

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 179.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## More Line Ry.

Best, Quickest & Cheapest  
Route to St. Stephen,  
Hours, 15 Minutes.

## NEW PASSENGER CARS.

Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess  
fare.

## SATURDAY TRAINS.

ARE GOOD TO RETURN MONDAY.  
had lately been placed in fine condition,  
bridges replaced by new ones.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO REAL COUNTRYMEN.

One of Them Charges Through the Gate and  
the Other Spent His Time and His Cash  
At the Barrack Green—The Balloonists  
and Their Fate.

## THE BIG SHOW ENDS THIS MORNING.

AN AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

## THE FAKIRS AND THEIR CATCH PENNIES.

THE HUMOR OF T. A. PETERS ACCUSING HIM  
OF LOAFING DID NOT SEEM TO IMPRESS  
ITSELF UPON MR. CORNWALL SO MUCH AS THE  
INJUSTICE. HE REMINDED MR. PETERS THAT HE  
WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD RAISED HIS VOICE  
IN OPPOSITION WHEN THE QUESTION OF SALARY  
CAME UP. CONSIDERABLE AMUSEMENT WAS  
AFFORDED THE CROWD AND MUCH SATISFACTION,  
FOR THE TRUTH WAS LAID ON WITHOUT VARNISH  
BY THE INDIGNANT SECRETARY.

## TALKED DOWN A DRUM.

An amusing incident occurred down at  
the side shows one day this week, that  
proved the voice more powerful than a  
bass drum. A colored fakir who does the  
shouting for a "kill the coon" show owned  
the voice, and Weston's great dime delusion  
the drum. The colored man was more  
than eloquent on that particular day, and  
had one of the largest crowds around his  
lot than any of the fakirs had been favored  
with. The Weston show people on the  
contrary had to confine their remarks  
about the wonders to be seen within  
to a few small boys who gazed  
adoringly at the pictures. The Weston  
shouters looked at the colored man's  
crowd with envy, and at last decided  
to make an attack upon it and endeavor  
to draw it to the pictures further down the  
street. So the chief shouter and the clown  
with the base drum advanced upon the  
mob, and when in the middle of it, the  
orator began to talk, and the clown gave  
a selection on the base drum. The colored  
shouter looked on for a moment with a  
little surprise, then he got to work to  
astonish the Weston representatives. He  
proceeded to talk down the opposition  
orator, base drum and all, and he was a  
howling success. All the wit, humor and  
gall of the African race was intro-  
duced into his oration, and it  
was delivered in a tone of voice  
that would have made the Partridge Island  
orator blush. But he got there in good  
style. He talked the Weston people out  
of sight; for after many attempts to renew  
the attack against the colored man's oratory  
the Weston orator stole away, followed by  
the clown with the base drum, while the  
crowd applauded the African, and "an-  
other man took a shot."

## BENEVOLENT MR. RILEY.

He Thinks That His Charitable Efforts Are  
Not Appreciated.

Among the callers at PROGRESS office  
this week was Mr. Riley of City road.  
Mr. Riley deals in coal, and his christian  
name is Edward.

## THE MAYOR AND MR. CORNWALL.

His Worship Accused Mr. Cornwall of  
Shirking and Rouses his Indignation.

Mr. Ira Cornwall is a busy man but  
just now and for the past two weeks  
"busy" does not express his mental and  
physical activity. Half past six in the  
morning finds him with a broom in his  
hand in the exhibition building setting a  
good example to his workers in preparing  
the place for the day. He usually has a  
quick two hours of it before breakfast. A  
few mornings ago he was busier than ever,  
and had failed to find time even to eat  
before he saw the newspapers to distribute  
the paragraphs and announcements for the  
day.

## THE REASON WHY.

Some editors will never make an announce-  
ment until they have the copy in  
hand, and they are never "in the soup."  
PROGRESS does not contain the interview  
announced last week, because the writer  
who had the notes was interviewing his  
physician this week.

## AWAY FROM HIS HAUNTS.

The presence of Frank Robinson in St.  
John during exhibition would seem to in-  
dicate that there was more to especially  
interest him here than in Halifax. Is this  
a compliment to St. John or Halifax?

## THE ATTENTION OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH IS DIRECTED TO THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING RECENTLY OPENED ON THE BRIDGE ROAD. PROGRESS HAS HAD SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS STRUCTURE BEFORE, SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY IT WAS BUILT AND WHAT IT COST THE SCHOOL BOARD. IF ALL REPORTS ARE TRUE, AND THEY COULD NOT COME FROM MORE RELIABLE SOURCES THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PLACE IS LIKELY TO COST THE PEOPLE SOMETHING THAT THEY HOLD DEARER THAN MONEY—THE HEALTH, PERHAPS THE LIVES OF THEIR CHILDREN.

## A YOUNG MESMERIST.

Mr. Skinner, the mesmerist, who has  
been drawing crowds to St. Andrews rink,  
is a young man of 23. He looks no older,  
and says that is just half the number of win-  
ters and summers that have passed over him.  
His first visit to St. John was with Fore-  
paugh's circus, and later he appeared in  
the Mechanics' institute. He has only  
three people with him, but their perform-  
ance attracts hundreds every night. Mr.  
Skinner concludes next week with a Fred-  
erickton engagement, and then returns for a  
season to Lynn.

## STRANDED IN TOWN.

The members of the Zigzag company,  
which gave such a dizzy performance in the  
Institute are stranded in town. Their re-  
ception here, and the consequent deser-  
tion of their manager had a bad effect  
upon the company. They were billed for  
Frederickton and Moncton, but of course  
failed to come to time, no doubt to the  
satisfaction of the local managers and the  
people.

## THE FINEST EFFECTS OF HISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

ever appeared in St. John was seen at the  
exhibition, and those were produced by  
CLIMO.

## CLIMO.

the verdict by all who saw the skillfully  
wrought portraits.

## GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS.

AT VERY LOW RATES.

## GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## WANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

EVERY SATISFACTION.

copies of every kind copied and finished  
in EVERY style.

## ALL IS QUIET.

## The Big Show Ends This Morning.

## AN AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

## The Fakirs and Their Catch Pennies.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO REAL COUNTRYMEN.

One of Them Charges Through the Gate and  
the Other Spent His Time and His Cash  
At the Barrack Green—The Balloonists  
and Their Fate.

While there have been no 10,000 or  
7,000 days attendance at the exhibition  
this year, the patronage has been regular,  
and there have been more four and five  
thousand days than the previous record  
showed.

The grumblers are about as usual, and  
it may be that they have some straws to  
snatch at this year, but they are like the  
men who think they can run newspapers  
better than the editor. They would like  
to try their hand at exhibitions; they know  
how it should be done, and how they would  
do it, but the minute there is a chance that  
they will be called upon for some assistance  
in the shape of committee work, they have  
nothing to say and are hard to find.

No doubt there can be improvements  
made in the management of the show. The  
directors themselves are conscious of that  
and it will be in order later to point out  
where some changes can be made with ad-  
vantage to the exhibition and the people,  
but this is not the time. For the present,  
instead of being too critical, there should  
be an unanimous agreement upon the fact  
that the second annual exhibition of the  
association has been a success so far as it  
went. It only lacked the agricultural de-  
partment to make that success over-  
whelming.

The displays made by the city merchants  
were grand, and although the same goods  
can be seen in their stores day after day,  
the arrangement of them in their spaces in  
the exhibition building was for effect.  
The several spaces occupied by large city  
firms gave a splendid idea of their business  
and must have proved a good advertisement,  
for thousands stood around them  
looking at and admiring the goods.

There has been a good deal of discussion  
about the special attractions, and opinion  
seems divided whether it is the correct  
thing to have a number of small shows,  
to which there is an admission fee, within  
the grounds of the association. The di-  
rectors think, of course, that it is, or they  
would not have done it. They say that  
there is money in the "special" for them,  
and that the people do not mind paying an  
extra ten cents to see such an attraction as  
"Linus," or the rooster and the dog and  
minstrel show. Mr. Cornwall assures  
PROGRESS that he heard no complaint, and  
that the association only followed the usual  
practice in asking an extra admission fee.

That is true beyond a doubt, but it would  
be much better in PROGRESS' opinion  
either to make the general show so excel-  
lent that "specials" would not be neces-  
sary or to obtain the specials and let the  
people see the whole show for the first  
admission charge. Mr. Cornwall laughed  
when this suggestion was made, and said  
that the association could not be so  
generous, and that much of their income  
came from the special attractions.

While there has not been the same  
enthusiasm as there was a year ago it could  
not be expected. A new show always  
takes better than one that has played  
before in the same town. But there have  
been enough people in town to make the  
exhibition a success. Business has been  
turned around to some extent, and a slack-  
ness in certain quarters can be attributed  
to the fair; on the other hand among the  
pleasure seekers there have been buyers  
and many merchants have made gratifying  
additional sales.

The provincial people have had an op-  
portunity to come to the commercial centre  
of the province for small cost and very  
many of them have combined pleasure with  
business. In PROGRESS own case scores  
of its friends and patrons have called, some  
on business, others in a social way. If  
they were as glad to come as they were  
welcome the meeting was pleasant and  
profitable.

The chances are that the exhibition will  
prove a financial success. That will be  
desirable for the sake of the future.

## A BAD YEAR FOR BALLOONS.

Why One Year of the Exhibition Pro-  
gramme Was Not Carried Out.

About the only feature of the exhibition  
that was not carried out as advertised was  
the balloon ascension. Nevertheless the  
directors got enough information about

balloons, parachutes and sky sailors gener-  
ally to write a book. This has been a  
great year for balloonists. The directors  
of the exhibition had 25 or 30 of them on  
a string, and got enough pointers to know  
just how business in the balloon line is.  
It has been remarkable for furnishing em-  
ployment for doctors and undertakers, and  
as a large number of the sky sailors had  
passed into the hands of these gentlemen  
before the dates advertised for the St.  
John exhibition, it was with difficulty that  
the directors were enabled to give visitors  
to the show a chance to even gaze upon a  
balloon and see what one looked like.  
However, this was accomplished and  
everyone who visited the exhibition was  
enabled to have a close inspection of the  
big gas bags. They were on exhibition  
for three days, and found as many ad-  
mirers as any other exhibit inside the  
fence or buildings.

Although the directors were in corre-  
spondence with over 25 balloon men, they  
received very little more encouragement  
than a heap of letters containing graphic  
descriptions of accidents of all kinds could  
give. One man who promised to be here  
to make an ascent was killed, another had  
a number of bones broken, and the others  
to whom inducements were offered wrote  
back saying that they were in a somewhat  
similar condition, and couldn't come. So  
the directors abandoned that part of the  
programme. The Claymore people, how-  
ever, had decided to make ascensions on  
their own account, and when they learned  
that there were to be no other balloons on  
the ground, made arrangements for para-  
chute drops. But the fog and wind had  
something to say about the matter, and  
Prof. Spencer did not get a chance to look  
down upon the people of St. John.

Tuesday everything was satisfactory ex-  
cept the fog. The balloon was all ready to  
go up at the expense of the exhibition  
association, and the professor signified his  
willingness to sail through the mist. The  
directors went to the building to have a  
meeting. When they reached the door  
they turned to look at the balloon, but it  
was out of sight. There was enough fog between  
it and the exhibition building to make it in-  
visible, although President Everett had his  
spectacles on as usual. It was decided to let  
the balloon remain on exhibition, as it was  
thought that the people would be better  
pleased to gaze upon it until nightfall than  
to see it mysteriously disappear.

Wednesday there was no fog. His fog-  
ship had evidently been working hard, and  
put the wind "on" as a substitute. The  
Claymore people, not being able to carry  
out their contract with the association, de-  
cided to make an ascent on their own ac-  
count, and had the balloon filled. It rolled  
around in good shape for some time for the  
amenagement of a large number of people,  
until it struck a rock, was torn from  
bottom to top. Everybody in that large  
crowd on the green said something with an  
exclamation mark after it, and the amateur  
photographers who had everything in  
readiness to take a snap shot, bundled up  
their machines, while the people looked on  
and smiled. If the professor had made an  
ascent Wednesday, it is quite probable  
that the managers of the Halifax exhibition  
would have received a letter similar to some  
of those received by the directors of the St.  
John show, and St. John would have con-  
tributed one to the long list of disabled  
ascendants.

## A COUNTRY CHARGER.

His Grand Break Through the Gate, and  
the Way He Got Over Obstructions.

Three large-sized countrymen who came  
down on the excursion Wednesday did not  
fully agree with the I. C. R. management  
in regard to the necessity of a gate and  
brace of officers in the depot. Shortly be-  
fore the western train went out, they wanted  
to get through, but the officers did not  
comply with their request. So they re-  
treated about fifteen feet, and held a coun-  
cil of war, during which it was evidently  
decided to make a charge on the gate  
equaling that of the famous light brigade.  
The only difference was that there was  
nothing light about the charger on this oc-  
casion. He was a strapping big country-  
man, several sizes larger than officer Col-  
lins, and the latter is no relation to Tyn-  
mite whatever.

The charger stood some distance away  
from the gate so as to get a good start.  
Then he made a break, and went through  
the gate with the speed of a locomotive.  
Officer Stevens reached out to catch him,  
but it was no use. He only caught a handful  
of wind. The man was past him like a  
shot, but the officers saw that it was a well  
planned effort to defy the laws of the de-  
pot, and started in pursuit. The charger  
did not look back, but went like the wind  
down the train shed. A crowd of people  
who were showering a bridal party with  
rice fell back to allow him to pass. One  
young man, however, had his back turned to-  
wards the speedy countryman, and although  
he was directly in his way was unaware  
of his approach. The charger was going  
at a terrific rate. Nothing could stop him.  
To go around the young man would throw

him out of his course, and lose time; to  
run against him would give the officers a  
decided advantage. There was nothing  
for the countryman to do, but to jump  
over the obstruction. And this he did. He  
made a grand leap through the air with  
the intention of jumping clear over the young  
man's head. But he missed his mark, and  
landed on the victim's shoulders. Down  
went the two of them on the floor of the  
train shed, and the charger was on the  
bottom of the heap, pretty well bruised up.  
The young man was unhurt, although  
somewhat surprised and frightened. The  
countryman, however, lost no time, but  
picked himself up and started off again on  
his wild career. He ran the length of the  
train shed, and out into the yard. People  
who saw him disappear into the darkness  
say he was running at such a speed that he  
is probably going yet.

## HE SAW ALL THE SHOW.

It Cost Him a Few Dimes, but the Country-  
man Was Satisfied.

"Afore I left home, Bill Watkins told  
me as how I'd better take a few dollars  
along for incidentals if I wanted to see all  
the show," said a countryman in the depot  
the other evening while waiting for the  
train to take him home again after seeing  
the sights of exhibition week.

"You know Bill, he's up to Toronto  
this fall," he continued, "and what Bill  
don't know ain't worth knowin', because  
he's travelled, you see. He said all them  
special attractions, as they call them,  
was extras, and I guess he's about right.  
But by gosh a fellar do get the worth of  
his money, and what's the good of comin'  
down if a fellar ain't goin' to have a gude  
time. Gosh, I didn't stop at the expense."  
"When I went down to the exhibition,  
first thing I seen was a crowd around a  
black fellar, with his head out through a  
hole in a canvas. And blamed if they wasn't  
pegin' base balls at his head, and the fellar  
wanted to pay anybody what would kill him.  
I offered to do it with a club, but the fellar  
said what I was too comical to live anywhere  
but in the backwoods, and commenced  
blowin' what I couldn't hit the nigger with  
one of them balls if I tried all night. Gosh  
damned, I can't never take a bluff like that,  
especially when a fellar's had as much  
practice as I've had firin' stones at cows  
and crows and such; so I took a shot, but  
the coon dodged just when the ball's goin'  
to hit him. I took some more, till I found  
I's have to break a quarter dollar or stop,  
so I stopped."

"I didn't get out of the crowd afore  
a fellar asked me if I didn't want to see  
all the wild animals of the forest for ten  
cents; and as I'm very much interested in  
wild animals, I went in. They had a moose  
in there that was as much overgrown as  
Deacon Smith's younger son, and blamed  
if he ain't a regular whopper for his age.  
They had a lot more animals what I in-  
tended to remember, but blamed if I ain't  
seen so much since I come down what I  
can't remember nothin'.

"I never seen sitch a number of fellars  
wantin' to show me things afore. Why, I  
didn't get out the tent till a fellar shouted  
out what he give any man a cigar what  
would knock down one of the McGinty  
family, and as I can smoke a cigar with  
the next one, and there didn't seem to be  
any chance for the McGinty family to  
dodge, blamed if I didn't take three shots  
for five cents. But I didn't hit any 'em,  
though, and the fellar wanted me to try  
my hand again, but the deacon told me  
onct that the deeper a fellar gets inter a  
thing of this kind the harder it is to get  
out, so I just shied off."

"I didn't turn round before I saw a fel-  
lar in a white coat, shouting at the top of  
his voice, and pulling a bell what was on  
the box where he was standin'. I  
suppose you've seen all them pictures  
they had, well he was a lecturin' on all  
them and two fellars in skin tight and  
ordinary lookin' hosses. Gosh! I thort  
that show must knock Barnum all holler,  
so I went in, but there was nothin' there  
as I could see, except an alligator in a box  
what all the boys was sittin' on, and as I  
don't chew tobacco I dropped a stone on  
him, and blamed if he didn't give the box  
a thump that made me shiver. One of  
the show fellars said he'd fire me out if I  
didn't get quiet and leave the animals  
alone, and bein' as I am a stranger in these  
parts I said nothin', but as we two may meet  
again some day, and I'll know him by his  
red face."

"There wasn't nothin' in that show  
but a lot of spy glasses such as  
the minister has on his parlor table,  
and a six-legged sheep what was lyn'  
down all the time so's you couldn't see  
how many legs it had. Then the two  
fellars in skin tight come in and did some  
tricks, but gosh! them fellars orter see  
my young brothers doin' acts in the back  
yard. I didn't think much of that show  
because there wasn't anything to think  
much about, so I and went out, and thought  
I'd go straight to the exhibition. But  
blamed if I got out of the tent before I  
heard a fellar callin' at me to come and kill  
another coon. I steered clear of him, but

there's another McGinty family, as they  
calls them, next to him, and as they seemed  
more numerous than the last one I tried. I  
thort I might as well win a cigar. I  
knocked one down the first shot,  
and the fellar give me a cigar,  
but I didn't have any more.

"I went away, and as the ticket office  
was right handy bought a ticket for the  
exhibition. Just as I left the winder I  
seen another McGinty family, but I  
steered clear of them, because they  
looked pretty much like the other ones.  
I guess the McGintys must be away  
ahead of the Smiths down here in St.  
John, but up our way the Smiths is in  
the majority."

"There's another teller with a lot of  
cans on a board, and anybody what  
threw a ring over one of them for five  
cents got it. I had a throw, but the  
rings didn't do nothin' but fall down be-  
tween the cans and I didn't get one.  
While I was doin' this I heard the band  
play and a fellar lecturin' about the  
things inside the two big tents what  
was behind him. He said it was all for  
ten cents, so I went in. It was a bang up  
show too. There was a fellar with the  
greatest stummick what ever I saw, for he  
eat glass and tin and drunk oil or any-  
thing they gave him; and then there was  
a woman eatin' fire, and a lot of other things  
which the fellar told all about, before we  
went into the other tent. It was a great  
big one filled with chairs and people, and  
there was a performance on the stage what  
knocked spots off everything. Blamed if I  
didn't stay in there till dark, and then I  
went back to the boardin' house, because I  
thought they might get anxious about me,  
and besides I left my valise there."

"After tea I went down again, but I  
took the other side of the street,  
and there was a teller blowin'  
away at a tin whistle with a bird  
out to the end of it, so I thought I'd buy  
a couple of them for the young kids at home.  
Anyhow I was bound to get to the exhibi-  
tion, so I steered straight for it, and went  
in through the gate, and there was the pic-  
ture of Linus what I seen in the advertise-  
ments. I thought I'd go in to see him,  
but the man said ticket please, and I had  
to go out and buy one. I seen him, and  
he's no bob tail nag I can tell you."

"Then I went into the buildin'. There's  
a crowd stand around a machine with rub-  
ber things stuck in all their ears, and a  
man what I asked said I could do it too if  
I paid five cents. So I did, and the ma-  
chine played a tune what knocked our  
brass band all out of time."

"It's no use of me tellin' you all I seen  
at the exhibition," said the countryman, as  
he gave his valise a push under the seat. "You  
have probably been there, but blamed if I  
didn't see everything, and come to think  
it must have cost somethin', but I guess I  
got my money's worth. Let us just figure  
up for the fun of the thing," and he pulled  
out a memorandum book decorated with  
advertisements and a cigar lead pencil.  
This is what he wrote down:

Bill the coon.....	05
Wild animals of the forest.....	10
McGinty family.....	05
Tent with all the pictures.....	10
McGinty family.....	05
The fellow with the canes.....	10
The big tent show.....	10
Linus.....	10
Photograph.....	05
Rooster Orchestra.....	10
Minstrels.....	10
Wild animals (in the yard).....	10
The show with the clown (across the street).....	10
Ticket for exhibition.....	25
	\$1.25

"There you are," said the sight seer,  
"it took that much to see the show without  
spending anything up town. But it was  
worth it, and I don't grumble. I had a  
good time while I was here, except one  
night when I thort I was going to die."  
"What was the matter with you?"  
"Oh! I just smoked the cigar I got for  
knocking down one of the McGinty  
family."

THE MAYOR AND MR. CORNWALL.  
His Worship Accused Mr. Cornwall of  
Shirking and Rouses his Indignation.  
Mr. Ira Cornwall is a busy man but  
just now and for the past two weeks  
"busy" does not express his mental and  
physical activity. Half past six in the  
morning finds him with a broom in his  
hand in the exhibition building setting a  
good example to his workers in preparing  
the place for the day. He usually has a  
quick two hours of it before breakfast. A  
few mornings ago he was busier than ever,  
and had failed to find time even to eat  
before he saw the newspapers to distribute  
the paragraphs and announcements for the  
day.

The humor of T. A. Peters accusing him  
of loafing did not seem to impress  
itself upon Mr. Cornwall so much as the in-  
justice. He reminded Mr. Peters that he  
was the only man who had raised his voice  
in opposition when the question of salary  
came up. Considerable amusement was  
afforded the crowd and much satisfaction,  
for the truth was laid on without varnish  
by the indignant secretary.

## TALKED DOWN A DRUM.

The Oratory of a Colored Shouter for "a  
Kill the Coon" Show.

An amusing incident occurred down at  
the side shows one day this week, that  
proved the voice more powerful than a  
bass drum. A colored fakir who does the  
shouting for a "kill the coon" show owned  
the voice, and Weston's great dime delusion  
the drum. The colored man was more  
than eloquent on that particular day, and  
had one of the largest crowds around his  
lot than any of the fakirs had been favored  
with. The Weston show people on the  
contrary had to confine their remarks  
about the wonders to be seen within  
to a few small boys who gazed  
adoringly at the pictures. The Weston  
shouters looked at the colored man's  
crowd with envy, and at last decided  
to make an attack upon it and endeavor  
to draw it to the pictures further down the  
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with the base drum advanced upon the  
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orator began to talk, and the clown gave  
a selection on the base drum. The colored  
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proceeded to talk down the opposition  
orator, base drum and all, and he was a  
howling success. All the wit, humor and  
gall of the African race was intro-  
duced into his oration, and it  
was delivered in a tone of voice  
that would have made the Partridge Island  
orator blush. But he got there in good  
style. He talked the Weston people out  
of sight; for after many attempts to renew  
the attack against the colored man's oratory  
the Weston orator stole away, followed by  
the clown with the base drum, while the  
crowd applauded the African, and "an-  
other man took a shot."

## BENEVOLENT MR. RILEY.

He Thinks That His Charitable Efforts Are  
Not Appreciated.

Among the callers at PROGRESS office  
this week was Mr. Riley of City road.  
Mr. Riley deals in coal, and his christian  
name is Edward.

He figured in PROGRESS last week as a  
hand organ proprietor. That and some  
other remarks made in the paragraph in  
question did not agree with Mr. Riley's  
sentiments, and he called upon the editor  
for right and justice and everything else he  
could get.

Before he left the office he told his story.  
One would be inclined, according to his  
version, to think that Mr. Riley was the  
benevolent friend of a group of ingrates,  
who were now trying to damage his spot-  
less reputation.

Mr. Riley first demanded the name of  
the debtor who had so maligned him.  
Not succeeding in that, he began to tell  
how this was the second hand organ man  
he had set up in business, and he had got  
nothing but abuse for his benevolence.  
The name of his first charity was Camp-  
bell, according to him. Mr. Camp-  
bell was blind, and when the  
church and others had assisted  
him to the best of their means, Mr. Riley  
stepped in. "It would have been an easy  
matter to have sent the man to the poor  
house," said Mr. Riley, "but I did not do  
that. I bought a hand organ and asked  
him if he did not want a job. His hand  
organ would cost him nothing, and he  
would be in a position to earn his living.  
Campbell accepted Riley's benevolence and  
made a success of it. "He earned \$130  
in three months, and now he says I robbed  
him."

Mr. Ryder, was also set up in business  
by Mr. Riley, and the facts were told by  
PROGRESS. The free advertisement was  
not appreciated by Mr. Riley who also  
objects to being called a "fakir." This is  
only natural, and PROGRESS makes a note  
of it.

