persistent holding up to the scornful mirth of a relationship so personal and so closely allied with every domestic sanctity.

The vulgar of this senseless abuse ought to make even men who do not mind their immorality, abandon it. For it is immoral. Anything that makes what is good and honorable, to be had and contemptible, is a crime against God and society.

Now, in every community there are a majority of kind-hearted, therefore of fine-mannered men, and such men have only to steadily frown down the wearisome, worn-out scolding and laughing at mothers-in-law, to soon make the custom disreputable and obsolete.

AMELIA E. BARR.

A BIG SNAKE HUNT.

How a Snake Cut off the Head of Two of the Reptiles.

One sultry afternoon in August a boy and two of his brothers, were sauntering along the highway, in Indiana, when they crossed a small brook, where the thrower gathered up a half dozen broad, flat stones of the pattern which he was fond of using.

"I'll try for him when he reaches the stone," remarked Harry, keeping his eye on the dark speck.

"Hello! There's another!" called the other brother, pointing to the water on the further side of the rock.

Sure enough a second snake was swimming towards the same point. The position and progress of the two indicated that they would reach the spot at the same moment unless something interfered, and nothing did interfere.

HEPTONETTE Trade Mark. Rain-Proof. Walking, Driving or Travelling CLOAKS.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John. Sole Agents for Maritime Provinces "Heptonette" Cloaks and Cloths.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY. Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empire (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80.00, Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies 'Uptodate' 100.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworth's 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent, ST. JOHN N. B.

Ellis let fly with the stone he held in his right hand.

As the broad, flat missile left his grasp it skimmed through the air, but gradually tipped over until it was vertical, and, curving in a beautiful parabola, dipped down, when directly over the rock, and cut off the heads of both snakes as clean and sick as if done by a keen edged hatchet.

Mischievous Young Raccoons at School. Joe Mitchell was fishing out on Sequahaw Creek, Mass., a few days ago, and tells this truthful tale:

"I saw the counterpart of a boy's school. I was sitting on a log when there came pacing down a little path an old mother coon with five young ones. The little ones were about as large as half-grown cats, and were as full of fun as a basket of monkeys.

"This started a row, and all the little fellows were badly mixed, while the old one was administering bites and cuffs indiscriminately among the scholars. She finally succeeded in restoring order, and then sent one of the little coons to try it in another hole.

"Then the fun began in earnest, and all the mischievous boys that ever made a teacher's heart ache were angels of goodness when compared with these little coons. They pinched each others' tails, nipped each others' ears, bit each others' legs, and worried the old mother until she turned to and gave them a general cuffing all around.

knew his lesson perfectly, and was determined to set all the fun possible out of the proceedings, for when the good mother coon got so angry that she made her bites felt, the little fellows got down to business and caught, washed and eight their crawfish with all the ability of veterans."

Old Enough to Marry but not to Promise.

A mother asked a London magistrate if her daughter could bring an action for breach of promise against a sailor who had written stating that he had married someone else. He was not yet twenty-one, and had expectations when he came of age. The magistrate said it was no use bringing an action, as the young man was merely an infant in the eye of the law, his promise being worth nothing. He was old enough to get married, but not old enough to make a promise.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. ST. JOHN, N. B., HALIFAX, N. S.

Royal Emulsion

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medicine science no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

ROYAL EMULSION. Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Dawson Medicine Co. MONTREAL.

Consumption. DEAFNESS.. and Head-Noises Cured by our new Improved Ear Drum.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"We are going on the river next Tuesday. Will you join our party, Mr. Robinson? I will send you a line giving full instructions."

"I shall be charmed," I replied. "and will bring my new canoe."

"That will be delightful," turning to her daughter, who followed behind. "Maud, Mr. Robinson will come with us on Tuesday, and will bring his canoe."

"You are fond of canoeing, Miss Craddock, are you not?" she cried with enthusiasm.

"I adore it!" she cried with enthusiasm. "I have quite made up my mind to paddle my own canoe in solitude no longer."

"At this moment our party were effusively greeted by some friends. Mrs. Binkes, the two Misses Binkes, and young Mr. Binkes, all talking loudly and affectionately."

I awoke next morning tired and jaded. I had resolved, however, on my plan of action, which was to take my friend Smith into my confidence. Smith was an old chum who could keep a secret, and he might with his legal mind—Smith was a solicitor—be able to throw some light upon the situation.

"I want your advice, old chap, on a matter of frantic importance," I said, as soon as I was seated; and then I told him all. Smith smiled with laughter.

"It is to rich," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Confound you, you ass," I shouted. "I come to ask your advice, and all you do is to scum with laughter, and say 'it is too rich!' and I glare at him."

"Why not tell them you are married already?" "I should not be able to keep it up," I rejoined.

"Propose to another girl?" "That might do, but—" and I thought of the athletic brother and groaned.

"Say you were entrapped into an unsuitable marriage when a boy, and that at the moment you forgot?" "Once again the vision of young Craddock and his enraptured papa rose before me, and I shook my head."

"Well, go on with the thing, and, when it comes to the settlements, plead poverty, but the you were carried away by the ardour of your feelings, that you bitterly regret, etc., etc."

"By Jove, Smith, I believe that would do," I cried.

"Yes," said he, with a grin; "and I, acting as your solicitor, would tell any lie you like about your affairs."

"But it is true, man. I'm as poor as can be. Why, it will be all plain sailing—at least, I hope so," I added, rather doubtfully.

"May I see the letter?" said he. I handed it in silence. Having read it through with a good deal of suppressed merriment, he looked up, saying as he returned me the note—

"Tell me the girl's name; she writes very nicely."

"Do you think she does? Well, perhaps you are right; but one does not like having one's hand forced," said I.

"True. But her name, my boy, her name?" "Miss Craddock."

"What the red-hair, Miss Craddock, daughter of old Richard Craddock, of Lower Sloane Street?" "The same."

"Let me congratulate you, my boy; you're the luckiest dog in England."

"Contend you! If you think so, take her yourself," said I angrily.

"I wish only I had the chance," he replied, then went on. "Why, man, don't you know she has three thousand pounds a year left her by her uncle, old John Craddock, whose death is in this morning's paper?"

"Three thousand pounds a year—Miss Craddock—Maud?" I faltered. "How do you know?"

"Our firm were the late Mr. John Craddock's solicitors. He must have died just about the time you were proposing to the niece!"

"This cuts the gordian knot completely!" I exclaimed.

"So it does, my boy." "You are sure about the three thousand?" "Quite certain."

a man named Thomas Watson, who was very wealthy, and an extensive dealer in negroes.

Not satisfied with the traffic on shore he resolved to send a vessel, himself, to the coast of Africa to obtain a fresh supply of the blacks and smuggle them into the country.

This was a risky piece of business, as the men-of-war of all civilized nations were continually on the watch for the slavers, and the laws of the United States had long forbidden the importation of any male Ethiopians.

But Watson was a man of many resources, and he, in company with his wife, a beautiful Creole, devised a scheme by which it was possible to hood-wink the authorities.

They modeled a bark of some three hundred tons burden, which was practically one vessel within another. To look down the main hatch she appeared to be a shallow craft, having no "between decks"; the keelson was about fifteen feet below the "deck car-lines," and no one but the builders knew that beneath this, and between it and the true keelson, was a dark hole about five feet deep, to reach which a small hatchway was cut well at in the "run."

The bark was loaded and despatched to the west coast of Africa, ostensibly as a legitimate trader. Upon reaching the slave country the captain bartered for five hundred negroes, all stalwart, healthy fellows, who were at once confined within the dark damp sub-hold of the novel and nefarious vessel.

The passage across the Atlantic was made without special incident, and the slaves entered Galveston with her valuable human cargo undisturbed. The camels were publicly landed, and for several days remained tethered upon the wharf, but the poor blacks were stealthily smuggled ashore and at once sent to northern Texas, where they were disposed of at a great profit by Mrs. Watson, who was now widowed.

This was in the winter of '57-'58. The charming Creole, whose husband had been a United States senator, prevailed upon the government to purchase the camels, but not until the animals had been taken to several different places. At one time they were in Algiers opposite the city of New Orleans. From there they were taken back to Galveston by the sidewheel steamer "Fashion," and thence to Texas.

When they became the property of the United States they were transferred to Mobile, thence to Brazil and put to work upon the fortification then being built along the Rio Grande River. While they were in Galveston the animals, or rather one of the camels, named "Fashion," made themselves particularly obnoxious to many of the good citizens of the place. One day a young American officer of a large ship then lying in port, had occasion to pass close by the herd. Without warning Lord Nelson reached his ungainly shape and head and set of the unwary seaman by the arm, sinking his teeth so deep as to completely shatter the bone. At this moment a constable named William Poosse, who has since served as sheriff of Galveston, rode down the wharf, and with the butt of his heavily loaded riding whip beat the animal until he was forced to release his victim, but Captain David H. Smith, the one injured, carries the marks of his encounter with the camel to this day, and any one visiting Boston may call upon the retired shipmaster at 34 Atlantic street and hear from his own lips a verification of the above facts.

Captain Smith brought suit against Mrs. Watson for his injuries and was awarded judgment in the sum of \$1,000 which, however, was never paid, for the case was held so long in court that it was not decided until after the breaking out of the war.

