

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 276.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**RAILWAYS.**  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
**Low Rate**  
**EXCURSION**  
TO THE  
**World's Fair!**  
tickets will be good to leave St. John on  
Aug. 10 or 11 only.  
leaving to leave Chicago at any time up to Aug.  
11, and good only for continuous passage  
in each direction.  
**\$26 Each.**  
For information of C. P. Ry. Ticket Agents.  
McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,  
Asst. Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't.  
MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

**MOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.**  
**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**  
After Monday, June 20th, 1893, trains will run  
daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
**YARMOUTH**—Express daily at 8.10 a.  
m.; arrive at Annapolis at  
10.15 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed-  
nesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis  
at 3.15 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at  
1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 3.15 p. m.  
**ANNAPOLIS**—Express daily at 1.05 p.  
m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 2.20 p. m.;  
Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and  
Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at  
8.10 a. m.  
**WYEMOUTH**—Passengers and Freight  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a. m.;  
arrive at Yarmouth at 9.30 a. m.  
**LECTIONS**—At Annapolis with trains of  
Yarmouth and Annapolis Rail-  
way (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steam-  
ers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every  
Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday even-  
ing and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday,  
and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily  
(excepted) to and from Barrington, Shel-  
burne and Liverpool.  
High tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St.,  
St. John, and the principal Stations on the Windsor  
Annapolis Railway.  
J. J. General Superintendent,  
Mouth, N. S.

**Intercolonial Railway.**  
**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.**  
After Monday, the 26th June, 1893,  
Trains of this Railway will run daily  
excepted—as follows:  
**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**  
For Campbellton, Fogwash, Pictou  
and Halifax..... 7.00  
For accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.10  
For Halifax..... 13.10  
For Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 18.35  
For Halifax..... 22.20  
Carriage Car runs each way on Express trains  
at St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45  
o'clock.  
**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**  
From Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00  
From Chicago, Montreal, and Que-  
bec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30  
From Montreal (at 10.10 a. m.)  
For accommodation for Point du Chene..... 12.55  
From Halifax, Pictou and Camp-  
bellton..... 18.30  
From Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
**D. POTTINGER,**  
General Manager.  
St. John, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

**THE**  
**Yarmouth Steamship Co.**  
**(LIMITED.)**  
Shortest and most direct route between Nova  
Scotia and the United States.  
**The Quickest Time!**  
voyage from 15 to 17 hours.  
**Four Trips a Week**  
Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth  
Boston in commission.  
The above steamers will leave Yarmouth  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday  
after arrival of Express from Halifax. They  
will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every  
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.  
Yarmouth "City of St. John" will leave Yar-  
mouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling  
at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport,  
and Montreal. Returning will leave Halifax every  
Monday at 9 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate  
ports connecting with S. S. Yarmouth to Boston  
on Wednesday.  
Summer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday  
Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.  
**L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.**  
18, 1893.

**INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.**  
**Daily Line**  
For Boston,  
Commencing July 3rd  
and continuing to Sept.  
15th, the steamers of this  
Company will leave St. John  
for Eastport, Portland and Bos-  
ton as follows: **MONDAY,**  
**WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY**  
**and SATURDAY**  
morning at 7.30 standard, for  
Eastport and Boston. **TUES-**  
**DAY and FRIDAY** morn-  
ing for Eastport and Portland, making close con-  
nections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in  
Boston at 10.30 a. m.  
Close connections at Eastport with steamer for St. An-  
nis, Calais and St. Stephen.  
For further information apply to  
**C. E. LAOCHLE, Agent.**  
**ST. JOHN.**  
**ALL TOWNS LIKE BULOUCHE**  
Halifax, St. John, Sackville, Sackville,  
St. John, Sackville, Sackville, Sackville,  
Woodstock, Piquette Lake, Carleton, Fort Erie.  
Weymouth and scores of other places should  
have a boy willing to make money. He can  
easily be selling Progress. Splendid profit  
little work. Address for information, Circu-  
lar Department Progress St. John N. B.

## IT IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

THAT IS WHAT THE ADMIRAL SAYS OF ST. JOHN HARBOR.

Commander Bayley and Flag Lieutenant Sandeman also Express Cordial Opinions on the Subject—What the Admiral said about his Visit—They Will Come Again.

HALIFAX, August 10.—The flagship "Blake" arrived from St. John at three o'clock this afternoon. She spent an hour or two off the harbor in cannon-tube practice. Progress greeted Admiral Sir John Hopkins on his arrival at Admiralty house, a few minutes after the great cruiser had been docked.

The Admiral, who is the very essence of the true English gentleman and thorough sailor, could not speak too highly of the pleasure of his visit to St. John. Enjoyment had been crowded into every hour of the stay there, and the Admiral's only regret was that previous engagements made it impossible to remain longer in the hospitable port.

"In answer to the questions of PROGRESS, Admiral Hopkins spoke very highly of the courtesies and civilities of the citizens of St. John. He supposed the rarity of the visits of British warships made the "Blake" all the more welcome on that account. He referred in glowing terms to "the beauties of St. John," speaking particularly of the scenery up the river, and said he was much indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Thorne and Troop for a sail up the river in the yacht "Dream."

"You may say that I am so well pleased with St. John," said Admiral Hopkins to PROGRESS, "that I hope to visit the port next season and make a longer stay. Had I known we would be as highly appreciated we might have gone to St. John earlier and thus made a longer visit. The city is a clean, bustling place, filled with busy, enterprising, hospitable and courteous people, and I can only repeat my expression of the pleasure I and my officers experienced in the visit."

"What do you think of the harbor as a port to enter and in which to remain?"

"It is an excellent harbor—perfectly, I may say absolutely, safe. Any harbor with an entrance of twenty-six feet at low water is good, and St. John has more than that. The harbor is easy of access, especially when taken at the right time of tide. St. John harbor is very safe inside, as well as easy of access. It has plenty of water for the largest ships of the British fleet at any time of tide."

In speaking of the number of visitors who went aboard the "Blake" the admiral said it was greater per day than at New York, and he added, by way of explanation, that St. John harbor was much more convenient to visitors boarding the ship than New York with its rough water, swift tides and winds.

"The only fog experience during the 'Blake's' absence from Halifax" said Admiral Hopkins "was a few hours on the passage to St. John, when the ship proceeded at slow speed. At St. John the weather was delightful, and quite in harmony with the kindly sentiments and warm welcome extended to us by the citizens of St. John."

Commander Bayley, who was busy superintending the securing of the "Blake" to the dockyard wharf when called upon could only spare a moment or two for conversation. But he was not stinted in his expressions of pleasure at the treatment accorded the visitors by St. John people. "They left nothing undone," he said, "to minister to our enjoyment. There is lots of life in St. John. The people are enterprising and pushing. The city looks like a city, with its handsome shops and clean streets. Halifax has much to do to catch up with St. John in the matter of the appearance of her busy streets."

PROGRESS reminded the commander of the much greater mileage of streets in Halifax than in St. John. Commander Bayley assented to the fact but held to the statement that the condition of the sister city's streets was a pattern which Halifax might do well to copy.

"How do you like St. John harbor?" "The harbor is all right. I have no fault to find with it. We had no trouble to enter it and found it a fine sheet of water when we had entered," the commander replied.

Flag-Lieutenant Sandeman also added his praises of St. John people, the harbor, and the city. "As safe as a church" was the laconic way Mr. Sandeman described the harbor. He also spoke of the appearance of the city, contrasting the cleanliness of the streets, and the show made by the shops, with what is seen in other cities. Officers and men all liked their visit to St. John, and they are not slow to say so, and they hope for another stay of, and longer stay in that city next year.

## WILL BE A BOARD OF ONE

IF MR. CLARK DOES NOT RESIGN THE OTHERS WILL.

They Have Invited Him to Retire From the Board—The Resolution Based on His Own Admissions—Prompt Action Taken on the Questions Asked by "Progress."

The commissioners of the General Public Hospital acted very promptly in dealing with the case of Mr. Geo. H. Clark. Within a week from the time PROGRESS asked the question in regard to the sampling of supplies, the matter was investigated and the essential truth of the allegations established. The commissioners met last Friday, heard what Mr. Clark had to say for himself, and on his own admissions decided to ask him to resign. He has not yet resigned, however, and he is reported as saying that he does not intend to do so. If he chooses to assume that attitude, and the county council does not displace him, the commissioners have no power to compel his retirement.

"Supposing he does not choose to resign," was asked of one of the commissioners. "In that case he will be the board himself for the rest of us will resign," was the reply.

This is the sentiment of more than one commissioner with whom PROGRESS has talked this week. They feel that they have "let him down gently," as one of them expressed it, and have done only what they were compelled to do as managers of an institution in which every ratepayer has a direct interest. They found that he had been injudicious, and that his usefulness as a commissioner was so seriously impaired that it was necessary for him to retire.

It was the intention of PROGRESS to make but a brief reference to the matter this week, leaving the people to judge how far it had done right in saying what it had on the subject. It is necessary, however, to further justify itself because of certain misleading statements which have appeared in the Globe, which quotes Dr. Bayard as saying that "the commissioners had carefully inquired into the matter and had advised Mr. Clark to resign." The charges made against him, he said, were very exaggerated. From this enquiry the most that could be said was that Mr. Clark had acted injudiciously in taking to his home articles which he should have inspected in the institution. All that he had taken, so far as they had been able to ascertain after most careful enquiry, would not equal in value \$3. Dr. Bayard said that the commissioners did not consider Mr. Clark's acts as stealing, but felt that he had shown bad judgment, which seriously impaired his usefulness as a member of the board.

The statements of Dr. Bayard, while in accordance with the facts, are so put by the Globe as to reflect upon the story told by PROGRESS. The Globe asserted that "the meeting was held to investigate certain charges made in last Saturday's PROGRESS to the effect that Mr. Clark had carried away from the institution quantities of provisions and medicines."

Now the meeting was not held to investigate any charges made by PROGRESS, but to ascertain if it was true, as asserted by PROGRESS that Mr. Clark had been sampling the supplies. PROGRESS was not called upon to prove any charges or to take any part in the investigation. The evidence heard was chiefly that of Mr. Clark himself, and when he admitted taking any samples, it was considered that no further enquiry was necessary. He was called upon to make a statement and did so, admitting that he took samples consisting of about a pound and a half of coffee, a quarter of a pound of tea, some cakes of soap, and some essence of vanilla. Also that he had in the past had prescriptions made up by the resident physician and had taken whiskey and alcohol for the use of convalescents who had been in the institution. The witnesses called were simply examined to corroborate what Mr. Clark had said. They were, with one exception, all comparatively recent comers to the hospital. No attempt was made to prove that Mr. Clark had done any more than he admitted, or to go back into his record as a commissioner for the last twenty years. His own admissions were amply sufficient, and it is quite correct to say that, so far as there was any evidence adduced, the value of the articles taken did not equal two dollars. PROGRESS admitted, last week, that it was not precise as to the quantity taken away the month of July, but it held precisely what the commissioners have held, that quantity was not a material factor in the matter.

When the evidence had been heard, Mr. Clark retired from the room, and a resolution was passed by the commissioners asking him to resign. This, with the resignation taken, was ordered to be placed upon the minutes. The painful duty of informing Mr. Clark of the verdict was performed by Dr. Bayard.

Some of the commissioners were of the opinion that the proceedings should be kept strictly private, and only a minimal result given to the public. The morning papers, therefore, had very little to say

## NEELSON AT MOOSEPATH.

Two Great Trotting Events at Moosepath During August.

There will be two notable events at Moosepath this month, first, the regular meeting of the association on the 16th and 17th when the colt races will be trotted as well as the '30 and '40 classes and second, the special one-day meeting arranged by Mr. J. M. Johnson, for Tuesday, August 22, at which the great stallion Nelson—the pride of all New England—with his record of 2.10 will trot exhibition miles. On the same afternoon there will be two other races in the '30 and '40 classes, the entries for which are advertised to close the 15th of this month just before the first meeting at Moosepath. The purses are \$300 for the 2.30 class and \$200 for the 2.40 class and already sufficient entries have been promised to make both keen and exciting events. Mr. Johnson has arranged with all the railways and steamboats to issue excursion tickets at one fare, the particulars of which will be advertised. Already there is an unexpected interest in the event and promises of large excursion parties from all over the province have been freely made. Nelson trots to-day in Portland, Me., to lower his record and if his performance of a half in 2.02½ Wednesday is a true indication of the form he is in he will surely bring it down two and perhaps three seconds. Tuesday, August 22, will be a great day in the history of Moosepath and every man and his neighbor should make it a point to encourage the enterprise that brings such an attraction by being present.

Special attention is being paid to the condition of the track for both events. The races for the 16th and 17th will bring out such good horses as Are Light, 2.31½; Helena, 2.32; Dom Pullen, 2.29½; Puss, 2.34; Rattler, 2.31; Harold M., 2.31 and Minnie Grey in the '30 class and in the '40 class, Ross L., Helena B., Teddy Gold Leaf, Gordon Sim, Wild Flower, Thorndale Echo, and a horse entered by Dr. Polly, of Lunenburg, N. S.

These are two great fields of horses and it is probable that the most of them will try conclusions again on the 22nd at Mr. Johnson's special meeting.

## Bothered About The Baby.

It is not often that people at this age have the least difficulty christening the youngest member of the family, but more than one minister of the gospel endured more than the usual amount of inconvenience recently writes a correspondent at Shediac Cape. At the appointed day for the ceremony, the infant failed to appear. Another day was appointed and was as barren of results as the first. The clergyman who was to officiate paid a visit in person, but no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming. This infant was the picture of health, but, it is whispered, the difficulty lay in the choice of the name. The christening was again arranged for the following Sunday. The infant appeared, but not so the necessary number of sponsors and again the child was conveyed home still without the fold. Another clergyman was consulted, but a final attempt resulted satisfactorily. The name in prospect was the probable cause of the many delays. The infant now bears the name of the illustrious Canadian Liberal leader.

## Woes of Warlike Bankers.

HALIFAX, August 10.—A case was settled on the quiet in the courts last week, though had the principals not been so well known in "Society" they would probably have had the privilege of a public trial. Captain King's company of the 66th P. L. F. in which the two bankers are privateers is a small company but that was not allowed to interfere with military discipline. The two had been frequently warned against neglect of duty, but they proved obstinate and could not be prevailed upon to drill as regularly as they should. The captain determined to make an example and the two privateers were arraigned in court. Before the case came to a trial they were mulcted for costs. Will they now remain in the battalion and serve Queen and country, or will they not?

## Another Enjoyable Evening.

The St. John A. A. club will repeat their electric light sports, with some slight changes on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock. Some foreign bicycle riders and sprinters have been invited and may possibly compete. There will be one or two amusing events, such as potato and wheelbarrow races instead of the broad and high jumps, which to a majority of the spectators at the last sports proved rather slow. A strong feature of the evening entertainment will be the promenade concert at the conclusion of the sports. The programme will be timed to finish about 9.30 and then the spectators may take possession of the grounds and enjoy the beautiful playing of the popular Artillery band.

## WANT TO CLAIM EXTRAS.

CONNOLLY'S BOOK-KEEPER HAS NOT MADE OUT THE BILL.

The Wharves are Completed, but the Account is not yet Settled—The Contractors Get Something on Account—The City Holds on to the Balance.

The Connolly wharves are completed, and the contractors got an order on the chamberlain for something over \$24,000 this week. This represents the balance due them with the exception of \$8,000 still retained by the city as a sort of lever to be used in case of any claims for extras. The board of works held a meeting last Monday, and Directors Smith and City Engineer Peters stated that the work had been completed according to the plans and specifications. The engineer said that the dredging had been done to the proper depth, and he was required to furnish a detailed statement of the fact, so that it might be made a matter of record. There was an impression among some of the members that there was not sufficient depth along the harbor front, and there certainly was not when the harbor master took soundings there on the 1st and 2nd of the month. He found a sufficient depth in the slip, but not more than 24 feet where there should be 27 feet in places along the harbor front. The dredge was at work after this, however, and it is assumed that the city engineer took his soundings at a later date.

## THE HAPPY THOUGHT OF CAPTAIN BUTLER AND ITS SURPRISING RESULT.

HALIFAX, August 9.—A funny story is told at the expense of the City Club and W. J. Butler, captain in the 63rd Rifles and a school commissioner. Mr. Butler is an influential catholic and is wealthy. He is also a member of the City Club. The building adjoining the club is the large brick hall of St. Mary's Y. M. T. A. & B. society. St. Mary's has a brass band which practices every night and sends out waves of melody in which volume and harshness are as prominent as sweetness, to say the least. When *forte* passages are being rendered by the band in its diurnal practice conversation is to a certain extent impracticable in some of the club rooms. There seemed to be a general feeling of building a high brick wall between the club and the society hall was indulged in. One day Mr. Butler, when the band was one of their usual, and the grumbling more serious, said to the club committee: "Leave the matter to me; I'll fix it up; I hold the mortgage on the hall."

Mr. Butler went to his lawyer, Hector McInnes, and told him to write St. Mary's Society that unless the objectionable band playing ceased he would withdraw his money and close the mortgage on their building. The letter was written. It was not pleasant information, but the St. Mary's boys at once went to work and interviewed several money lenders. At last they were successful in their quest and obtained a new mortgage on favorable terms, from the Cronan estate. Before many days Mr. Butler's lawyer had a letter which ran to the effect that when the interest next came due it would be paid, together with the principal. Mr. Butler will in a few days have his money on his hands uninvested, and the City Club people are probably again considering the high brick wall scheme. Mr. Butler was well meaning but unsuccessful. Others besides the three hundred members of St. Mary's Society are smiling.

## RECEPTION TO REV. MR. CAREY.

The New Pastor of the Brussels Street Church Gets a Hearty Welcome.

On Thursday evening the members and congregation of the Brussels street baptist church gave a recognition and reception service to their new pastor, the Rev. G. M. W. Carey. The church has lately undergone a thorough renovating and cleaning, and being handsomely decorated with flowers presented a very fine appearance. The service opened with an anthem by the choir, followed by reading and prayers by Rev. Mr. Baker. Rev. Dr. Hopper presided, and on behalf of the church and congregation gave a warm welcome to Rev. Mr. Carey.

## Will Have an Outlook.

The employees of the Telegraph picnic at Lepreau today. It will no doubt be a jolly outing. Progress hopes they will have as good a time as this paper gave the newboys last year.

## CRYPTIC MASONRY.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of New Brunswick will meet in annual session in this city on Monday evening next, when the Select Master's degree will be exemplified by the officers of St. John Council.

## A Portrait of Rev. Mr. Carey.

PROGRESS has had a splendid hall tone engraving made of Rev. Mr. Carey the new pastor of Brussels street baptist church which will be printed in its next issue in connection with a readable sketch of his life and work.

## Journalistic Visitors.

Dr. Geo. Stewart, of the Quebec Chronicle, was among the visitors to PROGRESS this week. He bears his weight of years and honors well, despite the addition of new affixes to his name, fired at him by educational institutions every now and then.

Miss Hannah Sullivan has been in St. John on her return from a tour of the provinces in the interests of "Dobahoe's Magazine." Miss Sullivan has established a number of agencies for this periodical, and the results of her work cannot fail to materially benefit the magazine in this part of Canada.

## Mr. Clark, Methodist, Rev. Dr. Macrae, Presbyterian, Rev. Job Shenton, Methodist, Rev. Mr. Hoppie, Congregationalist, Rev. Mr. Stewart, Baptist.

During the course of his reply Mr. Carey spoke of the different ministers that preceded him in the Brussels street church and paid a warm tribute to the Rev. Saml. Robinson, the first pastor and founder of the church. He also spoke in glowing terms of the Rev. J. E. Hopper, formerly pastor of the church and who has been conducting the services for the past four months.

Among others present were: Revs. Dr. Pope, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Teasdale, Mr. Campbell, T. F. Fotheringham, Dr. Bennett, J. A. Gordon, Mr. Manning, A. J. Kempton, H. G. Mellick, F. M. Young, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Camp, J. E. B. McCready, Alderman Lewis, James Harding and F. H. Harding.

At the conclusion of the service in the church, the Rev. Dr. Hopper on behalf of the Ladies association invited all present to the vestry below, where ice cream and cake were passed around by the ladies after which the choir furnished some choice music, bringing the entertainment to a close by singing the National Anthem.

## IT WAS ANOTHER BROWN.

Why Members of the Union Club Think They Ought to Laugh. A prominent citizen, who is a merchant and a member of the Union Club, got a telephone message the other Saturday that Mr. Brown—well, say Mr. Brown—of Boston wanted to call on him and to show him some samples, and would like an hour named. The merchant was busy that day, but he had pleasant memories of Mr. Dexter Brown, a Boston commercial traveller, and he therefore sent a reply that while he could not see him before Monday, he would in the meantime procure him a card giving the privileges of the club. Mr. Brown thanked him and the card was duly forwarded.

At noon on Sunday those who dropped into the club were mildly surprised at seeing a colored gentleman sitting there as if waiting for somebody. He dropped into conversation with the members, and told them he was waiting for the merchant in question. That was a sufficient recommendation to all comers and before long Mr. Brown had opened champagne in which the clubmen quaffed his health.

It was not until later in the day that some of the club (presumably some who had not had any of the wine) began to wonder what the prominent merchant meant by giving a colored man the club privileges. The next day, some intimate friend asked the merchant about it. He was very much astonished. He had not sent any colored man there, nor would he do so. He had procured a card for his friend Dexter Brown, of Boston, and would inquire into the matter.

A very short time sufficed to explain the situation. The merchant's friend, Dexter Brown, was not in the city, but Clarence Brown, who sold a similar line of goods, but who was not an old friend, had been the man to whom the entree was given. It was not denied that Clarence Brown was a gentleman in manner and conversation, but he was not Dexter Brown, and that was all the merchant wanted to know. He therefore very speedily found Mr. Brown, explained that he had no right to the card, and received that voucher back.

If Dexter Brown wants club privileges when he does strike St. John, he will have to call on the merchant in person. No more visitors' cards will be given on the strength of a message over the telephone.

## Mr. Clark, Methodist, Rev. Dr. Macrae, Presbyterian, Rev. Job Shenton, Methodist, Rev. Mr. Hoppie, Congregationalist, Rev. Mr. Stewart, Baptist.

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STANDS AT THE HEAD.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA'S POSITION AMONG THE FORESTERS.

Something About the Life of a Truly Native American, Who Has Made a Name For Himself—The Combination of Qualities That Have Led to Success.