## Back From Halifax.

"Manager Tom" Crockett has his new  
title on account of his trip to Halifax with  
the Y. M. C. A.'s. They had a good  
time. The attendance was not so good as  
the Halifaxians would have liked for. They  
dropped about \$50 on the visit. Mr.  
Crockett spoke about the exhibition, and  
said the absence of any side shows made  
it appear dull. The fact that he and a  
number of the boys came to the conclusion  
that a certain section of the town along the  
water front would be the better for a fire  
need not be regarded as evidence of any  
incendiary origin but they speak of it now  
as a curious coincidence.

## RESULTS ARE SATISFACTORY.

The Directors of the Opera House Are Not  
Grumbling.

The opera house has been open two  
weeks today, and PROGRESS has been at  
some pains to ascertain how the directors  
are satisfied with the results so far. There  
are some people who imagine that the  
house cannot be run on the patronage it  
has had, but according to the directors the  
receipts of the house could fall consider-  
ably below those of this week before there  
would fail to be something in it for the  
opera house and the lessee. Of course the  
profits of the latter will always depend  
upon his expenses. At some seasons of  
the year it costs a good deal of money to  
secure but an average company, while at  
at other seasons the same amount would  
bring a stellar attraction.

PROGRESS suggested to one director  
that a mistake was being made in making  
all the seats in the orchestra, back to the  
doors, seventy-five cents. He was in-  
clined to agree with this view, but said  
there were arguments on both sides. At  
any rate it was quite evident that the  
directors were inclined to discuss  
the matter. Some of them have always  
favored the general and popular prices of  
fifty cents and a quarter, while others hold  
that the present prices are not too large  
for such a house.

"When we consider the counter attrac-  
tions in town we are well satisfied with  
the attendance," was the answer to PROGRESS'  
query. "The exhibition and half dozen  
other shows each has its crowd, and all tell  
to a certain extent upon the patronage of  
the opera house. The building has, how-  
ever, given general satisfaction, and there  
is not much doubt that it will pay to always  
have something going on in it. That is  
our intention at least, and we think it can  
be done."

While as much was not said, this would  
seem to point to a regular stock com-  
pany.

## A Case for Investigation.

The attention of the board of health is  
directed to the new school building recently  
opened on the Bridge road. PROGRESS  
has had something to say about this structure  
before, something about the way it was  
built and what it cost the school board.  
If all reports are true, and they  
could not come from more reliable

THE BIG HALIFAX SHOW.

SUCCESS FROM THE HOUR IT OPENED.

An Attendance That Will Gladden the Hearts of the Committee—Lack of Puffing Does Not Prevent a Crowd—Some of the Exhibits.

HALIFAX, Sept. 30.—Up to Tuesday morning there were very many persons in this community who confidently predicted failure for the provincial exhibition of 1891. These individuals have taken back seats, and will be heard from no more on the subject.

The exhibition is a go—a great go I might say. There was certainly an almost alarming rush on the two days preceding the opening, which gave many the impression that things would be in terrible confusion about the time the lieutenant governor was due to declare the fair open; but ere his honor mounted the platform the committees had brought order out of chaos, and the crowd of visitors who admired the innumerable exhibits on Tuesday afternoon, were totally ignorant of the confusion that prevailed an hour or so before they were admitted.

This delay in setting the house in order, I think, is not peculiar to the present exhibition. All such shows are attended by similar annoyances, and the Halifax fair of 1891 had in addition to the usual drawbacks a labor strike to contend against. However, all's well that ends well, and our exhibition is now underway, and those in attendance are loud in their praises of what is presented for their inspection.

Comparison has been made, by those who seemingly are in a position to judge, between the Halifax and St. John shows. Talking with a St. John merchant—a man who is prejudiced at all would be in favor of his own city's exhibition—he expressed himself as being well pleased with the Halifax fair. He thought, in fact, that the exhibition at present on in Halifax was equal to the "big" St. John one of 1890.

It is in the agricultural and live stock departments that Halifax goes so far in advance. At no exhibition ever held in eastern Canada has the show of horses and cattle been so fine—convincing evidence of the strides being made in breeding in these parts.

Great taste has been displayed in getting up the various booths therein. The goods manufactured and sold by firms in this city and province. In this respect, judging from the talk of the aforesaid St. John man, we can give the New Brunswickers many points.

"Booming" is the particular line in which the Halifax management has been at fault. The show was not sufficiently written about in advance. St. John stands as an example in this work that Halifax would do well to follow on future similar occasions. The attendance, notwithstanding the lack of preliminary puffing, is very large. The hotels and boarding houses are over flowing, and still the people come. I shouldn't be surprised if the turnstile record at the end of the week showed figures calculated to gladden the hearts of all interested.

I won't attempt a review of all the exhibits, but those of firms whose names have become familiar to Progress readers through their business announcements in the advertising columns, must have a word or two.

T. McAvity & Son, St. John, make a noticeable display of their well known goods. Mr. McMurray, a practical engineer, is in charge. The assortment of plumbers', steam fitters' and engineers' supplies is very large, and is so well arranged that the attention of visitors is attracted. As soon as they start examining the goods, Engineer McMurray gets in his work, and thus the firm is benefited. McAvity & Son are almost as well known over this way as in New Brunswick.

Two immense bars of the soap manufactured by the Dartmouth Soap Company never fail to catch the eye of the visitor. One of these weighs 600 lbs., the other 1,200 lbs. The Electric and Amber Blue and Marble brands made by this firm are in great demand.

J. P. Mott & Co. make a display of their spices, coffee, cocoa and brooms. Lady waiters dispense cocoa to those desiring refreshments. Hundreds partake, and resolve henceforth to use nothing but Mott's.

Miller Bros., Halifax, have a large space, in which they show organs, pianos and sewing machines. The Karn chapel organ attracts attention. It is pipe top, two manuals, pedal base and splendidly finished. The mirror organ, which won first prize at New York, though of Canadian manufacture, is a thing of beauty. Its tone is perfect. The booth is neatly decorated, and several nice looking young ladies set forth the good qualities of the exhibits.

The Canada Peptonized Ale and Beef company have a pyramid of boxes filled with the health-giving fluid. The display is small but unique.

Cragg Bros. & Co., Halifax, have a booth which is presided over by a young lady. Their show of carpenters' tools, of which they make a specialty, self-pouring teapots, enamelled ironware and house-furnishing goods is extensive. Cragg's is noted for novelties for household use, and their business, already larger, is continually extending.

At the space occupied by the Wilmot Spa spring company, visitors may have their thirst quenched with the mineral water which Managing Director Stewart is continually booming. Wilmot Spa ginger ale and lemonade are always called for by those who wish something reliable.

Among the furniture displays, that of the Nova Scotia furnishing company, (Inc.) is decidedly the best. The goods shown are rich and elegant, and have been tastefully arranged. The parlor sets shown are especially attractive. This house does an extensive business, always carrying a heavy and expensive stock.

M. F. Eager dispenses Bendorph's cocoa, for which he is agent for the maritime provinces. This special brand of cocoa must be excellent, judging by the large number who partake. Mr. Eager has also a large display of wine of renet and other proprietary preparations.

K. D. C., which is guaranteed to cure

Epit. Scouting—Dwain, 249 Union street.

the worst case of indigestion known, is well advertised at the show. John Edgecombe & Sons, Fredericton, have an elegant display of carriages. Some novelties are attracting much attention, and the firm will surely secure some Halifax customers.

Many other displays are well worthy attention, but cannot be referred to at this time.

A MONCTON HUSTLER.

John E. McCoy, One of the Bright Boys Who Handle "Progress."

One of the visitors to the exhibition this week was John E. McCoy, of Moncton. Although his name is familiar in PROGRESS office, especially on Friday afternoons when it is seen on a number of large bundles of papers, in black letters. Johnny is not seen in St. John oftener than once a year. He is too busily engaged in Moncton.



He is one of PROGRESS' little hustlers, and although only twelve years of age, has worked up a profitable business, which he can attend to outside of school hours. Johnny was one of the boys who took advantage of the inducements offered by PROGRESS to the young people in places outside of St. John.

His first order was for 25 papers, but he soon found that he could sell double that number, and the next week he increased his order. And he has kept on increasing it ever since. Now he disposes of 175 copies of PROGRESS every Saturday, and he does it in a remarkably short time. He gets the papers from the post office, before seven o'clock in the morning and at noon they are all sold.

Johnny is considerable of a business man, and delivers his papers on terms to suit everybody. He has over 100 regular customers from whom he collects weekly, fortnightly, or monthly according to their convenience. He is one of the brightest of the boys who handle PROGRESS throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and probably earns as much money in as short a time as any boy in New Brunswick.

Rev. E. G. Grant, of Sussex, and the Editor of the "Record."

THE OTHER SIDE.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The letter in your last issue entitled "Boycotting an Editor," is somewhat misleading, and with your permission I will state the other side of the case. I may say first of all, that it was not the Record's would-be

editor on the baptist body that got the editor into trouble; in proof of which I will only say, that all the principal merchants of the place have ordered their "ads" removed from the paper. Some of these merchants have no more sympathy with baptist theology than has the editor of the Record himself; so that the reference to what baptists believe could not have been their reason for falling out with the Record.

So far as I can learn after considerable inquiry, there has been no canvassing against the Record whatever. Mr. J. S. Trites, W. B. McKay & Co. and other men of their class, assure me that they were not canvassed; that they have not canvassed others, and that they have no knowledge whatever of any canvassing having been done; and I need hardly add that the testimony of these prominent men will be accepted by your readers, rather than the sayings of any anonymous correspondent.

The only trouble between the editor of the Record and myself is, that I told him quietly, that in my judgment, his paper had become the medium of personal slander of the most reputable people of the place, and I consequently did not wish it sent to my address any longer. Other things were said on the same occasion which your correspondent is at liberty to publish so far as I am concerned.

It is hoped by the good people of Sussex that the editor in question has been taught a lesson that will be of service to him in future. We are not behind other communities in our appreciation of the efforts of our local editor. But when an editor attempts to force people—who are to say the least his equals in intelligence and culture—to walk in a path which he has marked out for them, and then falls to slandering them because they do not walk in that path, we think it is about time for all fair minded people to enter their protest, which the people of Sussex have done most emphatically, and in a very practical manner. We fully appreciate the fact that newspaper men are hard objects to butt against, but in this case, if the newspaper man can stand it, I think likely the people will survive the shock. E. J. GRANT.

Where Everybody Laughed.

There was probably more laughter in St. Andrews rink this week than any other place in town. Every evening Prof. Skinner gave an exhibition in mesmerism which provided all the fun necessary to make the large audiences become almost as insensible to their surroundings as the subjects on the stage. The ridiculous actions of the young men under the magic spell were more amusing than those of the best comedians, and everybody laughed till they were tired. The rest of the performance was of a high order, and considering the other attractions the attendance was large every evening.

NEWS NOTES FROM BOSTON.

Some Novelties Seen in the Hub by "Progress" Correspondent.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—The more I see of Boston the less I wonder at the spiritualistic communication a man had from his former wife, who had lived most of her life here. "I like heaven, George, but you know, dear, it isn't Boston." Just now the city is seen at its best. The luxuriant vines, that adorn so many houses, cling closely except at their tips, which wave in the breeze like so many ringlets; and the air is cool and bracing.

Summer travellers have been returning rapidly of late. The incoming trains are more crowded than ever before. The hotels at most of the harbor resorts are closed, as well as those at many of the other summer places near. Recent reports from Newport mention gayeties still going on there, and at the last Casino dance there were more nabobs present than usual.

At a late fashionable dinner there, the floral decorations were pink hollyhocks and maiden hair ferns; gardenias were arranged in the finger bowls, and afterwards used by the guests as boutonnières. I have always scorned the idea of caring much about the fashion, yet I confess to giving passing glances occasionally, at our shop windows, so if you are interested I can tell you about them. Our masculine friends may not care for what I am about to say on their own account, but many of them will be glad to be posted that they may criticize their sisters and lady friends accordingly.

"Bias-striped goods" or "Russian diagonal" as they are called, appear most among the new goods. They frequently show a satin like stripe of a dark color upon a contrasting ground, such as a plum colored stripe upon a red ground and gray upon a dark blue. The zig-zag goods will be much combined with velvet. Among the novelties are the new pattern goods of smooth material, either cashmere or Indian silk and serge. There are also the coarse Scotch effects in new goods. A light colored scroll is one of the season's popular designs. It is said that there will be many draped dresses this fall. The lightening change dress is something new talked of by dress reformers. I expect some of them will not be satisfied until they get women's attitudes down to a draped about the neck of a butcher's apron. My conscience troubles me in saying this, as I have a sincere respect for many of our strong-minded women, and I feel that all women should tender a certain amount of gratitude to them for their earnest endeavors to give greater advantages to the sex.

To return to fashions: the prevailing style in outside garments seems to be the half long coat. Hats are a trifle higher in the crown and not quite so much like a panache with a rosette on it, as they have been.

A day or two ago I paid a visit to Prang's chromo establishment. I never realized before what an endless amount of labor a poor print of this kind requires. To begin with, the stone on which the picture is first etched or drawn, is brought from Germany; and it takes as many stones to produce the picture as there are colors in it. The day I was there half the people employed and the machines were doing their level best to bring out a fair representation of a coquettish, silly looking damsel. I will not attempt to describe her farther, as some well meaning friend is quite likely to send her to you on a Christmas card. Prang & Co. frequently accept designs painted in water colors, on satin, quite small pieces, most of them to be made up into fancy boxes, satchets, etc. They are at work on a fine variety of them now, and will be in the market before the holiday season.

The women suffragists will hold a fair here early in December and on the flower table they are to have a lovely variety of Canadian ferns. One of the ladies most interested in the fair brought them from Canada this summer. The fair will be a meeting friend is quite likely to send her to you on a Christmas card. Prang & Co. frequently accept designs painted in water colors, on satin, quite small pieces, most of them to be made up into fancy boxes, satchets, etc. They are at work on a fine variety of them now, and will be in the market before the holiday season.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SEND 15 CENTS in silver to the subscriber and receive by return mail the best Potato Slicer, Apple Corer and Slicer in the market. Best of steel throughout. Address, with two-cent stamp, J. W. MACKENZIE, 7 Spring Garden Road, Halifax. 9-25-11

BLACKSMITH ONE COMPETENT AND steady; a good horse-shoer, acquainted with general work; can obtain a first-class situation by applying at once to G. A. HAMMOND, Kingsclear, York Co., N. B. 9-25-11

CALLING CARDS 25 cents in stamps, I will mail one dozen neatly written Calling Cards; or send \$1.25 for 100 Cards.—Address: WILL RANSAY, Jnr., 60 Nottawaage street, Orillia, Ont. Sept. 25-11

OYSTERS. OYSTERS. Prices Edward Island oysters, fresh arrivals daily. Prime Apples always in stock. Cranberries, Peas, etc., etc., at LESTER & CO.'S, Fruit and Produce Exchange, 85 Prince William street. 9-25-11

LADIES' NOTE PAPER, Centric Pens, Fountain Pens, etc. Lowest prices. McARTHUR'S BOOKS, 75 King street.

SERGES.—MY STOCK OF FALL SERGES, plain and checked Cheviots, is very large; Trouserings in great variety. Quality the very best in every grade.—A. GILMOR, Tailor, 75 Gormain Street.

FEMALE STENOGRAPHER a situation on the subject of advertising will do well to send a copy of "Booster for Advertisers," 268 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, New York.

WANTED.—A JOURNEYMAN Photographer who can do all parts of the trade, and take full charge when necessary. Must be sober, honest and industrious. State salary, and send samples and photo of self. J. J. Y. MANSFIELD, Photo., Chatham, N. B.

ADVERTISING, VERTISE anything, any kind, in any language, to GILBERT, ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to send a copy of "Booster for Advertisers," 268 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, New York.

EVERY WEEK boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the best of the kind, and at great bargains in the places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get great bargains in by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE, HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. round corners. Cost \$600.00, only a short time in use. In good condition. Price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOM & SONS, 31 and 33 King street. July 11.

SHORTHAND FRED DEVINE (Court stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand, penmanship, etc., at 10 King street, east, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. Scovil system. July 18

BLUINE, THE GREAT BLEACHING Biting do 24 washings and last six months. The cheapest and best kind on hand. Price, \$2.50 per lb. B. PARKIN, 75 Gormain st. for a sample. July 11

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. KING, 10 King street, N. B., has the largest assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parades, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. July 11

LAMP BURNER—LAMBETTON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been manufacturing for years, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. STRECKER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King st., St. John, N. B.

BOARDING.—A FEW PERMANENT or temporary Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 25 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNIS. May 7

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents each for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that persons want, you can do better than say so here.

FOUNTAIN PEN 25c. SOLID RUBBER; writes beautifully. Made same as \$2.50 pen; order, very simple. Sent with filler, on receipt of 25c., in stamps or cash. Agent wanted. In this issue, at 10 King st., St. John, N. B.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Riverview, 15 miles, or to Let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebec's; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at PROGRESS Office.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 3.

WHAT IS THE MATTER? It is conceded that the hour has come in Canada for plain talking.

PROGRESS does not hesitate to cross the line of party politics in either direction, when it thinks the interest of the community demands it;

but it can say what it has to at present without doing this. Indeed it is somewhat tired of having arguments as to the future of the country predicated upon the supposition that some eight or ten gentlemen who happen for the time being to be advisers of the governor-general, hold the commercial, industrial and financial destinies of the country in their hands.

It cannot be denied that the policy adopted by the administration has a certain effect upon the business of the country; but its influence is limited. The prime factor in the development of a country is the enterprise of its people.

The exodus from the maritime provinces during the last ten years has been very great. It has amounted to more than a hundred thousand, and perhaps to two hundred thousand people.

Does any one question these figures? Let us try the matter out. In 1881 the population of the maritime provinces was 800,000 in round numbers.

Placing the natural increase of population, by the excess of births over deaths, at two per cent., (it is probably three per cent.) per annum, and we find that in ten years there ought to be an increase of twenty-four per cent.

The increase, of course, ought to be compounded every year. This amounts to 194,000 people, not including immigrants. The actual increase, as all know, is about 10,000.

Now, it is safe to say that few of this vast host left this country for any other reason than that they could not make a satisfactory living here.

There was nothing in the constitutional or social condition of the country to compel emigration or render life here distasteful. In the main, the sole motive for emigrating is a desire to get an opportunity to make a living.

Our people who go away are industrious enough. You can find them everywhere hard at work. It is not that they are unenterprising, for you can find them often prominent in business in their adopted homes.

What then is the trouble? There are people who will answer this question at once by saying that we need free trade with the United States.

Perhaps we do. Perhaps that would prove a panacea for all our ills. But the fact is that such relief is not at present available, and may not be available for some years to come.

We have to deal with the existing condition of things, not with a possible contingency. While we are waiting for the blessed fruits of the N. P., promised by one party, and the glorious results of unrestricted reciprocity, predicted by the other, the exodus keeps on.

Are we helpless? It goes without saying that this tremendous drain of people and money, for they all take more or less money with them, cannot keep up, without causing a depreciation in the value of property.

Therefore it would seem as if the property holders of the country ought to be up and doing, leaving politics to take care of itself and devoting themselves first and altogether to devising some means of employing labor.

active employment, and surely the case of these provinces is not so utterly hopeless that no means can be devised of providing employment for some of those, at least, who are compelled to seek for it elsewhere.

THE SUPERNATURAL. The domain of the supernatural has been wonderfully restricted by the discoveries of science.

All races are alike in believing that there is something above what we call nature, and the extent of the arena in which this power is believed to act depends entirely upon the ignorance of the people.

The same observation applies to individuals—the less they know, the more they attribute to supernatural agency.

PROGRESS does not remember to have seen a good definition of what is popularly known as the supernatural and suggests the following: That which does not happen in accordance with established law, but is the manifestation of some agency acting of its own mere motion.

So far as we know every race of mankind believes that there is more than one such agency, such as the million or so of Hindoo gods, and the Triune god, the all but omnipotent devil and the innumerable angels of the christians.

The Hindu, in his blindness, has undertaken to name all of his supernatural creatures, and send missionaries to him to show him the fallacy of such a course.

We only have names for two or three angels at the most. Of course every one must see how wrong it must be to have names for a million angels.

A Celestial directory, with the name and occupation of each supernatural being, is essentially an abomination.

We assign very different duties to these uncounted hosts from those which our ancestors and more modern pagans used to believe they were engaged in.

We no longer have a supernatural being whose business it is to make thunder, or cause cows to dry up, or the wheat to blight.

Science, without casting any real doubt upon the existence of God, has demonstrated His omnipresence in nature and that there is no necessity for His constant interference with the processes which He has ordained, and has shown that the things once attributed to minor deities are simply manifestations of natural laws.

Orthodoxy is a good deal bothered yet with the devil. We don't hear much about him. His business was once well settled. In addition to keeping his fires in order, he was omnipresent, omniscient and nearly omnipotent.

He had power to make bargains with men, and could give them almost anything he chose. At a time when belief in God, the creator and upholder of all that is subjected, the believer of all manner of suffering and death, faith in the devil was the passport to wealth, honor, and at least apparent happiness.

The business of the angels is vague and undefined; it is not nearly as well understood as it used to be; nevertheless it is orthodox to believe in them, provided you believe in them in orthodox fashion.

If you believe that the spirits of those whom you loved when they were on earth, hover near you, discharging that duty of which the sweet singer of Israel spoke when he said, "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways," it would have been better for you in the orthodox view of this, if you had never been born.

The point we want to make is to make it that notwithstanding the narrow limits into which science has pushed the supernatural, we cling to a belief in a multitude of supernatural agencies. Probably we will all agree on those days that there is nothing supernatural, but we will have first to learn very much more of the laws which govern nature. To many such a suggestion will seem almost blasphemous, but it is not so.

Hundreds of things once attributed to supernatural agency are known to be due to the operation of well ascertained laws, and it is probable that as investigation goes on it will be found that what is called the spiritual world, and is especially assigned to the operation of supernatural agencies is as much subject to law as the vegetable kingdom.

That is a realm in which there has been no true investigation. To suggest that spirit manifestations or the effects of prayer and phenomena of that class are governed by laws and depend upon certain conditions was once to incur the anathemas of the church, and the sneers of the schools. But we are growing wiser and every domain is being probed by nature's great (Inquisitor) man.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. The Rev. Drs. ABBOTT, of Brooklyn, CONWELL, of Philadelphia, and SWING, of Chicago, were recently asked to give their views as to what true religion consisted of, and as to the authenticity of the reported miracles of CHRIST.

These three gentlemen may be taken as representatives of the religious thought of the day. Dr. ABBOTT is the able successor of HENRY WARD BEECHER; Dr. CONWELL is one of the most eminent baptist divines in America, and Dr. SWING is the talented and scholarly preacher whose heterodoxy compelled his retirement from the congregational connection a few years ago.

They may be relied on as being neither afraid to speak their thoughts nor incapable of forming independent judgments. They are neither intellectually hide-bound, nor morally creed-bound. Their replies to both questions are substantially the same, although they differ very materially,

so far as mere words and forms of expression go. Neither of them lays any stress upon the mere matter of belief. Dr. ABBOTT points out that no instance can be cited where CHRIST condemned any one for "intellectual difficulties."

On the contrary, when THOMAS declined to believe in the resurrection, He in the most kindly way possible offered him conclusive proof. For THOMAS'S intellectual difficulties there was no word of reproach; they were recognized as reasonable and promptly met.

Dr. ABBOTT thinks that true religion consists in living after the pattern of Christ. He does not lay very much stress upon the miracles, and says very little to help his interrogator to a conclusion in regard to them.

Dr. CONWELL says that "Religion is good sense—a matter of principle and character." He believes the miracles were "all in accordance with law, and some day man will understand the law."

Dr. SWING says religion is "an effort to imitate CHRIST," who "did not come to be the manufacturer of a faith." He adds: "You may believe what you can believe or wish to believe about the miracles."

He is particular to point out that disbelief in the miracles is not to be understood as imparting deception to CHRIST, but simply as questioning the accuracy of the new testament writers. Thousands of persons will be gratified to learn that these able, honorable, conscientious, devout men hold these views.

Despite the oft-expressed opinions of a great many excellent people, there is no wide-spread conspiracy to overthrow the right and enthroned wrong.

Most people would like to accept some side of action which would make their lives conform to divine law, but find insuperable difficulties in the way of accepting the creed of any church and giving a church organization such a degree of co-operation as would imply the acceptance of teachings against which their minds revolt.

We are told that many take the wrong path, because the way of righteousness is narrow. He who said this did not say it was narrow because hedged on one side with creeds and on the other with ignorance, with unattractable pits of woe just outside of its limits.

The great teacher seemed to have in his mind a great wall pierced with two gates—one broad, one narrow, the broad one leading to the desert, the narrow one to the gardens of the blest, and the crowd surging on to the broad gate, because the other seemed so insignificant.

There is not a word said about the little gate being hard to get through, or about the path being so difficult to tread, that one must carry a balance pole weighted with creeds and dogmas. The crowd miss the strait gate, because it is narrow. The legend over it reads: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"A very excellent motto," says the Rev. OUTHORPE, and on he goes to the great doors which open to the theological libraries, and sets down to study the road to the kingdom. To be sure he heard the voice which told him to enter the strait gate: but he thought it meant something away beyond, to be reached after "endless toil and endeavor."

Besides it could not be that the little affair which he thought was the entrance to a cheap side show, was the one he ought to take, for the arch above it with the pleasing inscription was just high enough for a little child to walk under erect; and how could he, with all the ecclesiastical stature and the load of theology on his shoulders get in. He would have to drop his load and stoop until he was no higher than a little child.

