

PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 337.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY WERE PUT IN JAIL.

TWO GOOD ST. JOHN MEN IN PRISON IN WATERVILLE.

For a few hours because they refused to get off the train. They stopped off on a Through Ticket. Will sue the Railway and see what damages are in it.

The great stallion race at Boston recently attracted quite a crowd of St. John people. There are many horsemen in this city and they don't mind spending a good sum to see a first class horse race. Among the crowd who left this city to witness the races was two well-known North End gentlemen, one a liquor merchant and the other the owner of several fast horses, one of which has a mark of 30. These two gentlemen are old friends and they decided to chum it on their trip to the Hub. They purchased their tickets, and left the city Saturday night. It had been decided to stay over Sunday at Westfield and there enjoy the cool refreshing breezes of that popular resort—"free from the noise and bustle of a large smoky city." Now these gentlemen did not think about examining their tickets, therefore they did not notice the following, "Not Good to Stop Off." When the conductor called out "Tickets, please," the North Enders fished out their passports. The tickets were duly examined by the official and of course were all right.

When Westfield was reached they alighted from the train and sought a place of shelter for the night. The Sabbath was spent in strolling across the beach at Westfield admiring the exquisite scenery, and telling fairy horse tales. Sunday night they took the train at Westfield for Boston. Shortly after boarding the train the conductor appeared on the scene and the call "tickets, please," again brought forth the North End men's tickets. They were informed that they should not have stopped over, as the tickets did not allow it. They were therefore compelled to pay their fare from Westfield to Vancoboro. This caused them considerable surprise. At Vancoboro a new conductor took charge of the train, and the St. John men were dumb-founded when informed that they would have to pay up as far as Bangor. This was done after a good deal of talking and grumbling, but after handing the conductor over the cash, both of the passengers declared they would not pay another cent. When they were asked for their fare after leaving Bangor they refused flatly to "pay up," telling the conductor he could put them off.

The conductor was not in the happiest frame of mind. He knew not who the two gentlemen were and he would teach them a lesson. The train slackened up at a small station. Off jumped the conductor and telegraphed to Portland for instructions. No doubt he received them, for when the train arrived at Westville a couple of policemen were on hand and the two St. John men were escorted with ceremony from the sleeping car and lodged in the police station of that city. This was done without a warrant and simply upon the authority of a telegram signed by Payton Tucker. Everybody conversant with railway matters knows that Payton Tucker is a power in that direction in the States of New England but there is room for much doubt that he has the power to have two passengers arrested simply upon his say so. At any rate the St. John men exchanged a comfortable berth for a very uncomfortable one in the police station of Waterville. They were not used to that sort of thing. Here they are respected citizens who are well-to-do and had never been compelled to view the interior of a police station before.

This did not alter the case the next morning when the official who presides over the court appeared. He inquired what charge the prisoners were held upon, and no one knew. There was nothing upon the books and no warrant—nothing save the telegram of Payton Tucker. He smiled, and it was not long before the prisoners were free and with a faint idea that their detention might pay them better than anything they could have done. Their opportunity for an action against the Maine Central railroad is too good to be lost and they propose to see how much damages they can get out of their enforced detention, and the humiliating position in which they were placed.

THE "SOCIAL LINE" OF POLO.

Some of the Players at the Singer Rink Try to be Exclusive.

An aristocracy of polo has just been established and it appears that the jersey does not hide the blood that flows in the veins of the players.

This fall the game of polo was introduced into this city. Three or four teams were quickly organized and a league was formed to play a series of weekly matches. The game "caught on" well and some of the best men on the rollers who go to the Singer Rink went into the sport with avidity.

All went well until a few days ago when a slight friction rose between two of the teams, the St. John and the Columbians.

They were preparing for a match on Tuesday evening of this week. A young man named George Logue was found to be a good skater and as he developed into a sharp player, the Columbians decided to play him on their team.

But Logue was employed on the river steamers as a deck hand or in some such capacity, and when the St. Johns heard of this they raised objections. The St. Johns consisted of the Messrs. Tufts and Dunbrack. They wanted to retain their social standing in order to play hockey this winter with the bank and insurance clerks, and the others who wield the curved stick.

They therefore drew the captain of the Columbians aside and explained their case, saying that they would esteem it a great favor if he would not play Logue on the night of the match. But Frank Potts, the captain of the Columbians, did not receive the request with kindness. He replied that he felt quite competent to choose his own team without any suggestions.

Then matters rested and it was not known what would be the result on Tuesday night. It devolved upon Mr. Logue to cut the Gordian knot. He got a tip about what was going on and said that he would be unable to play as his work would need his attention on the night of the match. Therefore on Tuesday night another man played with the Columbians in place of Logue.

This slight flurry did not cause any disturbance in the league and the games will be played probably with as much good feeling as ever. It only serves to show that it is possible for social prejudice—what was thought improbable—to creep into the region of legitimate sport in St. John.

HOW THE PARAGRAPH GOT IN.

It Escaped the Lync's Eyes of all the Editors of the Telegraph.

The Telegraph newspaper is an amusing study these days. Perhaps the best example of this were two paragraphs that appeared in it on different days this week. On Tuesday morning it made the following announcement:

"The suit started by Mr. David Russell against Manager Harvey of the British Bank, for damages for alleged illegal interference by Mr. Harvey with Mr. Russell's business, has fallen through already. It is said that the case was never intended to be presented. The object was to afford a pretext for making unfounded charges against Mr. Harvey, and having answered its purpose it dropped right there and is now out of court. Persons who read the attacks on Mr. Harvey in certain newspapers at the time, will take note of this, and form their own opinion of the justice of those attacks."

Mr. Russell was in Boston when this appeared but he was at home Wednesday and lost no time in hunting up the managing director of the newspaper. The paragraph was news to Mr. Russell and he made it so plain to the managing director that the Telegraph of Thursday reprinted the paragraph quoted above but added the following which, in the light of "attacks on Mr. Harvey in certain newspapers" is even more interesting than it would be otherwise:

We have it from reliable authority that the statements therein contained are not correct and that the suit referred to has not been dropped, but that Mr. Russell's attorney has been instructed to proceed with it in the ordinary course. The paragraph in question was handed to a reporter of the Telegraph by a person on the other side of the case, and it is due to Mr. Russell that we should make this correction.

From this it can be gathered that it is an easy matter to get an important paragraph like this into a newspaper. All one has to do is to write it out, hand it to a reporter and it appears next morning. The poor reporter! Where was the editor or, for that matter, the city editor.

TRIED TO SELL HIS PASS.

A Halifax Alderman Who Was on the Make on the Quiet.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—They are telling a spicy story of an alderman, who not very long ago went to Montreal to attend a convention. The city council paid his expenses and, by the way, it is high time he reported how he spent the money, and how he spent his time in Montreal.

This alderman applied to the I. C. R. authorities for a free pass. He got it, but it seems too late to use, for he purchased a ticket and started. He did not return or destroy the pass, however. No, that would have been wasteful. He did not turn the piece of paper into money. He canvassed a number of commercial travellers and others, and tried to sell the pass, but to no avail. At last he found a well known city painter who was thinking of journeying west over the I. C. R. To him he sold the pass. The painter, on further consideration, seeing that it was made out personally to the alderman, and that it was not transferable, began to doubt whether he dare use it. He was the more fearful about it when he eye caught something to the effect that no one else than the person named thereon would be allowed to travel upon the pass. So it was returned to the alderman. Whether he finally sold it or not is not yet known, but judging from the perseverance with which the alderman attempted to make profitable merchandise of the pass up to the time it was disposed of to the painter, would indicate that, though he failed with him, yet at last he must have found a purchaser.

SMITH SLASHES HENRY.

WHAT THE OUTCOME OF THIS SHOB-BERRY MAY BE.

Henry May Remain a Member of the Wanderers' Club but Will Never be Prominent in its Affairs—Where Smith Disagrees With His Statements.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—W. A. Henry has been answered. Every step Henry has taken since he made the stupendous mistake of drawing a line of social distinction between the members of the cricket team of which he was captain, has placed his feet more deeply in the mire from which he was trying to escape. He is now up to his neck in the slough, and the day when he will get out of it is a very long way off.

The chances are Mr. Henry will have to leave the Wanderers club. Five-sixths of the members look askance at him, and he can't but see it. He may hold on to a nominal membership in the club, but his relations with the other members will be far from pleasant. Henry has been accustomed to lead; he will now have to be satisfied to follow, away in the rear. It will be strange indeed if he does not find it more pleasant to resign than to submit to what he will certainly be called upon to endure. Yet, Henry is a great social swell,—and there is such a spirit of toadyism abroad that perhaps many of those who condemn him roundly behind his back may pretend to favor him, and to think he is all right to his face, and he will remain to a certain extent ignorant of the real feeling.

The burden of Henry's published defence was that the dinner at the Victoria was a private affair, and that he had no option but to ask those of his team whom Lindsey told him to ask. He contradicts Lindsey in this. Henry states that had he had the drawing of the social line he would have carried it several grades further down. This was a sharp slap in the face to Kaiser and Smith, a piece of revenge on those men who had been most outspoken in the press in condemning his conduct. The other three had talked just as much about him on the street.

Howard Smith, writing to the press for the other alighted men, in reply more than once practically gives the lie direct to Henry. Smith in effect tells Henry he does not believe that Lindsey named those whom he was to ask, adding that, if he did, then it was on account of Henry's coaching. He proves conclusively the dinner was not meant to be a private affair. Smith makes a point when he says Henry how it was that he had not the same feeling for the members of his team who were not asked to the dinner as had two strangers, Wadsworth and Laing, who would not go when they found some were left out. Henry is taunted on his genealogical tree, which has been looked up by a good many the past couple of weeks, and they have smiled to see the stuff "social kings" are made of.

Smith deals a severe blow to Henry when he quotes Mr. Hall, the secretary of the Canadian Cricket association, as saying that if Henry had properly represented to the executive Mackintosh's ability as a wicket keeper with his well known batting powers, he would "assuredly have been chosen as a member of the international team." Everybody knows how anxious Henry was to get a place on the Canadian team.

A prominent member of the Wanderers' club told PROGRESS today that this Henry affair is the worst setback the club had received since its formation. Henry has done more to injure the club by this fatal dinner than all the good that could be accomplished by a year's work.

"What will be the upshot?" asked the correspondent.

"Just this, that either Mr. Henry will have to leave it, or the club will be torn by dissension and factionism. A few of the more swell, or rather snobbish, fellows in the club will stick to Henry and may make a fight for him, but the bone and sinew of the organization is against him now as it never was before; they won't put up with this kind of thing. They will drop out, or he will. The disaffection is not confined to the four or five who were ignored by their captain at Toronto, but is shared in by the majority of the club members."

"What do you suppose was the real reason that Henry cut Hughes, Mackintosh, Kaiser, Cahalane and Smith?"

"The only reason is that he is lacking in all fine feeling. He is a snob at home, and when he met Lindsey, his counterpart at Toronto, he forgot himself and drew the line he had been so accustomed to mark out in Halifax to suit his own small ideas of relative social status. He made a big mistake and he is awfully sorry for it now, not sorry because he did wrong but because he has to bear the consequences."

"What should Henry have done to save himself?"

"He should not, at least have written that letter. He stands self-convicted by it. If he had not written it he would have had the benefit of the doubt. Now even that is gone, and everybody sees him as he is, a

man who has done wrong and refuses to acknowledge it and apologize. His course should have been either to say nothing, or to make a full and frank apology."

FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIFE.

The Halifax Volunteer Fire Department is Struggling for Existence.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—The fight over the union engine company proceeds. A committee of the board of firewards has been appointed to investigate the charge made by a couple of aldermen that members of certain divisions openly neglect their duty. The roll books are to be presented and the officers of the U. E. C. say these will speak for themselves and the company, and show that both day and night the men have responded promptly to all alarms.

In connection with those charges Alderman Duggan is a deeply sorrowful man. He was one of those who made them. At the meeting of the board of firewards following Captain "Jo" Murphy stated flatly that:—"Alderman Duggan, when he stated what he did, made his assertions either because he was anxious to wilfully deceive the city council, or because he was grossly ignorant of the facts." Ald. Duggan was not present, but when he heard what had been said by Captain Murphy he was first savage and then sad. He was savage at Murphy, and he was sad that the members of the board should have sat there calmly and heard such language from an "outsider" regarding an alderman, and uttered not one word of protest. He was sad enough to talk of resigning his seat in the council. One of the board afterwards in excusing the silence with which Captain Murphy's stray language was received, asked laconically:—"What could we do; how did we know that Murphy was not quite right?"

Alderman Ryan, chairman of the board of firewards, was the other alderman who made wholesale charges. The committee is about to investigate them. After that investigation is through the Union engine company say there will be another committee appointed to conduct another inquiry, the subject of which will be Alderman Ryan himself. The committee will be asked for at least, and the volunteer firemen will be ready with their charges. They won't make them too far in advance, as he did, but think they will do better in substantiating them.

The system of a volunteer fire department is engaged in a life and death struggle. The firemen say the council may establish a paid department as soon as it pleases, but they decidedly object to the means taken by a section of the city council to accomplish that end. In one sense what they object to is in the language of the London music hall song:

"Not so much what they say
As the nasty way they say it."
The List Was "Revised."

There are a good many Q. C.'s in town and the honor has become so prevalent that it has almost ceased to be a mark of distinction. Those who have looked over the list carefully say that there but a few conservative lawyers who have not these initials tacked on to their name. On this account perhaps it is a greater honor for a liberal lawyer like Mr. John L. Carleton to find his name sandwiched in among his Tory friends when the last batch of Q. C.'s was announced. Mr. Carleton was not surprised because for months he had known that some friends of his had been good enough to recommend him and that his name had been approved. This was no secret and so when his name appeared in the Sun one morning this week, neither he nor his friends were surprised. But they were surprised the next morning when a "revised list" was printed and Mr. Carleton's name omitted. It appears that the Sun had verified its information before it was printed in the first instance but still the "revised" list came out. There is a vague suspicion that the list was "revised" here and not in Ottawa. At any rate none of those said to be appointed in the Sun's despatch were gazetted. But the fuss about it has cost the Tories a lot of good will in this city and may lose them many votes.

More Than He Deserved.

Bradley, the young Englishman whose high life in Truro was graphically described in PROGRESS a few weeks ago, and who finally found a resting place in jail upon serious charges, has been released by the good people of that town and supplied with enough money to go to Boston via Yarmouth. He had a narrow escape from spending a longer period in Dorchester. It is said that some of the people were anxious to use him for information against the hotels that sold liquor, but Bradley was at one time a vendor himself and thus amenable to the law. At any rate the idea was not carried out, but the purse was presented and Bradley got out of town. There is a natural surprise that such leniency and generosity should be extended to a stranger when there were many nearer home more deserving of such charity.

"Progress" Finds Does all Kinds of Book and Commercial and Society Printing.

M'ALPINE TURNED DOWN.

THE IMPULSIVE LAWYER SPEAKS HIS MIND.

And When Ordered to be Arrested Makes an Apology—Only One Bill of Costs to be Taxed in the Fawcett Case and Dr. Alward has the Call.

E. H. McAlpine is a unique character. It would take a Dickens or a Zola to do full justice to his strikingly original traits. But his lines of thought are so diverse to those of his fellows that friction occurs and there is no harmony. Being a lawyer it would be natural that his brother lawyers, with that feeling of loyalty toward one that distinguishes the legal profession, should put up with his vagaries. They have done so for some time, but good nature at last comes to an end and it is understood that his brothers at the bar are tired and would like to see peace again.

He was successful in establishing the late Mr. Hunter's will. He was not so successful in establishing his own will. On Monday his will was proven by the court and it was the prospect of imprisonment for contempt that attained that end.

On that day Judge Skinner delivered judgment in the Fawcett will case in which Mr. McAlpine is one of the legal lights engaged. There were several lawyers interested and they each and all looked for an individual bill of costs. But his honor had decided to allow only one bill of costs and he said that as Dr. Alward was the senior counsel he would appoint him to draw up the bill.

No doubt it was a great advantage to the litigants to have only one bill of costs charged out of the estate. It was with their interests in view that the judge had so acted. But Mr. McAlpine thought that his interests were not respected by this decision, therefore when His Honor had finished his judgment and had sat down, Mr. McAlpine arose from his seat and proceeded in the most violent and unblushing manner to dispute the ruling of the judge. In discussing the decision he remarked that he stood no show, that his honor was run by the methodists and that McKeown could get anything done he liked. He spoke very vehemently and delivered his whole mind on the subject without reserve. It is a virtue consisting in being frank Mr. McAlpine was very virtuous.

Judge Skinner is a mild man and has allowed much from Mr. McAlpine that he should not have allowed. But of course he could not permit what he said on this occasion to pass unnoticed, so he rebuked him, reminding him that his judgment had been delivered and that he could not again hear him.

At this the impulsive lawyer quieted down and the business of the court was proceeded with. Attorney-General Blair proceeded to read a petition, when Mr. McAlpine interrupted, advising Mr. Blair to get McKeown to read it for him when he would be sure to get what he wanted granted. Then he started in again and characterized the judgment as an outrage. He interspersed his remarks with a little spice and applied to the court that every day epithet which is popular among men but not among ladies.

This was too much for the indulgent judge and saying that this conduct had gone too far to be overlooked, he ordered Marshal Stockford to arrest McAlpine. The marshal was about to carry out the command when the lawyer arose with celerity and apologized by declaring that he did not know what he was saying. His honor replied that his apologies did not amount to much. He would let him off this time, but in the future no apology would be taken. The excitement then quieted down and the trouble ceased.

THE PEOPLE'S TURN AT LAST.

Hampton Ratepayers Turn Out Trustee Fowler and Talk Platitly.

Thursday was the day fixed by law for the annual school meetings throughout the provinces and it is to be presumed that the most of them transpired in due course. There was one at Hampton station at any rate and, as the readers of PROGRESS have in the past heard something of the school affairs of this district, they will be interested to learn that though the lane of injustice and local tyranny was long, the turn was reached at last and the voice of the people was heard. It rang with no uncertain sound and votes were cast in agreement with their opinion and the result was that the ratepayers now have a majority of the trustees with them and will have their expressed wishes carried out.

It will be remembered that Magistrate Thomas A. Peters and H. J. Fowler were two of that chosen party in Hampton, popularly known as the "ring." They were school trustees and as such proceeded to intimate to a respected and popular teacher, Mr. Sherwood, that he was not wanted. In spite of petitions and protests, in spite of the wishes of nine-tenths of the people and the third trustee, Sherwood was displaced to make room for Mr. Harrington, a personal friend of Messrs. Peters

and Fowler. Perhaps it is not necessary to recall all that was said of Harrington at the time, of his reputation as a teacher and of his ability for the position. It is sufficient to say that at the next annual meeting the ratepayers expressed themselves in unmistakable terms and condemned the action of the trustees in so placing Sherwood and engaging Harrington. But as it was neither Fowler's nor P. P.'s turn to go out of the trusteeship they could do nothing except elect Mr. Smith for another term and pass resolutions.

These had no effect, for last July the two trustees Fowler and Peters engaged Harrington for a full year, notwithstanding the wishes of the people as expressed at this annual meeting.

So when Thursday came there was a good attendance and as it was Trustee Fowler's turn to go out he was sent by the board in quick order. The vote stood 34 to 22 in favor of his opponent, Mr. Giggey. There was a good deal of talk and much criticism of the school which it is not necessary to publish but the main point is that the people have had their turn and shown Messrs. Peters and Fowler that their wishes must be respected. PROGRESS' contention is supported too, which is also worth noting in view of what was said at that time.

ROUGH ON THE MILITIA.

An Officer of the Regulars Says They Love to Burn Powder.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—The annual mobilization of troops in this garrison took place on Monday. The various forts at the mouth of the harbor were attacked and repulsed, after a whole day of operations by sea and land. The victory of the defence by day was not nearly so marked, however, as the disaster which befel the torpedo boats that attempted to steal into the harbor at night, under cover of darkness. They were quickly discovered by the powerful electric search lights on shore and the guns of the forts were brought to bear upon them with such good effect that only one thing saved the boats from instant destruction and that was that they were not loaded, as one of the morning papers remarked.

The operations of the day were for the purpose of training the troops in the more scientific movements of warfare. There was no show for the public eye. Very little was to be seen and only an occasional discharge of artillery was heard.

The garrison artillery assisted in the operations at night, and by the way, an officer of high rank was heard to remark: "Those militiamen always destroy the scientific value of the manoeuvres by their anxiety to make a show. They will not submit to go into a fort and quietly occupy it all day as they might have to do in case of war, but they must be forever discharging their ammunition. They have the powder and they are determined it shall be turned into smoke. Manoeuvres are not worth a continental to them unless they are allowed to fire a few volleys at least."

In the same connection this officer said: "The sham fight on exhibition week was the most absurd thing imaginable. The attack on the citadel gave no more idea of a modern battle than would a set-to between tribes of South-sea islanders. It was good in one respect, as a striking example of 'how not to do it.' The people were pleased though, and that was the object sought by General Montgomery-Moore in exhibition week."

The Halifax garrison artillery will not be unduly pleased with this criticism upon their work, but possibly it will do them good, if they will but take the lesson to heart. If they are to wear the soldier's uniform let them be prepared to do a soldier's duty, whether it consists in lying idly in a fort all day or in exploding as much powder as they can in a given time.

The Mortgage Not Accounted for.

For some time there have been rumors to the effect that a wealthy gentleman of this city with large real estate interests here and in Halifax has had some trouble with his agent in the latter city. The irregularity came to light in a curious way. Some years ago the agent collected the principal of a mortgage held by the gentleman referred to in this city. The amount was \$700, but strange to say he neglected to forward the same in the usual way. Nor did he notify his employer that the mortgage had been paid off. Nor did he give the mortgagee a release but put him off from time to time with ready made out plausible excuses. These answered for a long time, but even a patient man will get weary of waiting and finally the mortgagee instructed his solicitor to apply to the mortgagee in this city for his share. This was the first intimation that the latter had that the mortgage had been paid off and of course led to an investigation. The investigation, it is said, shows that this is not the first instance of this kind, but that there were others prior to this. This makes the case of greater moment, and further development will be looked for with not a little interest.

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

HOW JORDAN WAS CONFRONTED BY A MAN HE THOUGHT DEAD.

Conclusion of the Story of a Stolen Schooner - The Pirate Pursued and Captured - The Trial and Sentence of Death by a Notable Court Held at Halifax.