The Independent Order of Foresters have been holding their High Court in St. John this week, and have had the presence of the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, of whom an excellent portrait is given herewith. The following sketch of this active worker has been written for PROGRESS by a prominent and enthusiastic member of the Order:

The Supreme Chief Ranger has, as all who have seen him know, a splendid presence. His tall, dignified form, would command attention anywhere, and his courteous bearing quite frequently attracts the admiring notice of strangers. He is in the prime of life, having recently entered on his fifty first year. He was born on the 10th August, 1841, at the Indian Reservation near Brantford, Ontario. His Eng-

lish education was begun in the industrial school near Brantford, established for the training of young Indians. In addition to acquiring the rudiments of an English education he learned the shoemakers trade. Happily he decided "to stick to his last," and his subsequent career has demonstrated that the wisdom of old proverbs is not intangible. His desire for knowledge took him away from home, and for a time he studied at the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. Being without means he had at the outset of his career an opportunity of developing those qualities of self-reliance, perseverance and resolution that have been such essential factors in the success that has since attended his efforts. We are told how on one occasion he found himself in funds, by sawing a cord of wood for a Methodist minister, two cuts into each stick. This brought him forty cents. This early intimacy with wood may partially account for his enthusiasm in Forestry. But notwithstanding the fact that he had to work after school hours for his support, he stood at the head of his class, and during his last year at Wilbraham he took the maximum number of marks in the various subjects of the year.



DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

For a year he taught school near his early home, among his own people. His collegiate education was begun at Kenyon college, Ohio, where he studied for three years. He also spent a short time at Toronto University. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1861, Oronhyatekha, then in his twentieth year, was selected by the Chiefs of Six Nations to present an address to the son of their "great mother." The impression made upon the young Prince and his party was so favorable that Oronhyatekha was invited to continue his studies in Oxford under the care of the Prince's physician. There he enjoyed the tuition and friendship of the eminent Prof. Sir Henry Acland, the Prince's physician, and Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University.

As a physician Dr. Oronhyatekha had before him a career, that gave every promise of distinction and emolument. He commenced practice at Frankford, Ontario and was elected first secretary of the Hastings County Medical Association. On leaving Frankford for Stratford his friends evidenced their esteem by presenting him with an address and a gold watch. He removed to London in 1875 where he built up an extensive medical practice. His devotion to Forestry, with the ever increasing demands on his time, made by the rapid growth of the order, necessitated the neglect, and final abandonment of the active duties of the profession. The rapid growth of the "Independent Order of Foresters" suggested the desirability of

thousands of both great parties, should keep aloof from partisan strife. The Supreme Chief Ranger has had some military experience. He was a member of the Queen's Own, and during the Fenian Raid of 1866 did some active duty. Some nine prizes that he won as a member of the first Wimbledon team attest the accuracy of his aim as a marksman.

The Doctor has attained prominence in other orders besides the Foresters. He is a well known Orangeman, having been a Canadian delegate to the triennial council that met in Glasgow some time ago. At present he is medical referee for the Orange Mutual Benefit Association. As a Mason he is away up. He is now the Most Worshipful Grand Master-General for the Dominion of the Royal and Oriental Free Masonry. Last July in Edinburgh, at the world's gathering of Good Templars, in Right Overly Grand Lodge, he received by an overwhelming majority the highest office in the gift of that well known and influential body. Foresters everywhere accepted the election of their Supreme Chief Ranger to the first office in Good Templary not only as a mark of confidence in him, on whom it was bestowed but as an honor to the Independent Order of Foresters, and the various High Courts that have since met, have given expression to their views by unanimous resolutions of congratulation.

The work done by Dr. Oronhyatekha for Independent Forestry need not be detailed here. To do so would be to write the history of the Order, and that is not the purpose of this sketch. That from the inception of the Order up to the present he has been not only its friend but also its most successful promoter, ablest administrator, and most valiant defender, are facts patent to every member of the Order.

As a character study the subject of this sketch presents more than the ordinary attractions. Of another race, without the adventitious aids of birth or fortune, he has pushed his way by dint of merit and ability to the front, and stands today, by common consent, the first in fraternal societies in America. The elements that have contributed to this success are not far to seek. The brief sketch given shows how many sided is his character, and how versatile his gifts. He has studied books, he has studied men more, has kept abreast of the times, and in touch with the spirit of the age. He wields the pen of a ready writer and in controversy more than holds his own. In a debate he is clear and forcible, and his presentation of the claims of the cause he advocates is invariably so persuasive as to gain adherents. As a presiding officer he is admirable, maintaining and expediting business without apparent effort. Keeping discussion within legitimate

bounds, and extricating it out of tangles by his tact and intimate knowledge of the law and rules of debate. Endowed with a great capacity of work he is not only able to accomplish a great deal himself but as a wise administrator of men as well as affairs he directs, so as to secure the best results, the energies of those associated with him. Conciliatory to a degree he would rather win than crush an opponent, and with a wise forbearance he never thinks it beneath his dignity to remove, as far as possible, grievance real or imaginary. Today, after his long years of arduous effort on behalf of the Order, he stands its honored and trusted head, rich in achievements, comfortable in circumstances, and what he esteems most, secure in the confidence and friendship of the thousands that he has served without stint to the full measure of his splendid abilities.

HER MAJESTY'S POP GUNS.

The Etiquette of Salutes and Flags at Windsor Castle. The ordinary idea with regard to the firing of the Royal salute is that it is performed by means of a heavy gun or guns. says an English paper. That is true in respect to naval and military stations, and some other places where big guns abound; but it is not correct as to Windsor.

It might be supposed that at Her Majesty's principal home, which as one of our oldest castles was in past times intimately associated with large weapons of warfare, the salute would be fired from at least a great muzzle-loader, if not one of the modern breech-loaders, with soldiers in attendance. It might seem, too, that here, above all, the ceremony would be accompanied by some show of dignity worthy of closely observed and much respected function. But, alas! for supposition and exalted association of Royalty, this is not the case. Readers who have not witnessed the performance may be interested in a brief description of it, as carried out in Windsor Park.

The principal occasions on which the Royal salute of twenty-one guns is fired are on the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday, accession and coronation, and of the birthdays of the Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederick (Princess Royal of England), the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne,) and Princess Beatrice, (Princess Henry of Battenberg.) The salute also extends to the eldest son of the Heir-Apparent, and was accordingly fired on June 3rd for the Duke of York.

Formerly the salute was made also on April 25th and April 7th, in honor of the late Princess Alice, (Duchess of Hesse) and the Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold,) but it, of course, ceased with their death. On the morning of each of these anniversaries, an officer, called the Queen's Bombardier, is conveyed to the Park, not in a Royal van, but in a "common or garden" wheelbarrow, twenty-one small guns, which are somewhat profanely called "pop-guns."

Each of these "formidable" weapons is about 14 in. long and weighs about 6 lbs. Taken from the barrow, they are placed in a row in the long walk, facing the Queen's entrance to the Castle, and each having been duly charged with a blank charge, the feu de joie takes place. The Bombardier has a long rod with a slit at one end, into which he inserts a fuse, and then lighting it with a match discharges the guns one by one, refitting the wand each time with a fresh fuse.

The performance occupies about ten minutes, commencing at half-past twelve, and is usually witnessed by a small crowd, largely composed of idle little boys, who, at each discharge, roll over in simulation of having been shot.

At the conclusion the officer walks off, leaving his henchmen to collect and stow away the miniature cannon for the next celebration. Such is this important ceremony at Windsor, and although the guns are powerful enough, and everyone respects their significance, the function lacks impressiveness and dignity to a degree almost of incomprehensibility. "The pop-guns" are of a special make, and have to be renewed every few years, but the old ones are carefully preserved. There is thus a large collection of them, and it is a very curious fact that among them are some actually 200 and even 800 years old. Such is the respect paid to some old and worn-out servants of the crown. The duties of the Bombardier do not appear to be too arduous (only that he is a bit of a purist), and one wonders what would happen if he should on any of these anniversaries forget the date. One can imagine what would have been the result of such an oversight in the days of Henry VIII, but things have changed since then.

Besides the anniversaries, there are special occasions when the guns are fired, the latest of these being July 6th, when the salute was made in honor of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May. The connection between the Royal salute and the flag that floats over the Round Tower of Windsor Castle may not appear very close, but it is perhaps near enough for a brief reference. While the Queen is residing at the Castle the Royal standard is hoisted to the summit of a lofty staff upon the high tower; but when Her Majesty is absent, it only for a day or a few hours, the Standard is replaced by the Union Jack.

Prior to last winter no flag was flown during the Queen's absence, although the custom now adopted was in vogue early in the century; but through the exertions, it is believed, of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor and Constable of the Castle, the custom has now been revived, so that the flagstaff is never left bare during the hours of daylight.

Hoisting the Union Jack there, however, is not a mere arbitrary desire of the Queen for every fortress in the kingdom is entitled to fly the "Jack," and Windsor Castle ranks as a fortress. The Standard is lowered immediately the Queen leaves Windsor and is run up on her return, directly she crosses the Thames and comes within the limits of the borough. Hitherto the Royal flag was displayed only for Her Majesty,

but a new departure was made on November 9th last, when, by the Queen's command, the Standard was hoisted in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday.

The fair-weather flag is of immense size, but the stormy weather Standard is somewhat smaller and of stouter material. The same may be said of the "Jack." The raising and lowering and changing of these flags is in the charge of the Queen's masterunner, and a very busy time he has of it occasionally.

The flagstaff, by the way, is at least 3ft. thick at the base, tapering away slightly to the apex, and it is 170 ft high, rising from the Round Tower, which itself attains a great altitude above the Home Park. These Standards last about five years, and when discarded are sent to the Tower of London, where great care is taken of them. Here, again, used-up servants are provided with an idle and a comfortable future of indefinite length.

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After long experience in the world I affirm before God, that I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

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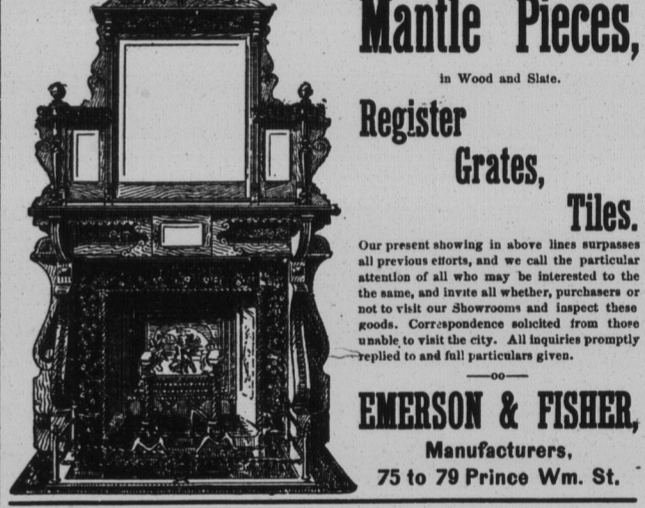
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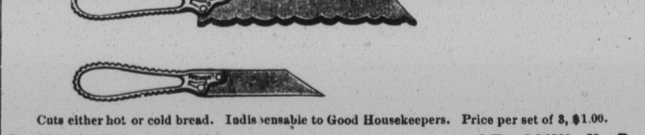
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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Another week has passed and nothing in the line of local theatrical performances but Jarbeau is promised for a few days beginning Monday evening in the opera house.

It is said that after an existence of 266 years, London's Old Drury Lane theatre must go. Its owner, the Duke of Bedford, one of the richest of England's nobility, has refused to renew the lease.

W. M. Wilkinson, Alexander Salvini's manager, sailed from Liverpool for New York, August 3. As soon as he arrives active preparations will begin for the next tour of young Salvini, which begins September 18 in Cincinnati.

Jane Hading, the French actress, is said to be more beautiful off the stage than on. She almost always wears black on the street, being probably quite well aware that it sets off her wonderful red gold hair, languishing eyes, and pale, mobile face antagonously.

It is said that a well known theatrical man of New York recently bought for \$75 at a pawnbroker's sale a solid gold cigar case weighing seventy pennyweights that was presented to John Brougham while he was playing an engagement at the San Francisco theatre in 1864.

Henry Irving possesses an exceptionally sensitive organization. When he is on tour it is a usual thing for him to request that all the chambermaids in the hotel where he is stopping shall wear flat slippers. He has been known, also, to change his valet's room, adjoining his own, to a distant part of the hotel, in order that he might not hear him wash his hands. Ellen Terry is much more tolerant of the sounds of common life. Unexacting, gracious, she is readily satisfied with all arrangements designed for her comfort.

Tones and Undertones.

Miles Standish is the theme of a new opera by Perigozzo.

The oldest violin in the world was found in an Egyptian tomb, dating from about 3000 B. C.

Miss Lilian Carlsmith, the contralto, who sang at the last Oratorio concert here is spending the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Sarasate, the celebrated violinist, is a Spaniard by birth, and nearly fifty years of age. Unlike most great musicians, he never practices.

The author of "After the Ball" expects to clear \$100,000. And "Bizet died a pauper; Gounod is not rich; Mendelssohn and Liszt never saved a cent.

Amongst eminent singers, Mr. Edward Lloyd shines as a first-rate gardener. The beauty of the grounds of his charming house, at Tulse Hill, owe much to his skill. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lloyd have just celebrated their silver wedding.

"Gabrielle" is the name of the new opera by Sig. Pizzi which Mme. Patti is now studying at Craig-y-nos, in preparation for her tour of the United States next winter. The scene was laid during the reign of Louis XIII. Mme. Patti appears in the role of a nun in the first act.

Mrs. A.—Why don't you have Professor von Pinnothump to play at your house now? Mrs. B.—He's so abominably rude. The last time he played he asked some of the guests to stop talking. He said he didn't mind whether they heard him or not, but that unless he could hear himself he couldn't do himself justice.

A well known singer attributed his own lasting success not more to the fact that a certain spell had weaved around his name than that the public had never caught him singing when out of trim. It costs a fortune to be so scrupulous; yet, if six or eight fortunes can be made by following out such a course, the policy looks certainly like a paying one.

A medalion of Jenny Lind is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, near Handel's monument. A long list of names was the requisition for permission addressed to the dean of Westminster and included such distinguished signatures as those of the duke of Edinburgh, Prince Christian, James A. Froude, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Strainer and the Marquis of Salisbury.

Liszt, says a French paper, and Rubini once gave a concert in a little French town in the presence of only fifty people, including one lady. In spite of the small number the musicians surpassed themselves. Then Liszt addressed the assembly. "Gentlemen and Madame, I think you've had enough music. Will you do us the honor to stop with us?" The supper cost nearly \$250, but the advertisement paid as the next evening the hall was filled.

Some composers write up to—that is, frame their songs to suit certain vocalists who are public favourites. Many beautiful vocal compositions have come to us in this way. Clay's "The shades of evening close around," was addressed to Mario, the handsomest of operatic tenors. Mr. Stephen Adams, not less renowned as Mr. Maybrick, wrote many of his spirited nautical ballads, "Nancy Lee," the midshipman, and others, to suit his own voice. Making a bit with baritone songs, he has since gauged his friend Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice to perfection, and writes for it tenor songs which charm everybody.

M. Riviere, in his "Recollections," gives some interesting notes of the early struggles of Auguste Van Biene, the great violinist, who lived at one time in a garret in Northumberland Court, Charing Cross. Biene borrowed a stool from his landlady, and betook himself to the street, where he earned sometimes 20s. a day. One afternoon he ventured to Hanover Square, and had not long settled down to play one of his best pieces when he was addressed by a gentleman, who asked him why he did this. "Parceque j'ai faim," replied Biene, truthfully. The gentleman gave him his card, which bore the name of Michael Costa, and told the player to call and see him. The result, of course, was an engagement.

Dr. Hauslick once asked Schumann how he got on with Wagner. "Not at all," replied Schumann, "for me Wagner is impossible; doubtless he is a very clever man, but he talks too fast—one cannot get a word in." Some time after, in an interview which Hauslick had with Wagner, allusion was made to Schumann. "With Schumann," said Wagner, "it is impossible to arrive at an understanding: he says nothing. Some years ago, on my return from Paris, I called on him to talk of operas, concertos, composers, and other interesting matter with which I had become acquainted. Schumann looked at me stolidly, or rather he looked into space, without saying a word. Faith, I took leave of him almost immediately. He is an impossible man."

The following anecdote is told of M. Schumann in his book entitled "Etoiles en Voyage": Mme. Patti had arranged to sing at Bucharest on a certain date, but could not be persuaded to leave Vienna owing to the inclemency of the weather. So M. Schumann, who was in despair telegraphed to his agent in the Roumanian capital to the effect that the diva must, at all hazards, be met at the station at Bucharest by a deputation of Roumanian nobles, and ordered him to send a telegram to the following effect:—"Members of the Italian and Roumanian aristocracy preparing magnificent reception for Patti. Cabinet represented. Torch-light procession, military bands. Wire hour of arrival."

The telegram duly arrived, and was shown to Mme. Patti, who was enchanted, and at once made ready to start. As the train steamed into Bucharest next evening the scene was truly imposing—flags were flying, bands playing, and torches flaring. The diva was escorted to her hotel by an enthusiastic crowd, and as they entered the door M. Schumann signed his agent to accompany him. The latter, however, refused, promising an explanation next morning.

It turned out that he had hired a gang of loafers and vagabonds and dressed them up for the occasion, securing a choice selection of "aristocrats" for the modest sum of about £13.

But he naturally was loth to leave them for a moment until the show was over, as they would otherwise have decamped with their hired costumes.

Her Piano Performance.

After Madame Carreno's concert was over, a countryman quietly took the manager aside, and gave vent to his pent-up feelings as follows:—"I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie could't hold a candle to her. When she first sat down she looked kind o' wild, then with a howl dug her fingers into them 'ere rough notes and shut 'em up like lightning in the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right hand side, went a-rippin' down hand over fist till she got clean down, makin' a noise like thunder. She then yanked a handful out of the centre and planted them at the end, then wigged about with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, pounced right and left, went ripity-hopety-scotchey up and down, and I tell you that 'ere pianner howled. She then gave another snort and started again like mad, raised off her chair, stuffed three finger-tails there, cannoned 'em in the corner gobbled up a few more tunes, and s-titled she ash in about a minute. After that she tackled with her left hand alone. Between you and me mister, the man that owned that 'ere pianner went shiftn' about on his chair as though he had carpet tack under him. Good-night, mister."

How to Use Chopsticks.

It is a very simple trick after it is learned, and one which I have often found useful at other places than at the table in a Chinese restaurant. Once mastered, with a couple of pencils one can improvise a very serviceable pair of tongs to pick up a bee, or struggling worm, a bit of hot metal, or any such small objects which one does not care to touch with one's fingers. The first stick should be held rigidly, about three inches from the lower end, between the ball of the second finger, the first joint of the thumb and the back of the low the knuckle joint of the first finger—very much, in fact, as a clumsy school-boy holds his pen.

The second stick should be held almost exactly as a good penman holds his pen lightly between the ball of the thumb and the first finger, slightly resting along and steadied by that finger, to just between the second and knuckle joints. Chinese meats are all served cut into small pieces, so as to be readily eaten with chopsticks, thus materially reducing the labor of dining.

The Muro Case.

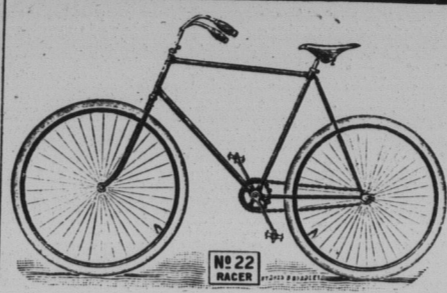
GRANTLEX, ONT., Aug. 7 The interest in the case of Mr. Munro, of which mention was made in a despatch from here last week, rapidly increases as his improvement in health progresses. As a wise man should do, Mr. Munro raised off his chair, for the trial of Dodd's kidney pills for the dropsy which afflicted him, until he had found that good would result from their use. Now that he has satisfied himself and others of this, beyond the shadow of a doubt, he is loud in his praises of the remedy. In answer to the enquiries that poured in upon him about his health, Mr. Munro answers: "I am better than I have been for three years, and the credit is due to Dodd's kidney pills." His case and others prove that these pills are, by all odds, the most wonderful remedy of the age.

How the World Will Die.

According to all probability, notwithstanding all the circumstances which threaten it, our planet will die, not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be in consequence of the extinction of the sun in 20,000,000 years or more—perhaps 30—since its condensation at a comparatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand, 17,000,000 years of existence; while, on the other hand, the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun to be prolonged to 40,000,000 years, it is still inconceivable that the radiation of heat would be, and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be a globe of life.

Don't expect much from the man who is always talking about what great things he would do if he had somebody else's opportunities.

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Calico Printing.

The art of calico printing was introduced into Europe about the seventeenth century, although it is believed to have been known in India and Egypt as early as the first and second centuries. In this early period the printing was done by means of blocks, on which the designs to be transferred to the cloth had been engraved in relief. These were dipped into dye-stuff and then pressed upon the material by hand. Later, presses for this block printing were invented, and the use of several was introduced, so engraved as to fill up each other's vacancies, and thus several colors were put into the pattern.

About 1770, copper plate printing was invented in England. By this method the design was cut into plates, the color filled into the sunken parts of the engraving, and the cloths were printed by being pressed upon it. This invention finally led to the introduction of cylinder printing, the method now in use. The cylinders are of copper, and the design is engraved upon their surface. A separate cylinder is required for each color or shade of color to be used in printing the cloth; and in fine and intricate designs as many as twenty cylinders are sometimes used. These are set in a strong frame against the face of a large central drum made of iron and covered with woolen cloth in several folds, between which and the cylinders the calico is printed as it passes. The color is spread upon the cylinders as they revolve by contact with another roller, which dips into a trough containing the coloring matter, properly thickened. This roller is made of an absorbent, elastic material, similar to the roller used in inking a printing press. Each cylinder thus receives its proper color and imparts it in revolving to the calico, pressed between its face and that of the fixed drum. A sharp blade of metal pressing against the copper cylinder removes all superfluous matter from its surface, so that only the design cut in the metal is imprinted in clear outline upon the cloth.

The employment of a number of rollers to make one design is attended with much difficulty, as in passing under them the cloth is in much danger of being displaced and the regularity of the print destroyed. As the cloth leaves the printing machine it is drawn over rollers through a hot air chamber, by which it is thoroughly dried and the colors become fully set.

Her View of It.

It was in a Chicago theatre, the opera was "Faust," and as Jones and his adored gazed upon the apothecist, as the angels carry Marguerite into heaven, he murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful! Here the soul, clothed in all its purity, is waited to eternity to sweet strains of angelic music."

