

PROGRESS.

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CUNARD'S "LET HER GO."

THE INSPIRING SHOUT OF THE HON. BARBERIE

When He Thought the Legislative Council was Gone Forever—He Wanted His Vote to be Blocked by Fellows and McManus.

"Let her go!" It was the silver voice of Cunard Barberie that filtered out upon the midnight air.

But previous to these historic words from the long-haired patriot of the north, many words yet palpitating through space had been uttered. Still other words were destined to be uttered of a sort more sultry than scriptural.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 11th of April, that something unusual occurred in the historic chamber of the legislative council at Fredericton. A thing so unusual that it had never occurred before; a thing so revolutionary that it seemed unlikely that it could ever occur again.

That venerable female, the legislative council, having been abused until life had ceased to have a charm, was engaged in the act of committing suicide without a hope of resurrection. The bonedead was undergoing voluntary cremation. The die was cast; the jig was up; there was a sound of grinding in the land, but it proceeded from the molars of Chief Justice Jones.

It was an hour later when the noise was adjusted, the constitutional supports kicked away, and the old lady was swung off to slay music. Many things were to be noticed about the chamber in the glare of the gas-jets. Comparatively few people were present for the suicide was slimly advertised. But of the members of the council every man was in his seat. A pale photograph had been in, and captured a fugitive shadowgraph from the screen of Time. It was a triumph of art, for all who looked upon the picture, said the countenance of Brother Jones cleared him from the charge of favoring abolition. Let us look at the procession ere it proceeds.

STORY QUESTION COMPETITION

No. 8. In what year did the city of Toronto give its name? Who was its first mayor?

Name the two most prominent leaders in the movement for responsible government in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

What particular grievance had the people of New Brunswick against their government when Sir Archibald Campbell Governor?

What was the name of the Indian in that stood on the site of Montreal in 1760?

Name the lot of a European ruler, like that of S. Gilbert's policeman, taking one consolation with another, is not "a happy man." As, for example, the Sultan Abdul mid, whom "Politikos" praises as a patriotic, liberal and enlightened sovereign; he is not secure, or thinks he is not secure, even in his own palace, and holds himself always on his guard against the assassin's sudden stroke. Turn to the emperor of Austria, Franz Josef: what evils misfortunes public and personal, have befallen him? What a spectre stands always at his side—what anxiety he contemplates the care of his dynasty! Then there is czar of all the Russias; a man of good intentions, but, unfortunately, too different an antecedent—he shrinks from the initiative which in Russia no one but he can do; does not the shadow of murder wherever he goes? And the Islam he dreads, has it not agents among our countries? As for the young German emperor, Wilhelms, is not his falling, perhaps he is saved from anxiety by intense conviction in the heaven-appointed mission of the Hohenzollerns.

That he is a gifted young sovereign, "Politikos," "the world is almost being inclined to believe, though the multiplicity of tasks attempted by him, Gordian knots he tries to untie, the mean stables he attempts to cleanse, and all in a brief moment, frighten a dent. He is either a great genius or a danger to the world, and even though he be as gifted as his advisers proclaim, he has not yet proved that he can do to dispense with the check imposed the prudence and larger experience of older and less impetuous men." That the king of Spain has her cares is only too plain; so fares it with the ruler of Belgium and with him of Portugal. The king of Italy and his Queen apparently are among the happiest of European sovereigns; although the days have been, will probably be again, when their lives have weighed as heavily on their heads as that iron one of Luke, which the poet speaks—"Luke's iron crown and a man's bed of steel."

Mr. Harrison explains the bill briefly, and in a moment Evergreen Hill, statesman, philosopher, historian, and century bachelors, is on his feet. Mr. Hill is merciful to his hearers. He feels a resistless impulse to trace the tangled threads of abolition back to primordial protoplasm, but he does not. He only goes back to the Saxon heptarchy. With his hand resting cavalierly on his hip, and head erect, he speaks of the roots of those free institutions of which we are the flower and fruit, springing up from ground that was fertilized by blood and watered by tears. He travels at a bound through Italy, Russia, Holland, England, America and Australia, comprising epochs in a sentence. The charge of inconsistency, he says, is as weak as the boast of consistency is foolish. The man whose mind is not open to conviction up to the very latest moment of the discussion is neither a wise man nor a good legislator. (Was there

ever such a smile as that which hovers o'er the hirsute face of Cunard Barberie beheld by gods or men?) He is in favor of an elective council. The speech he delivers is learned and eloquent. At its close he moves that the council lie in state till 1894.

Evergreen Hill has good reason to feel easy about that motion. Have not eight members of the committee to whom the bill was referred yesterday signed the report, and will not these, with Mr. Ryan and Mr. Fellows, both of whom have promised to stick by the ship to the last plank, make ten "contents" in a house of 18 men?

But what thinks Cunard Barberie at the end of the table, whose name is signed to that report? Chiefly this: That he holds in his hand the key of the position, and that if Cunard Barberie can show to mankind the council, by so much more will his horn be exalted on high and that of the iniquitous Blair dynasty be diminished. The card he plays now he plays face down, so that those to whom he is pledged, and whom in the name of his country's good he proposes to desert at the critical moment, will have no time to ward the fatal blow.

Note also in the glare of the lights the anxious face of Francis J. McManus and the pensive attitude of Piccadilly Fellows, for verily here is a trio of which no man knoweth his neighbor, yet by whom a tragedy is none the less surely being hatched apace. Brother Barberie has assured brother McManus that he will oppose the amendment and brother McManus, who knows that thereby the amendment will be lost, determines, though he was the eight, to vote against it, too, in order that he may launch upon a grateful world an amendment of his own. Mr. Fellows may be said to be a much-promised man. He promised the government when appointed that he would vote for abolition. He promised the committee, so Justice Jones asserts, that he would vote for the amendment. And he has promised Mr. McManus that he will vote for his amendment if it is altered slightly and so oppose the dictum of the eight. But the amendment which Mr. McManus is to move is not the amendment that Mr. Fellows thinks to hear.

But the clock has struck ten in a chastened chime, and Rotund McLellan is addressing the house. He protests against the corpse being resurrected, though he is not entirely sure the death sentence was just. Now and then he mops his brow, and anon he lubricates with balsam a throat that seems to need a power of lubricating. And as he lubricates his lubrication the rays of 40 gas-jets quiver and play and chase each other over and under the diaphragms of his chin. He had promised Premier Blair to vote for undiluted abolition.

The mellow tones of Justice Jones, Now flagellate the air, He groans and groans and moans and moans, And skyward soars his hair.

He had saved a million dollars (with a capital M) for St. John since he was appointed. He did not say, but doubtless he meant, that had there been eighteen Joneses there, St. John would be rolling in wealth. Abolition was vandalism. Pumpkin orators in way-back school-houses had been the ruin of the council. They had—the council—been made the foothold of demagogues and tricksters. No premier would be able to control the ship of state for more than three years after abolition took place. Chaos and Armica were the legitimate progeny of abolition, and the interesting event would come off soon.

Napoleon Emmerson follows, his words freighted down with grief and sadness at the turpitude of men. He launches a Corsican vendetta against shillies, time-servers and salary grabbers. The house was the relic of a mediæval buttress erected against the rights of the common people. The history of facts was an echo of the history of ideas. The council should not stand because it had lost the vitality of ideas and the basis of faith. It had originated in a country where there was a privileged class to protect; the shadow of it was transplanted to these shores where no such privileged class existed, and the present council was the shadow of that shadow.

All which time the audience, has been gathering force as men flow in to view the solemn scene. Members from the popular branch have been filing up the stairs and muddying citizen patriots from the town. At the door of the members' room Mr. Gregory, man of ice and marble, is watching all with deep, unflinching interest. A government caucus soon breaks up, and the members, with Premier Blair at their head, cast away their Havannas, and invade the chamber at the further end.

Condensation Bellamy addresses the house with irate words. He was not sent up here to enter the front door and be projected from the back. He was not pledged to vote for immediate abolition—whereas Greenland Gregory smiles grimly and bends his eager car towards the speaker, while Premier Blair looks worried and distraught. Richard is too frank.

A wealth of iron-grey hair, a pair of twinkling eyes and a husky voice proclaim the fact that Cunard Barberie has assumed the vertical. He talks north and south by turns but does not show his hand.

He is followed by Tobique Baird, who says at once that he is unable to realize the utility of this branch. But his opinion is that a man might be elected in some counties of this province on the platform of abolishing both houses. Such is rural patriotism.

And then comes brother McManus who combines with skill the temporizer and the patriot. He thinks time should be given to see if imperial legislation may not be required. He moves that the council terminate in 1892 instead of 1894.

The debate is closed by Evergreen Hill who soft-soaps the government artistically for the great success they have scored. But the new members, he thinks, should have a chance to secure the inestimable benefits arising from a few years' experience in the council. It grieves him to contemplate them as the "minions of fortune and the worms of the hour." He shrinks from regarding them as mere ephemera, born in the morning but to die ere night. They should be allowed to develop from the chrysalis state of being into full-grown legislators. Hasty legislation in the lower branch is inevitable from the mutual longing which government and house alike possess to get rid of each other at the earliest possible moment. A man above the common herd is Citizen Evergreen Hill.

And now the clock strikes eleven, and the wailing tones of Amen White proclaim the division of the house. The eyes of Cunard Barberie gleam furiously. Chief Justice Jones mops his brow. Aquiline Ryan crosses his legs nervously, and Rotund McLellan leans forward to gain momentum. Premier Blair in the far corner caresses the few remaining locks that adorn his dome of thought. Greenland Gregory adjusts his eye-glass that he may see as well as hear. Everybody thinks the amendment will be carried, but everybody is not a prophet. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gate."

The amendment is put and there are only eight men standing. The clerk counts whiskeys, but can find no more. McManus is expectant, Fellows is pensive and Cunard Barberie laughs huskily. A flood of rage tears through the throbbing veing of Aquiline Ryan, and the foliage of Chief Justice Jones rivals that of the pimento in verticillan. A murmur passes through the crowd. The amendment is defeated, 10 to 8.

Brother McManus then arises with a placid smile to propose his motion. But the house is rattled, disgruntled, demoralized. Only two cool-headed members, Adonies Richard and Convert Fwelling, determined to stick to the wreck to the last, arise. Piccadilly Fellows thinks he has been tricked. He cannot vote for the McManus amendment for it is not the amendment he anticipated. Chief Justice Jones glares gloomily at Cunard Barberie. The mover resumes his seat amazed at the temper of the House. Again Cunard Barberie laughs huskily, as though he had been feeding on peanuts for a fortnight. The crowd throngs forward, eager, expectant. Premier Blair can scarcely believe his senses, nor can Mr. Gregory, man of ice and rock, escape the contagious excitement.

The chairman twirls his legs into a knot and puts the original bill to the vote of the house.

Then it was that Cunard Barberie brandished his Restigouche sombrero above his head and shouted, "Let her go!" The bill went through without a shot being fired.

The name of Cunard Barberie was linked with immortality! The crowd cheered lustily. Premier Blair's face is luminous with joy. Greenland Gregory bolts into outer gloom and the house and all its contents pour down the echoing stairs confusedly.

But alas! for shortlived patriotism. The Sabbath was a busy day at Fredericton. Chief Justice Jones and Aquiline Ryan were busy, and of all the eight only Evergreen Hill maintained his placid dignity. Piccadilly Fellows and Bro. McManus became so many storm-centres, around which raged a gale of argument, a torrent of invective and a whirlpool of expostulation and entreaty.

On Monday there was a mysterious caucus held in the main committee room, from which Tobique Baird was ejected without ceremony. An hour later the bill was reconsidered and the amendment was carried. The funeral was postponed. The corpse was walking round embracing friend and foe. Brother Fellows and brother McManus were the consulting physicians who had accomplished the resurrection.

And Cunard Barberie looked sadly on from under his frosty foliage and saw receding from his sight the shining shore of immortality!

THE WAYS OF POLITICIANS.

Why It is Almost Impossible to Get the Verdict of the Public.

"What name?" "William Edgar." "Oh no, George, you haven't got a vote here." "William Edgar, I say." "But you haven't got a vote in this ward, George." "William Edgar is on the list, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, what's the matter with you?" "All right, George;" and Squire Tapley smiled while George Palmer handed him a ballot to be deposited for the absent William Edgar.

This is only a sample case. There were hundreds just like it last Tuesday, but everybody seems to have got used to this kind of work and it merely causes a smile and is forgotten. It is a good thing for St. John that elections are about over. One or two more would put the people past redemption as far as political morality is concerned. Politics has become a craze in some quarters, and the sole ambition of a great many of St. John's young men seems to be to shine as ward heeleders, play most contemptible tricks, which are looked upon as "cute," and worship "boy candidates." As a result of this it is now almost impossible to get the honest verdict of the people on any question. In civic elections, success in most of the wards depends solely upon the heeleders who are running a candidate, and in most cases the ward politicians work on personal grounds, without even considering the wishes or claims of the public. If a candidate has the right men working for him, he is sure of success no matter whether he is qualified for the position.

All this is a matter for congratulation among the heeleders. In one of the north end wards they are feeling more than proud since Tuesday. Although not more than half the voters thought it worth while to go near the poll, nearly every name on the list was voted. Yet in this same ward as many as thirteen well known citizens were challenged in the booth and either had to swear to their identity or go away without casting a ballot.

The heeleders own the town—or think they do—and everybody in it. When a man goes to deposit his ballot he is not supposed to vote for the candidate, or any principle that may be involved in the election, but for some particular ward politician. If he votes the right way he will receive his most hearty thanks.

The large number of voters who will not vote unless they are paid for their trouble has caused considerable comment. It seems to be looked upon as a business transaction, and in civic elections these people seldom go near the polls. An incident occurred Tuesday that showed how much women have to learn before they will be able to compete with the sterner sex in politics as a source of revenue. Two women on Charlotte street had been canvassed and had signified their intention to vote for Peters. They were looked upon as sure, and the representatives did not bother about them until late in the afternoon, when two of them took a single team each and drove down to the ladies. They found them all ready to go to the poll, but before leaving their seats they quietly asked the representatives, how much they were going to give for voting? "We have no money to give," said one of the hustlers.

"Well, it is not worth our while leaving the house," said the ladies; and as the politicians knew that it was only a question of majority with their man, they did not discuss the question, but drove back to the poll.

Determined to Make Reformers.

One of the principal stockholders in the nut and bolt works has been endeavoring to make some changes in the factory, but so far has not been very successful. Last Saturday, he informed the men that he would give them their choice of three propositions: they must either have their pay reduced, work ten hours a day, or find employment elsewhere. After some consultation, the men decided that if they must make a choice they would choose the alternative, and were prepared to leave, when work was received that they could go to work Monday morning, the same as usual. This caused some amusement. But the stockholder seemed determined to inaugurate reform in some direction, and issued an order that they should be no smoking in the works. As only two or three men in the place use tobacco, this order will probably be carried out.

Mr. Stockton's "Explanation."

Mr. Stockton's "explanation" of the building society muddle does not seem to have been as explanatory as many people would have liked. The impression generally is that as much was known before he gave his evidence as is known now. Mr. Riley's name comes to the front again, and further acquaintance with that individual does not improve the public's opinion of him.

WAR OVER RIVAL LIGHTS

THE GAS COMPANY TRYING TO DRIVE COMPETITION

To the Wall—This is the Third Attempt—Gas Stock down to 113 and no Takers at That—Some Facts About the Incandescent and Arc Light Figures.

There is war to the knife between the electric light companies. Thursday night the public was surprised and perchance, somewhat amused by the gas company's announcement, that arc lights in future would cost only 15 cents per night instead of 25, and incandescents one cent instead of two.

This is the latest of a succession of attempts made by the gas corporation to crush out the opposition that has arisen, and is competing with it in the modern light—electricity. The attempt failed on two occasions when the gas company had only the small Calkin company as a rival for arc lights, and it is not likely to succeed now with two new, strong and energetic local companies, the New Brunswick and the Eastern to fight against.

Despite the assurance of the gas company implied in its reduction announcement, PROGRESS is assured by competent electricians that neither arc nor incandescent lights can be furnished without loss at the figure they have been placed at, viz., fifteen cents for arcs and one cent for incandescents.

For nearly, if not quite half a century, the gas service in this city has been monopolized by one company. It has been a true monopoly as the citizens know full well. There was no give and take in it. The highest prices have always been charged for gas. Without a doubt the introduction of the incandescent has had a very perceptible effect upon the quantity of gas used. No reasonable person can doubt it, in spite of any assertions to the contrary. When some of the very largest business houses in the city have adopted the newer lighting; when the hotels have with one or two exceptions done the same, to say nothing of its introduction into residences, it is absurd to state that the same quantity of gas is consumed.

Perhaps there could be no better evidence of this fact than the decrease in the value of the gas stock on "change. Some time ago it sold at something above 140, but the last public sale found it down to 113 and in one or two cases no purchasers were found at that figure. The statement connected with the company's announcement, therefore, that the present value of the stock is 150 according to "knowing ones," and will soon be earning ten per cent, is very amusing? It raises the question at once, Who wants to unload?

Light is cheaper today than it has ever been, and there can be no doubt that the people have to thank for it. It is not the gas company but its opponents who have compelled the reduction. PROGRESS is informed that both the Eastern and New Brunswick propose to stick to the prices they made at the start, which were as low as they could be made with any chance of profit. The Gas and Electric Light company started its incandescents at three cents a light, and charged the consumer with wiring and lamps. The rival companies put in the wires and lamps for nothing and charged two cents per light. Presently the gas company gave way so far as to furnish lamps free, then the wiring was done without charge and now under the pressure of opposition the prices have been slaughtered, possibly with the hope of driving the new companies out of the field. Should that happen the days of cheap lighting would be numbered.

Variety and Minstrel Shows.

The Boston Ideal Comedy company was unfortunate in timing its visit to St. John, for with so many other attractions going on, the attendance at the Institute was not as large as the show deserved. Those who went after the first night, however, saw a very good performance, and enjoyed a musical treat that would meet the approval of the best musical people, except those perhaps who can enjoy nothing short of oratorio. The banjo and mandolin solos of Mr. Thomas Glynn were far above the ordinary, and judging by the applause he received it was hard to believe that the Institute was not crowded, while Mr. Harry Hamilton's violin solos were equally good. Although the performance was largely variety, it was, with possibly one exception, of that refined quality found in the farce comedies that are now so popular in the United States. There will be a matinee this afternoon, and the engagement will close with this evening's performance. Mr. Scott will take the company to Fredericton for a season and should draw good houses.

A complimentary benefit to Messrs. Mathews and Stafford will be given in Berryman's hall Monday evening, for which a grand programme of local talent has been prepared. It is seldom better song and dance teams than that composed of the two St. John amateurs who visit the city, and as they seldom appear on the

stage they are always greeted with a good house. A number of other good attractions will also be on hand. It is proposed to organize a company composed of those who will take part in this performance, and show in Berryman's hall every Monday night.

Canvassing for Chairmanship.

There is some canvassing going on already for the chairmanship of the different committees of the council. A chairman of finance is wanted, and also a chairman of public safety. There is an impression that Ald. John Kelly will not fill that position again. A new alderman, John A. Chesley, is mentioned in connection with finance, and it is also said that Alonzo W. Chesley would like the public safety department. This would be unfortunate. In the last days of old Portland the "boss" became quite prominent as head of the fire department, and as the party who gave contracts for "oats and hay" and a kind of self-appointed building inspector. PROGRESS thinks it would be unfortunate to see Boss Chesley at the head of any department, and if there is any idea of giving the chairmanships to two brothers both in one section of the city it should not be entertained for a moment.

A Feat in Photography.

The amateur photographer got in his fine work at the Centuries exhibition. One young gentleman has a tin-type that he will not part with for any money. He was one of a group of four when they sat in front of the machine, but in the picture there are five persons in the group, and one of them is a lady. Who she is or how she got there is a mystery. She holds a prominent position in the picture, however, and aside from crowding the gentleman a little, and being rather closer than she probably would have been had they anticipated the pleasure of her company, there seems no reason why her presence should be objectionable. The amateur photographer can accomplish wonders.

Lacrosse for the 24th—In Halifax.

The St. John boys are bound to have a good game of lacrosse on the queen's birthday if they have to go to Halifax to get on a match. Mr. Esson is in that city now arranging for the team to play two matches there on the 24th. At the annual meeting recently held in Toronto, the prospects of a lacrosse were far more encouraging than ever. The "Queen city" players have new grounds and a surplus from last year's operations. Base ball is as dead there as it is here. Montreal has always been a lacrosse town. The great interest shown in the game is evident from the daily papers which give columns to it, paying no attention hardly to base ball.