Having, as he supposed, effectually disposed of Captain Stairs, Jordan found himself in possession of the schooner, a full fledged pirate, with the whole ocean before him from which to choose a course. The bodies of the two murdered sailors were speedily thrown overboard, and the craft was headed to the northward and eastward for the south coast of Newfoundland.

Kelly, the mate, had made no effort to assist Captain Stairs or the two seamen, but had remained at the wheel, his back being turned to the contestants. He appeared to be acting with Jordan, but whether willingly or through fear could not be judged at the time. When Captain Stairs had last called to him for aid, he appeared to be loading a pistol, and it is quite clear that he afterwards readily lent himself to Jordan's plans in carrying off the vessel. Kelly seems to have been a young man of no great force of character, and as to do whatever he was told.

Jordan's design was to go to some of the outports of St. John's, secure a competent navigator and one or two hands, obtain a supply of provisions and water, and take the vessel to Ireland. He had committed the crime to get rid of his business difficulties and get back with his family to his own country. How he would dispose of the stolen schooner was probably a matter which he intended to settle later, but he would at least be able to realize something by the sale of the cargo. In order to make his story agree with the schooner's papers, he assumed the name of John Treman, one of the owners, while Kelly, who was to act as captain, took the name of John Stairs.

Reaching Fortune Bay, he secured one man, William Crew, and some days later a fisherman named John Pigot came aboard, having heard that the vessel was bound for Halifax, to which port he was anxious to take passage. Jordan told him that Halifax was to be the destination, and Pigot accordingly shipped as one of the hands. Two others shipped later.

The next day, the 25th of September, Pigot went into the hold to do some work. He was surprised to see that the cargo of fish was not stowed, but was tossed carelessly about. This circumstance, together with the fact of part of the hatch being gone, excited his suspicions and he began to fear that all was not right. He was afraid the vessel was on what he called the "runaway account," and he told Crew that he did not want to go to Halifax in it. Crew then said that if Pigot did not go, he would not. Seeking some excuse for refusing to go, Pigot asked Kelly, whom he knew as "Captain Stairs," for what was known as a "protection," to save him from being impressed into the navy at Halifax. Kelly said he would give him the document after they sailed, but Pigot refused to go to sea without it. Finally Kelly admitted that he could not give him a protection, and Pigot thereupon told him he would have to find another man. Jordan, Kelly and a Mr. Thorn, a trader, finally persuaded Pigot that he would have sufficient protection if he was given a bill of lading for a hundred quintals of the fish. Even after getting his, he was afraid to go, but Thorn and a notice of the peace threatened him with the penalties of the law if he refused, and he was forced to consent.

Leaving Fortune Bay, the Three Sisters was taken to St. Mary's Bay, where it remained about a week, as neither Pigot nor Crew would consent to sail without a pilot or navigator. They finally got a pilot to take the vessel to St. John's, but the wind soon after failed and they lay becalmed. At this juncture a better sailing boat came along, bound for the last named port, and Jordan and Pigot took passage in it in order to find and bring back a competent navigator.

Pigot had observed that, in laying in his supplies at Fortune Bay, Jordan had purchased quantities of articles for which he paid much more than the same kind of stores would cost in Halifax. This showed him that the schooner could not be bound for the latter port, and Jordan finally told him that he intended to go to Ireland. The reason he gave was that he owed money in Halifax and wanted to go to a market where he could sell his fish to advantage, so that he could return to Halifax and pay his debts.

After reaching St. John's, Jordan found a navigator in the person of Patrick Power, who had been in the habit of making voyages to Ireland. He entered into a written agreement engaging Power to navigate the Three Sisters to Ireland, either to Limerick or Galway, fixing the rate of wages at eleven pounds a month. This agreement Jordan signed by the name of John Treman.

Three days later, Jordan, with Pigot and Power, took a boat and went to the Bay of Bulls, where the schooner was supposed to be. Not finding it there they went to Agua Fort, and thence to Tre-

passay, when they at last found the vessel, with Kelly, Crew and a man from the shore aboard. Not seeing his wife there, Jordan asked where she was, and was told she had gone ashore.

This seems to have angered him and awakened his suspicions. Apart from the children, the only persons in the schooner who knew of the murders were Kelly and Mrs. Jordan. Jordan seems to have had no fear that the former would betray him, but he had his doubts about how far it was safe to trust his wife. It may be he did not think she would intentionally reveal the terrible secret, but like many another man before and since he was probably mindful of the mischief a woman's tongue can bring about from want of prudence. On this occasion, he had been drinking and was in the mood to be very suspicious. On hearing that his wife was ashore, he seemed much disturbed, and taking Kelly with him, went in search of her and brought her back to the vessel. Later, when all of them were in the cabin, he approached his wife and saluting her by a vile epithet said, "I heard you talk!" He then seized a musket as if he intended to shoot his wife, but Power took the weapon from him. Jordan then began to quarrel with Kelly and the two came to blows, and Jordan went to his trunk to get the pistols. They were not there; Kelly had hidden them under a bed, and now drew them out and kept Jordan at bay. The pirate demanded his pistol and musket to shoot his wife, but Kelly refused to give them up. Power finally interfered and secured the pistols, which he took on deck and put out of the way. Mrs. Jordan, who had also gone on deck, begged Power to throw the weapons overboard, saying, "You know not the mischief they have done." After a time Jordan became pacified, and went to his berth, but told Power not to let his wife come near him. "If you do I shall kill her," he threatened.

The woman took good care to give her husband no further provocation, but before daylight the next morning she called Pigot and begged him to put her ashore, as she was certain her husband would kill her if she remained on board, but she was prevailed upon to remain, though she was still in fear her life should be in danger again if she was in a rage.

Later in the day the schooner was taken from Trepassay to the Bay of Bulls, to get provisions sufficient for the voyage to Ireland. Jordan's wife again went ashore to do some washing, but when he learned of it he at once hurried on board and again. By this time he had become very apprehensive of danger and was anxious to get under way, but could not do so because the wind blew directly into the bay. So determined was Jordan to get away, however, that he went ashore that night and returned with a number of men in the boat with the idea of getting the schooner towed out, but by this time Power had made up his mind he would not go, and refused to get the vessel under way, and at last the men with the boats returned to the shore.

Jordan had got very much excited by this time, and paced to and fro on the deck, though there was now no hope of getting out of the bay until daylight came. Kelly had also become so alarmed that he asked Power to go ashore with him and he would tell him something. Power agreed to go as soon as Jordan should retire, but the pirate was so thoroughly suspicious of everybody that he continued on deck, saying that he would not go to rest until he had first seen the others in their berths. Power then said that he and Kelly wanted to go ashore, but would not stay long. "You might as well take my life at once as to attempt to go ashore tonight!" exclaimed Jordan. "I will keep watch to prevent you!"

Finding no chance of getting ashore, Power went to his berth, while Jordan paced the deck, cursing the hours of the night and eagerly watching for the first faint light of day.

When at last the dawn came, Jordan roused Power and bade him get the schooner under way at once. Power went on deck, and declared that the wind blew too hard to attempt to make sail, whereupon Jordan flew into a frightful passion, cursing, stamping about and acting like a madman. Power went back to the cabin, but very soon he heard a cry that Kelly had taken the boat away. Going on deck, he saw Kelly in the boat, making his way to the shore as fast as he could row. Power shouted for him to return and take him also, but Kelly refused to come back, though he promised to send the boat for Power. Thereupon Power went below to get his effects in readiness to take with him. While thus engaged he heard Crew call out that the cable was cut. Jordan had indeed taken this speedy method of getting under way, that the job was hoisted and the schooner was going to sea. Jordan was standing with an axe in his hand, and declared that the vessel should go to sea or there would be blood. The axe was taken from him by Pigot, Jordan being so anxious to get out of the bay that he made no attempt to quarrel with those on whose help he had to depend. By his request Power took a course to the westward, so as to deceive the people on shore into the belief that he was sailing for Halifax. After getting clear of the bay the course was changed to the eastward.

An hour later a sail was seen ahead. At the sight of it Jordan became still more agitated and kept inquiring of his men what they took the stranger to be. They at first thought it was a fishing boat, but in a little while it was seen to be a good sized schooner, and Jordan became more uneasy. He wanted the course of the Three Sisters changed again, so that it would appear to be bound for Halifax, but it was then too late to deceive those aboard the stranger.

The latter, meanwhile, was rapidly drawing nearer, and Jordan again asked Power what he took the vessel to be. "You may depend upon it, it is a king's schooner," was the reply. "The Lord have mercy on me! What will my poor children do?" exclaimed Jordan in great agony of mind.

Power had judged aright. The stranger soon came up and proved to be His Majesty's schooner Cuttle, commanded by Lieut. Bray, one of the vessels sent in search of the stolen schooner. In a short time a party was sent aboard the Three

Sisters, and after securing the prisoners the cruiser and its prize sailed for Halifax. Jordan was at a loss to know how the authorities had so quickly learned of his crime, and doubtless believed that the information had come through his wife while she was on shore at Newfoundland. After he arrived at Halifax he was told that Captain Stairs was still alive, but as this seemed to him to be impossible he concluded the story was a device to lure him into making a confession. He had not a doubt that Stairs was among the dead in the depths of the sea.

The Cuttle reached Halifax on the 9th of November, and on the 11th Jordan and his wife were examined by the chief justice, Hon. Sampson Salter Blowers, in the council chamber, and committed for trial. On the 16th, a special court of admiralty was held at the court house, composed of the following members: His Excellency the lieutenant-governor, Sir George Prevost, Baronet, president. Rt. Hon. Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart., K. B. and K. C., of the privy council of Great Britain, vice-admiral of the white and commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships of war on the coast of North America.

Hon. Sampson Salter Blowers, chief justice of Nova Scotia. Hons. John Butter Butler, Michael Wallace, Edward Brabant, Brenton, Charles Hill, Richard John Uniacke and Charles Morris, members of His Majesty's council. Robert Lloyd, commander of H. M. S. Guerrier; John Conn, of the Swiftsure; Rt. Hon. Lord James Townshend, of the Eolus; John Simpson, of La Furiouse; Samuel Hood, secretary of the province; Thomas Nicholson Jeffery, collector of customs.

Crofton Uniacke officiated as registrar. James Stewart, solicitor-general, conducted the prosecution, attorney-general Uniacke sitting as one of the counsel. Foster Hutchinson also took part as one of the counsel for the crown. S. B. Robie and Lewis M. Wilkins were counsel for the prisoner.

The function of opening this very imposing tribunal, and the arraignment of Jordan and his wife, who pleaded not guilty, occupied the first sitting and the actual trial began on the following day, Thursday, the 16th, and was continued during that day and Friday, the 17th.

Jordan, not knowing what evidence there was against him, was taking the situation with much outward composure, gazing at the court curiously, if not less amazed so many important personages were required to interest themselves in him who had no claim, in the abstract, to any recognition in society circles. Presently his attention was directed by a stir among the crowd near one of the doors, and looking in that direction he was no less amazed than horrified to behold Captain Stairs, who seemed to have risen from the dead to confront his murderer.

Scarcely able to credit his senses, Jordan rose in the dock and strained his dilated eyes to gaze at the apparition, the emotion he threw up his arms, gave vent to a wild despairing cry, and fell back to his bench in abject fear.

Nor was the meeting without its effect on Stairs. At the sight of Jordan, the terrible scene on the schooner, his sufferings on the ocean and his preservation by the mercy of God came to his mind with such force of recollection that he staggered as if about to fall, and burst into tears. So greatly was he affected that the court for some time forbore to proceed with the inquiry.

When Captain Stairs became sufficiently composed to give his evidence, he told the story of his experience in substance as has already been given. John Pigot and Patrick Power followed him and told in detail all that had occurred after their coming on board the Three Sisters. Jordan was then asked if he had anything to say in his defence and in reply gave his version of the affair. Stairs had previously testified there was no liquor aboard and that Jordan was sober, but the prisoner claimed that he had been drinking at the time. His son came to him saying that Stairs was taking liberties with Mrs. Jordan, and that when he seized Stairs the latter fired a pistol at him, the bullet striking Heath. After this, according to him, Stairs had thrown the hatch overboard and jumped after it. Then he, Jordan, had begged Kelly to put the schooner about and pick up Stairs, but that Kelly seemed too much stupefied to do so. Jordan declared that the witnesses had sworn falsely and concluded by asking that the court would examine a number of papers and accounts which he submitted.

Margaret Jordan then handed the court a written statement, claiming that her husband had been attacked by a woman. She said she had not seen Heath shot. She had attacked Stairs when she was excited that she did not know what she was doing, but she declared herself innocent of the crimes charged against her.

The court was then closed while the judges deliberated, after which the doors were opened and the prisoner again put to the bar. The president, Sir George Prevost, then addressed him as follows: "Edward Jordan, the gentlemen commissioners before whom you have been accused of piracy, felony and robbery, have deliberately examined the articles of charge exhibited against you; and having maturely weighed and considered the several evidences produced against you on behalf of His Majesty, as well as what has been alleged in your favor, upon the whole have unanimously found you guilty of the several articles of piracy, felony and robbery, wherewith you have been charged, and have agreed that sentence be pronounced against you for the same accordingly."

The registrar then asked Jordan, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced. Jordan merely asked if his papers had been examined. The president then continued: "The court by which you have been tried has examined your case with every just and merciful disposition towards you; and I have already informed you that the commissioners have unanimously pronounced you guilty. Nothing, therefore, now remains but for me, as president of this court, to perform the painful duty of pronouncing that dreadful sentence which the law directs to be executed upon you, not only as a just punishment for the horrid crimes of which you have this day been convicted, but as an example to all others of the venianness which always pursues the steps of the murderer, whom no art can save from the sword of justice in this life; and whose only hope in the world to come must depend on the merits

of the Almighty. You, who have shown neither mercy or compassion to your fellow creatures, can have none to expect from the hand of man. Let me, therefore, exhort you during the short time you have to live, that you do, with a contrite and penitent heart, humble yourself before God and seek forgiveness of your sins, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"You, Edward Jordan, shall be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God Almighty have mercy upon your soul!" Margaret Jordan was adjudged not guilty, and was discharged.

It will be noticed that no reference to being hung in chains was made in the sentence, but as this was a stated punishment for piracy, such reference was not necessary. The theory was that the body, after execution was at the king's disposal and might be hanged in chains or otherwise ordered as the king should think fit. In the Saladin case, in 1844, judgment was given for murder only, that the hanging in chains involved by a judgment for piracy might be avoided.

Jordan was hanged at Point Pleasant on the 23rd of November, 1809, six days after being sentenced. He made a full confession acknowledging that he had planned the murder of Stairs before leaving Percé. He wholly excoriated his wife and Kelly from any share in the crime.

Jordan was attended by a clergyman and expressed himself penitent. After death had resulted from hanging, the body was wrapped in tar and canvas, and hung suspended on the gibbet for some years, until removed during the administration of Governor Lord Dalhousie.

Kelly, the mate, was captured by a party of the military, between Bay of Bulls and Petty Harbor, Nfld. Early in December he was brought to Halifax, tried and sentenced to death, but subsequently received the king's mercy.

Captain Stairs lived for many years, but it was only on rare occasions that he could be persuaded by friends to tell of his terrible experience with Edward Jordan, pirate and murderer. ROSLYNDE.

A Question of Probability. "How are you getting along with your new novel?" he asked of a feminine genius. "Not so well," she answered, "as I have been. I came to a very troublesome point last week, and I haven't done anything on it since."

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In a recent Boston paper I noticed the programme of entertainments provided weekly, for the citizens of Melrose, Mass., from the 5th November next, until February 5th, 1895, and as I read the thought occurred, Why not have something of a similar character supplied in this city during the winter season? It is not so very long ago that the lecture course in the Mechanics' Institute was in operation here, and the season was then eagerly anticipated and enjoyed by the best of our citizens. No doubt the reasons for discontinuing them were satisfactory to the management at the time, but unfortunately no person or persons have since then undertaken to substitute any entertainment for them. Now without saying anything against the lectures—many of them were indeed instructive and interesting—it appears to me that a series of entertainments could be successfully managed here just as well as in an unpretentious town like Melrose; but, in order to succeed, and considering the change in public taste since the days when the lecture course was so popular—it would seem to be necessary, if not indispensable, that each entertainment should be different in character and the best local talent utilized for each occasion. At Melrose I observe that Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen and Mr. Geo. J. Parker are among the vocalists at one of the concerts. The tickets for the course are sold at auction, and there may be a valuable hint in the mention of that fact. Who will move in the matter?

The success of any of our townspeople at home or abroad is always gratifying. It is therefore a pleasure to note the recent success of Miss Nellie Craigie, the promising young alto of the North End in winning a scholarship at the Conservatory in New York.

The Carleton cornet band, I am informed, had decided upon the 5th November as the date for opening their bazaar. The proceeds are to be applied to the purchase of new instruments.

Tones and Under-tones.

Madame Januschowsky is singing in Wagner's opera in Vienna.

The Ruggles street quartette of Boston, will hereafter be known as the Albion quartette.

Miss Eileen Jewell, with "the Bostonians" this season, is one of the prettiest girls on the American stage.

Carl Goldman, the author of "The Queen of Sheba," has written a one act opera founded on "The Cricket on the Hearth."

The daughter of the late Madame Fursch-Madi is living with Mrs. Kayne, better known as Attelle Claire, the vocalist, of whom Lillian Russell was jealous.

Thomas G. Seabrooke the comic opera star, on being questioned as to the revival of operas that used to pack the houses, says: "There is no money in old operas."

William Furst is the composer of Della Fox's successful new opera "The Little Trooper." He once was closely related to an operatic star who was heard in this city not very long ago.

Leoncavallo is reported to have written the text of an opera for a brother composer Signor Aureo Buzzi-Peccia. The book is said to be founded on Alfred de Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour."

It is now said that Patti has selected Craig-y-nos as a place of residence because the natives there live to an extreme old age. The diva's opportunity for farewell tours seems to be materially improved.

Miss Eleanor Mayo, the prima donna of the "Princess Bonnie" opera company, is said to be engaged to Mr. James Elverson, Jr., the son of the owner of the Philadelphia Inquirer. The wedding will take place next spring.

A Boston paper dated the 7th inst. has the following: "Miss Lillian Carlsmith has returned home from St. John, New Brunswick, where she has been singing with success in oratorio." As this lady has not been heard in this city for about two years this notice of her cannot be called premature. There is a Rip Van Winkle on the staff of that paper.

Lillian Nordica, the prima donna, whose husband, Fred Gower, was recently reported alive, is a granddaughter of the late Rev. C. John Allen, a Methodist minister, better known as "Camp Meeting John." After the lady's success, her grandfather, who used to preach against the theatre as being the gate of hell, excused his reconciliation with her on the ground that she was "no actress but a singer."

The young chorus for the next opera season in New York, is making rapid strides onward under the drill of Louis Saar, the director of the chorus. There are now forty-six members, twenty-six of whom are women. They are already well up in "William Tell" and before the season opens Herr Saar expects them to be up in the music of twelve operas. They are all trained singers, though all are young. Several of them studied with the late Madame Fursch-Madi. The voices in the chorus are fresh and they are said

to sing already with a finish that is remarkable. The attack is still weak but with greater knowledge and familiarity with their music, the weakness will disappear. When the Milanese pianist who is named Gravano, was performing his feat of playing for twenty-five consecutive hours without rest, a friend from time to time poured down his throat coffee, tea, and eggs beaten in Marsala wine.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Caroline Miskell will star next season in a new play entitled "A Summer Girl."

"The New Boy," one of the latest comedies, has had a run of 350 nights in London.

James O'Neill has made a quarter of a million dollars out of "Monte Christo" in ten years.

Piner, the so called English dramatist, is of Portuguese parentage. He is 40 years of age.

Joseph Reynolds will again direct the forthcoming tour of Mrs. Langtry in the United States.

A new play for Sol Smith Russell is being written by Charles Barnard, the author of "The County Fair." It will be produced this season.

E. Williams, an Australian manager, has purchased the Australian rights of "Shenandoah," and will produce it in Melbourne the coming season.

During this season Robert Mantell will play only in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Lilla Vane, a sister of the well known W. S. Harkins, is a member of Nat Goodwin's company this season. Miss Vane is said to be a very clever actress.

Sadie Martiniot has changed the color of her hair from light brown to reddish blonde in order that it may the better harmonize with the Auburn hair of her new husband.

Louise Hamilton, a bright little soubrette who will be remembered as playing a star engagement in this city not long ago, was recently playing at St. Louis, in a piece called "Coon Hollow."

"The Amazons," which has been such a hit wherever produced in this country, was not such a success in London when produced there. Piner, the author, says: "I should not dare to produce 'The Amazons' in Edinburgh."

Mr. Whately, the courteous treasurer of Mlle. Rhea's company, is nursing a broken leg at Rochester, N. Y. The many friends made by this gentleman during his stay in St. John will regret this intelligence and will profoundly sympathize with him.

A western critic says that Willie Collier has "a good thing in 'A Back Number,' if he will cut out the tears and marry his ingenue more respectfully." The third act of the piece as at present is "full of unnecessary, sloppy emotion and bad sentiment."

Last season Henry Irving invited James A. Hearne, to stage his play "Shore Acres" at the Lyceum theatre, London, in the spring of 1892, but Henry E. Abbey has outbid him, and if Hearne goes to England in May it will be under Abbey's management.

In his new play, "The Manxman," Wilson Barrett has altered considerably the ending of the story "The Deemster." In the play the woman draws her child to her and tells him that henceforward their paths in life are separate. On this significant scene the curtain falls. The play is in four acts.

Mrs. Charles Hoyt, whose stage name is Caroline Miskell, is considered one of the most beautiful women in America. Her beauty is the more striking because of the contrasts her features present, and is heightened by a crown of hair which is best described as brown with a shade of red in it.

Blanche Walsh, who believes she should have been born a boy, and who has endeavored to atone for her misfortune by wearing as many masculine garments as she dared, has returned from Europe. At Stratford-on-Avon she qualified as a Shakespearean actress by eating porridge out of a wooden bowl which was said to belong to Anne Hathaway.