And if you go by the library you will see him sitting there still, poring over volumes written by his fellow doctors of DULNESS; studying charts compiled by men who took their courses from the will-o'-the-wisp.

SOME DIFFERENCES. Someone when asked why he chose to live under a monarchy rather than in a republic, said: I prefer the tyranny of one to the tyranny of many.

It is by no means impossible to devise a republic in which tyranny shall have no place, but the framers of the United States constitution and of the several state constitutions did not succeed in doing so.

What first impresses the observer of the practical working of the American system is the great power exercised by officers, for the abuse of which a private citizen has neither in fact nor theory any remedy.

A great distinction between the American and the British system is this, that the former substitutes personal responsibility to the legislature. It is impossible to point out in the limits of a newspaper article the disadvantages of this feature of the American system.

Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear from some part of the United States a complaint of maladministration or non-administration of the law, and press and public men alike seem powerless to suggest a remedy.

"Why is it," asked a United States judge the other day, "that the law is a terror to evil doers in Canada to a degree we can scarcely conceive of here? Why do Englishmen never resort to lynch law?"

Answering his own question, the judge said that there was something wrong about the American system, but he could not say what. It must be remembered that native-born American citizens do not know anything about responsible government, that immigrants from continental Europe have no idea of popular gov-

ernment at all, and that Englishmen, who have settled in the United States, do precisely the same as they would in China and Japan—take the country as they find it.

A distinguished English barrister was asked by an interviewer a short time ago what impressed him most in regard to American institutions.

"Your unwillingness to learn from the experience of other people," was his answer. "You are wrestling with questions that we satisfactorily settled in England and the Colonies long ago."

For example, it has never entered our neighbor's heads that the regular and orderly administration of law can be promoted by charging the government with it and making the government responsible to the legislature.

Each county prosecuting officer is practically supreme within his district, and as a consequence politics enter to a greater or less extent into the discharge of his duties.

To ensure his re-election is the end and aim of his ambition, and it leads in many instances to strange acts of misfeasance and non-feasance.

Practically speaking there is no way of removing an inefficient, negligent or untrustworthy officer during the term for which he is elected, and the supervision of public opinion, that we hear so much about, is in fact not supervision at all.

The idea that any one should be charged with the responsibility of initiating legislation has not yet found a foothold among our neighbors. They have no "government" as we understand the term.

Legislation is a combination of a scrub race and log-rolling, and the result is far from satisfactory.

An important difference between the two systems is shown by the light in which a judgeship is regarded. With us a seat upon the bench is deemed a fitting close to a career; with our neighbors it is only one of the stepping stones. A popular poet of twenty-five years ago in a long ballad described the hero as attaining a judgeship at thirty-three, and after that every door for advancement was open to him.

Although only twenty-five men can be elected president in a country, every one of the 750,000 boys born in the United States each year expects to be one of the twenty-five. Therefore everything under the presidency is only a stepping stone to something else.

MEN AND THINGS. Why is Russian literature so gloomy? Are the long winters and the ever-pending dread of Siberia responsible? So asks a late French writer.

Probably another of the reasons is the correct one. Russian literature is gloomy because the nation has only lately emerged from barbarism. All barbarous people are gloomy. If a northern latitude made people gloomy, why are the Scotch, who are further north than most of Russia, not sad? Why are not the Scandinavians melancholy?

A wonderful people these holdem of Scandinavia. When GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS landed in what is now Prussia, with his 1,200 Swedes, Europe laughed at him, but his career was one of conquest until the continent from the Polar ocean to the Alps acknowledged his sway.

No sovereign before his time, nor any since, ruled over this whole region.

Do you know what theosophy is? Probably not. Its adherents claim that it is nothing more nor less than the basal truth underlying all religion.

This truth has two principal subdivisions. One is that every man must bear the consequences of his acts; the other, that we have not only one but a succession of future lives, each with its incarnation, and that our souls are thus developed to a perfection which would otherwise be attainable.

This is not inconsistent with christianity, which might, indeed, be supplemented to theosophy. Granted that we must all bear the responsibility of one's misdeeds, and expiate them either in this life or another, the desire and need of a Saviour, who will relieve us from the consequence of broken law are intelligible.

Theosophy insists on the former; christianity offers the latter. The difference between them is that the former puts forward what it calls a scientific basis for the need of salvation; the latter, as taught, though perhaps not as preached by its founder, gives us a mythical and incomprehensible basis.

Theosophy is gaining many adherents. Last July there was a convention of theosophists in England, which was attended by over three hundred delegates from the United Kingdom and the Continent.

Here is a thought which none of the writers on the new cult have advanced so far as we have seen. Theosophy is alleged to be a revival of the ancient religion of India. Christianity's first proof of the divine nature of its founder is that wise men came from the east seeking him.

HEAVEN. Where is it? How far off? What are the spirits doing there, those who have once inhabited the earth, have felt their bounds and all the limitations of mortal life? The Bible speaks of it as "the land that is very far off." Then Paul speaks comfortably and reassuringly of the change that comes "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!"

Heaven! the one place of which the imagination never tires. Almost every thinking mind has a pet theory of its own in connection with this blessed abode of the spirits, the home of the eternal God, the Holy Spirit, the adorable Saviour. There dwell the saints in light, and hither have ascended the spirits of the precious ones, who have gone before to make bright for earth-bound souls their entrance into the blissful, painless realms of eternal light and glory.

Deep thinkers and careful students have deduced conclusions from authentic bits of Revelation confirming to their personal satisfaction certain beliefs as to "the land of the hereafter." Very pleasing and sometimes credible they appear to those who are hungering and thirsting for glimpses of the beautiful, distant home of the soul.

And every one has a right to speculate and conjecture to the heart's content, if that be possible, on the probable glories of the longed-for home. Of some things we are absolutely certain. It is a bright place. Where there is no night, no need of candle or of lamp, there can be nothing of cloud or of shadow. It is a restful place. That of itself would be enough to satisfy many a weary, sorrow-laden traveller along life's toilsome highway.

Robert Hall writes as though blending heaven with God Himself: "The divine being is that of a christian, which home is to a weary traveller; it is his dwelling place, the stay, the solace, the centre, and rest of his spirit; and hence he is constantly anticipating his arrival at home." Yes, sooner or later we come to anticipating with a strong sense of longing to see eternally our home. If that were anything like real, actual knowledge of what home in heaven means, there would be no such clinging to earth as characterizes the short-sighted, blinded race of man.

The piteous part is that unfitness to enter upon their glorious inheritance, or even to consider its superior delights, to dwell in imagination upon its bliss, its immunity from aught of care, trouble or pain. Jesus Christ says to every one who will hear His gracious voice, "I go to prepare a place for you." He does not imply that He goes to make ready a pleasing ecstatic state of mind, or that He is going to fit us to soar eternally into the infinite space; but He goes to prepare a place for us. Does not this afford proof that heaven is in very truth a place, a local habitation, an established, founded city of our God? A place, indeed, of many mansions, a dear, restful, bright, abiding home? We cannot feel it is the will of God that undue impatience should be indulged, to fly the trying and the sometimes agonizing scenes and experiences of earth, neither should a christian sigh and moan in desperate desire to escape what life brings and a wise father sends us the daily portion either of sorrow or pain. Just as long as God spares life it is to some decided purpose, and there is something to be done in His service, something to be done in the great, sad, needy world. What if the way is wearisome. What if that which was the heart's delight fades before the longing eyes. God knows. God rules. God is just and wise. And there is no mistake in all the vast vocabulary of almighty God there are no such words as accident or mishap. Think of heaven. Dream of heaven. Lay up treasure in heaven. Try to win heaven. Try to help others to win it, too. Believe the voice of nature, of your own heart, of the teachings of holy writ; believe, for it is the very truth, there is no place like heaven.—The Christian at Work.

REPORT HIM. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A few days ago I was in a horse car, and, as usual, dropped my fare in the box. The driver evidently did not see me, and rang the bell. I explained to him that I had paid my fare, and in return was grossly insulted before a car full of passengers.

What should be done in the matter? Must people who have occasion to ride in the street cars put up with this? CITIZEN.

ST. JOHN. MORE WHOLESOME. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am not sure your views in Progress of 26th, under the heading "Medieval Survivals," are wholesome. Kindly give space for the following (if you approve) from a great secular paper, the New York Journal of Commerce. Are they not sound in tone and tendency?

Who is God? The self-existent Cause of all causes, all effects, the final object of all scientific research. That answer is scientific. You need not be afraid of it because it sounds "religious."

But you say there are many religions. We will not discuss their several characters, except to say this, that one and all of them recognize the supernatural as governing and directing the physical and natural. But, since you insist that I am sermonizing and not philosophizing, I will give you a little more of it. We started to talk about weariness and rest. In all the history of the religions of mankind, in all the literature of Greek, Egyptian, Oriental faiths, in all the imaginations of the innumerable modern inventors of liberal religions, there is no such winning, such powerful, such musical doctrine and promise as that utterance of the Christy in the Bible, "Come unto Me all ye who labor and I will give you rest."

The christian religion, viewed from whatever standpoint of intelligent observation, has the one distinctive characteristic of being founded on direct personal and individual relations between God and man. If the whole fabric of that religion is a pure imagination of the Galilee fisherman, it is not only the most glorious imagination which ever came into the minds of men, but it is also the most wonderful invention by man of a power to seize on human minds and attract human devotion.

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PROGRESS is for sale at Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.

Sept. 30.—Miss Stephens, of St. Andrews, was the guest of Miss Minnie Burns on Tuesday.

The races held in the trotting park yesterday afternoon were very successful and very largely attended. The ladies seem to be taking quite a lively interest in racing lately. The grounds presented a very gay and pretty appearance.

Hon. M. Adams and wife, of Newcastle, are visiting friends here.

Mr. K. F. Burns, M.P., is now at home. Mr. Burns experienced a considerable loss some days since in the burning of his saw mill. It is hoped the mill will be rebuilt very shortly.

Miss Polly Quigley, who has been visiting friends here for a short time, left for Campbellton on Monday, where she intends spending a few days.

His many friends are pleased to see Mr. Tom Quilty looking so much better. He is at the I. C. B. station, during his absence, was well filled by Mr. Byron J. Keating.

His Lordship, Bishop Rogers, as well as Rev. Fathers Van Mortelle, Wallace, Knight, and Carter, were here on Sunday to attend at the ordination of Father Dormany.

The ordination took place in the E. C. church in the village and was witnessed by a very large number.

Mr. and Mrs. Dormany the parents of the young priest were among those who came from Shipigan to be present at the exercises.

Mr. P. H. Wilbur spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mr. Thomas Aher, of Shipigan, and Mr. George Bossy, of Carleton, were in town during the week. Quite a number of our town folks have gone to attend the exhibition so that I feel certain Bathurst is well represented in St. John.

His friends were pleased to see Mr. Dennis Doyle in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Arthur Cowperthwaite and

IN THIS COLUMN. (Report Him. TOR OF PROGRESS: A few in a horse car, and, as my fare in the box. The did not see me, and rang plained to him that I had and in return was grossly in- a car full of passengers. e done in the matter? Must e occasion to ride in the up with this? CITIZEN.

# Labor Question Solved!

No more hard work. Washing made easy by using **IDEAL SOAP.** Full Pound Bar will last longer and wash better than any other.

**ASK** Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

**WE INVITE** you to inspect our stock whether you wish to purchase or not.

We make a specialty of Novelties, among which we draw attention to

**Our Fairy Night Lamp,** (as per cut).

**Handy Kitchen Knife, Glass Butter Prints,** ENGLISH CALL BELLS, GERMAN CAKE CUTTERS, Self-Basting Roasters, Self-Wringing Mops, English Padding and Jelly Moulds, CAKE COOLERS, ETC.

**SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,** Stoves, Ranges and Kitchen Furnishings, 38 KING STREET, - - - OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL.

**FRY'S**



**PURE COCOA**  
Seamless Waterproof Hats.

**ESNEY & CO.** (Standard Rubber Goods.) Sole Selling Agents, 68 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N.B.

**ROOKWOOD POTTERY OF CINCINNATI.** Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1889.

THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY was established at Cincinnati in 1880 by Mrs Maria Longworth Storer, whose father, Joseph Longworth, was the founder of the Art School and a chief patron of the Art Museum in the same city. The artistic impulse which came from the ceramic display of Japan at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and the production still bears the impress of that influence. For a time a school for pottery painting formed part of the scheme, and from the beginning the commercial side of the enterprise has been subordinate to the artistic.

**WE** have just received a choice assortment,  
C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 KING STREET.

**INDIGESTION CURED!**

**FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS**

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

**Lame Horses.**



**FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE**

CURES Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Silps and Stiff Joints on Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.



**St. John—South End.**

Two brilliant weddings have taken place in St. John this week, both of which have been looked forward to by the young people for some time past with much interest. That of Mr. Robert P. Foster and Miss Lila Lawton, eldest daughter of Mr. Fred Lawton was solemnized in St. David's church on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Bruce; the choir under the leadership of Mr. George Ewing rendered appropriate music. The bride, followed by her four bridesmaids, Miss C. Wickwire, cousin of the bride, Miss Carrie Seely, and her two sisters, Misses Annie and Edna Lawton entered the church with her father; the procession up the aisle being headed by three ushers, Messrs. A. L. Foster, A. J. Baxter, and R. C. Cruikshank.

The bride was most becomingly attired in a gown of rich white bengaline, carrying a bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor, Miss Wickwire, wore a dress made of tulle of white chamois silk, while the others were attired in yellow cashmere with bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. The groom was supported by Mr. J. Mortimore Robertson.

After the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large congregation, the bride and groom, invited guests, the party proceeded to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, King street, where a wedding supper was partaken of. After the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Foster by the 9:30 train, dancing was kept up until a late hour. The bride looked particularly well in her travelling dress of garnet cheviot cloth, with a hat to match. After a trip to New York City, Niagara, etc., Mr. and Mrs. Foster will reside at Sackville, where Mr. Foster holds a situation in the bank. The groom presented his bride with a diamond ring, and the bridesmaids with gold rings set with pearls.

Centenary church was also the scene of a brilliant wedding on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Maggie McLean, of this city, to Mr. J. V. Strain of New Glasgow, N. S.

**St. John—North End.**

Mrs. Murray, of Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. Peters at her residence, Union street.

The Misses Taylor, Yarmouth, N. S., are the guests this week of their uncle, Mr. John K. Taylor.

Miss Babitt, of Fredericton, is making a short visit at the West End. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Y. Ellis, St. James street.

Rev. Ralph Haughton, who with Mrs. Haughton has been spending some weeks on Lunenburg Heights, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. James Stewart, left on Saturday to attend to his ministerial duties. Mrs. Haughton will remain a short time longer.

On Monday, September 25, Miss Edith J. Hunter, formerly lady principal of the Halifax institution for the blind, was married at Christ's church, Fredericton, to Mr. Charles Frederick Fraser, of Halifax, N. S. For some years Mrs. Fraser's home was at the West end, where she had many friends who unite in wishing a very happy wedded life for her and Mr. Fraser.

Miss Drake, who has been making a short visit at Bay Shore house, west St. John, has left to rejoin her husband, Lieut. Franklin J. Drake, S. N., who is at present at Newport, R. I., engaged in testing the arrangement for the new ships.

Mrs. E. A. Pitts, who has been spending the summer at Bay Shore, returned west St. John, returned this week to her home in Boston.

**St. John—West End.**

Miss McFarlane, of Fredericton, is spending some weeks with Mrs. J. O. Beatey, Prince street.

Mrs. W. H. Allan has friends visiting her this week.

Miss Fullerton, matron of M. Allison institution, is spending her vacation here.

Miss Lizale Beatey came up from St. Stephen.

**MARRIED.**

**FOSTER-LAWTON.**—On the 29th of Sept. at St. David's church, St. John, N. B., by the Rev. George Bruce, pastor, Robert Pattison Foster, of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, Sackville, to Eliza (Lila) eldest daughter of J. Fred Lawton, Esq.

## MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**FEATHER TRIMMINGS**

ARE THE NEWEST.

**DRESS TRIMMINGS,** See the stock now on display.

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## MACKINTOSHES

**BEST LONDON MAKE,** SEWN SEAMS.

Every Garment guaranteed waterproof.

We solicit your examination of our New Stock, Latest Styles and Patterns, Quality the Best, and Prices the lowest in Canada.

**American Rubber Store,** 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, OPP. KING SQUARE.

Only Exclusive Rubber Store East of Boston.



**Peri, Vesta, NEW SILVER MOON, TROPIC, ORIENT FRANKLINS**

Other First-Class Heating Stoves, at **Kitchen Furnishing DEPOT,** 90 CHARLOTTE ST., COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.



## BARCAINS!

Ladies' Buff Button Boots, 95c.; Ladies' Grained Button Boots, 95c.; A job lot of Ladies' Button Boots (Kid), at \$1.75, worth \$2.25; A job lot of Youths' Grained Balmorals, \$1.00; A job lot of Ladies' Kid Button Boots, \$1.50, worth \$1.75; Men's Heavy Working Balmorals, \$1.15; Men's Fine Buff Balmorals, \$1.25 up.; Children's Boots, 50c. up.; Infants' Boots, 25c. up.

THE PRICES ARE AWAY DOWN, AS I AM BOUND TO SELL THE GOODS.

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**"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU,** SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## NOVELTIES

**Wool Dress Stuffs, Mantle Goods, MILITARY, HERCULES AND FANCY BRAIDS.**

**Silk Girdles.**

**OLIVETTES, black and seal.** BLACK AND COLORED

**SILK CORDS AND BRAIDS.**

**STEEL, GOLD AND COPPER DRESS GIMPS.**

**Narrow Silk Gimps, black and colors.**

**DANIEL & ROBERTSON,** LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Union and Charlotte Sts.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

IRIS TALKS ABOUT HALIFAX.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- Knicker's Book Store, 24 George street
C. G. Weston & Co., 247 Barrington street
Oxford Street, 111 Halifax street
Andrews' Book Store, 111 Halifax street
Connelly's Book Store, 247 Barrington street
Buckley's Drug Store, 247 Barrington street
E. W. Dole, 107 Göttingen street
E. J. Griffin, 17 Jacob street
M. A. Quinn, 26 Barrington street
W. E. McArthur, 142 Pleasant street
E. H. Miller, 142 Pleasant street
Knight & Co., 142 Pleasant street

Ser. 30.—Isn't it just too delightful that the fine weather is holding out so well. We were in fear and trembling last week that we should not have it fall, but here we are thoroughly launched into exhibition week with a cloudless sky and a baby westerly wind. The town too, is full of strangers. Americans and Canadians have thronged to our exhibition, and all are welcome; not to speak of the residents of the maritime provinces who have come to visit us, and whom we stretch out with right hand of fellowship. The exhibition was opened on Tuesday afternoon by Lieutenant Governor Daly, who with his usual courtesy made a very pleasant speech. The Leicestershire band was present. The exhibition bids fair to be a grand success. The various departments are well represented. Everything appears particularly well at night, when the building is brilliantly lighted up, and the immense throng which yesterday filled the building, it was impossible to carry away any clear idea of the exhibits, but in my next letter I will tell you all about it.

Just at present it is particularly gay in society. I regret that my letter must go to press before too morning. I should like so much to tell you all about the dance which is to be given at the Bellefleur on Oct. 1. But that will be a pleasure in reserve, as you shall hear who were present and who was the belle in my next letter. I will, of course, be most successful; every moment of my attention is directed to the dance, and I am sure to be enjoyed.

In a few days Lady Watson gives her farewell ball at Admiralty House. There are, besides, several other dances to come off in the near future; therefore all society is in the midst of a grand time, and everything goes as merrily as a marriage bell. The grand event last week was the grand militia ball given at the Hotel de Ville. The committee of the Halifax garrison artillery, about 80 or 100 guests were present, but owing to the admirable management of the party, the committee there was comparatively very little crushing during the entire evening. The music was grand and wide that the ball was a thorough success. The decorations were artistic and elegant, the supper magnificent, the music perfect, and the hostess courteous and attentive. Many of the ladies dressed very fresh and lovely, others were decidedly plain; but then these latter probably thought it unwise to appear in a bran new costume, fearing that there might be danger to its great beauty of having it crushed and torn.

Upon arriving however they saw their mistake and looked disappointed accordingly. Where so many looked beautiful it seems hardly fair to particularize, but you remember the saying that "every eye favors a beauty of its own." I thought Miss Dever and Miss Worsley might be deemed the belles of the evening. The former who has a handsome brunette looked remarkably well in a pretty corn color gown trimmed with white. Miss Worsley wore a costume of white perisperm with trimmings of green silk, which suited to perfection her fair complexion.

Others who looked remarkably pretty were: Miss Duffus who wore mauve and black; Mrs. Fred Jones, white silk and lace; Mrs. Arthur Curran, a very handsome dress of black lace over white; Mrs. Stewart, white satin and train; Miss Daly, mauve silk; Miss Lola Wood, white silk; Miss Daisy Watson, pale blue silk and net; Miss Parrell, white and white; Miss Kitty Kenney, black lace; Miss Kathie Payzant, pale blue and white silk; Miss Jennie Dool, white satin; Miss Maud Ritchie, white and white; Miss Missie Saltar, white satin; Miss Jennie Dool, white satin; Miss Maud Ritchie, white and white.

The concert which was the programme for this Wednesday evening is a concert in the Gardens. The Exhibition Committee have given the concert which I expect draw best as there are to be some very good fireworks in addition to the excellent music. Should the fog creep up the harbor and develop later on into a mist was the case last evening it will be a disappointment to things in general. On Sunday evening last the congregation at St. Mark's had their harvest festival service. The church which was decorated with sheaves of wheat and autumn leaves was crowded with those who came to be present at this most impressive service. Rev. Dr. Partridge was the preacher; his sermon was eloquent and most interesting. The chorists, anthems and hymns selected for the occasion in several of which the large congregation joined, their united voices according in one grand chorus.

The Leicestershire band gave their last afternoon concert of the season in the Public Gardens on Saturday last. The program was splendid, and it is universally regretted that the season is over. It is to be hoped that the next season will be given this band for they deserve it richly. Many distinguished visitors were present at the gardens on Saturday. Among them, Sir George and Lady Watson, Miss Watson and Miss Worsley, the Flag Lieutenant of H. M. S. Bellefleur, and Miss Duffus.

Dr. Mr. Miss and Mrs. Corwin and Mr. Gordon Corwin who have been spending the summer months at the Bedford Hotel, have returned to the city. Mr. Barclay Webster, of Kentville, is stopping at the Halifax. Mr. W. D. Dimock, of Truro, is visiting Halifax. He is stopping at the Queen.

DARTMOUTH.

Ser. 31.—Of course we appreciate the charming weather we have had, especially during the exhibition, but a town at the mercy of a water carrier cannot feel that having no rain for weeks is an unmitigated blessing. This has been a gay week in Halifax, and even though exhibitions in themselves are rather tiresome affairs to most people, it is nice to have in a while to see a little bustle in the usually quiet streets of Halifax, and even Dartmouth comes in for a share, as most people in Halifax for the first time cross over in the ferry to Dartmouth and take a look round. Strange to say, Mount Hope asylum seems to be the one thing they think worth seeing over here, but I can assure them we have more cheerful places, for I think a visit to Mount Hope is of all things most boring to one's feelings. The exhibition of fruit, vegetables, etc., here and the variety is very great; a lot of everything, even a number of beech nuts. I hope Dartmouth did not send any bread, for there was little in the collection to credit to anyone; I could not help thinking when I looked at it that there is little wonder there are so many who need K. D. C., for I doubt if an ostrich could digest some of the bread on exhibition there. Those who believe these breads are credit with having better than the ordinary digestive organs. Dartmouth was well to the fore in the horse line. The colt owned by Mr. Geo. Stairs, and the handsome carriage horses owned by Mrs. J. P. Mot and Mr. J. Water Allison attracted much attention.

A good many Dartmouthians attended the ball given by the Halifax garrison artillery at the Hotel de Ville on Friday last. The ball was a grand success though necessarily rather mixed, and would have been somewhat of a crush had not all the arrangements been so perfect as it was, the ladies who were dressed that had done service before, showed their wisdom, as I am sure the freshness would be gone from any gown worn there, but the number of new gowns or very pretty ones was limited, and though there was an unusual number of handsome girls present, did not think that a real triumph of culinary art, and reflected much credit upon the caterers. Altogether the H. G. A. have reason to be proud of their first ball. I hear there is to be a wedding in Christ church early next week, and I believe it is to be at the early hour of half past seven. I should be very late, and when there is one it is nice to be able to "take it in," as the boys say, and this I should be a very swell affair indeed to induce any but the immediate friends to forsake their couch at such an hour in order to witness it, and this I expect will be a quiet wedding, as both the parties concerned have recently lost near relatives.

Speaking of weddings, the air is full of the rumors of them, or rather of engagements, which amount, or should, to the same thing; but as they have not as yet been announced, there is a good deal of conjecture on the subject; one of these attachments has so long been hanging fire in a good deal of doubt as to be terminate favorably and speedily, but as the gentleman in question has so often got "so far and so further," I would not feel too assured "I was the favored one." Then there is the young man who was twice engaged to a girl, and this I expect will be a quiet wedding, as both the parties concerned have recently lost near relatives.