Snowed under 1300 Majority.

The mayor's election came off Tuesday without any excitement. The result was a foregone conclusion, and when it was known that Mr. Peters was elected by over 1,300 majority, there was no surprise. Many small wagers of hats had been made on majorities of over 1,000, and both parties thought they were pretty safe. Mr. Peters was not too confident even on the day of election, but he was not in much doubt about 4 o'clock. Even in Stanley ward the voters went back on Lockhart—not so had, however, as they did on his first election, when every man's name in the ward was polled, and not one of them was marked for "Lockhart."

Mr. Fellows Was Amused.

Hon. Jas. I. Fellows did not seem much worried over the compliments paid him by the political press the first of the week. He called on PROGRESS, and stated that he was not appointed with any definite time pledge to abolish the council. His move was simply to gain his own point. He did not state whether he proposed to remove to St. John and contribute some taxes to the city revenue or not. In fact, beside expressing his amusement at the Telegraph's article, he had not much to say in a political sense.

Widening its Field.

PROGRESS opened 20 new agencies in as many different towns in Nova Scotia last week. The sixteen page paper has the great advantage of much interesting reading, besides that which is local to this province, and no matter where it is sent there is a demand for it. The sale has more than doubled in Halifax within three weeks and there is no reasonable doubt but that PROGRESS will have a handsome circulation there in the near future.

Mr. Chipman May Come to St. John.

There is a chance that Mr. John D. Chipman of St. Stephen may come to St. John in the near future and take charge of the St. John office of the Imperial Trust company of which he is a heavy stockholder. This rumor was floated last year but M. Chipman has not arrived as yet.

Advertisements in "Progress" 21 pages.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

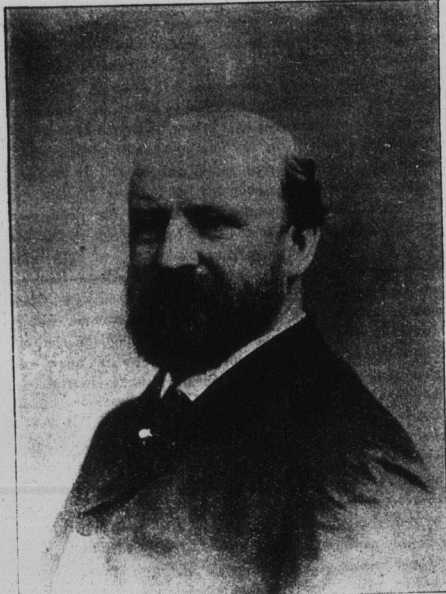
HON. JAMES I. FELLOWS, AGENT-GENERAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

A Short Sketch of Mr. Fellows' Life and Success-The Path Was Not an Easy One, But Honors and Wealth Awaited Him in the End.

The portrait which we present this week will not fail to be recognized by many of the readers of PROGRESS. It is that of James I. Fellows, for many years a resident of St. John, who was recently appointed to a seat in the legislative council of this province.

Mr. Fellows was born at Annapolis, N. S., July 30th, 1828, and was the only son of Israel Fellows, a man of prominence in the neighborhood, carrying on a farm, general business and ship-building.

It might be mentioned as an interesting historical fact, that a great aunt of the subject of this sketch was the first English child born in Nova Scotia after it became a British colony. When Mr. Fellows was about eight years of age his father met with business reverses, and removed to St. John with his family. The youthful James was educated at Horton academy, and at the age of fifteen became a clerk with William R. Watson in Charlottetown, P. E. I., to which town his family removed from St. John about the year 1843. Two years later he went to New York and entered as apprentice with A. B. & D. Sands, corner of Broadway and Chambers street.



HON. JAMES I. FELLOWS.

In the year 1847 Mr. Israel Fellows closed up his business in Charlottetown and returned to St. John, where he was joined by his son, and with him established a drug business in this city, under the firm and style of Fellows & Co., which lasted many years. In 1848 the concern was burned out in the fire at the head of King street; it was then re-established at Foster's corner and there met with much success. Seven years later the business was removed to a handsome building erected by the firm on Germain street, opposite the market.

In 1858 Mr. James I. Fellows sold his interest in the business with the intention of going to Vancouver, B. C., but this project was subsequently abandoned. He then became joint proprietor of the Victoria coal mine at Minardie, N. S. The venture proved disastrous and in the year 1863 he again embarked in business in St. John. In 1864 Mr. Fellows' health broke down and he was in rather a critical condition for about two years. It was during this time that he made the discovery of the Hypophosphites, which proved the foundation of his subsequent success and prosperity. To this he devoted all his energies, and in a few years a joint stock company with headquarters at Montreal was formed, in which Mr. Fellows held and still retains

a considerable interest. He received the magistrate's commission in this province in 1878. In 1880 Mr. Fellows removed to England, his chief object at that time being the education of his family, his intention being to return at the expiration of a few years. But the government of New Brunswick having appointed him agent general of the province in that country his stay was prolonged beyond his original expectation. His life in many respects has been a stirring and enterprising one. He was instrumental in starting the red granite business in this province; first at St. George, and afterwards at Carleton. He also discovered the great manganese deposit at Markhamville, Kings Co., which has since proved of such importance to that locality. For several years he was an active member of the Portland town council, and was the chief mover in having the fifth ward constituted.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

A Correspondent Talks About Some Well Known People and Their Ideas.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Susan B. Anthony has risen up to remark that "the woman of the future is not going to snatch at everything that passes for a man because it draws a salary," and Lillie Devereux Blake has also been on her feet saying things to discourage would-be benedictesses such as "women's progress interferes with marriage and makes girls fastidious," while the Rev. Anna Shaw, Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Clynner, president of Sorosis, and many more as eminent and popular have "spoken in meekness" to the same effect, and the rising generation has been plainly given to understand that wooing and wedding is not going to be the picnic for them that it was for their fathers.

This is very distressing news for Uncle Sam from several points of view. He has long had the surplus old maid of New England in his mind and hands, and of late years his domestic cares have been added to by an inclination on the part of the bachelors of Gotham, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, to shirk the holy estate of matrimony.

"Why don't the boys get married?" he is asking with a care-worn air, and "the boys" are making various excuses for failing to do their duty by the commonwealth in this respect, the most important of which is that woman is usurping their occupations and thereby cutting off their means of providing for wives and families. She will fill no longer "wash his wittles and cook his clothes" in return for her own "wittles" and clothes. She is abandoning the cook stove, the tub and the cradle to earn food and finery for herself, and if she could only push him into the post she is voicing, there would be no trouble at all. It would simply be a displacement of two quantities, each of which would slip into the other's place, and everything would be lovely again, but his utter inability to "swop" is creating great confusion, and "bearing" the matrimonial market heavily, and now that she is threatening to make the path to the altar as stony and uphill as the famous one that leads to Jordan, it is

to be feared that orange flowers and bridal veils will go altogether out of fashion. Mrs. Annie Besant, the celebrated English woman, best known because of her prominence in the social reform party, arrived in Gotham last week. She has come to represent Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophical society of London in the Theosophical council that is to be held in Boston, April 26.

She is to lecture this week in New York, and will probably draw as well as Bernhardt and Patti did. If she does her success will point a moral, for her world-wide reputation has been earned as a worker for the betterment of working women, a friend to friendless and fallen girls, and a champion of the starving children in the slums of London.

Several years ago she declared herself a convert to the Malthusian doctrine, and in conjunction with Charles Bradlaugh preached it on the platform and through the press. For this she was tried in London on a charge of immorality, and being found guilty her husband was granted a divorce and the custody of her son and daughter taken from her. The daughter will be 21 in a few months, and it is understood that as soon as she becomes a free agent she will throw in her lot with her mother.

Mme. Blavatsky, the high-priestess of theosophy, whose disciple and co-worker she is, lives at present in London, but she is well known in Boston and New York, and has a small circle of ardent followers in each city. Although short in stature, she weighs nearly three hundred pounds, is shockingly untidy in her dress and smokes constantly; thanks to which and her antipathy to soap and water, her complexion is a dirty yellow. Such is the prophetic of the new religion, and many people do not hesitate to call her a "dreadful old fraud."

The average citizen knows as much about esoteric Buddhism on which Theosophy is founded, as he does about Greek and Mrs. Besant's special mission here is to explain and popularize its mysticism. Mme. Blavatsky, to illustrate the ascendancy that mind can gain over matter when cultivated according to her methods, once declared to an interviewer, that "when she was moneyless she went to a certain drawer in her bureau saying as she went, '\$100 bill in it,' and the bill never failed to materialize. This is a part of her religion that we shall all want to be instructed in."

HERMIA.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Tomorrow. Bind up a wreath and give it me Before this dull day closes, And in the garlands let there be The thorns as well as roses; Weave willow for my sorrow, Sad flowers for the yesterday, White lilies for tomorrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace Beyond the gates of even, Where whispers of the soul's release Seem mystic hints of heaven, And yesterday's a private note And needs must borrow A hope of that swift coming dawn, The promise of tomorrow.

Forever more tomorrow lends Bright visions of completeness; True lovers and their steadfast friends With faces full of sweetness; But backward all seems dim and gray, And vaguely touched with sorrow, I stand for the yesterday If I may have tomorrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed, I weep not for its going; Its phantoms weird no more I heed Than west winds wildly blowing; Press onward, aye, and upward, heart, While I my gladness borrow, For hope and I shall never part, While I can have tomorrow.

The Approach of Spring. The sun has passed behind the western hill, The wind blows briskly and the air is chill, No perfume sweet is wafted on the gale, For frost and snow abound on hill and dale, The flowing stream is hidden from the sight, Its surface glistens in the moonlight night, The snow like lovely mantle, white and pure, From killing frost, affords protection sure, To field and lawn, to plant and burred flower, To tree and shrub and vine which forms the bower.

But soon the gentle shower and sun's warm ray, Will clear the fields, and swell the stream and lake, Where nestles safe the welcome flower of May, In mossy bed, beneath the vine and brake, O joyful season, brilliant, happy spring, We'll greet thee well, the bright and sunny hours, Thy lengthened days, thy birds that sweetly sing, Thy budding trees, green fields, and opening flower,

Oh then the best of season, joyous spring, Fit emblem of new life, through Christ our King, How full of hope, what loveliness and cheer, And trains each thought and effort of the mind, A purer life to gain, His peace to find, February, 1891.

"A Waltz Quadrille." The band was playing a waltz quadrille: I felt as light as a wind blown feather, As we floated away, at the Caller's will, Through the intricate, mazy dance together; Like a little army, our lines were meeting; Slowly advancing, and then retreating; All decked in their bright array; And backward and forth, to the music's rhyme, We moved together: And all the time, I knew you were going away!

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill From heart to brain, as we gently glided Like leaves on the waves of that waltz quadrille, You drifting one way, and I another, Then suddenly turning and facing each other, Then off in the blithe chase: Then airily back to our places swaying, While every beat of the music seemed saying "That you were going away!"

I said, in my heart, "Let us take our fill Of mirth and pleasure, and love and laughter; For all must end with this waltz quadrille, And life will never be the same, after!" O! That the caller might give us an calling! O! That the caller might give us an calling! Like a shower of silver spray! While we whirled on, in the vast forever, Where no hearts break and no ties sever, And no one goes away!

A clamor! A crash! And the band was still! 'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the measure: The last low notes of that waltz quadrille, Seemed like a dirge, or the death of pleasure! You said "Good night," and the spell was over, Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover; There was nothing more to say, But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary; The music was sad, and the hall was dreary, After you went away!

18th June, 1871. The Truthful Yarn of The Nancy Jane. A good stout craft was the Nancy Jane As you ever saw on the water; She was trim and staunch above and below And was named for the captain's daughter. The captain said—and he ought to know— That she floated as light as a feather, And could stay on top of the frothiest sea In the most tempestuous weather. For the whole of the twenty-five years that elapsed Just before he kicked the bucket, He called her around for codfish and such On the briny shoals of Nantucket. I saw him once up at Provincetown, He leaped o'er his vessel's railing; For just two weeks had the Nancy Jane In a mighty fog been sailing. He seemed to be in a pensive mood, I asked of what he was thinking, "Of the time we caught the deacon," he said, "But now, he was sober as any judge And with those words as a beginning, He took from his mouth his T. D. pipe And this yarn fell to spinning. "A week ago last Sunday at noon, When the fog was thicker than flannel, We was feelin' our way 'cross Nantucket Shoals When somehow we lost the main channel, But we went right along, for I wasn't afeared, You can bet your life on the Nancy— She's so much on looks; but man dear alive, For sailin' she'll tickle your fancy, We'd ben goin' along for two hours perhaps, A-wonderin' where we would fetch up, When the main dropped a cod-line over the stern, To see what he'd happen to ketch up. He soon felt a tug, and pulled the line in. Now what do you think was on it? I hope I may go straight to old Davy Jones, 'Eft it wasn't a woman's bonnet. As soon as they saw it the man all jumped up And leaped on half a minute, The starboard boat was down into the sea With our deepest herring seine in it. They paid it out mighty lively, you bet, 'When I open that drawer I want'st just human, For they thought that it wasn't just human, To rescue a honest out of the deep, And leave down behind it the woman."

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MEDALS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

The very first sweep they made with the seine— I tell you it's true as I'm speakin'— They fetched up out of the depths below, Two girls and an old Baptist deacon. You see we weren't at sea at all, But was skinnin' over the island Afloat in the fog, and was just passing by A road that led to the highland, And these folks we'd took in the herring seine 'Was just on their way to meotin'." They were glad to see us, they said, but then "Would have like a formaller greetin'— "You're seemin' to doubt, young man," said he, "Well ask anyone of these people, And they'll tell you that this side of West Chop Light, You kin see the meetin' house steeple."

Making It Safe for Him. "How is your son getting on, Jones? You had some trouble with that boy, I believe." "Yes, I had a good deal of trouble with him. He developed a mania for possessing himself of other people's property."

"Break him of it?" "No, I couldn't do that, as I was obliged to arrange matters so that he might do it legally."

"How did you manage?" "I made him a lawyer."

Look Like New. I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleaned properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

The Cup That Cheers. The East Indies commenced tea culture in 1860. In 1864 two and a half million pounds were sold and consumed by the British Isles. In 1890 over one hundred million pounds were used, showing by the vast increase the popularity of Indian teas. A very superior quality—RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA—for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

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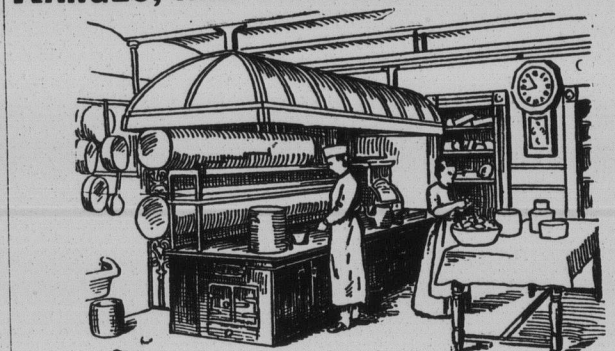
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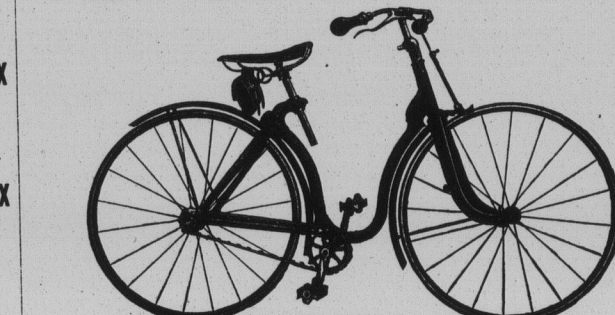
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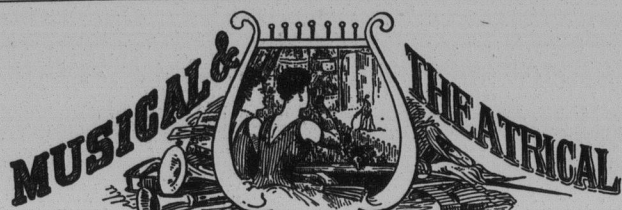


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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Centuries have just about monopolized everything—music and otherwise—the week, which rather late to refer to anything taking place in the latter part of last week, so I will only note briefly the concert in St. David's and St. John's Sunday school. I believe the former was very good, and that a large audience was in attendance. At the latter, some of the number, especially worth notice were: Mrs. W. S. Carter's solo, "Angels' Serenade," by Mrs. G. C. Coster's song, "The Palms," "Faure," "The Remembered Song," F. Rodney, which was sung by Mr. A. H. Lindsay, and "Meditation," which was, I think, the title of Miss Fowler's solo, which she sang very sweetly. Mr. Jas. S. Ford's organ solos, "Festiva March," "Smart, Andante, Reissiger and "Gavotte," "Zimmermann," were all finely played. Although the concert was not so well attended as it should have been, those who were there, I am sure, enjoyed the excellent programme. I must not forget to speak of Miss Flossie Bowden's "cello solo, Elegie Hanser and Serenade, Taubert. The latter was especially pretty.

The Centuries have not gone in for very much music, although they have the band to discourse sweet melody through the evening, and one can pay a visit to the 18th century dwelling and hear the boys play Mozart's piano, which would, I am quite confident, have driven the young Wolfgang insane, had he had the bad fortune to have played upon it.

While I was taking in the many beauties of the 18th century hall, and being duly impressed with its solemn grandeur, a street piano, or something of that description struck up, "Johnny get your hat cut!" I fled. So much for the music of the entertainment. There are minstrels to be sure, but I did not hear any of them attempt the ghost of a song.

To return to the every day world and its requirements, I quote the following cutting, apropos of having some, at least, of the standard oratorios, in our own public library, and a few classes of "Liberation W. A. Bardwell, of the Brooklyn library, tells me that the new music department of that institution is very liberally patronized. The experiment of circulating music like ordinary books has met with general approval, and few classes of books, except fiction, are in such constant request. The department now contains 100 volumes. It was materially strengthened during the summer, when Mr. Paul Tidwell, a well known musician of Brooklyn, and purchased over 800 volumes of classical music. Mr. Bardwell says that a large part of the music is in classical music, and as several of the pianists have recently received numerous letters from librarians in different parts of the country, asking for information with a view to adding a similar department to their respective institutions."—New York Telegram.

At the historical society's rehearsal on Monday evening, considerable work was done on the *Elipha*. There was a very good attendance, especially among the ladies, and Mr. Porter, in the course of a few remarks, requested that the rule "that visitors should take the seats provided for them at the end of the room," should not be broken, as the active members are numerous enough to occupy the chairs.

Mr. Morley, who has had such a severe attack of the grippe as to have been unable to attend to his duties at the Mission church on Sunday, had recovered sufficiently to conduct on Monday evening, Mr. Geo. C. Coster took his place at the organ on Sunday at evensong.

LIZST AS A TEACHER.

The Experience of one of His Pianoforte Students.

All those who were privileged to attend at the Liszt reunions in Weimar, assembled three times a week, in the Meister's drawing-room, a little before 4 o'clock, and as each came into the room he or she laid the piece which they hoped to play that afternoon on a large oval-shaped table, which stood near the door leading into Liszt's sleeping room. The Meister did not appear until he was fully 4 o'clock, and all were supposed to have arrived and be in waiting for him. The door was then opened, and when the Meister walked into the room all stood up at once, and moved respectfully towards him. The ladies kissed his hand, and then remained standing until he had motioned them to sit down. Liszt's next proceeding was to turn to the table on which all the pieces were lying, and looking towards the young people who were between the piano and the door, he would take up the pieces and look at them one by one until he had found something which he wished to hear. Holding it up and naming its title, he would say, "Who wishes to play this?" The owner of the piece made a move, without coming forward, and then, if Liszt saw that it was one of his favorites who wished to play, or perhaps a new-comer whom he might wish to hear, he would say, with a pleasant tone, "Come over, then, and play it to me." It was Reissner who usually sat on the music on the desk. Liszt seated himself beside the young performer, and all the others either sat close behind master and pupil, or else stood in a long close line all around the pianoforte. It was, indeed, a trying ordeal, and anyone who could pass through it and emerge victorious might well face a concert-room with all imaginable *saugfohl!*

Liszt was invariably just in appreciating and encouraging all those who had really any "talent," but towards one or two who really had neither school nor talent he would, if their personality had pleased him, be so indulgent as to let the very worst faults, the greatest shortcomings pass without any adverse criticism. On the other hand, who betide either an incorrect and badly-drilled player, or one who merely played the notes and gave no musical reading of the piece, if his or her personality had made an unfavorable impression on the Meister.