"Yes, Gus," she replied, dreamily; "but I rather think it that grapping was to give way and drop her on the stage, it would churn her up somewhat."

"Getting Into a Scrape."

The red and fallow deer which formerly roamed through the English forests had a habit of scraping up the earth with their forefeet to the depth of four inches, sometimes even of half a yard. The stranger passing through these woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of these hollows, when he might be said truly to be "in a scrape." The college students of Cambridge, in their little perplexities, picked up and applied the phrase to other perplexing matters which had brought a man morally into a fix.



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COLLEGE STAFF.

Mrs. Parkins, the Misses Haydon, Miss A. C. M. Gordon, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, and Charles Haydon, Esq., from Epsom Medical College and Matriculation Graduate of the London University, England. CONSERVATORY STAFF. PIANOFORTE—Miss Morley, A. Mus., L. C. M.; Geo. Collinson, Esq. VOICE CULTURE—Miss A. L. Lueria. VIOLIN—Miss M. Ogden. ORGAN—Geo. Collinson, Esq. HARMONY—Miss Morley, A. Mus., L. C. M.; Geo. Collinson, Esq.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 12.

SPOKEN WITH AUTHORITY.

When Admiral Hopkins and his officers were in St. John they expressed themselves much pleased with their reception and with everything they saw. It would have been no more than conventional politeness for them to have done so under any but the most unfavorable circumstances. It is a thing to be expected from guests when their hosts try to do the proper thing, and as a rule such an expression of opinion does not carry the weight of a judicial decision. With fine weather and a number of leading citizens doing their best to make matters pleasant, it would have been very extraordinary had the admiral or any of his men made an unfavorable criticism of St. John and its harbor.

In order to learn just what the admiral thought of the harbor in his position as the head of the Atlantic squadron and a practical sailor, PROGRESS instructed a special representative to meet him on the return of the "Blake" to Halifax, and find out what he had to say when talking to the world outside of St. John. The result of the interview is given on the first page of this issue, and the words are worthy of being put on record as the testimony of the highest naval authority in regard to the safety and capacity of St. John harbor. There is no uncertainty sound about Admiral Hopkins' words: "It is an excellent harbor—perfectly. I may say absolutely, safe. Any harbor with an entrance of twenty-six feet at low water is good, and St. John has more than that. The harbor is easy of access, especially when taken at the right time of tide. St. John harbor is very safe inside, as well as easy of access. It has plenty of water for the largest ships of the British fleet at any time of tide."

A more emphatic opinion has never been given, and coming from the source it does, this statement is most valuable. Admiral Hopkins and the men of the good ship "Blake" have seen St. John, and they plainly assert that they have carried away a very favorable impression of the place and the people. It would not have been strange if there had been a foggy day or two at this season, but there was not. The weather was simply perfect, and everything combined to make the visit an enjoyable one. It was a holiday time for the people, too, thousands of whom visited the big cruiser, and the thousands more would have gone aboard had the stay of the visitors not been so limited. The visit of the "Blake" to St. John is likely to be very pleasantly remembered for a long time to come.

THE MONEY FAMINE.

It would seem from the letter of Mr. LARSEN, in this issue of PROGRESS, that the commercial depression in the United States is even worse than would appear by the published accounts. The New England newspapers, it appears, have adopted the policy of telling as little as possible about the trouble and are putting the bright side of the shield to the public view, so far as there is a bright side to be found. This is doubtless a sensible plan on their part, for little is gained by adding discouragement to ill-sensings, while there is often an actual good to be derived from taking a hopeful view. The fact remains, however, that there is a very serious financial crisis, and that flourishing industries are badly crippled by the unusual condition of affairs. The United States appears to be a good country for the Canadian to keep away from at the present time, if he is looking for a means of earning his living.

The bottom of the trouble seems to be a scarcity of gold, an undue proportion of that standard of trade having been shipped to Europe. There is thus a lack of balance in commercial affairs, for paper currency is locked up in the absence of its metal base, and money is absolutely not to be had. Following this is the general lack of confidence in commercial circles, and hence there is a curtailment or stop-

page of operations in many important lines of industry.

The reaction must come, of course, for money famines are no new thing in America, and the experience of the past will be repeated in the future. When the revolution will come is another matter, and one not so easily determined. In the meantime an extraordinary session of congress has been called to see what means can be devised to mitigate the existing evil. The urgency of the situation is so fully recognized that it is altogether likely the steps taken will be productive of speedy relief. The United States is a country where resources are abundant and where big undertakings are accomplished very quickly when it is once decided what is the best thing to be done. In the meanwhile the situation looks very grave.

WHEN THE BRIDGE FELL.

On the eighth day of August, 1837—fifty-six years ago last Tuesday—the accession of QUEEN VICTORIA to the throne of Great Britain was officially proclaimed in St. John. She had then been ruler of the empire for seven weeks, but the news travelled slowly in those times, and probably official communications went by a good deal more roundabout course than they do even now-a-days. The eighth of August was the day when the inhabitants of St. John were officially informed of the important event, and the information was conveyed to their ears with a due recognition of the character of the event. There was a herald for the occasion, and he read the proclamation at the court house, in the presence of the mayor and council, the magistrates (who were some-bodies in those days) the sheriff, coroner, members of the bar, the military and the citizens in general. The herald made the proclamation on the public squares, in Carleton and in Portland. It was intended to be a day of rejoicing, but the joy was tempered with gloom on account of another and memorable event in the first half-century of the history of St. John.

On the morning of the same eighth of August, the bridge below the falls, then partially completed, fell into the river, carrying with it twelve of the workmen, seven of whom were killed and the remainder badly injured. Only one of the latter is known to be living now, Mr. WILLIAM MCINTYRE of North End, who was very badly hurt. The bodies of some of the dead, we believe, were never found. Such an accident would be sufficiently appalling now, but in those times when everybody in St. John had some knowledge of everybody else, the calamity produced a deep and universal sorrow. The day was a gloomy one, of itself, for a thick fog hung over the city, and besides, before VICTORIA could be proclaimed queen, the death of WILLIAM MCINTYRE had to be officially mourned. The accident happened about nine o'clock in the morning, and soon after the minutes gong for the death of the King began to boom, while all the flags in the port were put at half-mast.

The bridge which fell in 1837 was located a short distance below the present suspension bridge. It was on the truss principle, and would doubtless have been sufficient for its purpose had it been completed. It had a span of 430 feet and was a hundred feet above the water. Its fall was due to the giving way of the scaffolding, and the parting of the chains on which all the material rested. The destruction was a serious loss to many citizens, for the project was that of a joint stock company, and a considerable part of the \$80,000 stock had been paid in to forward the work. No attempt was ever made to rebuild it, and it was sixteen years after when the late WILLIAM K. REYNOLDS, solved the problem of spanning the falls by the suspension bridge.

In connection with the fall of the bridge in 1837, MR. GEO. A. DAVIS has handed PROGRESS what is undoubtedly a rare souvenir of the event. It is a sheet poem written by GEORGE BOND, and bears the title of "The Remembrancer, a Poem, Descriptive of the Eventful Scenes which occurred on Tuesday, the 8th of August, 1837, a Day Never to be Forgotten by the Inhabitants of the City and County of Saint John." It contained twenty-eight four-line stanzas, and it was sold at four pence. A foot-note explained that "the profits arising from the sale of the Poem shall be faithfully distributed among those who were rendered widows and orphans by the awful catastrophe which it commemorates." Its style may be indicated by one or two extracts:

What solemn scenes attract our wond'ring eyes! What melancholy news salute our ears! The lofty fabric, towering to the skies, Reared for the use of man in future years Fell in a moment in the wat'ry deep. The sound thereof spread terror all around— In wild confusion some were seen to weep, And crowds of mourners on the streets were found. After further describing the catastrophe and its effects on the people, the poet holds forth the hope that beyond this life— The bridge o'er which they cross shall ne'er give way, The ransomed through shall all in safety pass, Till all arrive in bliss'd eternity, To share the joy of that bright world at last.

For many years the fall of the bridge was one of the topics on which the old inhabitants used to dilate as one of the great events in the history of St. John. It was then believed to be "a day never to be

forgotten," but as the time goes by it becomes one of the days never remembered save when brought specially before the public as PROGRESS brings it now.

THE DAY OF UNBELIEF.

The New York Sun points out that the great commercial panic of the year 1875 was followed by a remarkable revival of religion, but it does not look for any such result after the present monetary crisis is past. At that time, it remarks, men sent up their supplications to God at a time when their wit was powerless to find a remedy. That there will be no such great awakening now is due to several causes. The Sun says:

In 1857 all the evangelical protestant churches believed absolutely in the Bible, in heaven and hell, in the immortality of the soul, in a personal God, and in the scheme of salvation as proclaimed by orthodox, both Protestant and Roman catholic. In 1863 that belief was weakened, or it is lost altogether, among a great part of the descendants of the men and women who went down on their knees thirty-six years ago to pray for succor from above. \* \* \* Unbelief prevails in the ministry itself and heresies awaken more interest than efforts for the propagation of faith. The revolt against the doctrine of hell is widespread, and it is frezing, an impulse necessary to religious awakening. Protestantism is preaching the doctrine no longer. Clerical Biblical scholars are telling the people that the Bible is of human and not of Divine authorship, and consequently is liable to err, and does not proportionately to the limitations of human knowledge. Many people having lost faith in the authority upon which their whole belief depended, are now doubting all the dogmas of religion, the personality of God, the immortality of the soul, redemption, and damnation.

In other words the people are more apt to trust to their own strength than to rely on help from a higher source. They have not the faith that was woven into the lives of their fathers. They are taking reason for their guide.

So the orthodox believes the outlook in America is not encouraging. Rev. DR. PATTON, a prominent preacher, is credited with the remark there "may be a ten years' conflict or a thirty years' war" in which the issue will be "the essential truth of a miraculous and God given revelation." He believes the truth will triumph, but probably neither he nor anybody else has any idea of the way in which the way of orthodoxy will be made clear. One thing is pretty certain, and that is that human reason alone will never accomplish the desired end. There must be a firm and unquestioning faith in something more definite than mere opinion. God's truth will undoubtedly prevail, but it will be by his methods and not by the methods of man in the multiplication of creeds and sects.

The present month of August sees the completion of the Canada Pacific railway elevator with a capacity of 300,000 bushels. Grain can now be brought from the Pacific to the St. John harbor, open at all seasons, on the rails of the C. P. R. for the entire distance, thus saving all charges by other lines and bridge companies. The elevator has cost \$40,000, and the city of St. John has had the work done without the backing of the Dominion government. The advantages of St. John as the easiest and best port of shipment for the C. P. R. should now be made very clear to the world.

Under the Sycamore.

"If you wish to spend a delightful day by the blue salt summer wave, take in Digby, Nova Scotia." This is what a gentleman said, who was one of our cheerful company. It was in cherry time too and under a noble sycamore tree on the pleasant grounds of Mr. T. C. Shreve, on the occasion of a high tea given by the King's Daughters. One of the party was a native Arab student from Arimathea, who had native costumes with him, and put up an Arab tent. The grounds illuminated at night presented a charming scene, and a lovely lady, the student, our poet, the Pariah Parson and a Rebecca at the well wore real Oriental dresses. A correspondent sends us the poet's offering in remembrance of the joyous entertainment.

Not much romance is to plain a name, Hang temptingly in the trees; But wait till you enter the narrow calm Over the wide blue bay; Or walk on the hillside rising high, O'erlooking the distant scene, For on no spot in this world more bright Have your footsteps ever been.

Or come when cherries in sweetness red, Hang temptingly in the trees; And the grassy nooks in their luscious shade, Are fanned by the summer breeze Or come to the spray of the wild surf shore O'er the hills to old point Prim; Where snowy veils of the white sea mist, Floats on with the ocean's hymn.

And under the sycamore tree how gay, Was the lawn with the tents at night; The Arab songs and the violin, And the colored lanterns light. The pilgrim chief, the dainty bride, And Rebecca at the well, The bridegroom chanting an ancient hymn, And much that we cannot tell. Oh if ever you come to Digby town, Again in the cool sweet bloom Of the summer days in their splendid prime, In your memory pray find roads, For that happy time and the lovely scenes, Of hill and vale and sea; And most of all for the fairy night, And the sycamore tree and me. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Barlock Typewriter.

Mr. William Crawford advertises the Barlock typewriter in today's PROGRESS. The barlock machine has been placed upon the Canadian market recently and Mr. Crawford is the agent for this section. He is ready at any time to explain the merits of the machine and show its workmanship to those who are looking for a typewriter.

GETTING READY FOR THE VOYE.

The Explanatory Circular of the Tax Reduction Association to the Electors.

The tax reduction association is at work again preparing for the election on the 14th of September. The wards are being called together every night at the headquarters in Campbell building, Germain street, and all arrangements are being made for any opposition that may arise. PROGRESS does not imagine that there will be any active opposition to the bill, which is the only positive step in the direction of reform that has been taken in civic matters for a long time, but it is well to be prepared and the association has issued the following explanatory circular for the information of any who have not given the bill particular attention.

In view of the fact that the date for voting upon the scheme of the Tax Reduction Association has been fixed for September 14th, the executive committee consider it advisable to issue this circular explanatory of the changes in the city government demanded by the bill passed at the last session of the legislature and now presented for the acceptance of the taxpayers, and point out some of the many direct advantages to be gained by its enactment.

The Tax Reduction Association was organized to endeavor to bring about civic reform and thereby lighten the burden of civic taxation that bears so heavily on all classes in this city. In carrying out this desirable object the Association, supported by a petition signed by the great majority of taxpayers, presented a bill to the legislature for enactment which provided for certain changes in the choice and composition of the civic government as well as in its mode of election.

1st. That instead of two elections for mayor and aldermen on different days as at present, both elections should be held on the same day by the same officers. 2nd. That instead of their being twenty-six aldermen representing the city, two from each of the thirteen wards, the Common Council should be reduced to fifteen aldermen and the mayor; with the condition that the nominee of a ward must reside or do business in it but that every voter should have the privilege of voting for the fifteen aldermen instead of simply the candidate of his own particular ward.

These are the principal changes sought by the bill which was passed by the legislature subject to the approval of the citizens to be expressed by a popular vote, the date for which has been fixed for Thursday, September 14, and as stated above in view of that fact the Tax Reduction Association wishes to put out a few of the advantages that will follow the acceptance of this act by the citizens.

1st. There is a direct monetary saving in having but one civic election instead of two. Every election costs the city at least \$175. The aldermanic salaries now amount to \$2600 while the lesser council of fifteen will draw but \$1500. In these two items alone there is a yearly saving of \$1175, while it is impossible to estimate the reduction in expenditure through the reorganization of the civic departments that would be made by an economic council.

2nd. The greater importance cannot be attached to the fact that the new method of voting permits every taxpayer to have a voice not only in the selection of the particular representative for his own ward, but for the entire aldermanic board and this additional responsibility will have a tendency to bring out thoughtful representative men who will follow the public interest will be paramount.

3rd. There is every reason to believe that the smaller council of fifteen will be able to carry on the business of the city in a business like way; that its committees will not be cumbersome and unworkable, that they will be free from that spirit of sectionalism that in the past has fostered "back scratching" combinations which did not consider expense to secure their object, and representing as they will the whole body of electors, instead of those of any particular section; that they will have a greater interest in and a greater knowledge of the actual necessities of the city.

This is but a meagre outline of the manifold advantages to the city consequent upon the acceptance of the Tax Reduction Association's scheme. The matter rests solely with the taxpayers. Their responsibility is theirs. Cordial support will ensure the acceptance of the act by a large majority while passive agreement without your vote will do much to defeat a desirable reform. It is in the interest of every taxpayer, no matter how much or on what he is assessed, to give active support to and to vote for this bill.

Will you, who read this circular do your part in the interest of yourself and of your city and vote "yes" on September 14th.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE TAX REDUCTION ASSOCIATION.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The August number of "Wide Awake" opens with a bright article by the editor. "The Story of Wide Awake" in which the history of the magazine from its very inception, when it was nothing more than an idea in the mind of an eight year old boy, who lived on a farm in the New Hampshire foothills, and who cherished in his busy brain the ambition of one day making books for other boys and girls to read. The tale is told from the beginning to the very end because with the current number "Wide Awake" that bright charming magazine loved by all children both young and old, bids good bye to the world forever, merged into "St. Nicholas." As the writer happily expresses it—"so the story ends. It is quite like a fairy story after all, is it not? The bright young prince from New York woods and wins the fair young maiden from Boston. They set up housekeeping for themselves in the king palace in the metropolis of the nation, and everybody knows that they will live happily ever after." The frontispiece of this farewell number is an excellent steel engraving of the magazine's founder, Mr. Daniel Lothrop, who died nearly a year and a half ago, with the great ambition of

his boyhood more than gratified, since, for eighteen years he sent to the homes of the boys and girls of America the best magazine for young people, ever published. "Wide Awake" is dead, but its good deeds live still, and its editors bespeak for it in its loyalty and composite form as warm a love and loyalty on the part of the boys and girls, as they gave their old friend during its nineteen years of life.

The farewell number like the last song of the Swan seems to embody all that was best in its life, as it is an unusually brilliant number containing, besides the conclusion of the current serials "Plokee and her People" and "Quest Ten Eyck," "The Junior Hoys in Sitka" by "One of the Hoys," "Dogs of Note," by Pezzi "Tim Morton Goes Bass Fishing," "Our Tommy," by Philip Atkinson, "The Fairy Princess," by Anna Leach "A Sermon On Lawn Tennis" by Dr. James Dwight, "Sea-Knots and Sea-Items," by Julius A. Palmer, Jr. "A Race for Life," by John Willis Hayes, "Concord Dramatics," by George Bradford Bartlett "The Thrilling Story of 'Captain Noman'" by Charles H. Talbot, "A Winter Circus" by Lucy H. Wilkins, "The North Chamber" by Louisa T. Craig.

Besides all these attractions J. Warren Merrill has a most charming poem "The Page and the King," Colin Thaxter has four dainty verses called "The Lesson," and Francis Randall shines forth in a humorous story in verse called "The Nimble Clerk." Bliss Carman has a stirring though slightly mystic "Marching Song" and Emily Huntington Miller, Edith M. Thomas, and G. B. E. each have musical verses, all contributing towards the very attractive whole of a magazine to which old, as well as young people will bid farewell, with genuine regret.

The August "Book Buyer" is at hand, and is the same bright helper not only to the book buyer, but the book maker, and literary worker generally as ever. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Oliphant, and the opening paper, a sketch of her life and work. Perhaps the most striking paper in the current issue is—"Mr. Stockton Amends a Story" in which the gifted author of the immortal story "The Lady or the Tiger" answers a clever sketch which Charles Gould Morris, son of Governor Morris of Connecticut, published in the June number of the "Tale Courant" in which the author of "The Lady or the Tiger" is supposed to be handed over by St. Peter after his death to the tender mercies of the souls he had tortured in this world, by his terrible unanswered riddle, in other words, the readers of his famous book. Mr. Stockton was sent a copy of the sketch, and wrote to the author complimenting him on his work, but suggesting the amendment, which is that St. Peter gives the author his reward for all his good deeds by solving the riddle for himself and telling him what he did not know himself—which it was, the lady, or the tiger. The other articles and departments, are fully up to the usual standard.

HAD A BOW IN THE CHURCH.

Two Halifax Reporters Vary the Programme at a Convention.

HALIFAX, Aug. 10.—Newspaper reporters are not better than other people after all, and even the softening effects of a Christian Endeavor convention are inadequate to suppress their angry passions. The professional newspaper men in Halifax, as elsewhere, are only too glad to make the most of any little event which those interested would often most like to suppress. So when a chance comes they cannot complain if they themselves are made to endure the same publicity. It was like this:

The Herald and Chronicle each had a reporter giving the proceedings of the C. E. convention for their respective journals. The Chronicle reporter is a red-hot orangeman, and the Herald man is supposed to have a warm side to Christian Endeavor. Two such reporters should not fight in a church. They did not. But it was within an ace of becoming a lively bout. What the trouble was no one knows, but the two men were seen with red faces in St. Matthew's church one afternoon during the convention, while a prayer meeting was in progress, and some of the congregation was amazed to see the Chronicle reporter with flashing eyes draw up and aim a vicious blow at the Herald reporter's face. He missed, and the Herald man's prompt invitation to "come outside" was heard by people in a hall dozen pews round. The Chronicle reporter did not "come out" then, but possibly the two have met since and squared differences.

Such a scene in the presbyterian church, and in the midst of a religious convention has not before been witnessed in Halifax within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but the reporter from Montreal and the Halifax boy furnished the fun.

A Summer Bath.

Put a cup of sea salt, one-half ounce of camphor and one half ounce of ammonia in a quart bottle; fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand twenty-four hours; then, when prepared to bathe with a sponge, put a teaspoonful of the mixture, well shaken, into your basin. A surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin. The ammonia cleanses, and the camphor and sea salt impart a beneficial effect which cannot be exaggerated.

Both of One Mind.

"Now, Willie," said a coaxing mother, "I don't like to take medicine any more than you do, but I just make up my mind to do it, and then do it." The scion of genius looked up through his tears and replied: "And, mother, I just make up my mind that I won't, and then I don't."

MUSQUABE.

AUG. 8.—Mrs. G. C. Carman of North End, St. John, is visiting here. Mr. G. M. Anderson spent a few days in the city this week, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Chas. Hazen. Miss Core Bloom visited St. John last week. The friends of Mrs. J. C. Knight will regret to hear of the bright quills ill at her home here. Miss Ella Anderson is visiting friends in St. John, Y.P.

RAIN FEELS.

AUG. 10.—Mrs. A. C. A. Wells, arrived home on Tuesday, having spent her last year in New Haven.

Mrs. Thomas Lavan, of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Read this week. Mrs. John Brander, of Northport is visiting Miss Jennie Goodwin.

Mrs. Wesley Fawcett of Upper Sackville is in town this week visiting friends. Rev. Mr. DeMille, of Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. William Prescott.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickard Trueman of Sackville, Mr. Frank Harper and wife of Bayfield, Miss Dixon of Point de Lute were in town on Friday to attend the concert.

Mrs. Hiram Copp of Sackville, is in Bala Verte visiting friends. Mr. Wm. Mahoney of St. John, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Dingley, Point de Bate, were in town last week, the guests of Mr. Bedford Harper.

I hear of an engagement between a widower and a young lady, both residents of our town. Mr. D. Wall of St. Stephen, passed through town on Friday, en route to Cape Tormentine.