It is an unusual thing in the theatrical profession to find a husband and wife traveling in the same company. Here are a few that have managed to keep together: Robert Downing and Eugenie Blair, Louis Massen and Marie Burroughs, Tim Murphy and Dorothy Sherrod, Forrest Robinson and Mabel Burt, Frank Burbeck and Nanette Comstock, Robert L. Cutting and Minnie Seligman, Prof. Herrmann and Mrs. Herrmann, Morton Selten and Kate Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holland, Dan Harkins and Helen Gliden, Odell Williams and Zenside Vialere, Richard Mansfield and Beatrice Cameron, Stuart Robson and May Waldon, William Morris and Etta Hawkins, Thomas Q. Seabrooke and Elvia Croux, DeWolf Hopper and Edna Wallace, Digby Bell and Laura Joyce, Alexander Salvini and Maude Dixon, Besse Bonshill and W. C. Stanley, Charles Dickson and Lillian Burkhardt, Frank Weston, and Effie Killar, John T. Sullivan and Rose Coghan, and last but not least, our old friend H. Price Webber and Edwina Gray.

Mrs. Youngblood (to orchestra leader at summer hotel)—"What was that long, dreary thing you just played?" Leader—"Dot vos vroom Vogner." Mrs. Youngblood—"It was not pretty." Leader—"It was not intended to be."

THE CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

This Excellent Institution Begins Another Year with Favorable Omens.

The annual shareholders' meeting at Edgell on Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, was of more than usual interest in consequence of the large increase in the number of boarders and the growing reputation of the school.

The school is under the patronage of the Synod of the Diocese of Fredericton as well as of the Synod of the Diocese of Nova Scotia.

The reports of the trustees and directors presented to the meeting were of a very satisfactory character, and embodied interesting information concerning the progress of the school, its present condition and the state of the finances.

The number of new boarders this year, beginning Sept. 1st is 23, being several more than at the same period last year. The total number of boarders now in residence is 73. The trustees' report shows that they came from Nova Scotia (including C. B.); these are 38; New Brunswick, 19; Prince Edward Island, 5; Quebec, 4; Ontario, 1; New York, 2; New Hampshire 1; Massachusetts, 1; Newfoundland, 2; making a total of 73. The increase of boarders at the opening of the school was, in 1892, four; in 1893, two, and this year, ten.

The increase of the school at the beginning of each year with regard to boarders only, since its establishment in 1891, is as follows: Jan. 8th, 1891—opening of the school, 26; Sept. 1891—first full year, 57; Sept. 1892—second year, 61; Sept. 1893—third year, 63; Sept. 1894—73.

The staff of the school now numbers 14 in all, including the indefatigable lady principal, Miss Machin. The growing interest manifested by the patrons of the school was well exemplified at the meeting by the large addition to the prizes offered for competition this year. The usual prizes given by the school, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Synod of the diocese of Fredericton, Rev. Canon Brock, Miss Lillie Machin, the lady principal, and Mrs. Courtney, have already been announced. In addition to these, Rev. E. P. Crawford offers a prize for vocal music; Rev. Canon Partridge, one for music; R. G. Leckie, a prize for Canadian history; Rev. H. D. DeBlois, a prize for the highest marks in matriculation of King's college; and D. P. Allison, a prize for English literature.

The financial position of the school is very satisfactory. The balance to the credit of the current account amounts to \$1,960.95; the expenditure being \$18,667, the income \$20,627. The ballot for trustees resulted in the election of Rev. H. D. de Blois, Rev. Canon Brock and Dr. Hind to represent the shareholders. The new board of directors consists of R. G. Leckie, Dr. Hind, Hon. Mr. Justice Barker, J. B. Forster, Ven. Archdeacon Weston Jones, Rev. E. P. Crawford, William Dimock.

Resolutions were passed authorizing the board of directors to increase the accommodation by the addition of nine music rooms, an art room, a commodious assembly hall, and six living rooms as soon as \$4000.00 had been subscribed for that purpose. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"Resolved that this annual meeting of shareholders be held to place on record their hearty appreciation of the manner in which the lady principal have continued to be discharged by Miss Machin, and of the success with which her administration has been crowned, assisted as she is by so competent and conscientious a body of teachers."

"They also are devoutly thanked for the health of the pupils has been so uniformly good, and recognized with pleasure the large number of letters received from parents and friends of pupils expressing their satisfaction with the course of instruction and discipline maintained at the school, and with the home comforts by which the pupils are surrounded."

This was supplemented by a resolution referring to the managing director as follows:

"That the most cordial thanks of this meeting be tendered to Dr. H. Y. Hind, the energetic and indefatigable secretary-treasurer of this institution, for the constant care and attention bestowed by him upon the affairs of the school, to which so large a measure of its success is due, and for which no pecuniary compensation would be an equivalent."

The meeting, which was most gratifying to all concerned, is the fourth which has been held since the establishment of this institution in 1891.

HE TELLS IT HIMSELF.

A West Oxford Farmer Narrowly Escapes Premature Burial—The Causes of his Threatened Fate and Lucky Escape.

INGERSOLL, Oct. 8.—W. H. Bailey, of West Oxford township, claims to have only narrowly escaped premature burial a short time ago. He had had kidney disease for four years back and so badly at times that he was completely laid up. Many doctors treated him, but their treatment, in Mr. Bailey's opinion, made him worse rather than better. His escape from a premature grave was effected by the use of the infallible Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes of these cured him completely. Mr. Bailey claims to be able now to do a bigger day's work than his twenty-four year old son.

He Knew The Old Organ. A curious story of a canine grinder ear is told of a London organ-grinder's dog. The organ-grinder was blind and aged, and the dog led him about. One night, after a hard day's work, the old man and his faithful companion lay down to sleep with the organ beside them. They slept soundly, and when they woke the organ was gone. They were in despair. Their means of earning a living was gone. But the dog led the old man through the streets where he had been accustomed to play, and persons who had given him alms before continued to do so. They followed him, and when they were near the organ was found. It was a hand-organ played a few feet from him. It reminded him of his lost instrument. He remembered his dog's excitement, barked violently, and led his master in the direction of the organ. He sprang at the robber's throat, dragged him away from the stolen organ, and led his master eagerly up to it with expressions of delight.

DR. A. D. SMITH,

(For several years with Dr. J. M. Smith, North End) Wishes to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an office OVER McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE, 57 CHARLOTTE ST., For the Practice of Dentistry.

Full and partial dentures inserted either in Gold, Platinum or Vulcanite. Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth by filing and crowning. Painless Extracting a Specialty.

A Previous Engagement and a Full House.

It was an experience in western one-night stands and the manager of the company had an open date which he was anxious to fill. He heard that Las Animas, Colorado, was a good theatrical town, so he wired to the manager of the opera house to see if he could fill his open date. He received a telegram back from the manager which read as follows: "Sorry I can't play your show. The opera house is full of hay."

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YOU Don't about

Home Comforts in Cold Weather IF YOUR BUILDING IS NOT HEATED WITH SAFFORD RADIATORS.

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Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL CROCCERS.

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE.

Rubber Sheeting. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS.

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

HEATING STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Larger Than Ever. PRICES VERY LOW. SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

New Dress Goods. Our stock is now fully assorted with all the most desirable Fabrics and Styles for the Fall and Winter Fashions. AND ALL AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.

St. Paul's (Valley) church was the scene of a pretty though quiet wedding at the early hour of seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, when Rev. Canon De Veber, assisted by Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, performed the ceremony which united Mr. and Mrs. Jack and Miss Louie De Veber, as man and wife.

Another pretty wedding was that which took place in St. Andrew's church early Wednesday morning, at which the principals were Mr. G. Brenton Sutherland of New Glasgow, N. S., and Miss Jeanie Louise Bell, daughter of Mr. C. W. Bell, Hazen street.

Yet another wedding was solemnized on Wednesday morning, that of Mr. Fred C. Mellick to Miss Annie Watson, which took place at the residence of the bride's father, Peter street, Rev. L. G. MacNeil officiating.

Mr. G. H. Perley left this week for a visit to Miss Blanche Grazier, at Lincoln. Miss Marion and Miss Maggie LeCheur have returned home after a three months' tour through Boston and Maine.

Dr. E. H. Davis, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, left on Wednesday a fortnight's visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay C. Boyd were in Moncton on Saturday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters.

Mr. H. Hoyt and Miss A. Law spent a very pleasant day at Carter's Point on Sunday last. Mr. John S. K. Hill and Mrs. A. Sprout, of Harrison street, have returned from a two weeks' visit to Fredericton and Woodstock.

There was a pleasant gathering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Elliott, German street, Thursday evening, to celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. David McLellan and family are home from their summer outing at Westfield. Mr. George Hilyard of the Robesay Collegiate school spent Sunday in town.

CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. The Most Convenient Article of Kitchen Furniture Yet Introduced. ALWAYS READY. JOHN R. CARLE, Patentee, 169 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEARBORN & CO'S. SPECIALTIES. Pure Flavoring Extracts. Water - White Vanilla, Apricot, Blood Orange, Banana, Cherry, Peach, Pear, Raspberry, Strawberry, Limes, Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Rose, Pineapple, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmeg, Coffee, Wintergreen.

ABSOLUTELY PURE HERBS AND SPICES. Sage, Savory, Marjoram, Thyme, Mixed Spice, Pickle Spice, Pure Mustard Flour, Cayenne, Cloves, Ginger, Cinnamon, Allspice.

PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

TOILET WATERS. VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

HOT or COLD, WHICH? IF YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. To Out-of-Town Buyers. We will send you a half dozen Jackets on approval and pay expressage one way.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE PAGES AND REGISTRE PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street
MORSON & CO., 111 Barrington street
CROFTON'S STORE, 111 Barrington street
HARRIS & MITCHELL, Morris street
CONRAD'S BOOK STORE, Spring Garden Road
DUNN'S BOOK STORE, Spring Garden Road
FRASER'S BOOK STORE, Opp. L. C. R. Depot
F. J. GIBSON, 11 Jacob street
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot
ALLEN & CO., 111 Barrington street
F. J. HODGKINS, Spring Garden Road
W. E. HERR, 100 Halls street
W. S. BAKER & SON, George Street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N.S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

The officers of the R. A. gave an exhibition of sports, etc., last Thursday. A number of invitations were issued; races, tug-of-war, filled up the time.

Small tables were scattered of the tennis courts, where tea was partaken of. Friday, Miss Cady gave a small tea at her mother's home, Pleasant street.

Saturday the first football match of the season came off at the D. A. C. grounds; Navy versus Wanderers—won by the former; and Wanderers versus Garrison, in which the latter were hopelessly beaten, the score being 22 to 0.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Wickwire give a tea on Wednesday.

Miss Cowie also intends giving a small tea within the next two weeks.

Mr. Corbett and family have moved to their new N. W. Arm house, to their winter house on Myles street. Mrs. Corbett is still visiting friends in Cornwall.

On Tuesday the 8th Mr. George C. Cooke, of the steamer Halifax, was married to Miss Lily F. Harrison. The ceremony was performed in St. Mark's Church by Rev. N. LeMoine and Rev. C. Abbot.

The bride was very becomingly dressed in white broadcloth silk trimmed with koton lace. The bridesmaids were, Miss Minnie Irving, Miss Edith Story, Miss Lavinia, daughter of Mr. T. Whitson, of Conso, and Miss Lucy Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

A wedding which has been looked forward to with considerable interest for some time past, took place in Kaye street Methodist church on Wednesday evening of last week, when Miss Laura M. Wright, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Wright, was united in marriage to Mr. J. Rufus Black. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Hockley, assisted by Rev. J. Rogers. The church presented a very handsome appearance, it being gaily decorated with flowers and ferns, in honor of the event.

The bride wore a handsome dress of cream duchesse satin, with pearl trimmings, and orange blossoms and diamond ornaments. There were four bridesmaids, Miss Edith Cave, Miss Bessie Hamilton, Miss Edith Wright, and Miss Florence Brown.

Miss Kaye, and Miss Hamilton, wore cream colored dresses, with trimmings of lace and satin ribbon. Mrs. Wright and Miss Brown wore dresses of pale blue. Dr. Wright, of Prince Edward Island, acted as groomsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony luncheon was served at the residence of the bride's mother, Kaye street, after partaking of which Mr. and Mrs. Black left for a trip through the provinces, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

Many handsome and valuable presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Black, among them being a handsome plush parlor suit from Mrs. R. Wright; parlor lamp, Mr. E. R. Wright; china tea set, Mr. E. W. Wright; cocoa set, Miss Edith Wright; fruit dish, Mr. G. Wright; silver knives, Mr. Joseph Kaye; silver fish knife, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fenton; silver breakfast castors, Mrs. Story; two pictures, Mr. and Mrs. Horseman; sofa pillow, Mrs. Fultz; fruit and bread sets, Miss Murray; mantel ornaments, Miss L. Lawlor; cake plate, Mrs. Hopson; silver fruit spoon, the Misses Brown; silver fruit spoon, Dr. and Mrs. Fluck; silver coffee spoons, the Misses Taylor; cheese dish, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mumford; pair of vases, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kaye; pair of vases, Mr. N. Hayes; rocking chair, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Davidson; Oxford arm chair, Mr. J. G. Welch; pair of vases, Mr. J. Brown; pillow shams, Miss M. Taylor; hand painted bannerette, Miss B. Caldwell; mantel drapery, Mrs. George Shields; music holder, Mrs. Thomas Moore; small table, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McKinley; hand painted basket, pocket, Miss Edith Kaye; pudding dish, Mr. and Mrs. George McKenzie; silver fruit dish, Mr. R. Flinn; piece silver plate, Mr. C. D. Fraser; clock, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wentworth; (Truro); cheese dish, Mrs. M. Uphan; two easy chairs, Mr. and Mrs. A. DeWolf; silver sugar tongs, Mr. H. Flick; silver fruit spoon, Mr. and Mrs. R. Menegeny; silver salver, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Neilly; bon bon basket, Miss Carman; silver fruit spoon, Mr. W. Nisbet; fruit set and ornaments, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser; pair vases, Mrs. B. Louisa; silver cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien; silver fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Gibbons; silver salt cellars and spoons, Mr. and Mrs. C. Powell; silver butter knife and spoons, the Misses Fluck; card case, Mr. T. James, napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hillis; butter cooler, Mr. John McLeLlan; pickle jar, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson; pickle jar, Miss Bessie Hamilton; silver fruit dish, Miss E. McLeod; butter cooler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown; Dresden china ornaments, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor; silver cheese dish, Mr. and Mrs. James Willis; silver sugar bowl and spoon, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harris; silver teaspoons, Mr. M. O. Crowell; silver knives, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Outhill; biscuit jar, Mr. George Harris; fruit dish, Mrs. W. Gunn; cream set, Mr. and Mrs. Rosborough; handkerchief box and case, Mr. and Mrs. W. Irwin.

Miss Grace Hunter left on Friday last for a visit to her sister, Mr. J. H. Ronald, Montreal.

Miss Minnie Fordham, who has been spending the summer with Miss Laura Borden, Kennebec, has returned home. She was accompanied by Mrs. Borden, who will remain here a few weeks.

Mrs. James Gillespie, and the Misses Gillespie, of Montreal, will spend some weeks with friends in this city.

Dr. W. F. Smith has returned from Boston, where he has been for the last three months.

Rev. A. Gandler, who has been absent from the city for several weeks has returned home, and occupied his pulpit in Fort Massey church on Sunday as usual.

A dispatch was received last week announcing the death of the late Mr. F. Martin, of Goringham street.

Mrs. J. A. Lussan was "at home" to her friends Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoons of this week.

Mrs. Morris, of this city, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. McKinnon, at Amherst.

Miss Blanche Simpson left on Saturday for a visit to friends at Kennebec.

The marriage of Mr. F. H. Bell, barrister in this city, to Miss Miriam S. Stead, of Hamilton, Bermuda, took place at that place on Wednesday of last week. Rev. W. Dobson performing the ceremony. Miss Stead was quite well known here, having spent some months in the city about a year ago, and the many friends which she made at that time will be glad to welcome her among them.

At Toronto last week, another one of our young gentlemen, Mr. F. H. Ross, son of the Hon. William Ross, was married to Miss Margie Lindsay, daughter of the late Robert Lindsay, of Lunenburg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert Haddock.

ANTIGONISH. [Programme is for sale in Antigonish at I. R. MacIlreth & Co.'s book store.]

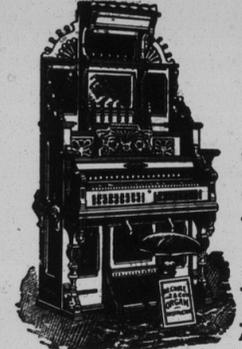
Oct. 10.—Mrs. Trotter is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs. C. E. Gregory returned from Charlottetown last Wednesday.

Miss Lucy Gossett left last Thursday for her home in Windsor.

80 Medals. FRY'S PURE COCOA Strongest, Purest and Best.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Agents.



\$37.50

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We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash.

Every instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years.

Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.



NOW IS THE TIME to correspond with us about Sleighs.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

Mrs. Randall entertained a large number of married friends at 5 o'clock tea Saturday afternoon.

Quite an interesting cricket match was played on the baseball grounds on Saturday last. It was between the town and the college but was not finished.

Play is to be resumed next Saturday afternoon.

Mr. C. C. Gregory arrived home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Randall, Bayfield, are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Borden, Arichat, is visiting Mrs. J. F. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Canning, are visiting Mrs. W. D. MacMillan.

AMHERST. [Programme is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]

Oct. 10.—Several small gatherings of a very enjoyable order came off last week. Mr. Gass entertained on Friday evening in her usual pleasant manner, and on Monday evening Mrs. Trueman gave a small party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, our most recent wedded couples. Mr. and Mrs. Will Moore were also included among the newly married guests, a though of an earlier date, and the evening was happily spent with the courteous hostess. Mrs. W. J. Moran entertained also on Wednesday evening a few friends at what.

Hon. Senator and Mrs. Dickey celebrate the 50th anniversary of their marriage this evening at Grove cottage. Mr. J. Dickey came from Montreal accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Maynard of Ottawa to be present at the happy event. Col. and Mrs. Stewart of Halifax, who arrived in town on Saturday, will also be guests.

Mrs. J. McKee went to Montreal on Monday evening to attend the marriage of her brother, Mr. McGregor.

Mrs. and Miss Brown have returned from a long visit with Mr. Brown, C. E., at Cow Bay, C. B., and contrary to current report, will reside in Amherst during the winter, to the great satisfaction of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland appeared in church on Sunday, the bride wearing a very pretty costume of brown. This week she is receiving visits at her home on Alton street. Her receiving committee is a very stylish construction of white silk and lace particularly becoming. Miss Edna Moffat and Miss Fawcett of Backville are in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum were at Tidnish a couple of days last week. Mrs. Binney, of Moncton, Mrs. Ketchum's sister, arrived on Thursday to pay a short visit.

Mrs. Morris, of Halifax, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. P. McKinnon, Laplace street. Miss Ella Hillis's friends will be pleased to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. McManus, of Moncton, is paying a visit to Mrs. Geo. Hillcoat.

Miss May Quigley has returned from Halifax. The ladies of the guild met at the residence of

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Mrs. Bayer on Wednesday evening last. This organization has been resting through the summer and has the outlook of a pretty busy winter.

The parlor concert at the vicarage last week were most successful in all points but the weather, which was not so favorable, however, most the goal was gained the visitor felt repaid for struggling against all difficulties.

Mrs. S. Steene, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Logan, Mr. J. M. Townshend, Miss Ella Moffat, Miss Agnes Munro, Miss Pursey, Mr. C. Hillcoat, Mr. Warren and Mr. Pelton were included in the committee of entertainment and gave some excellent selections in the way of duets, songs, readings, etc.

MARSH MALLOW. [Programme is for sale in Marston by Mr. G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Oct. 10.—The dance and musical given by Mrs. Jas. Miller, last Wednesday evening, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Mechebe, of St. John, and Miss Rogers, of Hopewell, N. B., was quite the social event of the week. Among those present at the musical and dance were:—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Cummings, Dr. and Mrs. Muir, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Duncher, Miss Wright, Miss McKay, Misses Tremaine, Sutherland, McNaughton, Black, Coleman, Dr. Yonson, Messrs. A. G. Campbell, F. Tremaine, (Halifax), A. C. Black, C. H. Williams, E. R. Sturdy. Those who assisted at the musical were:—Mrs. Phillips, Miss Rogers, Miss Sutherland and Messrs. Phillips, Williams and Stewart. It is needless to say that the accomplished efforts of such an array of talent, were appreciated by their cultivated audience. Miss Rogers who sang several numbers, possessed a voice of peculiar sweetness and power and was the recipient of many compliments for the pleasure she afforded her listeners. The dance and supper that followed were terminations to an evening particularly enjoyable.

Prof. Lee Russell, the recent hero of so many thrilling adventures, and his bride, are in town, and are at present guests at the "American."

Mr. Mayor Richard Craig, President of the T. A. C. A. was the recipient last night, in the parlor of the Y. M. C. A., of a handsome testimonial, from the members of the club and admiring friends, in the shape of a solid gold watch chain and charm. The charm was beautifully and suitably engraved.

Miss Pearl Hanson, from Richmond, N. B., is visiting relatives here, and has charge of United Church choir, and will give instruction in vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. Herbert Byden leaves in a few weeks for South Africa.

The sweetest girl baby has come to town, and is to be seen at the residence of Mr. J. Fred McDonald. Congratulations! TERRY.

SYDNEY, N. S. [Programme is for sale in Sydney by John McKenzie and G. J. McKinnon.]

Oct. 8.—Miss Mary Phelan returned home on Monday after a pleasant and extended visit among her friends at Halifax.

Mr. Abner F. Newcomb left yesterday for Acadia college.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little son.

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Mr. and Mrs. Parker and two children, of Yarmouth, are the guests here.

Miss Crowell, of Annapolis, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. B. Miller, Elm cottage.

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DIETRY. [Programme for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Oct. 9.—Miss Flora and Annie Kaye, who have been spending the last four months in Digby, returned to St. John last week.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taitton, and at the book store of G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Trust's.] Oct. 10.—The ladies of Calais who belong to the Recreation club, enjoyed a delightful evening on Thursday last, as the guests of Mrs. W. H. Nichols, and it was generally pronounced to be the jolliest evening the club had ever spent.

CAMPBELLTON. [Programme for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and harnesses.] Oct. 9.—Mrs. William Bennett has returned from a lengthy visit to friends in Halifax and Truro.

HANFORD. Oct. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whitaker and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans left for Boston on Monday where they will spend a week.

