

TRYING TO RUN BOSTON.

HOW THE A. P. A. TAKES A PART IN THE BAY STATE POLITICS.

The Position of the Republican Party in the Elections—Massachusetts Courts and Judges—The List Drawn as to the Clothing to be Worn in Court.

BOSTON, Oct. 9.—It is generally supposed here that what is known as the American Protective Association, or the A. P. A., is composed almost entirely of provincialists. This association is anti-catholic, with the little red school house as its badge, and just at present it is up to its neck in politics. Its influence was feared a week or more ago, and it is the subject of much concern to the politicians today, but at the recent republican convention when the organization showed its hand in opposition to the regular republican candidate, the hand was surprisingly small.

Yet for all that the republicans did not repudiate the disinterested and as a result the political situation is pretty well mixed up. The new organization has a large following, it has a daily paper which claims to have a large circulation, and it has been most persistent in its efforts to control the republican party. It will be a long time, however, before it is able to do it, and it is generally predicted that the movement will fall flat before the object of its leaders is attained.

The democrats have repudiated the organization and have been sailing into it and its religious intolerance in the most aggressive manner. In this and other ways the A. P. A. has received recognition, and whereas it was not considered worthy of attention a year or more ago its influence is now taken into consideration by politicians when they are making estimates or plans for the campaign.

This new element will have the effect of splitting up the parties considerably on election day. There are hundreds of republicans who cannot stand the narrowness and religious fanaticism of the A. P. A. and the party managers are doing considerable straddling to keep these in line.

With the new party, name is everything. For instance, the greatest fight of the campaign so far was over the nomination of sheriff. The A. P. A. element had a candidate in opposition to a man who had held the office for years and has been on both the republican and democratic tickets every time. He is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of his office and about whom there has never been a word of complaint; something very unusual in the case of a public man. But his name happened to be O'Brien, and that settled it so far as the new element was concerned.

He carried the convention, however, although the fight was a hot one and some of the speeches were of a most pointed character. In fact the man who seconded the nomination of O'Brien's opponent was so rabid and bitter in his remarks that even the A. P. A. had to repudiate him, and the newspapers could not print much of his speech because of a fear of libel suits.

This is the way things are going all along the line. There are petty fights of a like nature in many outside places, and in the different wards of the city, all of which have a tendency to make things interesting and cause considerable doubt as to the outcome on election day.

The result of the republican state convention showed that the A. P. A., is not as powerful as many thought it to be. Their nominee for governor, Elijah Morse of Rising Sun stove polish fame only received 391 votes out of 1762.

This was somewhat of a set back, and one of the most remarkable things about the whole affair was the statement of Mr. Morse to the effect that he did not know he was going to be nominated. This, however is characteristic of the new party. Few of its members will acknowledge their membership. Although Mr. Morse has been a big card at all the A. P. A. meetings he claims that he is not a member of the association, and while he seems half ashamed to be identified with it, he still comes to the front on all occasions as the exponent of that particular kind of patriotism peculiar to the organization.

Boston is a queer town. Within a week or so the courts have decided that the fight or passage at arms between Joe Wolcott and Dick O'Brien, as a result of which the latter was a sorry sight, was not a prize fight, and as a result boxing contests, so called, will be held as usual. It has also been decided that the kouts-kouta dance of the World's Fair midway is not indecent, so long as young women find this a way of making their living. But the German band must go.

The courts have nothing to do with the German band, but the police commissioners have, and this board has decided that the noise made by the German street musicians is not music. German bands have been very numerous in Boston of late, and many of these alleged musicians have found their profession so profitable that they have made Boston their home, and go about their business day after day over their different routes much the same as peddlers do. Now they must go elsewhere. So far all other street musicians can go the rounds as usual, provided, of course they do not make too much noise.

Talking about the courts calls to mind the great difference between the halls of

justice of this country and Canada. I noticed a paragraph in one of the St. John papers some time ago about a lawyer who was not allowed to go on with his case because he had a light suit of clothes under his gown. A few days ago a man went to the United States court here to be naturalized and was sent home to dress in his Sunday best before the judge would have anything to do with him. But as a rule they are not so particular here. The lawyers do not wear gowns even in high courts. Neither do the judges, but they manage to put up a dignified front just the same. As regards to the people who come before the court, however, dress seldom cuts any figure.

In regard to naturalization, the mill has been pretty busy of late for the elections are on in dead earnest, and the politicians are looking out for the interests of their respective parties.

Many of those who go to take out their papers want to spend as little time over it as possible and get back to work again. It is this class which has aroused the ire of the judge. Butchers from Faneuil hall and Quincy markets appeared in court with their aprons on, and laborers on the streets went in just as they left the gutter, and perhaps left their picks and shovels standing just outside the courtroom door. They just simply made their appearance in court an incident of the day. The judge, however thought it a more serious matter, and threatened to hold some of the applicants for contempt of court. R. G. LARSEN.

MARTIN COMES TO TOWN.

The Editor of Butler's Journal Gets a Pass and Sees the Exhibition.

The current number of Butler's Journal tells of the pleasure enjoyed by the editor on his visit to St. John and gives some particulars of his trip across the bay to Nova Scotia. We have room but for one or two extracts.

Gets a Pass and Starts. Through the courtesies extended to this press throughout the Dominion I have been in the habit once a year of taking a pleasure trip to different parts of the country, and last month made up my mind to take a trip to Montreal on the pressing invitation of my good friend T. B. Warren to visit him at his home at that place, but the C. P. R. proving relentless and the I. C. R. filling me at the last moment, (although I had been kindly tendered a pass by the R. Chaleur & Ontario Navigation Co., from Quebec to Montreal and return) I thought myself of my friends in St. John and applied to the manager of the famous Star Line with the result that in due time I had the satisfaction to receive the coveted document which entitled me to a trip to St. John and return.

So on Monday morning I got up bright and early, got breakfast and my wife putting me up a lunch I started for the wharf, where I waited until the steamer's time for starting, which was sharp eight, and getting on board the planks were hauled in, the famous old David Weston swung around the stern of the Dominion redge and headed down river, passing many a familiar island and country side and making excellent speed.

Welcome by the Press. Reaching St. John, Martin visited the exhibition and saw the sights. He continues:

What struck us the most was the courteous, unselfish and whole-hearted welcome extended to us by the newspaper fraternity, by the editors, staffs and hands of The Record, Progress, Telegraph, Sun and Globe.