Mr. Howard Grant, and Ivy Award, of Bristol spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. Copp. Mrs. Estey, of Apolohai, and her mother, Mrs. Cyrus Goodwin.

Miss Kate Sutherland, of Anzac, Miss Sutherland of Windsor, Mr. George Lawson, of Westmorland, were in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Goodwin, Bayfield, were in town this week. Miss Argle Fawcett, of Upper Sackville is visiting Mrs. E. C. Goodwin.

Miss Alice Crane of Amherst, spent Sunday in town. The Misses Irvine, of Tintish, have been spending a week at Cape Tormentine, the guests of Mrs. E. P. Goodwin.

Mr. F. G. Mahoney of Melrose, was in town on Monday.

BARRINGTON.

AUG. 8.—Mr. Percy Sargent and Mr. Arthur Sargent are visiting in Barrington.

Miss Ida Knowles arrived from Boston on Friday to spend the month of August with her mother. We are glad to congratulate Mr. Joseph Sargent upon the high average attained in passing his "B" examination. He will succeed Mr. N. Hogg as principal of the school here.

Mr. George Norton spent a few days here last week in the interest of the firm of F. Walsh & Co., Halifax.

Miss Siddle Hopkins left for Boston on Saturday to visit her cousin, Mrs. Irving Hall.

Picnics and tea parties held their way through last week. Mrs. Wm. Hopkins set the ball rolling on Monday, when she entertained about twenty of her friends at tea. There were also parties during the week at "Rock Cottage," "The Willow" and "Glenwood"—all very pleasant and with a goodly number of guests.

The picnic of the season was the one at the "Sand Hills" last Thursday, for which we have chiefly to thank Mr. Emmett Wilson. The enjoyment and amusement of the party was provided for in every way, and the result was a most charming day for everybody.

Mr. Wm. Richard, Jr. of Boston, is visiting friends in Barrington. Miss Fritchett returned to Boston on Saturday much to the regret of the friends which she has made during her short stay here.

Mrs. Barclay and her daughters arrived by steamer from Yarmouth on Tuesday last, and are located for a few weeks at Miss L. L. Wilson's. Mr. Fred Moore of Smith Bros., Halifax, is in town.

ST. MARY'S, N. B.

AUG. 9.—Mrs. Allen Walker of Nashville, Tenn., who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Macklin, is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clarence H. Borden, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Garden is visiting friends in Nova Scotia. Miss Ruel is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dibblee, at Woodstock.

Mr. Edward C. Barry, who was ill at Abbington, Mass. has recovered.

Mrs. Helen of Roxbury, Mass. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Goldworthy at Lower St. Mary's.

Mrs. Thomas Peppers died on Wednesday last at the residence of her son, Mr. Thomas Peppers, Fred-en-ton. Mrs. Peppers resided at Lower St. Mary's for a great many years. The funeral took place on Thursday. The remains were interred in the Lower St. Mary's cemetery. Rev. Dr. Roberts and Rev. John Parkinson conducted the services.

Mr. A. B. Johnston, who has been in Calais, Maine, for some time, is now making a short stay at his former home in Lower St. Mary's.

Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Jessie Hamilton, of Fredericton, visited Mrs. Brown and Miss Gerrie at Lower St. Mary's recently.

Miss Jessie Howie is visiting friends in Sheffield. Mr. James Garden enjoyed a visit to Nova Scotia lately.

Miss Fannie Seelye is visiting friends in Nova Scotia. Miss Foster visited friends here last week.

Miss Addie Johnston visited St. Mary's for a few days last week.

SHELDIAO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sheldiao at R. W. Abernethy and Fred English.]

AUG. 8.—Mrs. C. C. Hamilton has returned home from a visit to Newcastle.

Mr. George H. Hamm, (general passenger agent for the C. P. R.) and family have returned from a trip to E. Island.

Mrs. Kemp is suffering from an attack of slow fever. Rev. Mr. Howe returned missionary has been visiting at Mrs. Deacon's during the past week.

The Misses Davis of Deseronto, Ont., and Miss Armstrong of Bathurst are the guests of Mrs. W. A. Russell, Main street.

Master Hal Belyea has taken a trip to New York with his uncle Capt. Bishop.

Mr. J. Frier is receiving congratulations this week on the arrival of a bouncing baby.

Rev. Mr. Anderson who has filled the pulpit of the presbyterian church, for the last two Sundays, leaves this week for Ontario.

Mrs. Estrella and family of St. Pierre, have been the guests of the Misses Brown during the last week.

Mr. N. L. Landry, barrister, of Bathurst, is spending a few days with his family who are summering here.

Miss Charlotte Inglis has returned from a very pleasant visit to friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Wilson of St. John, is visiting at "Sunny Brae" the guest of the Misses Harper.

Mrs. Theal, accompanied by her niece, Miss May Harper, are visiting Mrs. Hicks at Alberton, E. E. Island.

PETTICOATIAO.

AUG. 9.—Mr. V. B. Thorne arrived here from Sackville last week en route for Canada on his bicycle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Morrison of Amherst, N. B., are visiting Mrs. D. L. Trites.

Mrs. J. M. Currie and Miss Annie Geldard of Williamsboro visited Mrs. G. L. Brown last week.

The Misses Manie and Edith Trites returned home last evening after a week's visit in Amherst.

Miss Ada Brown is visiting friends in Hillsboro. Mrs. J. D. Spidel, who has been ill for several weeks has sufficiently recovered her health to be able to accompany Mr. Spidel to her home at Chesters.

Mrs. Claude Prince and her little daughter spent Friday at Annapolis. Mrs. Hambley is expected home on Friday after a prolonged visit in Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. G. F. Fowler and family returned on Monday from a visit to Ushaw.

VANCOBORO, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Vancoboro by W. J. Carol.]

AUG. 9.—Mr. S. Forney and wife of Washington, D. C. are visiting at Hon. E. Killigors' this week.

Miss Mand Ripley is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. John Merrill of Boston, is visiting Mr. A. Patterson this week.

Mr. F. L. Hyam of St. Stephen spent Wednesday in town.

Mrs. Geo. Cox of St. Stephen is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Kingston.

STERLING SOAP

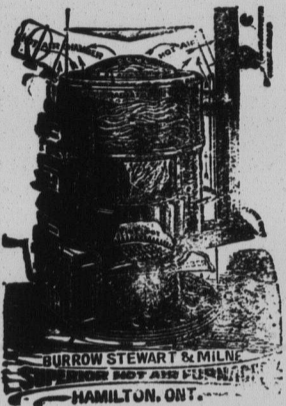
Competition.

Of the 125 competitors in the "STERLING" Soap Competition, the following are the prize winners:

- Mrs. Hugh Morris, St. John, 2143 Wrappers, 1st prize, \$50.00
Mrs. C. Hemsworth, Halifax, 1500 Wrappers, 2nd prize, \$25.00
Mrs. T. E. Chambers, " 1372 Wrappers, 3rd prize, \$15.00
Miss Lucy E. Archibald, Truro, 1100 " 4th prize, \$10.00

The Same Prizes are offered for the year ending Aug. 1st 1894.

NOW IS THE TIME,



While all trades are particularly quiet to think over your heating arrangements for

NEXT WINTER.

If you are thinking of putting in a new Hot Air Furnace, or having the old one altered or repaired, let us know. We will be pleased to give you our figures, and we

Guarantee all our work to be strictly First Class.

SHERATON & KINNEAR,

38 KING ST.

Telephone 358

CASH GROCERY.

CANNED Tomatoes, 7 1/2 Cts. Corn, 7 Cts. Pumpkins, 7 1/2 Cts. Peas, 7 Cts.

Do U Use 50c.

Try our Black at 30; Try our Mixed at 40; Try our Oolong at 50. HARDRESS CLARKE, 73 SYDNEY STREET, (near Prince Street.)

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL OPENING, Monday, August 28th.

You will find a complete assortment of Scribblers, Slates, Pencils, Ink, Scholars Companions,

C. FLOOD & SONS,

A. GILMOUR, TAILOR, 72 Germain Street.

SUGAR C. ROLL John Hopkins, HAMS, BACON, 186 Union St.

Social and Personal.

St. John--South End. There is no doubt that the arrival of a man-of-war to port does much to enliven our people, making the city gay, giving an incentive to our society people, to give entertainments etc., however short their stay may be amongst us.

H. M. S. "Blake" steamed into the harbor on Saturday last and brought crowds of citizens to the wharves to see the largest man-of-war that has ever visited St. John. Almost immediately after she had cast anchor a party of citizens boarded the pretty little steamer "Dream" and steamed out to the ship. They were cordially received by Admiral Hopkins and officers.

On Monday afternoon Sir Leonard Tilley accompanied by Lt. Col. Armstrong A. D. C. visited the Blake and was received by a governor's salute.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith entertained the Admiral and officers at an afternoon reception at their residence Union street, when most of St. John's prominent society ladies and gentlemen were present and were presented to Admiral Hopkins. Refreshments of all kinds were dispensed during the afternoon and the Artillery band stationed in the lawn adjoining Mr. Smith's residence, gave several selections during the entertainment. The party broke up at 6.30 o'clock after spending a most enjoyable afternoon on the ship.

On Monday evening, Admiral Hopkins gave a dinner on board the "Blake," cards of invitation for which were issued on Saturday among the invited guests were Sheriff Sturdee, Mayor Peters, Archdeacon Brittocke, Recorder Jack, Judge Palmer, Mr. Robertson, President of the Board of Trade and others.

By invitation of Admiral Hopkins, a number of ladies went on board at half past six o'clock on Tuesday morning. The ship's boats were in attendance and the Admiral and officers were on the ship. The officers did all in their power towards entertaining the party, showing them over the ship, etc. Light refreshments were served and a few ladies and gentlemen remained to luncheon.

The Blake left on Wednesday morning. The feelings of regret were expressed by many of the officers that their stay in St. John was not longer. Miss Blanche Drury is visiting St. John and being warmly welcomed by her many old friends.

Miss Edith Harnard is laid up at her residence Coburg street with an attack of mumps which is very prevalent in the city.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

NEW DRESS GOODS.

We have just received some of the latest novelties in Dress materials for Fall and Winter Wear, in all the Newest Colorings. HOPSACKING, FANCY CHEVIOTS, SHOT DIAGONALS, Fancy SERGES Black and Navy WHIPCORD, CRAVENETTE SERGES, in Black, Navy, Myrtle, Gray and Fawn.

Also some very handsome TARTAN PLAIDS for Ladies and Children at 80c. and \$1.00 per yard. New Goods opening daily

MACAULAY BROTHERS & COMPANY, 65 to 69 King Street.



We have a large stock of reasonable Footwear, which we are anxious to turn into cash. We have cut prices in many lines to a figure very close to cost.

You Owe it To Yourself

when buying Boots and Shoes to get the lowest prices, as well as the latest and best goods. We keep nothing but the best goods; nothing is better than the best. We sell at the lowest prices; nothing can be lower than the lowest.

MITCHELL, The Shoe Dealer, 61 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Bar-Lock Typewriter



Only Gold Medal at the Mechanics Fair, Boston, January 1893, in competition with every machine in the United States. Call and see them.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Pianos and Organs, Warehouses 65 King Street, St. John, N. B. Write for Catalogue.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE.

OUR STOCK OF FRENCH PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS AND FACE SOAPS are now complete in the following Lines: Peau d'Espagne, A L'Iris Blanc, Vera-Violetta, Lilas Blanc, Paris-Caprice, L'Amaryllis du Japon, Crab Apple Blossoms, Violettes de Parme, Heliotrope Blanc, Cuir de Russie.

We have just received invoices of first shipment of our

NEW DRESS GOODS FOR FALL. They will be opened up first of the week, and we will be pleased to have you call or send for samples of them. As usual, our assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, will be equal to any shown in the city.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[FOR ANNUAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for us in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 26 George street; Messinger & Co., 111 Hollis street; Messinger & Co., 111 Hollis street; Messinger & Co., 111 Hollis street...

It ever an entertainment deserved a prize for being a success under difficulties the "Wanderer's At Home" unquestionably did so. The weather, (I seem to write lately of nothing but weather, but that of this summer has certainly done its best to interrupt every out-door gaiety we have had, and to make even the most of the weather, after a most promising morning, and the only thing to be said in favor of it was that the rain fell off long enough to let about half the club's expected guests arrive.

People all took shelter in the stand, excepting the very few who were seated in the stands, who were seated in the stands, who were seated in the stands...

Monday was so very hot a day that there was very little doing with the exception of the usual meetings of the various committees...

Mrs. Corbett's large at home took place on Tuesday afternoon at Bonaventure, during the time lasted had every sort of weather, from sunshine to pouring rain...

The event of Tuesday evening was the benefit concert at the Grand Hotel for the relief of the poor...

Another great success was the very creditable performance of another play comedy, "Twenty minutes of a man's life" by Miss Barbara Nicholson...

The evening's entertainment finished with two more songs by Mrs. Mellor and Mrs. Currie, and the audience left in a very contented frame of mind...

Talking of St. John people, "H.M.S. Blake" seems to have made a great sensation in the sister city. Halifax people take their naval visitors very much more philosophically than they are quite as pleased...

The Lorne Club regatta is a fixture for today, and will doubtless be well attended. Their crew did splendidly in the regatta, and the officers of the R. A. and E. are to be largely instrumental in getting up one on the N. W. Arm during the early part of September...

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Carvell of Charlottetown are spending some days in Halifax. Prince Victor of Denmark, once so well known here, is stationed in Dublin, from whence comes rumors of his intended marriage with an Irish lady...

The Masonic bazaar is getting on very well, and promises to be exceedingly good. Among the names who are to play the game of whist are the Hon. A. G. Jones, and Mr. C. Lundy.

Advertisement for 'LE BON MARCHÉ, Halifax, N.S.' featuring 'Bonnets & Hats' and 'Millinery Novelties'. Includes a small illustration of a hat and text: 'We respectfully invite your attention to our PARIS AND LONDON PATTERNS'.

Advertisement for 'The Carriage Show in YARMOUTH'. Text: 'IF YOU WANT ONE WRITE US. PRICE & SHAW, St. John, N.B.' Includes an illustration of a carriage.

Advertisement for 'BICYCLE SKULKIES, PRICE & SHAW, ST. JOHN, N.B.' Includes an illustration of a bicycle.

Advertisement for 'DARTMOUTH'. Text: 'AUG. 8.—A perfect episode of afternoon tea and garden-party seem to have taken place at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Ellis...

Many of the ladies' gowns had been worn at Mrs. Harvey's on Friday last, but the majority were fresh and new and wonderfully pretty. However, in this connection I have the same scruples about distinguishing myself...

Mrs. Hyde, widow of the late Thomas Hyde, died on Thursday at her residence, Windmill road. Mrs. Cahill, one of her daughters, who lives in Pasadena, California, had just arrived in Dartmouth on a visit to her mother.

Mrs. W. J. Christie gave a delightful tennis party and dance at her residence on Monday evening. The guests included Mrs. W. J. Christie, Mrs. W. J. Christie, Mrs. W. J. Christie...

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THE MARRIAGE OF Mr. Douglas R. Street of Ottawa, and Miss Christie took place at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday last, Rev. Mr. Macdonald officiating. Every minute is supposed to look her best on her wedding day, which was certainly true of this one, but the bride's robes were almost too prettily for a quiet home wedding...

The bride's going away gown was fashioned of grey checked tulle with a little round hat in cream straw trimmed with cream colored veils. There is a most happy occasion for two and a party for the many, but the best of weather and wishes are sure to come with which to begin any journey and added to these, Mr. and Mrs. Street were with them the regret of the numerous friends who were unable to attend the wedding...

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Rev. Dr. McEwan, Boston, accompanied by the Misses Alice and Clara McEwan, were the guests of Mrs. Macdonald last week. Miss Ella Chesley has gone to Clements port to spend the remainder of the summer.

Master Howard Barnaby of Bridgewater, is visiting Mrs. W. J. Christie, in the guest of Mrs. A. C. Christie, Queen street. Miss Jennie has returned to Annapolis, accompanied by Miss Emma Tupper.

Miss Edith Curry is in Boston visiting friends for a few weeks. Miss Lithgow, of Providence, R. I., is visiting her aunt Mrs. W. Curry, of Gerrish Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie...

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Large advertisement for 'HARRINGTON'S' featuring 'WATER' and 'MILK'. Text: 'HARRINGTON'S WATER AND MILK'. Includes an illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'J. P. HARRINGTON, General Agent, Montreal'. Text: 'J. P. HARRINGTON, General Agent, Montreal.' Includes an illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'PATENTERS TAKE NO OTHER'. Text: 'PATENTERS TAKE NO OTHER. IS THE BEST EATERS ON'. Includes an illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'Autumn and Winter'. Text: 'Autumn and Winter. Our stock of Staple Woollens and Cottons are now well to hand. We have purchased freely in Domestic Woollens, as there is every indication of a short supply...

Advertisement for 'SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX'. Text: 'SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.' Includes an illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'MALT PEPTONIZED PORTER'. Text: 'MALT PEPTONIZED PORTER. It is a food. Beneficial alike to young and old. It strengthens the body, creates an appetite, aids digestion, invigorates the system. Ask your doctor about it. It's good for every one. TRY IT. THE MALT PEPTONIZED PORTER CO. LTD. TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA CANADA. Druggists sell it.'

Advertisement for 'MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS'. Text: 'MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. The best ball team of Shelburne, intend going to Liverpool on Wednesday to play a match with the Liverpool team. Assume to play our boys success. Mrs. W. J. Christie, of Halifax, was in town this week. Miss Blanche of Kentville, is visiting at her brother's, Mr. F. C. Blanche, in Digby. Miss Blanche Tramm is visiting her brother Mr. Hastings Tramm. Mr. Robert Brown, of Halifax, is at the Atlantic Hotel. Hon. Judge James Morton, wife and family of Fall River, Mass., are visiting Digby. Judge Morton is looking over the grounds in the Littlewood farm. The number is augmented from day to day by the great number of picknickers, who are flocking to the residence of the Hon. Judge James Morton, wife and family of Fall River, Mass., are visiting Digby. A large number of guests were present, and I hear the pool on Thursday.

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PRICE.

Departments Complete.

Summer.

Mrs. and Miss Martin of St. John, who have been boarding with Mrs. Lingley the past month, returned home today.

SHEDIAQ CAPE.

AUG 10.—Mrs. Wilson and Master Harry Kinnear of Woburn, Mass., and Mr. Fred Kinnear of Moncton are visiting here this week.

GRAND MANAN.

AUG. 8.—Mrs. Bolton, Miss Bolton and Miss Nichols of St. Stephen are spending a few weeks at Marble Ridge.

CAMPBELL.

AUG. 7.—Mr. Sidney Farmer has returned to Boston, having spent a very pleasant vacation on the island.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

Our CARPET Department contains all grades of Carpets in Brussels, Tapestry, Wilton, Axminster, Velvet, Wool, Union, in all the latest designs and colorings.



Also a great variety of Rugs, Mats and Squares. Linoleums and Oilcloths. China Matting in Neat designs and plain.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON, St. JOHN, N. B.

DARKEST NEW ENGLAND.

THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED MEN CLAMORING FOR WORK.

Lowell Furnishes Striking Instances that are Found in the Other Manufacturing Centres—The True State of Affairs is Not Told by the Newspapers.

LOWELL, Aug. 8.—Every one who read Gen. Booth's book, "Darkest England," will remember the graphic words pictures of "the scenes at the docks in the great seaport towns of the old country, where thousands of people crowd and crush at the gates every day trying to get work; thousands crying, starving for it, and only a few score, or a few hundreds of the vast throng hired.

Here in Lowell during the last few days I have had all this vividly impressed upon me by seeing the reality. At the present time over 6000 people are out of work, and 6000 more are only working a few days a week, and not earning enough to keep body and bones together.

As I write, a yelling mob in the street below are pushing and shoving each other like a crowd around a circus ticket wagon,—all of them want work and need it. The great canals which run in and out through the heart of the city are being dredged. The work has to be done at night when the water is drawn off, and on Sundays. A large force of men are employed. Every night the same anxious mob surrounds the gates and the overseer pick and choose, but hundreds are turned away.

The poor people here to suffer. In this city there are 20,000 French Canadians, who swell the thousands of unemployed, but every day these are packing up and going back to Canada, to live on their farms until times improve. Over 100 families have gone during the week. More are getting ready.

Business people are considering ways and means to protect themselves. The corporation boarding houses cannot afford to keep these people, for they couldn't pay a week's back board if they wanted to. A few days ago a number of grocers organized an association, and at the first meeting a black list of 500 families was presented.

I speak of Lowell, because I have seen all this, but the same is true of every manufacturing city in New England. Even the places which can run—have work to do—cannot borrow money to pay their employees weekly as the law demands. One large machine shop, employing over 1,000 men, to-day asked them to accept clearing house cheques in payment for wages. This may possibly become the currency of the people.

All this will probably be news to provincialists who read the Boston and New York papers. They may not believe it, but it is a fact.

Patriotism has shut the mouth of every paper of any prominence in the country. Party has been thrown to the winds, and only a few of the most rabid Republican sheets attempt to tell the truth. They dare not do it.

ON A SUMMER CRUISE.

HOW A NUMBER OF YOUNG MEN CARRIED OUT A BRIGHT IDEA.

They Chartered a Steamer and Invited Lady Friends to an Outing on the River—The Story of the Voyage as Told by the Log of the "Florenceville."

During the past winter a number of young men in this city conceived the idea of chartering a steamer and inviting some of their lady friends to join them in spending their holidays cruising on the St. John river. The matter was placed in the hands of a managing committee, composed of Jas. Duffell, Thos. A. Crockett and Jos. I. Noble, Jr., to whom much credit is due for the efficient manner in which they carried out the idea.

The steamer Florenceville was chosen as the one best adapted to the requirements of the party. She is stern wheel boat, and draws only three feet of water, thus enabling her to go almost anywhere on the river. The upper deck has a ladies' saloon, dining saloon, kitchen, clerk's office and captain's stateroom. The lower deck has the engine room in the stern of the boat and the boiler house in the forward part, leaving a space of sixty feet between the two which is open on the sides.

Another paper has been trying to prove that everything is well, by printing pictures of the interior of the big stores in Boston showing large numbers of people examining goods. And so it goes. Everything of a hopeful nature printed in big letters, and calamity stuff goes into the waste basket.

What better evidence of patriotism does anybody want? Isn't this a pointer for some of the St. John papers?

It is good for provincialists to know all about it. If any one is out of employment or not satisfied with present conditions the United States is a bad place to come to just now.