Emperor William's Rambles in Disguise. People who imagine that his imperial majesty passes all his time in christening newborn sons, meditating on the wickedness of Prince Bismark, and quarrelling with Count von Waldersee are very much mistaken. He likes his fun also, and takes it.

Mark your Liszt with Robertson's Printing Stamp! Perfectly indelible.

The following may serve as an example of how he treated a bungling and badly-trained player: A young man began to play one of the Meister's own compositions—a difficult polonaise—and in a few bars from the start came down with a jumble of wrong notes on a difficult chord, and when Liszt said in a loud voice, "Begin again!" the luckless player, trying the piece a second time, made the same blunder over again. "Shame, shame!" said Liszt, in a still louder voice; "Begin once more!" The unfortunate individual started off once again, came to the passage, and, for the third time, played the chord all wrong. Then, indeed, there was a scene which I cannot easily forget. Liszt's voice trembled with anger and scorn, as, flinging his music from the desk, and saying more than once in a voice which was calculated to terrify us all, "Do you know to whom you have been playing? You have no business here. Go to the conservatoire; that is the place for such a youth.

On another occasion a fair youth, who wore long hair and had a dreamy and artistic-looking face, began to play Liszt's own Fantasia on Rigolette, and having accomplished a page or two, in which he executed all the florid passages with faultless accuracy, Liszt made him rise, and, playing a page or two of the piece, then told him to go on. But after about half a minute Liszt lifted the music from the desk with the observation, "Das ist ganz psonarisch" (a good school performance), adding, in a satirical tone, "and very humorous as soon as Reissner began to play. As well as I can remember, this fine pianist played some of Liszt's Liebestraume that afternoon, and Fralein Emma Koch, a pupil of Scharwenka, took up the set in these charming pieces, and continuing his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play. Liszt as I can remember, this fine pianist played some of Liszt's Liebestraume that afternoon, and Fralein Emma Koch, a pupil of Scharwenka, took up the set in these charming pieces, and continuing his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play.

On the afternoon when Liszt had been so angry with the young man who had bungled so in the polonaise, he recovered his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play. As well as I can remember, this fine pianist played some of Liszt's Liebestraume that afternoon, and Fralein Emma Koch, a pupil of Scharwenka, took up the set in these charming pieces, and continuing his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play.

Another afternoon a gentleman began to play a polonaise of Chopin's, and by the way Liszt's eye rested on him as he seated himself at the piano, even a superficial observer could have seen that the Meister had taken a personal, and, to my thinking, a most unjust, antipathy to the player. The latter was young, and evidently very nervous and sensitive. There was no lack of swing and go in his performance, but his reading of the piece (to use a mild term) did not please Liszt, who twice impatiently motioned him to get up from the piano, and, playing part of the polonaise himself, he bade the young man to continue playing it in that manner. On the third time of doing so, however, Liszt quite lost his temper, and called out in an angry and imperious manner, "What sort of playing is that? Playing indeed!" and, so saying, he took the player's seat at the piano and played a few bars, just to show the unfortunate aspirant his reading of the polonaise. But instead of saying this time, "Let me hear you play the rest of it," Liszt stood up, moving away from the piano, began to pace up and down, saying as he did so, as if partly to himself, partly to us, and in a voice calculated to strike terror in the bravest there, "Such playing, indeed! and to me, who have so often listened to Liszt! Ah, how he has played this piece!" The discomfited young man stood beside the piano, pale as death, seeming to be transfixed with terror. A profound and painful silence reigned among the students, and no one seemed to know what was coming next, until a young Belgian pianist, managed by gestures, without saying a word, to make the discomfited young pianist understand that, as the Meister had not taken the music of the polonaise off the piano, the inference was that he should continue playing.

And Liszt himself, though he only played fragments of the pieces brought to him by the young pianists, and usually by a few bars of these fragments, was indeed a dazzling sun, that shone with a radiance before which all the younger talents, like stars, paled into insignificance. He gave one the impression of possessing an almost terrible mastery over every imaginable variety of passage, especially in leaping intervals so wide apart that to play them with ease is as nearly as possible like being in two different places at the same time. He listened to him in the "Patienceurs," have listened to him as he passed through me, not so much at what he actually bestowed on us as at what he suggested as having still in reserve. To his interpretation of Chopin—three of whose ballades, many of the preludes, several études, three polonaises, and one concerto I heard him play in Weimar—I have listened with delight mingled with awe.

His sight-reading of difficult manuscript compositions which were brought to him on different occasions was simply marvellous. He would listen to the player for a minute or two with a smile which betrayed a sort of scornful sense of absolute mastery, and then he would sit down and execute the most intricate passages with as much ease as if they were the A B C of a language every syllable, every word of which was familiar to him. What astonished and impressed me most was, not so much that his fingers were responsive to every motion of his mind; I wondered at it, and a cold shiver ran through me, as he listened to him in the "Patienceurs," have listened to him as he passed through me, not so much at what he actually bestowed on us as at what he suggested as having still in reserve. To his interpretation of Chopin—three of whose ballades, many of the preludes, several études, three polonaises, and one concerto I heard him play in Weimar—I have listened with delight mingled with awe.

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There is a certain music hall in Berlin where the Emperor enjoys adventures worthy of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. Whether he is recognized or not I cannot say, as his majesty is an adept in the art of "making up." However, policemen, detectives, and others are far too wise to express suspicions in case they have some idea they are in the presence of the lord of Germany. It is confidently said that the other day, in the father of his people; but occasionally the fact that he is a young man bursts upon him, and he is apt to join in vigorous dancing, and play high jinks generally, as enthusiastically as the latest Jack ashore. Then, in the middle of the Kaiser's and his temporary boon companions are surprised to see their new comrade suddenly draw himself up, turn on his heel and leave the place, followed by a couple of, till that moment, supposed-to-be drunken chums.—Philadelphia Times.

On another occasion the Emperor is said to have passed many hours of the night wandering among the saloons used by sailors and common soldiers, arguing and inviting criticism on the life of a private in his army or an A. B. seaman in his navy. All these things doubtless assist the young sovereign in his endeavours to act as the father of his people; but occasionally the fact that he is a young man bursts upon him, and he is apt to join in vigorous dancing, and play high jinks generally, as enthusiastically as the latest Jack ashore. Then, in the middle of the Kaiser's and his temporary boon companions are surprised to see their new comrade suddenly draw himself up, turn on his heel and leave the place, followed by a couple of, till that moment, supposed-to-be drunken chums.—Philadelphia Times.

On another occasion a fair youth, who wore long hair and had a dreamy and artistic-looking face, began to play Liszt's own Fantasia on Rigolette, and having accomplished a page or two, in which he executed all the florid passages with faultless accuracy, Liszt made him rise, and, playing a page or two of the piece, then told him to go on. But after about half a minute Liszt lifted the music from the desk with the observation, "Das ist ganz psonarisch" (a good school performance), adding, in a satirical tone, "and very humorous as soon as Reissner began to play. As well as I can remember, this fine pianist played some of Liszt's Liebestraume that afternoon, and Fralein Emma Koch, a pupil of Scharwenka, took up the set in these charming pieces, and continuing his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play.

On the afternoon when Liszt had been so angry with the young man who had bungled so in the polonaise, he recovered his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play. As well as I can remember, this fine pianist played some of Liszt's Liebestraume that afternoon, and Fralein Emma Koch, a pupil of Scharwenka, took up the set in these charming pieces, and continuing his good humor as soon as Reissner began to play.

Another afternoon a gentleman began to play a polonaise of Chopin's, and by the way Liszt's eye rested on him as he seated himself at the piano, even a superficial observer could have seen that the Meister had taken a personal, and, to my thinking, a most unjust, antipathy to the player. The latter was young, and evidently very nervous and sensitive. There was no lack of swing and go in his performance, but his reading of the piece (to use a mild term) did not please Liszt, who twice impatiently motioned him to get up from the piano, and, playing part of the polonaise himself, he bade the young man to continue playing it in that manner. On the third time of doing so, however, Liszt quite lost his temper, and called out in an angry and imperious manner, "What sort of playing is that? Playing indeed!" and, so saying, he took the player's seat at the piano and played a few bars, just to show the unfortunate aspirant his reading of the polonaise. But instead of saying this time, "Let me hear you play the rest of it," Liszt stood up, moving away from the piano, began to pace up and down, saying as he did so, as if partly to himself, partly to us, and in a voice calculated to strike terror in the bravest there, "Such playing, indeed! and to me, who have so often listened to Liszt! Ah, how he has played this piece!" The discomfited young man stood beside the piano, pale as death, seeming to be transfixed with terror. A profound and painful silence reigned among the students, and no one seemed to know what was coming next, until a young Belgian pianist, managed by gestures, without saying a word, to make the discomfited young pianist understand that, as the Meister had not taken the music of the polonaise off the piano, the inference was that he should continue playing.

And Liszt himself, though he only played fragments of the pieces brought to him by the young pianists, and usually by a few bars of these fragments, was indeed a dazzling sun, that shone with a radiance before which all the younger talents, like stars, paled into insignificance. He gave one the impression of possessing an almost terrible mastery over every imaginable variety of passage, especially in leaping intervals so wide apart that to play them with ease is as nearly as possible like being in two different places at the same time. He listened to him in the "Patienceurs," have listened to him as he passed through me, not so much at what he actually bestowed on us as at what he suggested as having still in reserve. To his interpretation of Chopin—three of whose ballades, many of the preludes, several études, three polonaises, and one concerto I heard him play in Weimar—I have listened with delight mingled with awe.

His sight-reading of difficult manuscript compositions which were brought to him on different occasions was simply marvellous. He would listen to the player for a minute or two with a smile which betrayed a sort of scornful sense of absolute mastery, and then he would sit down and execute the most intricate passages with as much ease as if they were the A B C of a language every syllable, every word of which was familiar to him. What astonished and impressed me most was, not so much that his fingers were responsive to every motion of his mind; I wondered at it, and a cold shiver ran through me, as he listened to him in the "Patienceurs," have listened to him as he passed through me, not so much at what he actually bestowed on us as at what he suggested as having still in reserve. To his interpretation of Chopin—three of whose ballades, many of the preludes, several études, three polonaises, and one concerto I heard him play in Weimar—I have listened with delight mingled with awe.

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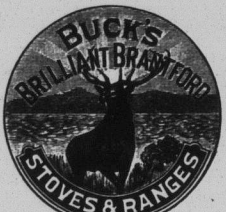
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St. John-South End. It goes without saying that the exhibition of Centuries was a grand success, but it has occupied the time and attention of all St. John's society and gentlemen this evening, to the exclusion of all other entertainments. Very many, however, found time to attend the very brilliant wedding of Miss Katie Smith and Mr. Fred Sayre which was solemnized on Thursday evening at the residence of her father, Mr. Chipman Smith, Westworth street. The bride was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss King, Miss Troop, and her sister, Miss Annie Smith, while the groom was supported by Mr. M. B. Edwards.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Macree. Miss Smith made a charming bride, and her elegant gown of white silk with trimmings of white crepe and feathers was most becoming. Her bridal veil was of handsome point lace, and she carried a large bouquet of white roses. Her three bridesmaids were dressed in white crepe and carried bouquets of yellow roses. Miss Gladys McLaughlin, who also acted as bridesmaid, wore a white cashmere trimmed with daisies and carried a basket of flowers. The groom presented each of the bridesmaids with a diamond pin, and his bride also.

About 50 guests were present at the ceremony and wedding supper. After the latter was partaken of the bride and groom left by train for an extended tour through the States. On their return they will through the residence on Coburg street, lately purchased by Mr. Sayre.

Miss Mary Campbell, (Fredericton) is visiting St. John. The marriage of Mr. W. C. Cross, book keeper in Messrs. Hall & Fairweather, and Miss Effie M. Barbour, daughter of Mr. Robert Barbour, took place at an early hour on Wednesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. O. Gates in the German street baptist church. The bride, who looked remarkably well, was attended by her sister, Miss Jessie Barbour, and her niece, Miss Jessie Staples. Mr. S. H. Davis acted as best man. After the ceremony the happy pair took the Flying Yankee en route for New York.

From gay to grave. The funeral of the late Mrs. Thurgar, whose death occurred last week, took place from Trinity church on Monday afternoon, and was largely attended. Mrs. Thurgar who attained the ripe old age of 90 years, was in former years one of the leaders of society in St. John. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Beverly Robinson of Fredericton, and Mrs. Christian, who resided with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Bichey arrived from Lindsay, Ont., this week to spend a few weeks with their sister, Mrs. James Straton, Coburg street. Mr. S. T. King is also the guest of Mrs. Straton.

Mr. and Mrs. Miss Fellows left on Wednesday for New York, where they take the steamer to-day for England. Miss Fellows, who was seriously ill during her stay in Fredericton, was sufficiently recovered to undertake the voyage. Mr. Fellows before his departure, presented several public institutions with valuable gifts, among them being \$50 to the free public library, to the Union Baptist Educational society, besides handsome sums to the Nurses home fund and the Diocesan Church society.

Mrs. John Robinson (Fredericton) is the guest of Mrs. Ludlow Robinson, Rockwood road. The Rev. J. C. Allison, Hazen street, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. C. Allison, Hazen street.

Mr. Eville of the Halifax Banking company, who has made many friends during his short stay in St. John, has been ordered to Windsor. Mr. King of Windsor has taken his post in St. John. Mr. Mackay of the Bank of N. A. who was ordered to the Fredericton branch, temporarily, has returned to St. John.

Miss Laura Wetmore (Fredericton) is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Holden. Sir Wm. and Lady Ritchie (Ottawa) spent this week at Rothesay, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. David Robertson.

Mr. Beverly Robertson, who met with a serious accident last week in breaking his ankle, is still confined to his mother's residence, Broad street. Although progressing favorably, he will be laid up for some time.

Mrs. John Black (Fredericton) spent this week in St. John. Mrs. Taber and Mrs. Crookshank (Fredericton) spent a few days in the city, the guests of Mrs. Earle, Union street.

Mrs. James Gregory (Fredericton) has spent the last few weeks in St. John, with her mother, Mrs. Hurd Peters, Charles street.

Mr. Jack Esion has taken the residence, Hazen street, at present occupied by Dr. Preston. Mr. Harold Gilbert will remove shortly to Mr. F. S. Sharpe's residence, Princess street. Mr. Sharpe left last week for Toronto, to permanently reside. Mrs. Sharpe and family joined him there this week.

Mr. W. F. B. Barnes, R. N., arrived from England on Tuesday last, and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Coburg street. His marriage with Miss Belle Nicholson will take place on Wednesday next. Cards of invitation have been issued by Dr. and Mrs. Murray MacLaren to a large number of their friends to be present at the ceremony in Trinity church at quarter past eight o'clock, p. m., and also to a reception afterwards at the residence of the Misses Nicholson, Mecklenburg terrace.

Mrs. Beddome and daughter (Moncton) spent this week in St. John. The ball to be given at the St. Andrew's rink on Tuesday next by the president, officers and members of the St. Andrew's curling club promises to be a very magnificent affair. A very large number of invitations have been issued, and a great many acceptances have been received by the secretary of the committee, Mr. H. V. Cooper. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the exhibition of centuries will all appear in costume, while the different booths will be used as sitting-out places between dances. Next Thursday being St. George's day the annual dinner of St. George's society will take place. I understand several of the members are in favor of having a conversation table out of compliment to their lady friends, but it has been found impossible to carry it out this year.

Mr. James Keater, who came to St. John a week or two ago to recruit, after a severe illness at Moncton, has again been laid up, at his mother's residence, German street, with an attack of pleurisy. He is still confined to the house.

Among the passengers by the Parisian which sails from Halifax today, are Rev. Mr. Walters and Mrs. Walters, Rev. Dr. Macree, and Mrs. Robert Turner and two daughters, who are going to Glasgow to live. The attendance at Miss Boyce's dancing assemblies this winter has been unusually large. On evening the dancing was brought to a close by the most enjoyable dance in Good Templars' hall, German street, which did not fail to convince one of the progress made by the pupils under the able tuition of Miss Boyce. A large number of the pupils' friends were invited. Mr. William Lee was master

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AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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Dry Goods, Boys' Clothing, ETC., At 12 KING STREET, TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK. ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS OF

Medium and High-class Dry Goods

The Stock must be sold within, say six months at furthest, and the public will therefore get an opportunity of buying all classes of goods at prices that in many cases has never put them into the stock.

The whole aim is to close up rapidly.

This is a fact honestly and truthfully stated, and those who are wise will hasten to take advantage of the same.—Everything to be sold.

Dress Goods, Cloths, Linens, Prints, Hosiery, Gloves, Real Laces and Imitation Laces, Underwear for Ladies and Gents, Canadian Underwear, Velvets, Satins, Feathers, Flowers, Mantles (of all kinds), Boys' Clothing (all sizes), etc., etc.

The Store will be closed from 1 o'clock until 2 o'clock, for dinner. SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES S. GILCHRIST, Trustees.

Nelle Robinson returned to St. John last day, whence Mr. J. W. Y. Smith proceeded...

GROCERS. CANNED GOODS, & At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, CANNED APRICOTS, CANNED STRAWBERRIES, CANNED RASPBERRIES, CANNED...

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

Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN and MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM CURED! Now on Hand: 3 Dozen Bottles HYATT'S INFALLIBLE BALSAM.

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

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

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S Shoulder Braces, IN ALL THE MOST IMPROVED STYLES.

S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

—SAUNDER'S— Pain Reliever! INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN

TURKISH DYES, EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS ON YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream! is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy.

EVERY MAN should take them. EVERY WOMAN should take them. YOUNG MEN should take them. YOUNG WOMEN should take them.

THE TIP-TILTED NOSE, ST. JOHN.—If you lived in the house with me for a while, my dear, you would soon change your opinion.

ASTRA'S TALKS WITH GIRLS. and I am neither fair nor dark, but just between. I have a pug nose, and when I was a child I was called "Puggie," and everyone "poked fun" at my nasal organ...

HOUSECLEANING TIME IS HERE. The season has arrived when the thrifty housewife, and even the housewife who is not particularly thrifty, must take down her lace curtains and get them washed...

\$50.00 in Cash GIVEN AWAY. THE Publishers of the Fredericton Globe will send up from the letters, contained in the words "FREDERICTON GLOBE."

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the TWENTY SEVEN DAY of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE. THE Board of Assessors of Taxes for the City of St. John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors.

PHOTOGRAPHY. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY. That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

and I am neither fair nor dark, but just between. I have a pug nose, and when I was a child I was called "Puggie," and everyone "poked fun" at my nasal organ...



LITTLE POUTS.

columns, and a lucious berry it is. I suppose your kitten is a malsese, from the name. Some of the questions I am asked are silly. I must confess, but yours is sensible enough.

immensely. Thank you for the hug and the love both. I like girls who speak their minds and say what they think.

Well, you need not have been afraid. I never offer an opinion upon a correspondent's writing unless she asks me particularly, but as you are evidently fishing for it, I don't mind telling you that your writing is very pretty indeed.

Here is a letter that came to the editor, who has handed it to me to print: THE EUROPEAN: Though a man, it is with much pleasure, and I may safely say with profit, that I read "Astra's" thoughtful and interesting column devoted to talks with girls (and boys).

Extracts from "The Saint John City Assessment Law, 1889." Sec. 118.—"The Assessors shall ascertain, as far as possible, the particulars of the real estate which is personal estate, and the income of any person who is not brought in a return in accordance with the provisions of this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, as the true value of such real estate, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission."

Sec. 119.—"No person shall have an abatement of his assessment, unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors, unless they shall be satisfied that there was good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided."

Sec. 120.—"The Assessors shall ascertain, as far as possible, the particulars of the real estate which is personal estate, and the income of any person who is not brought in a return in accordance with the provisions of this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, as the true value of such real estate, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission."

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

THREE DAYS TO ENGLAND

INTERESTING PREDICTIONS REGARDING OCEAN TRAVEL.