At one time Mrs. Watson's wealth was enormous, but reverses of fortune came; all her property was swept from her, she fled to the Island of Saint Thomas, where she died in abject poverty.

During the stirring times of the war, the camels were allowed to shift for themselves; they wandered away over the plains of Texas, and into the wilds of Arizona. The climate and food have agreed with them and, having been but little disturbed, they have greatly increased in number, until now we find nearly 400 of the progeny of the fifteen camels originally brought to Galveston in the false-bottomed bark built by an ex-United States senator, to convey slaves from Africa to the States.

THE CONCEALED WORKMAN. First, imagine a hill or mountain 3,000 feet high. Next, imagine a man 165lbs. in weight climbing to the top in one day.

You will say he would be pretty well fagged out by the time he reached the summit. How his back and legs would ache, and he would be lousy if he didn't feel sore and "pound-ed" for a week after.

Yet in lifting his body that height his legs would only have done the same amount of work his heart does every day in pumping his blood, and that without the least sign of fatigue. It sends out about three gallons a minute, and keeps going night and day from birth to death. Still, we seldom feel it or think of it. What a workman it is, down there in your breast in the dark.

It is only when something interferes with it that this faithful servant asserts itself, and makes us anxious. As, for example, in the case of Mrs. Lizzie Evans, who says that at one time her heart thumped and throbbed until she could scarcely bear it.

"On one occasion," she says, "the pain was so bad that I screamed for three hours." Probably Mrs. Evans is mistaken in thinking the pain was in the heart itself, as the heart is a dull thing as to feeling, having but few nerves. Still, she felt pain enough, in the keen nerves of sensation that surround the heart. The important question is, What caused all this alarming commotion? We may conjecture after having heard her account, which runs as follows—

"In March, 1884," she says, "it seemed as if I had no life or energy left in me. I was weary, languid, tired, without being able to tell why. I had a sour taste in the mouth, and spit up a bitter fluid. I had a poor appetite, rain ate eating, and a constant sense of being sick and faint. My head was dizzy and whirled round until I could not see. Then there was a sensation at the pit of the stomach that I cannot that describe; it was like that of a weight or burden bearing me down."

Here she speaks of her heart: we have quoted her words on that point already. After that she goes on to say, "I got a little sleep at night, sometimes none at all, and in the morning I would wake up more tired than when I went to bed. As time went on I got weaker and weaker, until I could barely walk about. For over five years I was in this way, and what I suffered I past description. During this time I lived in London, and consulted three doctors in Islington, but was none the better for what they did for me. I also attended as an out-patient at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but never derived any benefit from a their treatment."

"In July, 1889, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I began to take it. In two weeks I could eat better, and I got some refreshment from sleep. As my food digested I felt lighter, and the heart trouble was less severe. After that I kept taking the Syrup and gradually gained strength. Inasmuch as I had been running down for five years it took me some time to get back to where I was when I first began to fail. I am in good health now, and whenever I feel any sign of my old complaint I take a dose of the Syrup, which soon sets me right. In hope of being of use to other sufferers I give you the permission to publish this statement. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs. Lizzie Evans, 1, Cambria Square, Albert Road, Oswestry, January 25, 1893."

By way of comment on Mrs. Evans' interesting letter we have only to say that palpitation is very rarely a sign of disease of the heart. The cause is an irritation of the nerves I thought about by impurity of the blood. In her case it was uric acid—the same poison that produces gout and rheumatism—arising from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has corrected the digestion and expelled the poi on from the blood, the heart, like other organs, did its work quietly.

But what a wonder is the human body, and how well the old German (Mother Seigel) nurse knew its secrets, both in health and disease.

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Sunday Reading.

THIS WEEK'S SHORT SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Barrill on the Great Error of Eliphaz.

He shall deliver the last of the innocent—Job xxii, 30.

Let us avoid the error of Eliphaz, the Temanite who, in reproving Job, maintained that the statute of requital is enforced in all cases, rigorously and exactly—that the world is governed on the principle of minute recompense—that sin is always followed by its equivalent of suffering in this present life. This is not so. To the rule of recompense we must allow for a great number of exceptions. The penalty does not always follow directly on the heels of sin. It is sometimes delayed, may be postponed for years, may possibly never be inflicted in this world at all.

And meantime the wicked flourish. They sit in places of honor and authority. As it is said, "The tabernacles of robbers do prosper, and they that provoke God are secure. They are not in trouble as other men. They increase in riches and their eyes stand out with fatness. Their houses are filled with good things and their seed is established before their eyes. They sow and do grow and bring forth fruit. Yes, I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay-tree."

You have seen it and I. How shall we account for that? Let us ask, like one who was perplexed of old, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?"

It is not because God is unobservant.

Nor is it because of any indifference on the part of God.

Nor is it for want of power. The tidemarks of the deluge, remaining plain upon the rocks even unto this day, attest what an angry God can do.

Why, then, is the sinner spared? And why is the just penalty of his guilt not laid upon us here and now?

Because the Lord is merciful. Sweep the whole heavens of philosophy for a reason and you shall find none but this, the Lord is merciful. He is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." He spares us, restrains His anger, holds out His hands, crying with the voice of conscience, and of His spirit and His bride, "Turn ye, turn ye!" What more can He do that He hath not done? It was this thought of God's patience that, coming to Daniel Webster as he lay dying, led him to say over and over to himself:

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting sinner live! Are not thy mercies large and free; May not a sinner trust in Thee?

A few practical inferences:

1. The fact that a sinner is afflicted here will not exempt him hereafter from the just penalty of his ill-doing. We say of a man sometimes when the darkest waves of life are rolling over him, "He is having his retribution now." But that cannot be. For sin is an infinite offense, and only an infinite penalty can expiate it.

2. The fact that a sinner does not suffer here is no evidence that he will always go free. "In the current of this world officer's guided hand may shove by justice: But 'tis not so above."

There the seal lies in its true nature. It is sometimes the case in earthly courts that if one under sentence of death receive a brief respite, he may take hope therefrom of a final and entire remission. But not so in God's great assize. If the sentence be suspended for a time—and for a definite end. The Roman emblem of Justice was an old man, with a two-edged sword, limping slowly but surely to his work.

3. The fact that all sin must be and is in every case, sooner or later, followed by suffering proves the absolute necessity of the vicarious pain of Jesus. The world was under condemnation; all men were dead in trespasses and sins; for all had sinned and death had passed upon all. There was no hope! But man's extremity is God's opportunity. He sent forth His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to bear in His own body on the tree the retribution that should have been laid upon us. So He redeemed the lost, yet did no violence to justice. And now it comes about that God can be just to the justifier of the ungodly.

HAND-SHAKING.

It is a Custom That We Should not by Any Means Let Die.

Around the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps because we ourselves were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities we arrive the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the Depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them christian salutation. Postponement of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general; it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

The church aisle may be made the road to heaven. Many a man who was unaffected by what the minister said has been

captured for God by the christian word of an unprejudiced layman on the way out. You may call personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance to hold a lock or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place in it the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to your shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the fore-arm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. Then let the custom be dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand, but let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusiastic, christian hand-shaking.

SYMPATHY.

Christ is Always Sympathetic, and Realizes All our Sorrows.

There is no warmer Bible phrase than this: "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The Divine nature is so vast and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have ever so many mishaps, the government at Ottawa would not hear of them, and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a throne against which strikes all our perplexities. What touches us touches Christ. What annoys us annoys Christ. What robs us robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are his members. He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that he merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of a yellow fever, or in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life sound nerves are a rarity. Human sympathy in the case I mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you. But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses, of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in something like this way, for he had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and his temperament was finely strung.

Chronic complaints, the rheumatism, the neuralgia, the dyspepsia, after a while cease to excite human sympathy, but with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you left the first twinge of inflamed muscle or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in his head. All the acute suffering you ever had in your feet is not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in his feet. By his own hand he fashioned your every bone, strong against every physical disorder. Disorder is patent to him and touches his sympathies.

A Lesson in Loyalty.

In the seventeenth century a king of England was beheaded. His eldest son was in exile. Would he ever occupy the throne to which his birth gave him a claim? It seemed improbable. Cromwell was firmly seated in the government and a great army was at his command. The followers of Charles were a scattered, beaten, demoralized band and Charles himself a lazy, incapable, pleasure-loving man, little likely ever to lead them to victory. Yet large numbers avowed themselves his friends at the risk of life and liberty. Some of them were compelled to leave home and all who possessed and well-went to him in his exile. Others stayed behind and plotted and worked secretly to win for him the crown. He will surely come, according to his promise. He will be a king who will rule in righteousness, whom it will be a delight to serve. They who are serving him now, who are winning subjects for him now, will be those whom he will honor. But they are those who acknowledge his sovereignty now, who obey his laws, who let him rule over their hearts and lives, and who sacrifice themselves, their time, and labor in his service.

A Faded Language.