Hon. Honore Mercier, ex-premier of Quebec, has been touring New England recently, and cutting considerable of a caper. With sundry little set backs and hitches he has been getting good receptions, and considerable notoriety. Canadian independence is his hobby. The average French Canadian has very little love for England, or anything English, but strange to say some of the most prominent of them have not grown enthusiastic over Mr. Mercier.

While he was here he addressed over 1000 people and at times aroused considerable enthusiasm. He spoke in French.

R. G. LANSKIN.

Truth is its Sometimes. Uncle Josh (gazing at the show bills)—Well, I'll be g-d darned ef I wouldn't be ashamed of myself.

Uncle Josh—What is the matter Joshua? Uncle Josh—Why, that lady fellow goes around the country advertising that he is supported by a "charming young actress." Why in thunder don't he go to work?

Pointer for Recorder Jack. Boy—Father there's a gentleman fell down our coal-hole!

Father—put the cover over him, my son, while I go for a policeman and have him arrested else he'll sue me for damages.

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BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS FOR HALF WHAT THEY'RE MARKED. TO-DAY ONLY.

TWO BIG STORES, OAK HALL. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., King Street, St. John.

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Friday July 28.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m. and arrived at Otisbog about noon. Here we spent two hours roaming over the fields gathering berries. We then sailed to J. O. Vanwart's, where we crossed to the opposite side of the river in our row boats and visited the old French fort. The view is very fine from this spot, taking in the river for miles above and below us. From here we sailed to Hampstead, arriving at 7 p. m. The sail up on the right of Spoon Island, with the surface of the water as smooth as glass and reflecting the objects on the shore, was one not soon to be forgotten. Another beautiful sight was enjoyed by those who climbed to the top of a high hill about a quarter of a mile from the wharf. Looking up the river the whole outline of Long Island, which is six or seven miles long, was seen and also the river for miles beyond. Some miles up on the opposite shore we could see the pretty village of Wickham. From our point of view we could not see very far down the river, but a portion of Spoon Island added very much to the beautiful picture. The sun was setting clear and bright, and had only been out of sight half an hour when the moon rose yellow as gold, reflecting the color of the sunset. As this was our last night on the boat we made considerable preparation for a good time. During the early part of the evening quite a programme was carried out, and towards the "wee sma' hours" we adjourned to the shore, built a bonfire, made toast and cocoa, and enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly. Some of the young men anxious to see the sun rise, started about 4 a. m. for the top of the hill before mentioned, and were rewarded by a very pretty sight indeed. The colors in the sky for an hour before the sun rose, and the mist settling down on the river and fields, made a picture charming to look upon.

Saturday, July 29.—The forenoon was spent in packing up our goods and chattels. We sailed at noon, stopped at Westfield for one hour, and arrived in Indian-town at 4.30 p. m. The weather during the trip was all that could be desired, not one day on which the sun refused to shine, and showers came at seasonable times, and in no way marred our pleasure. We had two cameras with us and photographs were taken at each stopping place. With a piano and some good singers many pleasant hours were spent, and when tired of singing, dancing, and playing the party.

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Wednesday, July 26.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m. Stopped at Taylortown for two hours, and at Burton one hour. Arrived at Upper Gagetown at 5 p. m. In the evening we were entertained by Mrs. Coy on the beach in front of her house. A bonfire was lighted and refreshments passed around. A most enjoyable time was spent in singing and chatting around the fire.

Thursday, July 27.—Sailed at 11 a. m., and arrived at Lower Gagetown, 12.30 p. m. In the evening we rowed up Grimrose Canal and Mount's Creek, with a clear sky and a full moon over our heads. Towards midnight some of the more lively spirits made a bonfire on the shore, around which they danced and enjoyed themselves most thoroughly.

Friday July 28.—Sailed at 10.30 a. m. and arrived at Otisbog about noon. Here we spent two hours roaming over the fields gathering berries. We then sailed to J. O. Vanwart's, where we crossed to the opposite side of the river in our row boats and visited the old French fort. The view is very fine from this spot, taking in the river for miles above and below us. From here we sailed to Hampstead, arriving at 7 p. m. The sail up on the right of Spoon Island, with the surface of the water as smooth as glass and reflecting the objects on the shore, was one not soon to be forgotten. Another beautiful sight was enjoyed by those who climbed to the top of a high hill about a quarter of a mile from the wharf. Looking up the river the whole outline of Long Island, which is six or seven miles long, was seen and also the river for miles beyond. Some miles up on the opposite shore we could see the pretty village of Wickham. From our point of view we could not see very far down the river, but a portion of Spoon Island added very much to the beautiful picture. The sun was setting clear and bright, and had only been out of sight half an hour when the moon rose yellow as gold, reflecting the color of the sunset. As this was our last night on the boat we made considerable preparation for a good time. During the early part of the evening quite a programme was carried out, and towards the "wee sma' hours" we adjourned to the shore, built a bonfire, made toast and cocoa, and enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly. Some of the young men anxious to see the sun rise, started about 4 a. m. for the top of the hill before mentioned, and were rewarded by a very pretty sight indeed. The colors in the sky for an hour before the sun rose, and the mist settling down on the river and fields, made a picture charming to look upon.

Saturday, July 29.—The forenoon was spent in packing up our goods and chattels. We sailed at noon, stopped at Westfield for one hour, and arrived in Indian-town at 4.30 p. m. The weather during the trip was all that could be desired, not one day on which the sun refused to shine, and showers came at seasonable times, and in no way marred our pleasure. We had two cameras with us and photographs were taken at each stopping place. With a piano and some good singers many pleasant hours were spent, and when tired of singing, dancing, and playing the party.

RESORTS NEAR LONDON.

PLACES WHERE THE PEOPLE GO FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS.

The Tides of Pleasure Seekers that Sweep Along the South and East Coast—Favorite Suburban Resorts—Some Features of Hampstead Heath.

LONDON, July 29.—The vastness of London's population is less felt in its impressiveness from meeting it face to face in London thoroughfares than from even the still inadequate comprehension securable through seeing some of its component parts in its various holiday resorts of summer outings. In the first instance if one could severally confront its four or five million inhabitants along its seven thousand miles of streets, the monotony of the experience would detract from just perception of its tremendous import. But when you might pass an entire month, indeed perhaps an entire summer, without being able to visit, with the most careful disposition of time, any large proportion of its immediate resorts, finding at each outing, crowds numbering from hundreds to almost hundreds of thousands, the immensity of the totality of those who are not, begins to dawn upon the observant mind.

There are more than one hundred popular resorts, from thirty minutes' to two and a half hours, distance from the strand, beginning at Bournemouth and following the south coast with a circle of the Isle of Wight to the east coast, including those of the north and south shores of the lower Thames, and thence up along the Channel to Great Yarmouth. On every pleasant Saturday half holiday, on sunny Sundays and on Bank holiday and other full summer holidays, every one of these places is thronged. The rich, the well-to-do idlers and the families of comfortable tradesmen are found in these. I believe a quarter of a million of "outers" of all classes are at the same time afloat upon or lounging beside the Thames, from Margate to Windsor.

As an experiment in seeing London outing crowds, in one day's travel I found perhaps 30,000 people in Greenwich Park; as many more at Brighton; at least 10,000 overflowing Royal Kew Gardens; fully 40,000 in Hyde Park, where it seemed that all the open-air speakers of England were haranguing crowds upon every conceivable social, political and religious subject; from 40,000 to 50,000 on and about Hampstead Heath; and from 100,000 to 150,000 sporting themselves in the sun and shade of ancient Epping Forest. On this one day I secured at least glimpses of crowds that in all forms of holiday making must have numbered more than three quarters of a million souls.

Unquestionably the greatest two resorts for the London middle classes and the lower are Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest. It is but a pleasant walk from the Heart of London to Hampstead Heath, for its farthest reaches can be no farther than six miles from the Strand; while an Epping Forest to-and-fo return fare is but one shilling; and the myriad London costermongers and other possessors of tidy carts and traps find it an easy jog recreation grounds. The result is that in both of these resorts you invariably find hordes of the "common people" filled to the brim with horse-play, "four ale" and good cheer. "Your are vigorous in their merry-making as children loosed from school; they are grudgingly but good-naturedly fierce in the utilizing of every moment of the holiday in some sort of rugged diversion. And altogether they furnish scenes of the heartiest, easiest-provoked, most unctious and vociferous holiday enjoyment to be found in all the world.

The heath is a trifle west of north of the heart of London. It is not more than 300 or 400 acres in extent; but as it comprises the highest and widest hills rising out of the valley of the Thames, the railways have had to stop at its edge and leave its region for the people, almost as nature fashioned it. The High Street of old Hampstead town, winding up the last steep of the first hill which has stood as a rampart against London encroachment, gives charming views of ancient houses, old streets which have held their old names old courts, and avenues of limes and elms.

You enter the Heath at once from old Hampstead town, and instantly comprehend that the region and its attractions to Londoners must be considered in three distinct aspects—its advantage for free and untrammelled recreation; its positive inspiration to painter and poet and excellent view for the naturalist; and from those blendings and environment of mellow age, tenderest aspect of all, which furnish the idler and the dreamer a host of winsome memories. First of all it is a wild and rugged heath and not a park. Dark, wind-buffed fir trees hang against sandy ridges where they have for centuries clutched the virgin soil. There are high banks of red sand pierced by rabbit burrows. Ancient ditches and hedges cut each other at sharp angles. Narrow bournes or ravines, their hollowed floors of clear and shining sand, plough the hills in fanciful furrows, providing tiny coves of furze, mounds of verdure and pleasant ways and shade, as if one walked in well-worn ancient water-courses.

Altogether it is a mass of hills scooped into innumerable pits and cavities, threaded with tiny ponds, banked everywhere with hardy gorse and mazes of heather, wild flowers and grass, splashed with knots of noble trees, interspersed by countless footways, wild and rugged as when the Romans were here, and all seemingly held together by interlacing roadways with rugged sides of rock and sand and pines and furze. Around it is a shining thread of lovely hamlets, stately halls and winsome cottages, all gabled, tiled, old. Within it on gardened hills and blossoming hollows, or at its slumberous edges, where old structures like old folk seem to love to doze in sun and shade, are scores of those quaint and "ancient" inns, still the most charming heritage of the "merry England" of long ago; and the whole region is exhilarating

from its free, fine uncouthness and the ceaseless breeze sweeping from odorous northern vales, ever, inviting to their life-giving dalliance the city millions below, and beating back from these fields of pleasure the pestilential breath of grimy London town.

It was at Hampstead Heath as at Hounslow Heath that the Jacksons, the Duvals and the Turpins of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cut purple and throats it needs to be to get them, and made merry as lords at its inns, some of which are here to minister alike to saint and sinner now. Over against the gardens of Wildwood, at the side of the Heath Hill road still stands the ancient Gilbert Elm. Upon its huge old arms, many centuries old, were hung in chains, when caught, these merry knights of the road. The same locality, as you stroll towards Spaniards Road, will remind you as you look at the little window of Wildwood House, of the last year of Lord Castlemaine's life; the year when the English nation's destinies were trembling in the balance and Chatham shut up here like a monk at penance struggled and prayed to be physically new and whole. It was here that Addison and his friends passed their summer evenings in the gardens of the old "Bell and Bush" tavern. George Stevens, Shakespeare's noted commentator, was added to at the ancient "Upper Flask" inn. Dr. Johnson wrote his "Vanity of Human Wishes" down there at Froggall, in the edge of Hampstead, doubtless spurred to deepest conception of the subject by his giddy wife, housed at the Wells, the ancient Hampstead Heath spa, constantly quarrelled with her physician about having her blonde tresses dyed black.

In the Grove at Highgate still stands the house in which Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived and died. Richardson lastly connected his memory with the Heath by lodging his heroine, "Clarissa Harlowe," at the Upper Flask inn. Lord Mansfield who once resided at Caen Wood used to give dinners to the poor to four to five hundred at a time presenting each guest "with a half crown and a quarter loaf when dinner was over." Lord Erskine once lived near the Spaniards inn; and this most famous historic inn of the Heath which is still standing, owes much of its noteworthiness to its old time proprietor inviting the "No-Popery" or Gordon rioters, who, after burning Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, came to destroy his rural seat in Caen Wood, into his own cellars where they became so drunk that the rescuing troopers drove them like sheep down the Hampstead hills into frenzied London. Dickens utilized the incident in "Barnaby Rudge" and he also brought the immortal Pickwick to Hampstead Ponds to pursue his earnest scientific investigations.

Indeed a goodly volume could be written upon these worthies whose love of breezy Hampstead Heath has left upon it one of its rarest and sweetest charms. Shelley, Hazlitt and Haydon often met here in the cottage of Leigh Hunt in the vale of Health. Pope and Murray were often seen upon the high road from old Hampstead to Highgate, Hornsey and Barnet. Goldsmith found the Heath favorable to his muse and sauntered much in its thickets, hollows and rusty lanes. Here John Keats lived and here he wrote "Eve of St. Agnes," "Ode to the Nightingale," and "Eidymion," as he sobbed out the closing years of his life before they took him to Rome to place his ashes near the pyramids of Castles. The mother of Tennyson died in the fine old avenue of limes, Well Walk; and when the old Wells were noted as a spa the quality, the London "quality" both of purse and intellect, flocked here to drink the waters, to gamble and to flirt. At a later time "hackney" loved to loiter in their manners at the Heath. Dickens and Forster used to muffle themselves up for a brisk walk over its wind-swept heights and take a "red-hot chop for dinner with a glass of good wine," at Jack Straw's Castle, the Spaniards or other of its fine old inns. And descending Highgate Hill from Lansdale House, the glorious truth of blessed nursery rhyme comes home to us when we see the very spot, now covered by a mass of memorial stone, where poor Dick Whittingham as he listened to old Bow bells which rang him back to his city toil to be made "thrice Lord Mayor of London." EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Big Cities in Old Times. The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area from 100 to 200 square miles; its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the vast area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine-tenths of this area was taken up with gardens and orchards. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar is estimated at upwards of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000. The census taken (A. D. 48) A. U. C., 801 gave the city a population of 6,944,000; but this is not credited now. London is probably larger than any city of ancient times ever was, and it is the largest of the modern world. There are several ways of considering the population of London, but taking the area under the protection of the city and metropolitan police. The population in 1891 reached the enormous total of 5,363,332.

A Chance to Buy Cheap. In Bellast, Ireland there is a curious old custom, dating from quite two centuries ago. In the town there are two halls for selling linen, one of which is now used as an office, etc. This one is Linen Hall proper, or White Linen Hall. The second is called Brown Linen Hall, in which the linen used to be sold unbleached, while bleached linen was sent to the former.

A very long time ago a patriotic man endowed this Brown Linen Hall, so that it cannot be sold, and it was stipulated that a market should be held every Friday. But when companies took up selling linen no one came to the old hall, so that it is now no longer of any use.

But regularly every Friday morning an old man opens the gates and put a single bale of unbleached linen up on the board. He is always the same old man, and always the same, but no one ever comes to buy, and very few people know about it.

Delightfully Cool and Refreshing with ice-water and sugar. HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A MANITOBA EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

A Sufferer For Years From Kidney Troubles and Dyspepsia Tells How He Found a Cure—His Advice to Others.

[From the Brandon, Man., Times.] Recently, while a reporter of the Times was in Dr. Fleming & Son's drug establishment, a customer came in and asked for a package of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This incident turned the conversation to this now world-known remedy, and the reporter asked whether within their own observation Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remarkable remedy they are credited with being. The reply was given with no uncertainty. "We have sold," said a member of the firm, "during the past year more Pink Pills by far than any other proprietary medicine. The demand is largely increasing, and from what we hear the results have been very beneficial to those using them. Indeed I believe it a duty on the part of those who give with me, to mention the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, who resides on 33rd street, you will probably get the particulars of a very interesting case."

The Times reporter felt that he would not only be giving his readers an interesting story, but might be the means of pointing out to some suffering sufferer the road to renewed health by securing the details of Mr. Cooper's case. With that end in view he called upon Mr. Cooper, and on making known his errand, was given a hearty welcome. "I have not the slightest objection," said Mr. Cooper, "to bearing public testimony to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed I believe it a duty on the part of those who experience such benefits as I have done, to make known as widely as possible the virtues of this remarkably remedial. For many years I suffered intensely from kidney trouble and dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly afflicted can understand how great a burden life is at times. I tried all or nearly all of the remedies said to be a cure for those troubles, but in no case did I get more than temporary relief, and when a recurrence of the trouble came it seemed to be with greater intensity than before. I suffered so long that I despaired of ever being cured, and felt that ten temporary relief was worth striving for. I was continually depressed in spirits, and sometimes could not help wishing myself dead. But now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, all that is changed, and despite my years I feel as light-hearted as a schoolboy. You can therefore understand the feeling of gratitude I have for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through reading the accounts of the many marvellous cures that have appeared in the newspapers. I felt that if these wonderful pills had done so much for others, there must be hope for me, and I was not disappointed. I had not taken them long before I felt a change for the better. 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Sunday Reading.

GOOD FOR EVIL. The Result of the Teaching in Regard to Coals of Fire. Poor Bruno lay dying; his great brown eyes lifted up to his master's face in an almost human appeal for help; his curly black form, that but a moment before was convulsed with agony lying still and rigid.

Bruno had an especial antipathy to towels, probably the result of his early training—and could never see a matronly "Biddy" industriously providing for a promising brood in his master's garden without evincing an unneighborly degree of severity. Yes, he had been known to encroach on foreign territory at times in pursuance of his own besetting sin; and it had even been hinted that he was guilty of graver offenses, but of this we cannot speak of certainty.

"I am sorry for Merner," said his father, "for he thought of a sight of his dog, though I can't say I'm sorry it's dead; it was a mischievous brute at times, and I was good as caught it at that last sheep worrying. With the exception of his mother, it was the only friend he clung to lately; and yet I knew Silas Merner when he was a good deal different. Poor old fellow! I would have killed his dog for a farm, though I expected it would get him into trouble if he didn't tie it up, and so he sent him word in time—as I thought."

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Of every 1,000 clergymen between the ages of 45 and 65 it is found that only 15 die annually. But of every 1,000 doctors between the ages of 45 and 65 no fewer than 28.02 die every year. That is to say, the mortality of medical men is almost double that of clergymen, and the rate is increasing.

The London Committee in aid of the Church of Ireland Sustentation Fund publishes its twenty-second annual report. The total amount received by the committee since the founding of the fund in 1871 was £25,101 1s. The whole of each year's contribution is exclusively devoted to the parishes of the south and west to aid them in making up the parochial assessments, by which the ministry of the church is maintained. The £200 sent by the committee in December, 1891, was appointed during last year among 63 parishes in seven dioceses.

The Cambridge University Press has produced the newly discovered fragments of the Gospel according to Peter and the Revelation of Peter. Students have always hoped that some day these lost documents would be discovered, and now portions of them have been actually found. In an ancient cemetery at Akhmin or Panopolis, in Upper Egypt, a little parchment book was found six years since, and is now in the Gizeh Museum at Cairo. This fortunate discovery was made by the French Archeological Mission at Cairo, and M. Bouriant lately published a transcript of the manuscript in the official report of the Proceedings of the French Archeological Mission at Cairo. When these fragments came under the notice of Professor Harnack, of Berlin, he at once saw their immense importance and called general attention to them. The resurrection is fully described in terms which differ greatly in some respects from the canonical gospels.

10. When, therefore, the soldiers saw it, they awakened the centurion and the elders, for they too were hard by, keeping watch; and as they declared what things they had seen, again they see coming forth from the tomb three men, and the fourth supporting the one, and a cross following them. And of the two the head reached unto the heaven, but the head of Him that was led by them overpassed the heavens. And they heard a voice from the heavens, saying, Hast thou preached to them that sleep? And an answer was heard from the cross, Yes.

The Bishop of Mauritius has addressed a letter of thanks, through S. P. G., to all who came forward to help the English church of that colony in her recent extremity, caused by the cyclone in April last year. By this timely aid the cathedral has been restored, four churches and one school chapel rebuilt, two churches re-roofed, seven churches restored and repaired, two parsonages rebuilt, and three parsonages restored; to say nothing of the assistance given for the repair of schools or of mission works. The fund for the restoration to the diocese of a residence for the Bishop and the diocesan college will also be added. Strenuous local efforts are now being made to continue and extend the ordinary church work, both in Mauritius and Seychelles.

NEWS AND NOTABILIA.

It is said to cost £2,000 a year to keep St. Peter's at Rome in repair. Miss Miriam Sluder, a sister of the Franciscan Order, is on her way from St. Louis to the Sandwich Islands, where she will devote her life to nursing lepers. She is twenty-two years of age and highly educated.

Prof. St. George Mivart's work, "Happiness in Hell," which appeared originally in the Nineteenth Century, and which provoked a lengthy controversy and a devoted comment, has been placed by the Vatican in the Index Expurgatorius. Of every 1,000 clergymen between the ages of 45 and 65 it is found that only 15 die annually. But of every 1,000 doctors between the ages of 45 and 65 no fewer than 28.02 die every year. That is to say, the mortality of medical men is almost double that of clergymen, and the rate is increasing.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke, the well-known preacher, is an Irishman by birth. He is a tall, handsome man, and, although now in his sixties, he looks much younger. His face is, presumably, that belonging to a man of moral courage, and the expression of a clear mind is its most striking quality. Mr. Brooke always carefully prepares his discourses the day before he is to deliver them, and is most particular in his dates or facts quoted by him shall be correct.

Miss Wilson, only daughter of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, who for the past eight months has been studying in London, England, the methods of the Sisterhood of Deaconesses, has returned to Toronto and is about to found a branch of the order. The sisterhood is said to be especially in sympathy with the Evangelical church, and will be a sort of companion order to the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine. The idea of establishing the order in Toronto was first mooted about nine months ago, just before Miss Wilson left for England. Miss Wilson has signified her intention to set apart her residence on St. George street as a home for the Sisterhood. A number of Toronto ladies will join the order. The ceremony of initiation will take place shortly.

A Chicago correspondent of the London Church Times says:—"Speaking of women singers, I am compelled to note with much regret that the Melbourne idea of vesting woman choristers is being somewhat extensively adopted in the American church, and in one of our principal church papers is pushing it with more zeal than wisdom. It will go far to disgust many clergy with vested choirs altogether. I fear. But then, you see, it is so awfully fetching, and so solemnly sweet, and so delicately sentimental and all that. One bishop, his lordship of New York, forbade the thing altogether in his diocese. But what can be expected in communities that are accustomed to read of it—not to hear—the Reverend Anna Blank preach Sunday after Sunday.

Messages of Help for the Week.