A New Steamer of the Hamburg Line to be Launched in May—Great Speed Expected of the New Ship—A New Model of Machinery.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1891.—Men of millions who control the railroads of this country and the big steamship lines have entered in a great race for fast time. The one cry is how can we save time, and the heads of the great corporations have taken the fever from the public and the strongest possible rivalry exists. While new lines of transit with faster engines and more palatial cars are being agitated and created in rapid succession on land, the steamship men have been idle. The improvement in the transatlantic liner in ten years has been

and buildings on both sides of the ocean. To protect these millions it is of course necessary to secure patronage, and to do this they must make fast time. Today the Cunard, the Inman, the Hamburg-American Packet, the North German Lloyd, the White Star and the Transatlantique are rushing their ships across the Atlantic in the great race to save time, and only a day or two ago the despatches announced that the Cunard line was about to build a quartette of ships that will make the trip from New York to Queenstown in a little more than five days. This is even better than the

Our statement would at least have been thought very greatly exaggerated. And 10 or 15 years from now I shouldn't be surprised if steamships were run across the Atlantic in four days, and, as the ratio of advancement in shipbuilding continues, in say 20 years from the present time we might cross in three days. "What will be the necessary requirements for faster time, Mr. Schurz?" "Well, in the first place, if we have higher speed we will need more powerful engines and machinery, and that will necessitate larger vessels of course. Ships must be run at a profit. They are not being run for amusement and fast time,

ing the vessel into two non-communicating halves, of which each is fully equipped to propel the ship. You see, an accident to one side of the ship can in no manner affect the other, whose machinery will continue to work and propel the ship with the greatest ease. The water-tight compartments will confine to one compartment any accident that might happen. "How many lines have adopted the twin screw system?" "Well our own, the Inman, and the White Star is all at the present time, but I have no doubt but that they will all be using it in the near future. The ship of the future will to my mind have larger engines and

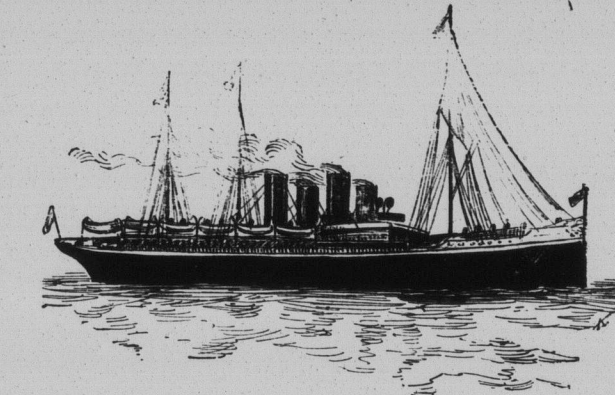
of the passenger steamers and of the alleged danger of fast running in connection with them, but where a ship is provided with twin screws there is really little danger. You will remember the *Normania's* experience. She was headed right for a mammoth iceberg, but with the twin screws and her powerful rudders she was turned right about when within a ship's length of the berg. Of course when I say I believe in faster time I want all the mechanical improvements to keep pace. "The passage of the Postal Subsidy bill, which grants \$4 a mile to first-class American ships, will no doubt stir up considerable capital for ship building on this side

more powerful than any yet made for the Atlantic passenger steamer. I do not care to predict what her time will be, but you may rest assured it will not be behind the record of the *Columbia*. The *Prince Bismarck* has three funnels and two masts which are low and without yards so as to offer the least resistance while the efficiency remains unimpaired should their use ever be required. The *Prince Bismarck* will be 520 feet long, 68 feet wide, and a depth of 40 feet. It will have 12,000 tons displacement, and the engines will have 16,000 horse power. There will be five decks constructed solidly of steel and teak wood, the upper decks ending in strong turtle-backs at the bow and stern. One new ship will have twin screws and its entire working machinery will be duplicated. It is not necessary to say that the workmanship on the latest addition to our fleet will be the finest in the world. All the machinery is built with an excess of strength actually required. The cylinders will be of extra large size, fifty, seventy-two and one hundred and eleven inches in diameter, with a seventy-six inch stroke. Particular attention has been paid to the reversing gear, which is extra rapid and noiseless in its action. The comfort and elegance that will be displayed on the *Prince Bismarck* will surpass anything yet offered on any Atlantic liner. The large and luxurious saloons, the ladies' boudoirs, music, smoking and staterooms generally are being fitted up in



CARL SCHURZ.

very great and as the travel goes on increasing new and faster ships are being built. The amount of capital invested in these great ocean transportation lines is enormous. The first cost of one of the modern ships is very nearly, if not quite, two million dollars, and when one line alone runs half a dozen or more of these floating palaces it can readily be imagined that these companies must control large sums of money. Besides the millions the steamship men have invested in ships, more millions have been invested in real estate, docks,



CARL SCHURZ'S IDEA OF THE STEAMSHIP OF THE FUTURE WITH MORE POWERFUL MACHINERY.

Austin Corbin scheme of running 12,000 ton, all-American steamships from Montauk Point, Long Island, to Fivestford Haven in five days and a half.

Now Carl Schurz, who is president of the Hamburg-American Packet company, knows as much about the great race among the steamship companies as anyone on this side of the Atlantic.

"I am a great believer in fast time," said Mr. Schurz. "I do not agree with those who say there is greater danger in running a ship at a faster rate of speed than the seven day or even the six day trip to the other side of the Atlantic. I am of the opinion that we will yet build ships that can make the run to Liverpool in three days. It is not at all improbable. And in fact I expect to see it before I die if we keep on improving at the rate we are going now and I am 60 years of age at that. Twenty-five or thirty years ago we would have been ridiculed if we predicted that ships could cross the Atlantic as they are doing now in six days and fifteen hours.

We can build ships that can make the run across to Europe in three or four days or say five days, but they would not be able to carry freight and passengers. And even if they carried passengers without freight we couldn't afford to run them. The problem we are endeavoring to solve is to build a ship that can make these fast trips and at the same time have room enough in her hold for freight and on her decks for passengers. On these ships safety must be the first consideration. To realize the steamer of the future the company which I represent, and, I guess, the heads of the other great steamship lines, also, are sparing neither trouble nor expense in securing the latest phase of marine architecture perfect in the three requirements of modern travel—safety, speed and comfort. In our ships there are two distinct sets of boilers, two engines, two shafts and two screws, both sets working independently of each other and separated by one solid longitudinal bulkhead running from the keel to the upper deck and divid-

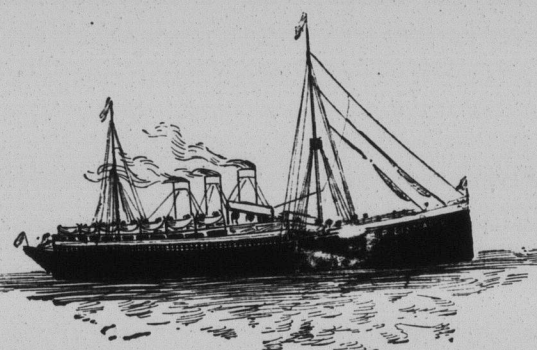
ing the vessel into two sets of twin screws. You can readily see that to carry this extra machinery and at the same time not decrease the freight and passenger carrying capacity we must have some pretty big ships. In the *Normania*, our two engines make a total of 12,500 horse power so if this horse power were doubled the force at our command would be very great.

We have landed passengers from New York in London in seven days and in Hamburg in eight days. Ten years from now we may be able to land passengers in London in say four days and in Hamburg in five days. I believe in fast time and if we could cross the Atlantic in two days I would favor it.

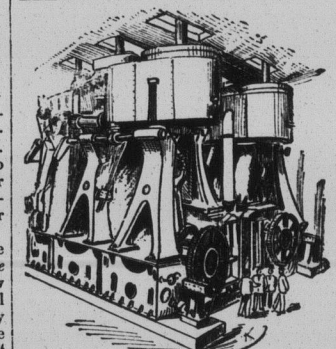
"And as to the danger of the speeding of steamships?" "There is just as much danger in running at the rate of fifteen or eighteen knots an hour as twenty knots, the latest runs yet made by our steamships, are twenty-five knots an hour the possible speed of the future. There has been much talk about icebergs that have been floating in the path

of the Atlantic. I have heard of Mr. Corbin's plans, but I understand that gentleman has not spoken on the matter as yet. Many people though may not care to go down to Montauk Point to board their ship, preferring New York, which will probably always be the central point for travellers to Europe.

"But we have a treat in store for the public in May," continued Mr. Schurz. The *Prince Bismarck*, our new ship which is now being fitted out across the Atlantic, will make her first run to this country early next month. We expect she will eclipse all previous records. The Emperor of Germany was shown over the *Prince Bismarck* the other day by the representatives of our company in Germany and he expressed great delight with the vessel. The emperor spent an entire afternoon on the ship, which is lying at the wharves of the shipbuilding company, *Vulcan*, receiving the last of her furnishings. The *Prince Bismarck* pleased the emperor very much, and he was particularly interested in her machinery, which is the latest and most improved. Her engines are larger and



PRINCE BISMARCK, THE FUTURE RECORD BREAKER.



ONE OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S NEW ENGINES.

magnificent style. We are building our staterooms larger with more luxuriant toilet conveniences and also larger beds. The stateroom on the *Prince Bismarck* will be unusually high, well lighted and provided with a perfect system of ventilation.

CURTIS J. MAR.

Enameline will be found an indispensable addition to the toilet.

THIS SPACE COSTS MONEY!

BUT—seeing, that through the medium of this paper, we reach no less than twenty thousand (20,000) pairs of ladies' eyes, and that during the time we have been employing its columns as a channel of communication to this vast number of GLOVE WEARERS, our returns in postal orders alone, have infinitely more than paid us for our outlay of money, we have no regrets. We therefore take this opportunity of thanking our numerous correspondents from all parts of the Provinces, through its large circulation. The multitude of letter orders, enclosing postage stamps for Gloves, received by

FAIRALL'S DIRECT KID GLOVE AGENCY,

from all parts of the country is unmistakable evidence how widely our Commission System of FIRST HAND PRICES is appreciated. The public are now beginning to realize, and are waking up to see what our Agency has accomplished in breaking down that adamant wall which has so long stood between the importer of Kid Gloves and the consumer. The boon to every lady is simply inestimable, enabling any one, by our prompt mail facilities, even in the smallest towns and villages of the country, to obtain (Carriage paid, direct from the importer) a superior 4-Button FRENCH KID GLOVE, 64c. and for OUR Fos-77c. and if nothing short of the at the nominal price of \$1.24. The result of our Agency System, is will meet the needs of some of our richer neighbors, we have them in all shades for \$1.24. that our counters are besieged with customers, asking for our Gloves, and the postman (figuratively speaking) is tumbling our letter orders all over the sidewalks, for want of a basket.

SEND ALONG the relative value of the Glove YOU WANT, in stamps, giving your size and address, clearly written, and if we don't ASTONISH YOU with their value, you may astonish us by returning them, and we will promptly send you back the money, with six cents additional, to cover correspondence. This leaves you no room for argument.

ADDRESS:

FAIRALL'S KID GLOVE AGENCY, 18 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAMILTON, GOODS. SERIALS, WADES and STYLES. QUALIFIED satisfaction to our... LE FINE DISPLAY in... UNEQUALLED. es, Hosiery. FREET. ER'S ROOMS. NED: Variety of, RUGS, ETC., ing over one hundred ver 100 patterns to SKINNER. ine Powder. Paint like new, Marble white, Windows clean as crystal. Dishes sparkle. 5 CENTS.

here the Latest Can be Found. rs. D. & J. Paterson have been the most successful of the new tailors, and have already made a reputa- well made and stylish clothing- stock is all new, but the additions ve been made to meet the spring of the latest, and includes all the items that will be worn this year.

Dyspepsia nse Suffering for 8 years—Re- stored to Perfect Health.

people have suffered more severely dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: over 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh- over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment oped into acute dyspepsia, and soon I reduced to 160 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all in my work, had fits of melancholia, and says at a time I would have welcomed I became morose, sullen and irritable, for eight years life was a burden. I tried physicians and many remedies. One day a friend employed by me suggested that I should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and before taking the whole of the I began to feel like a new man. The pains to which I had been subjected, and the palpitation of the heart subsided, stomach became easier, nausea disap- ed, and my entire system began to up. With returning gth came activity of and body. Before fifth bottle was taken I regained my former weight and natural tion. I am today well and I ascribe it king Hood's Sarsaparilla." B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa- do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 00 Doses One Dollar

TOILET GEM Phiboderma CHAPPED HANDS SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. SALLY DRUGGISTS

PAPER IS PRINTED ON A PATENT IMPROVED BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

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

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XI.—SEEKING REST.

Before Jack Barlyl had time to answer his strange visitor, the door had closed gently behind her and he was alone. He took up the photographic frame to replace it on the mantle-piece, and saw the portrait it contained was gone. Instantly he rushed for his hat and darted into the street, resolved to follow her. In a moment he caught sight of her tall figure with its veiled face and gliding motion, saw her enter Piccadilly and proceed in an opposite course from that she had taken when he last pursued and lost her.

She now directed her steps towards Hyde Park Corner, moving along swiftly and with a grace and ease of carriage that even more than her low soft voice and delicate-shaped hands, betrayed good breeding. Barlyl took the other side of the street, remaining a few yards in the rear, and never taking his eyes from her lest she might vanish as before. The lamps had been lit, and now formed a chain of yellow light extending far up and down the thoroughfare: cabs and carriages passed to and fro, bearing men and women to the dinner-table or the theatre; busses carried many a family man to his suburban home in West Kensington.

Still watching her as she walked by the railing of the Green Park, Barlyl saw her slacken speed, then pause as if irresolute, retrace her steps for a few yards, and then move veering suddenly round, resume her former pace.

He wondered if she had lost her way; if she was conscious she took a course exactly opposite to that she followed when he had last seen her. Presently he asked himself what did it matter to him who she was, where she went, what she did? Why had he thought of her, waited for her, followed her, offered to help her, whilst he could enjoy himself, instead of permitting his mind to be worried by her and her history.

"Man," he considered, "is a strange biped: a soft spoken word, the sight of a face, the flutter of a petticoat, will sometimes throw him off his mental balance, and reduce him in a moment from a free and noble creature to an abject slave; his whole mind and soul warped and occupied by one idea—the woman who has led him into captivity. Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what fools the wisest of us can become."

As he arrived at this conclusion he saw the object of his pursuit look swiftly around, as if she feared or expected to be followed, and then entering the park, take a path leading to Knightsbridge.

The sun had gone down more than an hour ago, but a hazy golden light yet lingered in the west. In the clear opal of the skies a few stars glimmered fair and faint; a gentle breeze sprang up too languid to stir the parched grass, but with sufficient strength to make the leaves of the stately trees rustle in their top-most boughs; one late bird, a sweet voiced thrush, sang a farewell song to his mate already asleep in her nest close by, and when his note ceased, silence crept over all.

Last dim yellow lamps, under wide-stretching boughs, and into the gathering shadows, growing deeper and more deep, the dark figure sped, black, spectral and weird, as it bent upon some errand fateful with the issues of life and death. Barlyl more she paused where the light of a lamp fell on her, took a photograph from out the folds of her cloak, raised her veil and riveted her eyes upon the portrait of a dark complexioned man, with heavy features and hair parted in the centre. Then she raised it to her lips again and again, and thrusting it into her bosom, crossed the rotten row and came insight of the motionless waters of the Serpentine.

Barlyl, who was now close upon her, suddenly stood still, transfixed by fear and anxiety. At sight of the river with its dim reflections of stars and sky, the memory of her wild words, the light of her sad eyes, the gleam that lighted her pale face, came back to him. He now understood what she meant by saying she would soon be numbered with the dead.

Step by step she glided under the trees, and down the grassy slope leading to the water's edge. An hour ago the bank had been crowded by bathers; who had been warned away at sundown; and it was now as silent and deserted as if it were removed by leagues from the great surrounding city. As she reached a wide stretching oak tree encircled by a rustic seat, she hesitated, and then sat down, her eyes fixed upon the glassy surface of the Serpentine now removed but by a few yards from her. Within its depths she would seek the peace and rest that had long been strangers to her heart, which in a little while would no more beat with wild desires for sight of him who had deserted her in an hour of greatest need; no longer throbbing with hope and the prospect of meeting him. Her brain that of late had been filled with wild visions of strange faces and unknown cities, tortured by dark suspicions and awful presentiments, excited by imaginings of foul murders and deeds of bloodshed, would trouble her no more; here was rest.

There was no place for her in the crowds through which she had moved day after day; no face had been turned in friendship towards her; neither pleasant word nor sunny smile greeted her; she had voluntarily parted from those who had known her in childhood to follow the one man she loved with all her soul. The romance of her youth ended in heartweariness and anguish; her life must end in these quiet reaches of thousands, whilst she felt as lone as if she already lay in her grave; she had done with the world for ever and for aye. A few tears came into her eyes and trickled down her white, worn cheeks, but she brushed them hastily away, and then rose.

Barlyl, who had softly stolen to the opposite side of the tree, watched her movement with fearful expectancy. When she stood up he did likewise, and peering round the trunk saw her knot her thick veil tightly behind her head. Even if in her extremity she called for help, she was resolved her cry should reach no human ear. He could see that her hands trembled, and

a faint whisper fell upon his ear, as if she prayed for forgiveness. Then came a loud sob, succeeded by a rustle of her dress and a swift rush forward. In an instant Barlyl reached her, and just as her feet reached the water, flung one arm round her and drew her back. She uttered a faint moan and fell senseless in his arms. Gently and lightly he carried her back to the seat, propped her against the tree, and then hurrying back to the water, dipped his handkerchief in it, removed her veil, and bathed her face. The poor pale lips quivered in her effort to catch breath, she raised her heavy lids, and with a glassy senseless stare fixed her eyes on vacancy. He moistened her mouth, and her brow, dashed her hands, and taking off his hat, fanned her, his face being scarcely less pale than her own the while.

It took some time before she recovered consciousness, and a still greater while before she could recall her mind to what had passed.

"Has he saved me?" she said in a low tone, a long pause between each word.

"No," Barlyl answered, "I have."

She looked at him, striving to recall where she had seen him, and then remembering, asked, "Did he send you?"

"No," Barlyl again replied. "I followed you."

"Why?"

"I can't tell; but I'm glad I did, as I have saved your life."

"It is of no value to me or to anyone else," she remarked sadly.

"But you had no right to take it; you did wrong."

"Perhaps I did. He might regret it if ever he came to know."

"He might," the valet replied; considering within himself that if this woman in any way troubled or stood in his way, Capt. Fothergille would rejoice to hear of her death.

"I wanted to have seen him first, but I began to despair. You don't know how often I have watched the house day and night before I called the second time, always hoping to see him, always disappointed, until at last I believed we should never meet again. Do you think we shall?" she asked plaintively.

"If you wait a little while you will certainly see him; if you give me your address I will let you know when he returns."

"You are kind," she answered. "I know by your voice you are kind and that I can trust you."

"Thank you!"

"No, it is I who must thank you; kindness is such a small thing to give, and yet such a boon to receive; and I have known but little of it during my time; the world seems cruel."

"I have saved your life and you owe me something," he said.

She looked at him with the wild startled glance he remembered so well. "How much?" she asked.

"Merely that you will promise not to attempt suicide again."

"Suicide," she whispered. "Did I attempt it. Oh God my brain is gone; it has given way under too much trouble," she added bursting into tears and crying heartily.

"You will not strive to drown yourself again," he said, when her outburst had subsided.

"No, no," she replied, gazing with horror on the surface of the still waters. "Take me away from here. It grows dark and cold and lonely; but see," she said, pointing to the opposite shore, "the trees beckon me across, or are they human beings, I cannot see for the shadows that come between us, but their arms are outstretched towards me, and they point to the water below; how still and calm it is, one would surely find rest there; ah, that's what they mean; they know me, and they see what I need, rest, rest, rest!"

"Come with me," he said, taking her gently by the arm.

She went with him unhesitatingly, leaving the Serpentine, crossing the soft yellow soil of the row, and moving onward to Hyde Park corner from where the noise of traffic fell upon their ears.

"I am better now, she said, "my brain is more calm. I'll go back to my lodging."

"I must say good-bye," said Barlyl, his quick ear catching the name.

His companion turned suddenly round. She had forgotten his existence, but reminded of it by his voice, she stretched out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, "and thank you very much for all your kindness," saying which she entered the hall and mounted the stairs.

He lingered for a moment as if desiring to speak with the woman who had opened the door, but on second thoughts turned away without a word. Scarcely had he reached the bottom of the street, however, when a fresh idea seemed to strike him, and retracing his steps he once more rang the bell. The landlady again opened the door; her maid-of-all-work was having her time being a slave to the bell and knocker, as she subsequently described herself. Seeing Barlyl again she looked surprised.

"Can I have a few words with you in private," he asked.

"About what?" she demanded.

"Business," he answered, meeting her gaze of astonishment.

"No one can ever say that Mrs. Simons is above her business," she remarked.

"Please step into my parlor, sir, and let me hear what you have to say."

CHAPTER XII.—OLD CONFEDERATES.

It was a bright morning two days later than the afternoon on which Mrs. Crayworth had contrived that the baronet should see his wife and Lord Hector in the chateau; and the abbey household was assembled round the breakfast table.

Breakfast-room had the table of the broken remains free from the hands of modern decorators, and stood in very much the same condition as when Sir Danvers' ancestors lived and had their being.