Referring to the achievement just completed of publishing the Bible in the Swahili language Dr. Hodgson, who has been laboring in Africa, says: "In the continent of Africa there is one language which had the privilege of boasting itself the most accursed under the face of the sun; a language which has been used by the slave-dealers, who have travelled to all parts of Africa; and wherever they have gone they have taken that Swahili language with them. There is the opportunity—one language which, among all these varying tongues, is spoken in all parts of Africa. The Church Missionary Society began the work of translating the bible into that language nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Croft

commenced it; the Universities' Mission thirty years ago took it up; Dr. Steere, one of the greatest of our linguists of this age, set to work on the language; and now, this very year, the bible society has enabled us to make the most blessed language in all Central Africa. Wherever we go we are able now to present the people of the country with the Word of God in a language which they understand."

A Mission Girl in a Temple.

Dwelling on the good work the Zeman Mission is doing among the women of India, Dr. Pentecost related in the lecture the following incident of his recent tour: "I was visiting Jauri, fifteen miles from Poonah, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. On the top of a huge rock stands a hoary Hindu temple, an illustration at once of the power and degradation of heathenism. I was standing on the balcony of this temple in company with some officers and missionaries. We could see some forty or fifty women—priestesses of the temple—and hardly knowing what I was doing, I commenced to sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' My friends joined in the strain and then we all sang 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Looking down into the garden I saw a young girl about fourteen years of age; her little face was lighted up, and two great tears well-d from her eyes. I said to one of the lady missionaries, 'Miss Mitchell, go and speak to that girl.' She went down and spoke to her, and sang a simple Ma'r'at's hymn. The girl knelt down while the first verses were being sung, and then said, 'I know that; I can sing the rest of it,' which she did. This child had received just six months' training in one of the Zeman Society's schools. Though living amid those impure surroundings, without a friend or guide, deep down in the heart of this Indian child was the tender love of Jesus Christ, and no doubt by the grace of God she will be rescued from that terrible place."

Condon's Fall out the Nail Hole.

My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes, says J. B. De Motte. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally I plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"John," said he very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer."
"Yes, sir."
"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."
"Here they are."
"Will you drive the nail into the board?"
It was done.
"Please pull it out again."
"That's easy."
"Now, John," and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, "pull out the nail!"

Al! boys and girls, every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree—yes, a living soul—the scars remain.

Waiting For the Shadow.

An interesting explanation of the passage "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," etc. (Job 6: 2), is given by a traveller in the Holy Land. He says: "The people of the East customarily measure time by the length of their shadows. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, looks where his shadow terminates; then he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus they earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' If he is asked, 'Why did you not come sooner?' he replies, 'Because I waited for my shadow.'"

The Minister's Wife.

The spur of the congregation's criticism is not the only spur which urges on the pastor's wife. She knows she is expected to act as assistant pastor; the thought of being a disappointment to her husband and his people is intolerable to her. She cannot fall below the ideal set before her. Furthermore, her whole heart is in her husband's work. She sees the opportunities for doing good, for comforting sorrowful hearts, and winning immortal souls, and a wife, she feels, is on her if she fails to do her part. She loves the people among whom he works, and gladly gives herself for them.

False Impressions.

Amongst the thousand and one false impressions abroad is that a church is set for the light of the Gospel within a certain geographical bound, not over large, from which the people may come and hear the preacher proclaim the truths of God. There are no geographical lines that bind any parish, save the lines of the whole earth. The influence of a church is to be as wide and far-reaching as its members radiate out in social and business life, as far as their letters go, the length of their friendships and acquaintances, the bounds of their influence. This is the extent of their responsibility.

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."—Psalm 116: 12, 14.

"When Daniel knew that the writing was signed (the decree that he be cast into the den of lions), he went into his house, and his windows being open toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed."—Daniel 6: 10.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."—Isaiah 54: 13.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm 20: 6.

"How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."—Psalm 36: 7, 8.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."—1 Timothy 4: 6.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

HOW IT WAS FOUND BY A LANARK COUNTY LADY.

She Had Suffered for Years from Weakness and Pains in the Back—Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

(From Brockville Recorder.)

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, live Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pains at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the sciatica which had so long afflicted her, she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says, "I feel now not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, an eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, and so contain a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Every Inch a King.

Perhaps there are no royal personages in Europe more popular among their subjects than King Humbert of Italy and his charming Queen, and this is hard to be wondered at when their kindness of heart is remembered. Not long since the King was awarded a gold medal by a State Commission, for civil valor. On one occasion he was the gallant of a house in Rome which was crushed down for hours by heavy timbers he constantly administered wine, and spoke words of pity and comfort to another man, who feebly tried to thank him, he answered—

"Don't talk now; it will only make you worse."

At no moment did he seem to think of anything but the needs of those around him, except when he ordered a message to the Queen, who was waiting luncheon for him, telling her not to be uneasy, as he might not be able to return for some hours. The King resolutely refused to leave the spot until all the inmates of the house were rescued.

Went by Scott's "Marmion."

I recall the story of the change of name the late Frederick Douglass made from Lloyd to Douglass, as he told it to us. He had escaped from slavery and was in New Bedford among newly-made friends. As efforts to capture him would surely be made by his master, these friends decided that it would be wise to give him a new name. What should it be? "You may give me any name you choose," said he, "so that you leave me the name of Frederick, for my mother gave me that name because she liked it." At this moment the grandfather of the household entered into the discussion. He chanced to be reading Scott's poems, so popular at that period. He opened the volume, where his finger still held the place where he had just read: "The hand of Douglas— Frederick Douglass—listen: 'The hand of Douglas is his own.'" A charming incident, and best of all, a veritable one, as I have often heard Mr. Douglass tell it.

A Hoarse Prayer.

M. Pan, who has a very small nose, one day gave a coin to a poor fellow who, in thanking him, said: "God preserve your sight."
"Why my sight?" said M. Pan.
"Because, if you happen to lose it, you could not wear any spectacles."

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Ira Cornwall, Gen'l Agent,

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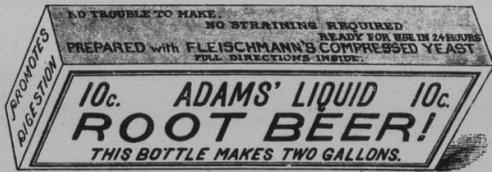
The prize winning advertisements will become our property and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS:—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age.
2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.

3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.

REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again.
N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor.

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Agents for New Brunswick



LITTLE NAN.

Written for PROGRESS.

It was the close of a hot summer day; Elisabeth Farren dropped her busy hands in her lap, and bent forward slightly to watch the passers by.

The quaint yellow stone cottage in which she lived stood well back from the road in its own grounds; the door was at the side, where the flower garden was laid out in beds of bloom; the window at which Elisabeth sat looking down to the road. Two fine cherry trees, well laden with fruit, stood near the gate; Elisabeth could remember when they were planted. She and Nancy and Jack had all looked on, and now she was the only one left; and getting quite old, she told herself, thirty years old next week; why, even Jack would not know her if he ever came back; but there was small chance of that, fourteen years was a long, long time, and 'most soon' forget. "We were only children," she thought, but a tender light shone in her eyes, as she lived again in the bygone times. And Nancy, little Nancy, the pet and darling of the house. Oh! who could say where she was? And the tears started to Elisabeth's eyes.

A voice broke in on her musings, "Elisabeth, do watch those boys, and see they don't steal the cherries."

Elisabeth rose, and the next moment passed the window, on her way to the gate. Leaning over it she watched the passing school boys out of sight, then slowly returned to the house, breaking off a spray of wild roses as she passed, and tucking them in her belt returned to find all in confusion, where she had left peace. To find the invalid mother in tears, and her own name being called in angry accents by her father, and the cause of all this disturbance—a little child.

Seated in the middle of the floor, where she had been discovered, two seconds before, by the angry old man; vainly trying to replace a shoe on an obstinate little foot, was a tiny little girl, with her blue eyes very wide open as she contemplated the disturbed countenances before her. Elisabeth gazed in speechless amazement. There was no child there when she left the room, and no one had passed her; it would be a bold child indeed who entered those gates while Squire Farren was able to be about. This evidently was a bold child, for it was not in the least disturbed by its position, but gazed calmly around as if at home.

"How did she come here? Who dared to bring her?" stormed the squire.

"Hush, Father, you will frighten her, I will try to find out," and Elisabeth dropped on her knees by the little one, with a queer pain at her heart, as she noticed a strange resemblance to that long lost sister of whom she had been thinking only that afternoon. Did they notice it? she wondered.

"Who are you, dear?" she asked. The child looked up in mild wonder. "I'm little Nan," came in calm baby tones. A burst of tears from the sofa, and an impatient exclamation from the squire greeted this answer.

"But where's your home?" asked Elisabeth, trying in vain to keep her voice from trembling. A burst of merry laughter came from the merry lips, and the owner evidently thought it all a joke, as she answered, "Yie here, of course."

Squire Farren made a hasty step forward, this was no joke to him.

"Stop this fooling at once, Elisabeth: he ordered roughly. "Where did you come from, child? Who brought you here? Tell me at once."

"Little Nan" seemed to realize that it was no joke, now, for her pretty underlip dropped, and with a genuine howl of fright, she took refuge in Elisabeth's arms, hiding her face on her shoulder, and sobbing out some unintelligible speech, of which the words "Zick," "told me," and "little Nan," oft repeated, were all that Elisabeth could understand.