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choice, for surely, like the rest of mankind, he has an ideal. I shall probably next week be able to announce the engagement of one of our Dartmouth gentlemen to a young lady from our fashionable summer resort who is now visiting Dartmouth. It has not yet been made public, but is nevertheless a fact. Miss Wilson, a friend of a very pleasant afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Monday last. Now that the cool weather is coming, I suppose the form of entertainment will be revived. "Fire-works" are certainly more appreciated after the heat is over, especially when they are the perfect I am I have sometimes found them.

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A number of people have gone from here to attend the provincial exhibition at Halifax. Among the number I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. W. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Dr. Bowles, Mr. R. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Starr, and Mr. J. S. Starr, of Starr's Point. There was a pleasant driving party to Cornwallis and vicinity yesterday.

Another of our newly married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, returned on Saturday last from their wedding tour. They did not, however, appear on Sunday, so I presume they are not yet received. Mr. Charles Armstrong, of Windsor, was in town on Sunday.

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The Great Tonic and Food.  
IT CONTAINS  
IRON, BEEF AND ALGAE.  
50 CENTS PER BOTTLE  
Sole by all Druggists.  
A Treasure  
Guaranteed of the highest quality  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
LIFE  
ESTABLISHED IN 1843.  
L. STEARNS,  
GENERAL MANAGER,  
87 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Sept. 30.—I have done my best to make this column blossom like the rose. The floral decorations that I have lavished upon it, in the way of literature, have been almost sufficient to conceal the original structure altogether, but as surely as I spend more time than usual over it, and send an especially brilliant triumph of genius to the press, so surely does the mail service step in and trample those sweet flowers under the iron heel of a train that seems to be going the wrong way, whenever it has my MSS. on board. I sent at least a column of literature down last week—to call it correspondence would not be doing it justice—and when six inches of bald facts, stripped of all their graceful and appropriate language, appeared on Saturday, the iron heel came down upon it, and I vowed in my displeasure that in future, only hard facts would I write, all unadorned with the playful fancies of my own bright wit. Speaking of playful fancies, W. S. Gilbert, of "Pinafore" fame, wrote a pretty little poem, in which he set forth in touching language the hardships of the professional burglar who wanted to lay aside business cares occasionally and have a playful little time, like other people. It is as follows:—

"When the fellow's not engaged in his employment, or maturing his felonious little plans, his capacity for innocent enjoyment, is just as great as any honest man's."

So the festive burglar, who merely makes a profession of "the acquisition of property," as John Strange Winter would say, is not having very pleasant little time in Moncton lately. He has been prowling around paying a series of social evening calls, only to his own satisfaction, if not quite to that of his involuntary hosts. During one of these visits refreshment may have been meted out at the expense of the said hosts, though not always with their knowledge, and the burglar has treated himself right royally. Our correspondent is not entirely free from the suspicion that the festive burglar above mentioned may have been married. The servant girl's cousin who partook of a cold collation ere parting with his relative, but certain it is that the inhabitants of our town have had a burglar "scare" during the last week, and the majority of them have brought out from their long rest the guns they had hidden away in their closets. They cleaned them up, loaded them with shot and shell, and are doing with half rations of sleep; so things are looking blue for the burgling trade. I always understood that there was honor among thieves, but I am sure it is a most dishonorable thing to go and attack us when our brave defenders are away from us down in Sussex risking their lives under canvas, and probably catching enough rheumatism to last them all the rest of their lives from sleeping out of doors these damp autumn nights!

I have yet another wedding to chronicle, which will have the welcome result of bringing back to us a young lady who only lately left Moncton to live in New Glasgow, but who, thanks to the enterprise and good judgment of a Moncton boy, can once more claim as our own. The young lady is Miss Vye, daughter of Mr. George A. Vye, formerly of Moncton, who was married yesterday morning at her father's residence in New Glasgow to Mr. Albert Lutes, son of Mr. G. B. Lutes of Moncton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. B. Hinson, and the young couple passed through Moncton last evening on their way to St. John. From there they will go to Boston and New York, returning through Canada, and visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec ere settling down at their home in Moncton.

By the way the last time I mentioned a young couple passing through Moncton on their bridal tour, I believe I got into trouble to a certain extent, as a letter which I have lately received through Postoffice office directs my attention to an error in the item of which I was unconsciously guilty. I spoke of Mr. Lousby, of Parrsboro, passing through Moncton with his bride, and referred to him as superintendent of the Parrsboro railway. It seems to me too transparent to be of much importance, but still he gave great pleasure in according to the request of Mr. J. O. Alaman, and correcting it by stating that Mr. Lousby is train dispatcher and track master of the Parrsboro railway. Mr. Alaman holding the position of superintendent.

Numbers of Moncton people have visited the St. John exhibition, and returned yesterday last week, returning on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce went down last week, returning on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lodge, who have been spending some days in St. John, the guests of the Rev. J. H. Stenton, returned to Moncton last evening.

Mrs. C. T. Nevins also returned last evening, and was accompanied by Miss Nevins, of St. John, who will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Wortman, of Weldon street, while she is in town. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor have returned to Moncton for the winter, after spending the summer in Pictou. Their friends are delighted to have them back again.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chapman returned yesterday from St. John, where they had been visiting the exhibition.

Mr. Carl Trites, formerly of Moncton, but now of New York, where he occupies a responsible position in a prominent drug house, spent some days in Moncton last week, visiting friends.

Miss Smith of Halifax, who has been visiting Miss Whitney, returned home last week.

Miss Hudson, of Newcastle, who has been spending a fortnight with the Misses McKean, returned home last Friday.

Miss Hudson, of Pictou, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Taylor. Miss C. B. Borden, who is a very charming young lady, and whose home may be a long one. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Borden, whose wedding was so graphically described by our correspondent, returned from Fredericton last week, having been spending some days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Borden, of Botsford street. The lovely young bride made many friends during her stay in our town, and continued all the way to the place of meeting her that Mr. Borden was a most fortunate man. They left town yesterday for Halifax, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. Borden, who intend taking a fortnight's trip through Nova Scotia.

Miss Henniger is spending a week at Maryville, opposite Fredericton; she is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Chapman.

Rev. Canon Forsythe, of Chatham, conducted the services in St. George's church last Sunday during the absence of the rector. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Binney during his stay.

Mrs. H. Stevens returned last evening from a visit to St. John. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beddome returned from Shediac on Monday, and are at present at the Brunswick.

A number of visitors from Shediac came over to hear Vera at the Opera house on Friday evening. Among them were: Mrs. Benedict, Mrs. Lawton, and Miss Smith.

here, who are glad to know that she is finally recovered from the effects of her serious accident of last winter.

Mr. J. F. Allison entertained a few of his family friends during the week. A quiet game of whist was enjoyed by Mr. W. H. Crane, of London, Esq., Mr. A. F. Pearson, Mr. H. Berton, Allison, and the host.

Mr. Harry Dickson was entertained at a game supper at the home of Mrs. M. G. Dickson, on Monday evening. He leaves for the Pacific coast shortly, followed by the good wishes and esteem of all who knew him.

Miss Estabrooks gave a whist party on Thursday evening at her home. An enjoyable evening was spent, and at eleven o'clock a dainty and delicious supper was served. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Berton, Allison, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, (Dorchester) Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dixon, and Prof. and Mrs. Macle. Much regret was expressed that the inclement weather, and sudden illness prevented many of those who had accepted from being present. The hostess looked very pretty in a simple, white muslin gown.

Mr. Harrison, cream velling, with trimmings of lace and embroidery, and no ornaments except her lovely hair.

Mr. Tupper, Halifax, heliostole costume, corsage flowers in her hair.

Mrs. Estabrooks, black lace skirt with lilac silk bodice.

A game supper at Sears' Midgic, last Friday evening was given by a few gentlemen to their lady friends. This was an enjoyable affair in more respects than one. A delicious supper that included all the delicacies of the season was served at eight o'clock. After a pleasant evening, the well satisfied guests drove home by moonlight.

Mrs. J. F. Allison entertained a few friends to meet Mrs. E. A. Harrison. Whist was the amusement of the evening, and social, enjoyable games were played. Complimentary presents were served, and remembering that it was Saturday night the guests dispersed at an early hour. Several pretty costumes were worn. The hostess wore a becoming gown of gray cloth and Medical of velvet.

Mrs. Parson, underskirt of black silk with bodice of mauve silk.

Mrs. Estabrooks, black velvet.

Mrs. Estabrooks, salmon pink canvas cloth.

Among those present was Mrs. McDonald (Hally) sister of the hostess, she arrived apparently from St. John on a short visit, and was warmly welcomed by her many friends. In addition to the guests already named were Mr. Thomas Murray and Dr. J. O. Calkin.

Mr. Fred Hamble is receiving the congratulations of his friends on attaining his majority, he was the recipient of a very elegant gold watch, the gift of his father.

Mr. Mack went to St. John last week to sing at the exhibition concert, returning on Saturday.

Mrs. Harrison and Miss Estabrooks went to Dorchester by train on Monday to assist Mrs. Lane in receiving her guests.

Mr. W. W. Wells was in town on Saturday and Sunday last.

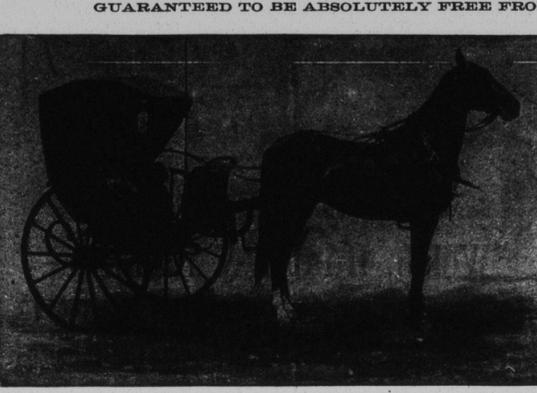
Mrs. Miss Allison leave on Thursday on a visit to Mr. Howard A. Allison of Cambridgeport, Mass. They expect to be away some weeks.

Mr. Charles Bowyer, one of the oldest residents of Sackville, passed away on Sunday last much respected and regretted by all who knew him.

The floral service at St. Paul's church Sunday evening last was attended by a large congregation. The music by the choir was charming. Miss Mack sang at the offertory "With Verdure Clad" more than her usual feeling. Prof. Mack accompanying her. The rector preached a most impressive sermon incident to the service. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and cut flowers. The pulpit, reading desk and lectern had lovely garlands of green vines and dahlias. The font was filled with beautiful flowers and bouquets of white flowers were on the choir seats. A lovely cross was over the communion table. The choir have much improved, in chanting since the last choral service under the skillful teaching of Miss Cogswell, the organist, who is to be congratulated on her success.

SOME HANDSOME CARRIAGES.

Physician's Favorite Phaeton, GUARANTEED TO BE ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM HORSE MOTION OR WEIGHT ON ANIMAL.



PHYSICIAN'S PHAETON with Horse attached, as seen in Edgecombe's Exhibit at the Exhibition Building.

MOST PERFECT, STYLISH AND EASY RIDING PHYSICIAN'S CART EVER BUILT.

The low hang of the body renders it easy of INGRESS and EGRESS, thus overcoming one of the most monotonous parts of the physician's practice. In the upholstery of the seat and back, it affords the greatest luxury. His regular Physician's Close Top, with large side lights, station-quest of flowers, and special seating was prepared for the occasion. Rev. Canon Brigstocke, of St. John, preached an eloquent sermon, and the prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. Canon Ketchum, of St. Andrew's, Rev. H. L. Sluggert, of Trinity church, St. Stephen, and the Rev. J. W. Millard, of St. David's parish.



PHYSICIAN'S PHAETON without Horse.

The above engravings show some of the most popular private Carriages made in Edgecombe's manufactory. The styles are unique and attractive, and people who see them begin to plan how they may possess them.

EXHIBITION VISITORS.—Do not fail to look at Edgecombe's Carriages in the Exhibition building. For lack of space on the floor, we can show but a few of our Carriages. A representative of the firm will be on hand and will be pleased to give any information to any one present. Correspondence Solicited.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs & Hearses, FREDERICTON.

Warehouse, St. John: Corner of Union and Brunswick Streets.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

Sept. 30.—As to parties, we have none, not even a rumor thereof, so those who pine to read, or "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet," tripping the light fantastic toe and kindred airy exploits, must turn to some other column. I should like to give an enthusiastic account of one of our old-time balls, but as a few people are a very necessary ingredient I think it would be to post-poned just now. Someone remarked the other day that it was getting very monotonous to go every few days to the station to bid some friend farewell. We should I prefer to "welcome the coming guest" for a change.

I must record another funeral this week, that of Capt. Joshua King, which took place last Wednesday afternoon. He will always be remembered as a worthy and highly esteemed resident of Dorchester for many many years. He was buried in our lovely little cemetery, where so many of Dorchester's pioneers now rest.

Our latest bride, Mrs. Lane, appeared in Trinity church on Sunday at morning and evening services. She wore a very pretty gown of blue-green, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, with hat to match. She received her friends on the following three days in an extremely becoming costume of green and grey. Her sister, Miss Estabrooks, who assisted her, wore rosy pink and cream, with a very becoming hat. Mrs. Harrison of Boston, also helped to receive her visitors on Monday and Tuesday.

I hear that we are to have another wedding on the 7th October, when one of Dorchester's daughters will leave us to make her home elsewhere. I shall tell you more about it as it occurs.

Hyemen is kept busy lighting his torch just now. I wonder why he carries one, any way. It is to spy out faults and defects that were never thought of before it was everatively too late? In that case, I think it is a very mean deal on the part of Hyemen. Let us hope it is only to cast a bright light on things of importance to the community.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Hamilton returned from Windsor on Thursday, and left again for St. John on Monday, accompanied by Miss Blanche and Master Lionel Hamilton, to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Robb spent last week in St. John, returning on Saturday.

Miss Nellie Palmer spent Sunday at her home. She was accompanied by Miss Webster of Shediac, who is also at the ladies' academy.

I regret to say that Mrs. Geo. F. Wallace is seriously ill of typhoid fever. It seems a doubly distressing case from the fact that she had hardly recovered her strength after a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. Her many friends will hope for her speedy recovery. Her young daughter, Miss Lottie, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. W. A. Marchie, of Calais has gone to Boston on Saturday.

Mrs. Sedge Webber and Miss Annie Grimmer are spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Beattie Bixby is spending a fortnight in St. John with her friend, Miss Mary Reynolds.

Mrs. Olive Hall, of Bangor, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Gardner, at the Border Hotel, Calais.

Rev. James Vincent and family have returned to their home in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Inches have returned from their visit to St. John and Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Martin are spending this week in St. John.

Rev. Canon Ketchum, of St. Andrew's, was in town on Tuesday, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Y. room.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ganong, who have been visiting relatives here, left on Monday for Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Malville Cockburn and Mrs. James Haddock, of St. Andrew's, were spending a few days here during last week. Mrs. Haddock was the guest of Mrs. Duncan Stewart.

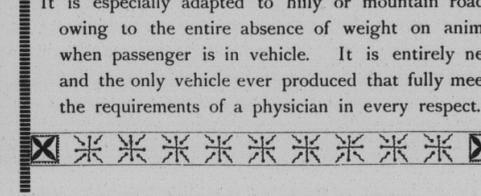
NEW PATTERNS IN JEWELRY!

JUST OPENED, Some Choice Things in Jewelry.

A nice assortment of Fancy Goods, in Silver Tipped Memo. Books, Skirt Holders, Chatelaine Spectacle Cases, Pocket Books. Some very pretty patterns in New Clocks; at Low Prices.

T. L. HIGGINS & CO.

28 KING STREET.



"ADVANCE"

The new and best thing in Rubbers, manufactured by the Woonsocket Rubber Co., Providence, R. I. For sale Wholesale at lowest Boston prices, with duty added, by

L. HIGGINS & CO.

MONCTON, N. B.

A Full Line of Rubber Footwear always in stock, at lowest Wholesale prices.—L. H. & CO.

ST. GEORGE.

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

Sept. 30.—Mr. Geo. F. Hibbard, M. P. P., wife and daughter, went to St. John on Monday last on a pleasure trip and will visit the exhibition.

Mr. Wm. Conroy, of Messrs. Milne, Conroy & Co., went to St. Stephen on Monday, returning in the evening.

Miss C. N. Dyballan left by the Shore Line railway on Tuesday, she expects to be absent some weeks visiting relatives at St. John, Hampton, Fredericton, Woodstock, and Hamilton.

Rev. C. E. Price having completed his engagement with the Baptist church here, left on Thursday with his family. They go to Wolfville, N. S., to spend the winter.

Mr. E. E. Smith and his sister, Miss Fanny Smith, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Douglas Smith, of Cape Breton, N. S., returned to Moncton on Saturday.

Dr. H. J. Taylor, our popular young Medical student, left today to resume his studies at West End.

Mrs. Arthur Lane, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. McAdam, for the past two months, returned to her home on Tuesday at Red Beach.

Mr. Omer E. Steeves, theological student, who has been here for the past four months engaged in mission work, left today to resume his studies at Acadia college, Wolfville, N. S.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Miss Eva Elliott, of High street, has gone to New York to take a course in vocal music during the coming winter.

Misses Lewiston, Cummings and Horn, of St. Stephen, and Miss McGargle, of Fredericton, are guests of Mrs. C. Bradley Main street.

Messrs. Wm. Christie, Wm. Yawart and L.E. Jones returned to Bellevue college, New York, last week, to continue their medical studies.

Mrs. Walter Holly spent last week in Yarmouth.

Mrs. Samuel Vaughan, Mrs. Taylor, of Halifax, and Miss Bessie Vaughan, went to Farnborough, N.S., last week.

Miss O'Neill and Miss McGoldrick are visiting friends in Boston.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS IS FOR SALE IN CAMPBELLTON AT THE BOOKSTORE OF W. T. H. FENETRY AND BY JAMES H. HAWTHORNE.]

SEPT. 30.—A change has come over the spirit of the Celestial city during the past week, and quietness now reigns supreme with the absence of our brave soldiers, and the large number of citizens attending the St. John exhibition, the streets of Fredericton are as quiet as Sunday, but never mind we are going to have an exhibition of our own text week, and if the clerk of the weather continues kind and sends us another week of the same delightful weather we have been enjoying for some time past, we should have our best season yet.

Several of our prominent citizens have been improving their French in much this summer. Notably among these is Mr. Whitehead on George street, who now has one of the handsomest residences in the city.

Messrs. D. F. George and Byron Winslow have had their handsome twin houses on Church street newly painted in a warm, rich color, with pale green trimmings, giving a very pretty effect.

Rev. Father Duffy held service in the R. C. church on Sunday. He preached a very effective sermon in the evening. The singing from the choir was very well rendered, and particular mention must be made of Mr. W. F. Connaught's, the vocalist who favored the choir with his presence and rendered Lamberti's O Salutaris with splendid effect.

Miss Katie Keen is in town. She was the recipient of a handsome pair of mahogany rings on the occasion of her birthday, which was last Sunday.

Mr. J. E. Gray left for Boston last Monday, after a month's sojourn here. His family intend following him in a short time.

Mr. H. A. Keith spent Sunday in Sackville, the guest of Dr. B. S. Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. King have returned to our town once more, having spent the summer on his farm at New Canada.

Mr. Atherton Gouin spent Sunday with friends in Canada.

Dr. Kent and wife, of Wolford, are visiting the doctor's father, Mr. Owen Kirk.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of Hampton, made our town a short visit last week.

A very select company gathered, according to information, at the residence of Mr. J. R. Price, Tuesday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent, the chief amusement being the tripping of the high fantastic.

Mr. Arthur Keith of Missoula, Mont., is visiting his mother.

Last Saturday evening Miss Bertie Kilham entertained a number of her young friends at a dance in the station house and it was a very enjoyable evening. The guests numbered about 25. Although the young ladies were not in full evening costume there were some very pretty dresses. Among these were:

Miss May Price, who wore a gray dress with white trimmings.

Miss Lottie Price, white muslin, white sash.

Miss Lillie McKnight, gray and white drab.

Miss Hattie Price, heliotrope and white.

Miss Louise Price, cream bouillotte.

Miss Jennie Hughes, black lace.

Miss Bertie Kilham received her guests in a comfortable costume composed of gray and pale blue. She looked very pretty.

Messrs. H. W. Keith and E. M. Sharpe left Monday for Montreal, to pursue their medical studies at McGill college.

SEPT. 30.—Mr. Herbert Sharpe is visiting his mother, Mrs. G. E. Sharpe, at Spruce Cove.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Regan died with diphtheria last Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Regan have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

SEPT. 30.—On my return to town after a short stay away I find that my absence has been celebrated by nothing else but a regular marriage boom. The first event took place on Wednesday evening, the 16th, when at the residence of Mr. J. P. Mowatt, Mr. Mans-

field Duncan, our popular assistant agent of the I. C. R., and Miss Hettie Nelson were made man and wife by the Rev. Mr. Palmer. The happy couple left by the night express amid showers of good wishes. The town, which still has some weeks to include the principal cities in Canada and the United States.

Wednesday, the 28th, took two more of the boys away, namely Messrs. Orville Gillet, of the I. C. R., and A. M. G. McDonald. The former was married to Miss Minnie Gremley by the Rev. Mr. C. F. Wilson. The latter, Mr. McDonald, in company with several friends left here by the early train on Wednesday for Charlottetown, where at the residence of Mr. James Reid, he was married to Miss Stella McNair, lately school teacher in this town. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Carson, of Campbellton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson. The presents were numerous and costly.

Miss Millican, of St. John, N. B., who was visiting Miss Maud Johnson, has returned home.

The sad news reached us today of the death of Mrs. W. K. Welsh, of Gloucester Junction. Mrs. Welsh (nee Doyle) was well known in this town, and the sad news will be quite a shock to her many friends.

Miss Grace Verner is visiting her Quebec friends, and Miss Carrie Verner has gone to St. John.

From Another Correspondent.

Rev. E. S. Murdoch, parish priest of Bonens, and Mr. Finn, of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, were in town on Thursday, the guests of Rev. J. L. McDonald. Mr. Finn sails for Quebec on Friday, to resume his theological studies in the Grand seminary.

Mr. Fannie Malar, who has been visiting friends in Halifax, returned home last week looking admirably well after her trip.

Among those who were to attend the St. John exhibition were Mrs. Delaney and her daughter, Mrs. Delaney, Miss Corinne Verner and Mr. Tom McDevitt.

Report says we will very soon be able to chronicle the marriage of one of our most popular young men, Mr. T. McDevitt, who is soon to carry off one of Campbellton's most esteemed belles.

I regret to say that we are very, very soon to lose Mr. Edward Keen and Mr. Thos. Matheson, who have been ill, and the doctor has advised them to go South for the winter months. We all hope to see them return in the spring much recuperated in health.

Rev. Father Duffy held service in the R. C. church on Sunday. He preached a very effective sermon in the evening. The singing from the choir was very well rendered, and particular mention must be made of Mr. W. F. Connaught's, the vocalist who favored the choir with his presence and rendered Lamberti's O Salutaris with splendid effect.

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INVITATION!

We respectfully invite the ladies of St. John, and those visiting the city during the exhibition, to call and inspect the beautiful lines of

FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRESS GOODS

which we have just received from London.

STANLEY COSTUME CLOTHS.

JACKET and MANTEL CLOTHS.

The above goods cannot be surpassed in quality; they have been personally selected, and are the latest and most fashionable for the Autumn and Winter seasons.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING STREET.

GREENWICH, K. C.

SEPT. 28.—Miss Daisy Hanson returned on Monday from Hampton, where she was attending teachers' institute.

Miss Maggie Smith also returned on Monday. She attended the teachers' institute, also at Hampton. Both young ladies spent Sunday in St. John.

Mr. and Miss Adams, of Victoria, B. C., are the guests of Mr. Albert McKel this week.

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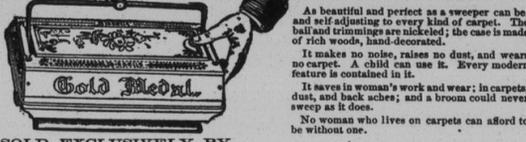
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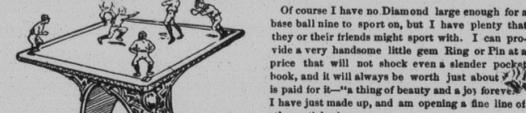
SEPT. 30.—On my return to town after a short stay away I find that my absence has been celebrated by nothing else but a regular marriage boom. The first event took place on Wednesday evening, the 16th, when at the residence of Mr. J. P. Mowatt, Mr. Mans-

SKINNER'S CARPET : WAREROOMS.

BISSELL'S GOLD MEDAL.



SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY A. O. SKINNER.



MORAL - INSURE.

A citizen 14 years ago, on the morning of June 20th, entered an Insurance office and placed \$5,000 on his house. He simply placed the risk—got no policy, paid no premium. In the afternoon there was a heap of ashes where his house stood. He had no house, but the Company paid him \$5,000.

PHENIX OF HARTFORD.

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents, 132 Prince William Street.

A JUDICIOUS DEALER WRITES FOLLOWING:-

"And 6 half chests of the Banner Chap Tea. I am not in much of the tea as I have 10 half chests of it an hand man but wish to secure quite a supply while it is to be had, as it is a special good tea. I get nothing that suits my customers like it."

Mr. Geo. Haddow has gone to Montreal for a few days.

Miss A. Rousseau, of Quebec, is spending a few days in town.

Rev. Father McDonald celebrated the twelfth anniversary of his ordination to priesthood last Monday.