Photography. SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH. and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today. HAROLD GLIMO, 85 Germain Street.

LOCKPORT. [Programme for sale at Lockport at the "Nimble Shipman."] Oct. 9.—The county exhibition at Shelburne was the source of attraction for a large number of Lockportians last Wednesday and Thursday.

ANNAPOLIS. [Programme for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Adee, at the Royal Drug Store.] Oct. 9.—Miss Jessie Stewart of Digby, is visiting friends in town.

DORCHESTER. [Programme for sale in Dorchester by G. M. G. G.] Oct. 9.—Last Monday evening a number of friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Richard, to congratulate them on the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

ROXBORO. [Programme for sale in Roxboro by Theodore Graham.] Miss Irving of Bouchette is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

SAWYERS. Oct. 9.—Mrs. Stanley Sutherland was the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. C. Gooden, on Thursday.

ROXBORO. [Programme for sale in Roxboro by Theodore Graham.] Miss Irving of Bouchette is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson.

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Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion, hence it is invaluable to all sufferers from that distressing complaint and they should use it with every meal.

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Mortgagee's Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at twelve o'clock, noon—ALL the right, title, and interest of BENJAMIN A. WINCHESTER, of the said City of Saint John, Mariner, in and to certain leasehold lands and premises situated fronting twenty-seven feet on the said City of Saint John.

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Children's OULSTERS, GLOAKS, GIRLS, CAPES, YOU WANT LEADER IN, BROS., HALL WE EAT?, WINE OF RENNET, Gold Cure, TITUTE, ALCOHOLISM, BACON habits, DRUGGISTS, DON'T ACCEPT imitations, Gold Cure, TITUTE, ALCOHOLISM, BACON habits, DRUGGISTS, DON'T ACCEPT imitations, Gold Cure, TITUTE, ALCOHOLISM, BACON habits, DRUGGISTS, DON'T ACCEPT imitations.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[Continued from Fifth Page.]

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore, by J. E. McCoy and by M. E. Jones.]

Oct. 10.—The many friends of Mrs. Charles F. Hamilton will be delighted when they hear that she will remove to Moncton, for the winter. Mrs. Hamilton will occupy a portion of Mrs. McKean's handsome residence on Main street.

Mr. Henry Chestnut, of Fredericton, was in the city for a few days last week. Judge Landry was in town on Thursday, and attended the Teachers' Institute in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Boyd, of St. John, spent Sunday in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters.

Miss Holstead has gone to Salisbury to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. L. A. Wright. Rev. J. M. Robinson returned from New Glasgow, where he has been attending a meeting of the Synod.

Rev. Mr. Kerrey, of Woodstock, was in town for a day last week, on Saturday afternoon to visit friends in Boston. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rand.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Miller, of Charlottetown, were the guests of Mr. I. L. Miller for a few days last week, en route for their future home in San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. Sprague, of St. John, was in town last week visiting friends. Mrs. Sprague has been attending the Women's Foreign Missionary society on Prince Edward Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weldon, of Shediac, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. E. C. Jones and Miss Mabel returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit to friends in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Mrs. S. Crandall is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. C. J. Butler has returned from Truro where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. Patterson.

Mrs. L. A. Wright left for her home in Salisbury last Friday, after spending a week with friends in town.

Mrs. Cooke and Miss Annie Cooke left on Tuesday for New York where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolff, of St. John, are in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris, Alma street.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mr. Lorne & Co.]

Oct. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones gave a very pleasant "at home" last Friday evening. Their pretty residence was brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and vines.

The hours from eight to twelve passed most pleasantly with wist and cheerful for amusements. A sumptuous supper was served about eleven o'clock.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Connell, Mrs. A. B. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Garden, Miss Connell, Miss Vanwart, Miss Seely, Mr. John Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Connell, Harrison, MacLaren, Steuten, Holyoke, T. M. Jones, C. A. Peabody and Garden. Mrs. Jones received her guests in black satin.

Mrs. Winslow wore a handsome dress of black silk velvet en train with moire trimmings. Mr. R. K. Jones, black silk velvet with moire trimmings.

Mrs. Sanderson, a costume of grey with rose silk trimmings. Mrs. Jordan, black silk and lace, natural flowers. Mrs. Connell, black and white silk, net and crystal passementerie trimmings.

Mrs. Taylor, black velvet, white silk and lace waist. Miss Connell, black satin, yellow silk and black lace waist.

Miss Seely, shot moire silk. Miss Vanwart, Nile green beaugeline, en train, chignon trimmings. Mrs. Garden, black satin. Mrs. Bull, black satin.

Miss Jordan, cardinal satin and net. Mrs. Neales returned last week from Newport, N. I. Miss Wellington Belyea returned from St. Stephen, Saturday.

Mrs. R. K. Jones returned from Fredericton, last week. Miss Famine Winslow spent last week in St. John. Mrs. David Munro, and Mrs. Donald Munro, spent several days visiting friends in St. John, last week.

GREENWICH.

Oct. 9.—The Rev. D. W. Pickett, having resigned his charge of this parish, will leave on Monday, 14th for Ontario, accompanied by Mrs. Pickett, where they will spend the winter. They will also be accompanied by Mrs. J. W. Pickett, who will return to her home in Bat Portage after spending the summer here.

Miss Edith Belyea is attending Normal school in Fredericton. Mrs. Ludlow Belyea, and her mother, Mrs. Scott, of Boston, spent last Sunday in Fredericton.

Mr. Loos Fowler made a visit to Hampton last week. He was accompanied on his return by Miss Gerdie Fowler.

Miss Laura Belyea entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening last. Among those present were Miss Scott (Boston), Miss Grace Fowler, Miss Helen Pickett, Miss Blanche Richards, Miss Jennie Holder and the Misses Maud and Julia Belyea, and Messrs. Geo. Whelpley, Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, Fred Short and Chas. Gorman.

Mrs. Fraimer was in St. John quite recently. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harrison made a visit here last week. Mrs. Smith and Miss Mabel made a visit to St. John last week.

Mr. Geo. Fowler and the Misses Hay, made a visit to Fredericton last week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelpley of Fredericton are visiting Mrs. Whelpley's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod.

Mrs. Joseph Richards has returned home much improved in health. Mrs. A. L. Peatman and Miss Grace Fowler spent Sunday in Kingston, the guest of Mrs. Albert McCleery.

Miss Alice Nowlin, of Nebraska, is the guest of Mrs. McLeod. A very quiet wedding took place at the home of the bride's mother, on Saturday last, when Miss Annie Flewelling and Mr. James N. Inch were united in marriage. The Rev. D. W. Pickett performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Inch boarded the steamer Olivette and went to St. John, en route for Boston, Albany and New York.

Mrs. Sancton Belyea went to St. John on Monday and returned on Tuesday. Mrs. Duval Whelpley has returned home from a visit to Halifax. Mrs. Olive Flewelling made a visit to St. John this week.



"NOW REMEMBER, BOYS" to tell your father as soon as you get home that you need a watch and can get one for \$4.50 and upwards. Perfectly Reliable, at W. T. GARD'S - 51 KING ST.

ST. ANDREWS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Andrews by T. R. Wren.]

Oct. 10.—All Saint's church, St. Andrews, was the scene of a brilliant social event this morning at half past ten when the marriage took place of A. D. Wetmore, Truro, N. S., eldest son of the late Col. Wetmore, St. George, N. B., and Miss Christina F. Stevenson, only daughter of the late Hon. B. H. Stevenson. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. J. F. Stevenson, and wore a frock of satin, with lace trimmings, veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of cream roses, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by Miss Edith Hilyard, daughter of Postmaster Hilyard, of Fredericton, who looked charming in a gown of cream crepon, large cream hat with feathers and carried yellow roses. The groom was attended by Mr. J. F. Robinson, of St. John, N. B.

The ushers were Mr. M. N. Cockburn, Mr. F. H. Gummer, Mr. W. Whitlock and Mr. E. A. Cockburn. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, the work of the lady friends of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. B. R. Steveson. Among those present were Mrs. Douglas Wetmore, mother of the groom, Mrs. Thomas Stewart, sister of the groom, Mrs. Bolton (St. Stephen), aunt of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, (St. John), Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hilyard, (Fredericton) and many other friends. The presents were handsome and numerous and will not attempt to name a few. The groom's present was a handsome gold bracelet; Mrs. and Miss Wetmore's a dozen solid silver teaspoons; from the groomsmen, a stand silver fork knives; from her mother the bride received a magnificent turquoise necklace and pendant; from her brother, a case of solid silver desert spoons; from her aunt, a gold bracelet; from Judge and Mrs. Fraser, a very handsome cut glass and silver fruit dish; from her cousin, Mrs. Todd and Mr. B. S. Sloggett, a banquet lamp. The bridesmaid's present from the groom was a very pretty ring, turquoise and pearls. The bride's going away dress was brown cloth with military braiding, lawn rough lined jolt cape, brown hat to match, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore left by boat for St. Stephen where they take the train for Montreal via Portland, while the very many friends of Mr. Wetmore rejoice in his very fortunate choice of a life partner. It is with feelings of regret that they part with Miss Stevenson from St. Andrews, where she has spent all her young life and has made herself deservedly popular and her genial presence, her kindly disposition and her deeds of benevolence will be greatly missed in the community and the conditions of social life and church devotions will be much impaired by the removal of this estimable lady from our midst. Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore are accompanied on their voyage on the seas of married life by the very best wishes of their numerous friends in this place and elsewhere in the province. CURS.

Mr. Fred Loring, who has been spending the past week at Mr. R. L. Robinson's, has returned to his home in Boston, Mass. Mrs. John Richmond visited St. John this week. Mrs. Edwin Hallett left yesterday for a trip to Boston.

Dr. Carlton Jones, of Halifax, N. S., who spent a few days here last week, returned to his home on Saturday. Miss Lottie Hallett will entertain a few friends this evening at a white party.

Miss Bishop of Doncaster spent a few days in this town, the guest of Mrs. Perreault. Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore Merritt, of St. John, spent Sunday at the "Knoll."

Mrs. E. A. Charter entertained a few of her young friends at a pleasant whist party on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Alfred Markham of St. John is visiting her son at Markhamville.

Mrs. Cowie left for her home in Fredericton on Saturday. Mrs. Force of Moncton is spending a few days with Mrs. W. B. McKay, Church avenue. Miss Sillip of Hampton is the guest of Mrs. F. E. McLeod.

Mr. Morrison, who has been spending a few weeks in St. John with her daughter, Mrs. D. Bain, has returned home. LUTELLA.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. W. White & Co.]

Oct. 10.—Mr. Ernest Smith, of Oxford, Nova Scotia, spent a few days this week with his mother, Mrs. Wm. Smith at Upper Corner.

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SAKYLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Merrill.]

Oct. 10.—Mr. James, of Bermuda, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Wood has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Miss Ethel Poole, of Charlottetown, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Powell, York street.

Miss Minnie Cogswell has returned from a month's visit with friends in Bangor, Me.

Mr. H. E. Henderson, Mr. B. B. Teed, Mr. Thomas Murray and Mr. B. Black have gone to New York on a holiday trip. Mrs. Miller has gone to Boston where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Gavin Rainnie who has spent the past few weeks with Mrs. James Rainnie has returned to her home in St. John. Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith spent Sunday in town.

A very quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, at the residence of Mr. Charles Scott, when his daughter Lizzie was united in matrimony to Mr. Edgar S. Ayer. The bride wore a very becoming gown of taw cloth. The presents were numerous and extremely pretty. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer left on the C. P. R. express for Halifax at extended tour in the United States.

Miss Hamilton and Miss Maud Hamilton, of Dorchester, were in town on Monday. The usual fortnightly reception took place on Saturday evening at the Ladies' college. A most enjoyable time was passed by all present. WILD THYME.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

Oct. 10.—Mr. Tim O'Brien paid a short visit to his home last week on his way from Halifax to Boston. Miss Annie Thickens is visiting Halifax.

Mrs. L. Cameron and Miss Reynolds, Lepreau were the guests of Mrs. A. Milne a day last week. Mrs. Guy Clinch served tea to a number of lady friends on Wednesday afternoon. Those present were: Miss D. O'Brien, Miss Nellie Johnson, Armstrong, Miss McGrath, Miss Nellie Johnson, the Misses Craig.

Mrs. Khamand Gillmor gave a charming little party on Wednesday evening, in honor of Miss Alice Bay. Among those present were: Mrs. Frank Richard, Mrs. Sutton Clarke, Miss Bay, Miss Marsh, Misses MacVicar, Misses Ethel and Beattie O'Brien, and Mr. Fred Gillmor, (Upper Falls), Mr. Johnston, Messrs. Davis, Will Campbell, and Bert Gillmor.

Mrs. B. Lawrence, and Miss McCallum, St. John, are visiting Mrs. Mary McCallum. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clinch, Musquash, spent a few days with relatives in town this week. Mrs. Kenny, Calais, spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien.

Mr. George Johnston, principal of the grammar school, returned from St. Andrews on Saturday. The funeral of Mr. John Taylor, of Taylor, took place on Sunday afternoon from his mother's residence and was largely attended. The officiating clergyman were Rev. Mr. Macleod, Mr. Van and Mr. McLean. The floral offerings were very handsome, sent by Mrs. Hough, Mrs. Ned O'Brien, Mr. R. O'Brien and others. Deep sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

SHEDAC.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac by Fred Inglis.]

Oct. 8.—Rev. Mr. Sailer, of Sackville, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Balderson, who is visiting friends in Charlottetown.

Mr. Rogers, of Montreal, was in town last week. His many friends were delighted to see him. Mr. F. White, of the People's Bank, is enjoying a well-earned vacation.

Miss Keith, of Pettoicodiac, is visiting Miss Laura Deacon. The pulpit of the presbyterian church will be occupied during the month of October by the Rev. Mr. Morton, of Halifax.

Miss Copp, of Bay Verte, and Miss Minnie Copp, of Sackville, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. Evans.

Mrs. Sprague, principal of the Central school, attended the teachers' institute in Moncton last week. Miss Winnie Harper, of Charlottetown, also attended the institute.

Miss Wm. Harper, of Charlottetown, is visiting friends in Sumner and Alberton. Mr. W. A. Russell visited Newcastle last week. Mr. H. Archibald spent Sunday in Sackville. VICTOR.

BUCTOUCHE.

Oct. 9.—Mrs. W. C. Miller, of Sackville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Smith. Miss Irving and Miss Jennie Irving, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson, of Richibucto.

A number of our young folks spent a very pleasant evening at Mr. C. McLean's on Monday evening. Dancing was the principal amusement, and at twelve o'clock an oyster supper was served.

Mr. E. S. Gilmont, of Fredericton, arrived here on Saturday evening to take charge of the B. and V. railway station. Mr. Brock, of Quebec, has been in town for the past few days.

Mr. John Dunsmuir, Jr., expects to leave on Wednesday for Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. S.

A NEW MANUFACTORY.

Where Stylish Shoes Are Packed in Dainty Cartons. It is a pleasure to record new manufacturing establishments in a city so full of such as St. John is at the present time. One of the latest is that of Messrs. Cathers Bros. and Co., who have started a wholesale boot and shoe manufactory at 240 Union St.

The premises are splendidly fitted up, the most modern and improved machinery being used. The head of the firm alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the success of the new establishment. He is Mr. W. A. Cathers, who has been for some years connected with those well-known wholesale boot and shoe dealers, Messrs. J. M. Humphrey & Co. Mr. Cathers' name is as well known throughout Canada as that of the firm for which he travelled. He has not severed his connection with the Messrs. Humphrey, but is now in Nova Scotia in the interests of the new firm. He has with him a beautiful line of samples, particularly of slippers.

The new firm does not make children's shoes, but it manufactures the very best men's, youth's, women's and misses' boots, shoes and slippers. Already the goods of Messrs. Cathers Bros. & Co. are for sale in all the Canadian cities. There is a great demand for them, even at this early date. The goods are in the very latest styles. A specialty is made of felt goods for women, something that ladies would do well to bear in mind, now that the season for felt goods is rapidly coming on. The new firm believe in novelties, too, when novelties are conducive to comfort. One of these novel things in the slipper line is a pair of calf slippers, with the inside tanned, but with the exterior part of untanned calfskin. This article is, really pretty, and there will undoubtedly be a demand for it.

There is no particular need of enlarging upon the many excellences of the stock of goods carried by the enterprising new firm to the people of St. John. At any rate, for they can see beautiful samples at the factory, 240 Union St., and at the following shoe stores: J. M. Humphrey & Co., 12 King St., Waterbury & Rieng's, 61 King St., 94 King St. It will certainly be to the interests of other shoe-dealers all over Canada to also have a good sample of Cathers Bros. Co's boots, shoes and

READY TO GRANCE.

A Good Old Lady's Opinion on a popular question of interest. One of those young girls who are anxious to see every body give up everything to save money for all sorts of projects, asked an old lady in Boston to give up tea and coffee, milk and such drinks. "All right," was the answer, "I will do so, when you get me some of those good old bones."

CHASE & SANBORN'S

Seal Brand Coffee. Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

slippers in their stores. It will be "no trouble to show goods" if they do. The goods of this already established firm are packed in cartons made at another of St. John's manufactories. They come from the paper-bag and box works of D. F. Brown & Co., and are truly exquisite. They are enamelled, and are white and blue, with a gilt label. The melancholy days have come. The days and nights of winter, the reverse of melancholy, is to wear comfortable clothing—clothing that makes one feel like living. There is no part of a person's attire that serves to make one more healthy or comfortable, or uncomfortable and sick—than his or her footwear. Hence one should take every care to get the most comfortable and Cathers Bros. & Co. are showing people that a comfortable shoe is not by any means necessarily an ill looking or unsightly one—an erroneous idea that some "dress reformers" seem to have.

COMING TO ST. JOHN.

The Masons' Sovereign Grand Priory Will Convene Here. As the Sovereign Grand Priory of Canada will hold its tenth annual assembly in the Masonic Temple in this city of St. John (indeed in the building in which PROGRESS is now printed) and as the occasion will be of marked interest to the masonic fraternity, as well of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island as of this province, we will pleasure publish the following circular just issued, viz:

Official Circular No. 1-1894-5. THE CHANCERY OF THE ORDER. LONDON, OCT. 11, 1894.

R. Em. Sir Knight E. E. Macdonald, Chairman, R. E. Sir Knight W. H. Whyte, Hon. Robert Marshall. The eleventh annual Assembly of the Sovereign Grand Priory of Canada was held at Toronto, on the 4th of September last, and the following officers and members of Grand Council were chosen:

R. Em. Sir Kt. Edmund E. Shaggard, Toronto, Ont., Supreme Grand Master. R. Em. " " Will H. Whyte, Montreal, Que., Deputy Grand Master. M. Em. " " Daniel Spry, G. C. T., London, Ont., Grand Chancellor. R. Em. " " Rev. John B. Battist, D. D., Chatham, Ont., Grand Chaplain. R. Em. " " Benjamin Allen, Toronto, Ont., Grand Constable. R. Em. " " Thomas Robinson, Windsor, Ont., Grand Marshal. R. Em. " " Oliver S. Hillman, Toronto, Ont., Grand Treasurer. R. Em. " " James Henry Mattice, Hamilton, Ont., Grand Registrar.

PROVINCIAL PRIORS. R. Em. Sir Kt. Robert A. Mackay, St. Thomas, Ont., London District. R. Em. " " John Taylor, Danville, Ont., Hamilton District. R. Em. " " Charles F. Mansell, Toronto, Ont., Toronto District. R. Em. " " William L. Hamilton, Belleville, Ont., Ontario District. R. Em. " " Henry Griffith, Quebec, Que., Quebec District. R. Em. " " Hon. Robert Marshall, K. C. T., St. John, N. B., New Brunswick District. R. Em. " " Edward Franklin Clement, York, Ont., N. S. Nova Scotia District. R. Em. " " Albert Harrison Van Etten, Windsor, Ont., Grand Organist. R. Em. " " Alexander R. Milne, Victoria, B. C., British Columbia District.

V. Em. Sir Kt. James Choppin Morgan, M. A., Barrie, Ont., Grand Vice-Chancellor. V. " " William Ross, Toronto, Ont., Grand Sub-Marshal. V. " " Prof. Fred Waterer, Quebec, Que., Grand Director of Ceremonies. V. " " George L. Pinkham, Coaticook, Que., Grand Almoner. V. " " H. C. Woodman, Yull, Truro, N. S., Grand Let. Stand Bearer. V. " " Peter Alexander Craig, Windsor, Ont., Grand 2nd Stand Bearer. V. " " John L. Jackson, Port Arthur, Ont., Grand Master, Banner Bearer. V. " " James Donnelly, St. John, N. B., Grand Capt. Guard. V. " " John Norris, London, Ont., Grand Sword Bearer. V. " " Arthur Campbell Garden, Barrie, Ont., Grand Organist. V. " " Walter Jocelyn Gillan, Victoria, B. C., Grand Pursuivant. V. " " William Donald Taylor, Guelph, Ont., Grand Guard.

A new edition of the Statutes and Regulations, as revised and finally adopted, will be issued at an early date and can be obtained of the undersigned. Price 50 cents per copy. The twelfth Annual Assembly of Great Priory will be held at St. John, N. B., on Friday, the 23rd day of August, 1895, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.: "G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The pills were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with neuritis or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them." W. W. DYERMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health. The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.: "G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The pills were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with neuritis or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them." W. W. DYERMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

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[Progress is for sale in Shediac by Fred Inglis.]

Oct. 8.—Rev. Mr. Sailer, of Sackville, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Balderson, who is visiting friends in Charlottetown.

Mr. Rogers, of Montreal, was in town last week. His many friends were delighted to see him. Mr. F. White, of the People's Bank, is enjoying a well-earned vacation.

Miss Keith, of Pettoicodiac, is visiting Miss Laura Deacon. The pulpit of the presbyterian church will be occupied during the month of October by the Rev. Mr. Morton, of Halifax.

Miss Copp, of Bay Verte, and Miss Minnie Copp, of Sackville, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. Evans.

Mrs. Sprague, principal of the Central school, attended the teachers' institute in Moncton last week. Miss Winnie Harper, of Charlottetown, also attended the institute.

Miss Wm. Harper, of Charlottetown, is visiting friends in Sumner and Alberton. Mr. W. A. Russell visited Newcastle last week. Mr. H. Archibald spent Sunday in Sackville. VICTOR.

BUCTOUCHE.