"What does she say?" asked the squire, chafing helplessly under the storm he had brought upon himself.

"I think she is trying to tell us, that someone she calls Jack brought her, and told her this was her home."

"I'll wager he did. Some thriftless scamp trying to foist his child on us. But I'll find him; I'll have him put in jail. Children! indeed, I've had enough children, I think. No child shall stop here, mind that, ma'am, and with an angry glance at the sofa on which his wife lay, still sobbing, Squire Farren stamped out, to search the grounds and village, and expend his wrath on a police force, that spent all their time in the ale-house, instead of running in the tramps who stole and left their children at other people's doors.

The Squire's search was unsuccessful; for of course it never occurred to him, that the stranger, who arrived by the late afternoon train and was staying at the inn, could have had anything to do with the child who had startled them; even though the gentleman had left his luggage at the station, and walked the whole way in, and seemed to take such an interest in his search. He walked home, swearing softly to himself all the way, for it was something new for him to find himself thwarted. The sitting room was empty, save for his wife on her sofa, from which she rarely moved in the daytime. Today there was a shade

of pink in her cheeks, and she looked more animated than her husband had seen her look for years. She had faded slowly since the day her youngest daughter, the pride of her father's heart, had dared to cross his will, and marry the poor struggling doctor she loved with all her heart, instead of the wealthy man he had chosen for her.

The Squire never spoke to her again. He told her to choose between her doctor and her home, and she made a choice, and passed out of their lives. That the one on whom he had lavished the most of his love should have dared to cross his will, was more than the proud, self-willed man could bear; her name was never spoken before him, was rarely spoken even by Elisabeth, for the least mention upset her mother, and the least sign of agitation on her part would call up the demon of ill-temper, which rarely slept now, in the Squire's heart. He had nursed his pride and ill-will, until he had become a slave to them, and though he saw that the separation from her daughter was slowly breaking his wife's heart, he loved his own way too well to give it up even for her sake. Something in her look today, took him back to old times, and he stooped and kissed her, before asking, in a milder tone than he had thought possible a minute before:

"Where's that child? Has Elisabeth found its parents?"

"No, Robert. She sobbed herself to sleep, so Elisabeth went to lay her down on her bed. Did you find who she belonged to?"

"They took pretty good care not to let me find them. But they need not think I'm going to keep her. She goes to the workhouse tomorrow."

I think the Squire fully expected his wife to protest, when he would have had the pleasure of maintaining his own way regardless of any one else; but the little woman was wise in some things and knew from experience that opposition only made her husband keener after his own way, so she said nothing; privately thinking it a good sign that he had not insisted on her going tonight.

Elisabeth slept little that night, it was such a new sensation to feel tiny arms around her; and the likeness and name awoke a hundred conjectures. She stepped softly about the room in the morning, till a merry laugh told her the little visitor was awake, and had evidently slept off the fright of last night. A bewitching little picture she made, with her tangled golden curls, and rosy cheeks; not one mite afraid of her new surroundings, she sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes with her tiny fists, and looking Elisabeth up and down, in an old-fashioned way that was irresistibly funny.

"Well, do you know who I am?" asked Elisabeth, laughing, stroking the golden tangle as she spoke.

The answer astonished her, for instead of the laughing "no" she expected, Nan answered calmly. "You is aunt Bess, isn't you?"

"Who told you that, little Nan?" asked Elisabeth breathlessly.

"Muzzer told me, and Zick, Zick had a picture, but you was a little girl in it, and he said to call you 'aunt Bess,' but I said, 't'ause muzzer said 'aunt Bess,' and I muzzer knows."

Elisabeth's heart beat so quickly, she was forced to sit down, before she could speak again. It was true then, the suspicion she had had, and this was really Nancy's child, her own little niece. She needed no further proof than the names of her childhood: who had ever called her by them but the little sister, and the playmate of long ago. And then it came to her to wonder how they had come together, and where was Jack now.

But a call from her father told her she had no time to waste in questioning, and hastily dressing little Nan, she led her into the dining-room.

"What made you so late? Your mother wants you," said the squire testily. "And can't you keep that child out of my sight till she goes to the workhouse?" Elisabeth turned and faced him, her face white, in expectation of the storm of rage which would burst upon her. "Father," she said, and her voice trembled as she spoke, for she was not a naturally brave woman, "father, I am sure that this is Nancy's child. I have obeyed you all these years, though I have longed to know something of my sister, but if you send little Nan away, you will send me too."

She waited with drooping head for the storm to burst, but the Squire had no words ready. That his meek, quiet daughter who had borne his overbearing temper so patiently, should suddenly oppose his will was too much. The old man felt as if he had received a shock.

Elisabeth, finding herself unanswered, caught up a tray on which her mother's breakfast was set, and hastened from the room, forgetting in her excitement, the innocent cause of it.

When the Squire's astonishment and wrath had cooled sufficiently to allow him to speak, he found himself as he imagined alone, and going over the speech which had enraged him in his mind again, he wandered away from it into the long ago, called up by the name that was never long absent from his mind though never spoken.

Squire Farren was in his chair to all appearances, but in reality he was far away, wandering through the lanes, with an imperious little maiden tugging at his hand, and demanding the roses which grew beyond his reach.

Was he still in the long ago, or was he dreaming? Surely this was Nancy herself, demanding her breakfast in an injured tone. He came to himself with a start. Little Nan, tired of being left to herself, had crept to his side. "I'm hungry, give Nan her bekta's, please," came again in a plaintive tone.

With the old memories still fresh in his mind, Squire Farren lifted the little girl on a chair, and proceeded to spread her bread, and pour her milk. It seemed like a dream to him as he did it, and he half hoped he would not wake up.

"Take 'you own bekta's, dranna," said Nan, regarding him with wondering eyes.

The squire woke up then, but he woke up from more than his dreams. Seeing tears in his eyes the little one left her chair, and climbing on his knee, patted his face with her tiny hands, and besought him "not to cry," adding as a special comfort, "Muzzer will be here soon."

The squire down and cried like a child, but the tears and little Nan's soft fingers loosened the icy band around his heart, and the seeds of love and goodwill sprang up there. Elisabeth came to the door, and paused there, amazed at the sight which met her view, then softly turning away to bear the good news to her mother.

A little later the Squire was summoned to the study there to find, in the person of the courteous stranger, who had been so interested in his search the day before; the boy, who had grown up with his children, till his father's removal from the village. Jack Gibson told his tale in a straight-forward, manly way, though there was evidently a slight uneasiness in his mind as to how the squire would receive it. Making his way slowly homeward, on the death of his father; he had come across Nancy, a widow, with one little girl, living in a town not very far away. Together they had formed the plan of letting the little one find her way to the Squire's heart, before the mother begged for that forgiveness she was not too sure of receiving. So Jack had brought Nan on, and entering the garden through a side wicket, familiar to him long ago, had watched his chance to leave her. Accustomed to meeting strangers, and having known of these new relations all her life, little Nan had done the rest, and Jack was well pleased to leave the house bearing the message for "muzzer to come soon." He did not leave the grounds however, till he had transacted a piece of business on his own account, and convinced Elisabeth that some men had excellent memories.

There was a wedding in the old village church not long after these events, but the chief interest of the onlookers was centred in a tiny little bridesmaid, whom it was quite evident was of more importance to Squire Farren than even the bride.

A. PENNE.

Yet to be found.

Old traditions die hard. The story that Bonaparte put a cheque for one hundred thousand francs in a silver five-franc piece, and that the coin is yet in circulation in France, has many believers. They say that the piece did not want the five-franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination the Emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The cheque, or Treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin. It would be interesting to know, if this story be true, how many five franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the cheque was first circulated.

Blackie on Sticking.

The late Professor Blackie had a pleasant house, Alton-craig, picturesquely situated among trees on one of the hills which overlook the lovely Bay of Oban, and he was formerly a familiar figure in the little town; but since the invasion of the railway, in 1880, he had almost deserted it. He used to be seen abroad in a grey blouse suit, with a red silk sash round his waist, as a variation upon the plaid, and, indoors or out, was generally humming a cheerful tune. "Sing, sing, man, sing!" said he, one day, to a good Scot with whom he lodged for a time. "Why don't ye sing? Ye'll never go to the devil if ye sing!"

Ups and Downs in South Africa.

A writer in the South African Standard and Diggers' News describes some of the characters to be met with in Johannesburg. Here, shuffling along, goes a grizzled old gentleman selling newspapers, who a little while ago was a prosperous merchant in Natal. There, another unwashed tattered demagogue, who was once a well-to-do business man on the very streets he now haunts; and here, again another scarecrow, casting hungry, fidgeting glances into the bars, was

AN OLD LADY OF OVER 80 YEARS. HER RIGHT SIDE WAS BADLY PARALYZED.

Her Sufferings Were Such That She Wished to Die.

Paine's Celery Compound Saved Her Life and Renewed Her Strength.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR THE OLD AND YOUNG.