Trust in Humanity Restored. We shall never forget it—their exceptional kindness has sunk deep into our heart and did much to restore our confidence in ourselves, which was badly shattered by the refusal of the C. P. R. and I. C. R. of the usual courtesies.

At the Press Room in the Exhibition Building, we do not put it too strong when we say we were lionized not only by the St. John scribes but by the country editors who were there in a body. But enough, we left with overflowing hearts, a sense of thankfulness and a firmer faith in our fellow men; and the memories of this, the pleasantest trip we have ever made, will long serve to brighten our life. And if we never meet again, we can go our separate ways with the knowledge that the day has not been lost that has brought together in equality, brotherly love and sweet companionship, human hearts which should ever beat in unison, and softened the asperities, cavils and daily struggles of this unsympathetic and work-a-day world.

His Cynicism Vanishes. I must not neglect to bear witness to the cordial welcome given me by the editors and staffs of the Annapolis Spectator and Digby Courier. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I might add that the courtesy, respect and even distinguished attention shown to me all along the trip both in St. John and Nova Scotia has gone far to knocking completely out of my brain the few remnants of that cynicism, skepticism and distrust in God and man that descended as a legacy to me from years of ill treatment and neglect in the old dark days, gone, I hope, never to return.

Concluding Peroration. In due time we arrive at St. John after a stormy voyage, where I go to my hotel, and on the next day, (Friday) take in the exhibition, which space forbids me to describe if I had the ability. The trip up in the David Weston next day was pleasant and agreeable and I reached home at 4 o'clock after one of the most interesting, never having been for a moment homesick during the whole time. I can only add in connection that the memory of the courtesies shown me by the Star Line, the officials of the Monticello and the Press and people of St. John and Nova Scotia, has struck a note of harmony in my soul that will go sounding down the ages until the it is picked up by angel harps and makes an unceasing sound in the glorious "TO BE."

Advice to the Boys. We would warn the boys that if the

don't stop shouting out names at us on the public streets we will have them looked after. It is getting rather monotonous and we feel that we have stood it long enough. The little ones who have no better sense, if their parents don't teach them some one else will and the big ones will be summarily dealt with as we have a list of their names ready to hand in to the Police Magistrate on their very next offence. So, boys, be on your guard as we mean it.

PREPARED SULTAN.

How the Remains of a Dead East Indian Were Cared for in London

In a white-draped mortuary at the back of No. 38 Keppel street, Russell square, is a quiet-looking early Victorian red-brick house of exactly similar appearance to hundreds of other houses in red-brick rows in Bloomsbury, the body of his late Highness, the Sultan of Johore, is lying embalmed in semi-state. The house is that of Dr. Chas. Bayl, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Commander de St. Gregoire-le-Grande, a French scientist who has made a special study of the art of embalming.

When you enter at the street door the faint scent of heavy perfume strikes you and grows less faint as you walk along the hall. Then a door is opened; you notice that it is painted in the prevailing Bloomsbury tint on the outside and hung with white cloth on the inside. As you walk down white-carpeted stairs into a chamber built out at the back of the house where once was a garden, the heavy perfume comes at you heavier and more powerful, and separates itself into several distinct and conflicting scents.

Before you, hiding something behind it, a screen, a white, standing in a room of which the walls and ceilings are covered with white and the floor is carpeted with white, seen in a white, soft, subdued light coming from a skylight visible with white cloth. The screen hides everything in the room but its ghostly self, and high upon the white hangings of the opposite wall, the crescent and star of the East in dull red that thrust itself out from the white like a moaning in the night.

The dim whiteness of the room, the heavy perfumes, the somber touch of red tell quite as plainly what it is that lies behind the screen as could black velvet and silver, burning tapers, and the damp scent of dying flowers. In the middle of the room on a low trestle bed, white draped, the dead Sultan lies, to all appearances calmly and peacefully asleep. Dr. Bayle's balsams have changed death into sleep, and he lies with his gray mustache and wavy hair and his black arched eyebrows, his handsome, soldierly, dusky features smoothed and softened, and with his eyelids lightly closed in the calm and perfect repose which easy slumber brings to the face of the man of the world. He looks exactly as one who knew anything of the Sultan would expect him to look in sleep.

On his breast there lies a bound manuscript copy of the Koran, and under it, placed there by the priest in accordance with some custom or belief, a pair of scissors. On the white floor beside the bed are the large paper bags of perfume—one of rosemary, one of patchouli and the other of rose leaves. The rosemary is for remembrance as well as for pungent odor, and, perhaps, besides their strong perfumes, the patchouli and dried crumpled rose leaves may have their meanings. The wonderful triumph over decay has been effected by Dr. Bayle's system of arterial injection.

But not that system only has been carried out. In the Oriental system of embalming the body is eviscerated and the organs removed and purified. In the old days they knew no other way, and what they did in the old days is, according to Eastern ideas, the only decorous thing today. So the doctor has taken out the internal organs, washed and cleaned them, applied his preservative treatment to them separately, and then replaced them in their proper positions. But that was only to satisfy the ideas of the Sultan's court as to what was right and in order. Still it was not necessary; it was not scientific, Dr. Bayle says.

Four pints of the preservative fluid, of which he holds the secret, forced through the arteries by air pressure would have sufficed. "You see," he says, "the body is already beginning to dry; the hand becomes to be a piece like of wood; the foot is the same; the face I treat in a different way, so as to give it the appearance of softness; but you shall see that ear; it is already like a piece of leather." The ear looks warm and soft and natural enough, but when you touch it it is set stiff and hard. The legs are bound tightly around with strips of cloth, and another goes under each instep, keeping the feet in position.

In a day or two the binding will be varnished, and then all will be ready for the sleeping Sultan to be put in his coffin with the rosemary and the patchouli and rose leaves on top of him.

"And those bandages are not removed when the embalming is complete?" the visitor asked. "Those bandages," said the doctor, "shall be removed never." Never is long time.

The Sultan—his full name was Tunkoo Abubakar bin Ibrahim, known as Abu Bakar, Sultan of Johore, or more correctly the Tamongong—died officially on Tuesday the 4th of June, 1895. That was the day on which his ministers and court, hav-

ing in the meantime, no doubt, taken the necessary precautions as to affairs in Johore, finally abandoned all hopes of his being alive. On that same day the body was taken to Dr. Bayle, and there were then present indications that his death had taken place quite a week earlier. The embalmed body will remain where it is for two months longer, and then the Sultan will go back to Johore to be buried in the tomb of his ancestors.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Don't for Young Men.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

7. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strive to make money, suddenly, and without warning for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and safest way. Greediness and haste are the two devils that destroy thousands every year.

8. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.—Beecher.

Ice Tombs in the Alps.

A skeleton has been found in one of the fissures of the Ademello glacier, in the Southern Tyrol, which is thought to be that of an American tourist of the name of Rath, who disappeared in 1890. These fissures cleave glaciers at all angles, and it is very easy to slip into one of them.

When once in it is hardly possible to get out without outside help. And the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by his own weight into the depths of the glacier, and generally starves to death. O. looking into these fissures the most beautiful play of light in blue and green and rainbow colors is seen away down. But these are but enjoyed from the safe vantage ground of the upper, outside world, rather than down in the depths and close at hand. In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.—Hartford Times.

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or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$50,000 per month and upwards, according to ability. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Bradford, Can.

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MARCH MILITAIRE.

M. DERICKSON.

Musical score for 'MARCH MILITAIRE' by M. Derickson, featuring piano and violin parts with various musical notations and dynamics.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The St. John Oratorio Society had a business meeting last Monday evening at which it was decided to resume the rehearsals as soon as practicable.

St. Andrew's church has at length secured an organist in the person of Mr. Thomas Athoe, a young Englishman who is now connected with a church in Truro, N. S.

Tones and Undertones.

Jessie Bartlett Davis who is the contralto of the Bostonians, made her debut in grand opera. She says it was Colonel Mapleson who engaged her, but she adds, it was not because he considered her an unearthly genius.

J. Aldrich Libbey is singing with Jules Grau's opera company this season.

H. C. Barnabee and wife celebrate their golden wedding in Chicago quite recently. Jessie Bartlett, Davis Allen and Wm. H. Crane contributed to the delight of the occasion.

Miss Nita Carrite, it is said, is to appear in comic opera at the Garrick theatre in New York on the 21st inst.

Walter Damrosch's opera "The Scarlet Letter" will have its first production in Boston during February next. It will be sung in English.

A Parisian newspaper is the authority for the statement that Mile. Calva's marriage is not far off.

Marwick, the violinist, is due to arrive in New York on the 29th inst. per steamship Le Champagne.

"The Bohemian girl" drew large audiences at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week. Miss Clara Lane and Mr. J. K.

Murray have become great favorites at this house.

The Ariel quartette of Boston sang in the Berkeley Temple institute course, Boston, last week. The members of this quartette are: Miss Jeanette Fernandez, Miss Gertrude Christie, Miss Fanny E. Holt, and Miss Emma V. Foster.

"The Wizard of the Nile," a new comic opera in three acts, music by Victor Herbert and book by Harry B. Smith, received its first presentation last Monday evening at the Alvin Theatre in Pittsburg, by a company including Frank Daniels, Walter Allan and Dorothy Morton.

Leon Margulies has engaged Frau Amalia Materna, the famous Wagnerian singer, for a farewell tour of America, which will extend to the Pacific coast. This will positively be her last appearance in public in America, as Frau Materna has decided to retire from public life.

Miss Sophia Traubmann, who sang in New York several years ago in opera and concert, arrived there on the Normanna a few days ago. She will sing in Carnegie Hall, on the night of Sunday, the 13th inst.

Sir Augustus Harris has arrived in New York in connection with the production of "Hansel and Gretel." He calls it his first real American venture and considers the little opera a "gem." Sir Augustus returned to England today 12th inst.

Madame Patti is reported to be seriously ill and may be obliged in consequence to abandon her plans for the near future.

The estate left by Von Suppe, which comprises real and personal estate is estimated at 300,000 marks and royalties. This is divided equally between his widow and his grand children.

Miss Maud Rondebush, an American singer, has just made an overwhelming success at the concert Symphoniques at Ostend, Belgium.

Mr. Sim Reeves, accompanied by Mme. Mand Repe and other artists, is said to be contemplating a tour in Australia. This is rather a long journey for an eminent vocalist of 75; but Sir Charles Halle, who is in his 77th year, has just concluded a successful tour, and is on his way home from South Africa.

A three act opera on the subject of "Shakespeare's" "The Taming of the Shrew" to be called "La Furia Domata" is being written by the Italian Composer

Spiro Samata. It will be produced at La Scala, Milan.

Italian opera composers are said to be very busy just now. Sixty four new operas are already announced for production this season.

It is 45 years since Paganini, the wizard of the violin, was buried at Ravenna, but when his grave was opened a short time ago, to make some repairs, his face was in such a perfect state of preservation that the family ordered photographs taken of it. It is a most gruesome and awful idea, but none the less these photographs which it is said will soon be for sale in the Paris picture shops, will doubtless be sought as great curios.

The London Musical Standard continues its crusade against opera singers. It says: "As the rule, your opera singer is a very commercial person, and lazy withal so that his motto would seem to be 'do as little work as you can for the money.'"

It really must be a delightful thing to be an opera singer, for you have only to learn half a dozen parts and you are set up for life. You must study 'Faust' 'Romeo et Juliet,' 'Trovatore,' and a few of the stock operas, or you may elect to limit yourself to 'Carmen' and 'Cavalleria,' and go on playing them, season after season, until you or the opera die of old age.

Tamagno is said to have a lovely home at Varese, near Milan, in which is a theatre where he and his daughter, now 15 years old, give numerous performances for his friends. He has amassed much wealth but says he can live on two dollars per day and be quite content.

Paderewski is expected to arrive in the United States on the 23rd inst. per steamship Tentonic.

The "Messiah" was given at the Leeds Festival, under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wisely resolved upon the excision of the symphonies to certain of the airs and at the same time, struck out some of the repeats, so that without injuring the music in the slightest degree, the oratorio played closer, and admitted of the restoration of one of the numbers that are usually cut out. There is a good example for imitation here, except in regard to the restoration of omitted numbers.

Mme. Schumann has just celebrated her 76th anniversary of her birthday. She was born at Leipzig, and it was in her native place that she made her debut when she was but 10 years old. She married in 1840 Robert Schumann, who died 16 years later after exerting a marked influence on

her style as a pianist and the choice of works which she interpreted.

"The Black Patti"—Sisieretta Jones—who is now singing in Berlin, was engaged by cable yesterday to appear at Proctor's Pleasure Palace for two weeks next month, at a salary of \$1,000 per week. At the expiration of the two weeks she will return to Europe to fill a long engagement in Paris.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It is said there are about ten thousand members of the theatrical profession in the United States. The proportion is six thousand actors and four thousand actresses.

A play entitled "A Cat's paw" or "Jonathan on the Continent" has been written by Max O'Rell. It is said to be witty.