Oct. 9.—Mrs. W. C. Miller, of Sackville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Smith. Miss Irving and Miss Jennie Irving, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson, of Richibucto.

A number of our young folks spent a very pleasant evening at Mr. C. McLean's on Monday evening. Dancing was the principal amusement, and at twelve o'clock an oyster supper was served.

Mr. E. S. Gilmont, of Fredericton, arrived here on Saturday evening to take charge of the B. and V. railway station. Mr. Brock, of Quebec, has been in town for the past few days.

Mr. John Dunsmuir, Jr., expects to leave on Wednesday for Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. S.

A NEW MANUFACTORY.

Where Stylish Shoes Are Packed in Dainty Cartons. It is a pleasure to record new manufacturing establishments in a city so full of such as St. John is at the present time. One of the latest is that of Messrs. Cathers Bros. and Co., who have started a wholesale boot and shoe manufactory at 240 Union St.

The premises are splendidly fitted up, the most modern and improved machinery being used. The head of the firm alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the success of the new establishment. He is Mr. W. A. Cathers, who has been for some years connected with those well-known wholesale boot and shoe dealers, Messrs. J. M. Humphrey & Co. Mr. Cathers' name is as well known throughout Canada as that of the firm for which he travelled. He has not severed his connection with the Messrs. Humphrey, but is now in Nova Scotia in the interests of the new firm. He has with him a beautiful line of samples, particularly of slippers.

The new firm does not make children's shoes, but it manufactures the very best men's, youth's, women's and misses' boots, shoes and slippers. Already the goods of Messrs. Cathers Bros. & Co. are for sale in all the Canadian cities. There is a great demand for them, even at this early date. The goods are in the very latest styles. A specialty is made of felt goods for women, something that ladies would do well to bear in mind, now that the season for felt goods is rapidly coming on. The new firm believe in novelties, too, when novelties are conducive to comfort. One of these novel things in the slipper line is a pair of calf slippers, with the inside tanned, but with the exterior part of untanned calfskin. This article is, really pretty, and there will undoubtedly be a demand for it.

There is no particular need of enlarging upon the many excellences of the stock of goods carried by the enterprising new firm to the people of St. John. At any rate, for they can see beautiful samples at the factory, 240 Union St., and at the following shoe stores: J. M. Humphrey & Co., 12 King St., Waterbury & Rieng's, 61 King St., 94 King St. It will certainly be to the interests of other shoe-dealers all over Canada to also have a good sample of Cathers Bros. Co's boots, shoes and

READY TO GRANCE.

A Good Old Lady's Opinion on a popular question of interest. One of those young girls who are anxious to see every body give up everything to save money for all sorts of projects, asked an old lady in Boston to give up tea and coffee, milk and such drinks. "All right," was the answer, "I will do so, when you get me some of those good old bones."

CHASE & SANBORN'S

Seal Brand Coffee. Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

slippers in their stores. It will be "no trouble to show goods" if they do. The goods of this already established firm are packed in cartons made at another of St. John's manufactories. They come from the paper-bag and box works of D. F. Brown & Co., and

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

HALIFAX'S UPPER TEN.

THESE ARE ABOUT ONE HUNDRED OF THEM.

A List of That City's Society Ladies Compiled by Our Halifax Correspondent—The "Four Hundred" of Mr. Ward McAllister Are Not More Exclusive.

Halifax, Oct. 12.—Ward McAllister's "400" of New York is said to be an undoubted force in the American metropolis. People may ignore them, may scoff at them, and the theory may prove that they are of no account whatever. Yet there is a set, a social set, who are among the people, and yet try to be not of the people, whose claims to exclusiveness are, after all, recognized by most of the fellows. Their social superiority is denied in theory but acknowledged in practice. There is probably not a city or town in America, democratic America, from New York to Dartmouth, that has not also its social "400." It is natural to civilized man to classify in some such way, and argue against its absurdity we may, they all do so.

Halifax certainly has its exclusive social "400," though it hardly reaches the famous figures in point of numbers. There are people in Halifax who have assumed a position from which they think they can look down upon humbler mortals. They hedge themselves about in the effort to keep away from them the people whom they choose to say are not "in" with them, whom they "do not know."

When one comes to look into the qualities of those people anything particularly good, distinguishing them from others, is found lacking. They are not more refined, better educated or more accomplished. But they are "society" nevertheless, while everybody else is not. And people generally concede to them the character they assume. Too often they bow down and worship them, instead of expounding their errors in praiseworthy attempts at self betterment or the improvement of the condition of less fortunate fellow mortals.

Then there is the class whom "society" calls "climbers" who spend all their spare energies trying to obtain recognition from the self-constituted and self-styled better class. There are many of them in Halifax. The efforts of these climbers are ridiculed for many years and then some of them drop out of sight in the race while a few attain their fancied goal.

Halifax "society" is exclusive and yet it is accessible, if you only know how to get there. You may run a kindergarten or boarding house and yet be in it, if you know how, and you may be cultivated and accomplished though possessed of much desire to penetrate within the charmed social circle, and yet ignominiously be refused admission.

The people who are in society are not the best in the community in the sense of real worth and intelligence. And they are not always our wealthiest people. They often are poor as church mice, keeping up an outward show, with little but cheek to back it up. There is more real poverty in society, or as much, as there is out of it. The shopkeepers can name scores of society ladies to whom their clerks have been ordered to refuse credit. Yet there is much wealth in the "society" of this city. The chronic poverty is generally the result of extravagance and moderate ambition. Instances of these social spendthrifts, who are as often women as men, could be given, starting with the wives of supreme court judges, for instance, who live far beyond their means, down the ladder to the wife, perhaps, of some lawyer or other who, poor though he be, is managing to float along on the edge of the social stream.

There is more hollowness in this social business than many of the people within the charmed circle would admit. Trace back for thirty years or perhaps only ten, and you will find many of those who lord it over their fellows in the social world of Halifax to be what they would now call "nothing at all." Their fathers were private soldiers, perhaps, or they were fresh from the obscurity of country homes. But, fortunate enough to make a little money and persevering enough to push, they reached a position from which they could give their children a shove which landed them among the so-called exclusive crowd.

Apart from the military, who come and go with the mandates of the war office, Halifax has not a social "400," in point of numbers. The figures which would take in the exclusive and fashionable set must be reduced to less than 200, so that it is "Halifax's 200" which constitutes the "society" of this city by the sea.

To give an idea of who are actually in society here, PROGRESS has been at some pains to make up a list. It may be depended upon to be fairly accurate as representing the society women of the civilian section. A number of names might be marked with an asterisk as not being fully recognized by the demigods who set up or who strike down, but as these people would feel better if left out altogether than if designated in that way, they are included without that mark. Prognosis is disposed to be "inclusive" rather than "exclusive."

The list is an enumeration of the society women of Halifax and comprehends about 120. The men who reign with them in the social world are not given because as a general rule they are members of the same families and it is unnecessary to name the husbands or brothers. Here are the married and unmarried women in alphabetical order, who are supreme in society:

- Married Society Women. Mrs. E. G. Kenny, Mrs. J. W. Longley, Mrs. M. R. Morrow, Mrs. Geo. Morrow, Mrs. James Morrow, Mrs. Nagle, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. J. Y. Payant, Mrs. L. G. Power, Mrs. H. G. Power, Mrs. Edward Stayer, Mrs. C. J. Stewart, Mrs. H. B. Seston, Mrs. James Stair, Mrs. Alfred Stair, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. F. J. Tremaine, Mrs. Harry Troop, Mrs. A. G. Troop, Mrs. Judge Towshend, Mrs. Unicek, Mrs. F. S. West, Mrs. Charles Wyde, Mrs. J. T. Wyde.

- Unmarried Society Women. Miss Hattie Albro, Miss Laura Almon, Miss Abbott, Miss Nellie Abbott, Miss Wm. Burns, Miss Mary Bullock, The Misses Colbourne, Miss Cameron, Miss Maud Cady, Miss Mary Corbett, Miss Mabel Corey, Miss Mabel Courtney, Miss Betty Chipman, Miss Mary Daly, Miss Ethel Dimock, Miss Caroline Jones, Miss May Farrell, Miss Daisy Farrell, Miss Laila Graham, Miss Henry, Miss Dolly Harvey, Miss Kenealy, Miss Kate Kenealy, Miss Kinnealy, The Misses Keith, Miss Lyde, Miss Dot Lawson, Miss Lucy McDonald, Miss Ida Mitchell, Miss Norton-Taylor, Miss Noyes, Miss Odell, Miss Daisy Oliver, The Misses Payant, Miss Ruby, Miss Maud Ritchie, Miss Clara Slayter, The Misses Stayer, Miss Ethel Stair, Miss Ella Stearns, Miss Blanche Stirling, The Misses Stroy, Miss Josie DeLaney, Miss Treisman, Miss Gladys Tomaline, Miss Estie Twining, Miss Grace Unicek, The Misses Workley, Miss Blanche Wiswell, Miss Flossie Wyde, Miss Blanche Wickwire, The Misses Willis, Miss Jean Wood, Miss Wood.

Mrs. Daly is the leader of society in Halifax, and a good leader she makes. She is the best entertainer who has occupied government house for many a long day. Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore shares the social leadership with Mrs. Daly. If the ability to trace one's ancestry far back in Halifax history is a condition of the right to social distinction there are four families at least who should be uppermost, and who, indeed, with the Binneys, the Almons, the Odells, the Uniceks, (now almost extinct here), the Kinneals, the Almones, and the Odells. Miss Beatrice Kinneal is an accomplished traveller who combines with good personal qualities the pleasant fact that she is a large heiress. The names which are given in the list from Dartmouth are said by "society" people to be the only ones of any "social standing" in the town across the water. Poor Dartmouth!

A Tale of the Royal Household. As the queen has a number of pet bull-finches, whose clever tricks and pretty piping delight her majesty, it is forbidden to anyone to have a cat in the royal household, or, at any rate, anyone whose apartment is near the queen's. A late housekeeper at Buckingham palace was very partial to a certain tortoiseshell feline, and some busybody informed the late Sir John Cowell that this forbidden favorite resided in the housekeeper's apartments. Sir John ordered the grimalkin's immediate extinction or removal beyond the royal policies. Its admiring mistress did not, however, intend to part with her darling, and so next day packed him up in a basket, took train to Windsor, where the court then was, and desiring an audience—which was granted to such an old servant—she poured forth her grievance, and, opening the basket, out popped Master Tom. The queen was immensely amused, and gave willing sanction to the feline gentleman remaining a guest in her town palace, on condition that he was securely shut up on the very few days that her majesty's feathered favorites are at Buckingham palace.

Engine Driver and Professor. Professor Morris, at the head of the Chemical Department of Cornell University, commenced work as a fireman on the New York Central Railroad. He was advanced to be engineer, and then made up his mind to get an education. He studied at night, fitting himself for Union College, procured books, and attended as far as possible lectures and recitations, running all the time with his locomotive. On the day of graduation he left the locomotive, put on his gown and cap, delivered his thesis, received his diploma, went back to his locomotive, and made his usual run.

HOW THE OLD LADY SANG

LIKE THE OLD LADY IN "THE NEW CRUOR ORGAN."

"I Pitched it Pretty Medium High, I Fetched a Lusty Tone; but soon, Alas! I Found That I was Singing all Alone!"—Advice to Poor Singers.

When Judge Charles Levi Woodbury requested the assembled guests at a New Hampshire summer resort to unite in singing "The Star-Spanked Banner" on the Fourth of July, he remarked that it would add to the harmony of the occasion if those who knew how to sing would sing high, and those who didn't know how to sing would sing low. The general practice in congregational singing is the reverse of this.

There is a great deal of food for reflection in that small paragraph, half ludicrous as it seems, and Judge Woodbury's remark was probably the outcome of many sad experiences; a bitter cry against the injustice which inflicts needless suffering upon others. It was a turning of the worm as it were, and the poor judge, who doubtless possessed an ear for music and had endured many things at the hands of those who were not so gifted, is entitled to the gratitude of all musical people for the boldness and courage with which he drew attention to a very common and most annoying practice.

Who has not observed this peculiarity in any large assembly where the exercise of the vocal powers is required? Those who know how to use their voices and have some knowledge of music are almost invariably shy and diffident about joining in the exercises, while those who know less about the rules of harmony than they do about the Chinese language, seem possessed with a monomania for publishing their infirmity to everyone within earshot. How they murder the hymns at a prayer meeting, crush all the solemnity out of the doxology at a Sunday school convention, and commit treason every time they slaughter the national anthem at the conclusion of a concert, and all the time these well meaning sinners are shouting themselves hoarse, and arousing homicidal tendencies in their hearers, the cultivated musicians are either quite silent, or else singing modestly below their breath, and leaving their rivals in undisputed possession of the field.

I shall never forget a Christmas service I once attended, where the zeal of one devout but unmusical worshipper marred the proceedings to a most surprising extent. The choir, which was an unusually good one, though small in numbers, had rehearsed the famous "Gloria" in Mozart's Twelfth Mass for the occasion and brought that difficult piece of music to a state of perfection of which they were justly proud; they had been looking forward for weeks to the eventual morning when they would produce it, and they were naturally eager for the moment of their triumph, since the production of so beautiful a composition could not fail to create a very decided impression, but not at all the kind they had anticipated, for the unexpected happened on Christmas morning, as it has a way of doing, and it upset their arrangements very materially.

It happened that amongst the strangers within the gates, that morning, was a dear old body from the country, who had worked for many years amongst the ladies of the congregation, and who, though a strong baptist herself, always felt it her duty to attend the morning service at the episcopal church every Christmas day, as a sort of compliment to her patrons.

She always took the seat nearest to the pulpit that she could get, and she believed that everyone who attended worship should "lift up their voice, and help in the praise." She put her belief into rigid practice, and as she had a terrible voice, high, cracked, and wonderfully powerful for her years, her zeal was rather trying, especially as she knew no more about music than a frog.

On the Sunday in question she was in her place as usual, and had managed to secure the topmost seat in the church, the one next the choir. She was in fine voice, and warbled cheerfully through the opening hymn, the canticles and psalms. Of course she did not know one of them and never struck the proper air once during the whole performance, but that did not trouble her in the least; and the choir bore it patiently, never imagining for a moment that she would try to help them out with the Gloria, or essay for the difficult role of a solo singer, without having practiced with the choir.

At last the important moment arrived, the singers stood up, the organist played the prelude, and amid a breathless stillness the choir took up the strain. For an instant the lady from the back settlements was silent, the strangeness of the music put her out slightly, but the next moment she had "ketch'd the tune" as she remarked afterwards, taken a good breath and plunged headlong into the fray.

THE SHAPE

of a Garment is more to the wearer than the price, for what is more uncomfortable than an ill-fitting or improperly cut Cloak, Dress or Gown.

It is the very PERFECT SHAPE AND CUT of our LADIES' ENGLISH FLANNELETTE NIGHTGOWNS which has caused them to be such a success. THESE GARMENTS ARE MADE TO OUR SPECIAL ORDER AND ARE ONLY SHOWN BY US IN THIS PROVINCE. They are the result of years of experience in cutting Ladies' Garments and are full length and sizes. The material is washable English.

Three Sizes: SLENDER, WOMEN'S and OUT-SIZE WOMEN'S. Prices: 95c, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.00 - \$2.50. ALSO SHRUNK ENGLISH FLANNEL GOWNS, At \$2.75, \$3.25 and \$3.75 in Pink, Cream and Natural.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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flannelette of excellent qualities and designs in Fancy Stripes, Self White and Pink. Three Sizes: SLENDER, WOMEN'S and OUT-SIZE WOMEN'S. Prices: 95c, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.00 - \$2.50. ALSO SHRUNK ENGLISH FLANNEL GOWNS, At \$2.75, \$3.25 and \$3.75 in Pink, Cream and Natural.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE HERMIT OF SAN CLEMENTE.

The Only Inhabitant of an Island 60 Miles Off the California Coast.

San Clemente Island, which lies 60 miles west one-half south of Point Loma light-house on the southern coast of California, is 18 miles and a half long, with an average width of 2 1/2 miles, and an area of 51 1/2 square miles. It is a lonesome spot suggestive of Spanish buccanniers and pirates generally. It rears its ugly head of black plutonic rock nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, and in the deep gulches guards a few smug trees as a miser treasures his gold. Cactus abounds. Natural water tanks in the rock are found on the edges of the plateaus. They were worn by rocks whirled around in holes during heavy rain-falls. The water in these tanks has saved the lives of many a thirsty mariner who has put in there for a supply of the life-giving fluid. It was here that Cabrillo landed in October, 1542, after discovering San Diego Harbor. He named the island La Victoria, after one of his smaller ships, the present name having been given a century later.

There is but one human being on San Clemente, the hermit herder, Tom Gallagher. Tom is a character with a history. His shaggy head and beard and curly hair give him the look of a savage, but Tom is every inch a white man in his heart, even though he has lived alone with his sheep for over twenty years. Occasionally a straggling junk seeking abalone, or now and then a fisherman stops in the cove of San Clemente, brings supplies. To loosen Tom's tongue the explorer must have handy a chest of tobacco and a drink of whiskey. He has a favorite water tank somewhere, but he never tells its location. Whiskey is a novelty to this hermit, but it never causes him to forget himself sufficiently to reveal the details of his mainland life. He was a fisherman somewhere between San Diego and Monterey Bay. He had good prospects, but one day he took it into his head to live alone on San Clemente. That is about all that Tom will say of himself.

Tom's history, and it is a romantic story, they say, with a love affair in it, of course. The woman jilted him, and he sought the island cloister. Tom lives in a comfortable hut, with a vegetable patch, chickens, a goat, and his sheep. His has a regular Robinson Crusoe outfit, except that there is no man Friday to serve him. This lord of San Clemente does not want servants. He simply wants to be let alone, with only his animals and his gun for companions.

To the Rescue of the Suffocated. Persons apparently lost by drowning have been saved, and now Dr. deBaun has come to the rescue of the suffocated, stating that, in the case of a person dying from lack of breath, if breath was all that was needed, the individual should have lived. The doctor tried his experiment on an infant by passing a small rubber tube through the nose and down into the throat. Closing the mouth, he forced air through the tube from a rubber bag, inflating the lungs, then, releasing the pressure from the mouth, he found, as he expected, that the elasticity of the muscles of the chest caused an immediate contraction of the lungs, forming a complete respiration. This was kept up for forty-five minutes, when natural respiration was restored and a life saved. Since then Dr. de Baun has perfected the hastily improvised apparatus which was used on that occasion, and finds that animation may often be restored within a space of fifteen minutes.

Do Mountains Ever Move? At the cascades of the Columbia there is a travelling mountain. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length, where it fronts the river, and rises to a height of almost 2,000 feet above the water. This mountain is moving, but steadily, down the river, as if in the future it would dam the Columbia and form a great lake in the Cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains in that region long before the white man came to Oregon, and the early settlers gave the mountainous ridge the name of "travelling" or "sliding" mountain. In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. In Nevada there is a travelling mountain of sand, which keeps constantly moving like an immense glacier. It crawls steadily along over valleys, never ceasing, the sands making a low musical sound as they rub against each other.

Do You Know???

DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, With Pancreatine, Hypophosphites and Extract Bechtree Creatase. That it is prescribed by physicians because it has no equal. That it contains more pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion, or so-called extract or Preparation. That it is ten times more efficacious than plain Cod Liver Oil. That it is as palatable as cream. That, containing Pancreatine, it will enable the weakest stomach to retain it. That it is the best known remedy for Bronchitis (acute or chronic), Chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all wasting diseases, either in young or old. That when you ask for, see that you get Dawson's Royal Emulsion, Sold by all Druggists.

WALLAGE DAWSON, CHEMIST, MONTREAL. If You Need a good Liniment Buy Minard's as it is the BEST. If You Do Not Need a Liniment at present Buy Minard's as you may want it in a hurry. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Advertisement for 'The Substitute' and 'Jujebes!' featuring 'ER & Co., CLEANERS' and 'Jujebes!' with various product descriptions and contact information.

JUNCTION JACK.

There was a stir in the camp at Niger's Creek, and some five or six men were busy with the arms and accoutrements of their horses in preparation for a couple of days' hard riding. It was the habit of the camp to turn out to see the start, no matter whether the expedition were of limited or of general interest. In the present case it was certainly a secret, and probably a desperate one, its object being unknown to the community in general, and known about the busy centre of shouting men and plunging horses lounged knots of the "boys," mostly in shirt-sleeves, and in their customary unshaven and unkempt condition, puffing at short pipes and criticizing audibly the points of men and animals during the various stages of preparation.

The little band of five or six men comprised the desperadoes of Niger's Creek—what community is there which does not number a few amongst the members? Fortune had dealt hardly with the camp of late. Not for many months had the winning card turned up for a single member, and the men were simply at their wit's end and ready for almost any deed of daring. By a strange combination of circumstances, which it is not necessary to relate here, a piece of intelligence of the kind usually kept a profound secret has come to the ears of one of the men. The mail train of the D—and R—, run on Thursday night, was to carry specie to a large amount. At a certain point the mail overtook a freight train which had to be switched off to a siding running for some distance beside the level; this junction was in the keeping of a single man.

Now Niger's Creek was just in the mood to carry out the most villainous plot ever conceived. They were agreed to let such a chance slip in the present state of affairs would be suicidal; they therefore resolved that in order to gain possession of this rich prize, which would float them and set them on their legs again, the simplest and easiest thing would be to wreck the mail train by permitting it to collide with the other at the junction, and in the confusion which all attention would not doubt be entered on the injured passengers, to make off with the booty.

To do this safely "Junction Jack," as the switch-tender was called, must be tampered with—he must by fair means or foul be kept from his post that night; how it was to be done no man stopped to consider, but it may well be conceived that very nice notions of duty or of the value of human life were not rife amongst those who could devise an enterprise of this nature. They were quite ready to believe that the switch-tender only wanted a sufficiently tempting bribe to entice him from the path of duty; if not—and there were ugly looks all round—other means of silencing him were at their disposal.

The log-cabin of Junction Jack stood close to the line, and was a low, roughly-built structure consisting of two rooms. It was in the centre of a small clearing, where some attempt at order was observable; vegetables were arranged in neat rows, and one small patch in front was dedicated to the cultivation of such simple flowers as one may see any day growing wild.