On the polished oak panels of the walls hung portraits in richly-gilded oval frames of famous statesmen, soldiers of renown, and court beauties whose charms gallants had toasted and poets had sung. On the high and delicately carved cabinets in the corners stood dragon jars, their deep red and vivid blue colors finely contrasted against the mellow hues of the dark oak; bronze dogs stood upon the open hearth guarding a pile of dried logs ready to kindle into a blaze at a moment's notice; curtains of tawny shaded brocade hung at the doors and windows.

The latter stood wide open to the terrace, giving a view of the great fountain spouting in the morning sun, and of the wide green park beyond stretching into seemingly boundless space, its great oaks, stately beeches, Irish yews, and wide boughed elms casting deep shadows on the velvet sward.

The mistress of the abbey presided over the round centre table. Sir Danvers noted with his quick eyes of love that she looked pale and languid, and in manner was absent and almost melancholy. Lord Hector strove to maintain a flagging conversation; the poor relation had mildly expressed his fears concerning the heat of the coming day, on which he contrasted the warmth of an English summer with the temperature he had experienced in tropical climates, and told them of a Christmas day spent in the Australian bush, when the thermometer was ninety degrees in the shade, and when his companions ate roast mutton and plum pudding under the trees, and quaffed bunches of rum and water to those they loved and longed to be with in old England.

"You may remember the day, Captain Fothergille," he said, addressing him across the table.

"Can't say I do," replied that individual, munching his toast.

"I should have thought you would. It was only a few weeks before the murder of poor Hawkins."

The captain's complexion suddenly turned to a pale leaden hue, he gave a little gasp, and let his eyes rest upon the cup in front of him. "Yes," he ejaculated, presently, "I remember he picked a quarrel one night with a fellow who had too much rum."

"O'Mara, a noisy brawling Irishman, but harmless as a child, was suspected of the deed, but I'm sure he never put a knife into poor Hawkins—they were the best of friends."

"I always suspected him," answered the captain, his natural color returning slowly to his face, but his eyes still lowered on the table.

"Yes, and you didn't hesitate to say so at the time, but I believed you were wrong."

"Who then could have—"

"Murdered him," said Lord Hector, supplying the words the other hesitated to discover.

"The captain would still down the cup he was about raising to his lips.

"It will remain a mystery for ever," he answered. "Why, a thousand crimes have been committed in the bush that have never been traced. In a place where civilization was hardly known, and greed of gold was rampant in every man's breast, life was held of little value; a death or two more or less didn't matter," he answered with an attempt at a laugh.

"There's an old saying, 'murder will out,'" said Lord Hector.

Again the leaden hue spread itself over the captain's features, his mouth twitched convulsively, and he made no attempt to continue the conversation.

"I'm going over to West Hayton Farm, Ethel," said Sir Danvers. "Will you come? The drive will refresh you before the heat of the day begins and keeps you indoors."

wards him, but apparently he did not heed her. He had never before set out on his rides without taking her hand or kissing her forehead. She watched the door close upon him, expecting he would return, but she waited in vain, struggling with a sense of grief and loneliness that suddenly fell upon her life.

Captain Fothergille left the breakfast-room, passing Meg without word or look. The girl sighed, remembering how much his manner had changed towards her since the arrival of Lord Hector Maynes; a fact which Mrs. Crayworth remarked and speculated on freely.

Lord Hector strode through one of the open French windows and walked up and down the terrace smoking a cigarette, and Mrs. Crayworth thinking this a favorable opportunity for learning, if possible, something of his relations with Fothergille, joined him.

"What a delightful morning," she said in her sweetest tones, making a movement as if he wished to continue his walk.

"This dear old park is a lovely pastoral scene. One almost expects to see shepherds and shepherdesses with lutes and flutes, dance and sing, or Pan with his double pipe followed by trains of flower-clad nymphs and laughing dryads dart in and out amongst those shady trees."

"The days when such harmless beings populated the earth are over," he replied, and the places taken by a vicious rascal who turns this smiling world to a howling wilderness."

Mrs. Crayworth wondered if he included her among the vicious race, but not willing to show the cap fitted her, she contented herself with a smile, and said, "I suppose you're right, Lord Hector; no doubt in cities, and in the bush perhaps, there are plenty of wicked people, but here we are innocence itself."

"Indeed," he remarked coolly as his eyes wandered from her coquettish cap to the artificial hair dangling over her forehead, and the becoming bloom upon her cheeks.

"There was a serpent found even in Eden."

His hearer gave a little rippling laugh to conceal her anger. "I fear you are a cynical creature," she said, shaking her head reprovingly. "Surely there are no serpents to be seen in the abbey park?"

"To be seen, no," he replied, his fingers playing with the locket depending from his watch chain, having the initials E. L. raised in blue enamel on its surface. "They are always hidden in the grass, but they leave a trail behind by which they can be discovered, and—"

"And what?" she asked, her eyes fastened on the locket.

"And crushed," he answered.

"Poor things," she remarked, striving to laugh but merely producing a grimace.

"I must go indoors to write some letters," he said, throwing away his cigarette, and raising his hat as he abruptly left her.

"We shall meet again," he added, turning his head over his shoulder and speaking as if on second thoughts.

"Yes," she said to herself, a venomous look crossing her face. "We shall meet again for I haven't yet done with you or the woman you love, and before we part the serpent will have stung you both."

It was evident to her he had either some knowledge of her past, or suspected her hatred of Lady Fothergille; for she could not blind herself to the covert meaning of his words, uttered as they were with emphasis that he answered a few days ago—

"She sauntered down the park to where she had caught sight of Fothergille walking with bent head and meditative air."

"Do you want me?" he asked almost rudely as she joined him.

"Of course I do or I shouldn't have come here," she answered placidly.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"First let me ask you why haven't you proposed to Meg?"

"Because I don't wish to risk my chances of success by a hasty movement."

"And yet you were anxious to ask her the important question a few days ago—just before Lord Hector's arrival."

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded in an outburst of temper, looking at her suspiciously from under his heavy brows.

"Nothing," she replied, adding a second later, "that I know of at least."

What before a suspicion now became a certainty to her mind.

"I never saw you," he answered.

"I have begun, do you follow suit. There are many things a man can say to a man which a woman cannot; we must work together. Do you know anything derogatory to Lord Hector's character whilst he was in Australia?"

"Nothing," he answered, as though reluctant to make such an admission.

"Then you must invent some story concerning him for Sir Danvers's ear. Poison your simoleon of a cousin with hints and insinuations as if you knew more than you really do."

"How am I to begin," he enquired.

"I have begun, do you follow suit. There are many things a man can say to a man which a woman cannot; we must work together. Do you know anything derogatory to Lord Hector's character whilst he was in Australia?"

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MAIDENS IN RUSSIA.

A Pen Picture of the Girl Subjects of the Mighty Czar.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, because there are generally more sons than daughters. Take the young members of the imperial family as an example, and we find twenty-two grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses, and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers has given rise to a saying: "One son is no son, two sons are half a son, but three are a whole son."

Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance to the family; she is indulged as far as her means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday schools, as religion is taught by priests or deacons.

It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick or poor in the villages; it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Her girl friends, however, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of twelve. Of course there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka off-hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia, and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maids. There are no colonies for the Russian to run away to, and statistics show that the births of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of; they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiancée is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom elect drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged, and so on, little by little, like the fifty-one cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off one, generally of the sterner sex, is left forlorn.—English Magazine.

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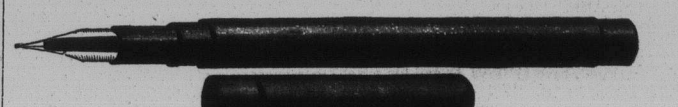
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SUNDAY READING



BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

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

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the Editors office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the prize. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration. 2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors. 3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks. 4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their work. 5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," Editor PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

Arthur J. Nesbitt, city, was the successful competitor for Prize Bible Questions, No. 8. Among the answers received, the following eight were correct: Master Arthur J. Nesbitt, city; Miss Janie McRoberts, Richibucto; Miss Bessie M. Luffertin, city; Miss Anna Victoria Newnam, St. Stephen; Master John Flowering, Centreville; Miss Violet Kinnear, city; Miss Lizzie Laip, Richibucto, and a Fredericton friend.

I may say the questions were very excellently answered by all. Some answers were not so fully given as others in the Prize Bible Questions. The best answers generally receive the prize, although they may not be the first correct answer. There were some different opinions among the competitors about third question. The name of the Assyrian river, on whose banks a noted prophecy was written, Ulai, Euphrates, Hiddeke and Chebas, were all given as Assyrian rivers.

In the first place, Ulai was a Persian river, on the bank of which Daniel had a famous vision. Daniel vii, 2, 16. The Euphrates was a famous river of Asia, rising in the Armenian mountains, flowing along the frontiers of Cappadocia, Syria, Arabia, Deserta, Mesopotamia, and Chaldea, and falling into the Persian gulf. Hiddeke, one of the rivers of Paradise, now called Tigris; it joins the Euphrates at Kuriah. The Chebas rises in the northern part of Mesopotamia. Nebuchadnezzar formed a settlement of Jewish captives on the fertile banks of the river Chebas, where the sublime visions of Ezekiel took place. Ezekiel, i, 3; iii, 15; xliii, 3.

I hope all who have found so many beautiful verses indicating spring, when they see the flowers appearing, and hear the singing of birds, will think of Him who has also said: "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them: Are ye not much better than they?" "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Matthew xvi, 26, 33.

ANSWERS TO PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS, No. 8.

- 1. Rufus mentioned in Mark xv, 21, was son of Simon, the Agrenian, who bore the cross of Christ; he may be the same Rufus that Paul mentions in Romans, xvi, 13. 2. The name which Hiram, King of Tyre, gave to a district given him by King Solomon for his services in building the temple, was Cabul, which means displacing—consisting of twenty cities in Galilee—I Kings, ix, 11, 14. 3. The name of an Assyrian river on whose banks a noted prophecy was written, was Chebas, by the Prophet Ezekiel—Ezekiel i, 3; iii, 15. 4. The following quotations from the Old Testament indicate "spring": Song of Solomon, ii, 12: "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come;" and Song of Solomon, vii, 13: "Let us get up early to see if the vines flourish and the pomegranates bud." Ecclesiastes, xi, 4: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow." Isaiah, lv, 10: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth; and maketh it bring forth bud; that it may give seed to the sower." 2 Samuel, xlii, 4: "As the tender grass springing out of the earth." Genesis, viii, 22: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat; and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 9.

- 1. Who gave his parole never to leave Jerusalem; state how it was broken, and the consequences? 2. Give the name of one whose birth, name and office were foretold? 3. On what occasion were garments thrown on the ground as a carpet of state? 4. Prove that Paul studied literature?

SERMON.

"Symbolism"—By Rev. W. J. Dawson.

Mr. Dawson chose as his subject of discourse, the occasion on which Hezekiah, during the reformation of his kingdom, broke into pieces the brazen serpent, speaking specially from the words in II

Kings, chap. xviii, verse 4: "And brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it, and he called it Nehushtan." To him, the preacher said, this was one of the most striking and instructive passages in the whole bible. It is a sort of what you would call an act of sacrifice, or of heroic common sense, precisely as you are disposed to view it.

Hezekiah came to the throne in the very flower of his manhood! He had nourished his youth in the fear of God, and now his time was come. It is easy for us to picture to ourselves the temptation which would beset one so young when suddenly the power to carry out his objects was in his hand. For we have all known, have we not, men who were full of noble purposes when they were impotent, and having ignoble inclinations when they were powerful. Politicians have promised much when the people hated them, and done nothing than to be brave when we know that it is impossible to prove our words by actions and to forget our vows when the hour of their fulfilment is at hand. Hezekiah was not one of these. He ascended the throne with a resolute determination to do right at all costs. He saw that Beal's statue and the brazen serpent were the cause of the same evil to the people. If one was to be destroyed, then the other must perish with it, and therefore, "He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made," calling it Nehushtan, no more than common brass.

Now, let us consider the serpent which it was, and then we will understand his conduct better. We have to remember first, that the brazen serpent had been the channel of divine grace. Seven hundred years before God was making nation, and the forty years of wandering in the desert was the first in the making. The first great thing that he had to learn was the fear of God, and wandering in the desert was the best school in which it was to be learned.

The lesson was bitter, and we can hardly wonder that many times it almost broke down; to have no home; no resting place for the dead but to be buried where they fell; for the little children to eke out the day as they could in the hardship of a Nomad's life; and for this to last, and not for a day or year, but for a life-time, and the elders to die one by one without that vision of the promised land which seemed so near when they left the brickfields of Egypt. Picture to yourselves a despairing multitude suffering and exiled, and can you wonder that they complained they had been sent to die in the wilderness? God answered their prayer for bread and water by sending fiery serpents teaching them that there was a worse thing than that of wanting meat. That was the foundation of the brazen serpent, and the serpent became a channel of divine grace. We can understand how that symbol was preserved, and how it came to be looked upon as a charm, till at last incense was burned before it. When men worship the more chance of the things of grace, the brazen serpent instead of eternal God, then it is time for some Hezekiah to come and break it to pieces, and say "It is Nehushtan; it is brass." This brazen serpent was a symbol of relief. How much do we reverence the things of the past! We smile at the reverence of catholics for certain things, but supposing we knew these things to be zeal, who would not look upon them with reverence? We go to exhibitions where we may see a prayer book which belonged to Queen Mary, or the bible which Cromwell carried with him. It is a right instinct, for religion is one of the secrets of the past. To stand within the room where Shakespeare or Burns was born makes one feel reverence when he thinks of all that has been witnessed between these narrow walls, for something imperishable has come out of these. One almost fears the solemn clock of eternity beating in such a scene. And if we feel that for such a matter, how much more do we feel it for names and symbols that are connected with spiritual things. Who would not bow his head if he could be sure he was looking upon the very piece of wood on which the Saviour's hands were nailed, or upon the stained napkin which bound His head when they laid Him in the tomb? It was thus that the Hebrews revered the serpent. It was natural and right to reverence it, but when it took the place of God then He raised Hezekiah to cast it down, as a piece of brass. There are natures to which symbolism is necessary, and there are natures to which symbolism is abhorrent. The hard, unimaginative, practical nature usually resents all symbolism. How often has a church such a man will make it as like a barn as he can. It is a waste of time to point out that the spire is pointing to the heavens, to explain to him the painted windows, or to say that the high space underneath the roof is a pathway by which man may travel Godward. Ah, you reverence your church service, and the eloquence of the heated pulpit; such a man will make them as much like an auctioneer's sale as possible. He is incapable of understanding the beauty of the Lord, or that it may abound in the sanctuary. More money spent beyond the exact cost of stone and mortar in the building is to him a needless extravagance, and his cry is the cry of Judas, "Why such wastefulness?" But that is precisely the man who most needs symbolism in worship, for an imaginative man carries his symbolism with him. The immense hold that the catholic church has always had upon the most of the masses lies very largely in the fact that it has always known how to awaken and to satisfy the instinct of beauty, and the loss to protestantism through its willful neglect of the interests of beauty has been in our own national and religious history. Jesus Christ says: "This is My body. This is My blood." He used a symbol and a beautiful and touching symbol. He meant to say that the disciple has spiritual communion with his Lord, and that that life passing into man changes the vile body into a heavenly likeness, and makes it one

in Christ. That symbol forms a picture that sank deep into the very minds of the world. When the water is declared His very body, and the wine His blood, and the priests obscure His love, then a new movement begins, and men begin to feel about the sacrament as Hezekiah did about the serpent. And again, go to the other extreme in worship which is strictly opposed to all symbolism, and we may truly say, for I admit that at some of the observances of John Knox I even feel horror. But, better a thousand times to worship in a barn, or on the bleak hillside with the covenanters, than to bow before an image in the most glorious temple ever built, and have better it should be wrecked and shattered in atoms than that man should make it the place where the symbol is worshipped, instead of eternal God, for it is the serpent in the sanctuary. It was that which William Blake meant when he wrote:—

"I saw a serpent between the wide pillars of the door, And he forced and forced till he the golden hinges And along the pavement wide, set with pearls and beads, He saw that Beal's statue and the brazen serpent were the cause of the same evil to the people. If one was to be destroyed, then the other must perish with it, and therefore, "He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made," calling it Nehushtan, no more than common brass.

Now, let us consider the serpent which it was, and then we will understand his conduct better. We have to remember first, that the brazen serpent had been the channel of divine grace. Seven hundred years before God was making nation, and the forty years of wandering in the desert was the first in the making. The first great thing that he had to learn was the fear of God, and wandering in the desert was the best school in which it was to be learned.

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to accompany with Thy influence the preaching of the gospel and the religious instruction of the young; to sustain and preserve all missionaries to the heathen, and to prosper their efforts to reveal and establish the kingdom of Christ among the nations of the earth: That it may please Thee to guide and strengthen all those who are seeking to do their part toward lessening the suffering and ignorance and wickedness which prevail around them, and their work may be done devoutly, wisely, and hopefully. That it may please Thee to regard with Thy favor all little children, that they may be early led into paths of wisdom and peace; young men and maidens that they may be sober-minded, earnest, and brave; the mature, that the cares of the world may not weaken and kill their higher life; and all aged persons, that with chastened hearts they may still declare Thy wondrous works.

That it may please Thee to remember all Thy people scattered abroad; all our brethren everywhere praying in this holy hour; that the solitary place may be made glad, and the lonely heart, sighing after Thee, be enriched with a sense of Thy presence and love.

Something for Mothers to Get their Boys to Read and Think Over.

Of my own will, did I offer up myself unto God the Father for thy sins. My hands were stretched forth on the cross, and my body laid bare so that nothing remained in me that was not wholly turned into a sacrifice for the appeasing of the divine majesty. What do I require of thee more, than that thou study to resign thyself entirely unto me? Whatsoever thou givest thyself is of no value in my sight for I seek not thy gifts, but thee. As it would not suffice thee to have all things whatsoever, without me; so neither can it please me, whatsoever thou givest if thou give not thyself. Offer up thyself unto me, and give thyself wholly for God, and thine offering shall be acceptable. But if thou abidest in thyself and dost not offer thyself freely unto my will, thine oblation is not entire, neither will there be perfect union between us. Therefore a free offering of thyself into the hands of God ought to go before all thine actions if thou desire to obtain liberty and grace. For this cause so few become inwardly free and enlightened because they are loath wholly to deny themselves. My sentence standeth sure, "Unless a man forsake all he cannot be my disciple." It thou therefore desire to be my disciple, offer up thyself unto me with thy whole heart.

HYMN.

Where shall we learn to die? Go, gaze with steadfast eye On dark Gethsemane, On darker Calvary, Where, through each lingering hour, He shed His precious blood, Most lowly and most high, He taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade, His long last prayer He prayed; When on the Cross to heaven His parting spirit given, He showed that to fulfill The Father's gracious will, Not asking how or why, Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife, No anxious cry for life; By scoff and torture torn, He speaks not scorn for scorn; Calmly forgiving those Who deem themselves His foes, He points the way to peace to die.

Delighting to the last In memories of the past; In lowly tasks to kneel; Still yearning to the end For that unending love, His great humanity Loves in such acts of love to die.

Oh by those weary hours, Forged slowly by His powers, By those deep lessons heard In each expiring word; By that unending love, Lifting the soul above, With our last act of love, So teach us, Lord, with Thee, to die. —A. P. Stanley.

An Eye to Business.

He had obtained a place in a real estate office, and was doing everything he could for the interests of his employers. The other evening he was at a social gathering and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward he said: "I am glad you liked the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling them on terms to suit yourself within twelve minutes' ride of the city. If you don't want to live there, it's the chance of your life for an investment.—Washington Post.

Something Worth Trying for! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whosoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00 to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c. for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A. ap18.

MAIDENS IN RUSSIA.