Master Pidgeon, of Percy, is spending a few days with his brother at Memramook college.

Mr. Thos. Brundel has returned home from Montreal, where he has been for the last two weeks.

Mr. Adolph Boucher is visiting his friends in town, before resuming his medical studies at Kingston university.

Rev. Mr. Fisher, who has been absent for the last three weeks, has returned home.

Hon. J. C. Barbaric was in Campbellton on Monday and Tuesday, attending court there.

BUTOUCHE.

SEPT. 30.—Misses Thyra and Sophie McManus left this week for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Girvan from Kingston, passed through here on their way to the exhibition in St. John.

Wm. H. Irving went to St. John this week to take in the exhibition.

A driving party consisting of Messrs Maud and Kate Doherty, Kingston, Miss Etta Davidson, Montreal, Mr. Bialik, Londonbury, and Dr. E. Doherty drove from Kingston on Saturday. They were the guests while here of Mrs. J. A. Irving.

Mr. R. A. Irving left this morning for Halifax where he intends attending the law school.

Mr. A. W. Cummings from Londonbury, N. S., is spending a few days with his friends here.

Mr. W. M. P. Webster, Mr. McKennie and Mr. H. Dart were registered at the Bay View this week the latter spent the summer here with his family.

The ladies of Butouche intend holding an oyster supper and apron fair on October 15. There will also be a refreshment table laden with all the delicacies of the season. As Butouche oysters are known far and wide, no doubt quite a number will avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting us on the 15th.

Miss Ida Roberts left last week for Boston, where she intends spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Black.

Misses Jessie and Lina Potts left last week for Hartland, where they expect to remain for some time.

WINDSOR, N. S.

SEPT. 30.—Among the Windsor people who are paying a visit to Halifax this week are: Miss Forsyth, Mr. J. J. Hallaw, Mr. H. D. Haggies, Mr. B. Scott, Mr. C. A. Armstrong.

Mrs. Roberts has gone to make a visit to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.

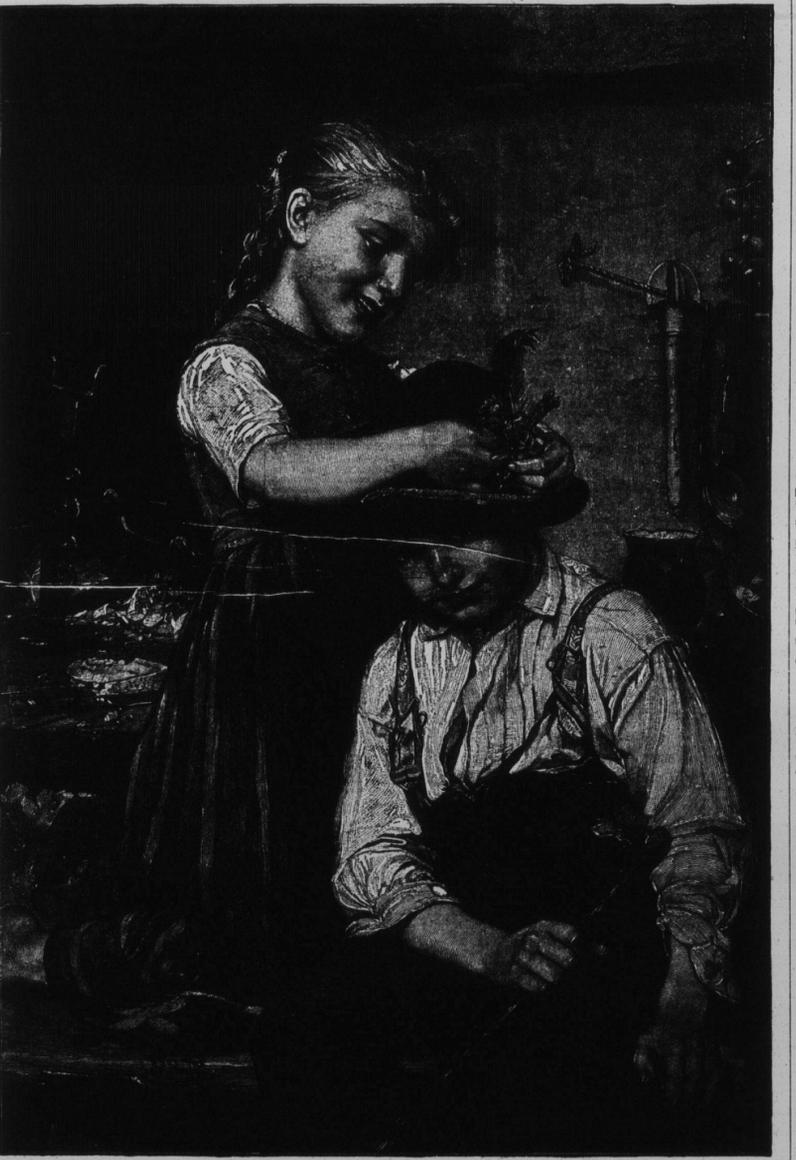
Mrs. W. H. Blanchard has gone to Baddeck.

Miss Louise Blanchard returned home last week from Antigonish and is looking well.

Mrs. J. A. Russel and her little daughter, Evelyn, went to Farnboro last week.

The musical and literary recital given on Monday evening by Miss Jean Macdonald and Miss Jennie Clouston Terry was well attended. Miss Macdonald, owing to illness which had confined her to her bed most of the day, was not in as good voice as usual, though she sang well, and one could see that her two years' study had not been in vain. Miss Macdonald sang in the presbyterian church the last two Sundays, when the congregations were unusually large, even for that church, where there is always a good attendance. I would like to see the singing had something to do with it, as well as a sermon. Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated upon getting some of the inveterate non-attendants transformed into the most regular church-goers.

What would the people of St. John think if they had to pay two dollars of lawful money of Canada to drive a horse-shoe to and from a corner, provided the distance were something less than a quarter of a mile? Yet such was the sum exacted from Miss Macdonald on the evening of the concert by a lively stable in town. One can be driven a horse-shoe to and from a corner, and may arrive in Halifax from North street station to the south end, a distance



THE FAVORED KNIGHT.

Delaney and a few others spent Sunday with friends on Miss pond.

Mr. McDonald, of New Glasgow, is registered at the Royal.

Yesterday was given a holiday to the pupils of the Hotel Dieu convent. A most enjoyable time was spent by them. In the morning games and plays were indulged in, and in the afternoon a bonnet race was served on the grounds.

Rev. Father Duffy and Lawlor were present. Miss Maggie Devereaux, who has been very ill of typhoid fever, is improving gradually.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie was in town on Monday.

Miss M. Quigley, of Newcastle, is in town the guest of Mrs. Hugh O'Keefe.

Rev. Father Bouchard, of Charlott, was in town on Wednesday.

HAVELOCK.

SEPT. 30.—Mr. Herbert Sharpe is visiting his mother, Mrs. G. E. Sharpe, at Spruce Cove.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Regan died with diphtheria last Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Regan have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

HOW TO TRAIN CANINES.

IT'S THE FAD TO HAVE A TRICK DOG TO AMUSE YOUR VISITORS.

Points About the Training of Dogs—The System of Instruction and the Results that May Be Expected.

Educated dogs are becoming quite the fashion. An intelligent dog can be trained in five or six months to a degree of development so high that a dude is hardly a fit companion for him, intellectually.

A pug doesn't do anything, and is proud of his ignorance. He doesn't want to learn, and if you hammer a trick into his thick head he will always do it just as badly as he can. I obtained this information from Prof. Harry Parker, the famous exhibitor of trained dogs.

He also gave me a number of points about the proper method of conducting the education of a dog, which may be useful to those who haven't an instructor at hand. It isn't so hard a task, nor so long, as one might suppose; and it's quite worth undertaking, for there's lots of fun to be had with a well trained dog.

After talking with Prof. Parker, I began to understand one of my own early failures, when I tried to instruct one of the most intelligent Newfoundland dogs that ever well, I won't begin to lie about that dog. Suffice it to say that I made no progress whatever, because I never taught him the primary lesson of obedience.

That dog had no idea of high authority. He would receive my instructions with a contemptuous disregard, which was as much as to say, "go learn a few tricks yourself so that I can have a proper respect for you." I should have made him understand that I was the master, and then I might have been.

The most difficult trick of all is to teach a dog to mind, and it is ordinarily made nearly impossible by complicating the idea with several others. Let the obedience be very simple at first, says the professor. Do not try to train a dog in a room full of people. Take him, if possible, to an entirely bare room, and let nobody else in. Begin by teaching him to sit in a certain place, and not to leave it until he is called. Make him come instantly when he is spoken to, and return when he is commanded.

Don't let his mind get away from these fundamental necessities in the course of a lesson, and do not experiment with him aimlessly or allow anybody else to do so.

In connection with the work in the room, you may carry on an outdoor training which is equally simple. Teach the dog to walk with you. For this purpose it is much better to lead him by a chain than to let him run loose. Make him walk by your side for a while; then a little behind



you; then a little ahead of you. Do not let him pull hard at the chain, but teach him to walk with a steady gait.

Of course he will try to do everything you don't want him to do, at first. Simply show him that he can't, but don't whip him. Encourage him when he does well, but not too lavishly. As to whipping the bad effects of it can never be overcome. Not even those who can make training dogs a profession can "break" a dog with the whip, and prevent him from showing the method of his education. He will hang his head and carry his tail between his legs whenever he is told to do a trick, and the more you try to break him off the habit, the more persistently it will show itself.

Teaching the dog to walk with the chain is called "chain breaking," and the best men in the business regard it as an indispensable rudimentary exercise. When the dog has learned this, and has also learned to keep his seat until he is told to leave it, and to go back to it promptly and cheerfully when sent, the worst of the work is over. It should not require more than two months with a good dog, and the amount of instruction per day that his master would ordinarily be willing to give.

Then begin with a simple trick. A dog trained to obedience will learn to "shake hands" in a single lesson. Always use the same form of words with each trick, and pronounce them distinctly. It is wonderful how perfect will be his recognition

of the words after a little while, and how wide a vocabulary he can be given. When he knows how to shake hands politely, let him shut the door. This may be easily taught by simply leading him up to it, and such other guidance as will constantly suggest itself. Then you may teach him to go lame. Make him walk slowly by you; and, as he goes, touch the leg in such a way as to give him the gait you desire. Be careful not to hurt him. Three or four lessons will give him a good counterfeit limp in a fore leg.

Then he may "die for his country." Pronounce the words clearly and then roll him over into the proper position. If he is a bright dog he will "catch on" quickly, and may very likely surprise you by clever little poses which show how truly he has grasped the idea. Probably he doesn't know that he is counterfeiting death, but he perceives that an apparent entire suspension of animation and a general air of dejection are required of him.

For saying his prayers pose him in a chair with his head upon his fore paw. He can soon be taught to take that position. Then stand behind him with your hand a couple of inches above his head. Every time he lifts his head press it back again. Call out various orders which are likely to make him raise his head, and catch him every time he does it. Then say "Amen," and take your hand away. It isn't hard to make him understand that that is his signal. If you've tried this trick and failed—as a good many owners of dogs have—the



reason is that you have not trained Bingo to the point of implicit obedience.

The most useful trick of all is jumping, because it can be turned to so many varieties of action by the use of different ob-

stacles. To teach a dog to jump, place him on your left and hold the chain attached to his collar in your right hand. Hold your whip in your left hand. Of course you have a whip although, as I have said, you must never use it so as to break a dog's spirit. He may be corrected a little without becoming a "whipped cur."

Hold the whip, then, a little way from the floor, and lead the dog over it. He will walk over at first. Let him understand that the necessary thing is to pass over. Then lift him a little with the chain so as to urge him to jump. It won't take him long to see what's wanted. Jumping isn't altogether out of his daily line of experience. It is important to teach him some word or words which he shall always associate with jumping. A dog that is taught to jump at the command "go over" will not know what you mean if you say "jump." If you intend to make a high leaper of him, and use a platform such as is a part of the ordinary stage apparatus, it will be necessary to lead him onto it and then call him over a small obstacle, working him up gradually to the idea of a run.

Dogs are good jumpers, especially greyhounds which are used for that purpose most often on the stage. It is their ability in this direction that leads them into a professional career. Otherwise their timidity might exclude them from the "boards." After a dog has learned to jump he may be taught to walk on his hind legs or his forelegs alone. It is not every dog that can learn this trick well; and contrary to one's ordinary idea, it is easier as a rule to teach a dog to walk on his fore than on his hind legs. The latter method of locomotion requires more strength in the back than some dogs possess. It is easy to recognize this deficiency when teaching the animal to "stand up," which must, of course, precede the walking, just as sitting precedes standing.

It is well to teach a dog to stand on his hind feet by holding up before him something tempting in the edible line; and nothing suits the canine palate or encourages effort like fried liver. There may be some variety in tastes here as elsewhere, but on the whole fried liver is the most stimulating delicacy that can be used in the school-room.

When you are teaching a dog to walk on his fore legs it is necessary to hold him up at first. Don't grasp him such a way as to prevent his taking the position that it is easiest for him. He probably knows more about that than you do; and if you hold him rigidly in a position which defies the law of gravitation, he will never learn the trick.

In England one of the favorite methods of unnatural locomotion for dogs is "side feet," varied by the "crosswise" action. That means making the dog walk with no other support than two feet on a side, or fore hind and one fore foot. The method

necessary will be clear enough to anybody. Teach the dog first to hold up one foot till you tell him to put it down, and after he has learned to do it standing he can be led to do it walking. One of the trick dogs at



WELL TRAINED DOGS.

the late show learned to do the side foot act without being taught. Prof. Parker was teaching him to walk with one fore foot in the air, when the dog stepped on a tack with a hind foot, on which the weight of that side of the body was depending at the time. He was too well trained to put the fore foot down even in so sharp an emergency, so he hopped along on two feet; and it required very



HOUD IN HIGH JUMP.

little encouragement to implant the trick upon his memory. I think that the back somersault, as performed by little Jerry, the Yorkshire

terrier, was the most surprising feat I ever saw a dog perform, yet it may be taught to any dog if he is well built and intelligent. It is done with a harness similar to that which is commonly put upon pug dogs when they are to take their afternoon stroll on the avenue. It must be so arranged that the support will be even, for at first the dog must be lifted by this harness.

Let him stand in front of you, facing towards you. Call him to spring towards you just as a dog ordinarily leaps upon his master. When his forepaws touch your breast give him a flip, as if he wore a flap-jack and over he goes, landing on his feet. It will surprise him for awhile but if you are careful not to let him get hurt, he will learn what is required of him, and will do it neatly. Little Jerry can whirl off a dozen handsprings backwards as easily as any tumbler in the sawdust ring.

I have talked with many trainers of dogs and they all say that that sort of education undeniably raises a dog in general intelligence. He learns readily what could not be taught to an untrained dog. He gets interested in trick work, and picks up amusing variations which he remembers in a wonderful way. He becomes susceptible to the delights of being applauded, and, alas, he experiences the pangs of professional jealousy.

There are stupid dogs and bright ones. It is not worth while to waste time on Bingo if he is dull. Dog trainers discover an animal's intellectual possibilities just from the expression of his face. A clear, bright eye; a quick, comprehensive glance; a look of eagerness and vivacity, are the signs. Supplement this observation by letting the dog loose and watching his behavior. If he is frolicsome, active and apparently interested in his play he will do good work under proper direction.

The best dog for stage tricks is the French poodle. He is not quite so intelligent as the St. Bernard and perhaps a little behind the Newfoundland, but he is more conveniently carried about than either. Setters and pointers are bright dogs, but they haven't the erect pose of some others. It is their instinct to hold their heads and tails down, and people who don't understand dogs would say that they have been whipped too much when they are being taught. Collies are open to the same objection, though this doesn't apply to home entertainments with any of them. Poodles, spaniels and Yorkshire terriers are easily taught, and make successful stage dogs. Poodles must be full blooded to attain a high standard of intelligence. Much has been said in favor of the cur, but I am told by Prof. Parker and others who know the business that the thoroughbred is the best dog, especially when it comes to poodles.

DAVID WECHSLER.

PIG BRAND IS THE BEST.

Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout.

Under this old and celebrated brand of BASS & GUINNESS is bottled only the finest Ale and Stout brewed by these world-renowned firms.

It is ripened and fined in a way that can be done only by those having long experience and large capital.

It is F R E from the heavy YEASTY FROTH, so common in those brands of beer and porter usually shipped to the Colonies.

It contains nothing but

Malt and Hops, being perfectly ripened it is free from elements of FURTHER FERMENTATION and does not require the addition of chemicals.

The Pig Brand Guinness's Porter will be found to be both cheaper and more wholesome than the

Extracts of Malt, many of which are mixed with Salicylic Acid, which is so injurious to the kidneys.

Physicians will find this brand of GUINNESS'S STOUT an excellent remedy in those cases of Dyspepsia arising from deficient diastasing secretions.



THE "PIG BRAND" Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout

commands a higher price in most large trade centres, than any other brand; but in order to give everyone an opportunity of trying this CELEBRATED BRAND, it has been arranged to sell it in Canada at as low a price as any of the cheap brands.

DON'T BE PUT OFF with any other brands of BASS'S and GUINNESS'S, but insist on having

"PIG BRAND," and if you cannot obtain it at the dealers in your district, ask them to send, or send yourself, to Messrs

KELLY & GLASSEY, HALIFAX, N. S.

And compare it with others, and you will be SATISFIED that

"PIG BRAND" IS SUPERIOR to anything in the market.

BASS AND GUINNESS.

ER'S ROOMS. BISSELL'S GOLD MEDAL. RINNER. Silverware, Watches, Clocks. TREMAINE GUARD, No. 81 KING STREET. E. F HARTFORD. FOLLOWING: The Banner. half chest. wish to. while it is to be. good sea. to my.



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DAY—half a cake of... RISE SOAP—just fits... and just takes the... of clothing with aston...-ness—no waste—every... are of the work. A handy... und to handle the dirt;... quick. Why not try

THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

Trade Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N.B.

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SUNDAY READING

MORNING SERVICE.

MORNING.

Through Christ Jesus we have access in one spirit unto the Father. For we have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of children, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God.

Ak, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things unto them that ask Him.

And this is the boldness which we have towards Him, that if we ask according to His will He heareth us. Let us, therefore, draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

A Prayer.

O God who has included all Thy commandment of love, so that if we love not our neighbor we cannot fulfill Thy law; we humbly pray Thee to create in our hearts such a sincere and fervent love of one another, that we may be children of our Father in Heaven, and true disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen.

HYMN.

O Thou great friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst come in humblest guise below, Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain, And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe:

We look to Thee: Thy truth is still the life Which guides the nations, groping on their way, Stumbling and falling in disastrous night, Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! Thou art still the life: Thou art the way The holiest know: Light, life, and way of heaven! And they who despair hope, and despair pray, Till by Thy light, life, way, which Thou hast given.

Of Avoiding Many Words.

Fly the tumult of the world as much as thou canst; for the trotting of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention.

For we are quickly defiled, and enthralled by vanity. Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken, and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk one with another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The cause why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort out of another and desire to ease our mind wearied with many thoughts.

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which we most love or desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us.

But alas, oftentimes in vain, and to no end; for this outward comfort is the cause of no small loss of inward and divine consolation.

Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

It is be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify. Evil habits and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of spiritual things doth greatly further our spiritual growth, especially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God.

SERMON.

The Ministry of Sorrow.

By REV. LEWELLYN D. BEVAN, D. D. "For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."—Heb. xii: 6.

There is no fact in human life more certain than universality of suffering, and there is, perhaps, nothing for which a man finds a greater difficulty to discover an adequate or satisfactory reason. Man is made to mourn: of that there is no doubt. But he would be a bold man who should declare that man was made for mourning. Sorrow is not natural: the instinct of human nature is to rebel against it, to fight it off, to avoid it; and the instinct is divinely given. Try and explain this sorrow which we all know upon natural grounds, and you must fail; even when you have dealt with cases of what we might call deserved suffering: when it seems just to say, "It served him right," when we can see the immediate connection between the wrong and the suffering which the wrong produces in the very person who committed the wrong, or when we can trace the moral results of suffering in everything that is brought about in heart and conscience and life, there still remains a large residuum which baffles all interpretation, and defies every endeavor to allay or soothe. Take, for example, the loss of those who seem most necessary. At the very moment, the critical moment, when they are required they are taken away. Any time but that, and the removal would have seemed to have lost much of its painfulness. We ourselves, who are gathering in this great council, feel it deeply, acutely, that the very man of all others whom we expected as a guide and leader, to whose suggestion the council owes its holding, in whose wise care it would have been led on to perfect and complete success—he is the one who vanishes: and upon the very eve of our assembly, the very time when we needed him most, he is gone, gone from our friendship, gone from our council.

Little children suffering—who can explain it? I have oftentimes seen good reason for my own suffering. I see many of you here this morning: if you suffered a little bit we should not very much wonder at it, and perhaps be not altogether sorry, hoping that it might do you some little good. But a little child: a child who has just opened its eyes upon this life, who can tell how it suffers? It can only lie on the mother's knee, and

morn and wail and gather round about it the little knot of loving ones who watch it, and wonder, without anything of explanation, why that child should suffer, Rachel, mourning for her children, will not be comforted: and Rachel, believe me, will be found in every generation. So long as man continues there will be mourning ones who will not be comforted: and as we see their refusal to receive comfort, we can only say it is natural, it is God-given, it is divine. For the bible does not solve the difficulty. The bible deals with the subject practically and only practically. The bible never satisfies your speculative inquiry. No question is solved by the book so as to answer everything that you can ask. It is only solved so that you can live as faithful servants of the Eternal One. And the bible shows us the relation of suffering to sin. But, finally, it bids us fall back upon God. He will do right. He will make all well. He is the great comforter of man. It finds light even in our darkness. It declares that sorrow is chastening, that the christian man for himself and for his brethren can rejoice even in chastening; for it is the work of the loving Father. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." It does not satisfy your intellect, but it will satisfy your heart. It will not take away every doubt, remove all the difficulties of the situation in which you find yourself: but it will give you the holdfast to the hand of God: it will reveal to you the gracious eye that is looking down upon you in mercy: it will open to you the heart that knows your sufferings, nay, perhaps, indeed, inflicts them, because He is wise and gracious, and loves you even while He chastens.

These are the three facts that lie in this text of ours: sorrow, discipline, love.

The acceptance of God's mercy. I remember, in the first place, does not assure the believer from the lot of the sufferer. It is perfectly true we may promise to him who accepts the gospel much joy and much pleasure. If you will only take Jesus Christ, my friend, you will find it the beginning of gladness in your lives. There is a joy even in the grace of God that comes to us through Jesus Christ, which no stranger can intermeddle. The relation of God into which you enter by obedience is itself a cause of joy. For a man to place himself in harmony with the Divine law for him to say, "No longer will I but thine be done," for him to seek no more his ends but the Divine will, he will find therein the peace, the calm, the quiet restfulness, enter his spirit, and will give him infinite delight. All the laws of being—not only your own, but those around you—all become harmonious. Obey God, and you are at once in accord with the great principles upon which all life is governed. As long as you disobey God, as long as you fail to fulfil His will, you are perpetually meeting opposition. There is no harmony. The relation between you and the external world is a relation of conflict, not a relation of mutual action and interaction. But the moment you have set yourself right with God, with God's universe, peace and harmony and calm and blessedness come into your soul. When you are at peace with all things that God has made, that is a state of forgiveness. What a blessed thing it is when we have done wrong to our friend and have acknowledged it and owned up, and sought his reconciliation, and he puts out his hand and says, "Not another word: do not refer to it, it is forgotten"—what calm and quiet, what blessedness and peace! And oh! dear friends, when it is the Divine Friend, when it is God Himself who speaks the word in peace and pardon, and when there waves over our heads, bowed down in sorrow and in shame the tender hand of Christ Himself and His word is uttered, "Go in peace and sin no more," then our souls are jubilant; then we seem to hear the very angels sing, then the blessings and peace of heaven itself is ours; and the man who has made himself right with God has entered into that blessedness and joy that no other can understand.

And more than this, there are special promises that are attached to godly living. God directly blesses the man who serves Him. I know sometimes you hear people talk about a statement of this sort as if there were a kind of smugness as if it had a sort of Pharisaic tone about it as if men who served in this had a pleasant regard for themselves that they were peculiarly his friends and favorites of God. That may be so; but nevertheless, it is a fact God directly blesses the man who serves Him. The old testament is full of promises of that kind. The new testament, though it deals rather with moral and spiritual conditions, always confirms them. It tells us that it is the pleasure of the Father to give us these things. Christ does not particularize them. He gathers them up into just that one description, and says, "These things,"—wealth, pleasure, troops of friends, the peace of your home, the joy of those who are round about you, the fame, the honors that men will give you these things it is the pleasure of the Father to give: they will all be added unto you if you seek first of all the kingdom. Christ does not need to make a specific blessing for each of them, but He leaves them just in the great lump of God's gifts that He will add unto you when He has given Himself. But He gives them to a body of christian men; they are the most joyous men in the world. Take any congregation of christian people, who for twenty, thirty, or forty years have been walking in the ways of God. There is more health, there is more happiness, there is more secular joy in that company than in any other such sized company in all the rest of the world. A christian congregation is not a congregation that has the most sorrowful faces. If you want to see the most sadness, brethren, go to the places of pleasure; see men and women

1000.00 Dollars Given Away.

Customers during the 10 days the Exhibition is open. "Call and get one." The total value of the presents to be offered is ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in Gold, and no single present is of less value than 25c. This may seem incredible, "yet it is a fact." The one object we have in view is simply to advertise "OUR KID GLOVES," and it is more than likely that our plan will succeed, as our observation has taught us that the public like all they can get for their money, and as much as possible for nothing. 74c. will give you a positively reliable 1st choice KID GLOVE, and the gift for the taking away.