The Hanlons of "Superba" fame in more recent years, once gave ninety-two performances of a play in one week in St. Petersburg.

Fanny Davenport will open her engagement with either "Fedora" or "La Tosca."

Amy Busby who is making such a hit in the role of Margaret in "The Fatal Card" at the Boston Museum, is the sister of Miss Georgia Busby who was here with Harkins in his 1894 company. She was the lady of willowy figure and undulating movement in walking, and quite pretty.

There are three scenes in the fourth act of "Burnah" now having a run at the Boston theatre and it is said there is not a woman in either of them.

"In Sight of St. Paul's" Sutton Vane's melodrama is meeting with much favor at Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston. In one of the acts there is a choir of boys surprised, speaking of which feature a newspaper "The surpluses of these choir boys in, "In Sight of St. Paul's" must have been made by a person who never saw a surprised choir even in a picture."

"The Social Highwaymen" which is a dramatization of a story published in Lippincott, has been successfully presented by Messrs Joseph and E. M. Holland at the Garrick theatre, New York.

The theatrical sensation in Boston is and has been the advent of Sir Henry Irving and Company of which Miss Ellen Terry as usual, is the leading lady. The Bostonese crowd the theatre (the Tremont) at each performance of "King Arthur" although "the Bell" and "Nance Oldfield" were not well received, apparently because they were seen so often before. A critic of the Irving season says: "So long as Mr. Irving continues to give such productions as "Bocks" and "King Arthur

he can not fail to find a welcome in every country where art is appreciated."

Julia Arthur plays Elaine in "King Arthur" by Irving's Company and her work is pronounced "good." In the play Elaine lies on her bier in sight of the audience for twenty minutes, but it is not the Julia seen in the play, but her understudy for that scene, in the shape of "a wax figger."

The theatrical man of the Philadelphia Inquirer, a copy of which paper of a last month's date has just reached me, in a notice of "Saratoga" at the Girard Avenue theatre in that city, has a kind word to say of Miss Ethel K. Mollison of this city, who is a member of the company playing there this season. I cheerfully chronicle the notice which reads, "A bewitching stage picture was always made by Miss Ethel K. Mollison, as Mrs. Carter. The costuming of the ladies was rich and tasteful in the extreme." In this connection I trust before very long I may have the pleasure of chronicling distinction for this young lady and honor as well, for her, in respect to superior attainment and real clever work in the profession she has selected. I believe her to be talented and that with close application and hard work, supplemented by her other gifts, she will speedily gain prominence in the theatrical world. The experience of the more distinguished on the stage is that there is no royal road to success.

Miss Lotta Lynne, who will be remembered as a member of Arthur Roban's company which produced Miss Mollison's play at the Opera house, is a member of the Girard Avenue theatre Stock company of this season. Another St. John favorite, Miss Emma Maddern is also in that company.

When Augustin Daly shortly produces "Henry IV." Miss Rehan will appear as Prince Hal, and James Lewis will be Falstaff.

Milo Rhea has just produced a play by Paul Kester. It is of the romantic order and is called "Nell Gwynne."

Olga Nethersoles next American season will open at Albany N. Y. on the 21st inst.

Madame Modjeska was playing at the Garrick (N. Y.) theatre last week.

Otis Skinner has made a hit with his new play "Villon, the Vagabond." The play itself is much commended also. Its setting is France in the fifteenth century. Mr. Skinner is pronounced "magnetic, versatile and artistic." The honors were shared by Miss Maud Durbin, he says a writer "her Denise was an spontaneous

genuine and graceful a portrayal as is often seen."

A repertoire manager at present barnstorming in New England, has in his company a versatile young man who plays everything for which he is cast—even children's parts. One night he was announced to play Eva, but unfortunately he had a five days' growth of whiskers of which he was unable to rid himself. A shave was absolutely necessary and he applied to his manager for ten cents. The manager was short that evening and said he was sorry.

"But what shall I do?" asked the versatile young man. I can't play Eva with this face!"

"That's true," replied the manager thoughtfully. "I guess we'd better put up the Danits and you can play your old part of Jos Saunders."

Mr. Frohman, it is said spent \$40,000 on the stage settings and furnishings of "The Masqueraders." Twenty-two London and Paris gowns worn in one scene cost \$17,500, and one of Miss Allen's dresses cost \$1350. Then all the furniture of the play was imported, and the custom house valuation of the gilt chairs used was \$135 apiece.

Fall and Winter Millinery.



Hats, Toques and Bonnets, Trimmed and Untrimmed. In the latest French, English and American styles.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Half-year Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

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

THE HIGH SCHOOL MATTER.

It is a tribute to the popularity of Mr. GEORGE U. HAY that the proposition to put Prof. BRIDGES in charge of the Victoria school is viewed with disfavor by quite a number of the parents whose children have been Mr. HAY's pupils. What purports to have been an indignation meeting, largely composed of ladies, was held in the Mechanics' Institute, the other day, and a resolution was passed to the effect that the parents were satisfied with the efficiency of the Victoria school as it now is, that they feared the proposed changes would injure the efficiency of the girls high school, and that the trustees be asked not to make the changes. Speeches or remarks in the nature of speeches, were made by various ladies in the hall, and the convention adjourned to meet when called.

The cause of all this disturbance was the recent discovery that the trustees had decided to transfer the boys of the Grammar school to the Victoria, and invite Prof. BRIDGES to take charge in the building, thus placing him over Mr. HAY, who has had charge of the girls up to this time and has given excellent satisfaction. There has been no question that the Grammar school is not as efficient as it should be and that a radical change is needed, and the plan proposed has seemed to the trustees the easiest way out of the difficulty. By this plan an annual saving of between three and four thousand dollars can be made. The only other course would seem to be the erection of a new school building. Some people with large ideas seem to think the latter course should be adopted, despite the fact that one expensive school building has already been undertaken this season.

The need of some change is admitted, as regards the Grammar school, but a change that puts Mr. HAY under Prof. BRIDGES is the particular one that the present protesters do not want. One of the speakers, indeed, asserted that in event of such a change Mr. HAY would not consent to remain. Incidental to this main point of contention was an attempt at argument against the boys and girls being together in the same building, an argument opposed to the facts in the past and present history of education, and with nothing better than the imagination to support it. To say, as one man did, that it becomes a question of morals is a slander on parents, teachers, pupils and the school system itself. It has any basis of fact the allowing of mixed schools elsewhere has been and continues to be a blunder and a crime.