It was the early part of the fall. All through the long summer Jack had devoted his spare time to the putting up of his new log-house. Every block was hewn and firmly fastened together, the roughly-glazed windows put in, the smart picket round the clearing set up—all by his own hands—and with a will, for at Christmas he was to marry Margie Dewar. He had just finished rigging up a set of shelves for Margie's books and work; three shelves in a niche beside the stove; and when he had driven home the last nail he stepped back and looked at his work, whistling softly.

Then he crossed the floor to an old locker and brought out half a dozen thumb-nails and well-worn books; the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a well-worn Bible and prayer book bound together in a faded green cover, and a couple of volumes of Dickens which had found their way across the Atlantic to this remote spot.

Having arranged these to his satisfaction, after changing their position several times and looking at the whole from different points of view, Jack heaved a sigh of content from the depth of his capacious chest, unrolled his shirt sleeves and shook himself into his jacket. He then made up the fire, broiled himself a slice of pork and sat down to his lonely supper—a thing he never did without a rapid mental calculation of the number of days that must elapse before the sweet face of Margie Dewar would confront him on the other side of the stove.

A couple of miles away down the line stood the substantial homestead of the Dewar family, and about half-way between this and his cabin, was a little hut beside the track just large enough to shelter him from the wind and rain in the performance of his duty. At nine o'clock every night he was there at his post listening for the rumbling of the heavy cars, which could be heard in that pure atmosphere long before they came in sight; and it was Junction Jack's important office to clear the road for the safe transit of the mail which followed close on the heels of her slow and cumbersome sister; for the safety of both trains he and he alone was responsible, and it was the most interesting duty of his dull and monotonous routine.

He led a lonely life, for beyond an occasional "Good night, mate!" from the locomotive drivers, Junction Jack held but little communication with his fellows, his instructions with his pay being transmitted weekly through the conductor of the freight train, who, in passing, flung the passage containing these at Jack's feet; he was stationed fully fifty miles from the nearest depot, no such surprising fact when we remember that the track runs for a thousand miles and more through the forests and prairies of the Far West.

Jack was a fine, broad-shouldered fellow, true to his post, and all of his big heart that wasn't given up to his duty was enslaved by Margie, and he would not have changed places with the president.

Well, Margie was a girl to be proud of. There is a simple daguerreotype on the shelf, of a vastly inferior kind, and executed by a wandering artist. Look at the soft eyes, the sunny face and bright hair framed in a comely little pink calico bonnet. Junction Jack looked again and again as he sat there, and he heaved another big sigh of satisfaction every time.

His simple meal finished, he began to prepare for his walk down the line to the Junction. This spot was sacred to the lonely man's one romance; here Margie had promised to be his; here Margie had given him shyly the first kiss, the remembrance of which thrilled him still; here they had met evening after evening all the summer through to discuss the progress of the log cabin and their plans for the future.

Would Jack and Margie meet to night as usual? Jack hadn't a doubt of it; he had raked together the ashes, lighted the lamp which he always left burning, and set it on the window-ledge, when a sound of footsteps fell on his ear. He strode to the door, and was confronted on the threshold by a man, dusty and travel-stained, who unconsciously entered the cabin, seated himself on the window-ledge, and began to knock the ashes out of his pipe. He was armed and tully equipped for riding; while the lower part of his face was covered by a dark beard, his eyes and forehead were almost hidden by a wide hat drawn low over them.

Jack turned a little reluctantly—his lonely life had not rendered him very sociable and hospitable to strangers. "Been riding far?" he inquired. "A matter of a few miles," replied the visitor carelessly, lighting his pipe and beginning to smoke. "Anything to drink handy?"

Jack set the whiskey bottle and a glass before him, and asked: "Going on to-night?" "Maybe I am," said the stranger; and then looking up at his host: "Where are you off to in such a hurry? Sit down, man! I want a talk with you!" "Then short and sharp the word," said Jack, good-humoredly, sitting on a barrel. "I've a bit of work down yonder that won't wait!"

"You may as well let it be at this hour of night; it's time for a pipe and a glass of this good stuff, man!" Jack turned around; he had risen, and was half-way to the door. "Perhaps," said the stranger, looking at his host, "perhaps it might be worth your while not to go down to that same bit of work to-night?" "D'you know what you're talking about?" demanded Jack angrily, roused by something in the other's manner. "It's a matter of life and death, I tell you, and I'm off! I'll sit with you as long as you like when I'm through—stop till I come back if you choose!"

The stranger rose to his feet coolly. "You'll lose the best bit of work you ever did in your life, my man! And all—!" he recoiled back, as if a moat, men—all for a word with the owner of this pretty face here," and he reached up for the little portrait on the mantel-shelf. Jack was at the door, but he strode back at this.

"Hands off!" cried the stranger. I can have a look at it, I suppose, or any other man?" Jack stood savagely silent; there was no valid reason for his objection to have Margie's beauty admired by this cool and unconcerning visitor.

"What's your business with me?" he demanded at last. "Out with it, quick! I want to be off!" "The other removed his pipe before he answered slowly: "Well, I guess I won't waste ammunition by firing any more in the air!" He hesitated a moment, fixing his eyes on Jack. "There's money in it—clean three or four thousand for you and me and some others—it—you'll stop away from the Junction tonight!"

"What d'you mean?" asked Jack again. "Do you know there's wholesale murder in the plan you're proposing?" The stranger shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "Look here, my man, I'll make it all square for you. I've got something here which will make you sleep like the dead till the morning—or, if you don't take to that dodge, why, once out of this, as we shall all be by by-aw, give us your fist on it!" and he advanced with an air of cordiality.

But Jack started back as it had been shot. The hideousness of the proposition dawned on him and turned his blood to fire. "Stand off!" he shouted, "or I'll put a bullet into you! Whoever you are, if there's law in the country, you shall swing for this!"

The other remained outwardly calm, and there was an ominous gleam in his eye. He made no answer, but raised his hand quickly—a signal agreed on—followed with a crash of glass, the barrel of a rifle protruded through the window, covering Jack's movements, and a hoarse voice shouted from the darkness without— "Blaze away, captain! I told you the fellow would show fight!"

Jack sprang to the wall and stood firm against it, his great chest heaving, his grey eyes flashing, and lips set together. A howl of execration followed, and then the men of Niger's Creek poured into the cabin.

Meanwhile at the farm the evening meal had been cleared away, and Margie, free from household duties, was engaged in the essentially feminine occupation of tying the strings of her bonnet before the little oval mirror, which hung on the wall, and reflected her features somewhat imperfectly—for plate-glass was unknown in these regions. Then she stepped through the porch where the rosy flush of the sunset enveloped her, lending a tenderness to her cheek, and a dewy brightness to her eyes.

Margie Dewar was no beauty, in the common acceptance of the term; in a Boston drawing-room she would have probably passed unnoticed, for there was not a perfect feature in her face. But she was the daughter of the sunbabe and the fragrant breeze, and many city belles would have envied her the clear pink and white of her complexion, the strength and grace of her perfectly-proportioned figure, the dainty poise of her head, the lightness and freedom of her footstep, and the sweetness of her winning smile. Richness of her simple life and pure and happy thoughts!

Through the yard she walked where the feathered creatures fluttered around looking for something from her hand—through the field of ripening grain, and then turning into the little track beside the line. And here she quickened her steps, one brown hand shading her eyes, as she looked expectantly up the line, though she knew well, foolish Margie! that she could not see Jack yet.

The sun had dipped behind the distant ridge, the red glow had changed to purple, and was darkening every instant into deeper shadow, when Margie reached the junction.

She had to peer close into the little hut before she could be certain it was empty. She brought out the lantern, lighted it, and hung it on a post as she had seen Jack do many times, then she sat down on the bank where he had carved a rough seat in the brown earth and lined it with velvet moss for her. She clasped her hands round her knees and bent her face on them, singly softly to herself, and the tone of her fresh young voice mingled with the hum of insects, while all the still air of the coming night was fragrant with the sweet scent of herb and flower.

How long she sat there she knew not; but at last she lifted her head to listen to a distant rumbling.

An instant of suspense and Margie leaped to her feet. She knew the sound well—it was the train—and Junction Jack, for the first time in his years of service, was away from his post.

The girl sprang down the bank, striving to pierce the gloom. No Jack was to be seen, but there were the headlights of the exciting train, fast nearing the Junction. What was she to do? She knew well that the express was due in a few moments and a terrible collision was inevitable.

There was only a moment of indecision. Margie was accustomed to emergencies and the necessity for immediate action—the remembered how often she had watched Jack at his duty, and now she flung herself on the great switch handles and pressed them down with all her strength.

Just in time, for the next moment the heavy freight train was rolling past—she held on to the last car had passed her, and she saw its receding lights swing off on to the siding. Her work was done, for the train was saved; and her grasp loosened, the heavy handles turned slowly back, and she stood cold and trembling now that the moment of exertion was over.

The distant rumbling ceased and only the occasional cry of a nightbird broke the stillness, while Margie stood motionless, her brain busy with conjecture, her heart beating with a thousand apprehensions for her lover. And suddenly with a shriek and a wild rush the mail thundered up, past the junction, past the silent log house—and away in the far distance leaving a long trail of wreathing vapor in its wake.

Then Margie, stirred into action by the swift rush of the wheels and the panting breath of the flying locomotive, snatched up the lantern and sped down the track. In sight of the still, dark cabin she stopped and uttered a peculiar cry, but the sound fell on deaf ears, and no answer came from him who was used to respond so gladly—and Margie, nameless terrors oppressing her, sprang on and burst open the door.

The light of her lantern showed her the cabin in wild disorder, and there Jack lay, bound and helpless—his head fallen inert among the ashes of the stove, and the dark blood ebbed slowly from an ugly wound.

Margie was no fainting heroine to be unaided at the sight of blood, but she could not repress a sob as she knelt at his side, cut his bonds with fingers that never trembled, and litting his head to the support of her arm began to feel for the signs of life. And her touch roused him. He opened his dull eyes and tried to raise himself, but as she knelt at his side, cut his bonds with fingers that never trembled, and litting his head to the support of her arm began to feel for the signs of life.

"God bless you, Margie! Did you save—the—?" Then his eyes closed again and his head dropped.

But Junction Jack didn't die, for youth and hope and courage will work wonders. All through that long night did Margie staunch the ebbing life-blood, and litting him in her strong young arms with tender care, did she try to inspire his sinking frame with the life of her own bounding pulses. As the first grey streak of dawn gleamed through the shattered casement hasty steps approached the cabin and the girl's lonely watch was over.

Carried carefully to the farm, Jack found kind and capable nurses there, and at Christmas he was strong and well as ever when the minister came to join his hands and Margie's. And the log-house, enlarged and substantially rebuilt—its owner prosperous with the reward that was voted him for his bravery—is peopled with a merry company of little folks who with sweet young voices love to tell the tale "How mother saved the mail and father, too!"

A NEW AND INTERESTING POEM NOW IN THE PRESS. Will be Ready Early in October. SENT FREE TO ALL PARTS OF CANADA.

This interesting poem, relating to the introduction of Diamond Dyes to the monarch and people of an oriental nation, is worth sending for. The little book minutely describes the work and success achieved by one who was earnestly devoted to his mission. Few commercial travelers of the past or present ever handled a work so successfully, and few, indeed, could be found strong enough to resist the bribes and temptations that were placed before the hero of the story. The little book is appropriately illustrated, and will interest old and young.

This book, and other interesting reading matter, will be mailed to any one in Canada who sends a postal card with full post office address to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

An Ineffective Alias. "How did der bolice ged on to you?" asked the sympathizing friend. "I don't know," responded Mr. Schwindelman, striking his nose between the bars. "I thought der name of Petrus Hooiban ven I went away, but somehow it didn't work alretty."

THE NEW U. S. RIFLE. It is a Great Contrast to the "Snider" of War Times.

The new United States infantry rifle is similar to the arm now used by the Danish government, but so altered and improved as to make it the best magazine-gun for army use now known.

The Krag-Jorgensen or United States infantry rifle, model of 1892, is a magazine rifle, with a calibre of .30 of an inch, or .16 of an inch smaller than that of the Springfield rifle now in use. The new rifle is slightly shorter than the Springfield. The breech is opened and closed by a sliding bolt operated by a handle and knob at its rear end. The magazine is a horizontal one, lying under the receiver of the barrel, and closed by a gate at its right side. Part of the barrel, where it is grasped by the left hand in firing, is covered with wood. This is necessary, for the barrel becomes very hot from the extreme rapidity of fire.

The handle at the rear end of the bolt, and a lug at its front end, fit into grooves and lock the bolt when the breech is closed. On its exterior the bolt carries the extractor, while inside is the firing-pin and spiral main-spring.

The magazine holds five cartridges, which are presented forward by means of a follower acted upon by a spring, so that the cartridges are placed one by one in front of the bolt. The magazine can be instantly filled from a "quick-loading" box holding five cartridges. When the bolt is drawn to the rear, the cartridge just fired is withdrawn by the hook of the extractor, and thrown clear of the gun by an ejector at the bottom of the receiver. At the same time a fresh cartridge from the magazine is placed in front of the bolt. The bolt is then shoved forward, placing the cartridge in the barrel, and at the same time cocking the firing-pin, so that the piece is ready for firing.

On the left side of the piece is a "cut-off," by means of which the cartridges in the magazine can be held in reserve until the proper moment, and in the meantime the piece can be used as a single loader. The cartridges are bottle-shaped. The bullet weighs only half as much as that of the Springfield, and is fired with nearly double the muzzle velocity, giving greater range and accuracy. The powder used is of the smokeless variety, so as not to obscure the view of the soldier and not to obstruct the small bore of the gun. The bayonet is simply a long knife, so that it is useful off as well as on the gun.

One important feature of the new rifle is that in one minute's time, without the assistance of any tools, it can be completely taken apart, any broken part replaced, and then it can as quickly be put together again.

BETRAYED BY HIS SWORD. How Marshal Ney Lost His Life Because of Napoleon's Present.

When Napoleon I. entered Cairo, on the 22nd of July, 1798, he was presented with three swords of honor, richly inlaid with precious stones. He brought them back to Europe, one in 1801 he gave one to General Ney and another to Murat, keeping the third for himself. Ney received his at an imperial reception; the sword passed from one to another of those present, among whom was a young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, Ney left the king and took sides with his former chief. After the allies entered Paris the place became a hot bed for him, and he made preparations to get out of the country with a pass procured for him under a false name, but his wife and a friend persuaded him that there was really no danger, and he decided to stay in France. Then came the order for his arrest; he fled to a castle in the possession of some friends, and succeeded in reaching it without his whereabouts becoming known. But he was destined to be betrayed by the sword of honor given to him thirteen years previously. He was one day looking at the paintings in one of the more public rooms of the castle which he usually avoided, and feeling tired he threw himself on a couch, first taking off his Oriental sword, which he always wore out of affection for the Emperor. Suddenly he heard voices; he sprang up and hurriedly left the room, forgetting his sword. A minute later a party of ladies and gentlemen entered the room, one of them being the young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment, now a colonel. He at once recognized the sword and in spite of all the owner of the castle could do, he called in some gendarmes and proceeded to make a search for Marshal Ney. Finding that he was discovered, Ney gave himself up quietly. On the 7th of December, the Marshal was shot, scarcely two months after the owner of the second sword, Murat, had met his fate in the same way.

Reasons for Efficiency. Visitor: "You must have a remarkably efficient board of health in this town." Shrewd native (one of many): "You are right about that, I can tell you." "Composed of scientists, I presume?" "No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical." "Physicians, perhaps?" "Not much. We don't allow doctors on our board of health—no, sir, nor undertakers, either." "Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?" "Life insurance agents."

A Considerate Monarch. One of the most singular volumes extant is the manuscript diary of James I. It is preserved in the imperial library in Paris and is filled with reflections on the course he should have pursued in order to retain the English throne. He says in one place: "I did not retire from the battle of the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness."

A Sure Way. Ethel—Here is the loveliest housecoat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit. Clara—"I can tell you how to make him value it above everything. Ethel—Oh, how?" Clara—Tell that you've given it away to some poor man.

The March of Fashion. "Hello! I see you are sending your wash to the steam laundry again. Was the washerwoman's husband wearing your linen?" "No. She was wearing it herself."

SURPRISE SOAP Best for Wash Day

HAMILTON'S DELICIOUS Caramels DELIGHT ALL CANDY LOVERS.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions. Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc.

WE LEAD OTHERS TO FOLLOW TRADE ONLY THE SUPPLIED. MENZIE TURNER & CO.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

STEAMER GLIFTON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Yarmouth, Scotia and the United States.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock.

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Oliveette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

Sunday Reading.

COLLEGE LIFE.
[The following letter was written some years ago, by the late Hon. Edward Pierpont, of New York. It is a full and practical and valuable advice, so kindly in spirit, that we believe the suggestions are such that many parents will be glad to give their sons upon entering college or the active duties of life.]

My dear son: I would gladly save you from much annoyance and many sorrows by giving you the benefit of my own experience. I have been through the preparatory schools and the university, and I know all their trials and their temptations. I also know how prone boys are to think that the times have changed since their fathers were young, and that the true rules for the conduct of life have ceased to be the same. My son, as you grow older you will find that from the time of Solomon to this hour, human nature has not changed at all, and that the guide to a happy and prosperous life is precisely the same as it was when that wise man wrote. The boy who is fortunate enough to have a father whose experience is large and varied, and who communicates it with no possible motive but the best good of his child, has a great advantage, if he will heed what is told him: but will suffer all the more deeply in the end if he comes to see that the care, and the earnest warning, and the faithful counsel have been disregarded.

Banish forever from your mind that folly which young men so very stupidly cherish, that, "the world and the ways of the world are essentially different now from what they were forty years ago," and settle forever in your mind certain principles which you are never to doubt, and never to swerve from in your course of life.

First.—That there is a great first cause which rules the world; a something which we can but dimly comprehend, because it is too vast for our finite minds. It is the Infinite. It is God. It is fruitless to try "to find out God." He is "our Father in heaven"; it is all that a simple child can ever know; it is all that the great Creator is ever merciful, and rules by equal laws, we have every reason to believe; and that it is one of the Creator's laws that our lives may be influenced by earnest prayer for guidance in the right way, there is no doubt.

I do not mean, that to pray for specific things, such as riches and honors, will bring riches and honors as matters of course, but that honest and earnest prayer to our Father in Heaven for guidance in the way that is for our best good, is sure to bring strength and enlightenment to the mind, and thus to aid us in the affairs of life.

Every day ask our Heavenly Father to guide you in all things in the way which is right, and you will not go wrong.

The Survival of the Soul.
Most of the scientific men of our time devote themselves to the study of the laws of matter, and they seem to forget that man, even while on earth, has a spiritual as well as a material nature. They find nothing but matter in the brain which they dissect, and they jump at the conclusion that there is nothing but matter. Their discoveries in the laws of matter are wonderful and invaluable, but they utterly neglect the study of the spiritual law which are as real and as certainly a part of man as the grosser substance. That the soul survives the body, and that it is happy or miserable, "according to the deeds done in the body," never allow yourself to doubt. If skeptical wish to talk with you about it, don't argue; arguments on these subjects never do any good—you might as well argue that you love your mother. Practice what I suggest, and you will know from conscious experience that what I tell you is true, and you will be made much happier and surer day by day, and far more prosperous in this world.

Secondly.—That truth, unaltered integrity, justice and honor are never to be departed from under any circumstances. Lies come from meanness, low vanity, cowardice, and a depraved nature, and they always fail of their object and bring the liar into contempt. Without strict integrity, justice and honor, no one can have continued success in anything, or lasting respect from anybody. Everyone is found out sooner or later, and much sooner than he supposes. Indeed, your true character is sure to be known, and sure to be justly appreciated.

I pray you, my son, never trouble yourself about popularity. Do right the best you can, deserve respect, and you will be certain to have it.

If you see a fellow student who is always idly, honors, brave and just, and who devotes himself to the duties before him every day, who resists temptations to pleasures which interfere with his health and hence with his success, you cannot help admiring and respecting him. Oxford has never graduated a man who was an indolent failure at the college who ever became an eminent success afterwards, and she never will.

Attend to the duties and obey the laws of the university. It sometimes enters the shallow heads of young men that it is clever and spirited to transgress the rules. It is supremely silly. It requires neither brains nor courage to break the laws, and comes of a desire to get cheap notoriety through cowardice or vice, and the aspiring idiot always fails in the end. Thieves and burglars break laws; true men keep them; they are made for good.

Read the fable of "the hare and the tortoise," and profit by its teachings, and remember that success with honor is one of the highest pleasures of life. I have many fears lest in companionship with so many young men of easy fortune and no ambition beyond that of the easy life of an English gentleman, you lose the sturdy purpose which should animate you daily. Remember that America is not England. No one is born to titled greatness, or to any other greatness here; he who gets it must achieve it; and he who cannot achieve it in some form is of small consideration. We have no idle class, and I trust that we may never have. An idle life is a worthless and unhappy life.

well-spent years of early life can secure these. I would keep you from no enjoyments suited to your age which are not injurious to your real happiness and your future success.

You have health and a good constitution, and you have no inherited tendencies to any vice. It is easy for you to do right, and it will be unparadise if you go astray.

Remember that when you are twenty-five you will desire what others value at that age, and so at every future stage of life. I mean what the higher order of men value.

Live each year in the way which will best fit you for next year, and thus you will lead a happy life—a life which will secure to you the happier life to come.

When you have done the duties of the day, and done them well, take your pleasures, which will be all the more keen, and when you have well finished the labors of the term, you will enjoy the vacation a thousand times the more by reason of your successful toil.

I do not need, in this letter, to repeat the warnings against those petty vices, temptations, and follies of which I have so often spoken.

I will print this because I wish you to read it more than once. God bless and keep and guide my boy. Your ever devoted FATHER.

MRS. MOUNTFORD IN TORONTO.
"He Had Not Where to Lay His Head" Means He was Not Married.

Mrs. Mountford, who delighted St. John audiences with two lectures recently, has been lecturing in Toronto during the last few days. She has had immense audiences, hundreds being turned away. The following report of this lecture is so full of interesting information that Mrs. Mountford's St. John admirers should not be denied the benefit of it.

The subject of the lady lecturer was: "Ecco Homo"—"Behold the man!"—and she was listened to with rapt attention during the two hours of her address. Mrs. Mountford is a native of Palestine, born a Hebrew, but professing the Christian religion, and so is peculiarly well fitted to interpret the story of Christ, as it is known to us in the New Testament. The oratorical endorsement of Mrs. Mountford are considerable likewise, as her discourses are marked by vivacity and magnetism. Her lecture consisted of a discursive review of the domestic side of Christ's life, so to speak, commencing with His birth and ending with His ascension to heaven.