Picture of the Girl Subjects of the Mighty Czar.

daughter is a great pet in Russian families because there are generally more sons than daughters. Take the young members of an imperial family as an example, and you will find twenty-two grand dukes and only two grand duchesses, and this may be taken as about the average proportion of families. The necessity for men in rural districts as assistants in the manual labors of their fathers has given rise to a saying: "One son is no son, two are half a son, but three are a whole son."

withstanding the pride and satisfaction which the birth of a boy is hailed, the girl is the darling, the object of the best affection and care of parents and others. Not to speak of other adorning virtues. Much is not expected of her in way of assistance to the family; she is regarded as far as her means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly as her due, but it is rarely that she not voluntarily and tacitly contribute here in helping her mother. Her relations are much the same as those of European girls, but parish work in a church is not for her. She cannot attend Sunday schools, as religion is taught by priests or deacons.

would be thought quite extraordinary in our country. The unmarried girl of the sick or poor in towns, or in the country, is sometimes down to the dirt of mamma or grandmamma. She doubtfully fond of pleasures, likes to be dressed, and generally adores music. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, but she sings, and she knows her theory of music, play like a child of nature. Of course there are exceptions, it is seldom you find a girl able to play the violin or polka off hand.

is marry very young in Russia, and the girls are very few of those most estimable duals called old maids. There are no statistics for the Russian to run away to, and statistics show that the births of boys exceed those of girls.

engagements are not approved of; seldom last longer than a few months, and when the time of the fiancée is the misfortune of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help her on the dowry, the sewing needle generally ending in a dance, when the bridegroom elect drops a few bachelor friends. Another thing is thus often arranged, and so on, by little, like the fifty-one cards in a game of "old maid," they pair off and generally of the sterner sex, is left in the lurch.—English Magazine.

and impure blood is made rich and fruitful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It scrofula, salt rheum, all blood diseases.

the devil can get a man to worship himself, he can't care how much he goes to church.—Rain's Horn.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT. LIKE ANY OTHER. As much. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Prepared by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

THINK OF IT. use over 40 YEARS. It is sixty years since I first used Johnson's Liniment. It is the best remedy for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I say used by you! I treated it as one of the best and safest remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure.

NEARLY EVERY MOTHER AND EVERY FATHER should have Johnson's Liniment. It is the best remedy for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I say used by you! I treated it as one of the best and safest remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure.

Without REAL MERIT. Could a Remedy Survive for Eighty Years?

dropped on Sugar, Children Love It. Traveller should have a bottle of it in his satchel. VERY SUFFERER from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Measles, Typhoid, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Asiatica, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, Cuts, Lacerations, Swellings, Itch, and all other skin diseases, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure, should have Johnson's Liniment.

SOLELY PREPARED BY DR. J. C. HUNTER, 381 Broadway, New York.

PISSO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION.

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STEAMERS. International Steamship Co. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MARCH 31st the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 8:00 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. Connections at Eastport with steamer "Chas. Light" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint John. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LARCHELIER, Agent.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING.

PRETTY COSTUMES THAT ARE POPULAR WITH NEW YORKERS.

The Latest Styles for Children, and the Immense Variety Shown—A Dainty Hamper Basket for the Babies—The Care of Children's Feet.

The society women have emerged from their lenient retirement, and are clothed in all the beauty of their spring finery. Almost every style is seen upon the street—the severe Huguenot jacket, the brilliant Hungarian coat and the Louis XV., which seems to have struck the tide of popular favor.

The dressmakers vie with each other in elaborating ornate styles, and among the most successful emanations is a magnificent coat of Pompadour blue brocade; the shirt is of coarse ecru, nett heavily embroidered and with a shimmer of pale blue silk beneath. Jordan is responsible for this exquisite creation, and for another which vies with it in beauty. It is of the heavy shot silk so fashionable in the time of our grandmothers, and has a deep volant of creamy lace, and is combined with an artistic shade of olive velvet. Flashing jewels shine forth from the background of sheeny silk, and the crowning elegance of the costume is a pointed girle set with emeralds and rubies, from which depends a rain of iridescent fringe which falls over the front of the skirt.

What an immense variety in children's garments is to be seen in gay shop windows, and upon the little toddlers and the girls of larger growth as they trundle their hoops in Madison square or gaze longingly at the Easter novelties so temptingly displayed upon Broadway.

Like the big people, the little ones' wardrobe is in a transition stage, the changefulness of the weather rendering it rather hazardous to blossom out fully fledged in spring attire. A new hat is almost the first thing which inaugurates the coming of spring, and the large ones of chip, rice straw or fancy braid are almost covered with flowers that are an exact reproduction, save the odor, of nature's own handiwork. The bachelor-button is a great favorite at the present time, the bright hue matching in color the cornflower tint of the camels-hairs, the Henriettas and the serges. Cowslips and daffodils nod upon leghorn hats, and white clover blossoms are wreathed upon country or seaside hats of wide-brimmed rough-and-ready straw.

Corn-husk braid is a novelty, and is exceedingly light and pretty; some of the misses' hats are made of brambles or rose stems, woven in and out and surmounted by a great American beauty rose which sways to and fro as if from its own stalk. Stiff upright loops of wired velvet or ribbon are the sole trimmings upon many of the jaunty turbans and the sheltering sun hats, or one or two great fluffy rosettes of tulle, lace or transparent French crepe.

Ruchés are worn upon bonnets as well as dresses; they surround the crowns or are sewed upon the brims, forming a becoming finish.

Conical crowns have almost superseded the bakers crowns so fashionable last summer, although these are still seen upon the mill and gingham hats. The cone-crowned hats remind one of those in the pictures of Mother Goose, or of the prophetic Mother Shipton.

The washable hats of mull, lawn and gingham are the freshest, daintiest things imaginable; some of them are made with shirred crowns and brims drawn upon heavy cords and edged with ruffles of the

same or narrow Valenciennes lace. A lovely hat for a girl of four years of age, is of pale rose-tinted French batiste cut in irregular scallops upon the edge, each scallop edged with the narrowest Italian Valenciennes; the crown is full, finished with a fluted ruffle and buttoned to the brim with tiny pearl bullet buttons. This style commends itself to practical mothers, as it is so easily taken apart and laundered.

Shirt waists of wash silk or lawn are delightfully economical things, as the last season's waist which has been outgrown can be replaced with one of these. They are made simply full in at the neck and waist, or tucked or shirred in an elaborate manner. Some of them have fancy yokes or little Figaro jackets of plain silk, the stripes being used for the sleeves and waist.

The *Baldavia* was one of the old class liners with a flush deck, and the wheel and steering gear were right aft at the taffrail; the boats were on skids over the quarter-deck boom amidships, and all the first-class passenger accommodation was between decks. She was very heavily rigged, and was designed more for cargo than passenger traffic.

Well, on this former voyage, with the last boat off at Greenock (where the steamer was lying at the "Tail of the Bank" with the *Blue Peter* at the fore) off came a solitary passenger with a first-class ticket and very little luggage; number of berth on ticket, 224.

Of course, all these particulars I learned afterwards. There was more than taciturn; he was unutterably silent. His eye glistened and scintillated with an unearthly light; he moved alone and kept aloof, and the only knowledge those on board had of him was from the name Sebastian Jansen on his solitary black trunk. He dressed for dinner, and the only sounds were the parting waves on each side as the vessel furrowed her course, and the throbs of the engines and screw.

And thereupon, in the still night, arose a shriek; the door of cabin 224 was dashed open; a flying, half-dressed figure of a man flew aft, turned his eyes full on the quarter-master for a short space, and then sprang on the taffrail, and with arms thrown up, leapt into the foaming waters churning in the steamer's wake. The cry, "A man overboard" was given, engines stopped, life-buoys let go, and boat lowered; but that mysterious and unknown shipmate was never more seen. And so ends the prologue to this o'er true yarn.

Well, some time after this I had occasion to go out to America, and I had precious little time to make arrangements; and when I went up to the steamboat office, the Jamaica street I learned that the passenger list was complete except one berth, if I liked to book for it. I also learnt, with a good deal of pleasure, that this same *Baldavia* was commanded by a very old friend of mine, Capt. Bateman; so, hurriedly completing what arrangements I had to make, I took a cab to Eglinton street station and train to Greenock, and only just managed to be in time to catch the vessel as she left the Tail of the Bank.

After the bustle of departure was over, I went all to renew my acquaintance with the ship. "Why, God bless me, my dear Huntman," said a cat to Eglinton street station and train to Greenock, and only just managed to be in time to catch the vessel as she left the Tail of the Bank. "I can find the key. Why, of course, I can order it to be cleared out and furnished if you really like to occupy it. There are two desks diamond-cut bull's-eyes, and a skipper conferred at some length, and I fancied, disputed about something or other. "Steward," and I, "what's wrong about that unoccupied cabin—is it damp?" "Oh, no, sir!" replied he, "but there's something queer about it, I fancy, and the fact is it's never used now. But, if you like, sir, I'll put in beds and linen, and all that, and send your luggage down, and make it all shipshape in no time."

Now you must know that this cabin was on the port side aft, and was lighted at day by a large brass circular screw scuttle, and two deep diamond-cut bull's-eyes, and had a jaundiced sliding door and faint light. The scuttle was quite large enough for a man of moderate size to squeeze himself through; and opposite the scuttle, at the bulkhead, were two beds, with three drawers beneath; a small chest of drawers, two chairs, a toilet service and mirror completed the furniture.

I was pretty well tired, and soon turned in. It was blowing pretty fresh, and we were then off Pladda Light, so I secured the scuttle and was soon in the land of dreams.

It was early spring, and rather raw and cold, and I was awakened by feeling a cold blast of air blowing direct on me. The cabin was dimly illuminated by the faint light and the lamp from outside; and I could see that the scuttle was well open. I got up and screwed it up as tight as I could. It was of no use; in a short time the scuttle flew open with a crash. I then dressed, and got one of the men to tighten it up with a screw wrench, and, exhausted as I was, soon dropped asleep.

I woke with a start—and that weird, uncertain feeling of the presence of someone or something near me—and with a deadly chill—I felt alarmed, I could not tell at what; I felt sure that some presence was there. The heavy brass scuttle once more flew back; and as the vessel rolled a volume of water deluged the cabin. I hurriedly dressed and ran on deck, had the carpenter's mate sent down to secure the scuttle, and waited till daylight before I went below.

That forenoon I told Captain Bateman about the scuttle; he was very silent and thoughtful, and asked very minutely, as I fancied, about trivial details. "Now, here my dear fellow; I'll get that scuttle fixed, and come myself and see to it tonight before you turn in; and I hope to goodness you'll get a good night's rest."

The next night the same thing occurred again. I will describe the sensation I experienced; it is so indelibly impressed upon my memory.

BERTH NUMBER 224.

A Ghostly Tale of the Sea.

If ever you take a cabin passage from Glasgow to New York in the old steam liner *Baldavia*, don't you pick out No. 224 for your cabin, and steer clear of the port side of the quarter-deck about dark if you are alone; for of all the ghosts of modern date, and all the spirits of the dead, and ghastly experiences known either ashore or afloat, the terrible being from the unseen world that haunted that cabin will be ever present, sleeping or waking, in my mind.

I must preface this yarn so as to make it intelligible, and we will go back some months and tell what happened on a former outward bound voyage.

The *Baldavia* was one of the old class liners with a flush deck, and the wheel and steering gear were right aft at the taffrail; the boats were on skids over the quarter-deck boom amidships, and all the first-class passenger accommodation was between decks. She was very heavily rigged, and was designed more for cargo than passenger traffic.

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Now you must know that this cabin was on the port side aft, and was lighted at day by a large brass circular screw scuttle, and two deep diamond-cut bull's-eyes, and had a jaundiced sliding door and faint light. The scuttle was quite large enough for a man of moderate size to squeeze himself through; and opposite the scuttle, at the bulkhead, were two beds, with three drawers beneath; a small chest of drawers, two chairs, a toilet service and mirror completed the furniture.

I was pretty well tired, and soon turned in. It was blowing pretty fresh, and we were then off Pladda Light, so I secured the scuttle and was soon in the land of dreams.

It was early spring, and rather raw and cold, and I was awakened by feeling a cold blast of air blowing direct on me. The cabin was dimly illuminated by the faint light and the lamp from outside; and I could see that the scuttle was well open. I got up and screwed it up as tight as I could. It was of no use; in a short time the scuttle flew open with a crash. I then dressed, and got one of the men to tighten it up with a screw wrench, and, exhausted as I was, soon dropped asleep.

I woke with a start—and that weird, uncertain feeling of the presence of someone or something near me—and with a deadly chill—I felt alarmed, I could not tell at what; I felt sure that some presence was there. The heavy brass scuttle once more flew back; and as the vessel rolled a volume of water deluged the cabin. I hurriedly dressed and ran on deck, had the carpenter's mate sent down to secure the scuttle, and waited till daylight before I went below.

First—secretly as the scuttle had been fastened, it flew back with a loud crash, sufficient to almost break the two-inch thick glass; and then came a deadly chill, and the feeling of some unearthly presence, and a sickening odor, as of a mildewed vault.

I left the cabin, utterly careless as to whether the sea poured into the open scuttle or not.

Next morning I laid the whole case freely before my friend Capt. Bateman, when for the first time he told me the story about the suicide of the mysterious passenger.

"Forgive me, my dear fellow," he said; "I did not exactly believe in anything unearthly about that berth of yours. I attributed the whole thing to a curious coincidence, and nervous dread of former passengers; but I had to shut up the cabin, as the scuttle never opened but when it was occupied. Just say nothing; but tonight, after the saloon lights are out, you and I will sit up and watch."

So I took a good sleep on the saloon couch; and at eleven o'clock the next night the captain and I kept our watch in berth No. 224.

We took no grog; but lit a cigar, secured the scuttle strongly, and made it additionally fast with a fathom or so of strong marine stuff, and then waited.

Two hours passed slowly away. It was one o'clock—two bells in the middle watch—when we heard the strain on the rope fastening of the scuttle. Silently we waited. I laid my head on the captain's shoulder, as he sat in the corner under the scuttle.

Then the marine lashing parted strand by strand; the screw ran back; and the scuttle crashed back against the side.

The dead chill and sickly horror again pervaded the cabin.

We sat hand-clasped for one moment, and then furtively looked up. "Merciful heavens," said the skipper: "look! look! look!" I followed the direction of his gaze; and there in the top bunk opposite the scuttle, lighted feebly with the phosphorescent light of death and decay, was visible the face and form of no earthly being, and eyes lighted with no earthly radiance.

"In the name of all that's merciful," muttered the captain, as with a common impulse we both threw ourselves against the bank, and strove to tear from thence that fearful form. "Courage, Huntman! it is some dastardly trick," he cried.

I felt myself grasped as in a vice; a cold, dead embrace encircled my limbs. For a few brief moments there was a terrific struggle, and then, half stunned and torn and bleeding, we were dashed on the deck of the cabin; the door slid back in the panels; an uncertain, undefined figure passed out and rushed aft.

Thereon arose the cry, "A man overboard!" The engines stopped, we heard the rattle of the falls as the quarter-boat was lowered, and we both staggered on deck.

The same quartermaster was at the wheel as was there on the former catastrophe, and as the form flew past it stood on him, and for one brief second it gazed on the rail, threw up its arms, and disappeared in the wake of the vessel.

That berth was nailed up next day, and silted kept as far as possible; but I know, and ever shall bear that memory to the grave, that on that night in mid ocean, with no shadow of doubt, I was held in the cold grasp of the dead—in the power of a spirit from the hidden recesses of the deep.

Pray heaven grant that that memory be blotted out in my last moments, and may no dead weight of horror cloud my dying hour; for, I even I, have stood face to face and struggled with the dead from the unseen portals of the gates of hell and death.

INSTRUCTION.

Oxford Handy Helps—15 new books for \$1.50; regular price, 25cts. each. "How to Apply for a Situation and Get It," "Quick at Figures," 50 Games and Puzzles, and 12 others. Be quick.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. WINDSOR, N. S.

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening classes, commencing on Saturdays (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

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NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN FOR SUMMER WORK.

While doing so, remember that every department of THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE will keep open all the summer.

We are able to do this with success and comfort, just because our elevated position, perfect ventilating facilities, and the unrivalled summer climate of St. John give us advantages possessed by no similar institution. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

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ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

A PRETTY GIRL



Always likes a pretty bonnet; in fact a pretty bonnet makes any girl look pretty. Anyhow the Hats we have just opened—the latest New York Styles—are the handsomest we have ever had, and you're sure to look fine in one of them.

MME. KANE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



Get Your Fine Work

Done now. Your frescoing and inside work. We do Kalsomining in first-class shape. It's a transformation worth the trouble, to have your rooms Kalsomined.

A. G. STAPLES, - - CHARLOTTE STREET.



MURAL AND CEILING DECORATORS, General House Painters and Paperhangers,

OVER THIRTY YEARS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE IN FRESCO PAINTING.

We keep pace with the times both in designs and coloring. Old Frescoes retouched and brightened. Estimates given.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET!

How the Boys and Girls do like our Confectionary. The mention of KERR'S make their mouth water. Our Chocolates are the best, and so are our Creams. So try them, buy them.

H. P. KERR, - - KING and DOCK STREETS.

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY,

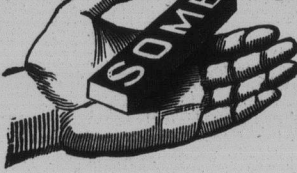
and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business. Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newspaper ads., and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your ads., if you haven't the time let us do it for you. We make suggestions and carry them out.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

"ADS,"



Written, designed, engraved. Make your "Ads" catchy, attractive, prominent. With our help you can do the best advertising.

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ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

PRETTY GIRL

...makes a pretty bonnet; in fact... bonnet makes any girl look... Anyhow the Hats we have... med—the latest New York... are the handsomest we have... and you're sure to look fine... them.

M. KANE, SE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



Work... ing and inside work. We do... mning... a transformation worth the... ms Kalsomined.

CHARLOTTE STREET.



Decorators, and Paperhangers, Experience in Fresco Painting.

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selecting your purchases... at prices to suit all, of... PLATED WARE.

60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

THE SWEET!

...ke our Confectionary. The... their mouth water. Our... so are our Creams. So try

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...ould to your banking, if you... e medium, then get the right... sure to succeed. Do this

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GRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

FICKLE APRIL'S FASHION

THEY BLOSSOM FAIR AND BRIGHT WITH THE FLOWERS.

Costumes at a Buttercup Breakfast—Noteworthy Hats and Parasols—Smart Frocks for Warm Weather—The Summer Girl Puts on Straight-tail Vests and Smiles.

New York, April 17.—Some of the prettiest costuming of the spring is seen at the breakfasts given in accordance with a new and pleasant custom to celebrate the return of the flowers. A buttercup breakfast on Thursday was an example so much in point that I must give you some brief description. The buttercups were not buttercups at all—alas, for us, who love the country flower—but the big yellow cowslips, or "Mayblobs" of the brooks,



THOSE YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN AND THEIR HATS.

with their satiny yellow petals. These blossoms had caused to be twisted into long loose garlands with the help, I think, of the tinsel wire by which one hangs pictures, and had swung the flower ropes from the curtain poles and against the portieres, making an "old colonial" decoration of blossoming festoons—Her mantel she banked with the bright nodding things we were supposed to accept for the favorites of our childhood, and in the middle of the table was placed a low oval basket enameled in white and gold and filled with "buttercups" standing amid their own bush leaves. Wax tapers, perfumed and tinted yellow, were supported in low, wide armed candelabra of Sevres china, gold and green ribbons crossed the table, and here and there were scattered "individual" flower vases in cream and gold porcelain holding each one sprig of the reigning blossom.

The hostess has been something of an invalid for years, and so was enabled to give herself some becoming latitude in the matter of dress, appearing at table in a classic tea gown of peach and gold crepe de chine, made with an overdress of peach above a long fall robe of gold. Hanging sleeves of an oblong form were a marked feature of her toilet, as was the golden girdle by which the neck, not the waist, was encircled.

Her guests were young married women of the fashionable set, and their hats absorbed the gaze and provoked reflection. None of them had received warning of the color of the festivity, and yet gold is so universal this spring they all in a manner fitted in with the gold-trimmed plates and the buttercup decorations. A woman with blue, childish eyes and no color wore a grey open work straw hat bent and twisted into the quaintest shape imaginable, and the silver tinsel lace which flared over it, like the spread of a fan-tail pigeon, served as the starting point for a sprawling mass of the yellow flowers of the Japanese willow.

A smart little bonnet which was nearly flat, was edged with large gold balls and high at the back was set a bunch of the pale pink primulas. A prettier one was all gold embroidered lile with a thick wreath of fine, close-set golden red berries. But the hats were most interesting. There was one worn by those porcelain beauties who always excite a suspicion that they are made up when sometimes they are not at all; it was a large yellow brown straw with a narrow lace-like edge of dull gold tinsel and garniture of yellow brown net all loops and puffs. Long-stemmed sweet peas in tints as delicate and beautiful as the cheeks beneath them, and accepted with fewer

reservations, covered the crown and drooped almost into the eyes. A huge lot of black lace reminded one irresistibly of a pie whose cover has been lifted to inspect the inside. It had a flat brim gathered full like a ruche and fitted lightly about a mass of dark curls. Attached to this circle at the back was a long oval of lace and ribbons carrying one crimson rose and fluttering up and down like a top crust only lightly hinged. Probably the most original coiffure of all was a cornucopia of jetting from a mass of soft pink crepe and having



A PRETTY FROCK THAT SHONE AT A PRETTY LUNCHEON.

you know. And so a happy thought occurred to me. I would have the pictures photographed directly upon china, and in this way the china would become more interesting, my photographs would be preserved and an endless fund of conversation would be suggested for my guests and myself. Accordingly, I selected several of the very nicest china tea-cups that could be found and took them to a photographer. After much consultation upon ways and means we succeeded in hitting upon a very nice method for transferring the photographs to the surface of the china. I am having a few plates done in the same way and a half dozen of my nicest scenes are to

ELLEN OSBORN.

bows of black velvet at the back with long streamers. To every woman on her departure was given a little gold and white ponbon basket with a sprig of cowslips tied in with the ribbons.