The whole time seems to revolve around Mr. HAY as a storm centre, and this is the only matter really worthy of consideration. His personal friends were prominent at the meeting among the seventy five who composed the convention, and it must be a source of gratification to him that the ladies have so warmly espoused his cause.

Mr. HAY is a good teacher and he has done excellent work, but the trustees seem to think that Prof. BRIDGES would be a better man to have charge under the arrangement. In this, they and the friends of Mr. HAY differ, and the latter would be willing to have the city put to the expense of a new school building to avoid such an arrangement. This seems to be the matter in a nutshell.

STANDARD TIME.

Twelve years have passed since standard time was generally adopted by the leading cities of the continent, and St. John still remains as one of the notable exceptions in which the people have withstood the departure from the system of their forefathers. Were the city remote from railways, there might be some excuse for its conservatism in this respect, but it has no less than three lines of railways and three lines of steamers arriving and departing on standard time, with their advertisements giving the times in that time, while the mails received and sent by the railways have been advertised as closing or due at such and such hours in local time. The hotels, to meet the wishes of their city patrons and those of the travelling public as well, have their clocks arranged for both times. This week both the post office and express offices have adopted the standard time for all purposes.

The objection to the adoption of standard time by this city was chiefly on the ground of the difference of thirty-six minutes. This was considered too much of a concession to railway corporations. In Halifax, which was further east than St. John, the difference was still greater, but the case was met by adopting the time of the sixtieth meridian, making just an even hour difference from the eastern, or seventy-fifth meridian, standard. Halifax time, thus amended, is the time for all the railway towns of Nova Scotia, and there is at least uniformity secured, even though the revised time is one hour ahead of that used by the railways.

Had St. John established a local time just half an hour faster than standard, there might have been little confusion, but in insisting on making the bothersome difference of thirty-six minutes the obstinacy of the people has caused no end of confusion among strangers and citizens alike. It has necessitated a process of mental arithmetic from the first and a translation of one time to another with the majority of the public, year after year and day after day. It has put strangers to all sorts of trouble, and the bother has steadily grown greater as trains have multiplied and travel has increased. All efforts to reconcile the two times have been in vain with the average individual, and efforts of some of the newspapers to make matters plain have had effects never anticipated. One paper, for instance, has had a "traveller's directory," giving the hours of trains and steamers departure and arrivals in local time. The words "local time" are plain enough when anybody looks for them, but people in a hurry are not always careful to look, and suppose the hours given are in standard time. Only recently a party of strangers in St. John missed their train through the well intended directory in question. They had not imagined that when the trains were despatched on standard time the announcement of any newspaper would be in local time.

The post office officials and clerks have been sorely tried by the mixture of city and standard time. The office has been run on local time to suit the public and on standard time to dispatch the mails. The clocks have been on local time. This has caused a great deal of unnecessary figuring by the clerks, and so at last the postmaster has adopted the standard time for all purposes. The clock on the front of the building now indicates standard time only, but the ferry boat, a train connection close by, is still run on local time. It would be just as easy and much more sensible to have the boat run on standard time also. The post office clock has long been used as a guide for those who made night trips on the ferry, and so long as the present state of things exists there is bound to be confusion.

Why does not the city put the ferry on standard time, and thus lead the way to its general adoption? The change must be made some time and it might as well be made now. Who will make the move?

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

The servant girl question is one that is perpetually to the front with the latter day housekeepers, and is one of infinitely more importance to her than that of bloomer, bicycles or the eccentricities of the New Woman. It is doubtless more or less of a problem all over the continent, but it is of special importance in St. John of recent years. In the line of domestic service there are more situations vacant than can be filled, while really good girls who are worth their wages are as rare as honest men in party politics.

The old-fashioned domestic who was glad to get a place in a good family, and willing to do whatever tasks were assigned her, is hard to find in these days. The New Domestic has been in evidence for a long time, and is causing more disturbance of social conditions than the New Woman is ever likely to cause. In the parlance of the wild and woolly West, she proposes to run the ranch when and how she pleases.

When she cannot do this, she has no hesitation in promptly leaving her employer at a busy time, and seeking fresh fields and pastures new for the display of her varied accomplishments in the art of worrying the people she professes to be willing to serve.

The old time servant was very often ignorant and not always honest, any more than some domestics of the present day, but she had a willingness to do what she was hired to do, where there was any sort of fair play given to her. Thanks to the free schools, the girls who are ignorant of the rudiments of education are not so common now, but their knowledge is too often accompanied by a number of theories as to their own importance and the privileges to which their state and condition of life entitles them. They may be correct in the assumption that their service is a favor to those who employ them, but they go beyond the bounds when they presume on their own to have their own way as much as possible and virtually reverse the positions

of the employer and the employed. What they will not do is more in evidence than what they will do. In few cases do they render the cheerful faithful service for which their engagement makes an implied contract.

There are, as there always have been and will be faults on the part of the employers. There are women who think a servant is made to serve in much the same way as the stove is made to cook, and whom no amount of faithful work can fully satisfy. There are tyrants and bullies among women who are worse in their way than the grinding taskmasters among men. There are selfish, nagging, scolding women who never can keep a girl very long, and who are properly rewarded in having to do their own work much of the time. There are the exceptions, however, and for every one of this class there are a dozen who are anxious to treat domestics in such a way that they will be able to respect themselves and those who employ them. Yet this very class are as frequently in straits for the want of help as are their less deserving sisters. The fault is in the scarcity of the right kind of domestics.

It is not too much to say that the great proportion of domestics are incompetent and are paid more than they are worth. The old time servant received lower wages and did much more work in the days when labor saving devices were unknown. The condition of the modern houses, from cellar to attic, are such that much of the old-fashioned drudgery is unknown, and labor is lightened in the kitchen and elsewhere. What is needed now in a domestic is not so much sheer strength and stupidity as intelligence and skill, apart from the consideration of honesty and moral temperament. The work is not of the servile nature it formerly was, and the domestic ought to be more in the nature of an assistant than a servant. Her position should be no less respected than if she were an employee in a factory, or a store, for the matter of that. Everybody who is employed by another has to serve that person, and there is no reason why domestic service should not be as respectable as any other. The trouble in the past was that ranks of domestics were largely recruited from the ranks of the ignorant, but as time goes on and the occupation becomes one more and more requiring intelligence and skill, the standard of domestic service must be proportionately elevated. Just now, it is in the transition state, but it cannot always remain there.