With vivid phrases she showed her hearers the surroundings and the acts of the Saviour in their oriental aspect. She explained away the theories as to the poverty in which Christ was born. In the light of Jewish custom and tradition, Joseph and Mary were well-to-do. That Mary was an independent property holder was plain since she had come up to Bethlehem from Nazareth to pay taxes and also to proclaim her marriage and name her husband Joseph as the father of her child.

That they had quarters in the stable was no indication of poverty. In Jewish cities at the present time the custom of innkeepers in times when there is a press of business to betray their Hebrew extraction by charging an extortionate rate for shelter in their stables.

To the lecturer, the best proof of Christ's divine origin was the fact that the sacrifice made by Mary after His birth was of doves and pigeons, not of lambs. This had been taken as an indication of Mary's poverty, but to her it meant that the divine babe being known as the Messiah, the great sacrifice, the blood of lambs shed for Him, would have been sacrilege.

Artists had persistently misrepresented Christ in our eyes. As an infant, He was shown lying on straw, whereas He was attired in the red embroidered swaddling robes of a first-born. As a man they showed him lean and poverty-stricken, whereas He must have been a beautiful man and a golden-voiced orator to talk to two thousands on the seashore. He was a richly attired man, too, the seamless garment He wore was certain testimony of that.

Mrs. Mountford explained at length the necessary custom that must have attached to the name of the Saviour from the fact that He was not married. A native of Palestine would sooner be imprisoned for years and live on bread and water with the prospect of being married than live in a

palace all his life condemned to bachelorhood. The meaning of the phrase "He had not where to lay His head," meant that he was not married and not that He was poverty-stricken.

Messages of Help for the Week.
"Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord." Ezekiel 33:30.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, When shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me. And he said, Go, and tell this people." Isaiah 6: 8, 9.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I will give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me, is greater than all." John 10: 27-29.

"Let these sayings sink down into your ears." Luke 9: 44.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.
It was just when daylight was waning, and sunshine struggles with the night. On the cot the old man lay dying, quietly and joyously waiting for the Angel of Death, to bring the summons, "Child, come home." A glad smile lit up this old man's face. "Mother dear, I come." His wan lips moved, neither sound escaped from out them now. A solemn hush fell over us as we sadly watched him, for we knew that his life's journey was ending. See his eyes grow brighter. Ah, who knoweth the sights those eyes see now! All his loved ones have passed on before, and now, on the golden strand, are waiting for the circle to be once more completed and this time praise God, forever. Can this be death? Now he is listening. Hark! The songs he loved to hear! "Mother," "Nearer." His lips frame the words, all is still. Our throats are choking, for he was our friend. A glad sigh comes from out his lips. Then, silently, as evening fell, he peacefully drifted over the harbor bar, and was forever with his God.

Unqualified Testimony from Mr. Reuben E. Truax, M. P. P. —Ten Years a Victim of Aggravated Indigestion—Physicians Failed to Bring Relief—Three Bottles of South American Nervine Entirely Cured Mr. Truax—This Remedy Will Positively Cure Every Case of Indigestion and Nervousness.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure

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AYER'S PILLS

A SCHOOL OF MANNERS.

WHERE RICH MEN'S DAUGHTERS LEARN SOCIETY DUTIES

Such as How to Say "How do you Do?"—The Etiquette of Carriages, and What to Sit Beside a Gentleman—How Often to Dance with One's Escort, etc.

There is an exclusive and expensive private school in New York city where young women are taught society duties, and only these, during their stay at the school. Studies are quite secondary and are omitted except as they pertain to English, French, and German literature and the study of the languages.

Let us not suppose that a reckless extravagance marks the course at this school or that its routine is varied by silk gowns, French candles, and florist's offerings. On the contrary, there is a strict and almost parsimonious discipline, so that the young woman may be more closely devoted to the things they are to learn.

Just five gowns are allowed to the young women when they enter the school in the autumn. Of these there may be two high-necked evening dresses, two every-day gowns, and one for the street.

The question of an allowance is settled with the parents. A certain judge from the northern part of the State, with plenty of money and much love for his daughter, brought the girl—who will be a debutante next year—to New York to place her in one of these exclusive "finishing" schools.

"I forgot to tell you," said she, "that we do not allow our young ladies to have more than \$5 a month spending money, and with this they must pay their car fares, and if by chance we take the street cars on our daily excursions, and they must also buy their small belongings of the toilet with the money—their pins, ribbons, &c. We do this to discourage the buying of bonbons and to preserve the complexions of our girls."

The judge hesitated, bowed to the inevitable, took back the bill, and, telling the principal to give his daughter just as much money as the rules allowed, went away, but with secret misgivings that he was leaving his petted girl in a prison or reformatory rather than merely a school for teaching her the little extras of good form, such as her mother had no time to teach.

After they become accustomed to the discipline of the school the students like it immensely and are loath to leave. They occupy well-furnished bedrooms opening into a general parlor, which, like the Vassar parlors, are shared in common by three or four pupils. Their food is of the best that can be contrived by the French cook employed to cater for the school. They visit every entertainment worth witnessing, and usually have several boxes at the grand opera, where they go almost nightly during the season.

If an accurate list of the school studies were prepared it would read something like this: First Quarter—Daily lessons in walking down stairs and entering a room; how to say "How do you do?" to a stranger just presented; how to meet old acquaintances when to rise and when to remain seated; how to enter a carriage and how to alight; the etiquette of carriages, where to sit beside a gentleman, how to hold ribbons in driving, mounting to the box seat, &c.

Second Quarter—Pouring tea at afternoons; presiding at table as hostess; how to be a guest; how to enter dining-room with escort; arrangement of dining table; knowledge of menus, and a very close study of china, ceramics, and glassware; the entire art of dining well, either as a guest or hostess.

Third Quarter—The etiquette of dancing; how often to dance with one's escort; how to choose one's bouquet from the 100 that may be sent at one's coming-out ball; the reading of orders of dancing and menu cards in half a dozen different languages; a thorough knowledge of the suitable music for dances, dinners, and all social functions, and an absolutely rigid course of instruction in the etiquette of gowns. When a young lady is graduated from a "finishing" school she never again asks: "Mamma, what shall I wear today?"

Fourth and Last Quarter—The present fashions in French millinery and gowns; the latest styles in stationery and invitations; a record of the large events of New York, Paris, and London social life; the names of the people who constitute "society" the world over.

When a young woman has finished a year of this kind of teaching she knows all there is to learn of polite usage. And she is as correct as one of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's six-pupils or a protégée of Blanche Willis Howard. It is said that Mrs. John A. Logan, herself letter perfect in etiquette, once took a party of wealthy American girls across the continent, instructing them in these things en route. And Miss Reid, who now has Anna Gould abroad, allows her young friends to be lacking in nothing when they leave her side.

A story is told of a bride who went to the altar at a church wedding décolleté; and her old teacher in etiquette, being among the guests, rose and left the church at this breach of good form. Another story is of a young woman who went shopping, shortly after her debut in society, wearing the largest kind of diamond earring earrings in her pretty ears. This time her teacher

ordered her into the carriage, told her to hold her hands over the earrings, and instructed the coachman to drive home as rapidly as possible.

After having taught a young woman the things that may make her a leader in society by the time she is 35 years old, the principal of the exclusive school of etiquette does not forget her old pupil nor lose sight of her. Frequently one hears the teacher of the particular school mentioned at the beginning say:

"Well, I can congratulate myself this season upon having carried off the honors at Newport and of being the prospective reigning belle of the New York season, while in the South there are three of my girls who are positively carrying society by storm."

Thus the good woman goes on to congratulate herself on the fruits of her labors upon the girls entrusted to her. Mrs. Edwin Gould attended a very select school where French is the language of the dining table; and another young matron of much wealth was a year in a Fifth Avenue finishing school where there are three dining rooms, French, German, and Spanish, in which the young ladies dine consecutively.

The cost of a school like this is about \$1,000 a year, not counting spending money, dress, or the opera, or dancing lessons, or yet excursions to distant cities on occasions of note. But then the parents are all millionaires and do not mind this at all.

AN ARREST IN LIFE'S JOURNEY. Had Taken the Wrong Road.

Endured Many Trials and Sufferings.

Heard of the Glad News of Paine's Celery Compound.

Mr. Church Says: "It Snatched Me From the Grave."

The Cured Man's Honest Testimony.

He Urges All Sufferers to Use the Medicine That Gave Him New Life.

An important arrest in life's journey! A man saved who had travelled far on the road that leads to the silent, dark grave! His trials and sufferings were heavy and desperate; he had made many efforts to rid himself of the shackles and chains that bound him, but for long months his endeavors were futile.

While on the great highway of disease and suffering, Mr. John A. Church of Coldbrook, N. S., heard the glad news of victories won over disease by Paine's Celery Compound; his heart bounded with joy and fresh hope, and he lost no time in testing the virtue of nature's great healer.

The first bottle produced a mighty change, and warranted Mr. Church in continuing with the medicine. After using nine bottles of the great Compound, a thorough cure was effected, and a new lease of life was obtained.

Before hearing of Paine's Celery Compound Mr. Church was literally robbed of his money as he bought medicines of all kinds that proved useless and worthless. His experience is of great value to every sick and suffering man and woman in Canada. He writes thus:—"It is with pleasure that I give testimony in favor of your Paine's Celery Compound. In the spring of 1892, I had an attack of La Grippe which put me into such a condition that I could not sleep or eat. I was completely run-down, had extreme nervous prostration and lay for days in a half-stupefied state."

"After spending all my money for medicine which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the medicine, and derived great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave, and gave me a new lease of life."

I earnestly urge all sufferers to use Paine's Celery Compound, feeling sure it will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you.

The Strongest Living Creatures. "What living creature is possessed of the greatest bodily strength in proportion to its size?" was a question asked by a reader. The answer is as follows: This honor must be divided between the cockchafer, the hive bee and the flea. It is rather difficult to apply a test to prove which particular insect among the borers, the jumpers and carriers is the strongest, but there is no question that in proportion to their size insects undoubtedly possess the greatest strength among living creatures. The flea can jump a foot high more than 100 times its own length, and taking its average jump as 39 times its length, it is as a man jumped as high as the gallery of London monument. The spring

of the tiger and the leap of the kangaroo are insignificant when compared with this. A cockchafer is strong enough to lift 24.3 times its own weight, a small hive bee 23.5 times the weight of itself. Judge by this standard, there is nothing comparable to it among other insects or among the larger animals, and it may be safely asserted that these three insects divide the honors between them, for though boring insects pierce the hardest wood, it is by the wonderful adaptation of their boring instrument rather by abnormal strength.

Little Difficulty in Disposing of Certain Elements of Authority.

Mr. Gladstone was asked last summer where he got all the gavel that hang upon the walls of his library at Hawarden. He said:

"They have been collected from a lifelong experience. Some of them date back to college life when I was president of boys' societies and had the pleasure of wielding the gavel."

If Mr. Choate was a member in the Constitutional Convention, which for so many weeks listened to woman's suffrage arguments in the State Capitol at Albany last year, had reported in favor of striking out the word "male" from the Constitution, the women suffragists were going to beg the gavel from Mr. Choate so that they could have it cut up into pieces and made into souvenirs. One of them—so sure of victory was she—actually designed gavel pins, and got up several little ornaments out of pine to see how many could be made out of a piece of wood no bigger than Mr. Choate's gavel.

Mrs. Potter-Palmer's gavel—the one by which she kept order among the "lady members" during those stormy anti-Fair days—is one of the proudest ornaments of her Boulevard home; and the chair presented to her by the ladies of a Western State for the committee meetings will undoubtedly go to the Fair memorial building in Chicago, where the gavel may also be added to the list of things historical.

Secretary Carlisle presided over the House several sessions, and used many gavel. In Washington no gavel is ever permitted to see the second season of usefulness. Mrs. Carlisle wanted them very much to bequeath to her descendants, if nothing more; for she is one of the few women who appreciate their husband's qualities and believe they will be famous in history. As the closing day of the sessions approached Mrs. Carlisle always got very anxious about the gavel. And when the day was at hand she stationed friends all over the House to catch the gavel when the speaker, in accordance with custom, should throw it as he announced the adjournment. Those present knew Mrs. Carlisle wanted it, and they let her friends catch it for her. This happened only twice.

Lord Rosebery was presiding officer of a society in Christ Church College, Oxford. The gavel he used hangs now above his library mantel in his town house. Speaker Samuel Randall handled three gavel during his Washington career. Two were caught by friends and taken to the daughters and sisters of the Randall family, and the other was grabbed up by a man, who presented it with his best compliments to a Museum of Historical Things in Richmond, Va. Speaker Reed secured his own gavel himself by a sort of subterfuge, stationing interested friends where they could catch it. Mrs. Blaine once succeeded in catching one thrown by her husband at the adjournment of the House.

Bismarck was always singularly neglectful in the use of this important instrument of good order, for he would under his commands and would stamp upon the platform and get silence in that way. There is a German story that the title "Man of Iron" came to Bismarck at one of these meetings. He had frowned upon the members of a committee, and they wished silence; and then, as they were still a buzz in the room, he brought down his fist with great force upon the hard-topped desk. The blow broke it.

"The Man of Iron," exclaimed one of the German councillors present.

"Yes, and the man of blood, too," ejaculated another, and a few drops of blood trickled from the wounded palm.

Making gavels is very remunerative for manufacturers, because they are bought in great quantities by the city governments without inquiries as to cost, and many are purchased every year by clubs that do not know just what a piece of wood is worth. Then, too, there is a call for very expensive ones for women's clubs, and fancy ones for the meetings that are held during the winter. "Something very pretty, indeed," is asked for, and the manufacturers put a great deal of work upon the little implements, knowing that the buyers are willing to pay all it is worth.

Speaker Crisp gave his gavel at the close of the last session to Miss Barrett of Georgia, one of the prettiest girls in the State. Several historic ones have been presented to His Royal Highness, the Duke of York; and in the States a great many have found their way "with the compliments of the Chairman" to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

Chester A. Arthur, when he was Vice-President, said: "I presume that snapping my fingers would call the Senate to order, or the tinkle of a bell turn every face to me. But for heavy dignity give me a ponderous gavel."

"The Long-Nosed Englishman." After a long walk one day, the King of the Belgians called at a farm-house, asked for a glass of milk, and while waiting for it conversed with an English friend in our tongue. While Leopold was drinking, the woman who brought the milk turned to her husband and said in Flemish: "I wonder how much the long-nosed Englishman will pay?" "Allow me," said the King (also in Flemish), putting down the glass and handing her a five franc piece, on which his head is portrayed, "to present you with a portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."

The Glare From the Rails.

A retired engineer says: "I often hear people enlarge upon the difficulty of driving a locomotive in the dark or during heavy rain; but, for my part, nothing ever gave me more anxiety than continuous sunshine. Color blindness is frequently nothing more than intense pain in the eyes caused by watching objects which reflect the light and upon which the sun is shining. In a run of several hours the glare from the rails which strikes the eyes while watching

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to tone the stomach and purify the blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—One Pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pills, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

for track obstructions, and more particularly for rails which have been forced out of line by the heat, is very trying, and often when I have left the locomotive after such a run I have found the greatest comfort in resting in a room where Egyptian darkness prevailed. A man is afraid to wear smoked glasses lest he should be suspected of color blindness and lose his position. But some protection of this kind would greatly prolong the career of many an engineer and fireman."

The Ladies Won the Pig.

The residents at two of the most famous of the historic halls of Westmorland, England, have just been parties to a transaction, a record of which ought to find a place in the family archives of both houses. Both houses, I may say, are within an easy walk of Kendal, and are two or three miles apart. The gentleman occupying the one challenged the ladies occupying the other to drive a pig from his residence to theirs. If they succeeded, they were to have the pig for their pains. The ladies accepted the challenge. There were three or four of them, and they might have carried the pig, but I presume such an expedition was barred. They drove it along the high road, did the ladies in a big degree, nothing daunted by the thought that the shades of grim ancestors might be looking down from their ivy-mantled tower, in mute and sorrowful wonder, at the pig and its maiden convoy. There were other spectators, also, whose wonder was as great but who, not mute, as this note testifies. For, indeed the valorous virgins vanquished the pig and won the wager.

Survivors of Napoleon's Army.

One of the French papers which have been devoting a great deal of attention to Napoleon Bonaparte of late has been entertaining its readers by having a census made of the survivors of Napoleon's grand army. Four of these men only are now left. The eldest is Jean Jacques Sabatier, who was born on the 15th of April, 1792, at Vernoux l'Ardeche, where he lived in retirement for many years. Then come Victor Baillois, Jean Bousset and Joseph Rose, aged respectively 101 years 1 month 100 years and 1 month and 100 years and a few days. It is said all are as hearty and vigorous as can be expected, in spite of their experiences as long as eighty-two years ago in that terrible retreat when the beggarly remnant of the greatest army the world has ever seen, worn out with cold and hunger, angrily called to the victor of Marano and Austerlitz to get off his horse and share in the miseries of his men.

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CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. WOMAN'S NEED. Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prostration, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Some things needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution. One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes. For purifying the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDWARDS, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

LADIES with "Nerves" can drink... Blue Cross Tea Absolutely Pure. HEAD OFFICE, London, England. WHOLESALE AGENTS, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons.

Yes, I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin, if they use BABY'S OWN SOAP, and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD. THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. These are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements. ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, 2 Saint John, N. B. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST" which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John district, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment, and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, and as a law officer I understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. BARRISTER.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Fashion says that although large hats and tiny bonnets will both be worn this winter, the woman who is anxious to be really fashionable will wear a toque. The toque is the headgear of the hour, and everybody should possess one. It must



COVERT AND BOURETTE SUITS.

The figure on the right shows one of the new plaids, of green and blue. The waist is plaited silk. The Eton jacket is of blue and black bourette. The gown on the left is of tan covert suiting with a three-quarter coat of the same, with revers and a small cape trimmed with stitched bands of the same.

not be imagined, however, that the word toque has only one meaning. On the contrary it is a most elastic term, and is used to describe so many charming hats that every style of face can easily be suited. Some of the newest toques are merely crushed puffs of thick silk, or velvet, finished by a band of fur, or velvet, with two standing tails, also of fur, or the band may be of closely folded velvet with two stiff quills standing jauntily up at one side. Some very odd French toques show a novel trimming of outstanding loops of ribbon, which start directly in front in a simple enough little flat bow, and continue in a series of the wildest looking stiff loops which stand out at right angles from the ears and give the wearer something the appearance of a bird which has its feathers blown the wrong way in a gale of wind. To add to the resemblance a stuffed bird with tail feathers standing very erect and high, is



GOWN, PELISSE AND CHILD'S FROCK.

The figure on the right shows a frock of dotted taffetas for a little girl. It has a ribbon belt and bows. The central figure shows a pelisse of black basket weave cheviot with bone buttons and velvet collar. The figure at the left shows lilac and gray silk rays, cut en princess, with a vest front of silver gray satin and striped silk laid in plaits. There is a plaited pelerine. The sleeves are puffed and draped.

usually placed at the back of these toques, slightly at the left side. Braided felt is one of the novelties of this season, the felt being apparently cut into long thin strips and braided like straw: toques made of black felt braided with fine gilt cord, are very effective, and are often made quite plain with merely a black and gold wing at

or spangles. They are usually trimmed with an immense bow of velvet secured with a buckle and black ostrich tips, or else with velvet roses.

Trimming beneath the brim is very much worn, especially at the back, and for such trimmings velvet flowers, especially roses, are generally used. For example, a large brown velvet hat shown at a recent millinery opening, had an inside of lace trimming which consisted of a band of velvet roses, extending all around in this case, and the hat was trimmed on the outside with brown satin ribbon bows, and little sable beads.

The millinery combinations are many of them rather startling this season, but they are at least new, and some are very bright and cheery for the dark cold days of autumn and winter. Amongst the most popular are brown and green, fawn and vieux rose, tan and pink, black and brown, and cherry and blenet. Cherry is one of the very newest colors, and promises to be very much worn. A Paris hat of blenet felt is trimmed with a large rosette of cherry velvet, which secures a stiff black jetted aigrette.

Strange to say the chief object in the millinery this autumn seems to be to con-



NEW IDEAS FOR DRESSING CHILDREN.

The frock on the right is of silk ondine, with plaited taffetas flowers. The sleeves are puffed, of plain silk apple green, and there is a sash, and double bows, of apple green ribbon. The boy's suit is of dark blue pilot cloth with white Scotch flannel vest. The other dress is of blue and brown striped wool with braided passementerie trimming and Van Dyk lace on the shoulders.

vey an appearance of squareness in every headgear; all the bows, loops and rosettes and aigrettes are so placed that they show four well emphasized corners, and the same design is shown in all the collars, and neck bands of the dresses, a stiff looking loop, or rosette being placed conspicuously in front of each ear, and another just behind the ear, standing straight out towards the shoulders in a most aggressively square manner. What the girl of the period is going to do when the cold weather forces her to don her winter jacket, I am sure I don't know, for those loops will certainly prove a serious obstacle to the proper adjustment of the jacket collar.

One of the most convenient fashions which has ever come in, is the detachable collar, to suit every style of dress, which become so popular that these collars can now be purchased at all the leading shops, though of course they are easily made at home. The object of these collars is to form a pretty finish for any plain dress, or a fresh decoration for a handsome one, and they are made not only in plain velvet or cloth, but also in the richest of silks, the most delicate of colorings and the most fragile materials. Thus, a plain collar of cherry velvet fastened under a small rosette at the back, will give quite an air, and style to the plainest black cashmere dress; while one of chamois braided with black, will brighten up a dark brown gown wonderfully, and another of tan colored cloth, will make an excellent finish for a plain green dress. For handsome costumes such as black silk or lace, there are lovely creations in neckwear of silk gauze mousseline de soie, tulle and chiffon, with loops, bows and rosettes. These collars generally consist of a straight or slightly curved foundation, which is quite stiff, overlaid with soft folds or plaits of the outside material laid over it with studied carelessness. The collar is usually fastened in the back and is finished with two little frills which meet and stand out, a rosette, or one of the odd outstanding bows already referred to, and which consist of two single or double loops without ends, standing straight out from the neck. Sometimes these loops are divided by a cut steel buckle, in lieu of the usual cross piece.