The city grows more interesting day by day. As the spring garnitures cease to be such extreme novelties, the afternoon parade becomes gayer, because every woman, instead of one in four, is bright with her April blossoms. There is after all something wholesome about the brilliancy of the season's colorings. We have not refused to be pleased by delicate tintings, but we have turned our backs definitely and decidedly upon the shades which hint of fading and decay. There is the dull peculiar tone some roses take when they are withering; there is the purple that comes into sweet peas when they are past their prime; there are dozens of dying colors we have long had with us, and these we have eschewed for others which speak of life and warmth and sunsets. We may run to such excess as to become barbaric, but our present tastes are healthy.

We do not shrink from vivid contrasts. A brilliant brunette was wearing yesterday a trim street dress of black cloth with a broad crimson ribbon bordered with gold flaunting itself in a circling band above the hem. Her pointed belt and her gauntlet cuffs reaching to the elbows brought in the same catching note, and her hat was crimson set with poppies and black velvet ribbons. One sees black and yellow, black and pink, grey and yellow, grey and blue, showing themselves on the streets without reserves of modesty. Corn color and white I have seen several times within the week, and honeysuckle yellow combined with shrimp pink and embroidered with silver. Yellow and peach figured with white is a strange freak of fashion, but most noteworthy of all are the parasols. There is no feat of daring to which they are not equal. Many are painted with masses of lilacs and roses. One which was lifted above a carriage yesterday morning was a rose-tinted silk, bordered with a deep flounce and covered with meshes of straw lace in pale yellow. Long garlands of roses drooped over its different panels, a bud or a straying tendril hanging at times below the flounces. It had an ebony handle about which were tied long pink ribbons.

There is cause for rejoicing in that waists are perceptibly shortening. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other, and after a Holbein season we are started on the path back to the empire. Josephine dresses are even now the "newest" novel, but will not be adopted for some time to come in all probability, except for light summer frocks and for the extreme of evening glory. It seems impossible for



AGAIN THE SUMMER GIRL.

them to make much headway until they have fought and conquered high shoulders.

Here is a pretty frock that shone at a pretty luncheon. The material is an old rose India silk figured with black, and the skirt is cut round and full. The waist is shirred under a scalloped corslet which is dotted with faceted jet ornaments in stars. The skirt puffs out a bit under this bodice over the hips and has a broad trimming of the sparkling jets about the bottom. With it goes a hat of rose chip trimmed with rose colored tips and black ribbons.

Another frock which is thoroughly characteristic of the season is of polka dotted chalice cut in princess shape, with what one calls nowadays a "bodice" of silk beneath the low arm, sloping away on the right and knotted behind, the straight length falling like a sash to the floor. There are revers to the corsage, a full chemise of silk and sleeve puffs of silk with ribbon bows. The hat is of lace and gold cord.

Unhappy is the woman who is not fringed. Belts which look like those of the savages glorified are added to toilets of all kinds. A broad gold ribbon, if brocaded so much the better, is the favorite material, and is worn with spangles, folded in a point in front and edged all about with a deep fringe of gold beads which comes down about the hips like a drapery. A fringed toilette noted a few days ago, was of grey-blue camel's hair figured in long ovals in silver. At the foot of the skirt was a wide, heavy galloon of silver tinsel; on the left side was a jingling cascade of silver fringe; the jacket had galloon trimmings, and the pointed belt was made of galloon; there was a cape with a Medici collar, and this was cascaded down each side of the front with more of the noise-producing fringe.

Presently we shall begin to hear again about the summer girl. In fact we have already begun, for she has begun, and her "lounging" coats and "full dress" shirts and negligé jackets are—to a person that scribbles scribbles. Her vests are perhaps, of all portions of her toilet, the most interesting, for they are more masculine than anything she has in past seasons ventured on. They button straight down the front and turn back in regulation collars over regulation ties. The summer girl seems to prefer them of white duck, with a small woven figure, for such a preference on her part is expected and provided for. There are patterns in Marseilles and pique and in fancy flannels, but the materials are all light colored, to set them out conspicuously under the natty jackets. The summer girl has always the virtue of standing by her colors; she is true to her convictions, even when these lead her to starched collars and Windsor ties.

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS THE LATEST NEW THING IN WEDDING PRESENTS.

Tea Cups That Tell a Story of Travel and Adventure—The Most Fashionable Color in Hair—A Book of Fate Which is Decided by the Happiness of Many a Man.

A new wedding present has the light in the shop windows of Gotham. It is "Only a pansy blossom." The flower is of china and is shaped exactly like a pansy, with uprolling leaves. It is placed in very beautiful case lined with suede and, along side of it is laid a royal Worcester china spoon. This all sounds tame enough, but the glory and the novelty lies in the case itself.

In imitation of the beautiful jewel bas-



HAPPILY DECIDED.

kets given by royalty, the dealers have manufactured in small and select quantities the loveliest casket that eye hath ever seen. The outside is of brass, and on top in hammered work there is some well-known legend, illustrated by a line and a text. On one recently bestowed there was a picture of Brunhild being awakened by Siegfried. Brunhild, clad in armor, lay upon a couch surrounded by a wall of flame. Siegfried, sword in hand, bent over her. Underneath was the line, "This is no man."

Nearer home in its folk-lore comes the sleeping beauty. Upon this casket a beautiful girl lies asleep on a divan. The hero, exquisitely dressed stands by her side with uplifted hand. The girl looks as if about to open her eyes. Beneath this is inscribed the line, "And lo! The girl awoke."

All the young women are hard drinkers now-a-days. They consume tea, coffee, chocolate, broma and cocoa in proportions wholly beyond their natural craving, and even in greater quantities than health and the family physician advise. The reason is not far to seek. A great and wonderful passion has arisen for the collection of family tea-cups. One must have as many of these as one can get, and in every variety, description and design—the quaint and more unique and more interesting the better. Having the cups in her possession, a woman is driven to them. How can she display the beauty and delicacy of chinaware as well as when holding the delicate material in her hand! And so, this accounts in part for the reason that everybody offers everybody else a cup of something on every possible occasion.

One goes to make a call and behold, a cup of cocoa is brought out in the finest, most delicate china ever seen. "That cup came from Venice," remarks the hostess.

"From Venice?" exclaims the guest. "No, not exactly from Venice. That is, the cup did not come from Venice but the picture upon it did come from there. You see when we were travelling last year I took my kodak along and snapped off pictures of everything that seemed interesting to me. The negatives I brought home and had developed in this country. It seemed a pity to have the photographs simply mounted upon cards to be framed or laid aside upon a table. Pictures of places which one has visited are so dull,

placed upon plaques for the beautifying of my walls. The operation is not an expensive one and do you not think it is very clever?"

Fashionable hair is red. For a time in-

dications seemed to point toward black as a favorite color. But red still leads in favoritism. Very clever hair-dressers can now assume brilliancy and lustre formerly known only in natural hair. But the dyed article can now be made almost as pretty, to the brilliant red, which leads in fashion, comes the pure gold then there is the black—not half black, but jet black, glossy, shining and almost blue in its intensity. The nondescript brown that stamps its owner as being neither blonde or brunette is far from fashionable. And what is worse it does not take dyes nicely.

Hair-dressers say that the dark brown shades are the hardest in the world to make into any other color but that which they are. The hair is worn waved in every shade but black. Experts say that black hair should be worn perfectly smooth, except for a curly bang, and that it should be brushed until it shines in every inch of its length. It is then braided tightly and around the girl's head with the curly hair pins which look so much like serpents. If the woman so pleases she can twist the whole business unbraided into a big Psyche knot, fastened by a big-headed pin.

The naughty little frauds of girls have thought of a new way of teasing the young men who fit about them like moths about a flame. With all the gravity conceivable they affect shyness, answer in mono-syllables and refuse all offers of candy and flowers. Upon being asked the reason of this coyness and coldness they blush, stammer and are finally led to confess the reason of their thumness.

It is this. Some one has told me that a man's character must be judged by a certain page in a certain myetic little book. The page for each particular victim is indicated by the day of the month for which his birthday falls. It is like a birthday book, only it is a little more searching,

was hinted that Easter might find him in a new suit of clothes, but expectations were disappointed, and the same carefully-tended suit with a literary air about it, continues to adorn the form of the editor of one of the greatest magazines in the world, and one of the most scholarly and versatile men of our time. CARRIE CARELESS.

An Unfair Advantage.

A dutiful husband wished to give his wife a handsome lace scarf for a present, and, to make sure of getting one to her liking, he asked her to buy one herself, on the pretence that it was for a lady friend of theirs. The finest Honiton, Valenciennes, and Brussels lace goods were spread out on the counter, but madame thought to herself: "What is the use of spending so much money on a present for Amelie?"

Some embroidered lace was shown next. Even these were too dear. At length she selected a very plain and ordinary scarf. "Quite good enough, too," she thought, and took it home to her husband. "Have you chosen something pretty?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very pretty."

"Is it just what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"The very thing."

"Then, my dear, you may keep it. I intended it for you," exclaimed her husband, delighted with his little scheme. Curtain.—Grand Almanach Francais.

Solid Comfort at Last for Bald Heads.

The skin grafting physician of Reading, Dr. Ege, who has successfully demonstrated by practical tests that it is possible to turn a black man white, has made known his real object in conducting these experiments. The doctor does not think that there are any colored people in the world who would be foolish enough to submit to the skin-grafting torture in order to be classed with the white folks, but he does claim that thousands of bald-headed people are willing and anxious to wear a genuine head of hair. This can be accomplished by the skin-grafting process. Dr. Ege stoutly asserts that a bald head can be covered with scalp, teeming with healthy hair. He has several letters in his possession from persons anxious to undergo the operation.

Faithful to Four.

The following inscription is copied from a tombstone now standing in the Methodist Protestant burying ground in Avondale: "Ann E. "Died Nov. 16, 1868, aged sixty-eight years, five months.

"She was a true and faithful wife to each of the following persons:

"Enoch Francis,

"John Sherman,

"William Hasaan,

"J. Walters."

—Times-Star.

Why go about hawking and spitting when Nasa Balm will remove every vestige of your catarrh, and thus relieve you of this disagreeable habit? In case of cold in the head, Nasa Balm gives instant relief, and there is no case of catarrh it will not cure if used according to directions. Single bottle will convince you of its merit.—Adv.

SHOWY, TASTY, STYLISH,

LADIES' SPATS, or OVER GAITERS. They make a big difference in the foot. They're in all colored cloths.

The black are \$1.50, and colored \$2.00 per pair.

Sent by Mail to outside customers; state style and size of shoe you wear, and its just as satisfactory as seeing them.

WATERBURY & RISING,

King and Union Streets.



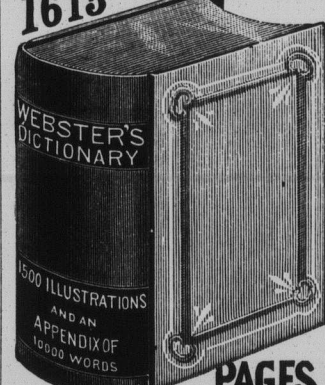
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Webster's Great Dictionary, for only \$3.75.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

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The skin grafting physician of Reading, Dr. Ege, who has successfully demonstrated by practical tests that it is possible to turn a black man white, has made known his real object in conducting these experiments. The doctor does not think that there are any colored people in the world who would be foolish enough to submit to the skin-grafting torture in order to be classed with the white folks, but he does claim that thousands of bald-headed people are willing and anxious to wear a genuine head of hair. This can be accomplished by the skin-grafting process. Dr. Ege stoutly asserts that a bald head can be covered with scalp, teeming with healthy hair. He has several letters in his possession from persons anxious to undergo the operation.

Faithful to Four.

The following inscription is copied from a tombstone now standing in the Methodist Protestant burying ground in Avondale: "Ann E. "Died Nov. 16, 1868, aged sixty-eight years, five months.

"She was a true and faithful wife to each of the following persons:

"Enoch Francis,

"John Sherman,

"William Hasaan,

"J. Walters."

—Times-Star.

Why go about hawking and spitting when Nasa Balm will remove every vestige of your catarrh, and thus relieve you of this disagreeable habit? In case of cold in the head, Nasa Balm gives instant relief, and there is no case of catarrh it will not cure if used according to directions. Single bottle will convince you of its merit.—Adv.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Water boils at 212 degrees. Water freezes at 32 degrees.

Land values in Berlin have increased 65 per cent. in the last ten years.

Scandinavian sailors predominate on vessels of nearly all nationalities.

Common house flies are believed to live sometimes as long as five years.

The game of quills is said to have originated with the ancient Greeks.

About seven hundred and fifty couples are divorced annually in Berlin.

In Germany more than 130,000 married women work in shops and factories.

Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 76 feet thick and 300 feet high.

The National academy, London, had 39,960 admissions on public days in 1890, an average of 2,595.

It is curiously noted that girls who work in candy factories lose their taste for sweets after the first week.

The English *Law Times* reports general complaint among lawyers of lack of business. "Crime and contention are both declining."

French chemists are again certain that they have overcome the difficulty that has hitherto prevented them from producing large rubies, and they can now make them of reasonable size.

Berlin's Society for the Homeless sheltered last year 108,000 men and 15,500 women. Since 1870 the society has assisted, with lodgings, baths, breakfasts and medical care 2,209,000 persons.

In Africa the number of missionaries exceeds 500, and the number of converts 400,000, increasing by about 25,000 a year. During the past five years Africa has furnished more than 200 martyrs.

Carronades—which are short light guns throwing heavy shot—received their name from the little river Carron, in Stirlingshire, on the banks of which a private iron-founding company invented and manufactured them.

A California inventor has built a boat made entirely out of soap, and will sail it about the bay during the reception of President Harrison. The craft will contain several members of the company and the inventor. This will be the first soap boat ever launched.

It is a curious fact that water pipes under ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

A device has been recently patented in England for the purpose of removing grease from gloves or fabrics. It is called a benzine pencil, and consists of a cylindrical body about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, containing benzine. At each end there is a thick piece of felt. One piece is intended to be moistened by the benzine, while the other end of the pencil is kept perfectly dry to take up the superfluous moisture.

Probably the smallest salary in the world is that paid to the village watchman of Springstille, in Hesse. The amount of his daily income is 4 pfenning, or less than 1 cent in our money. This is the same amount that was paid to the village watchman in the last century. However, the "fortunate" man receives an additional allowance of 30 cents a month for clothing, etc., and is entitled to free board and lodging from the inhabitants of the village. The present watchman, "Old Heinrich," is 70 years of age.

The spire of St. Helen's church, in the Isle of Wight, which was built in the beginning of the last century and shortly afterwards struck by lightning, had, as was supposed, the large bell of its chime cracked, as the tone was very much muffled. The other day a church warden happened to be in the belfry and through curiosity examined the bell. He found that there was no crack in it, but a piece of wood broken from the wheel was pressing against the edge and stopping the vibration. This being removed the bell, after being muffled for 170 years, rang out merrily, to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the town.

A well-known tobaccoist says: "If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar case carry your cigars in your vest pocket on the left, with the mouth end downward. The constant motion of your right arm is sure to crush the tobacco and loosen the wrapper, if the cigars be on the right side, and the result is more readily attained with the match end down. If you have to let a cigar go out and are not too fastidious to smoke an 'old soldier,' do not pull in the last puff but blow it through the burning end. In this way the nicotine is expelled which would otherwise gather at the mouth, thus preventing the cigar from having a rank taste."

An original mode of sounding a fire alarm is adopted in a town in Colorado. In that region the revolver is considered an indispensable article of daily wear, and affords the quickest way of announcing the danger. Whenever a fire is discovered a rapid and promiscuous discharge of this firearm spreads the news throughout the town. This method, though crude, is found to work fairly well. It has, however, one drawback, in that the fire department, as well as the public is often uncertain whether a fire or a fight is in progress, and whatever the truth may turn out to be, somebody is sure to be disappointed.

It has been computed that there are 100,000 railway locomotives in the world at the present time.

It is estimated that there are as many as 800,000,000 raw oysters eaten annually in the city of New York.

The principal iron-manufacturing countries are Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, and Belgium.

Nearly one-half of the newspapers and periodicals published throughout the world are printed in the English language.

The wheat crop of England in 1890 stood at 30,79 bushels per acre; that of Wales at 29.94 bushels; and that of Scotland at 35.49 bushels.

The surface of the Lake Geneva is now found to be 224 square miles in extent; its volume, 89 milliards of cubic metres; and its mean depth, 429 feet.

Manchester had on September 27 last an estimated population of 377,437 and Salford 242,500. The population of Dublin at the same date was 353,082.

The engagement between the British men-of-war *Shah* and *Amethyst* and the Peruvian rebel ironclad *Huascar*, said to be the first real engagement between modern ships of war took place in June, 1877.

If the air inspired by a healthy person in a lying position be taken as 1, then the air inspired by the same person in a sitting position will be 1.18; standing, 1.33; walking one mile per hour, 1.9; walking three miles an hour, 3.22; running gently, 7.5; riding, 4.05; swimming, 4.33.

The amount of sunshine with which London is favoured amounts on an average to only twelve hours a week, while for forty-seven days out of 365 it is subject to fogs. This last computation falls far short of the average during any specially foggy period, such as the season just passed through.

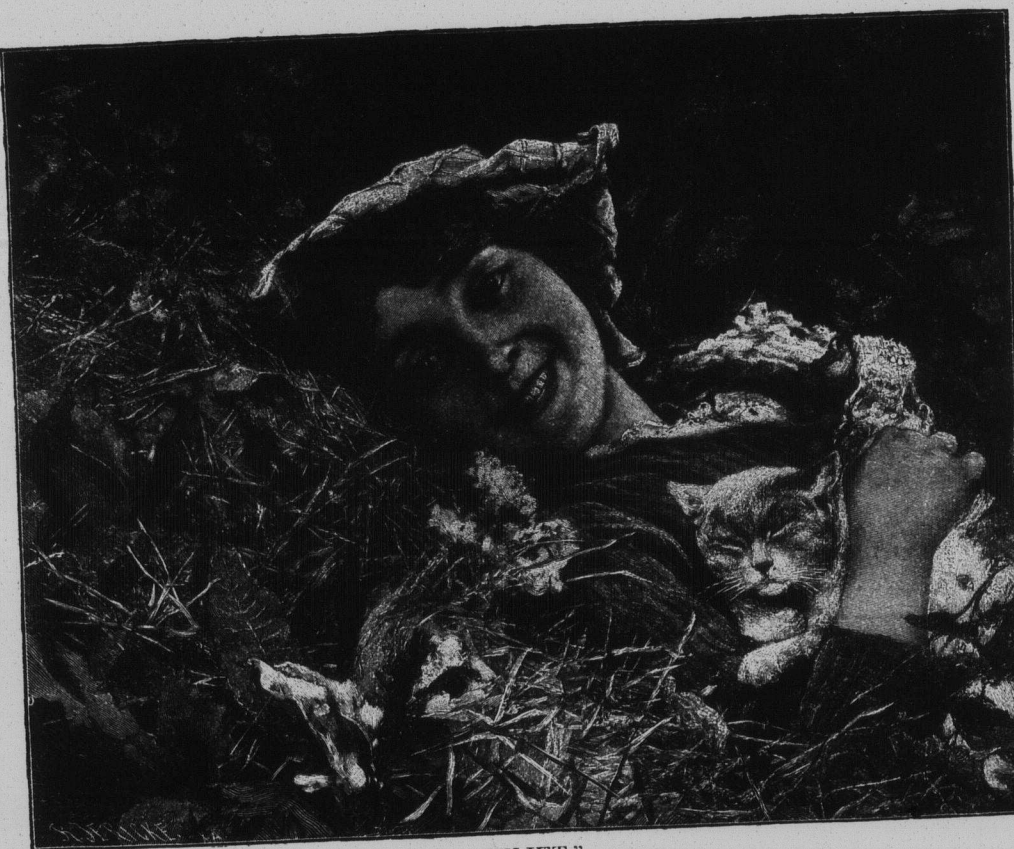
The deepest lake in the world, so far as known, is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. While 9,000 square miles in area, or nearly as large as Lake Erie, it is 4,000 to 4,500 feet deep, so that it contains nearly as much water as Lake Superior. Its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, and its bottom nearly 3,900 feet below it.