The idea of training schools for domestics, just as there are training schools for nurses, has been referred to by PROGRESS in the past. There are several such institutions in existence in the United States, and the results appear to be excellent. A girl, character and reliability being assured, is taught either general household duties or special lines of work. In due time, when she has shown herself competent, she receives a certificate which is a guarantee of her efficiency, and ensures her the best of situations and wages. When a woman in need of a reliable helper in the household, she has only to apply to one of these training schools, stating the kind of help she prefers, and a girl is sent to her. The institution is responsible for the efficiency of the graduate, and the girl who has a certificate is much in the position of a man who has learned a trade and is entitled to respect as a skilled mechanic or citizen. The idea is a good one in the interests of the employer and the employed.

Judging by the complaints of housekeepers, such an institution would fill a long felt want in the cities of the maritime provinces.

In the Telegraph's report of the parents' indignation meeting at the Institute, Mr. W. F. HATHWAY is quoted in saying that "it was simply impossible to have the meetings of the trustees open, as many of the little complaints from teachers and pupils were had to deal with would fill columns of a newspaper." There is no ground for such a contention. Matters of this kind could be dealt with in committee, if necessary, but in any event there is no fear the newspapers would want to fill their columns with such stuff, any more than they trouble themselves with proceedings of the appeals committee of the common council. If the papers were interested in the complaints of teachers and pupils, they could get all the material they wanted now. It might be well to let the public understand that what the newspapers could publish and are not silly enough to publish amounts to somewhat more than appears in print, both in school and other matters. The fact that the meeting of the school board in Boston and other large cities are open to the press sufficiently answers this and other equally weak excuses for the star chamber system in St. John. It is only a matter of time when the meetings are open here, and the sooner the better.

The incredible story is going the rounds of the papers that the fog horn at West Quoddy, Maine, has tooted twenty days and eleven hours out of a total of thirty consecutive days. When it is remembered that West Quoddy is almost at our doors as regards St. John, and that this city enjoys such an immunity from fog, one finds it hard to believe that such a wide diversity of climate can be found within such

narrow geographical limits. What kind of a life must the people lead in a place where the fog remains for days at a time?

Now that the plucky governor of Texas has secured the passage of a law which knocks out the CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS fight at Dallas, the question of a new site for the battle is to the front. Melbourne, Australia, is anxious to have the honor, and offers apparently tempting inducements. It would be a great thing for America if the two fighters would go there, take their crowd of admirers with them, and stay there.

That liquor is doing its work in killing off the red man is shown by the recent death of BUNGA POWAGAN, a famous Chipewya chief, who was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe in a Wisconsin lake, he being too drunk to swim ashore. He was one hundred and eighty years old when he was snatched away, and the liquor habit had been fastening its hold on him for nearly a century.

English society circles are frowning on the practice of rice throwing at weddings, and the reason assigned is that several accidents have resulted from grains of rice striking the eyes of brides and grooms. As it is too much to expect the public not to be silly in some way on such occasions, proper confetti are to be used instead of rice, and the survival of an absurd custom will at least be free from the element of danger.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Danahoe's Magazine for October has for its initial article a paper on the Irish Play and the English Stage, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. There is an interesting article on the leading men in Canadian public life, from the pen of Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D. The article gives portraits and critical estimates of more than a dozen prominent Canadian Liberals and Conservatives. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's "Leaders of Men" is brought to a close with a resume of the characters of notable men of the present generation. Among them she treats of El Mahdi, "Chinese Gordon," Bismarck, Gladstone, Lincoln, O'Connell, Stambukoff, Father Damien, Stevenson, Castelar and Cavour. Mgr. Charles de Harlez essay on Buddhism versus Christianity is condensed in this issue. Other features are Bernard Morgan's "The Modern Conclave," "Great Talkers," also illustrated, from the pen of Jessie Boyle O'Reilly, another gifted daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, "The Atlanta Exposition," by De Sales Doman, and "The Catholic Winter School of America" by C. F. O'Leary, both good articles, handsomely illustrated; "A Chapter of Anecdotes," with portraits, by M. E. Hennessey. The poetry, fiction, and illustration are as usual very attractive, and the editorial matter is especially good.

The story of the making of a pair of equestrian statues of Lincoln and Grant appears in McClure's Magazine for October, where Cleveland Moffett describes the long and patient labors of the artists O'Donovan and Eakins. A description is also given of the work of the founders in casting the models in bronze; and a succession of pictures, from special photographs, exhibits the entire operation of modelling and casting. A grand-nephew of the poet Keats, John Gilmer Speed, takes note, in the same number, of the centenary of the poet's birth, in a paper written from original letters and manuscripts in his possession. James R. Gilman ("Edmund Kirke") tells how the office of the New York Tribune was arranged against the mob that assailed it at the time of the New York draft riots. Another newspaper article written largely from personal experience is Mr. James Creelman's account of the London Times, and its development, character and policy under the mentorship of three succeeding John Walters. The quality of personal experience gives special value also to a paper by Theodore Roosevelt, on the closing of New York saloons on Sunday. McClure's is no less notable on the imaginative side, including new stories by Anthony Hope, Robert Louis Stevenson, Ian MacLaren and Stanley J. Weyman and a poem by Mrs. T. H. Huxley.

Who Owns The \$5000?

A young man who died a few days ago was so methodical in his business ways that it was frequently remarked upon by his acquaintances. He was able to pay his bills and he was so prompt in this respect that it was a pleasure to deal with him. Yet when he died an insurance policy for \$5000 that had been taken out months before was in the agents desk unopened and the premium unpaid. His friends did not know that he had applied for the policy, until they heard it after his death and now they are speculating as to its value, whether the company is liable for the amount of the policy. There is no doubt that the applicant was able to pay his premium and it is equally certain that if the agent had wanted to collect the amount by the ordinary means he could have done so. Whether the fact of his not having done so makes the policy worthless is worth thinking about and the incident may be a lesson to some applicants for insurance who are careless about taking delivery of their policies.

Death of Master Barnaby.