It is now an established fact that our dear fathers and mothers and our grandparents can have their lives prolonged, and their years made happy and joyous by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Many old people suffer from nerve troubles, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, sleeplessness and terrible paralysis. With such dangerous disease clinging to them, they are liable to drop off at any moment. If we are truly and honestly interested in the welfare of the old people, we will anxiously seek to use the agency that will best meet their troubles. In the past, thousands of our aged people have been rescued from death by Paine's Celery Compound and are now enjoying a happy old age. Every week new testimony is received from old people, as well as from their friends and relations, lauding the strength and rejuvenating powers of earth's best medicine. Mrs. James Cain, of Perot Settlement, N. S. now in her eighty first year, has just sent in convincing and cheering testimony regarding the value of Paine's Celery Compound; she writes as follows: "I am happy to state that Paine's Celery Compound has been a great blessing to me. In November, 1893, the whole of my right side was paralyzed, and the doctor said I was too weak to take much medicine; I managed, however, to use a little, and was able to sit up for a short time, but felt so bad, that I wished to die, as I thought death would be a great relief to me. In my weak condition I began using Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle gave me relief. I continued to use the compound, and I have gained health, strength, and flesh, and my friends say I look quite healthy. Although in my eighty first year, my limbs are getting stronger, and I hope soon to be quite myself again. I would advise all who suffer from paralysis, and other troubles, to use Paine's Celery Compound and the Willis English Pills that accompany the compound, and if properly used, they will surely cure."

B. B. B. CURES DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION

THE SECRET Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine. Thus it CURES all diseases affecting these or other parts of the system, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Obsolete Humors, Old Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervous or General Debility, and all irregularities of the system, caused by Bad Blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver or Kidneys. Thousands of testimonials warrant the assertion that B. B. B. is the BEST SPRING MEDICINE FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

for some time a responsible manager of one of the leading banks

Cure for Writers' Cramp.

Some stir has recently been made by the announcement of the discovery of a cure for writers' cramp. Massage and light gymnastics are given as the curative treatment. It is now about fifteen years since this course, with certain additions, was pursued by a number of persons in an American city. The same treatment has also been used as a cure for telegraphers' cramp or paralysis. One case in point occurred during the last illness of President Garfield. One of the most expert telegraphists in the United States was so far overtaxed that his arm became numb, and there was a very visible contraction and shriveling of the muscles. A person who had been cured of cramp by the process mentioned advised the young man to try massage, using at the same time applications of hot glycerine well rubbed into the muscles. For about five weeks the patient persisted in this treatment with the most satisfactory results, as the muscles regained all of their elasticity and the numbness and pain entirely disappeared. Since that time scores of persons have successfully tried the remedy.

Where Applause is Lacking

At the English court on the occasion of a state entertainment applause is unknown, and the writer of this paragraph has heard Mme. Albani sing some of her most beautiful notes, the only signal of success being an impressive hush on the part of the audience, and a gentle tapping on the hand by the Princess of Wales with her fan.

Summer Styles Run to Full, Flaring Effects. Fibre Chamols being lighter in weight than any other interior, will not these styles without making your costume a burden in its weight. Fibre Chamols is stiff and full of spring, properties which it retains to the end in spite of crushing or dampness. It is wide, 64 inches, and cheap, 35c. per yard; and will outlast any material, never pulling at the seams. In 3 weights, the light weight being most suitable for summer fabrics. Every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamols is Labeled. Registered July 1890, Trade Mark Registered. The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamols Co., Montreal.



Hire's Root Beer.

Is made direct from the finest and freshest roots, herbs, berries and flowers. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Refuse All Worthless Imitations and Substitutes.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress standing at a counter with a man behind it. The counter has a sign that says 'Guerre Progress' and other text. The woman is looking at the man, who is looking at the camera.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

My attention has lately been drawn to the following item which has appeared in numerous Canadian papers, and has recently been made the subject of comment in "The Church Guardian." The item appeared last month, and it may seem rather

consider themselves entitled to the prefix of "christian" would be both surprised and shocked if anyone told them that they had deliberately insulted their Saviour and publicly turned their backs upon Him by ignoring one of his last commands—"When



MOURNING AND HALF MOURNING GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of figured silk crepon, made in blouse fashion, with embroidered collar and bows of purple grosgrain ribbon. The figure on the left shows andorra cloth, princess shape, with crape panel plaits. The revers and sleeves are embroidered with dull jet.

relate in the day to notice it, but as I have not seen any reference made to the starting information it contains, in any of our maritime papers, it seems only fitting that a widely circulated journal like PROGRESS should contain some expression of opinion concerning it. This remarkable paragraph runs thus—
OTTAWA, April 8.—The National Council of Women, of which Lady Aberdeen is president, has decided to drop the Lord's prayer in the opening of the meeting. This has been done to meet the views of all creeds.

yo pray say "Our Father—" But at the same time that is exactly what they have done by their arrogant decision to "drop the Lord's prayer" when they are opening their meetings.
It has always been one of woman's proudest missions in this world to maintain the cause of religion, to preserve a reverence for sacred things on the part of man, and to aid her sterner, and more careless companion in keeping up the traditions of his childhood, in every way in her power. Often and often have I heard clergymen say that it was to the women of their congregations that they looked for aid and support in all matters of religion and if there were no women there would soon be no churches.
It is the mothers of children who first teach them to lip words of prayer, the mothers of boys who exhort their sons to remember the Lord in the days of their youth, and never to be ashamed to con-

long ago—"Our Father which art in Heaven."
And yet today it is the women of Canada, and those belonging to the most enlightened, intelligent, and it is to be supposed, most christian class, who are taking the initiative, and setting their brethren the example of dropping the Lord's prayer, and openly asserting their ability to continue their deliberations without invoking His blessing, or indeed without any reference to Him at all! It is enough to make the hair of a woman who is not "advanced" literally stand on end! We hear a great deal about the Manitoba school question lately, and are in a measure familiar with the proposition to drop all religious teachings in certain public gatherings, but though the idea was almost abhorrent at first, it was easy for a thoughtful man, or woman to see the reason of such a proposal, but for an independent body of Christian women to resolve to put such an idea in practice at their meetings is quite another matter. And the reason assigned "to meet the views of all classes" has, a most contemptible and time serving sound. What earthly class is there in Canada whose views would be met by the exclusion of this prayer from the meeting, I had always imagined that the Lord's prayer, like the bible, was non-sectarian, since there is scarcely any place of worship one can enter without hearing it at some stage of the service, so that unless The National Council of Women with a staunch presbyterian peeress at its head, intends admitting infidels to its ranks and contemplates trying to meet them half way, I cannot see where the necessity for the change comes in.
Of course it is very nice to be independent, and feel sufficient unto oneself. But when it comes to feeling able to get along without invoking the blessing of God the Son upon the deliberations of this important Council, it looks as if self sufficiency were being carried just a little too far, and reminds one forcibly of a verse beginning—"Ashamed of Jesus that dear Friend, on whom my hopes of Heaven depend." I trust most sincerely that either the Council may have been unintentionally misrepresented, or that it may be ashamed into reversing its decision at an early day, because, as one of the papers quoting the Ottawa notice, pertinently remarked, "But supposing the Lord should drop the National Council of Women—then What? Probably the result might be more disastrous than they think."
ASTRA.

He Deceived the People
And is in the Penitentiary for a Year.
(From the Lowell Morning Citizen)
At Atlantic, Iowa, on May 7, C. M. Ailor, alias "Crip," Ailor was convicted of deceiving the people by selling a worthless compound, which he represented to be Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was sentenced to the Iowa State Penitentiary. Ailor's methods were those of a traveling salesman. He has been traveling through Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, making stands of a day or more at each town, and representing himself as an agent under salary from C. I. Hood & Co., and selling his concoction, giving with each sale various other worthless articles. Citizens of Griswold, Iowa, became suspicious, and ascertaining from a druggist that Ailor's compound was not Hood's Sarsaparilla, but merely colored water, had him arrested. Three indictments were found against him, the jury convicted him after only thirty minutes deliberation, and he was sentenced as above. This incident suggests the wisdom of purchasing medicines only of reputable dealers whom you know. Hood's Sarsaparilla is never sold by peddlers, and such offering it should be at once reported to the authorities, or to C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell, Mass.

A Fable of the Season.
Once upon a time the Sun and the Wind disputed as to which was the strongest. Presently a wayfarer approached, and to settle their difference, they agreed that superiority should be conceded to that one who could pronounce the most marked effect upon the man.
"Oh, I won't do a thing to him," remarked the Wind and blew violently.
But the wayfarer only drew his coat more closely about him and tossed down a ball or two of Medford.
"Now watch me," said the Sun, and shone fervidly, whereat the wayfarer to ought it was spring and changed his flannels.
Whenever thereafter the Wind became boastful, the Sun had but to point to a little mound in the churchyard.

Fair Warning for the Court.
The unmarried woman of uncertain age was on the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney, for some reason, was disposed to nag her.
"I believe," he said, "let you gave your name as Mary Howitt, unmarried?"
"I did," she replied stubbornly.
"And what is your age?"
"I decline to answer."
"But the Court wishes to know."
"It's none of the Court's business," snapped the witness.
"The witness will answer the question," frowned the judge.
"The witness will do nothing of the kind," replied the lady.
"The court insists," said the Judge.
"And why?" asked the witness. "Will I tell the truth with any less impartiality whether I am twenty or seventy?"
The Judge was thinking of a fitting answer when the prosecutor put in:
"May it please the Court," he said severely, "this is contempt, and should be punished accordingly."
The witness smiled most exasperatingly.
"May it please the Court," she said, in close imitation of the prosecutor, "you may fine me for contempt if you wish, but it will



CHILDREN'S HOME AND SCHOOL DRESSES.