Sunday.—Psalm i: Serve the Lord with gladness. . . . Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him and bless his name. For the Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Monday.—Psalm xix: 9: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Tuesday.—25th verse. "My soul cleaveth into the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word." Wednesday.—27th: "Make me to understand the way of thy precepts: so shall I talk of thy wondrous works."

Thursday.—37th: "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." Friday.—18th verse: "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Saturday.—105th verse: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

God Work for a City. In one of the large cities of the United States the King's Daughters have found a new way of working. They have fitted up several attractive rooms, and during the noon hour cash girls, clerks and other working girls are welcome to take their lunches there. Cozy tables are prepared, where two or three or half a dozen may spread their tables, and for a cent a cup of milk, tea or coffee may be had. Some of the King's Daughters are on their feet every day and put all the brightness and entertainment they can give into the gatherings. They have a piano and books and fresh paper and magazines. Sennographers and others of the better-paid class of working girls come in with those whose salaries as cash girls and clerks are pitifully small. The boys' branch occupies rooms near by, and is similarly conducted. The patronage is very large, and on some days 200 or 300 visit the boys rooms alone.

The seal ring worn by the Pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document. D. Waters, Campbellford, Ont. says that the Peterboro Medicine Co. (Limited) are at liberty to use his name in the interest of all who may be suffering as he was before he used Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure.

Advertisement for Groder's Syrup. Includes an illustration of a woman holding a box of the product and the text: 'See That GB Mark Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate. None genuine without it.'

Advertisement for Groder's Syrup. Text: 'Groder's Syrup IS A PERMANENT CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.'

Advertisement for Blue Store. Text: 'SUMMER SUITS FOR SUMMER DAYS. BLUE STORE. THOS. YOUNGCLAUS, BOSTWICK BLOCK, North End REFRIGERATORS. From \$8.00 up. A Splendid Line. We have a Few Second-Hand Ranges in Good Order, To Sell Cheap. Coles & Sharp, - 90 Charlotte St.'

Advertisement for I.O.F. (Independent Order of Foresters). Includes a table with columns for 'No of Members', 'Balance in Bank', and 'No of Members', 'Balance in Bank' for various years from 1882 to 1890. Text: 'THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS is far and away the BEST Fraternal Benefit Society in the world. It was founded in Newark, New Jersey, on the 17th June, 1848, and has spread all over the United States and Canada, and is now being extended to Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia.'

Vertical advertisement on the left edge. Text: 'are Flies, Work Flies, everything that is hard vanishes with the use of... UNCAR'S. Montreal, Toronto, St. John, N. B.'

Advertisement for Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. Text: 'ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS? HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC WILL MAKE YOU STRONG. Price 50 cts. a Bottle, Sold by All Drug-gists and general Dealers. Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.'

<p><b>This Week's Prices for Goods</b> advertised last week:</p> <p><b>Cotton</b> AND <b>Lisle</b> <b>Thread</b> <b>Hosiery.</b> Ladies' and Children's; plain, not ribbed. Choice of the stock, Many were forty-five cents.</p> <p><b>Ladies' Silk</b> <b>Hose,</b> 81c. They were one-forty.</p> <p>Black Pure Silk Gloves, 25c.</p> <p>Ladies' Turn Down Collars, 9c.</p> <p>Black Paris Net, 10c.</p>	<p><b>Damask</b> <b>Tabling.</b> Choice of our stock. Cream, 49c. White, 66c. Some were ninety-five.</p> <p><b>Dress</b> <b>Ginghams.</b> Choice of stock, 6 1/2. They were eleven. We have some at three.</p> <p><b>White</b> <b>Turkish</b> <b>Towelling</b> 17c.</p> <p><b>Stair</b> <b>Linen</b> 8c.</p> <p><b>Napkins.</b> Choice of the stock, per dozen, \$1.75</p> <p><b>Fine</b> <b>Linens</b> 30c.</p>	<p><b>This Week's Prices for Goods</b> advertised last week:</p> <p><b>Cotton</b> <b>Dress</b> <b>Goods.</b> Choice of Light Colors: Prints, 6 1/2c. Challies, 5 1/2c. Choice of Dark Colors: Cambrics, 9 1/2c. Challies, 7 1/2c.</p> <p><b>Dress</b> <b>Trimmings.</b> Choice of the stock: Gimps and Ruchings, Black and Colored, Silk and Jet, 8c.</p> <p><b>Curtain</b> <b>Ties,</b> 60c. They were two-fifty.</p> <p><b>White</b> <b>Quilts,</b> 81c. Worth one twenty-five.</p> <p>Any <b>Shoulder</b> <b>Shawl</b> 75c.</p> <p><b>Creton:</b> The best for That was twenty. Cheapest, five cents. Double-fold Tapestry, 53c.</p>	<p><b>Ladies' Belts,</b> 46c. Choice of the stock, Some were seventy-five.</p> <p><b>Scarf</b> <b>Silks,</b> (Loie Fuller) 42c. Black and Tints.</p> <p><b>Black</b> <b>Lace</b> <b>Scarfs</b> \$1.57 They were three dollars.</p> <p><b>Bolton</b> <b>Cloth</b> 61c. Fluted edge</p> <p><b>Collars and Cuffs.</b> White per Set, 25c. Colored Cuffs per Pair, 30c. Collar free with colored Cuffs.</p>	<p><b>Ladies' Silk</b> <b>Umbrellas</b> for rain. Choice of the stock, \$3.00 Some were five dollars.</p> <p><b>Argentine.</b> Better than Tarlatan. Yard and a half wide, 15c.</p> <p><b>Damask</b> <b>Table</b> <b>Cloths</b> \$1.35 They were one seventy-five.</p> <p><b>This Week's Prices for Goods</b> advertised last week:</p> <p><b>Cotton</b> <b>Skirts,</b> The Best \$1.35 Some were two-fifty.</p> <p><b>Watered</b> <b>Moreen</b> 35c, That was sixty.</p>	<p><b>MEN'S COLUMN.</b> <b>Unlaundried</b> <b>Shirts</b> The Best. 90c. Also at forty cents. Three for, \$1.14</p> <p><b>Men's</b> <b>Braces</b> 15c. Worth a quarter.</p> <p><b>White</b> <b>Cotton</b> <b>Night</b> <b>Shirts</b> 81c., That were a dollar ten.</p> <p><b>Cuffs,</b> 15c. Good, but an odd lot.</p> <p><b>Tom Thumb Ties,</b> 10c. Black.</p> <p><b>Colored Lisle Gloves,</b> 5c.</p> <p><b>Silk Umbrellas</b> (good) \$3.10.</p>
<p><b>SOCKS</b> for Boys as old as eight who wear long pants. 25c.</p> <p><b>Dress Goods.</b> Choice of our stock of Colored goods. Navy excepted, 33c. Some were 80c.</p> <p><b>Black</b> <b>and</b> <b>Navy</b> <b>Serges.</b> Fancy Black Dress Goods. Choice of the Stock, 51c. Some were seventy-five cts.</p>	<p><b>This Week's Prices for Goods</b> advertised last week:</p> <p><b>Cloths.</b> Choice of the stock, \$1.60 Black and Navy. Black cloth, double- fold, 80c. All other colors, choice of the stock, \$1.10 Double-fold cloth as low as fifty cents.</p> <p><b>Tweeds.</b> Choice of the stock, 45c. Tweeds as low as thirty-five cents. Homespun, 25c.</p> <p><b>SERGE.</b> <b>Navy</b> <b>Blue.</b> Best, 45c. Cheapest, 25c.</p>	<p><b>Waterproof</b> <b>Garments</b> Ladies, Choice of the stock, \$2.25 Men's, Black with Sleeves, \$3.50</p> <p><b>Outing Flannels,</b> 6 1/2c. (not Shaker.) Butterick's Large Catalogue, 4c.</p>	<p><b>WHITE</b> <b>CHECK</b> <b>MUSLINS.</b> The Best for 10c., that were eighteen.</p> <p><b>White Flouncings,</b> <b>Black Flouncings,</b> <b>Black Dress Nets,</b> <b>Demi and full widths.</b> Choice of the stock, 61c. Some were one fifty.</p> <p><b>FANCY SILKS.</b> Choice of a lot, 29c. Some in this lot were double.</p>	<p><b>Blouses.</b> Ladies' Shirts, Boys' <b>Shirt Waists.</b> Choice of the stock 82c. Somewhere one-fifty.</p> <p><b>LADIES'</b> <b>Merino</b> <b>Undervests.</b> The Best for 36c., that were ninety.</p>	<p><b>Remnants of Cloths:</b> All single width cloth contain- ing less than seven yards will be accounted a rem- nant and sold for 30c. per yard. That price, irre- spective of quality. Of course we cannot cut any length. To buy at this price customers must take the remnant.</p> <p><b>This Week's Prices for Goods</b> advertised last week.</p> <p><b>Underclothing:</b> Choice of the stock, 30c. They were seventy cents.</p> <p>Any Colored Shirt for 91c. Also White with col'd bosoms. The Best Cotton Socks 51c.</p>

GEORGE H. MCKAY, 61 King Street.

MEN'S COLUMN.

Unlaundried Shirts 90c. Also at forty cents. Three for, \$1.14

Men's Braces 15c. Worth a quarter.

White Cotton Night Shirts 81c., that were a dollar ten.

Good, but an odd lot. 15c.

Black. 10c.

Colored Lisle Gloves, 5c.

Black Umbrellas (good) \$3.10.

Remnants of Cloths:

single width cloth containing less than seven yards will be accounted a remnant and sold for 30c. per yard. That price, irrespective of quality, course we cannot cut any length. To buy at this price customers must take the remnant.

Week's Prices for Goods advertised last week.

Underclothing:

White with cold bosoms, 30c. y were seventy cents.

Colored Shirt for 91c. White with cold bosoms.

Best Cotton Socks 51c.

et.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

One of the most pronounced facts in the fickle world of fashion, is the gradual, but certain decadence of the very wide skirt. Like the Empire craze, and the crinoline scare they did not come to stay, but are already taking to themselves wings; and I am quite inclined to give myself airs because I predicted in the spring that wide skirts would not last. Now the girls who were determined to be in the height of fashion and therefore had their dresses made with nine gored skirts, will have the pleasant task before them of taking out at least four gores, for the best dressmakers are already refusing to make skirts which measure more than four yards around the bottom, so determined are they to discountenance the graceful and cumbersome width introduced in the spring.

But if simplicity is growing in favor for skirts, it is the very reverse with bodices, which seem to grow more and more elaborate, and strange to say the well dressed woman today, is not the one who is dressed en robe, but the one who shows the most daring originality in the difference between her bodice and skirt. Nothing like a sympathy in varying shades of any one color is considered admissible. Your bodice must not bear the slightest relationship to your skirt if you would be fashionable, they must not be even Scotch cousins. Here is an illustration in a gown recently worn by one of fashion's favorites. A skirt of heliotrope batiste, oddly trimmed, not more than twelve inches below the waist line with a group of three narrow ruffles of itself, their own width apart. The bodice was of striped black and yellow silk; it was cut in shape at the neck, and the silk was draped about the yoke and trimmed with a yellow tinted insertion. The inevitable chemise was of yellow chiffon, and the belt of black velvet ribbon. It sounds very strange, I confess, and not particularly attractive, but it was, to say the least both striking and stylish.

The girls who favor the English style of architecture in dress, are wearing a decided novelty in the shape of shirt waists of black silk, with soft empire scarfs of the same, folded around the waist. Of course the silk used is either surah or India silk which drapes softly and prettily. Studs fasten the waist down the front, and with it is worn an English walking coat of chamois yellow with immense revers, bordered with black silk gimp or passamenterie. The full silk sleeves are finished at the wrists with the same garniture. Coats of brilliant red similarly made are trimmed with black, and worn with the black waists.

The outing gown has become such a feature of every one's wardrobe now-a-days that to write even a short article on fashions without mentioning it, would be impossible. Until this season no one dreamed of an outing dress made of any material but flannel or serge, but this season the English woman of fashion has shown us the wisdom of adopting cotton and linen fabrics, and so keeping cool and comfortable even though we are "outing." Brown, white and blue linen and pique, plain, striped and figured, appeared on the shelves of the best dry goods houses, made into blazers, reeters and suits, and they speedily won their way into favor until now their position is firmly established, and fashion's favorites wear jaunty suits of linen and duck. Some time the skirt is of serge, and the blouse of blue and white poulard, with refter of blue duck. Imagine a shirt waist to be worn with a dark blue linen skirt and refter, made of four large bandana handkerchiefs, two forming the sleeves, and the others the body! Scotch gingham are in high favor also, but I must not stop to describe them; just a word about the newest tennis shoes and then I must away to my correspondents.

We do not generally associate tennis shoes with any large amount of grace or style; but a new tennis shoe has recently made its appearance from England, the home of tennis, which is certainly a great improvement upon the majority of tennis shoes. It has a vamp of patent leather which gives it quite a festive appearance, and the vamp is quite low like a slipper, as a quaint little ankle tie such as babies used to wear, comes around the instep and fastens in front with a single button, thus preventing the shoe from coming off, just when the wearer is most anxious to keep it on.

HOME MADE WINES, St. John.—Thank you again and please don't think your recipes are not valued because they are not used immediately, I have to use such recipes as are in season just now, and I intend publishing the wines next week, I was especially glad to get them, as they are all so good, and I have long wanted to know how to make ginger wine.

E. D. W., Florida.—I hope you will not mind my using your initials, as you gave me no non de plume. Thank you for the recipe, I have found the recipe for freezing ice cream without ice, but I wish you had cut it out when you first saw it, as I had quite a hunt, but I deservy others will be glad to get it, so my labor will not be in vain.

Place the preparation to be frozen, in a tin, pint and measure it in a bucket of weak solution of sulphuric acid and water,

into which has been thrown a handful of common Glauber salts, and the resulting cold is so great, that a bottle of wine placed in it, will be frozen in a few minutes, so that ice cream, or ices, can be quickly and easily prepared. Of course the cream must be stirred in the usual manner adopted by people who have no freezers, or else it will either curdle, or become solid. I am glad you enjoy PROGRESS so much in your southern home.

PINAPPLE.—It was a most extraordinary performance, and most decidedly improper according to all rules of etiquette, and good feeling, but I once know of a widower attending a theatre with a gay party of friends, two months after his wife, whom he was supposed to idolize, died, and as he said he did it to try and cheer himself up a little, we will be charitable enough to hope your friend had the same object in view, but it looks more like utter callousness, and want of feeling. ASTRA.

Women in the World. Mrs. Mary Ranlett has built up an extensive business in a sailors' shipping office. She furnishes seamen in any desired number.

There are a good many sad sights in this sad world, dear bredders; but devy's one dat must make eben de angels weep, an' dat's de spectacle ob a jealous man, wid a wife who hez a face dat ud frighten a boss from his oats.

A bright woman who spent last Summer in the Adirondacks said: "I really felt that I was repaid for my journey by one bit of information that I acquired. That was how to tie my shoelaces so that they would stay tied. Physicians recommend laced boots and fashion decrees them, but they have always been an intolerable nuisance to me until I discovered what to do. I make a loose bowknot, bringing down the upper ribbon over the lower. I curve this same upper loop around to the right and so up through the middle of the knot. Then I pull sharply and it is secure beyond further trouble to me."

Sir Edwin Arnold is credited with having said that it he were at liberty to choose his sex and country he would be an American woman. He must be the first man who ever wished he was a woman. If he isn't, it would be interesting to know who the other one is. But certainly he is right about the proud position of the American as compared with other women. Right here it would be well for all women to remember that said proud position was not gained by sitting down and letting men arrange it for them. Every new advantage that she enjoys today was obtained through the grit and courage of some other woman. The men, bless their hearts, don't mean to be hard hearted and tyrannical, but how are they to know what a woman wants unless she lets her needs be known? "If you don't see what you want ask for it."

We are sometimes better off than we think ourselves: A case in point: A story is told of a New York woman who became afflicted with the mania for a change, and finally succeeded in persuading her husband to sell their house and try a new neighborhood. He reluctantly placed it in the hands of a real estate agent; and one morning shortly afterward, his wife came into his room in a state of great excitement, with newspaper in her hand. "I have found the very thing that will suit us!" she exclaimed; "do go at once and see about it before some one else gets ahead of us!" The poor man, thus adjured, hurried through his bath and dressing, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and arrived in a breathless state at a house agency mentioned—only to find that the attractive advertisement referred to his own house.

TO Make Cloth Waterproof. Ordinary cloth may be made waterproof by the following treatment: Put half a pound of sugar of lead and a half a pound of alum in a pail of soft water; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another pail, put the cloth or garments into it and let it stand an entire day—24 hours. Then hang up to dry without wringing. Garments treated thus, it is said, can be worn in the wildest storm of wind and rain without the wearer getting even damp. The rain hangs in globules upon the cloth, and cloth that is waterproof is better and more healthy than rubber goods.

Found. We found each other in those darkest days Which, some say, come but just before the dawn. I know not how, save that our feet were drawn Without volition into mingling ways. Hearts have no ears to hear, they can but feel, The stranger stands outside and knocks, and knocks, There comes no answer to the noisy shocks Save the re-echoes of his vain appeal. But draws the only one the portals near; Though fall his footsteps as rose petals blows, Trembling, it hastens to open to its own, And this is how we found each other, dear. (Chicago Post.)

A good story is told of the Indians, who replied when a missionary asked them if they were willing to abstain from work on Sunday: "Yes and not only on Sunday, but on all other days as well."

According to an old superstition of the medieval Church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crow so persistently in the early morning is because the morning papers are being set up. "Can't you call again tomorrow?" asked the debtor. "No," responded the creditor; "I never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

Farmer Giles—Them varmint of boys has bin 'n taken the scare-crow out of the field. Mrs. Giles—Well, can't you stand in the field till John fixes up another?

Her Majesty considers the Duke of Connaught to be more like his father in personal appearance and character than any of her other sons.

"Progress" in Boston. PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

DRUGGISTS HAVE THEIR TRIALS.

Some of Them That the Public Do Not Always Think About.

What extraordinary ideas the great majority of people seem to have about drug shops, the dry goods shop, the candy shop, the grocery "store," the hardware shop. Each and all of them occupy a clearly defined position in the world of commerce. They are places where a certain class of merchandise is bought, and sold, and where a certain independent sense of mutual obligation prevails between customer and proprietor. The salesman takes your order, or hands you your change, with a courteous "Thank you," but at the same time both he and you are fully conscious that it you are doing him a favor in purchasing from him, he fully returns the compliment in the trouble he takes to serve you, and the zeal he shows in accommodating you by every means in his power. Indeed, I think it must be a very ungracious man or woman, who leaves a shop without thanking the clerk who has waited upon him, or her, so patiently and solicitously, for the trouble he has taken.

But a drug shop? "Oh well" you say, "a drug shop is different! It is there for the convenience of the public and one naturally expects every accommodation there."

I really believe that is the case and the public regard every drug shop as a sort of free club, which is maintained especially for the convenience of those who may wish for a pleasant lounging place free of charge.

A drug shop is also supposed to be a bureau of general information, to keep a directory on hand, an unfailing stock of postage stamps and postal cards for sale and to have its proprietor and clerks thoroughly posted in all the affairs, private and public of the immediate neighborhood. A stranger in town, who is looking up some long forgotten relations, of whose whereabouts he has not the remotest idea, invariably steers his course for the nearest drug shop and is quite hurt when the druggist confesses his ignorance concerning the family in question and suggests that the querist had better consult the directory, because it is a well known fact amongst that "general public" of whom I am writing that to call in at a drug shop and ask to look at the directory counts just the same as making an extensive purchase, at least if it does not, it should, because by doing so one patronizes the druggist, and shows a flattering appreciation of his wares, if he does not make any money out of the transaction, why of course that is his affair.

I verily believe most people cherish a fancy that the druggist will feel slighted if they leave his shop after purchasing a stamp, without testing the quality of his sachet powder by removing the stopper of each bottle and sniffing critically at the contents, and helping themselves liberally from the different bottles of perfume which he keeps on his show case for selling in bulk. Such little evidences of good will on a customer's part show a friendly interest in the druggist and his stock, which should please him immensely. I need scarcely add since the etiquette of the drug shop is pretty generally understood, that it would be an almost unpardonable breach of good manners to pass out of a drug shop without sampling the various brands of cough lozenges which are temptingly displayed to attract customers. Few well-bred people neglect these little ceremonies, so perhaps any further reference to the subject on my part would be out of place, but I must say I think it is rather hard to expect a drug shop to be open day and night, Sundays and holidays, to be a sort of free lunch counter on a small scale for all comers, and then to go away and grumble in virtuous indignation over the extortionate prices charged for the smallest articles in a drug shop. The leakage in a drug shop is very large and in order to keep himself out of the poor-house, a druggist is simply forced to charge pretty good prices, and even then the mystery to me is not why his prices are high, but how he manages to live at all, and keep grim starvation from his door.

"Oh taking one consideration with another—with a druggist's life is not a happy one!" GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE.

THE REASON WHY OF THEM. Explanation of the Origin of Some Common Modern Customs. Soda water bottles, says an excellent authority, are made with rounded bottoms, so that they may always lie on their sides, for in this position the contents are found to be better, as the gas cannot then escape through the pores of the cork.

One often finds draught and back-gammon boards which, when folded, have the appearance of two volumes side by side; and the origin of this is as follows:—During the time of the Commonwealth, when backgammon and such-like games were pronounced illegal, the breakers of this absurd law were in the habit of using boards of this pattern so that, on the approach of a suspected informer, the boards could be folded up and placed on the shelf amongst the books.

Many persons may have noticed the dummy windows which are often to be seen in old neighbourhoods. The origin of this, dates from the end of the seventeenth century, at which time the window tax was imposed. Under this tax people were assessed according to the number of windows in their houses, and it was because many superstitious persons were paying the tax on them that these dummy windows are now to be met with.

Not a few readers occasionally wear

Closing - Out - Sale - of TAN SHOES.

After a very heavy trade on Russet, Tan and Canvas Shoes, our large assortment has been reduced to odds and ends, or in other words, Remnants. In order to clear up our stock for next season, we will close out all the above goods at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Waterbury & Rising, 34 KING and 213 UNION STREETS.

WHEN strength, smoothness and lustre are required



Silk and Twist has no equal. It imparts a finish to a garment which is to be attained by no other means. Ladies prefer it, Dressmakers recommend it.

what, is termed a "frock coat;" but probably few of them know the origin of the tails and of the two buttons at the back. It is this: The frock coat was originally a riding coat, and the skirt was divided and made to button on to the two buttons behind, so that the coat should not ruck up and inconvenience the wearer when he was on horseback.