It is literally true that some things would be dear even if you got them for nothing. What is NOT GOOD is NOT WORTH buying. There is a right way and a wrong way of making a purchase just as there is a right and a wrong way of doing almost every thing else in life. You can only be sure of what you are buying when you are sure of where you are buying, unless indeed you happen to be an expert in jewelry. You don't need to be an expert when you deal with me—my guarantee goes with everything I sell. Orders out of town solicited. Respectfully yours, W. TREMAINE GARD.

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"JULIET."

The Italian Sarah Bernhardt is Mme. La Deus, who has recently appeared with immense success in Rome as Camille. She is going to Russia, and may come over here and pick up the few dollars which escape the French woman's grasp.

According to the Roumanian journal *Lupia*, Emperor William and Empress Franz Josef have consented to be present in Bucharest at the celebration in honor of the 25th anniversary of King Charles' proclamation as ruler of Roumania. Preparations for the event have been begun already. As is well known, King Charles is a Hohenzollern and a relative of the emperor of Germany.

After three or four more lectures in the south, Mr. Stanley concludes his tour and returns to Europe for a period of rest, although it is intimated that he may soon write some account of his early days. While in the Crescent City he visited many scenes of his boyhood, including the house of the man whose name he bears and who adopted him.

Henry II, King of France, issued a decree on December 11, 1547, prescribing that the name and surname of anyone who prints a book shall be exposed and printed at the beginning of the book, as well as that of the printer, with the sign of his domicile. It is from this edict that the form adopted in the composition of titles of printed works is said to date.

The New Jerusalem church, which accepts the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and which worships the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God—dates from 1783, and has been steadily increasing for many years past. It now numbers seventy-four societies in England and Scotland. It possesses a general conference, which governs all general matters connected with the organization.

The metropolitan area of London extends over some twelve miles from north to south, and some seventeen miles from east to west; within this space 39 governments so rule the houses, roads and drains of their three millions and three-quarters of subjects that for the last ten years the death rate has been only 22½ per 1000, or but 1 per 1000 in excess of that of the whole country. In the 17th century it is believed that the deaths exceeded the births in London, and the death-rate was then about 49 per 1000, or three-quarters as double what it is now, and higher by far than the mortality rates of the unhealthiest cities of Europe of today.

"Greek fire," a combustible composition (now unknown, but thought to have been principally naphthalin) from engines, is said to have been invented by Callinicus, an engineer of Heliopolis, in Syria, in the 7th century, to destroy the Saracens' ships, which was effected by the general of the fleet of Constantine Pogonatus, and 30,000 men were killed. In the year 1737 a native of Dauphine named Dupre, who had passed his life in making experiments in chemistry, exhibited on the canal at Versailles a kind of liquid fire, so rapid and so devouring that it could neither be extinguished nor quenched, with only giving it fresh activity. The invention was also exhibited in other places in France; but Louis forbade that the invention should be made public; and though he was then at war with England, whose fleet it was most important he should destroy, he declined to avail himself of so terrible an invention, the use of which would be so fatal to the general interests of humanity. Dupre died soon afterwards, and his secrets went with him.

The "bird and the cash box." The "bird trick" which has been performed in Liverpool lately with some success, is a clever trick in its way, but it has at last landed the performers in trouble. The plan was to enter the bar parlor of a tavern, and after taking refreshments, ask whether somebody "would like to see a pretty little bird." In the last instance the "somebody" was a little girl whose mother, the landlady, was just then serving at the bar. The little girl answered: "Yes, please." Whereupon the visitor produced a paper bag, and cutting a hole in it, he let a canary, which was fluttering out new a canary, which the condescender round the room. One of the condescender then rushed to the bar door to close it, as if to keep the bird in, while another rushed out as if to prevent the bird's escape. The little scene presents itself to the mind's eye as one of considerable excitement and confusion. The worst of it was—at least from the landlady's point of view—that when the disturbance had subsided it was found to be not the bird, but the cash box, that had flown away. Luckily the whole gang of five alleged swindlers, men, though they escaped for a while, have since been captured by the police.—*London News.*

Bits of Forgotten History. When coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the house of commons petitioned the king to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate

the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offence, and by the demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city, and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity.

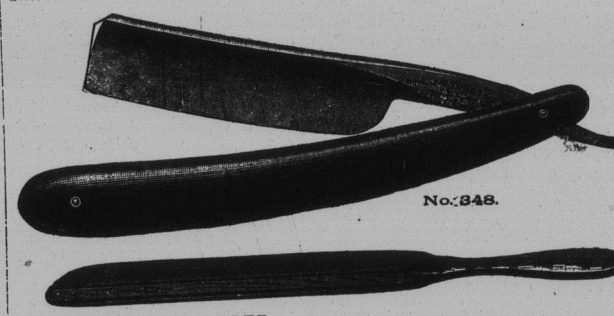
The coins first struck by the United States Mint were some half dimes, in 1792; the first dimes were struck in France from old silver family plate furnished by Washington, the coins being known as "Martha Washington Dimes" from the circumstances as noted, and an adaptation of the liberty head to that of Martha Washington.

A Life Romance. Well-dressed stranger—Madam, if you gave to a miserable tramp a few months ago there was a cigar belonging to your husband I have.

Free to Ladies. Every lady reader of this paper sending at once her address on a postal card will receive a free copy of THE LADIES' NEWS-PAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over \$6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES' NEWS-PAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a good prize by a little work. No cheap presents will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send at once. Address: THE LADIES' NEWS-PAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.—*Advt.*

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A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Penn,

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

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

He obeyed with something like military precision, and Nousie, wild with horror, stood struggling with her captors; but in vain, while the black girl held the child.

"You coward!" cried Dulau, who knew his fate. But he did not struggle.

"Present!" shouted Saintone, as his eyes glared triumphantly on his victim.

Again there was a peculiar rattling noise made by the pieces, heard above the roar of the flames.

A dozen flashes darted from as many muskets; there was a deafening roar; the smoke hung heavy for a few moments, and then as Nousie strained forward it was to see the cloud rise quickly, borne by the current of air setting toward the burning cottage right over the heads of the firing party, and she uttered a low cry, as with starting eyes she saw her husband writhing on the ground among the flowers by the fence.

"Mine now," said a voice at her side; and she shrank a little, but gazed still at the spot where Dulau lay.

Then, with a piteous sign, she said softly: "Saintone did not hear or did not heed her, for he had stepped forward at once towards where Dulau still writhed.

In the terrible moment when a couple of bullets had struck him, he had made one great superhuman muscular effort, and burst the bonds which held his arms, and now his cramped fingers were tearing terribly at the grass and flowers around.

"Out of his misery," said Saintone briefly to a sergeant of his force, and the man—a huge mulatto—stepped forward with his loaded piece, presented the barrel at Dulau's head, and was about to fire, when the barrel was seized instantaneously.

What followed seemed instantaneous. Taken by surprise, the piece was snatched from the man's hand, and in the full blaze of the fire all saw Dulau upon his knees, supporting himself with one hand, as with the other he swung round the musket, held it pistol-wise, and there was a sharp, ringing report, followed by an awful well of despair, as the roof of the cottage fell in.

Then, in the wild rush of flame, Saintone was seen staggering forward with his hands clasped to his forehead, as he bent himself back, head towards heels almost in a bow, and then his muscles slowly relaxed.

It was amidst a silence—the silence of sudden surprise, awe, and death.

CHAPTER III.—THE CYPRIAN VENUS.

"Oh, murder! What a horrible daub!" said Paul Lowther, drawing back from his easel. "I'm afraid I shall never make a Titan."

He laid down palette and mahl stick, took up and filled a pipe, lit it, and began smoking as he walked up and down beneath the skylight of his little studio in the Rue de la Cité, Paris.

He had been hard at work upon an antique head, one of his studies in the pursuit of art, dividing his time pretty equally between Charlotte street, Fitzroy-square, and the studios of Paris.

"It's a curious thing," he said, stopping and forming a cloud of smoke in front of his picture, a cloud which seemed very appropriate to the head he had been painting. "Yes," he said again, "it's curious. That isn't bad—for me, but it isn't a bit like the goddess in the Louvre. It's Aube again, that it is, and do what I will, they all come like her. 'Hah!' he cried, as he took up the canvas and gazed at it lovingly, 'I feel fool enough to kiss you—almost, not quite—for I do know the paint would come off wet.'"

He set back the canvas, smoked hard, and took down a photograph from a shelf near the stove—the likeness of a very beautiful girl with large dreamy dark eyes and heavy folds of hair.

"Yes," he said, "coarse and clumsy, but wonderfully like you darling. Your lips will not come off wet. Only wish they would," he added, and he kissed the photograph and then hurriedly replaced it, and caught up his palette and brushes, for there was a step on the stairs evidently upon the flight below.

"What a fool a fellow in love does make of himself!" He began to whistle softly, and continued painting the background upon which he had been engaged as the steps drew nearer; then came a heavy thump on the door which was thrust open sharply, and a rather plain-looking young fellow of four or five and twenty, as carelessly dressed as the young artist at the easel, entered noisily and stopped short.

"Hallo, Antinous!" he cried merrily. "What, my industrious one, painting and glazing away?"

Paul Lowther turned his handsome earnest face to the new comer with a pleasant smile so lighting up his countenance that there was some cause for his friend's appellation.

"Morning, Bart," he said; "been at the school?"

"Don't ask questions. If I tell you yes, you'll want to know whether I've been dissecting, or seeing an operation; and then you'll begin to snuff and curl up that handsome upper lip, and look disgusted and uncomfortable. Ignorance is bliss, my

noble friend. Smoking again, he?" he continued, as he threw down his hat and stick, to take a short black pipe out of his pocket. "Are you aware that smoking is the ruin of young men? That it is deadly poison, and—where's your 'bacco?"

"Jar—self," said Paul, painting away deliberately.

"Humph! Hope it's better than the last," continued the new comer, filling up and lighting his pipe—"Not quite so bad. Now then let's have a look at the work. Louvage, as we say in Par-ree?"

Paul Lowther drew back, and his friend took his place, smoking hard the while, as he stood with his legs wide apart, and his hands deep down in his pockets.

"Bravo, old chap! I shall make something of you yet. Exactly like her."

"Like whom?" said Paul, coloring slightly.

"Bah! what's the good of playing ignorance. Wonderfully like the photograph, old chap. I say—I know it's pretty cool to ask it, but between friends—I don't want much, but you might knock me off a sketch of your sister."

"Nonsense, man," said Paul, hastily. "That's not a portrait; it's the head of the Cyprian Venus in the Louvre."

"Oh! Is it?" said the other, drily. "Beg pardon; my mistake;" and as he spoke he gave his friend a queer look.

"Any news from the convent?"

"Yes," said Paul, sitting down and placing his hands behind his head. "Lucie sent me a letter last night. Quite well and happy."

"And Miss Dulau?"

"Yes, quite well, too," said Paul, dreamily. "I say, Bart, old man, seriously, you and I ought to be happy fellows."

"What? Come, like that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't get on, lad. Here I work as hard as a man can, but I get no further. Sometimes I feel as if I ought to have stuck to the English school instead of frittering my time away in the French."

"And when you are in London, I can think just the same," said Paul, smiling slightly.

"There, I will not be a lumping, old fellow. Yes, I do. But I'm uneasy. It's all very well what you say about your sister liking me, but it's because she has led that shut-up life all those years. She has seen me, and I'm almost the only fellow she has seen. As soon as she leaves the convent, and you take her over to London, and she sees no end of good-looking fellows, it will be all over with poor me."

"Don't be a fool, Bart. You are the best-looking fellow I know—inside I can see it plainly. You aren't such a little idiot as to take to a fellow because he is handsome as a barber's dummy."

"But then you are," said Bart, drily; "and the sweetest and most charming girl I ever saw in an *augenblick* has taken a fancy to you."

"I can't help my looks, Bart," said Paul quietly. "And I'm like you, old man; I feel my doubts about the time when she leaves the convent."

He sat looking dreamily at his canvas, and the two young men smoked on in silence.

"Oh, no, old chap," said Bart at last, and he leaned forward and laid his hand affectionately on the artist's knee, "she is not the girl to do that. I say, how long has she been there?"

"Fifteen years."

"Father dead; mother in Hayti."

Paul nodded.

"Wealthy woman, isn't she?"

"I don't know, I suppose so."

There was another pause.

"Seems rum, doesn't it, Paul, old chap, that she has never been over to see the child. Of course it's not like your sister's case."

"I haven't thought as you do," said Paul, "but we cannot judge a woman in her position. It seems that it was the father's wish that his child should be educated in his native place, and from what Lucie tells me the mother has made a great sacrifice in parting from her child."

"But does the mother, Madame Dulau—mean to come here and settle?"

"I don't know."

"She won't want to—hang it, old man, don't start like that."

"Don't Bart," cried his friend excitedly. "That's always hanging over me like a cloud. Oh, no, Hayti is quite a savage kind of place, a sort of revolution and horror. The father was killed in one of the risings. No woman who loves her child to the extent of parting from her for her good, would fetch her over there. Oh, no; of course she will come and settle here. Retire, I suppose. She has plantations, or something, for which she has her revenues. But there, I know nothing at all but some scraps of information Lucie has written to me from time to time."

Another quiet interval of smoking, and then Bartholomew Durham spoke.

"I suppose I'm no judge," he said quietly. "I seem to have thought of nothing else but bones and muscles and nerves, and the other ins and outs of my trade, but somehow I don't like convents."

"Don't be prejudiced, old fellow," said Paul. "Where could an orphan girl like my sister have been happier or brought up in a sweeter, purer seclusion. There was no question of religion in the matter, and if ever woman deserved her name of mother, Superior Sister Elise is that woman."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the young doctor. "Never seems to have tried to persuade them to quit the world, eh?"

"Oh, never. Lucie would have told me directly. No, old fellow, the two girls and love her and the sisters dearly, and if ever any man felt grateful I do to the old lady."

"Then it's all right, old fellow, for I'd swear you are safe. I say, though, I shall be glad when they leave the convent."

"I shall not," said Paul sadly.

"Why?"

"Because, man, I am afraid—I am afraid."

"Nonsense. I say, I've had a fresh letter from the agents this morning. That business is settled. I'm to have the practice in six months. The old man says he shall keep for that time and gradually bid good-bye to his patients. Then he hands over his lancet, and bottles of salts and senna to yours truly. It's a capital old practice, Paul. Deposit paid, and I step into the house, take furniture and everything, a full blown doctor."

"And you will go on with your studies in the hospitals here till then?"

"I go on practising here or wherever a certain young lady may be, as I have done before, old fellow. I can't begin practising as a settled down medical man without a wife."

"But what you are secure," said Paul laughing and holding out his hand. "We've been inseparable for twelve years now, and I know your very heart; so does Lucie. Bart, old chap, I would not wish her a happier fate."

The young doctor's lip quivered a little, and he had held out his hand for some moments before he said rather huskily:

"Thank you, old fellow."

They neither of them seemed to wish to talk then for a time, but sat smoking till all at once Bart exclaimed:

"I don't know, though."

"Don't know what," said Paul, smiling.

"But what all this has been for the best."

"I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do," said Bart testily. "I mean about those two being at school all these years in the convent. It brought you over here constantly to be near your mother, and that brought you face to face with an angel. That you have had the run of the Paris studios, and got into a brighter, light style than if you had been always working in the fog in Newman or Charlotte street."

"By the same rule, though coming over to see me then it has induced you to stay and smoke the pipe with me."

"Exactly. Wonderful how well things work for the best," said Bart, merrily. "I say, when are you going to see your sister again?"

"Don't know. When I do I am not going to take you, so rest assured of that."

"But I thought you were going to see the young man with a grimace."

"You'll see plenty of Luce by-and-by."

"Never, sir, never; not half enough. But I say, when will she leave the convent and come and settle down to keep house for you?"

"Not till her friend leaves, and may that be long first," said Paul thoughtfully. Then turning merrily upon his friend, "Why you miserable, shallow, old impostor," he cried, "to ask me such a question—When is she coming to keep house for me? How long—now answer me honestly, you can't—how long if you have your own way will you let her keep house for me?"

"Eh?" said Bart, ruffling up his hair again, and with a mournful look in his eyes—"honestly—how long?"

"Yes, how long?"

"Well," said Bart, looking at his watch, "I must be off. I've got engagements with two broken legs and a fractured skull."

"Good heavens!"

"But I say, that's capital about the practice in the hospitals, Bart."

"Yes, I knew you'd be pleased. Stiff price. Keep me rather tight for a bit, but it isn't often a man can drop in for so genuine an affair. And so much in my way, too."

"How do you mean?"

"So near that branch line of the Nipley and Great-ham Railway. They always have a bad accident once a month."

"Then I shall not come to visit you by rail. See you at the club tonight?"

"Yes, of course, ta ta."

Bart Durham went noisily out of the studio and clattered down the stairs, while Paul Lowther drew his easel into a better light.

"Poor old Bart," he said, smiling; "yes, he and Luce will be as happy as the day is long."

He stopped, gazing dreamily at the head he had been painting.

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louvre to every window—blinds so seldom used that the creepers and vines had wreathed themselves in and out, holding them back, and hanging over the windows to form natural sun shades, which waved here and there in the summer breeze.

At one time courtly beauties and gay cavaliers may have paced that garden, but for a hundred years it had been held by the Sisters of St. Cecile, forming their convent now, where the superior and her daughters in the faith received as pension a few young ladies to educate and share the peaceful calm of the dreamy old place.

There were some half-dozen of the sisters about the grounds that soft summer morning, tending flowers, reading, working, or seated here and there in dreamy thought, their quaint garb forming a picturesque addition to the general picture of calm and peace.

But all was not silence, for from an open window pleasantly subdued, came the sparkling notes of a fine toned piano, evidently touched by a brilliant player, whose performance he received as pension a few young ladies to educate and share the peaceful calm of the dreamy old place.

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Paul is the dearest and best of brothers."

"I am sure he is," said Aube.

"And some day when your mamma leaves that terribly hot island, and comes to live in Paris, I am sure she will like the dear old boy, and love him as I do, though we do seem to have seen so little of each other with my being shut up here."

"Where you have been very happy, dear."

"Happy? Yes, of course. Why the dear old sister has petted us as if we had been her dolls."

"They have always been most kind," said Aube. "I shall be very sorry to leave them."

"Of course; and so shall I; but it must come some day. Madame Dulau is sure to fetch you before long, and then—oh, Aube, dear, it's very sad to be like me—no one to fetch me home."

"You must come and make your home with me," said Aube, passing her arm about the slight merry looking little thing.

"Yes," said Luce with a mischievous smile, "I do hope you and Paul will often want me."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. My thoughts do pop out so. Well, then, I am not like I am Mrs. Doctor Durham you will come and see me."

"I hope we shall never be parted, Luce," said Aube gravely, and her beautiful eyes grew dreamy with a far off look. "But it is not idle to make all these plans? As Sister Elise says, our future will be planned for us. But come what may, no future can be more happy and peaceful than our life has been here."

"N—no," said Luce; "but haven't you felt it very dull sometimes?"

"I think not. No."

"Now come, confess; haven't you ever longed to go out and see Paris?"

"Never."

"Never thought how nice it would be to go to parties and balls?"

"No," said Aube, smiling. "The only longing I have had has been to see mamma again."

"Again. You do recollect her, then?"

"As one recalls a dream," said Aube thoughtfully. "It is all misty and indistinct. I was so very young."

"I wonder you remember anything," said Luce, looking wonderingly at the beautiful thoughtful face before her.

"But I do remember just faintly a face bent over me, and long dark hair brushing against my cheeks as I was kissed. It was a face as beautiful as the face of St. Agnes in the large room."

"Yes; your mother," said Luce, resting her hand upon her friend's arm. "She must be very beautiful."

"I suppose so," continued Aube, dreamily. Then with her face growing suddenly animated, "I can remember a black face with white teeth. Whoever it was used to sing to me. I can almost remember the air she sang."

"That must have been your black nurse," said Luce.

"Yes, and there were flowers, great scarlet and yellow flowers, with which I used to play. Ah, Luce, dear, when I talk to you like this how it all seems to come back; but somehow I can't recall coming here. There seems to be something black like a dark curtain coming down, and I