One of the oddest fancies for evening

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LADIES Who require a DONGOLA KID BUTTON

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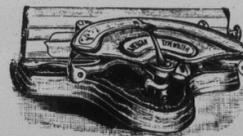
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AGENTS WANTED.

IT WAS A BAD BILL. But the Bloods Might as Well Have Given the Simpleton a Good One.

In an English town there used to live a daft kind of fellow, called "Dicky Pudding," who earned his living chiefly by doing odd jobs and running messages for the local sporting fraternity.

Dicky, quite exhausted, reached the goal after his long run and the "sports" were all there to declare that he had won.

The Marquis de Fontenay tells in her European gossip a story of the Earl of Rose, who is a mechanical engineer of no mean order.

"Well," replied Lord Rose, "it's all the same to me; I've no fault to find. I'm just waiting till the boiler explodes."

"Billy" was William IV. Here is an announcement—recorded by Lady Elvey—of the death of King William the Fourth, which is probably a unique delivery by one of the men to whose lot it has fallen.

This was the news spread that the king was dead, and the young Princess Victoria Queen.

A correspondent writes to a London paper: On the wedding of the Duke of York with the Princess May last year, a party of sightseers sat on the roof of a house in Ludgate-hill, London, and while waiting to see the procession pass, they beguiled the time by eating cherries.

It is remarkable that all those princes who have sat on the throne of England, and have espoused the princesses of France, have not only been unpopular with their subjects, but have come to an untimely end: for example, Edward II. married to Isabel, daughter of Philip V., of France, murdered in Berkeley Castle; Richard II., married to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI., of France, murdered in Pontefract Castle; Henry VI., married to Margaret, daughter of Rene, Duke of Anjou, murdered by Richard III.; Charles I., married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV., of France, suffered death on the scaffold.

Female friend (examining picture critically, to girl-artist who is an "Impressionist"): "And what is the subject?" The Artist: "Cows in a meadow." Friend: "Nothing like cows." Artist (severely): "This is not photography; it is art!"

Mission Work in Africa. From the report of a missionary to Africa: "My congregation refuse to give up cannibalism, but I have succeeded so far in improving their tastes that they now eat with knives and forks."



A Bright Lad.

Ten years ago, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny."

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REPORTING A MURDER.

How Julian Ralph Was Taken for the Murderer.

Once, when I was investigating the horrible and even yet mysterious murder of a young girl in a New Jersey village, I was taken for the murderer by her relatives, whom I could not blame, for they were ignorant, wrought up to an ugly pitch and suspicious of every stranger who came upon the scene.

"Put your hand on her," said one. "I will not."

He obeyed, and in an instant the air of outdoors tasted almost as sweet as anything that I ever drew down my throat.

Many wonder why it is that men support expensive steam yachts and go on cruises from place to place the whole season.

A Female Bull-Fighter. Johanna Maestrick, who was born at Berlin, and went, when quite a child, with her parents to Portugal, became a successful bull-fighter.

The Wrong Leg. She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place.

Jim's Father Not a Fugitive. Mother—What strange boy was that you were playing with? Small boy—Jim. "Jim who?" "I don't know."

After Physiological Facts. Nothing maddens a man more than to come down to breakfast and have his wife say to him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to tell him what he said.

Fishing. "Ella," said Clara, as they were seated on the veranda of their country house, "I went fishing with Reggie this morning."

Westport, N. S. Capt. G. C. Haley, of the Schr. Jessie B. says: that for the last 4 years he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism in his knee.

Keep Thyself Pure. The striking motto of the White Ribbons relates to the realm of morals, but of no less importance is it that the motto be applied to the physical system.

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THE DEADLIEST POISON.

Shophanthidin, an Atom, of Which Will Kill a Man.

To the best of our knowledge the most deadly poison is that which was discovered by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and known as shophanthidin. He separated it from the African potato plant, shophanthus hispidus, by means of ether and alcohol.

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS. A Very Smart Young Lawyer Who Decided Against Himself.

About the middle of the last theatrical season an attempt was made to attach the property of a company which was playing at a local house. Some creditor of the star had obtained a judgment against her and meant to sequester the box-office receipts on the last night of the engagement.

With Their Jackets On. The late Dr. Lethaby made a series of careful examinations some years ago, for the purpose of determining the effects of cooking potatoes without removing the skins.

Maternal Solitude. A young negro left Valparaiso in his early childhood. He was taken to Marsaille, where by dint of energy and skill he has acquired a certain competency.

A Prince Favoured the Mezzotint. The mezzotint was invented by Prince Rupert. He himself was a practical engraver, and was seeking to perfect the processes employed in his time.

Touched by His Loneliness. An old dandy was out yesterday perambulating the streets with a stock of fish for sale. "Here's your fine fish," said he, "bought from the old man who has got nobody in the world except nine children."

Doubtful. Willie—"Look, Paw! Who's the tall man with the wide hat?" Papa—"And the long hair?" "Yes, and the buckskin suit?" "I cannot say my child, whether he is a poet, scout, cowboy, patent medicine man or horse thief: we live in an era of strange fads."

It Wouldn't Work on Cows. A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir; lie down!"

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Rev. Wm. Brown. I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. S. KAUBACH. I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mr. S. MASTERS.

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WILL WE HAVE A PARK?

WE WILL IF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY GETS US ONE.

They Purchased and Were Presented With Some Property And May Buy Some More—A Meeting to be Called to Discuss the Project—Mr. Allison's Views.

The next step that the Horticultural society proposes in its efforts toward establishing a public park at Lily Lake will be the calling of a public meeting. One will be called next month, said Mr. Joseph Allison this morning, and an effort will be made to get the citizens more generally interested in the scheme.

The association have accomplished considerable already but they have much more to do and they will be pegging away at it all winter. They have now acquired three properties but they have their eyes on two more and when they get these they will have a small but very pretty park area of about three hundred acres.

They were presented by Mr. J. Douglas Hazen with 133 acres of land on the eastern side of Lily lake. Then they purchased from the Messrs. Pugsley 24 acres at a cost of \$2000, these gentlemen having knocked \$1000 off the purchase price as a donation to the association. Their latest purchase was the Fitzgerald property from Mr. G. Sidney Smith. This was sold to them by Mr. G. Sidney Smith for \$1600 and the directors of the association think that as representative of the estate Mr. Smith met them with a most liberal spirit.

This totals over two hundred acres that they have now. They next want to get a portion of the R. F. Hazen property represented by Mr. Geo. Coster, which contains the balance of the lake. They will then have the whole control of the lake. Then the land on the south side of the lake belonging to the Gilbert estate will come next. It is earnestly to be hoped that the present owners of these properties will deal liberally with the representatives of the association in getting the land they require to make the park complete.

Beside the park they propose a public garden. The association owns a lot on Seeley street east of the late Mr. Fritts' residence. Here they will have a garden, finely laid out and in the rear of it on a rocky portion of land an Alpine garden will be made. Here rustic steps would be cut in the stone and shrubs and ferns would be planted, and the rock beautified in many ways. A collection of shrubs indigenous to this soil would be gathered and they would be labelled with their ordinary and botanical names, so that the garden would have not only its use for pleasure giving, but would also have its instructive use for teachers and school children and others.

A number of liberal contributions have been made toward the park and garden. Some prominent citizens have contributed \$1,000 each. They need about ten more \$1,000 subscriptions to assure the success of the scheme. But after the association has laid out the park and has made the necessary expenditure there will be a cost for maintenance. This Mr. Allison said, should be met by the city. The Halifax city council gives a grant of \$7000 a year to their park of several hundred acres at Point Pleasant and garden of 15 acres in the city. This city should do as much and when the park is completed it should be handed over to the city to be controlled by a commission, appointed partly by the people and partly by the Horticultural association.

The association are now building a greenhouse and they hope to be able to show a better collection of plants on King Square next year. They feel, however, that unless the citizens back up the council in obtaining the passing of regulations that will provide for more relief from the dog nuisance that they will be unable to do anything next year. This year many beds had been planted three times.

It is the duty of every citizen to become a member of the Horticultural association. It costs only \$3 to join and much accomplished by the Society. They received from the city only \$200 this year but already they have spent three or four times that amount.

Mr. Allison said that he wished to acknowledge the donation of a Gurney boiler from Messrs. G. & E. Blake. This was toward the heating apparatus of the greenhouse. Mr. Edward Bates had also given a handsome donation toward the building of the greenhouse.

Mr. Allison has just returned from Halifax where he learned much about the gardens and parks there. He has collected a great amount of information about the gardens and parks in many cities.

Toronto has seventeen parks and public gardens and squares and the city grants \$50,000 yearly for maintenance. Montreal grants the same amount. In Boston a million dollars have been placed at the disposal of the commissioners of the Metropolitan park scheme. This has been raised entirely by private subscription and public grant.

In conclusion, Mr. Allison said that St. John's will be entirely different from any park on the continent. It will be interesting

to strangers on that account and will be worth taking your friends to. No such facilities exist anywhere as there are here for a public park.

A STRANGE CHURCH BORN

Which Happened in St. John Over Fifty Years Ago.

(Morning News, July 8, 1892.) A rather singular occurrence took place in Trinity church, on Sunday afternoon. A gentleman connected with the church, happened to go in about 5 o'clock, and discovered a man, of rather respectable appearance, on his knees, in one of the aisles, who by his actions appeared to be laboring under strong religious excitement. The gentleman watched his movements, at a distance for some time. "I give you one calf; you give me one calf"—was all that escaped the man's lips; and this strange sentence he continued to address to the pulpit, for some time, until the gentleman went up to question him as to his business there. The man appeared to take no heed of him, but continued repeating the sentence, apparently lost in mental abstraction. At length the man suddenly sprang to his feet, as if his senses had returned to him, with a rush and he became aware of "whereabouts." The gentleman informed him that he was in the "wrong shop" and invited him to leave the church and go along with him and he would put him on the right track which invitation the man seemed quite willing to accept.

"But," said he, "stop until I get my hat—I can't go without my hat, any how you can fix it." His hat, it appears, had been lying some distance from him, on the floor. Accordingly he made over to pick it up; but instead of doing so, he again fell upon his knees, more wild than ever, and fell to work praying, again, in the same language as before, but much more enthusiastically. And his heart seemed to be in his prayers; and he was not mere lip service with him; for he now belated out most piously, and the tears coursed down his cheeks by the gill. The gentleman became rather alarmed—he saw that the fanatic was larger and stouter man than himself, and he did not feel certain that he might take it into his foolish head, and prey upon his (the gentleman's) carcass, which was not a very consoling thought, although it was conceived in a church. Accordingly, he made for the door as swift as his legs would carry him, and ran up stairs into the gallery, to watch his motions, from above. The man continued on his marrow-bones, repeating in a monotonous strain, the same singular words. At length the gentleman left him to enjoy his meditations, undisturbed, and went home. But that is not all connected with this odd affair. In the evening, a lady went to church rather earlier than usual, for the purpose of attending divine worship. On proceeding up the aisle, she suddenly espied the man before alluded to, lying on his side. A scene so unexpected threw the lady into a swoon; nor did she recover until some persons, who entered the church shortly after, and discovered her lying there, rendered her assistance, and restored her to animation. His calf-ship was put upon his feet, and forthwith marched off to jail, and placed in the custody of the keeper.

THE ETHICS OF TIME.

Mr. Lindsay Thinks Anything but Sun Time Immoral.

There were a few humorous touches in the board of trade conference. Hon. Wm. Lindsay supplied some moderate light comedy. He was quite serious himself, the comedy consisted in the way it appeared to his hearers. It came out in the discussion of standard time. The honorable gentleman is quite old and accordingly is of conservative tendencies. He has opinions on the subject of the ethics of standard time and the humor was when he gave expression to those opinions. He considered that it would be highly immoral to adopt standard time. It would be a flagrant insult to nature and a gross injustice to old Sol who has shone above us for countless ages. It would be the most stupendous lie upon the face of the earth. It would be countenancing the wrong instead of the right and would in fact be a highly improper proceeding. And he had yet another reason why he was opposed to standard time. He did not want the railways dictating to him. They owned the country enough as it was and he did not propose to have them tell him when to get up and when to work and when to eat. He failed to see why the railways should be set up in the high eminence where old Sol had previously reigned. Let us be honest, and let us still worship the old god, the sun.

These are not exactly the words of Mr. Lindsay but they convey the ideas which he expressed. The eloquence with which he clothed the bold sentences cannot of course be here presented and have to be imagined by the reader. The others who opposed the adoption of standard time spoke to like effect and put forth arguments of equal value.

Then Mr. Geo. W. Allen arose and irreverently endeavored to destroy Mr. Lindsay's and his fellow-sun-worshiper's faith in their divinity. He dared to assert that there were only two days in the year on which the sun was to be trusted, only two days on which it was right. Of course this remark was received with the contempt it deserves.

Then the shade of Mr. Verne's Fogg, the eminent traveller who went around the world in eighty days, appeared in the midst of the assemblage and settled the convictions of every undecided one in favor of Mr. Allen by recalling his experience. He told them that he was as great a sun-worshiper as any of them when he started out on his memorable trip. But they knew the end of his journey, and how the sun basely deceived him and he was a day out of the road when he got round the earth. That incident destroyed his faith in the truthfulness of Apollo, the chariot-steerer, and all modern unbelief and scepticism had dated from that tour of the world. "When I got round the green ball again give me railways and standard time."

"ABOUT AN HOUR before sunset last evening, Mary Gansoly, a servant in the employ of John Roach, a farmer living near Searsville, started out to drive up the cow. She had gone but a short distance along the road when she saw a man standing up against the stone wall, or fence. The perfect quiet which he maintained, with the pallor of his face, attracted the woman's attention, and on closer observation she was horrified to find that he was dead.

"She at once gave the alarm. The neighbours assembled, carried the body to a house near by, and summoned Dr. Condit, who pronounced life extinct. The name of the dead man was Patrick Burke; he was thirty years of age. It is supposed that he was taken suddenly ill while passing along the road; that he leaned against the wall and died instantly, his body being supported in an erect position by the wall. After the inquest the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by heart failure superinduced by gastritis, or catarrh of the stomach—an acute form of dyspepsia."

The foregoing is quoted from the Middle-town Express of November 4th, 1892—another New York newspaper. Now let us see what lessons the untimely demise of poor Pat Burke has for some other people who, no doubt, fancy themselves safe from such a sudden taking off. Mr. Thomas Hatt, of Widmore End, High Wycombe, Bucks, was a healthy enough man up to April 1886. Then he began to weaken and fail. Why he should be ill he couldn't conjecture. So far as he could remember he had done nothing to bring it on. He felt surprised, as a man does at receiving an unexpected blow from behind. His nerves were all of a jangle, he had a bad taste in his mouth, and a sort of all-gone sensation as though the very life were ebbing out of him. His hands and feet were cold and clammy, and he often broke out into cold sweats. Dark spots were all the time floating before his eyes, his appetite left him, when he did eat anything it lay upon him heavy and dull, and seemed to cause a gnawing, grinding pain.

When Billy McCarthy and Bob Blackall started in the crowd almost forgot what they were down there for. Bob who had been carrying a very sober look sings out "Hark for the Home of Mercy" which was supplemented by Billy McCarthy's "Right here for the land of Canaan." When spoken to about it the hackmen said they were not making fun at all. They were there to get fares and if the passengers wished to be taken to Assry they would do their best to accommodate them. "It is business with us, you bet," and seeing a Hampton gentleman coming down the ladder, whom they knew would walk all day before he would pay for a fare, they all shouted angrily, "Here you are uncle! free ride and your dinner thrown into ye!"

He has a severe cold. He got it standing on the roof of a shop at Sussex when the burglars were there. It is not necessary to mention names. He heard the burglars in the store, got out of bed, seized the double barreled gun from the corner where it stood, opened the window and stepped out on the roof and froze himself. He couldn't get down and he dare not call for a ladder for fear the burglars would hear him. He went die, a man like that never does.

Such is the Opinion of a Writer in the "Detroit Free Press."

The Detroit 'Free Press' publishes an account of a trip made last month to New Brunswick by one of its writers, from which the following is taken:— It is the north shore of New Brunswick, and is washed by the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with its gigantic bays and inlets. There are no speckled trout to be caught from the rocks, though there are millions of them far up the rivers and streams which flow into the Gulf; but the salmon, that king of fish, abounds, as do mackerel, and bass and an almost infinite variety of food fishes, including in its season the princely—and bony—shad. The oyster, too, is a denizen of the coast, and epicures declare that the world renowned perfection in the native beds around Prince Edward Island, Point du Chene and the vicinity. Without pretending to be an epicure I give them my modest but sincere approval. To taste them for the first time is to experience a wholly new sensation in oyster-eating, and if one does not feel as Thackeray did when he first essayed a Saddle Rock, as if he had 'swallowed a small baby'—the north shore oyster is not large—one certainly does not emulate the great Huronist in feeling profoundly grateful.

The north shore of New Brunswick seems at first blush a great way off from Detroit, but railways in these times have almost annihilated distance. One steps on board a palace car on the Canadian Pacific Railway in Detroit, and in thirty-six hours by the watch steps out again at St. John, the metropolis of the Province of New Brunswick. It is a trip that is well worth one's while, even if one has no interest in the objective point. The scenery, though less rugged and startling than that on the western portion of the Canadian Pacific—which is unsurpassed anywhere—is varied and pleasing. After leaving Montreal, where

pink-bellied trout were, playing in the sunlight. The centre of the excitement seemed to be directly under a point of rock that jutted out over the water and just now met with the spray from the jumping fish. Not until the old man's keener eyes had spied it out and he had pointed to it did I notice that a huge hornets' nest as large as a peck basket hung from this stone point. As we drew nearer I could see even across the creek the swarm of busy insects coming to and going from their round grey nest. Every now and then a yellow jacket would circle to near the water in crossing the creek and an active trout would seize it in an instant. Sometimes two hornets would get to fighting and drop struggling to the surface. Half a dozen hungry pairs of jaws would snap at them as they fell.

"The flies did not resemble these insects, but we each tied on two orange duns, and with them for the next two hours had grand sport. We did not go over a hundred yards from the ford altogether up and down stream, but from under uplifted rocks, sunken stumps and rocks, dragged nearly eighty good-sized trout, the largest weighing two pounds and a half. Several times I landed two together, one hooked on the dropper and the other on the trail fly, and saw one or two more following the flies when these bit. Altogether it was the best bit of sport I ever enjoyed on any waters."

"When we got back to the cabin we dressed some of the trout for supper, and every one that was opened had dead hornets in its stomach. One fish must have had at least forty of the hot-tailed insects in its belly, and I remember I wondered if the stings did not hurt their throats."

"I expect," said old Hutch, "that them trout gits tired or ordinary spiders on bugs on flies jes same's me on you gits sick or plain venison, on they takes er day off on goes up by some hornets' nest or nest on stuffs their innards full er red-hot stingers the spice their gullets up, same's pepper on ketchup fixes up our meals wen we run down ter Libby fur er day!"

"However that was, the trout evidently thrived on the diet, and now I am wondering whether that Canadian trout that died of eating a bee wasn't a sort of a dyspeptic, weak-stomached fish that couldn't stand high-seasoned meals."

Rocky Mountain Fish that Made a Dainty Diet of These Insects.

"I was reading in a New York newspaper the other morning," said a Western prospector, "of the finding of a big trout dead in a Canadian stream. There were no scars on its body or signs of injury, but when it was cut open there was found a dead bumblebee. The theory was that the bee had retained enough vitality after being swallowed to inflict a vital sting."

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Originated by an Old Family Physician FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE. Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

All who order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not used as directed. If you don't get it near home, ask first. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

The St. Lawrence is crossed on a splendid specimen of the cantilever bridge, the road runs to the south-east, the present traveller with a panorama which includes the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Hills of New Hampshire, and what is left of the once magnificent pines of Maine. There are glimpses, too, of Katahdin and Moosehead Lake, most charming of inland waters; and after the frontier is again crossed the wooded shores of the St. John and the Kennebec furnish pictures which will linger long in memory's gallery.

St. John is rather a solemn city, and conveys the impression rather of staid respectability and solidity than of thrift and enterprise. It has suffered like all the rest of us from the hard times, and has had the additional burden of trying to recover from the fire which devastated it in 1877. It exhibits, however, less appearance of poverty or idleness than most American cities with which I am acquainted of 45,000 inhabitants, and it has the proud record of having no poor-house, or any beneficiaries for one.

Attractive features of the provincial city are the high tides, the water rising and falling in the spring and autumn from thirty to thirty-five feet. This tremendous change in the harbor level has a remarkable effect upon the outflow from the River St. John, which takes its rise in Maine, and after flowing 450 miles through that state and the province of New Brunswick empties into the harbor through a rocky chasm not much more than 500 feet in width. At low tide there is a fall at this point of some fifteen feet; and at high tide the fall is reversed, and pours the sea into the river with resistless force. At half-tide the fall can be passed with safety by the wary navigator; but if the latter fails to be exact in taking fortune at the flood—or ebb as the case may be—he finds himself drawn back on his course, and compelled to wait another tide. It is an interesting sight to stand on the suspension bridge which overlooks the fall—or on the cantilever just above—and note the daily recurring miracle, as the people call it, of water running up hill.

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TROUT THAT ATE HORNETS.

Rocky Mountain Fish that Made a Dainty Diet of These Insects.

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EVERY WOMAN Should Have It In the House.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong points lie in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact, that any pain any where, every lameness every where, is penetrated, relieved or cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises. For backache, carache, headache, neckache, stomachache, toothache, in fact every ache. For scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, chills, coughs and catarrhs. For hacking, hoarse-ness and whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, in grippe, sore throat and lungs. For colic, cramps, cholera, cholera morbus and summer complaints. For dyspepsia, neuralgia and muscular rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lacerated skin, for pains in chest, kidney, stomach, use this great vital and muscle serving. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

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The St. Lawrence is crossed on a splendid specimen of the cantilever bridge, the road runs to the south-east, the present traveller with a panorama which includes the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Hills of New Hampshire, and what is left of the once magnificent pines of Maine. There are glimpses, too, of Katahdin and Moosehead Lake, most charming of inland waters; and after the frontier is again crossed the wooded shores of the St. John and the Kennebec furnish pictures which will linger long in memory's gallery.

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Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion. HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

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