2000 Pairs of 55c. Seamless Cashmere Stockings are to be sold for 36c.

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TIME, PLACE AND OPPORTUNITY TO BUY

Medium and High-Class Dry Goods AT GREAT REDUCTIONS.

The Trustees, wishing to close the business as quickly as possible, are offering a

HARVEST OF BARGAINS

in all departments. All Seasonable and Fashionable goods. Such an opportunity seldom presents itself for obtaining First-class Dry Goods at such ridiculously low prices, and we do, therefore, ask the public to favor us with a call and inspection of our stock and prices.

In the DRESS DEPARTMENT we are offering great bargains.

Plain and Fancy Dress Goods.

FORMER PRICE, 50c., REDUCED TO 25c. " " 37c. " 16c. " " 32c. " 15c. " " 25c. " 12 1/2c.

Equally great reductions in Cloths, Ladies' Gossamers, Hosiery, Jerseys, Boys' Suits and Overcoats. LADIES' FUR-LINED MANTLES, most fashionable shapes—all Real Fur Linings—at very great reductions.

Customers will study their own interests by examining the stock and prices before making their selections.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, Trustees.

sent: God is with them. "Far off, far off, ye profane ones," was the cry of the ancient priestess. So, sometimes, should be the cry to your own souls when the presence of God is manifested in the sorrows of those you love. This is the spirit in which we should receive it, and this is the forecast of its complete removal. For the work of chastisement shall be perfected. All the dealings of God with us shall issue in the attainment of the highest conceptions of the christian life, and when sorrow shall have done its work we shall have entered into the infinite life where death itself shall die, and sin itself shall be forgotten the life that issued even out of the sins and the sorrows and the death of this. Rejoice, brethren—this is my message—in the joy that God gives: but if there comes sorrow wait upon the Lord and rest patiently in Him: for whom He loves He chastens, and scourges every son whom He receives. May the gracious ministry of sorrow thus come with healing and with hope to every stricken heart, for His name's sake.

HYMN. "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—Mark x: 16. Was not our Lord a little Child, Taught by degrees to pray, By father dear, and mother mild Instructed day by day? And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk With children in His sight, To meet them in His daily walk, And to His arms in love? What though around His throne of fire The everlasting chant, Be wafted from the seraph choir In glory jubilate? Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark Our rude essays of love, Faint as the pipe of waking lark, Heard by some twilight grove.—Keele.

Prayer. Our father in heaven, the Lord and guide of our lives, and the giver of all our good things: we bow before Thee now with humble and grateful hearts. That Thou art mindful of little children, and sufferest them to come to Thee: Amen.

HYMN. Three in One, and One in Three, Ruler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to Thee Holy chant and psalm. Light of Lights, with morning, shine: Lift on us Thy light divine: And let charity begeth Breathe on us her balm. Light of lights, when falls the even, Let it close on sin forgiven: Fold us in the peace of heaven, Shed a holy calm. Three in One, and One in Three, Dearly here we worship Thee: With the saints hereafter we Hope to bear the psalm.

Prayer. O God our Father, who in Thy love to our race didst send Thy Son into our world to bring back the wandering sheep, turn not away Thy face from us, but cleanse us from our secret faults, and mercifully forgive our presumptuous sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Benediction. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. Amen.



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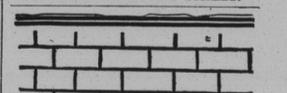
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

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ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR,

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUT-TER with JAS. S. MAX & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

No 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woollen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.



ESTEY'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL IN THE BEST PHYSIOLOGICAL FORM. Ladies' Pocket Books at McArthur's, 40 King Street.

MRS. ASTOR'S NEW GOWN.

IT IS WORN BY A VARIETY OF ACTRESS IN THE BOWERY.

A Big Drawing Card for the Managers—Some Points on Spanking Brought Out by a Brooklyn Paper—A Spanker Who Has Created a Sensation.

New York, Sept. 30.—The *Volpelli*, of the east side, is at present enjoying the privilege of gazing nightly at a \$600 evening gown made expressly by Worth for Mrs. William Astor.

It all happened on this wise. Mrs. Astor ordered two evening costumes from the famous gown-builder, style and elegance of the last importance, cost of the least.

A republic certainly offers some advantages to its citizens. No English Johnnie ever has or probably ever will, know the ecstasy of seeing his favorite Thespian walk down before the foot-lights arrayed in a spick-and-span new gown built expressly for her majesty of England.

The other one was bought by a Brooklyn dry goods merchant, and placed in his show window duly labelled as the property of Mrs. William Astor.

One of the most interesting letters published was from the principal of a boarding school for girls. She declared that spanking was the only effective means of maintaining discipline amongst her pupils that she had been able to discover.

I know a robust girl of fifteen whose mother attempted not long ago to spank her with a hair brush. After a few strokes had been dealt the girl got possession of the brush, and then there administered to her maternal parent a castigation that forever settled in that family at what age mothers should cease spanking their daughters.

I have heard it argued that juvenile cussedness is caused by the over-heating of certain portions of the brain, and that a good sound spanking sets up a healthy counter irritation where it will do no harm, and brings the inflamed bumps into a normal state, as proved by the patient's consequent good behavior.

Our famous humorist, Bill Nye, has written a play and christened it *The Cadi*. On Monday evening the public was invited to drop into Union square theatre and pass judgment on Mr. Nye's piece.

He thinks that his seat he will have to change. For the ugly girls are only in range.

"What more could you have?" the playwright's admirers are asking the cavaliers of the press, and they are replying in today's papers, "Bill is a good fellow, and the dear public is only petting its own William for the amusement it has already got out of him."

Another good literary woman has strayed into the broad and wicked path blazed by Edgar Saltus. Miss Lita Angelica Rice belongs to the city of culture. She has ancestors, money, genius, and a place in metropolitan society amongst the best.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

One of the Luckiest Horsemen on the English Turf.

Horse racing is carried on in England in a way that astonishes American horsemen. Over 500,000 people have frequently assembled to see the Derby, and the money consideration to the winner outside of all bidding has reached as high as the meat sum of \$200,000.



For some years the Duke of Portland has been one of the foremost men in English sporting circles. His phenomenal success has made people look upon him as the luckiest man on the turf.

It is said that no man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting, as the Earl of Oxford. Among his experiments of fancy was the determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road.

The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his characterizing skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake.

During the sermon. The deacon's thoughts are dreams of rest, And no one sleeps.

He signs as the parson gives out the text. For he knows the collection will follow next.

He head is bent above her book In manner quite divine— She's noting how her diamonds look And in the darkness shine.

WIND, RAIN AND SNOW.

HOW THEY ARE FURNISHED TO ORDER BY THE PROPERTY MAN.

Some Facts About Thunder and Lightning That Cannot Be Learned in the Orchestra Chairs—Mr. Chidley Tells of Further Doings Behind the Scenes.

When in the course of a play, as for instance in *The Magistrate*, somebody escapes by a balcony, only to fall through a skylight and smash all the crockery, the uproar and noise of general breaking is caused by what is known as a crash machine. This is made somewhat upon the same mechanical principle as a musical box.

Many years ago the celebrated painter, Clarkson Stanfield, designed a sea scene for Handel's *Acts and Galatæa*, which has become, as it were, historical. Its beauty and truth has never been surpassed, although the effect has since been imitated more than once.

It was about three castaways from a wreck; they wandered about till they found themselves in a small country town destitute, without money, ragged, nearly starved, and unable to speak the English language; and from hardship and suffering their appearance was so hideous that everybody would flee from them.

The first one picked up "we three"; the second one, "for forty pounds"; and the third one, "so we ought." Well, they managed to get together again, and were travelling along talking over their difficulties and explaining to each what the other had learned. When all of a sudden they saw the form of a man under a tree quite covered with the fallen leaves.

The noise of a galloping horse may be produced in two or three ways. One is by playing (as a drum is played) with two steel hammers on a lump of stone. The other is a regular machine upon the principle of the piano action.

The snow machine is a large box with a large number of holes pierced in the bottom. It is filled with small scraps of white paper. When required for use it is slung up to the gridiron and there rocked by a hand on the fly galley.

Another week has rolled away, and we are still on mercy's side of the coffin factory, but as our office overlooks the cemetery we won't have far to go when the town wants a first class funeral.

Parson Watson will preach at the church tomorrow, his subject being, "Now Is the Time to Believe on Me." All persons in need of faith will please call at this office.

We made \$7 this week by posing as the "living skeleton" in a dime museum. Everybody who saw us had the dry grins.



It is scarcely overstating the fact to say that no discovery of the present time, affecting wearing apparel, has supplied such a universal and long felt want as the "Melissa" process which makes cloth perfectly rainproof without excluding the air.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL.

MELISSA Is the name of the New Process by which Tweeds and other Cloths are rendered entirely Rainproof without the slightest trace of the application being perceptible.

No more Rubber Clothing to be worn the Rain to keep out. It is indeed an abomination, but has been tolerated simply because there was nothing better. True, it serves to shed the water, but it snouts out the air as well, and so generates a dampness which is not only uncomfortable, but very unhealthy and positively dangerous.

Don't order a Waterproof of any kind until you see them.

How are you? Nicely, Thank You. Thank Who? Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION. Which cured me of CONSUMPTION.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Bilelessness

Narcissus Bulbs FOR SPRING FLOWERING. Poetisms (single) one of the most beautiful, 35c. per doz. Double Form of Poetisms sweet, \$2.00 & 1.00

Oysters for the Summer Season. Having bedded 600 Bbls. of choice PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS, fresh-raked every morning; wholesale and retail.

Hotels. HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. ALEX. PORTER, GROCER AND FRUIT DEALER. Has for the Spring Trade a large and well-assorted Stock. Particular Attention Given to Family Trade.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANON'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY. Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET ST. JOHN N. B. PHOTO OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size; very handsome. Sent by mail for 25c. in coin or stamp.—H. V. MONAG & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

FASHIONS IN SOME PRETTY THINGS BRIGHT AUTUMN.

There are many things worth a minute of your time to look at. It is one of the two illustrations. It was made up with black silk and a son satin. These parts to promise well for prettiness. The caplike epaulets on the full and stiff, were fat grace or elegance of figure was a band of crimson on the left arm in a big rose.



AN AFTERNOON

The jacket-like bodice, wool, crossed with cream. It was cut on the to the deep cuffs, and about the shoulders, and out stiffly and consumed necessary amount of money found myself absolutely hip flounces, but the material—to pass to a more appropriated to this toilet low crowned, wide brim with fawn and reddish plaid. Those in the centre brim, bright days, see in that belt are really so. That velvet ribbon is sewn upon all sorts of jackets are trimmed with hip flounces, but the material. That olive green and jackets are trimmed with hip flounces, but the material. That olive green and jackets are trimmed with hip flounces, but the material.



A JACKET AND SOME

market, but can be recovered women who are tall and thin. That seakling long, beavercaps have lynx, beaver bindings. Some costumes present novelty have been prepared in a troupe of hands of the dressmaker an afternoon gown differed from any before fabric was a pale russet but on a process model with very narrow train. Here

FASHIONS IN OCTOBER.

SOME PRETTY THINGS SEEN THESE BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAYS.

Goats About Think of Interest at the Fall Opening—The Hat, the Wrap, the Gown, the Basque and the Gown—The Wearing of the Veil.

There are many things of interest at the fall opening. A jacket I saw recently is worth a minute of your time, though it took uncommon pains not to be beautiful. It is one of the two figured in the second illustration. It was made of black velvet, piped with black silk and lined with crimson satin. These particulars might seem to promise well for prettiness, but the huge, caplike epaulets on the shoulders, long and full and stiff, were fatal to anything like grace or elegance of figure. At the waist was a band of crimson ribbon tying under the left arm in a big rosette-like bow.

To match this jacket was shown a bonnet like the bonnets of many years ago. It was a bonnet of size and dignity, with a crown large enough to cover the back of the head and a brim that came down over the ears. It was a bonnet of black velvet, with black plumes for trimmings and crimson ribbon strings. It is not probable you will like it when you look at it, and yet—these are the ways of women and the courses of fashion—you may be thinking it the most to be desired of all bonnets before spring.

There are a good many costumes in plaids and one of them is pictured. It is regarded as one of the especial novelties and quite the feature of the opening. The frock proper was of striped fabric in cream color and fawn. Over this was arranged

covered the hips and were edged with deep falls of coffee colored lace reaching almost to the knees. A pointed flounce of the same lace covered much of the front of the bodice, drooping from shoulder to shoulder. The sleeves were peculiar and represented an advanced stage of the revolt against wings flapping to the ears. They were set in absolutely without fullness, and were as tight to the elbow as the coat sleeves of past seasons; at the elbow was a puff, pushed up to all appearance by the long gauntlet cuffs, which were finished with black velvet ruches at the hands. A full ruche of velvet and gauze stood up about the throat, a velvet rosette was on the right shoulder, and two knotted velvet bands headed the lace across the front of the skirt



TWO EQUESTRIENNES.

at the bottom. One touch of brighter color was afforded by a folded half belt of cardinal ribbon knotted in a rosette in front, between the paniers. This costume is illustrated.

To this same trousseau belongs a street toilette of velvet and cloth that will bear thinking about briefly. The princess dress is of mercury grey wool, with a scroll pattern of steel and silver passementerie running down the middle of the front. At the bottom the skirt is plain. The open jacket is of black velvet, with a Medici collar of very moderate height running down in front almost to the waist line. From the shoulders of the dress come embroidered braces crossing on the bottom and lashing on the outside of the jacket on either side under the arm. The jacket sleeves have deep grey cloth cuffs, embroidered and reaching nearly to the elbows. At every change of seasons there is a change in the fashion of veils. A majority of women of intelligence know that they cannot wear veils without subjecting themselves to the hundred and one ills to which the eye is heir. But so long as fringes and brimless bonnets prevail, so long as dishevelled and unbecomingly appearance on a damp or rainy day will be dreaded more than the bad effects of the gauzy covering.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

the jacket-like bodice, in reddish brown wool, crossed with cream and black and fawn. It was cut on the cross, except as to the deep cuffs, and had a full flounce about the shoulders, and basques that set out stiffly and consumed quite an unnecessary amount of material. I have found myself absolutely unable to tolerate hip flounces, but that matters little. The hat—to pass to a more general subject—apportioned to this toilet was a brown felt, low crowned, wide brimmed and covered with fawn and reddish plumes.

Those in the centre of fashion these brisk, bright days, see in the windows: That belts are really startling. That velvet ribbons of all colors are sewn upon all sorts of gowns.

That Astrachan jackets are coming in with liveliness and spring. That olive green and marine-blue cloth jackets are trimmed with fur.

That trains are long and thin, made in one with the skirt, and cut on the cross of the material.

That sleeves do not stand so high above the shoulders as they did in the summer.

That capped basques are approved wear.

That the long cloak, the redingote and pelisse have their fur trimmings supplemented with passementerie and fringe.

That hats are smaller than their wont has been.

That the toque holds its own.

That the "picture" hat has less brim, but has even increased its load of plumes.

That green shades into pink continually.

That cream is made to shade into reddish brown.

That lawn and blue checked costumes are numerous and pretty.

That a black skirt, a pink waistcoat and a bright red three-quarter coat is a striking but not unusual combination.

That double-breasted jackets with added basques are still very fashionable.

That the newest jackets, however, have no division between the bodice and the basques, which reach almost to the knees; the entire length is cut in one.

That long sealskin capes are in the



A JACKET AND SOMETHING IN PLAIDS.

market, but can be recommended only to women who are tall and slender. That sealskin long cloaks, jackets and capes have lynx, beaver and Astrachan bindings.

Some costumes presenting features of novelty have been prepared for the October weddings. In a trousseau I saw in the hands of the dressmakers this week was an afternoon gown different in some particulars from any prepared. Its fabric was a pale russet brown poplin, cut on a process model with a half length and very narrow train. Heart-shaped paniers

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," P.O. Box 20, St. John.]

I think it was my friend K. N. C. who wanted a good recipe for pot-pourri. I am very sorry to say that I have lost my cherished recipe which was the very best I ever saw. I have a little jar, but which has been made, I think, for fifteen years, and it is just as fragrant today as when it was first made. I have a faint hope that I gave the recipe to a friend, so I may get it again, but meanwhile I publish one which I believe to be excellent. Take a deep bowl or crock and strew a handful of salt and three or four leaves, till it is full, the last layer must be of salt. Let it remain for five days, stirring and turning it twice a day, it will then be quite moist. At the end of the five days add three ounces of thick cinnamon and one ounce of cloves, the latter sprinkled through in layers, a little sliced ginger root, one ounce of aniseed bruised, ten grains of musk, one half-pound of dry lavender flowers, which can be got from almost any druggist, and one ounce of orris root. Add rose water, lavender or essential oils. I don't say this is very good, but I must say I dislike the idea of the "moist damp" mess it would make. I remember that my own recipe said to dry the rose leaves thoroughly, in a cool, open oven, after the salt was sprinkled on them, and I dried them for an hour, every day leaving them in the hot sun between times till they were ready. I also put in grated nutmeg, allspice, whole cloves, a drachm of benzoin—not benzine mind—a few drops of oil of rosemary, oil of cedar, oil of cloves, and oil of cinnamon. Then I stirred it well, and sprinkled it with some good perfume. Biondella, I think, but rose lavender, or Florida water, or all three, would do as well. Put it in jars and keep it tightly covered till you want to perfume the room, then take off the cover, and I think you will bless me for giving you the recipe. If you have saved the rose leaves, you can make it now almost as well as in the summer.

LAUGHING WATER, Amherst.—You may ask me any question you like, and I don't think I shall need much patience to answer them. (1) Yes; but you know they must be accompanied by your real name and address, which is kept in the strictest confidence, but required as a guarantee of good faith. (2) Well, no, scarcely; it is the old-fashioned individual who usually has the quickest temper, and their eyes are generally blue. (3) No; I would not use the ruled paper, plain is in much better taste. (4) It is too soon to say what will be worn in the way of headgear this winter, but we shall probably know next month. Thank you for speaking the question. I wish I could find it, but I am almost sure it is not by Browning.

St. John.—I am afraid I cannot think of any very new name for a horse, but what would you think of one so old that it would seem new now? Do you remember Black Auster, the favorite horse of Herminius, who helped Horatius to keep the bridge across the Tiber? Why would not Auster do? I think it a lovely name, and one that you will have all to yourself, as very few people would think of it.

FLORIE AND ETTIE, St. John.—(1) My dear girls I cannot possibly state any reasons for their being any harm in going to the theatre, because I don't think there is any harm, if there is I never saw it. I think it a delightful form of amusement. (2) The class of people who are supposed to occupy the boxes in theatres, are the aristocracy and by no means are they to be looked upon as "fast." (3) There is the greatest possible harm, more than you have any idea of, and you do not know how much more might result from it. You should never, under any circumstances, allow any of your friends to go to the theatre, far less should you make engagements with them for other evenings. Never speak to a man to whom you have not been properly introduced if you can help it, and if one speaks to you take no notice of him. Men will never respect any girl who thinks so little of herself as to allow strangers to scrape up a street acquaintance with her. I hope you will take my advice in this case. (4) Bow politely to your friend each time you meet him.

IGNORANT AND SORROWFUL.—No! my mother was different. I have no children. And yours, my poor friend, is far the best. Believe me, I sympathize with you from my heart, but do think that you will get over it to a certain extent in time. I can assure you that I knew, at least, one mother who lost not only a daughter, but an only child, a lovely girl of 20. The mother was past middle life and a widow, but still she recovered her spirits, her interest in life, and outwardly at least, her happiness, though I know that never for one moment did she forget her lost one. She talked about her quite cheerfully, and used to date events from the time "When darling was alive." So, I think, there will be comfort for you, in time. I can assure you that I know, at least, one mother who lost not only a daughter, but an only child, a lovely girl of 20. The mother was past middle life and a widow, but still she recovered her spirits, her interest in life, and outwardly at least, her happiness, though I know that never for one moment did she forget her lost one. She talked about her quite cheerfully, and used to date events from the time "When darling was alive." So, I think, there will be comfort for you, in time. I can assure you that I know, at least, one mother who lost not only a daughter, but an only child, a lovely girl of 20. The mother was past middle life and a widow, but still she recovered her spirits, her interest in life, and outwardly at least, her happiness, though I know that never for one moment did she forget her lost one. She talked about her quite cheerfully, and used to date events from the time "When darling was alive." So, I think, there will be comfort for you, in time.

MANY MOTHERS, St. John.—I do not think that I can possibly serve "Many Mothers" better than by publishing their composite letter, as they say everything that I could, and more, too; and they also say it much better, because not being a mother myself, and therefore not having any use for a perambulator, I cannot be expected to feel as strongly on this point as they do, but I do agree with them most heartily that there is no function so sacred, or on which the welfare of the world is so largely dependent, as that of motherhood, and the cane-chewing dandelion who trips over the perambulator, and then calls the baby a "brat" in revenge, is less than a man, because every good and true man that I have ever known loved babies. Of course the babies are entitled to their outing just as well as other interesting folk. We cannot have our future premiers and senators cooped up in the

ONE DOLLAR

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house and growing pale for want of fresh air; but still, my dear mothers, don't you think you sometimes err a little, too? You see you cannot believe that baby could possibly be in anyone's way, and I really have seen some mothers terribly inconsiderate about their babies. I have seen two of them calmly range their perambulators side by side, and block a crowded sidewalk, while they exchanged confidences about the babies, but never in all my life did I hear any man say an unkind word about it. They generally tumble over the perambulator, say cheerfully, "Hulloa baby," pick themselves up, and pass on. But of course my experience is limited, and you doubtless speak feelingly on the subject, and know far more about it than I do.

DEAR ASTRA.—We have a grievance which we are strongly impelled, by our mother's love, to lay before you. We have long hesitated about addressing you—being constant readers of your column of questions and answers—as we find your department has dealt heretofore only with the "boys and girls." Possibly, however, you may in the kindness of your heart, which we are assured is your leading characteristic, extend sympathy and put in a good word for mothers, babies and perambulators. A few weeks ago we read with pain a dastardly attack in local newspapers on the perambulator, babies, mothers and nurses. The article certainly was indignant and instigated by some crusty old bachelor or else a disappointed and childless benedict, which matters little, the spirit which prompted it was that of a lion, had man. The article, however, is only a drop in the bucket. On every side, wherever we go, let it be the graveyard, King and Queen, Charlotte and King street, we are met daily by people who will make remarks derogatory to us. "Confound these baby carriages!" "If I checked the brats!" "Why can't these women keep their kids at home," meet us on every side. But it is not so much the utterances of these people, but the expressions of their countenances which hurt our feelings. Now, dear Astra, it is possible that we mothers who have complied with the demands of holy writ to multiply and replenish the earth—are to be looked upon as "fast." (3) There is the greatest possible harm, more than you have any idea of, and you do not know how much more might result from it. You should never, under any circumstances, allow any of your friends to go to the theatre, far less should you make engagements with them for other evenings. Never speak to a man to whom you have not been properly introduced if you can help it, and if one speaks to you take no notice of him. Men will never respect any girl who thinks so little of herself as to allow strangers to scrape up a street acquaintance with her. I hope you will take my advice in this case. (4) Bow politely to your friend each time you meet him.

A BACHELOR IN LOVE, St. John.—Now Bachelor! what have I done that you should descend upon my defenceless head in this fashion? And I was so good to you, too, and gave you the best advice I could. And then you add to your crime by saying "Of course I don't remember the advice I gave you." Why don't I, I would like to know, and what makes you think so? I remember you perfectly, only I never received a second letter from you; if I had I should certainly have answered it. I never neglected to answer a letter yet, even when it is only to administer a scolding. I make it a rule to neglect no one. But if you wrote to me, I don't wonder you were surprised at not getting any answer. I congratulate you most heartily on your success, and am glad to hear that you are enjoying the fresh New Brunswick breezes. As for the matter you refer to, don't you know that some girls are so afraid of their fathers that they would rather face a roaring lion than an angry father. They may be brave and honourable in every other respect, but most in this one matter. I do not blame you for yielding to her wishes, at all, but still I think if I were you, I would insist now, because if she really loves you well enough to eventually choose between her family and you, she might as well do it now; and it subjects you to the suspicion of being dishonorable, in concealing matters so long, besides keeping you continually in a false position. Tell her she should think of you, and that you cannot feel assured of her love, as long as she refuses to acknowledge you openly as her choice. I really think this is the best advice I can give you. I know it is what I should do myself if I were a man. Write again whenever you wish, and be assured that I will answer your letters whenever they reach me.

I am sorry to say that I cannot find the quotations asked for, after the most diligent search. "Catherine and a Douglas born," is from Scott I am sure, but I cannot place it.

Irish Wit. Englishman—Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from? Paddy—From county Cork. Englishman—Then that accounts for your brogue. Paddy—May I ax where you come from? Englishman—From Worcester, sir (proudly). Paddy—Then that accounts for your sance.