The figure at the right shows blouse costume of hunter's green cloth with chin-chilla bands and with gumpes and sleeves of white cloth embroidered in gold. There is a flat hat with mauve bows and shaded plumes. The central figure is in biscuit cloth, stitched with braid. There are two pockets, a flat bonnet with wings and green velvet bows. The costume on the left is of gray tulle over royal-purple velveteen. The gray is embroidered in purple and green. There is a diagonal pocket, embroidered and bound with fur. The poke bonnet of brown felt has green ribbon and purple plumes.

unworthy of the sacred name of woman; and as there has been no process discovered as yet, by which they can be changed into men, it seems to me that the part played by the working-women in a hive, is the only role in which they would shine to any vast extent.
I daresay these ladies, who no doubt

not make me answer. Your Honor and the gentleman who asks me the question are elected to the office you fill by the people, and you are both willing to be elected again. Imprison me if you wish, I shall not answer; but I will say to both of you now, that when the people know you have punished a woman for refusing to tell her age, you will never be elected again in a thousand years. Women have some rights that are bound to be respected, and public sentiment has accorded us this one. So, there."
The Judge looked down at the prosecutor and the prosecutor looked up at the Judge, and the question was passed.

The Russet Shoe

That was to have died several seasons ago is more alive than ever. We have all Shapes and Shades in our stock and
Give to Each Purchaser
a small package of Day & Martin's Russet Cream.
61 King Street, 212 Union Street.

Waterbury & Rising, Shoe Distributors.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Featherbone Skirt Bone

For Giving Style and Shape to Ladies Dresses
A light, pliable, elastic bone, made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress.
The only Skirt Bone that may be wet with out injury.
The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material.
For Sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.40
Express for Halifax..... 12.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50
Express for Sussex..... 12.50
A Parcel Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.50 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.50
Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.50
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and lighted between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.
THE POPULAR AND SHOOT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.
(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)
On and after WEDNESDAY, 1st May, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:
EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:
Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.20 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:
Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.45 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.45 p. m. Arrive Annapolis, 6.30 p. m.
Leave Annapolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 11.10 a. m.
Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company, at Yarmouth, with the ship Company for Boston; at Middleton, with the train of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Valley Valley Branch for Canaan and King pass, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.
For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Freight Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., or to W. H. Campbell, General Manager, K. Sutherland, Superintendent.

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COMMENCING April 28th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lewiston and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 a. m. (Sunday excepted). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 p. m. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Eastport. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 p. m. C. E. LAROCHE, Agent.

A DOG IN CHURCH.
 All the Congregation interested in an incident of a Summer Day.
 "You might think," said a church usher, "that there was nothing to do in a church but seat people; but, dear me, strange things are happening all the time. One summer day, when the church doors were open, I saw a dog appear. I stood at the back of the pews just beyond the end of the middle aisle, and the dog stood right at the end of the aisle, looking at me and wagging his tail. He was a nice-looking dog, a sort of red dog, shaggy and gentle looking, but of course church was no place for him. But he was near the aisle than I was, and he was bound to make the tour of the church, and I was sure he would start down the middle aisle the moment I made any serious effort to put him out. Still I advanced toward him with a friendly bearing and outstretched hand, hoping that he would stand still. I could get between him and the aisle. He wagged his tail good-humoredly when he saw me approach, but before I could get near enough to cut him off he started down the aisle, so softly that nobody heard him, and nobody heard him, and nobody saw him until he had passed."

"In one of the pews, about half way down the aisle, sat a little girl with one hand resting on the arm of the pew. The dog halted here, and with his nose gently pushed the little girl's hand off the pew. She snatched it away and looked around wonderingly, and saw for the first time the dog standing there wagging his tail and looking at her. She laughed outright; and then the dog wagged his tail more and started on again. By this time everybody was interested in him.
 "He kept on down the middle aisle, past the pulpit, and around the end of one of the blocks of pews toward a side aisle, and started along the side aisle toward the rear of the church again. Then the sexton started up the side aisle from the rear of the church, intending to drive the dog out, but when the dog saw him coming he wagged his tail and turned and started back the way he had come and around into the middle aisle again. He stopped there once and turned toward the pulpit and looked up at the minister, wagging his tail all the time; he seemed to be the best natured dog that ever lived.
 "Then he turned once more and started backed. He came down to where he had started and then trotted along the base of the pews and out of the church by a door opposite to the one by which he had entered. The instant he stepped through door we heard the most tremendous uproar; he had met another dog outside."

"As a matter of fact, I suppose our dog had come into the church to escape the other dog; he didn't want to fight, and I suppose he thought if the other dog saw him go into a church he'd feel kind of ashamed of himself and go away. But he didn't; he just hung around outside and waited. The preacher dog was diplomatic, you see, too; he went out by a different door from the one he came in at, thinking, no doubt, that the dog that wanted to fight would wait for him where he came in, and away quietly he went out at the other door, but the other dog must have guessed his intentions, for he was waiting for him there.
 "Our dog didn't want to fight, but he didn't run away; good-natured, shaggy, and gentle as he was, he pitched in and fought like a champion. Between them they made more noise than an earthquake. It pretty nearly broke up the gravity of the entire congregation, and the sexton had to go out and drive them away; so we never knew how the fight came out."

CAMPAIGN FUN IN TENNESSEE.
 The Coon's Remark to the Possum and the Possum's Reply.

"Bob Taylor, who is now here on a lecturing tour, is the leading wit and wag of the South by odds," said Colonel William A. Henderson, counsel for the Southern Railway, at the Ebbitt last night.
 "A good story is told concerning the famous campaign between Bob and Alf for the Tennessee Governorship a few years since. Bob foresaw that he would surely defeat Alf in the race, and so, to add zest to the debate, he invented a fable which he told at Alf's expense. It was this: On one occasion a coon, who was very thirsty, came to a well, out of which the water had to be drawn by a bucket attached to either end of a rope on a windlass. The coon fell on the plan of getting into the empty well bucket, and, by means of his own weight, descending to the water below. Once down in the well, it dawned on Mr. Coon that there was no way by which he could raise himself out of the well. While pondering over the problem he emptied an opossum at the well. "Come down and get a drink," said Mr. Coon to Mr. Possum. "Thanks, I believe I will," and the opossum entered the empty bucket at the top of the well. As he started down the coon started up, and as the buckets passed midway of the well the coon remarked:
 "The world goes round and round, And some go up and some go down."
 "Bob won in the race. On election night he telegraphed this couplet of Alf as a greeting over the result. Four years went by and Bob wound up his last term as Governor and retired from the arena of public life. At the same time Alf was triumphantly elected to Congress from the First Tennessee district. On election night he telegraphed Bob:
 "The world goes round and round, And some go up and some go down."

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 It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurvy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.
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WILLIAM CLARK