Bright little Jack Barnaby died from his injuries on Thursday, after nine days of unconsciousness. Happily he did not suffer though the time was a trying one for the loving hands that nursed him. The cordial sympathy of very many friends is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby in their trouble.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

If I could see you love to night, If but a little while; The rose that ebb'd itself to sleep, Would waken up and smile, - Would laugh again in glee; If you were here to take my hand And tell your heart to me. If I could see you love to night, The sweet celestial story; My soul would clothe in splendent robes, Transformed for realms of glory, The winds that cry where surges swell, And make such moaning wester; Would sing the songs we loved so well, When we were friends together. If I could see you love to night, Words once you loved to say; Would flash your snow and tell me true, How sweet it was that day. Oh I would hold you fast my love In one dear dream of bliss; And never break from my soul The rapture of your kiss. If I could see you love to night, And on your glad eyes fell That sweet delicious dream of joy, That deep mysterious spell; I soul and spirit longing found, True happiness and peace; 'Tis not to press you to my heart Where I've sate me so release. If I could see you love to night, No star that ever shone; Could bring the joy that would be mine, To be with you alone. For while your warm heart beats in truth, Life still holds all its charms; And hope's immortal fruit would be, To die love in your arms. CYRUS GOLDIE. Silver Sands, Restigouche 1894.

When Love Lies Dead. The sun has kissed the morn to rosy hue His rays have drunk each dewy cup of dew, And over all the world his light has spread, What matter this—Love lies dead? The sky is filled with woodroos, glorious light, Bare it were known to greet the sun derv's sight; Sweet buttercups and roses, white and red, What matter this—Love lies dead? The twilight hours have come, and over all The somber shades of darkness creep and fall; Another day has gone, her glories fled, What matter this—Love lies dead? What matter if the world be bright or dreary; What matter if the hours fair or weary; What matter if the day and night are sped, What matter all—Love lies dead? —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Kiss. Sweet Phyllis, one bright summer day, Upon a rose a kiss impressed; A butterfly which chanced that way In turn the hushing bud caressed. It stole the kiss and straightaway flew, Oh, sick at heart! it is a glide, And there, upon a violet blue, In ecstasy the kiss is laid. The zephyr, sighing through the trees, The flower's tender fragrance slips; The kiss is wafted on the breeze, And finds a home upon my lips. And now, whenever your face I see, I feel oppressed by weight of debt, To think I've kept your kiss with me So long, and not returned it yet. It has deprived me of my bliss— Has caused my throbbing heart to burn; So with compound interest shall return. —Boston Traveller.

If In His Kingdom. A soul's free came trembling through the night, And stood, all naked, in the judgment light. "Alas!" she said, "so pressed with life was I No space I found to teach me how to die. Unhappily I came; I was so full of care No time had I for pause or for prayer. I dwell where men were in such evil case Their weeping eyes still held me to my place. Nor did I heed my garments' fret and stain, If I might a little ease their pain. And scarce my thought from haunting care could stray To say at morn, 'Ah, Lord! another day.' But flying still, and followed hard by fear, I loved and toiled, and waked to find me here!" Then round the naked soul the judgment light Grew, like a lily's bloom, to garments white; And a new dawn of rapture as I surprise Shone through in the doubt and sorrow of her eyes. As a voice whispered, "Since thou didst not fear To drink my cup on earth, come share it here!" And, smiling on a face, unknown till now, She cried, exulting, "Master! it is thou!" —Emily Huntington Miller.

In a Rose Garden. A hundred years from now, dear heart, We will not care as all, It will not matter then a whit, The honey or the gall. The summer day that we have known Will all forgotten be as if I saw; The garden will be overgrown Where now the roses fall. A hundred years from now, dear heart, We will not mind the pain, The throbbing crimson tide of life Will not have left a stain. The song we sang together dear, Will mean no more than means a tear Amid a summer rain. A hundred years from now, dear heart, The grief will all be o'er; The sea of care will surge in vain Upon a careless shore. The glasses we turn down today Here at the parting of the way; We will be witness then as they, And will not mind a more. A hundred years from now, dear heart, We'll neither know nor care What came of all life's bitterness Or followed love's despair. Then fill the glasses up again, And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain; We'll build one castle more in Spain, And dream one more dream there. —John Bennett.

Luxuries in Labrador. In spite of latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlewberry and bakesapple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor unequalled by the cultivated varieties; marshberries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire teaberries, with a flavor like some rare perfume and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squasberries, pearberries, and curlewberries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Esquimaux; and, lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bakesapple.

These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hillsides, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow at maturity. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heading it up tightly in casks or barrels.—Ouing.

SAVED WITH A LARIAT. Rescued From Drowning by a Rope's Skill in Throwing the Rope's "You were asking me a while ago about the lariat and its uses," said a Western man, "and it reminds me of a time on one occasion when it served an excellent purpose as a life preserver."

"It isn't always used for that, is it?" "Well, no," laughed the Westerner, "I've seen it do prompt service when there was no other rope handy and the boss thief was on the loose. This time was different," he went on. "I know, because I was the one preserved. We were up in the canon country looking for some cattie, and one of the boys and I had gone off the trail to a stream to take a bath, as you might call it in the East, for it was hotter than blaz and shade was not plentiful. We went into the water some distance above a turbulent rapid and a waterfall of twenty-five or thirty feet, and as we didn't go to swim so much as to get cool, we needed was enough water to cover us, and that's all my companion took."

"I was, however, more ambitious, and having been a fine swimmer when I was in the East, I thought I would branch out a bit. I was soon branching out extensively and the first thing I knew the swift waters caught me and down I went toward the fall. I tried to pull for the shore, but it was no good, and then I set up a yell that made the canon echo, and my partner came after me along the shore. I was fifty feet out in the stream, struggling, and there wasn't any more sign of salvation for me than if I had been in mid-ocean. "Then I kept going, whirled and turned upside down and fired around promiscuously, until about a hundred yards above the final fall I caught on a rock. It was just high enough to keep my head out of water, and I hung to it until my finger nails seemed to be embedded in it. My partner at this juncture showed the kind of a fellow he was in an emergency, for he appeared on shore with our two lariats tied together, and just as I was about to let go and be smashed on the rocks below, he swung that lariat as cool as he ever did from the back of his mustang, and it dropped square over my head. The rest of it I am not very conscious of, because by the time he had pulled me ashore by the neck I was about as near hung as I ever want to be, but he brought me around all right in the course of half an hour or so, and I was quite as good as new again."

"That was a narrow escape." "And that was an odd fellow who saved me," added the Westerner, "for he was so mad about the scare I had given him that I'll be blamed if he didn't turn to be before the day was over and giving me the worst licking I ever got in my life for scaring him so."—Washington Star.

The Needs of Life.

To work well, eat well, and sleep well. Is not this what every man and woman desires to be able to do? Without this ability, life is robbed of enjoyment and becomes a tiresome round of labor. The use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic by those who suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, nervous trouble, dyspepsia, or a generally worn out condition, speedily restores them to the state of health described in the first sentence. They can work well, eat well, sleep well. In a word they are restored to perfect health. The grateful testimony of a great host of persons who have been thus restored is clear evidence, that of all remedies for the cure of stomach troubles, the building up of new rich blood, the restoration of nerve tissue and the stimulating and invigorating of the whole system there is none so equal Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

They are Showy.