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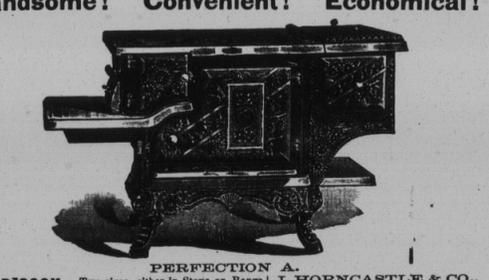
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# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

In Lapland dress fashions have not changed for 1,000 years.

There are about 120,000 hairs on the head of a man—it is not bald.

According to Chinese reckoning the present year is the year 7,910,341.

The Laps of the present day are supposed to be the direct descendants of the aboriginal Mongolian inhabitants of Norway.

Russia and Greece have a population of 100,000,000, of which two-thirds belong to the Greek church.

Africa comprises about 11,000,000 square miles, of which only 3,500,000 are governed by the Africans.

The country near the great volcanic band which runs from Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama is the home of earthquakes.

The coast-line of Alaska is so indented that it exceeds in length by 3029 miles that of all the rest of the United States.

In 1885 the mica product of the United States amounted to 147,410 pounds, worth \$368,525, while that of 1889 was but 49,500 pounds, worth only \$50,000.

The statistical abstract of the United States, prepared by the bureau of statistics, gives the number of miles of railroads in operation in the United States Jan. 1, 1890, as 161,255.

One million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these England has 535,000; United States, 300,000; Germany, 285,000; Belgium, 100,000; France, 90,000; Austria, 100,000; Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000,000.

It is a mistake to suppose the weather is colder the farther north one goes. The northern pole of greatest cold is only about 300 miles north-east of Yabutsk, Siberia, where the mean annual temperature is a little lower than in the highest latitudes reached by Nares and Greely, 1000 miles farther north.

As Ecuador is one of the most mountainous countries on earth, it has literally every climate, from perpetual summer to the sea-level to Alpine snows at sixteen or eighteen thousand feet higher. The lowlands have as constant rains as the Panama region, and the days and nights everywhere about as at the end of September in England.

The miles of various nations, expressed in yards are as follows: The Irish mile, 2,240 yards; Swiss, 9,153; Italian, 1,766; Scotch, 1,984; Tuscan, 1,808; German, 8,106; Arabian, 2,143; Turkish, 1,620; Flemish, 6,896; Vienna, 8,296; Roman, 1,628 or 2,025; West, 1,169 or 1,137; Dutch and Prussian, 6,480; Swedish and Danish, 7,351.5; English and American, 1,760.

In 1885 there were three electric railways in operation, with thirteen cars; in 1887, five with thirty cars; in 1887, seven with eighty-one cars; in 1888, thirty-two with 255 cars; in 1889, 104 with 965 cars; in 1890, 126 with over 1,000 cars; and there are now in operation and under contract in America, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Australia, and Japan no fewer than 325 roads, requiring over 4,000 cars and 7,000 motors, with 2,000 miles of track, making a daily mileage of not less than 400,000 miles, and carrying 750,000,000 passengers.

"Starboard," which has always been disputed by scholars as to its meaning, has been explained with satisfactory authority. Dr. Kingsley says that as "starboard" is, by common consent, from "steer-board," the side on which the helmsman stood to grasp the steering paddle, so "larboard" is from "leer-board," the empty side, where steersman didn't stand. In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is this passage about Othello: "Whereupon he took his voyage directly north along the coast hauling upon his steerboard always the desert land, and upon the leereboard the maine ocean."

The origin of chess is shrouded in mystery. There is but little doubt, however, that its birthplace was in India, and that it is an offspring of a game called chaturanga, which is mentioned in Oriental literature as in use fully 200 years before the Christian era. From India chess spread into Persia, and thence into Arabia, and ultimately the Arabs took it into Spain and the rest of western Europe. The game was in all probability invented for the purpose of illustrating the art of work. The Arab legend upon this point is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his father, a learned Brahmin, to teach him that a king, notwithstanding his power, was dependent for safety upon his subjects. The Greek historians credit the invention of the game to Palamedes, who, they claim, devised it to beguile the Trojan of the siege of Troy during the Trojan war.

The largest and most powerful wheel in the world is the description given of a water wheel in operation at the Burden Iron Company's well known plant at Troy, N. Y. It was constructed some 40 years ago by the senior Mr. Burden, and is an overshot wheel of 1,200-horse power, 60 feet in diameter, 22 feet in width, and containing 36 buckets, each six feet deep, and is constructed in such a manner as to be readily controlled by a lever, which gives it any degree of power required. Another remarkable wheel has recently been described, constructed at Scranton, Pa., and which is said to weigh 400,000 pounds. It is a cog wheel 54 feet in diameter and 18 inches face, and has a capacity of 30,000,000 gallons of water and 2,000 tons of sand per twenty-four hours, running at a velocity of ten feet a second on the inner edge of the bucket. The total length of the shaft is twenty-three feet and six inches.

Great Britain has 1,421,380 horses—that is, four horses per cultivated acre. England alone has 1,091,041; Scotland, 189,205.

A grain of pure musk will scent a room for 20 years, and the end of that time will not show it has diminished in the least.

The life of a locomotive crank pin, which is almost the first thing about an engine to wear out, is 60,000 miles, and the life of a thirty-three inch wheel is 66,733 miles.

If the Chinese nation were to pass before an observer in single file, the procession would never cease; for a new generation would be coming on the stage as fast as the procession moved.

Crime is more common in single life than in married; in the former thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven married men of the same number have gravely broken the laws.

The Sicilian is satisfied with a light farinaceous repast and a few fruits; the Norwegian requires a strong diet of flesh; to the Laplander it is none the less acceptable if grease of the bear, or train oil, or the blubber of whales be added.

The greatest meat eaters in the world are the people of America, whose average consumption is 175 pounds per annum. The English come next, with an average of a little over 100 pounds. The French eat only half as much meat as the English.

The heat produced from the light of a firefly is only 1 per cent of an equal amount of candle light. The bug's light is produced by a chemical action, as it is increased by putting the fly in oxygen and diminished in an atmosphere of nitrogen.

**The Origin of Tea.**

According to a Japanese legend, the origin of tea is thus traced: An Indian prince named Darma, of a holy and religious character, visited China in the year 516 A. D., for the purpose of instructing the celestial in the duties of religion. He led a most abstemious life and denied himself all rest or relaxation of body and mind. At last his nature rebelled against such treatment, and thoroughly exhausted, the prince fell asleep. When he awoke he was so mortified at his weakness that in order to purge himself of what he considered an almost unpardonable sin, he cut off his eyebrows, considering them the instruments of his crime. They fell upon the ground and each individual hair became transformed into a shrub, which eventually came to be known by the name of tea.

Prior to that time it had been unknown, but Darma quickly discovered the agreeable property of its leaves, which endowed him with fresh powers. As science extends religious principles and prevented sleep from closing his eyes at inopportune moments. He recommended its virtues to his disciples, who in turn sang its praises to all whom they met. In a very short time its use became general throughout the celestial kingdom, from which it gradually extended to all parts of the earth.

Darma's memory is perpetuated in Chinese and Japanese drawings by the representation of a rude figure of an old man standing in the water, with a reed under his feet and one of his eyebrows sprouting out into a tea leaf.

In connection with the introduction of tea into England a very amusing story is told of a certain titled woman who had been presented with a pound of the finest green tea. She had no idea of its proper preparation, and consequently boiled the entire quantity and served it up with melted butter as an accompaniment to a roast of beef. She was not pleased with its appearance, and gravely informed her guests that although it had been cooked for several hours it was simply impossible "to make those foreign greens tender!"

**Giants of the Cordilleras.**

In Western Patagonia, among the Cordilleras mountains, dwell the giants of whom so many big stories have been told. As a matter of fact these Araucanians, as they are called, are rarely under six feet in height, and sometimes reach eight feet. Several foot men being not infrequently. Though mildly disposed, they admit no strangers to their territory, and by stubborn resistance they have compelled Chili to let them alone. Fabulous treasures of gold and silver are believed to be stored away in the mountains, and prospectors who have ventured thither have always been driven away. They commonly adorn themselves in rich and heavy ornaments of these precious metals. The greater part of Patagonia belongs now to the Argentine republic, Chili holding by treaty the strip along the Pacific coast, which continues its shoestring territory for nearly half the length of South America.

Most of the country is a desert waste, cold of climate and contrasting strongly with the richly productive pampas or plains of Southern Argentina. These pampas are remarkable for the strange illusions which beset the eye of the traveller who journey over them. On any bright day a distant thistle field is as like as not to be transformed seemingly into a forest, while a few clumps of grass will take on the appearance of a troop of horsemen. Mirages are constantly in view, frequently offering a delusive prospect of water, by which men are often deceived, but their horses never.—Philadelphia Press.

**In His Own Terms Words.**

Teacher (to Mickey)—Now, Mickey, you read the lesson to the class, and then tell me, with the book closed, what you read.

Mickey (reading)—See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swifter than the cow. (Closing up his book to tell what he has read.) Get onto de cow. Kin her jig-steps run? Be'cher-lie she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse.

## AN ORATOR AND WORKER

THE PASTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.

Rev. D. M. Gordon and his Successful Work in the Ministry—Something About the History of his Present Church and Congregation.

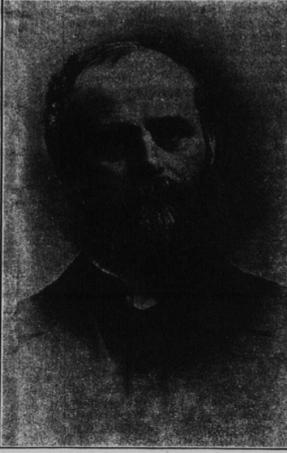
Halifax has several clergymen whose preaching is considerably above the average. Rev. D. M. Gordon, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, is one of these. He is in fact one of the finest pulpit orators in Canada. His abilities in this direction were first prominently brought to the notice of the public during his pastorate of St. Andrew's, Ottawa, the church now presided over by the elegant young divine, Herridge. At the capital Mr. Gordon was wont to preach to large congregations, his thoughtful sermons and splendid delivery attracting to his church very many outside his own congregation.

Going from Ottawa to Winnipeg, Mr. Gordon took charge of the big Knox church there when the city was booming. In 1879, while he was pastor of St. Andrew's, Ottawa, Mr. Gordon made a trip from the Pacific across northern British Columbia, through the Place River pass, and over the prairies of the Northwest, a narrative of which was published under the title of *Mountain and Prairie*. From this personal acquaintance with the western half of our country, he was led to cherish the largest confidence in its future, and to take a very warm interest in its development. It was his recognition of the claims of the Presbyterian church in the great West that induced him in 1882 to resign his charge in Ottawa and accept the pastorate of Knox, in the metropolis of Canada's Northwest. There was heavy work to be done in the new country and Mr. Gordon did not spare himself. When the rebellion broke out in 1885, Mr. Gordon, as chaplain of the 90th battalion, was at "the front." He was with the troops during the four days' fighting at Batoche, being the only minister present with the fighting column at that time. He regarded it as one of the greatest privileges he ever enjoyed to minister to "the boys" amid the stirring scenes of the campaign. He took an active part in the educational work of the church, being for several seasons lecturer in Manitoba college; and also in the work of church ex-

tened with the "relief church" of Scotland. A year or two later, under the ministry of the Rev. T. G. McInnes it was known as "the new Presbyterian church," and soon afterwards the congregation entered into formal connection with the church of Scotland, taking the name which it still bears, "St. Andrew's."

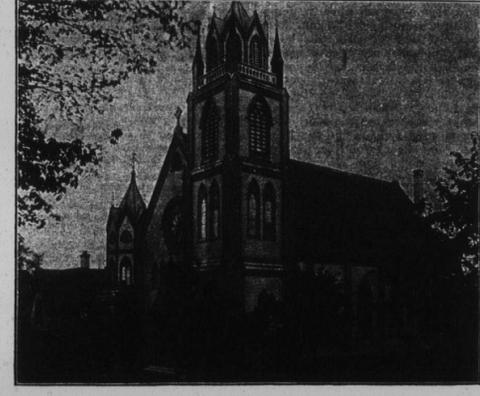
Mr. McInnes resigned on account of ill health, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Martin in 1821. Mr. Martin continued pastor of the congregation until 1836, and during those years did much to promote the general welfare of the city, as well as the extension of the Presbyterian church, for he was a man of marked ability, wide scholarship, as well as an able journalist, his influence being felt the more widely through the columns of the *Guardian* newspaper, which he edited. He was succeeded by the Rev. George Boyd, who remained for nearly nine years. Within the twenty-two years following Mr. Boyd's resignation, that is, from 1865 until 1887, St. Andrew's had no less than five pastors, Rev. Messrs. C. M. Grant, J. Campbell, T. Duncan, L. H. Jordan and J. Cattnach.

At the time of the "Disruption," when many of those connected with the church of Scotland in the maritime provinces, as elsewhere, became members of the Free church, St. Andrew's was greatly reduced



REV. D. M. GORDON.

In strength. The congregation, however, entered heartily into the reunion of the Presbyterian churches in 1875, and though it is not numerically large, it stands among the foremost of the congregations within the synod in its support of the general mission work of the church. The present



ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

tion and of church and manse erection throughout Manitoba and the N. W. territories, for the rapidly increasing requirements of the church in that country called forth all the energies of her ministers. The result in his case, as in that of some others, was that a thousand years ago, as science extends her dominions it is noticeable how increasingly ambitious such forecasts become. Nothing will satisfy M. Verne but aerial trains travelling at the rate of 625 miles an hour, a transatlantic tubular service conveying the traveller from London to New York in 250 minutes; a "videophone" which enables persons in different hemispheres to dine with each other, or at least to see and converse with each other while eating, and accumulators for condensing and radiating light, and the public generally, that he is not only upon the terrestrial globe, but upon Jupiter, Mars, and Venus. Not that they will read newspapers. The newspaper of the day will be spoken. Brilliant descriptive writers will be retained to speak through the telephone to millions of subscribers, and daily instalments of novels to be continued tomorrow morning will be given by popular authors. Man is to be fed on the choicest viands, laid on as New River water is at present, and it will be sufficient to step into a toilet cabinet to be tubbed, shaved, dressed and brushed in the space of two minutes. Even a new digestive apparatus, "warranted for two years," will be obtainable. But one thing we, or rather our posterity, are told not to expect. They must not expect to live forever. A certain Dr. Fildiburn's experiment in freezing his own body and causing himself to be kept for 100 years turns out a complete failure, so obstinately does he refuse to be resuscitated.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

M. Jules Verne has been speculating as to what will be the daily life of the people a thousand years hence. As science extends her dominions it is noticeable how increasingly ambitious such forecasts become. Nothing will satisfy M. Verne but aerial trains travelling at the rate of 625 miles an hour, a transatlantic tubular service conveying the traveller from London to New York in 250 minutes; a "videophone" which enables persons in different hemispheres to dine with each other, or at least to see and converse with each other while eating, and accumulators for condensing and radiating light, and the public generally, that he is not only upon the terrestrial globe, but upon Jupiter, Mars, and Venus. Not that they will read newspapers. The newspaper of the day will be spoken. Brilliant descriptive writers will be retained to speak through the telephone to millions of subscribers, and daily instalments of novels to be continued tomorrow morning will be given by popular authors. Man is to be fed on the choicest viands, laid on as New River water is at present, and it will be sufficient to step into a toilet cabinet to be tubbed, shaved, dressed and brushed in the space of two minutes. Even a new digestive apparatus, "warranted for two years," will be obtainable. But one thing we, or rather our posterity, are told not to expect. They must not expect to live forever. A certain Dr. Fildiburn's experiment in freezing his own body and causing himself to be kept for 100 years turns out a complete failure, so obstinately does he refuse to be resuscitated.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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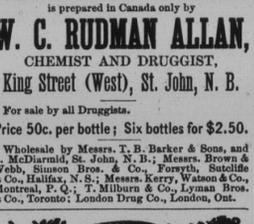
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FRED SANDALL, Chamberlain of the City of St. John.

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J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Solicitor. Woodstock, Aug. 15, 91. su22-1m.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALK

Wilfred Laurier, the liberal magnetic, accessible, and won banquet at any time in order newspaper man to a bit of new

Philip D. Armour is said largest individual commercial the world. His transaction reached the enormous aggregate of 500,000.

It is one of James G. Blaine's ties that he has always preferred out of doors. He would rather the pine trees than in any world.

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Queen Victoria is opposed road travelling. When she journey to Perth recently of Balmoral her train went at speed of only twenty miles a

Byron Nathan De Rothschi a photographer, who goes around the Italian frontier of snap shots at pretty views. I ing has no hardship with it. equipages are at his command like a lord and feeds like a meals being forwarded by Vienna. No country ho Nathan.

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The mind of Lord Byron was like a volcano, full of f sometimes calm, often daz full, but ever throbbing. I light one could be m occasionally burst forth throes of intellect, nearly ness. A striking instance eruption I shall mention. apartments were immediate Meelough. In general, he frequently started from the thunders of his lordship raging with anger, or roaring He was, however, sup dreadfully alarmed at going mad, which he pr he had said something m one could be m he had neither pedant tion about him, but w playful as a boy. His con mixture of philosophy and s thing, like his "Don Juan. patient, and, in general, listless. He possessed a tipathy to the English, tho ways surrounded by English reality preferred them to a said Lady Byron had com but that of having married is, he was not formed for riotous genius could not His character was poetic, He was original and eccent

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The above is a lot of 45 acres, prim-  
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particulars address:  
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ON the security of a Bond and first  
Mortgage of 10 acres of improved  
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Aug. 18, '91. su22-1m.

**ARTS IN PROGRESS**

**MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.**

Wilfred Laurier, the liberal leader, is magnetic, accessible, and would leave a banquet at any time in order to help a newspaper man to a bit of news.

Philip D. Armour is said to be the largest individual commercial operator in the world. His transactions last year reached the enormous aggregate of \$69,000,000.

It is one of James G. Blaine's peculiarities that he has always preferred to speak out of doors. He would rather talk among the pine trees than in any hall in the world.

Russell Sage carries sixty-four curious coins for luck. One of the most precious is a penny that he found in his boyhood. He would not part with this coin for a (railway) prince's ransom.

The latest theory about the Man of the Iron Mask is that he was General de Bloude, and was condemned for disobeying the orders of Marshal Catinat by raising the siege of a town in Piedmont.

Queen Victoria is opposed to last railroad travelling. When she made her journey to Perth recently on her way to Balmoral her train went at an average speed of only twenty miles an hour.

Baron Nathan De Rothschild is an amateur photographer, who goes tramping around the Italian frontier of Africa taking snap shots at pretty views. But his tramping has no hardship with it. Servants and equipages are at his command and he lives like a lord and feeds like a gourmet, his meals being forwarded by train from Vienna. No country hotel fare for Nathan.

It is reported that the visitor to Shakespeare's tomb is annoyed by constant requests for contributions toward the "preservation fund" and other objects. A fee of sixpence is required for admission to the church of the Holy Trinity, and various boxes appeal for gifts toward the fund, an American window, etc. It is said that 22,017 persons visited Shakespeare's birth-place during the past year.

Once Judge Broady of Omaha left his office and on the outer door posted a card with the words, "Back again in ten minutes. Take a seat and wait." At the foot of the stairs he happened to remember that he had forgotten something. Slowly he climbed the steps and once more he became submerged in his own thoughts. At the door of his office he paused and read the card on the door. Then the judge de- liberately sat down and waited for himself to come back.

The mind of Lord Byron, says a writer, was like a volcano, full of fire and wealth, sometimes calm, often dazzling and playful, but ever threatening. It ran swift as lightning from one subject to another, and occasionally burst forth in passionate throes of intellect, nearly allied to mad- ness. A striking feature of this sort of eruption I shall mention. Lord Byron's apartments were immediately over mine at Mesolonghi. In the dead of the night I was frequently startled from my sleep by the thunders of his lordship's voice, either raging with anger, or roaring with laughter. He was, however, superstitious, and dreadfully alarmed at the idea of going mad, which he predicted would be his sad destiny. As a companion no one could be more amusing; he had neither pedantry nor affectation about him, but was natural and playful as a boy. His conversation was a mixture of philosophy and slang—of every- thing, like his "Don Juan." He was a patient, and, in general, very attentive listener. He professed a deep-rooted anti- pathy to the English, though he was al- ways surrounded by Englishmen, and in reality preferred them to all others. He said Lady Byron had committed no fault but that of having married him. The truth is, he was not formed for marriage. His riotous genius could not bear restraint. His character was poetic, like his works. He was original and eccentric in all things.

From his earliest childhood Oscar Wilde's companions were his father and mother and his friends. Now wandering about Ireland, with the former in quest of archaeo- logical treasures, now listening in Lady Wilde's salon to the wit and thought of Ireland, the boy, before his eighth year, had learnt the way to "the shores of old romance," had seen to all the apples plucked from the tree of knowledge, and had gazed with wondering eyes into "the younger day." This upbringing suited his idiosyn- crasy; indeed, with his temperament it is impossible to conceive what else could have been done with him. He had, of course, tutors, and the run of a library containing the best literature, and went to a royal school; but it was his father's din- ner-table and in his mother's drawing-room that the best of his early education was obtained. Another experience, unusual in boy- hood, had a powerful formative influence. He travelled much in France and Germany, becoming acquainted with the works of Heine and Goethe, but more especially with French literature and the French temperament. It was in France, at an age when other boys are grinding at gram- mar or cricket, that Oscar Wilde began to realize in some measure what he was.

There he found himself for the first time in a wholly congenial environment. The English temperament—there are those who deny that such a thing exists—like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," responds indifferently to the esthetic. In France Mr. Wilde found every- where exquisite taste and the works of art and found also that he himself, an Irish boy, possessed this susceptibility in all its intensity. French and Greek literature were the two earliest passions of his artistic life. After a year at Trinity college, Dublin, where he won the gold medal for Greek and a scholarship, Mr. Wilde, in 1874, went to Magdalen college, Oxford. There he obtained the first scholarship. During his first term Ruskin lectured twice a week on Florentine Art, and employed the rest of his time in teaching the undergraduates the poetry of road-making.

The influence of Ruskin was so great that Mr. Wilde, though holding games in abomination, and detesting violent exer- cise, might have been seen on grey November mornings breaking stones on the roadside—not unbrided, however; "he had the honor of filling Mr. Ruskin's special wheelbarrow," and it was the great author of "Modern Painters" him- self who taught him to trundle it.—The Cabinet Portrait Gallery.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**

Every man is religious when he is scared to death.

For Cholera Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

People who have nothing to give are the only cheerful givers.

Fellows Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, etc.

He who is useful is the incarnation of the highest religion or creed.

The British Admiralty is severe in its tests yet it has ordered nearly 40,000 lbs. Kerr Evaporated Vegetables. Try it on your table.

The last pleasure in life is the sense of discharging our duty.—Hazlitt.

Meteorology to no little extent influences the morals; the instinctive propensity to drunkenness is a function of the latitude.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.—Le Sage.

To keep the beard from turning grey, and thus prevent the appearance of age, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best dye made.

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Most Ginger Ales are costive. The laxative qualities of Spa Spring Water makes the Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, Lemonade, and Spa Water gently purga- tive.

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The leading physicians of the Maritime Provinces have repeatedly endorsed Put- ner's Emulsion, and constantly prescribe it. No other popular remedy is regarded so favorably by medical men.

Probably one reason so many nice girls marry poor husbands is that they never meet any other kind of men.

This is a season when colds in the head are alarmingly prevalent. They lead to catarrh, perhaps consumption and death. Nasal Balm gives immediate relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers.

Never suffer youth to be an excuse for inadequacy, nor age and fame to be an excuse for indolence.—D. R. Hayden.

Love's secret is always to be doing things for God, and not to mind because they are very little ones.—F. W. Faber.

It is a matter of astonishment that so many women suffer in silence the troubles peculiar to their sex when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Suppres- sions, derangements, weakness, etc., especially yield to their treatment. Sold by all dealers or by mail on receipt of price (50c a box) by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

A friend is more apt to believe a bad story on you than an enemy. In hoping it is true, an enemy fears it is not; but a friend, hoping it is not true, believes it is.

"Give me L Leslie Phenix," says the housewife. And if the grocer should say: "Mrs. Shrewd, we're out of that now, but wouldn't an ordinary washing soda do?" That lady would promptly reply—"No, it will not do. I suffered enough with burnt and puckered hands and yellow clothes while I used the old chemicals. I know what Leslie Phenix is; I have tested it both upon clothes, and silverware, and about everything in the house; and it is just marvellous. No old common powders for me any more. I save in time, labor and soap with Leslie Phenix, and then I have lovely white clothes."

A friend is more apt to believe a bad story of you than an enemy. In hoping it is true, an enemy fears it is not; but a friend, hoping it is not true, believes it is.

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Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

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is the cheapest place  
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**English, French, and American**  
**PERFUMES,**  
IN BULK.  
All New Odors—Finest on the Market.  
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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**Dyspepticure,**  
**Scott's Cure.**  
— Wholesale and Retail by —  
**S. McDIARMID,**  
49 KING STREET.

**PROGRESS PICKINGS.**

The average ballet dancer is like the brook. She "goes on" forever.—Yonkers Statesman.

American English.—Daughter—"Oh, mamma!" Mother (anxiously)—"What is it, dear." Daughter (cruelly)—"Slang, mamma; that's all."

Everybody has been wrong in his guesses except good women, who never despair of an ideal right.—Emerson to Carlyle.

There are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.

Bloomer—Which do you prefer, beer or champagne? Blossom—It all depends. Bloomer—On what? Blossom—Who pays for it.