To this day the French for this kind of coat is redingote. Now pronounce the word "riding coat" with a French pronunciation, and you will find the result will be a very good imitation of the above French word.

The ordinary tie was originally a mark of distinction, for in the time of Cromwell the officers of the Parliamentary Army wore a scarf round the neck, in order that they might be distinguished from the common soldiers. When the war was over the officers still continued to wear these scarves, and were soon imitated by other people, so that, in time, the original meaning was lost sight of, and that which was once the sign of rank gradually became an article of everyday attire.

The yew-tree has a reason, other than its poetical associations for being placed in a churchyard. It dates back to medieval times, when the bow was the chief weapon of the English soldier, and when the practice of archery was compulsory for every yeoman. The bows were made of yew-wood, and for this reason it was necessary to cultivate these trees.

The yew-tree was poisonous to cattle, and so, as much for their protection as for that of the young trees, the yews were planted in enclosed places, now the most convenient enclosed place in a parish being the churchyard, the yews, as a rule, were planted there, and thus, by association, became the emblem of sorrow.

The dumb-bell obtained its name in this way. It was noticed that the vocation of hand-bell ringing—which, by the way, is a very ancient one—produced in those following it a splendid muscular development of the arms and chest. As the amateur bell-ringer would in all probability have been indicted as a nuisance at common law, weights of a convenient shape were introduced instead of the bells, and to these were given the now familiar name of "dumb-bells."

PICNICS.

Shore Line Railway. Leppieux, St. George, or St. Stephen.

DATES now open in August—Aug. 1, 2, 5, 7, 12 and 14; and from August 17th to end of month. Call or send for circular showing rates, &c., at 3 Langley Building, City St. John. July 20, '93.

EXCURSION.

STEAMER CLIFTON will, after July 1st, commence her usual Summer Excursions. She will leave her wharf at Indiantown every Thursday at 9 a. m. for Hampton, calling at Clifton, Reed's Point and other wharves on her way. Returning will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m. No excursion on rainy days.

THOMAS J. EGAN,

GUNMAKER and Importer of Guns, Fishing and Tackle Sporting Goods. 54 Queen Peterborough, Corner Co., Halifax Nova Scotia. P. O. Box 144.

Would you Like to go Shopping in MONTREAL

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, China and Glassware Kitchen Utensils, Silverware, Lamps, Japanese Goods, Ladies, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

MANTLES and MILLINERY. Full Stock in each Department. Trial Orders Solicited.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

FAMOUS FICTION BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS. A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

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



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

- EAST LYONS. By Mrs. Henry Wood. JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Bronte. JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By Miss Mulock. ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By Wilkie Collins. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Mrs. H. E. Braddon. VAMPIRE FAIR. By W. E. Lockhart. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By Sir R. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN. By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade.

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

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also known as "The Ten Great Novels," also over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to any one sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer. EDWARD S. CARTER.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The greatest depth of the ocean, as far as sounded, is 25,720 feet.

Twenty-eight varieties of the lemon grow in Italy; in France, eleven.

In the fifth century before Christ, refined copper was deemed as precious as gold.

Over 1000 series of Greek coins, issued by independent cities, are known to exist.

In Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are committed to prison every year for drunkenness.

What is believed to be the highest tree in the world is at Dundunong, in Australia, where a gum tree is now growing at a computed height of 450ft.

An ingenious individual has calculated that during the course of every year railway servants of Great Britain get no less than £300,000 in tips from the public.

Cast iron melts at 3,479 degrees Fahrenheit, copper at 3,548 degrees, gold at 2,590 degrees, silver at 2,233 degrees, lead at 617 degrees and cast tin at 442 degrees.

The growth of the Argentine Republic since 1861 has been remarkable. In that year the population was placed at 1,350,000, while at present it is said to be 4,000,000.

Many of the South Sea Islanders believe that Paradise can be inherited only by persons of perfect physical forms. Where this prevails a man will die rather than submit to amputation.

The total coal product of Great Britain in 1892, as well as its value, was as follows:—England and Wales, 154,488,067 tons, valued at £58,205,845; Scotland, 87,191,923 tons, valued at £27,794,613; Ireland, 141,884 tons, valued at £49,993, or a total of 181,816,874 tons valued at £66,050,486.

By a simple invention, just adopted, every lighthouse will be able to identify itself hereafter by flashing out its number. This will relieve mariners from the necessity of remembering many combinations of colors and also from uncertainty in ascertaining whether a light seen dimly through the fog is Russian or red.

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot soldier of the Czar carries over 68 lbs. The weights borne by the foot soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: French, 62 lbs.; British, 62 lbs.; German, 61; Swiss, 59 lbs.; Italian, 53 lbs.; Austrian, 47 lbs.

Norwegians are excellent cooks, especially of fish, which by the way, are never bought dead but are kept alive in anchored cages in the water of the fjord. The vendor of fish dips his net into the water for each customer, who chooses what he likes, and carries home his purchase, still alive, in a large covered tin dish.

Among the household servants of the Queen there are at least two who have been in her service for forty years. A police officer who invariably accompanied the Court to Balmoral, Osborne and Windsor, has just retired, having been engaged thirty-nine years in that duty. It was singular that the only place at which he wore uniform was Osborne.

The dissemination of disease by flies, writes Surgeon-General Sir William Moore, has been regarded among us with too much indifference, if indeed it has not been altogether ignored. Sir William Moore has had exceptional opportunities of observing the extent of this evil in Eastern countries. Regarding this, he cites a number of striking facts, together with a list of some of the diseases which are known to be spread by flies.

In 1837 Chicago had a population of 4,170 souls. In 1892 the population was estimated by competent authorities at 1,130,000. The area of the city in 1837 was 10-70 square miles; today it is placed at 181-70 square miles. Practically destroyed by fire in 1871, Chicago possesses today a larger number of public and private edifices and a greater mileage of broad well-made and handsome streets than any city in the world.

A floating island about 30 miles long and broad, covered with trees from 30ft. to 40ft. high, which is supposed to be a detached fragment of the coast South America, held together by the roots of its trees, has been met with in the Atlantic several times since last year. It was first sighted on the 28th of July, 1892, in lat. 39 deg. N., long. 65 deg. W., and the last time on the 14th of September, having travelled 1,075 miles nearer Europe.

The English professional classes, who head the list as the tallest of adult males, attain the high average of 5ft. 9 1/4 in. Next on the list come the males of all classes of the United States, and a minute fraction behind them come the English of all classes. Hence we may conclude that, taken right through, the English and American races are approximately of the same height. Most European nations average for the adult 5ft. 6 in.; but the Austrians, Spaniards, and Portuguese just fall short of this standard.

The value of ozone as a purifier and its manufacture by an electric process have been very thoroughly gone into recently. Experiments have been carried on for over a year and a half in one of the large laboratories, which have embraced testing ozone as an exterminator of every conceivable sort of insect, germ and microbe, as well as determining the exact cost of manufacturing it electrically on a large scale. The results as given out are on the whole very satisfactory, and seem to show that by the use of electricity ozone will shortly become a comparatively cheap commercial product.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400lb. he can travel twelve or fourteen days without water, going forty miles a day. They are fit to work at five years old, but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five, although they usually live to forty. They are often fastened at thirty for the butcher, the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo or Meharri breed is remarkable for speed, and used only for couriers, going 800 miles in eight days, with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall. Napoleon conveyed 1,500 infantry on camels across the desert from Cairo to St. Jean d'Arc.

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EXCERPTS BY THE BIBLE.

Precepts That Contain Much Instruction to Good Manners.

The following compilation of texts is credited to Rev. Dr. Pentecost: Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.— Luke 6: 30.

Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.— Prov. 3: 27. Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.— Prov. 27: 10. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.— Heb. 13: 2.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.— Rom. 12: 10. Judge not.— Mat. 7: 1. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.— Col. 4: 6. Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself; and discover not a secret to another.— Prov. 25: 9.

Honor thy father and thy mother.— Ex. 20: 12. Rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man.— Lev. 19: 32. Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind.— Lev. 19: 14.

Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty.— Lev. 19: 15. Put not forth thyself.— Prov. 25: 6. Be not wise in thine own conceits.— Rom. 12: 16.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.— Prov. 27: 2. Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.— 1 Cor. 10: 31. Eat so much as is sufficient for thee.— Prov. 25: 16. Be content with such things as ye have.— Heb. 13: 5.

Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee.— Prov. 25: 17. Boast not thyself of to-morrow.— Prov. 27: 1. Not slothful in business.— Rom. 12: 11. Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flock, and look well to thy herds.— Prov. 27: 23.

Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.— Eccl. 9: 10. Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.— Prov. 24: 17. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.— Prov. 8: 33. Let all your things be done with charity.— Cor. 16: 14.

Mirth Amid the Tombs. Many of the tombs of the ancient Egyptians in Upper Egypt are used as places of residence. The Copts, or members of the ancient native Christian Church of Egypt, of both sexes, visit three times a year the tombs of their relatives, for the purpose of feasting. Such tombs being made like houses. They pass occasionally through the women in the upper and the men in the lower room; and in the morning they kill a sheep, and after themselves partaking of it give the remainder to the poor. The Persians, during the spring and summer, visit the white marble tomb of Mohammed Shamseddin Hafiz, who was born and buried at Shiraz, dying about 1380. They esteem him more than any of their poets, and venerate him almost to adoration, a most elegant copy of his works being kept upon his tomb for inspection of all who go there. The Persians, during their visits to this spot spend the time in smoking, playing at chess and other games, as well as reading his works. They also occasionally visit the tomb of another of their most famous poets, the Sheik Moshleh Eddin Saadi, born at Shiraz in 1175, and buried near it after a life of 116 years. On his tomb is kept, for the inspection of all who visit it, a manuscript copy of his works most elegantly transcribed.

Entroning a Bishop. At the entronement of the Bishop of Norwich, recently, some accident and quaint formalities were observed. A table was placed in the open air outside the cathedral, at which the Dean and Chapter were seated. The Archbishop and Chapter's commission to install the Bishop was read. The Bishop then petitioned for installation; the Dean assented, and entered the cathedral. The doors being closed, his Lordship knocked thrice, and the Dean inquired: "What do you want?"

To which the right rev. prelate replied, "I, John, Lord Bishop of Norwich, elected, confirmed, and consecrated, do ask entrance into this Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Norwich."

Then the doors were thrown open, and the Bishop, attended by his Chancellor, Chaplain, Registrar, Proctors, and Apparitor, entered the cathedral, and the long procession passed up the nave singing "Forward be our Watchword!"

Why He Didn't Shoot. A man, with a wife who has her own way about doing things, catches her now and then. "My dear," he said the other morning as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night that there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked, nervously. "Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."

"Well," she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch you would have your money this morning."

"Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said, gingerly, "but I would have been a widower."

She laughed softly then and gave half of it back to him.

There is nobility without heraldry. Though I want the advantage of a noble birth, said Marius, yet my actions afford me a greater one; and they who upbraid me with it are guilty of an extreme injustice in not permitting me to value myself upon my own virtue as much as they value themselves upon the virtue others.— Sallust.

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to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper every one does, but particularly in Canada.

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MAN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, beside being grand master, is an enthusiastic Mason. Either he or the Crown Prince always preside at the conferring of degrees.

Only twenty years ago Emile Zola was a clerk in the shop of Messrs. Hachette, on the Boulevard St. Germain, at 80fr. a month (about 15s. a week); now he is a millionaire.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert possesses a parrot which is said to be the finest talking bird in Great Britain. It whistles a hornpipe, sings a patter-song, and chatters to all who come into its master's mansion.

"Jules Verne" is only a pen name. The novelist is by birth a Pole—a native of Warsaw—and his real name is Olchekitz. When on land, he resides at Amiens; but he lives most of the year in his yacht, and does the greater part of his writing in it.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who is now sixty-three years old, has her home in a pretty house at Lexham-gardens, South Kensington. Writing is still her work and botany her recreation, while she finds special pleasure in giving weekly dinners to poor persons who are discharged from the hospitals.

One of Mr. Gladstone's most amusing experiences is said to have occurred at a public gathering. Just as the right honorable gentleman arrived, an old lady, to whom he was pointed out, exclaimed in tones of great consternation: "Oh, now I do hope that he hasn't come to create a disturbance!"

Whatever else may be said it cannot be asserted that the Princess May is likely to inaugurate the Chinese fashion of small feet. From the particulars which have transpired regarding the present of shoes from Stafford, it appears that the precise measurement of the Royal lady's foot are as follows: 3 1/2-6, 8 1/4-9, 11 1/4, 8 1/4, 9 1/4.

In a telegram personally sent by the Emperor William to a friend of his (a British Admiral), on learning the late sad naval disaster, the following passage occurs: "Tryon was the first man to congratulate me on my promotion to Admiral of the Fleet on my arrival in Cowes Roads in 1889."

Rear-Admiral Markham, who commanded the "Camperdown" when she rammed the "Victoria" is a popular officer amongst the men, and is nicknamed by them the "spotted Markham." This is on account of the way he treats men guilty of breach of rules. He seldom reports such, simply saying to the delinquent, "I spot you."

Mr. H. S. Somerset, the only son of Lady Henry Somerset, has started on a prolonged trip to British Columbia, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Hungerford Pollen, recently called to the bar. An exploring party will accompany these young men, who go prepared to hunt large game, and hope to bring back valuable information concerning the comparatively unknown tracts in the Hudson Bay territory.

The only sign of great age in Marshall MacMahon, who recently celebrated his 86th birthday, is his lack of teeth. When a molar passes the time of its usefulness and refuses to accept the loss philosophically and refuses to call on a dentist to repair the damage. He attributes his green old age to temperate Irish ancestors (the Marshall's name is Patrick) and to the absence in his own character of malice and ambition.

The Duke of York and the Czarewicz are so much alike that even the court officials mistake one for the other, and a story is going the rounds to the effect that a message sent by the Queen to her newly-wedded grandson, and intended for his ears only, was delivered to the bewildered son of the Czar. Fortunately the messenger quickly saw the mistake he had made, and got out of the difficulty by jumbling up his words to such an extent that the Russian Prince thought the man was weak in the head, and turned away.

Lord Roberts of Candahar is a thin, spare-looking man, with silvery and scanty hair, and a large grey moustache. His eye is particularly keen. The recent speeches upon Indian military affairs which his lordship has delivered were all carefully prepared, and although there has been nothing to betray that they have been printed in advance and learned by heart, Lord Roberts has invariably taken care to send early proofs to the newspapers. The gallant commander-in-chief has a clear voice and does justice to his own compositions.

Oliver Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," is at present on a visit to England. Miss Schreiner is under the middle height and pleasantly plump. She has dark hair, big brown eyes, keen intellectual features and beautiful slanting arms. Miss Schreiner gives her opinion of London as a city of the rush and whirl. Every woman in London, she says, looks and feels tired. In her tar-off home, Miss Schreiner confesses that her favorite people are the Boers, whom she prefers to the Zulus and Kafirs.

Prof. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, is the original of Sherlock Holmes. Some years ago Professor Bell was medical examiner for an insurance company, and an Edinburgh man presented himself for examination. After the victim had stripped to the waist, the professor p

MISTAKEN IDENTITIES.

INSTANCES OF MEN PLACED IN DEADLY PERIL BY ERROR.

Some Curious Incidents in the Courts of Europe and America—Old Bailey Records—Remarkable Disappearances and Errors that Have Been Sworn to as Facts.

It requires sometimes only a very slight change of habit or features to render a person unrecognizable as his "former self." Mr. Matthews, the former English Home Secretary, is said to have grown a beard during the recess, and to have been accordingly unrecognized by his Parliamentary friends and associates on his first appearance thereafter in the lobby.

To some types of face the unwanted presence or absence of beard or moustache may mean a great deal. Alterations of the features, however, may be made in other ways, and may result in mistakes as to identity of the most complete nature.

It is related of the late Charles Matthews that once upon a time, when lunched with a famous jeweller, who added pawnbroking to his avocation, the question arose regarding the effectual disguising of one's appearance. Matthews, after the pawnbroker had gone back to his shop, tied a bit of thread skillfully round his nose, and by the assumption of a particular air and attitude actually succeeded in getting a loan from the gentleman himself upon some spoons which he had purloined from his host's table.

This may have been a feat easy of accomplishment to a skillful actor, it is true, but it testifies as well to the great attraction which even a slight change of feature may produce in the countenance.

One fact, however, that tells most forcibly in the history of mistaken identities is the Dromio-like resemblance which may occasionally exist between persons who are in no way related to each other.

The old idea of everyone having his "double" may really find a measure of support in certain of the cases of mistaken identities which from time to time puzzle the curious and baffle even the detective expert. People have often enough found themselves in invidious positions in virtue of their close likeness to other persons.

A recent Dublin case illustrates this contention, and many more may be culled from the records of jurisprudence. It appears that a certain person, twenty-five years of age, was duly arrested and charged with being a deserter from the army. The age of the deserter, by the way, was given as eighteen years.

The prisoner had been reading for eight years for a fellowship at Trinity College. He was married, and on the very day he was alleged to have deserted he proved he was at church with his wife. The irony of fate, however, had decreed that both the innocent man and the deserter had boasted of a chicken-pox mark over the left eye, and in addition, I believe, it was alleged that there existed a certain resemblance between the two persons. A careful examination of the circumstances resulted, of course, in the discharge of the accused.

A more serious case was tried at the Old Bailey in 1834. A man named Stuart was placed on his trial charged with being a convict who escaped from transportation. Evidence accumulated fast and sharply against him, despite the assertion that he was not the man in question.

The jail governor swore that the prisoner at the bar was none other than Stuart, and the guard of the convict hulk wherein Stuart had been confined was equally certain of the identity of the prisoner with the escaped convict. It happened, however, that the fact of Stuart having in 1817 had a wart on his left hand was brought out in evidence.

The prisoner had given his name as Stippler, and had difficulty, it seems, in bringing witnesses to testify to the details of his life between 1817 and 1834. The Recorder, who tried the case, was ready to put it to the jury, when fortunately for Stippler, a certain Mr. Carpuce, a surgeon, happened to be in court waiting to give evidence in a succeeding case. Struck professionally with the mention of the wart on the hand of the convict Stuart, Mr. Carpuce entered the witness-box after a hurried consultation with the prisoner's counsel.

His testimony was to the effect that if such a growth existed, either the man itself, or the scar left after the operation of its removal, would be found on the prisoner's hand, provided he was Stuart. An examination of the hand showed neither wart nor scar, so the prisoner was at once acquitted. This case is not without its parallels in the way of mistaken identity, but it serves to show on how slight a matter the settlement of an individual's personality may really depend.

Perhaps one of the most celebrated cases of mistaken identity was the famous instance reproduced in the drama, "The Lyons Mail," in which Mr. Irving plays the "doubles," Lesurques and Dubosc. Here a citizen of Lyons, Lesurques, well known and respected, was charged with robbery and murder.

Witnesses sworn in the most positive manner to his identity with the assassin, and adduced a scar on his face and a deformity of his hand in proof of their veracity. Such scars Lesurques certainly possessed. He was tried, found guilty and executed, protesting his innocence. Dubosc, a convict, the real perpetrator of the crime, and leader of the gang, was afterward arrested and confessed to the murder.

In his case the marks of identity sworn to in the innocent Lesurques were duly reproduced; yet the two men were in no wise related, although strikingly alike in form and features, and although, as we have seen, even similar accidental markings were by a cruel fate found on the person of each. Recently, we believe, in accordance with French law, the surviving descendants of Lesurques were awarded damages by the Court in consideration of the terrible judicial mistake which had been perpetrated on their ancestor.

In the State of New York a remarkable drama of mistaken identity was played out at the beginning of the present century. It seems that in the year 1800 there settled down in Haverstraw, Rockland County, a person named Thomas Hoag. He succeeded in entering the service of Judge

Coe, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

Among the persons with whom Hoag became acquainted were Moses Anderson and his wife, and Catherine and Margaret Secor, Mrs. Anderson's daughters by a former husband. Hoag fell in love with Catherine, and they were married on the 25th of December, 1800. That the Anderson household must have been intimately acquainted with Hoag goes without saying.

He stayed at Anderson's house on his frequent week-end visits prior to his marriage, which took place before Judge Coe himself.

All went well till the end of March, 1801. Then Hoag suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace of his whereabouts, and with the distress caused to his wife and her friends by his mysterious fate, the first act of this drama may be said to come to an end. The second act introduces us to one Joseph Parker, an inhabitant of New York City.

On the 8th of May, 1798, Parker married Susan Faesch. They lived from May, 1800, to April 1801, in a house, the landlord of which was a certain Captain Pelor. Parker was by occupation a car driver, though he had been trained as a ship rigger. He was also a member of the city watch service.

Now, about the middle of 1802, Parker was accosted in New York while driving his cart, by Mrs. Anderson, from Haverstraw, who was accompanied by her daughter Margaret. They addressed him as Thomas Hoag, the missing husband of Catherine. Unless their eyes and senses at large were grossly deceived, the women saw Hoag before them, and boldly challenged his motives for his mysterious disappearance.

Even the voice of Parker was noted to be like that of Hoag, and was described as "shrill, thick, and hurried, with something of a lisp." Such a peculiarity, added to the exact physical likeness, was surely incapable of reproduction by mere chance in two distinct individuals.

But more was to follow. Mrs. Anderson remembered that her missing son-in-law had a well-marked scar on his brow. Asked to take off his hat, the scar was seen on the brow of Joseph Parker the carman. He shrugged his shoulders—also a trick of Hoag's—and, despite his denials, both women were ready to swear to his identity with Thomas Hoag.

Then came identification by people from Haverstraw. They were sure Parker was Hoag. A double lawsuit of civil nature was brought against Parker, but was decided in his favor. The Court pronounced in the one suit that he was not the man Hoag, and in the other a non-suit was entered. This ended the second act of the drama.

The curtain rises on the third and concluding act, where it fell—in a Court of Law. This time Parker was placed at the bar of a Criminal Court to answer a charge of bigamy. On the ground that he had married Catherine Secor, when he was already the husband of Susan Faesch, pains and penalties were sought him. But the first, and indeed only question to be established was, "Is the prisoner Thomas Hoag or Joseph Parker?"

Failing to establish his identity as the former, no charge of bigamy could of course be upheld. Judge Coe was as satisfied that Parker was his former servant Thomas Hoag as that he himself was Benjamin Coe.

One Knapp, who was intimate with Hoag at Rockland, swore to Parker's identity with the missing man. Hoag's wife, Catherine Secor, was positive on this point, so was her sister, and so were her father, and her brother, James Secor.