MR. YOCKEY AND THE BEAR.
 He and Two of Them in a Cave and Two More Outside.
 John Yockey, the Carondelet grocer, has just returned to St. Louis, from a month's hunting expedition in Colorado, and has to show as a result of his outing a deer skin and head with massive antlers and the well-preserved hides of a coyote, two bears, a beaver, a badger, a wildcat and a wolf. Of course there is a story in connection with each animal bagged, but the most thrilling was the encounter with the bear.
 Mr. Yockey had killed pretty much everything else in the regions of Colorado except one of these monsters. So one morning, with his cog, he set forth into the mountains "loaded for bear," as he expressed it. He had gotten pretty well tangled up among the rocks and shrubbery, and had not shot at a thing for hours, when suddenly from behind a rock not twenty feet away a huge monster crossed his path and came toward him with open mouth. The sportsman recognized in a minute that a desperate fight was on, for the beast bore unmistakable signs of extreme hunger. The thought had no more than crossed his mind than he grew somewhat nervous, and though an experienced hunter it was his first bear, and the thing was making right toward him.
 In an instant a shot rang out, but to no purpose; another and another, but the beast had not been hit once, and the barking of the dog, which was a cowardly animal, had not served to check the bear in her course. Mr. Yockey took the best course possible, and fled, stopping occasionally to fire a shot at his pursuer. At last a bullet took effect in the bear's fore-paw and caused a lameness and a slackening of her speed, for it was a female, as the hunter afterward found. The last bullet had been fired from his Winchester, and he was retreating too rapidly to reload.
 As, finally, as he stepped along, he noticed a cave in the side of the hill and big boulders lying about its mouth. He decided to enter this, roll a rock to the entrance, reload and open fire from his breastworks. His dog still barked at a safe distance from the brute, who despite her wound, had not lost ground; but as Mr. Yockey is a heavy-set man, soon commenced to overtake him. To enter the cave on hands and knees, and with superhuman effort roll a stone to the entrance was the work of some seconds, and while he tugged and tugged the pursuer seemed to rush on with redoubled speed, and, seeing Jim in the cave, set up most terrific growl. The growl seemed to be a signal of some kind, for, back in the darkness of the cavern, there came echoing cries of other monsters. Mr. Yockey found himself between two fires. A wounded infuriated beast approaching without and unknown monsters making demonstrations within. He faltered an instant at the risk and stood aghast, but finally decided to risk the unknown rather than the wounded bear.
 ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.
 How a Scotch Girl Met Her Old Lover in San Francisco.
 A year ago a traveller from the United States, visiting the "old country," was on his way from Glasgow to the south, when he had occasion to leave his train at a big coal-and-steel-working center, on the Caledonian railway lines, a few miles south of the city. Having nothing to do for half an hour he walked up the principal street, and entering a bookseller's shop called for a newspaper.
 While in the shop he heard two ladies conversing on church matters. One of them spoke highly of the meritorious work that was being quietly done by a certain young lady deaconess in connection with one of the churches of Scotland congregations in the town, and the name of the lady mentioned was the name of his sweetheart, from whom he had been parted at their home in the north of Scotland years before. The aphorism about the course of true love and its smoothness was justified in their case, and he had left for a foreign country to make his fortune. He was now a rich man with one unrealized dream. In a quiet way he made inquiry, and discovered that the young lady deaconess was at home enjoying a well-earned holiday. His Frisco south was given up, and the first train northwards from M—bore the Frisco to Aberdeenshire.
 A few days later, when the young deaconess was again seen in the dingy streets, there was a new light in her eyes.
 Meanwhile, the rover had hurried back to Frisco and set about building a splendid home for his future companion. She, on her part, worked in her own quiet winning way, until at length came a telegram announcing that all was in readiness, and asking her to leave at once.
 She said "good-bye" quietly to her many friends, and, the other day, bade farewell to the smoky Lanarkshire town and left for San Francisco, where there is every reason to believe she and her old sweetheart will live happy "ever after."
 A Night Mistake.
 Gent—How come you to put your hand in my pocket?
 Pickpocket—Beg your pardon. I am so absent-minded. I had once a pair of pants just like those you are wearing.
 The reason when catarrh is most troublesome is now upon us. This irritating and troublesome disease is caused by one of the most powerful of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will effect a complete cure in the most obstinate cases.
 Twenty-five cents' worth of Hawker's catarrh cure may save you many dollars. It cures cold in the head instantly.
 Use Dr. Manning's ointment for pain and swelling. It is the best pain-killer you can get.
 These putrescent catarrh cures, Hawker's catarrh cure, are the best in the world.

Anæmic Women
 with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.
Scott's Emulsion
 takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children. Send for our pamphlet, Mailed FREE. Scott & Bowne, Baltimore. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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IN A KEEPSUOKY COURT.
 Both Sides Starred for Their guns and the Dog in Dispute vanished.
 Garnettesville, Meade county, is 23 miles from Louisville. The town lies at the foot of a hill. The residents are much given to law and lawsuits. The magistrates' courts which are held there are always interesting and sometimes sensational. In Squire Payne's court last week there was a trial with a sensational ending about a cur dog. At one time the trial became so interesting that the spectators and the jury and the gray-haired squire all hunted around for places of safety.
 The dog's name was Bob. He was a mangy liver-and-white spotted cur and believed he could be the subject of a lawsuit. But he barked well at nights when people rode by on the road. Frank Summers owned the dog two years ago, and about that time it is claimed, Summers gave the dog to Bung Withers and his two sons, Ven and Sid. After this there was always trouble, for Bob had a habit of following his old master. Many hard words resulted and lawsuits were threatened many times. Not long ago, Summers rode past Withers' house, and it so happened that Bob had been left untied. As soon as the dog saw his old master he jumped over the fence and followed him, barking at his horses' heels out of pure delight.
 The next day Mr. Withers and his sons came after the dog. They did not get him. A few days after they brought suit to recover the dog and the case was tried last week. The court was held on the front porch of a little red brick house on the main street of the town. The men were there with their mud bespattered boots and jeans clothing; the women in clean and well-starched calico frocks. The young men played the square ringed marble game, and the old men sat about and whittled while the squire arranged his important papers. The constable was there and the jury took their seats on the empty soap boxes. Then the young men stopped their marble playing and the old men their whittling and all gathered closer. Of course Bob was there, in the centre of the assembly, and after much wrangling and speechmaking the testimony was all in.
 Then the squire pulled his glasses a little further down toward the end of his nose. He was deciding an important case and it took time. The crowd waited patiently while he coughed a number of times and then read a chapter in the Code of Practice. The end of it was that he told Withers that Bob was his dog, and should be returned to him. The jury thought so, too, but the plaintiff did not think so, and he said what he thought very forcibly. He walked up and down the porch and waved his cane thick and fast. Finally Mr. Withers said: "Frank Summers, I have taken enough of your insults. I will not take any more of them."
 Then Summers made a rush for his house, which was only a few feet distant. At the same time the Withers men made a rush for the house of a relative across the narrow street. The crowd had already gone, for all knew what the running had when the principals started, and each spectator was in a place of safety immediately. The dog Bob was the first to leave, and he left fast. But it was all a false alarm, for the moment relatives of the men grabbed them as they entered the house and held them, tightly locking the doors and pleading with all the language they could command to avoid serious trouble.
 Ven Withers caught the dog and tied it with a piece of rope. Then he and his father and brother got on his horses and rode home. Summers appealed from the decision.
 LOADING AN OCEAN LINER.
 An Important Operation in the World's Commerce.
 To watch the loading of grain, either from an elevator or a lighter, into one of the mammoth vessels engaged in its transportation, is to witness one of the chief operations in the movements of the world's commerce. It is carried in long pipes, with a tunnel-shaped moveable appendage at the end, which is shifted by means of a rope from one part of the hold to another, according as a stream of grain fills up the the spaces reserved for it. The grain flows into the vessel with the noise and velocity of a torrent, and sends a dense volume of dust and chaff upward, obscuring the depths beneath and making the men attending the stowage below look like ghosts in the rising mist.
 The "trimmings" of the grain in the holds is an important part of its storage. After several thousand bushels have streamed into the hold, a dozen or more men are delegated to shovel the downpouring column in between the vessel's beams, a job for which they are paid at the rate of one cent a minute. In vessels of the Cunard type, it takes between 12,000 and 15,000 bushels to fill a hold, and these vessels average 50,000 bushels in the total cargo. Ships carrying grain alone can take as high as 125,000 bushels, and when it is considered that from 4,000 to 7,000 bushels can be stored in an hour, every 40 bushels weighing a ton, an idea can be had of the force of the torrent directed into the vessel.
 Large vessels have four or five holds, and a distinction is made in storing the cargo in them. Grain, from its compact and dead weight, is reserved mostly for the centre of the vessel, while cured provisions are packed as far forward and as far aft as possible, for their better preservation from the heat of the ship's fires. In some vessels, like the great Cunarders, which carry passengers as well as freight, the heaviest weight is stored in the lowest hold: this is to steady the vessel and is called in the technical parlance of the stevedore, "stiffening" the ship. It takes about 1,500 tons to "stiffen" a great Cunarder, and when this is done the lower hold is fastened and battened down and work is begun on the next.

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 Adams' Root Beer Extract... One Bottle
 Fleischmann's Yeast... Half a Cake
 Sugar... Two Pounds
 Lukewarm Water... Two Gallons
 Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

DRUNKENNESS
 Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Widows, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

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 Fine sample room in connection. First-class dining room in connection. First-class dining room in connection.

WHO KILLED WESTLAKE?

Old Benjamin Westlake was a very eccentric man. He was wealthy, but lived modestly. He had never been married, and was not known to have any relatives in the world...

At the juncture Mrs. Damas, the housekeeper, entered the room. She was filled with alarm at the idea of a man being made, but she looked encouragingly at her patient, and the young farmer withdrew from the room and left the house. Once outside, the full reality of his position burst upon him. He strode up and down the garden in anger, and seemed as if unable to leave the place...

At first there were three persons upon whom suspicion fell—the old man's son, Mrs. Damas, and Allan Eastbrook. The evidence at the inquest, however, was such as to completely exculpate young Westlake. It was shown that he had been in the room at the time of the murder, but that he had not been near the bed...

"No, no," he shouted, "I'll not take anything you give me. I believe you would poison me to get possession of my money." Being reassured by his nephew however, the old man took the dose.

At the juncture Mrs. Damas, the housekeeper, entered the room. She was filled with alarm at the idea of a man being made, but she looked encouragingly at her patient, and the young farmer withdrew from the room and left the house.

The two men were Mr. Westlake's son and a lawyer from Sudbury, the nearest town. They entered the house. No one put in an appearance to greet them, but they were about to ascend the stairs, Mrs. Damas rushed madly down. Her eyes were livid, and she manifested every symptom of alarm.

At first there were three persons upon whom suspicion fell—the old man's son, Mrs. Damas, and Allan Eastbrook. The evidence at the inquest, however, was such as to completely exculpate young Westlake.

A verbal will of murder was returned, and Allan was immediately placed under arrest. At the hearing before the coroner, the prisoner was committed to the assizes. Captain counsel was engaged on his behalf, but what could avail against such overwhelming evidence?