Tommy—Ma, I dropped those letters you gave me to post. Mother (excitedly)—Dropped them? Where? Tommy (calmly)—In the letter box.

THE KICKER.  
His kicking sometimes may annoy,  
But let him if he wants to kick;  
For many blessings we enjoy  
We are indebted to the Kicker.

"That goes without saying," said Miss Bleeker in the course of a conversation. "Yes," replied Miss Backbay, of Boston; "it perambulates without articulation.—Judge.

"In this charming valley, where none can overlook us, let me declare my love," said Augustus. She broke him all up by saying, "Yes, Gus, but you forget the mountains peak."

Mother—Tommy, you mustn't go fish- ing with Freddy Sloocum. He is just get- ting over the measles. Tommy—There won't be any danger, ma. I never catch anything when I'm fishing.

The Difference—Molly—Ned Cressus is a much better match than Charlie Ballion; his fortune is larger, and he has some intelligence. Polly—You mean he has not only more dollars, but more sense.

Maude—You may say that Henry never did a sensible thing in his life. Well, he proposed to "it" last evening. What has you to say to that? Kate—"I should say it was just like him."

He (salesman)—"Dear little hand (ab- sently muddled), I wonder if it will wash." She (con spirito)—"No, sir, it won't—nor it won't scrub, either—but if you want it to play the piano, it's yours, George."

"Wha-wha-what would you think, Fan- nie," stammered a Fort street youngster, all of a tremble, "if I should say I was go- ing to kiss you?" "Well, Freddie," she replied archly. "I'd think you were jok- ing."

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large- hearted man." "That's the trouble with him; he is too large-hearted." He can love half-a-dozen of women at the same time."

First little boy—"My ma" got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around my pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress?" Second little boy—"She says she'll forgive him, but he mustn't stay out late again."

He—"We shall never be able to get back to the hotel before nightfall." She—"Dear me, how improper it will be!" "There's only one way out of it, and that is for us to be engaged." She—"Well, I think I prefer to lose my reputation."—New York Herald.

"Laws a mussy," sighed old Miss Left- out, "here's another case of discriminating against us women folk." "What is it?" "This year paper gives special terms to male subscribers. He can get that sheet never gets this female subscription."—St. Joseph News.

Judge (to prisoner)—"And you were arrested for distilling whiskey?" Prisoner—"Yes, your honor." Judge—"Have you a jug of the whiskey with you?" Prisoner—"I have, your honor." Judge—"Hand it over here. I am going to break up this whiskey business if I have to kiss you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Stranger—"Can you tell me how to get to the farm of Mr. Seeds, who raises water- melons?" Youthful native—"Yes, sir!— You jes' go up the creek bed back of the house, and take the path up through the thicket, and crawl through a hole in the— er—er—come to think, don't much b'lieve I know where he does live, mister."—Puck.

When the winner of the Queen's prize was a law student he attended a profes- sorial "at home," and gave his name, on being asked by the servant, as David Dear. The girl blushed, and said, "Yes, yes; but what is your other name, sir?" Mr. Dear assured her he had no other name, but the girl knew better, and announced him as Mr. David.

"Now, Willie," said Clara, "run out and play, there's a good little boy. I ex- pect Mr. Brindle shortly, and I want to try the effect of my new gown on him." "You're too late, sis," replied Willie, with a triumphant gleam in his eye. "Brindle called yesterday while you were out, and I brought out the whole rig and showed it to him."—Cloak Review.

Howell Gibbon—"Father, I wish to say to you that I am engaged to Miss Cashly; and I hope you will give your consent." Old Gibbon—"Miss Cashly? H'm—haw? Well, it's all right, my boy; I hope you'll be happy. Only—if her mother had ac- cepted me instead of that confounded Teddy Cashly, I'd never have been able to give you this pleasure, me boy!"—Puck.

"You don't understand me, sir," ex- posed Algonquin to his best girl's papa at 11 p. m. "And yet," mused the old gen- tleman in a soft, sad reflective tone of voice, "I have a large understanding," and he applied it to the young man with such dynamic emphasis that Algonquin didn't touch the ground from the door step to the front gate, a distance of some eight feet six and three quarter inches in an air line.—Detroit Free Press.

Sunday school superintendent—"Can any of you tell me why Sunday is called the day of rest?" Little Dick (holding up his hand)—"I kin. It's 'cause we got up early and hurry through breakfasts so's to dress in time fer Sunday school, so we won't be late, and then skip inter church 'fore the bell stops ringing, and then go home to dinner and get fixed up for the afternoon service, and then get supper'n go to bed so pa and ma can get ready for evening service. That's all we do."

RELIEVES ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND WHOOPING-COUGH.  
**Hacknomore**  
CURES COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP & PRICE 25¢ AND 50¢ BOTTLE  
Prepared by G. A. MOORE, Druggist, ST. JOHN, N. B. Sold Everywhere.  
**MRS. WATERBURY'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**DINNER PILLS**  
Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.  
BARKER, T. B. & SON, McCARTY, R. W.  
CLARKE, F. E. & CO. McDIARMID, S.  
CLARKE, C. P. MAHONY, E. J.  
COUPE, R. E. MOORE, G. A.  
CHRISTIE, WM. PADDOCK, M. V.  
McARTHUR, R. D. PARKER BROS.  
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Plated Ware, in great variety; Cutlery, Tin and Japanned Ware, Brass and Iron Hooks, Nails and Tacks, Mixed Paints, Varnish, and large variety of Sundries, required by House- keepers.  
AT THE OLD STAND.  
**CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, - 60 and 62 Prince Wm. Street.**  
**CAN THE BABY WALK?**  
With our Baby Walker they learn quickly; the latest and best, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50. Some Fancy Tables in oak and other woods—new and handsome designs.  
**C. E. REYNOLDS, - 101 CHARLOTTE STREET.**

**500 PAIRS**  
Men's Pants, at \$1.79 1/2 each. The BEST yet, \$10,000 worth of Cloth- thing at less than shoddy prices.  
**THE BLUE STORE,**  
**PORTLAND.**

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—IN THE—  
**Boot, Shoe, and Clothing Trade**  
—AT THE—  
**20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET (Opposite the Market),**  
We are going to move into larger premises, in about a month, and in the interval will sell at **PHENOMENAL PRICES.** It will require purchasers to hunt us up before buying. Our Stock is very large and we are determined to reduce our Stock, even if it must be done at a loss.  
MEN'S CONGRESS, \$1.25; BROGANS, 75c.; MEN'S VERY HEAVY WORK BLUCHER BALS \$1.25; WOMEN'S VERY FINE KID BOOTS, Sec. \$1.25 up.; other goods proportionately cheap.  
**TRYON MFG CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.**

**EXTRA VALUE IN**  
**MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS**  
(TAILOR MADE).  
**Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Shirts,**  
**ALL KINDS, JUST THE THING FOR THIS SEASON.**  
ALL NEW GOODS. CALL AND EXAMINE.  
**JAMES KELLY,**  
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,  
**No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.**  
**HOT WATER HEATING!**  
NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter. Heat your house with a Hot Water Apparatus; in point of economy, simplicity, cleanliness, and ventilation it is infinitely superior to any other mode of heating.  
**SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.**  
ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

**THOS. CAMPBELL,**  
PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER,  
**79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.**  
**NOTHING LIKE** making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.  
**MOST** advertisers have made success by using illustra- tions and cuts in their "ads." Do you?  
**MEN** who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."  
We originate designs.  
Make wood cuts and electros,  
Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds  
**"Progress" Engraving Bureau,**  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A LITTLE COWARD.

"Such a little coward!" The words came floating up to me from a group of children playing under my window and carry me back two years, to the summer I spent in Westonville and the "little coward" I met there. I had been in practice as a physician for several years, when Aunt Jane, the rich aunt of the Hutchinson family, wrote to invite me to spend a few weeks with her. I was rather amazed at the invitation, as Aunt Jane has never had the slightest affection for me; but the letter was cordial enough to tempt me. "I have three young ladies visiting me," she wrote, "and you may fall in love with any of them, with my consent. They are all well-bred and well-bred, which is more than can be said of most girls nowadays. Serena Maybury is just the woman for a physician's wife, self-possessed, calm, courageous and yet perfectly womanly. She is very handsome, too. Julia Strong is a literary girl and writes for the newspapers. She is pretty, but abstracted, lives in a poetic region above my reach. Susy Markham is scarcely more than a child, eighteen years old, and small as a girl of twelve, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and loving; but will not attract you, as she is the worst little coward I ever saw—screams at a mouse, faints at a mouse, clings to the boat when on the water and gets as white as a ghost if a horse prances. But come and see me and the girls, and stop poisoning patients, saving bones and prancing about sick rooms, for a month at least." So I went. I had been at Aunt Jane's in my boyish days, and the large, beautiful house, with its wide, high-ceilinged rooms, its broad porches and airy halls, was quite familiar to me. Lying near a river and in the shadow of a mountain, Westonville was a most charming summer residence, and Aunt Jane had visitors from the first warm day to the last one, so that I was not surprised to find others beside those mentioned in my letter of invitation. Pleasant days were the rule in that sunny July weather, and we boated, rode, drove, clambered up the mountain for picnic parties, played lawn-tennis and croquet and enjoyed life as youth only can enjoy it in summer days free from toil or care. Aunt Jane gave me a most cordial welcome, and the first time she was alone with me, said: "It is time you were married, Harry. I have thought it all over, and I mean to give you a home well furnished as soon as you introduce me to Mrs. Hutchinson. No! You needn't gush about it. I can afford it, and you deserve it! But don't imagine from my letter that the girls know of my match-making intentions. They would pack up and leave at five minutes' notice, if they suspected it. And they are all popular in society, making a sacrifice of other pleasant invitations to come to Westonville. Serena is the wife for you, if you can win her." And I cordially admired Serena. Certainly she was the most quietly, self-sustained, beautiful girl I ever met. Nothing flattered her, or moved her from a calm composure. It was impossible to imagine Serena in hysterics, and her health was absolutely perfect. I devoted myself to Serena, and found her mind as attractive as her face. She was well-read, and had a keen interest in the current topics of the day. I never met any one who so thoroughly read and understood a newspaper, and she could converse well on all the political, foreign and domestic affairs. Julia was in agonies of composition, gathering scenes and incidents for her first novel, and going about as if asleep with her eyes open. And Susy, the first time I saw Susy she was in the orchard in something blue and thin, all ruffles and bows. She was standing under an apple-tree absolutely paralyzed with terror, and gazing at a huge caterpillar creeping up her arm. Hearing my step, she raised a colorless face, with stained blue eyes and quivering lips, to say: "Oh, take it off! Oh, please take it off!" Another minute found her sobbing hysterically, and with a choking word of thanks she ran away. It all passed so quickly that she was gone before I saw how pretty she was, leaving behind a half-picture of short golden curls and frightened baby blue eyes. The next time I saw those eyes were full of tearful gratitude for my heroic handling of caterpillars. It was odd how they haunted me. Quite resolved to win Serena, if persistent wooing would accomplish it, I sought her on all occasions, but, being a united party of friends, we were not often *tele-a-tele*. And it was to me, always, that Susy turned, in hours of peril, when a toad sat upon the white dress, when the boat tipped a hair's breadth more than usual, when horrible crawling things crossed our paths, and crows lifted their heads to contemplate us. On all such occasions, two tiny hands, white as milk, soft as satin, suddenly clasped my arm, and "oh! oh!" called my attention to the terror. And it was not done for effect. You cannot deceive a physician to that extent, and my professional eyes noted how the pretty face blanched, the pulse quickened and the whole little figure trembled. She really was the worst little coward I ever saw. And yet, although I chided myself for it, I could not share Serena's openly expressed contempt, or sufficiently admire her own scornful indifference to toads and grasshoppers, boat-tipping or fractious horses. She rode well, a magnificent figure on horseback, while Susy trembled and shivered and clung to the gentle animal she rode with desperate energy. It was late in the season and all of my Aunt Jane's guests had departed excepting Serena, Susy and myself, when one morning we were seated in the sitting-room, discussing an important matter. A far-away cousin of Aunt Jane's had been a collector of rare jewelry and plate, and had left his valuable treasures, the result of years of purchase and selections, to her. "And the whole lot has been sent here," said Aunt Jane. "I am not a coward, but I have let it be well understood in Westonville that I never keep money in the house, have very little plate and few jewels. There is nothing discourages a burglar more than a certainty that there is nothing to steal." "Does any one know?" I asked. "The editor of the Westonville Gazette published the whole story on Saturday. He must have seen some of the servants

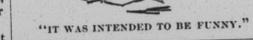
who heard us talking over the lawyer's letter." "I'll run up to the city and arrange to send the boxes to a safe-deposit company," I said. "Do! Go now! You can come back on the five-thirty," said Susy. "I shall not sleep a wink if they stay here. Oh! and her very lips were white, 'if I saw a burglar, I believe I should die.'" And looking into her white, terrified face, I believe so too, although Serena said, loftily: "What nonsense you do talk, Susy!" But, Aunt Jane consenting, I went upon my proposed errand, arranged to have the boxes sent for the following day, and was on my way to the depot, when I met an old friend and patient. The ten minutes' chat that followed cost me the loss of the 5.30 train. Not another one stopped at Westonville, excepting the midnight express, until the next day. Fretting, reproaching myself, I passed the time as I best could until midnight, my heart sinking at the thought of the three lonely ladies at Westonville. There was but one man on the place, and he stepped in a room over the stable. What if any thief attempted to obtain the valuable boxes piled in the hall? Serena could be trusted to be cool and collected; Aunt Jane was not timid; but Susy—poor little Susy!—she would die, she said; and I feared she would. As the train started on its thought and when, at last, I was at the little wayside station, quarter of a mile from Aunt Jane's, I started on a run for the house. The hall-door stood open, and I heard a sound in the sitting-room that seemed to chill the blood in my veins. Throwing open the door, I saw Susy—little Susy!—clinging to the throat of a man roughly dressed, who held Aunt Jane in a chair, while he tried to shake off Susy's arms, at the same time keeping Aunt Jane down. Serena lay in a dead faint on the floor. "You shall not hurt her!" Susy cried, her slender arms strained to choke the sufferer. "Let go, you wretch! I'll kill you!" One blow on the top of his head from my heavy walking-stick brought the fellow down insensible. Susy dropped her arms and stood white as death, but perfectly calm, facing me. "Can you find me a rope to tie this fellow?" I asked. She nodded, sped away, and returned with a coil of clothes-line. "Listen!" she said, speaking quietly. "There is another one in the china closet, locked in. He is trying to kick the door down. Do you see, this is James!" James was the one man-servant Aunt Jane employed. Tying his firmly, I gave my next attention to Aunt Jane, whose whole face was covered with blood from a wound in the head. Knowing how the sight of blood always sickened Susy, I tried to keep her back, but she said, quietly: "Tell me, please, what you want and how to help you." I sent her for water, rags, laudanum, and while we bound up Aunt Jane's head and restored her to consciousness, Serena came to her senses and sat up, white and shaking. "Oh, Susy, that man will kick the closet door down!" she cried, as the blows from the next room became more violent. It seemed as if he would, and I started to quiet him, when Susy grasped my arm. "Don't open the door!" she said. "There may be more than all sitting up here, hoping you would come on the midnight train, but Aunt Jane had not told James to go to the station because she thought you had rather walk up than have us alone. So I suppose James thought you were gone for all night, and he came in at some time in the evening, we do not know when, and hid in that china closet. I went to the dining-room in the dark for some water just as he crept in. I could just see him, and that another man was creeping after him, but not out of the closet. I slammed the door, locked it, and ran in here just as James struck dear Aunt Jane on the head and tried to push her down in her chair. Then I flew at him and you came in. But there may be more than one man in the closet. The door is strong, and I will run down to the police station while you take care of Aunt Jane and Serena." Before I could stop her she was running across the hall, out at the door and down the road, while James suddenly revived and began to struggle and curse. My hands were full, for Aunt Jane was severely hurt, and Serena was so terrified that she could not stir, sobbing and half fainting in sheer terror. I cannot tell how long it was before Susy came speeding back with three strong policemen behind her, but in the meantime some of the maids were roused and had come to my assistance. There proved to be but one burglar in the closet, a Westonville man and crouching under the bed, and he was put to bed and made as comfortable as possible. Aunt Jane was delighted. She understood perfectly the love that prompted the child to attempt to divert the attack of the ruffian James to herself, and it was a delight to her to make ready the pretty house for us. Serena comes often to visit us, calm and self-possessed as ever, and quite as contemptuous when Mrs. Hutchinson flies to my arms in an agony of terror if a mouse runs across the floor, or a spider crawls up the wall. For, although she has proved herself a heroine, Susy is still, in such matters as mice and spiders, a little coward. Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles. Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

IS MARRIAGE POPULAR?

HOW A BOLD INVESTIGATOR COLLECTED EVIDENCE.

Howard Fielding interviewed a Number of Spinners on the Subject, and is Involving in Speech of Promise Proceeding Amounting to \$300,000. Maude was sitting at my desk when I entered the room, and the big tears were falling from her eyes upon a manuscript which I had recently prepared. "My dear," said I, in a somewhat acid voice, "you needn't complicate the obscurities of my chirography by crying over that. It was intended to be funny. The facts in that article of mine came from the unmarried women who called on you after your friend Millie Smith's engagement to Tom Harris was announced. I overheard their merry prattle. They all regarded Millie as a designing person whose conduct was altogether reprehensible. They all thought that Tom was a fool. Every one of them had refused at least half a dozen offers from men much more desirable than Tom, though he's young, rich and handsome. Many of them had refused Tom himself, and they were all single from preference and from no other reason whatever. With such evidence as that before me I was able to answer the question 'Is marriage becoming unpopular?' decidedly in the affirmative."

Maude was laughing now. "You dear old goose," she said, "I hadn't read anything but the title of your article. If it contains what you say it does, I should advise you not to print it at all." "I couldn't quite make her out. She seemed to believe that the women I had quoted were not wholly sincere, although they were among her most intimate associates. She made so much fun of them that I resolved to supplement their testimony by further investigation. I made up a list of the names of twelve unmarried women living in the suburban towns. Most of them wrote a little but appeared to be otherwise of sound mind. I intended to interview these ladies on the subject of marriage, without letting them know that their views were intended for publication. Of course in placing these innocent victims before the public I shall be obliged to provide them with fictitious names. I slipped over to Morrisania to see Miss Lottie Linden. I introduced the subject of marriage and begged her to tell me calmly what she thought of it, but she immediately branched off to something quite different. She burst into tears, and asked me if I did not think that a deep, strong love was better than money. I was forced to reply that I didn't, if it was a question of running a newspaper with one or the other of them. She said that I was sordid and mercenary and a number of other unpleasant things, in fact, I obtained much valuable information regarding my own character, but very little concerning the question which I was trying to get points on.



"IT WAS INTENDED TO BE FUNNY."

When you hear a great deal of one side of a story, the other side receives from you a great deal of sympathy. I began to fear that I had lost my old knack as an interviewer. My questions seemed to me unnecessarily exciting. Even my own nerves had suffered in my talk with Miss Linden. I endeavored to quiet them by a dinner in the annexed district; and when called on Miss Dora Sykes Brown, in the edge of the evening. I believed that I could make her talk intelligibly. I knew her to be of a somewhat emotional nature, but I had prepared a formula of questions, which ought to be more soothing than chloroform. First, what was her general opinion of marriage, the presence of mind of her father, who dropped me out of the parlor window, saved me from strangulation. I conducted the remaining interviews by correspondence. Poor little Maude! She received all the replies. They came for us. Serena comes often to visit us, calm and self-possessed as ever, and quite as contemptuous when Mrs. Hutchinson flies to my arms in an agony of terror if a mouse runs across the floor, or a spider crawls up the wall. For, although she has proved herself a heroine, Susy is still, in such matters as mice and spiders, a little coward. Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles. Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

production, they can use it to freeze ice cream.

But it didn't do much good. That was over a month ago. Yesterday I was idly turning over my manuscripts in search of something which would pay the gas bill. "Maude," said I, "where is the copy of that article which proves that 'Marriage is Becoming Unpopular.'"



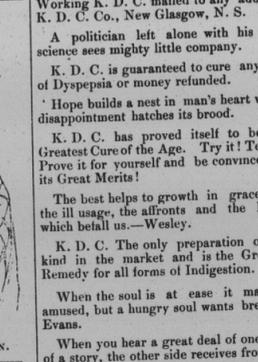
HER FATHER SAVED ME.

suits for breach of promise with broken hearts ranging in value from ten thousand to a fifty thousand dollars. The total is a little over \$300,000. I am sorry for these ladies, but this is more money than I can spare. If they win their cases they will have to attach my salary, which will suffice to settle their claims within two or three thousand years. I turned from these dreary legal documents to my own brilliant discussion of the unpopularity of marriage. It is much more interesting than the laborious composition of the lawyers, and yet theirs seem to be stronger argumentatively. "I shall not publish this article," said I to Maude; "my conclusions appear to have been hasty." HOWARD FIELDING.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabin. K. D. C. is a positive cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion in any form. The roughest roads are those we have not travelled over. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion even of long standing. You can't size up an orator by the dimensions of his mouth. K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S. Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur. K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion. In diving to the bottom of pleasure we bring up more gravel than pearls. K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age. Its merits prove its greatness. A bridge should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers. K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action. Women's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair. A FREE Sample package of the Wonder Working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S. A politician left alone with his conscience seems mighty little company. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Dyspepsia or money refunded. Hope builds a nest in man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood. K. D. C. has proved itself to be the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it! Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!

The best helps to growth in grace are the ill usage, the affronts and the losses which befall us.—Wesley. K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest Remedy for all forms of Indigestion. When the soul is at ease it may be amused, but a hungry soul wanders bread.—Evens. When you hear a great deal of one side of a story, the other side receives from you a great deal of sympathy.



INTERVIEW WITH LOTTIE LINDEN.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? PARSON'S PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made" JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. ORIGINAL By an Old Family Physician. Prepared by Dr. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make season trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning will leave Hampton at 9 o'clock p. m. Same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Belle Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on many days.

International Steamship Co. AUTUMN EXCURSIONS TO Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND TRIP. Commencing SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to OCT. 9th, inclusive, good to return 12 days from date of issue. Tickets are sale only at the office of the Company, Reed's Point Wharf.

International Steamship Co. FALL ARRANGEMENT. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Sept. 16, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY FOR BOSTON. THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston. Leaving Halifax, the steamer will call at all the eastern bound towns, and Lewis' wharf, and return to Halifax every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe, and of returning home in good season to get back to business duties Monday morning. The palatial ocean greyhound, 2,500 tons, commanded by Capt. Deane, is the largest, handsomest, fitted, and best sea-going boat on the route. She has first-class passenger accommodation for 100, and cabin room for as many more. The old reliable and popular CARROL, 1,400 tons, commanded by Capt. Brown, is, without doubt, the most widely-known passenger carrying steamship plying between New England and the provinces. These steamers make the through trip from Boston to Charlottetown, P. E. I., calling at Halifax and Lewis' wharf, every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. The marvellously low rate (\$8) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any of the lines running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unequalled. For freight or passage, apply to JAS. F. FLELAN & SON, Fishermen's Wharf, St. John, N. S. Lewis' Wharf (Eastside) Boston, Halifax, N. S.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC. A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North End, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Celestial city at 9 a. m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 8 a. m. Every 4th. Steamers of this line connect with steamer Florenceville and railways for up river counties. Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c.; Hampstead, 50c.

RETURN TICKETS AT ONE FARE DURING EXHIBITION, and no return ticket shall be less than 35 cents. On the Romantic Blue. Belle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days. G. F. BAIRD, J. E. FORSTER.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S. S. "WINTHROP," of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 40, E. B., on SATURDAYS, at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p. m., for Eastport and New York. The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agts., St. John. F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York. Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End. St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA BAY OF FUNDY S. CO., LTD. CITY OF MONTICELLO. Capt. ROBERT FRANKLIN, Commander. This steamer will, on and after the 22nd Sept., and until the 10th November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, at 7.30 local time, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, calling at Digby each way. Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choice meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer. State rooms at reduced rates. HOWARD D. TROOP, President, St. John, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

Shore Line Ry.

Shortest, Quickest & Cheapest Route to St. Stephen, 3 Hours, 15 Minutes.

NEW PASSENGER CARS. No Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess Baggage. SATURDAY TRAINS, ONE FARE—GOOD TO RETURN MONDAY. The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridges replaced by new ones. TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 1th: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN: ACCOMMODATION (per ferry), 7.14 a. m. EXPRESS (per ferry), 8.24 p. m. LEAVE ST. STEPHEN: EXPRESS, 7.45 a. m. ACCOMMODATION, 1.30 p. m. ARRIVE ST. JOHN: EXPRESS 11 a. m. ACCOMMODATION, 4.15 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. Office No. 3 Purgley Building, Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Phillips, 47 Prince William street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST!

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Dalhousie Square Station) at 8.40 p. m., Oct. 14, 28; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9, 23, 1891. For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass'n Gen'l Pass. Agt., MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.00 Fast Express for Halifax, 12.45 Montreal, and Chicago, 12.50 Night Express for Halifax, 12.55 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.45 o'clock and Halifax at 8.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 10.25 o'clock and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax.

THE EXHIBITION Will soon be on hand, and everybody wants to have their Photo taken. Now the best place is at ERB'S. They make Photos very cheap, and the finish is second to none in the city. ISAAC ERB, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN. Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits. COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. 23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN. SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in FINE style.