But in addition to the scar on his brow, it turned out that Hoag had a scar on his foot, caused by treading on a knife. This was testified to by three witnesses. The Andersons knew of it, and so did the witness Knapp. This was the one side of the case. Then came the defence, which would have delighted the heart of Waller senior, in respect of its proving to be a remarkable strong alibi.

Seven witnesses swore to Parker having lived in Captain Pelor's house in New York from May, 1800, to April, 1801. On Christmas Day, 1800 (Hoag's wedding day at Haverstraw), Parker was loading a cotton ship, and during October, November and December of 1800, and in January and February, 1801, he was proved to have been on duty in the city watch.

He was certainly on duty on the 29th of December, 1800, so that it was morally impossible he could have been the man who had married Catherine Secor the day before in Rockland. Last of all came the episode of the scar on the foot.

Parker exhibited his feet to the jury. There was not the trace of a scar upon them. This was sufficient. He was acquitted without the jury leaving the box. On Hoag's neck was also a scar, testified to by Anderson, and Parker actually also showed such a scar.

There was thus absolute, or at least a remarkably close, identity in general appearance, features, and more extraordinary still, in the accidental marks borne by the two men. Yet the chain of resemblances was broken by the absence of the scar on the foot.

Singular as it is to think of the absolute certainty of Catherine Secor and her friends as to the identity of Parker with her husband Hoag. What became of Hoag was never known; but the case is remarkable enough, if only by way of teaching us the lesson that, after all, appearances are deceptive, and never more so, apparently, than when they relate to the recognition of those with whom, it may be, we have lived on terms of the closest association.

Plenty of Beer in Europe.

Statistics of the beer production of Europe show that the total quantity brewed is 3,105,000,000 gallons, Germany coming first with a production of 1,071,066,105 gallons, of which 644,732,505 gallons are brewed in North Germany. 544,800,305 gallons in Bavaria, 70,953,760 gallons in Wurtemberg, 56,445,840 gallons in Baden and 17,083,905 gallons in Alsace-Lorraine. Great Britain comes next with a total of 874,192,275 gallons, while Austria-Hungary is the third with a total of 308,880,675 while France follows with about 235,000,000 gallons. Relatively to their population, Denmark with 49,185,000 gallons brewed, and Norway with 38,304,990 have a much larger production than most of the others. But Russia, with its vast area and large population, produces only 65,899,870 gallons, while the quantity of beer produced in other countries is: Switzerland,

26,694,495; Spain, 23,062,500 gallons; Turkey, 3,150,000 gallons; Italy, 3,099,665 gallons; Roumania, 2,225,000 gallons; Luxembourg, and Servia, 1,092,505 gallons each, and Greece, 150,845 gallons. The average quantity of beer brewed out of Europe is 830,668,815 in the United States, 36,258,940 in Australia and 4,966,020 in Japan.

Was Hoag to Oblige Her. He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way except expenses.

One day his daughter informed him, in a cold and unfeeling manner, that if he did not give her a diamond tiara worth at least \$7,500, she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling child," he exclaimed, as the tears of joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks, "come to my arms."

"Do I get the tiara?" she asked, hesitating ere she accepted the invitation. "Of course not," he smiled, delightedly, "you get the coachman. I owe him eight months' wages."

That ended it.

It is estimated that the main wheel of a watch makes 1,460 revolutions in a year; the second or central wheel, 8,760; the third wheel, 70,800; the fourth wheel, 525,600; and the fifth, or scape wheel, 4,731,860. The number of beats or vibrations is 141,912,000 in a year.

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EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 26th day of July last, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Board, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in said Decreeal Order mentioned and described as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE CITY OF SAINT JOHN, BEING KNOWN AND DISTINGUISHED AS ALL THAT PART OF LOT No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as it is on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called)."

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scamman and Annie Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 6 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same width, until it meets the line of land owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the 26th day of February, A. D. 1850, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and the said James White, Esquire, and Georgeanna Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recited in the tenancy of Mortgages and releases, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1893. CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity. J. TWING HAYT, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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A SPIRIT WARNING.

The amicable relationships existing between France and Russia are of no recent origin. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paul, the son of Catherine II., was accorded the most cordial reception at the court of Marie Antoinette and at the palace of Versailles, as well as at the charming rural village of Trionon (that elegant rural conception of the ill-fated queen, with its model farm and park).

One evening, at the "appartements" of the Princesse de Lambelle, he who was afterward to reign under the title of Paul I. and his young wife, Marie Feodorovna, baronne d'Oberkirche (a childhood friend of the grande duchesse, and educated with her in a little German court) the nonchalant Septimanie d'Emont, daughter of the Marquis de Richelieu; the handsome Vaudreuil, Kourakir, Baide-de-camp; Paul; the Prince de Ligne, who so well personified the frivolous spirit of the age, and some other personages of "le grande monde," were seated together at a recherche supper, such as only the cooks of the "petits appartements de Versailles" were capable of creating.

In exquisite Bohemian glass sparkled the clear, ruby and topaz wines, while the table itself was a dream of artistic confectionery and luscious fruits. It was the convivial hour when, the cares and anxieties of the day being over, conversation flowed in one unexhausted stream of wit, humor and hilarity, which the august presence of the heir to the Russian throne seemed rather to enhance than to diminish.

"Ah, Monseigneur," exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "I pray you refrain, for whenever Your Highness relates that experience your true friends do not recover from its effects for days."

"I don't want your advice on the subject of Kourakir," replied the Grand Duke shortly. "When it pleases me to speak I will do so." Then, turning toward the company, whose expression and attitude showed the interest they felt, he began: "On a lovely night, such as we are sometimes favored with during the pale spring of the North, a fancy seized me to take a walk through St. Petersburg. My good aide-de-camp here accompanied me, together with two stout Cossacks of the Don, ready to defend their master and to enter the lists against all comers and all odds. Thus you see the heir of Catherine II. was well guarded."

"The aide-de-camp and myself walked ahead laughing and joking about our expedition, and certainly in no visionary or spiritual frame of mind. It was a pleasant walk through the sleeping town on that sweet night. The moon shone so brightly that one could easily have read a letter by her soft silvery light, and every object could be as distinctly seen as by daylight."

"On turning a street corner I perceived in the portal of an ancient hotel the tall figure of a man enveloped in a mantle, his face partially hidden by a hat or covering pulled low over the forehead. It was the first person we had encountered during our midnight peregrination, and as I passed, the man emerged from his retreat, and took his place by my side, keeping step with me as I proceeded. I softly touched my aide-de-camp and whispered, 'Don't you think we have met with a strange companion?'"

"What do you mean, Monseigneur?" "By the man on my left. Surely he makes noise enough for you to hear his footsteps."

proached the large square situated between the bridge of the Neva and the Senators' palace, my companion halted. 'Paul,' said he, 'there we must part; but we shall meet again more than once. I give you a rendezvous. Au revoir.' And raising his hat to salute me I recognized the dark complexion, eagle eye and determined mouth of my grandfather, Peter the Great, who had been in his grave for more than half a century."

"Before I had recovered from the shock, the vision had disappeared. The day began to dawn as I entered the palace, my left side as cold as ice, and Kourakir will tell you that they had great difficulty in restoring circulation by means of hot bricks and thick blankets."

The moral of my tale is that a walk with a phantom is not particularly conducive to physical health. Nevertheless it is none the less grateful to my ancestors for having taken sufficient interest in my unworthy self to give me the salutary warning that my life on earth will not be a long one. In consideration of which I have taken as my motto, 'short and sweet,' and have determined to enjoy to the full those pleasures which must be so transitory. Friends, let us now cast dull care away. Princesse, pledge me in a cup of Hungarian wine, and let us forget the story, which I am sorry to see has cast a gloom over your charming and proverbial French gaiety."

We give the narrative without comment. It is a story taken from the "Memoirs of the Baronne d'Oberkirche." In this dramatic meeting a vision (of which history furnishes some rare examples) or simply a dream, the hallucination of a diseased brain? We can only say that the predictions of the phantom were realized to the letter; for, although Paul had nothing to do with the choice of the locality, Catherine afterward caused a statue to Peter the Great to be erected on the spot where he had given "rendezvous" to his grandson, and we may add also, that the prophecy was literally fulfilled by the assassination of Paul, at an early age, by conspirators led on and headed by the corrupt Comte de Pahlen, the military governor of St. Petersburg.

HE HAD A CONSCIENCE.

"I do not suppose," said Ivion, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and looking straight into the other man's eyes, "that you knew exactly what you were doing; but I say again, that is no excuse for me. We have been friends long enough to warrant your taking sides with me in almost everything, and even to—well, to lying for me if it were necessary."

The other man shifted his position and wet his lips with his tongue. "You did not remember, did you?" Ivion went on, gripping and ungrudgingly the back of the chair behind which he was standing, "that it was I who put you on your feet, not only this last time, but once or twice before? I am going to tell you, you forgot this—forgot that to me you owe even what little you have; for I don't want to think of you as an ungrateful man. No, you are not ungrateful, you are simply a fool. You say that when he asked you, you were taken by surprise that you could not only acknowledge I had been wild and wicked, and mixed up in one or two affairs not greatly to my credit, as a gentleman. And yet you ought to have known and remembered that your people were my death-warrant with Her father. You did know it, but why didn't you remember it? What have you to say for yourself?"

The other man swallowed once or twice, but he did not speak. Ivion, growing paler, ever moment, turned the chair aside and moved toward the door. "I am going," he said, "because I do not care to trust myself with you longer. If I did, I might 'forget,' and if I forgot, I would try to kill you. When you get your senses again, you will understand what I have done for me. You have ruined my life and hers, for she loves me through it all—and I am the man who made you. I am going South tonight, and it will probably be for a long time. My only wish is that, in the years to come—until you are dead you will think at least once a day that it was you who wrecked the lives of two people—who broke Her heart and brought the old hell back into mine; and it is you who will pay for it in the end."

"At last the other man found his tongue. "My God, Ivion!" he cried, hoarsely, "don't leave me now—let me think! I—I—how could I know what he wanted? He only asked me if you had been wild, years ago, and I said—"passing his hand quickly over his eyes—"what did I say? It could not have been much, for he was here but a minute. But I can fix it, somehow! How could I know it was Her father?"

"You couldn't know," answered Ivion, in the same clear, even tones, though the other man knew that back of this forced calmness the devil himself raged in the other's soul, "because as I told you, you were a fool. Until then you had been passably sane, and it would seem that you ought to have known enough to keep your mouth shut, but you didn't. On the contrary, you told him more than he asked for, and you said that I had been wild, but you thought—no you knew—I had sown my wild oats—and then you told him what they were, and what sort of a crop they were yielding. You told of the other woman—and all the rest. Could any man alive have given his daughter to me hearing that? As well as yet, all the time you were talking, you knew I had changed; that I had buried the past in a straight, upward present and had kept it in its grave for years. But you weren't content to let it stay there; you dragged it out and showed it to him—enjoyed doing it doubtless. And I made you."

The other man looked straight before him, but he did not speak again. He took up his hat, drew his gloves from his pocket, and began putting them on. "I did not come here to preach to you," he said, presently, "for I am not good at that sort of thing. I came for your own good, as well as to tell you what I thought of you. I have done that, and now I say to you I never want to see you again. I have kept my hands off your miserable body tonight because I am not a rough; but I warn you that if ever I see you again, it may be different; for it is in my heart to kill you—to kill you, do you hear?"

than I do of myself. If putting an end to my unhappy life will make reparation for what I have done, I say so it! Don't stand there and review the whole cursed thing, though, for what is passed can't be helped. In God's name," he cried, fiercely, "throwing his arms above his head in a wild, dramatic way, "what can I do now?"

"Nothing," you couldn't convince him that you had wronged me; and I cannot deny what you said. All I can say to him is, the past is dead and buried; and he shrugs his shoulders and says it is a very life-like corpse. You did not lie, no, you told what it sometimes much worse and a good deal harder to go—you told the truth. When—but there is no use in saying anything else. Good-night," and Ivion closed the door softly behind him.

The other man stood still until he heard his pass out into the street. Then with a groan he sank into his chair and buried his head in his arms. From his earliest boyhood he had been a sensitive, painstaking creature; careful and conscientious to such a degree that he became a by-word in his own family; of high-strung and intensely nervous organization; and with a temperament changeable as the weather and often affected by it. He was not a hand-to-mouth man; he was tall and thin, and one of the ideas of a cool streak in which he lived in nowise possessed.

All his life he had had to fight his way slowly from one position to another—so slowly that even he became impatient at times; and when Ivion, taking pity on his father's office, recommended him for an easier place and a larger salary, the poor fellow was so overcome that he quite lost his head and nearly fainted where he sat with astonishment. As nervous and as given to details as a sick woman, he magnified every small thing which came to his attention, and he was not a man who could be brought to conclusions with a simplicity of the opposite sex. But in a moment of forgetfulness he had spoken; and in two minutes he had ruined the life of almost his only friend.

For awhile as he lay there after Ivion had gone, he could hardly understand it all, but gradually through the distorted lenses of his scrupulous nature he saw what he had done, and he wondered dimly how God would punish him. Not for a moment did he think of blaming Ivion or asking himself why the man had not made his life purer, so that he would have had nothing to disclose to Her father; with characteristic unselfishness, he told himself the fault was entirely his, and that the sin he had committed was unpardonable—unpardonable; and hardly knowing what he was doing, he pulled the little Bible which lay before him under the light, and turned to the Commandments to see if it was there. But before he reached the place he came to a passage which seemed to burn itself into his brain. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." A life for a life! He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote: **RETRIBUTION.**

"What I told you of Ivion yesterday is a lie from beginning to end. I had a purpose then in bearing false witness against him, for I love your daughter, and, in a moment of wild hope that I might win her, I said what I did. It is a lie, I repeat; the man is as pure as yourself, and his record as free from stain. That you take him back again, is the prayer—the command—the plea to him, and remember that the last words of one who, before you read them, shall be expiating his crime in the other world."

To this strange note he signed his name and put it in an envelope. "I will convince him; it must," he said, turning to the wall drawer and opening it. "Ivion shall be restored to me." He took from the drawer a tiny, pearl-handled revolver, and, going to the fireplace, stood looking thoughtfully into the blaze.

"I have lied," he whispered to himself—"I lied about her. 'A life for a life'—'A life for a life.'"

Then he pulled the hammer of the revolver slowly back and cocked it.

As Ivion started home from the theatre that night, he passed by the corner of the street, and turned back to look slowly towards the other man's rooms. A curious feeling had come over him while he sat watching the play—a feeling as if he had done something terribly wrong and something for which he could never make reparation. As the performance went on, the feeling became stronger, until he found himself restless and distracted, and wishing he were out of the place; in the cool night air. Why he should feel so, he could not think, and he stopped trying to, after a few minutes of mental inquiry. When he had got through the crowd and into the street, the strange sensation left him somewhat; but when he reached the corner, and had intended doing he found himself hurrying toward the other man's little bachelor apartments, with no plausible reason. Perhaps it was curiosity to see him once more before he left the city; perhaps only the desire to look upon him and think what a pleasure it would be to choke the miserable wretch's life from his body; perhaps—and this was the true reason, as he felt later on—his own trouble had made him compassionate for the man, and he would speak kindly to him and try to forgive him. He soon came to the little street on which the other man lived, and down this street he gave way.

What a Clearing House Is.

A Clearing House is a place where banks and bankers meet and settle differences in the amounts of their balances, one against another, so that cash does not have to be used to any great extent. The plan of the Clearing House is this: If there were no Clearing House, bank A, on casting up the day's balances, would have to send money to bank B, because B had paid more of A's checks than A had paid of B's; C would have to pay A for the same reason, and B would have to pay C, and so on. This money would have to be sent from one bank to another at a great expense of time and at great danger of loss. With the Clearing House at work, each bank reports early in the morning that it owes all the other banks so much, and is owed so much by them, on the balances of the day before; then all the balances are compared, and it is seen that all the accounts may be settled by the payment of comparatively small amounts of money. For instance: A owes B \$1,000 and C \$2,000; B owes A \$800 and C \$1,200; C owes A \$1,200 and B \$1,000. On comparing balances we find that A owes B \$200 more than B owes A; that A owes C \$800 more than C owes A; and that C owes B \$800. Then it is evident that if A will pay B \$1,000 all balances will be settled and that \$1,000 will pay off \$8,000 of debt. Two or three per cent. of the face value of the balances is the average amount of money that will settle them after the Clearing House has examined them.

Akin to the Ape.

Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Saba, in Africa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favorite snakes.

The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the moist, warm bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health.

These queer people have only one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of spearing Yex or their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yex is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this conical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food.

The Dokos seemed to come nearest of all people yet discovered, to that terrible conjoin of humanity, the ape.

Perhaps the Groom Was Sold Too. First Citizen—Old Johnson's daughter was married in church today. Second Citizen—Did the old man give away a girl? First Citizen—I hardly think he did. I was told that his son-in-law has just paid the mortgage on his house.

Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality to-day and it will appear again to-morrow.—Emerson.

**BORN.** Acadia Mines, to the wife of James Torr, a son. Windsor, July 15, to the wife of John Cox, a son. Trenton, July 8, to the wife of H. B. Torrey, a son. Amber, Aug. 2, to the wife of Martin Walsh, a son. Halifax, July 29, to the wife of Charles Evans, a son. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of H. C. W. Powell, a son. Springfield, July 27, to the wife of W. B. Bond, a son. St. John, Aug. 1, to the wife of C. H. Holding, a son. Westport, Aug. 1, to the wife of I. Fred Carver, two girls. Springfield, July 20, to the wife of G. H. Gas, a daughter. Carleton Place, July 24, to the wife of D. C. Clark, a daughter. Lunenburg, Aug. 2, to the wife of A. R. Morash, a daughter. Lunenburg, July 30, to the wife of E. Corkum, a daughter. St. John, Aug. 3, to the wife of W. A. Catthers, a daughter. Amber, Aug. 7, to the wife of Geo. S. Dorman, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. H. Banister, a daughter. Amber, Aug. 4, to the wife of R. H. Tremaine, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Chas. S. Hosterman, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Chas. T. Hosterman, a daughter. North Sydney, July 31, to the wife of J. N. Armstrong, a son. Indian Point, N. S., July 27, to the wife of Charles Mosher, a son. Fox Creek, N. B., July 16, to the wife of David Surette, a son. West Brook, N. S., July 26, to the wife of Carson Salmon, a son. Buctouche, Aug. 1, to the wife of Michael McLaughlin, a son. New Horton, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Sanford Copp, a daughter. Lower Economy, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Wm. M. Sanford, a son. Economy, N. S., Aug. 1, to the wife of Royal P. Goulet, a daughter. Fredericton, Aug. 1, to the wife of F. B. Edgecombe, a daughter. Port Maitland, Aug. 1, to the wife of Birwell Goulet, a daughter. Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 4, to the wife of Rev. Leander Daniel, a daughter.

**MARRIED.** Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. Canon Roberts, James Lowry to Susan Kay. Yarmouth, Aug. 1, by Rev. G. R. White, H. B. Halifax, July 29, by Rev. R. A. Daniel, Louis L. Grant to Mary E. Cole. Shag Harbor, July 31, by Rev. W. A. Miller, Frank Wood to Ida Stickerson. St. John, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. H. Hartley, John Akerley to Jean Lyman. Onslow, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Patrick Delaney to Susan Crowe. St. John, Aug. 3, by Rev. Father Doucette, Joseph B. Stanton to Mary Quinn. Kingston, July 25, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Peter Roberts to Sophia Morrell. St. John, Aug. 6, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Mark Woodman to Leticia DeWitt. Amber, Aug. 8, by Rev. Wm. Williams, Fred B. Brownell to Miss Black. Halifax, Aug. 7, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George F. Wood to Millie E. Finley. Hantsport, July 29, by Rev. William Phillips, Clarence O'Neil to Jessie Wiles. Truro, July 25, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Bruce M. Glasgow to Edie D. Ulrich.

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**RAILWAYS.**  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
**SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO THE World's Fair!**  
Excursion tickets road for continued passage in each direction. To leave St. John on July 27th and 28th; return leaves Chicago at any time up to Aug. 7th, 1893.  
**AT \$26 EACH.**  
Train leaves St. John at 10:45 p. m.; arrives in Chicago 10:10 second p. m.; returning leaves Chicago 2:30 p. m.; arrives in St. John 1:00 second p. m. Further particulars to Ticket Agents.  
**D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,**  
Gen'l Pass'g Agt. Asst. Gen'l Pass'g Agt.  
Montreal. St. John, N. B.

**YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.**  
**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**  
On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
**LEAVE YARMOUTH:** Express daily at 8:10 a. m.; 11:55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 1:00 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4:45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 3:30 p. m.; LEAVE ANNAPOLIS: Express daily at 1:05 p. m.; 4:45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11:05 a. m.; LEAVE YARMOUTH: Passengers and Freight and Friday at 8:15 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11:05 a. m.  
**CONNECTIONS:**—At Annapolis with trains of Annapolis and Weymouth and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montserrat for St. John's (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday morning. With Stage Railroad (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.  
Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BROWNELL, General Superintendent.  
Yarmouth, N. S.

**Intercolonial Railway.**  
1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.  
On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:  
**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**  
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
Accommodation for Pictou and Halifax..... 10.10  
Express for Halifax..... 15.10  
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 15.25  
Express for Liverpool..... 22.20  
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 5:45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Annapolis, at 10:50 o'clock.  
**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**  
Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00  
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.30  
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 8.30  
Accommodation from Pictou and Chatham..... 12.25  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 15.20  
Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.20  
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
**D. POTTINGER,** General Manager.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

**THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)**  
The shortest and most direct routes between Nova Scotia and the United States.  
**The Quickest Time!**  
Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.  
**Four Trips a Week**  
from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission.  
One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening after arrival of Express from Halifax, returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.  
Steamer "City of John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 o'clock for Halifax, returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday at 8 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.  
Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.  
July 13, 1893.  
**L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.**

**INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.**  
**Daily Line**  
(Sunday excepted)  
**For Boston.**  
With Connections to all parts of the United States.  
COMMENCING on August 1st, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: **MONDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1893, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **MONDAY, AUGUST 8th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **MONDAY, AUGUST 15th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **FRIDAY, AUGUST 26th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **SUNDAY, AUGUST 28th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **MONDAY, AUGUST 29th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.** **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st, at 7:30 a. m. for Eastport and Boston.**  
For further information apply to **C. E. LAOCHER, Agent.** ST. JOHN.

**BEEF, LAMB, VEAL, MUTTON, FOWLS, CHICKENS, and all Vegetables.**  
**Thos. Dean.**