The young farmer was so astonished at what he had heard that he was unable to reply to this strange visitor. For a moment he paused, as if inclined to return, but with a settled, hard look on his face, he quickened his steps in the direction of his uncle's house.

The day fixed for the execution rapidly drew near. It wanted but a week to the moment when Allan Eastbrook would suffer an ignominious death. Dr. Marchant was taken suddenly ill. He was seized with a deep dysentery while sitting in his chair. Assistance was at once sent for, and in the course of a few hours the patient regained consciousness.

At the juncture Mrs. Damas, the housekeeper, entered the room. She was filled with alarm at the idea of a man being made, but she looked encouragingly at her patient, and the young farmer withdrew from the room and left the house. Once outside, the full reality of his position burst upon him.

The two men were Mr. Westlake's son and a lawyer from Sudbury, the nearest town. They entered the house. No one put in an appearance to greet them, but they were about to ascend the stairs, Mrs. Damas rushed madly down.

At first there were three persons upon whom suspicion fell—the old man's son, Mrs. Damas, and Allan Eastbrook. The evidence at the inquest, however, was such as to completely exculpate young Westlake.

A verbal will of murder was returned, and Allan was immediately placed under arrest. At the hearing before the coroner, the prisoner was committed to the assizes.

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NEWTON'S GREAT KILLING.

Of the Thirteen Killed That Night Nine Fell to Riley's Pistol. "In the way of prompt and deadly shooting nothing in all the red calendar of homicide in the far West nothing beats the record of the gambler Riley, at Newton, Kansas, made one night in 1871."

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BORN.

Truro, May 6, to the wife of N. J. Layton, a daughter. Kingsclear, May 2, to the wife of C. H. Giles, a son. Hopewell Hill, May 3, to the wife of Silas Stiles, a son.

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorous, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

DIED.

Annapolis, May 7, J. Lewis, 18. St. John, May 9, James Cain, 70. Halifax, May 8, Lewis Davis, 28. St. John, May 8, John Barry, 42. H. Hux, May 11, John Heenan, 14. Halifax, May 9, Thomas A. Webb, 42. H. Hux, May 7, Samuel Irvin, 60. Bayfield, May 7, Patrick Lavin, 66. Granville Ferry, May 2, John Miller. Western Head, May 2, Peter Colp, 95. Rowberry, May 5, F. A. McArthur, 52. Halifax, May 9, Mrs. Annie Cowan, 82. Deary Island, April 28, Henry Henry, 82. Fredericton, May 2, Turley Munzer, 58. Milton, May 7, William Cunningham, 60. Agassiz, May 4, George M. Duffin, 24. St. John, May 12, Mrs. Annie Cowan, 82. Halifax, May 5, William T. Connor, 85. Upper Seimas, April 29, Mand Douglas, 25. Milton, May 2, Mrs. Lucinda Winsch, 64. St. John, May 10, Mary Ann Saunders, 27. H. Hux, May 11, Elizabeth Fillmore, 60. Ballyville, May 3, Margaret Murphy, 60. Pictou, Road, May 2, Benjamin Moore. Beaver Brook May 3, Mrs. Miles Field, 75. Colton Island, May 5, Charles Wesley Perry. Halifax, May 7, Oas Laxon, of Germany, 22. Glen Harbor, May 8, E. Erskine Robson, 28. Sheet Harbor, Anne wife of George Hilpert, 20. Centerville, May 4, Amos Alexander Campbell, 49. Halifax, May 8, Caroline Fenwick, of Fredericton. Welsford, May 7, Mary, wife of Jas. N. Spicer, 76. Caldwell, May 6, Charlotte, wife of James Stuart, 61. St. John, May 12, Mary E. wife of John J. Munroe, 77. Base River, May 2, Mrs. Catherine McKendrick, 81. Halifax, May 9, Ellen, youngest daughter of Walter Borden, 28. Spencer's Island, May 2, Laura, wife of Clifford Borden, 28. Chalm, N. B., May 4, Peter M. Adams, of Red-ge, 70. Kentville, May 4, Margaret Moore, wife of John McLean, 61. New Castle, April 22, May L. wife of James H. Finney, 142. Halifax, May 6, Daniel H. McDonald, of New Glasgow, 86. Annapolis, May 7, Louis J. son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Goodwin, 18. Economy, May 4, Mrs. Campbell, widow of the late John Campbell. Forester, N. B., May 6, Lucy, widow of the late Joseph Gray, 74. Little River, N. B., May 6, Charlotte, wife of James Stuart, 61. North Brookfield, May 2, Ann, widow of the late Michael Campbell, 61. South Westville, to the wife of Adelbert Strong, a daughter. Amherst, May 8, to the wife of A. McKinnon, a daughter. Lockeport, April 24, to the wife of Frank Lock, a daughter. Kentville, May 9, to the wife of H. H. Wickwire, a daughter. Follen, May 8, to the wife of Alex McLeod, a daughter. Shelburne, May 10, to the wife of E. M. Bell, a daughter. Halifax, May 10, to the wife of Edward Moriarty, a daughter. Karadale, May 8, to the wife of James H. Thorne, a daughter. Paradise West, May 1, to the wife of Robert Sabean a daughter. Hopewell Hill, April 30, to the wife of Alfred Woodworth, a son. West Louisburg, May 4, to the wife of Joseph Kelly, a son. Pope's Harbor, April 20, to the wife of Robert Easton, a son. North Sydney, May 5, to the wife of D. D. McKenzie, a son. North Brookfield, May 6, to the wife of Rufus Mosher, a son. South Westville, April 27 to the wife of Norman Brown, a son. Riverdale, N. B., May 7, to the wife of Mark Pearson a daughter. Windsor Forks, April 25, to the wife of Geo. H. Knowles, a son. Folly Mountain, May 5, to the wife of Alex McLeod, a daughter. New Tassel, April 25, to the wife of Asa D. McGray, a daughter. Stanley, N. B., May 8, to the wife of M. H. Gregory M. D. a daughter. Johnsonburg, Pa., April 26, to the wife of W. G. Calkin, a daughter. Tidnish Bridge, April 28, to the wife of Charles Parsons, a daughter. Chapman Settlement, April 29, to the wife of Woodford Chapman, a son. Lockeport, April 29, to the wife of Freeman Sutherland, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Tracey Mills, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Orran P. Simpson to Blanche Sloat. Woodstock, May 6, by Rev. Cannon Nelson, John McKinnon to Laura Stodd. Halifax, May 8, by Rev. F. H. Wright, David A. McDonald to Ada Morris. Lunenburg, April 27, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, Chas. Neas to Alberta Heckman. Parrsboro, May 1, by Rev. H. K. MacLean, John Delaney to Willie Johnson. DeBert, April 30, by Rev. Joseph Johnson, W. C. D. Corbett to Maggie Pearson. Middle Stanwick, April 30, by Rev. C. McKinnon, Adam Davidson to Annie Dickie. Sussex, May 8, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, B. A. Simpson to H. White to Grace Hallett. Halifax, May 8, by Rev. F. H. Wright, David A. McDonald to Ada Morris, both of Halifax. Mahone Bay, April 24, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, William A. Hirtle to Millie Howe, of Lakeside. Truro, May 6, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Martin S. Waterbury to Clementine Pequinot, of Spring Hill. Newswell, April 31, by the Rev. W. J. Blakney, William McAllister of North East, to Emily Tison. Pictou, April 25, by Rev. H. R. Grant, James W. Flemming, of Stellerton, to Ella M. McKenna. Upper Macquodoch, May 8, by Rev. John McWilliam, Geo. Hamilton to Wilena Pison, of Halifax. Wolfville, May 8, by Rev. J. Howard Barra, Charles F. Porter, of Wolfville, to Millie Conrad, of Lunenburg. Ellersboro, April 28, by Rev. W. L. Farber, Geo. W. Porter to Cora M. Coombston, both of Smith Cove. Digby, April 27, by Rev. J. W. Frostwood, John Edgar Crowell to Beattie A. Morshouse of Sandy Cove. Chatham, May 4, by Rev. N. McKay, Alfred Gillis, of Lower Nappan, to Margaret O'Hearn, of Black Brook. Windsor, April 19, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles W. Franklin to Minnie Leona, daughter of Levi Dimock. Bessemerfield, May 4, by Rev. John Cameron, John Wright, of Bessemerfield, to Sophia Finley, of Bridgetown. St. John, April 16, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Harrison Jones, of Weymouth, N. B., to Alice Jones also of Weymouth.

WARNING \$100 Reward

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of plugs of inferior tobacco, representing them to be genuine.

T. & B. MYRTLE NAVY.

The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

OUR NEW PLUG "T. & B." COMBINATION 14s. 50 CIG. & 200 "PRICE.

It is stamped with "T. & B." The Tag and is the same stock as the larger 25c. plug bearing "T. & B." in bronze.

You Can't take too much of HIRES' Rootbeer

It quenches your thirst That's the best of it. Improves your health That's the rest of it.

DEAFNESS.

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superseded. Address:

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to any address on receipt of Post Office order, or cash. SLOAN & CO., 40 West Adelaide Street, Sydney, N.S.W.