Two women were buying a hat. Said one of them in despair, "I do wish I could get something to wear on my head that would be showy and yet not cost a fortune." "Get a few gray hairs," suggested the other woman. "They are the most showy things I know of. They stand farther out and can be seen a greater distance off than anything you can purchase by way of ornament. Just ask anybody who has a few and tries to hide them."—Phila. Times.

Trees in London Highways.

The number of trees growing in the public highways of the city of London is found to be 14,700. These are on the public highways alone, and not in the parks.

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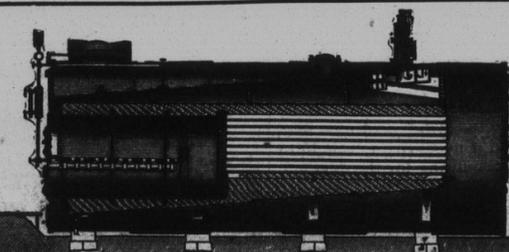
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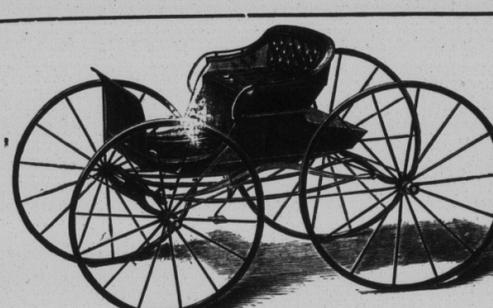
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J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John. Just as predicted last week there is a lull in social circles... Stephen and Mr. Hadley V. Cooper of this city was announced recently... Mrs. John Black has returned to St. Stephen after a visit to friends here... The Misses Nickerson have returned to their home in Annapolis after a visit to friends here... Mrs. Annie Parks is home from Montreal on a visit... Mrs. Beverly of C. Lab has been visiting her sister Mrs. E. W. Elliot lately... Mrs. Duke, who has been visiting at Roling Dam, returned home last week... Mrs. G. A. Murphy of St. Stephen and Miss Ryan were here last week... Mrs. Bert Parsons of Florida and his sister, of Windsor, N. S. spent a part of last week in St. John... Mrs. E. W. Howard, who has been visiting some time with her father, Rev. Dr. Stearns of Westmontown, Pa., returned so late last week... Miss Dora Crease, who has been visiting in Middleton, N. S., returned to the city last Saturday... Mrs. E. Hopper of Leinster street is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Loyal Swallow, China... Mr. Edmund Burke of Douglas avenue went to Fredericton this week to resume his studies at the university... Miss Atkins of Keenville and Miss Maudie Tighe of Amherst were here for a few days this week... Mr. F. A. Peters and family of Westfield have taken rooms at the Clifton for the winter... The announcement of the death of Mrs. G. Sidney Smith, which occurred on Monday evening after several weeks illness, was received with universal regret and the surviving members of the family have the sympathy of friends... Mrs. Charles Campbell of Weymouth, N. S. was here for a day or two this week... Mr. Thomas Boyd of Boston is spending a few days in the city... The Misses Monk of London were among the city's visitors this week... Miss Jennie Hoop accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. J. H. Hoop, returned to her home in Truro on Monday... Miss Olivia Wright has returned to her home in Digby, after a visit here... Miss Mabel McPhee of Fredericton returned home last Monday after spending two weeks with north end relatives... Mrs. E. McLeod and family of Demerara are staying in the city... Mr. E. Elersham of Digby spent a few days here lately... Miss Anna Cody went to Houlton, Me., this week and will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. McParland... Hon. C. E. and Mrs. Littlefield and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Crockett of Rockland, Me., who are taking a trip through New Brunswick were here the first of the week... Mr. Irwin Logan, formerly of St. John is in the city on a visit; he returns to Boston this week... Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Weston of Chatham spent a part of their honeymoon in the city... Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Maynard of Ottawa paid a brief visit to the city this week... Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sallis are visiting Mrs. Sallis father, Mr. John Morrison, Paradise row... Miss Parry, late of the G. P. H. has gone to Minneapolis where she has obtained a good position in one of the hospitals. Her St. John friends will be pleased to hear of her success... Mr. and Mrs. W. W. and her sister, Miss Lydia Morrison are in New York visiting their brother, Mr. G. W. Morrison... Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Skillings of Boston spent a short time in the city this week... Archibald Brigstocke moved into the new Trinity rectory this week, and is comfortably settled... Mr. J. F. Sharp, Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Sharp of Birmingham, England, who have many relatives here and in Carleton are staying in the city... Miss Etta Black who has been visiting city friends returned to her home in Fredericton... The Misses Burgess of Sheffield Mills, N. S. who have been visiting Mrs. Charles Leitch, went home this week... Mrs. Spears and her son who have been visiting city friends went home this week... Mr. and Mrs. P. Brennan returned on Saturday last from their bridal tour, and have taken up their residence on Winter street... Mrs. Brennan was formerly Miss Connelley of St. Stephen, and has a large number of friends here who will welcome her to St. John... Miss Kate McNamara of Parrsboro who spent several weeks here lately has returned home... Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley went to St. Stephen the first of the week... Mr. N. H. Upham has returned to Parrsboro after a visit to his mother here... The marriage was solemnized on Wednesday morning in Trinity church, of Miss May Jeannette Leonard and Mr. William B. Marter; the ceremony was performed at 6 a. m. by Rev. Mr. Estabrook. The bride who was given away by her father Mr. Robert J. Leonard wore a beautiful white satin dress and a small white feather bonnet. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the residence of Captain Leonard and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Marter left on a wedding trip to the United States... A pretty but quiet wedding took place at the residence of the groom's sister, Mrs. John Bell, Sewell street on Wednesday evening, Rev. W. O. Raymond officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. Edward Purchase and Miss Maggie A. Boyd, daughter of Mr. Wm. Boyd of Rothesay. The bride who was becomingly attired in a pretty suit of navy blue cloth was attended by little Miss Hazel Bell who wore a pretty satin dress; after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Purchase received the congratulations of those present and refreshments were served. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents... Misses McNeil and Connolly of Moncton who spent last week as guests of Mrs. John Flood, Duke street went home Monday afternoon... Miss Brennan of Hillsborough, N. J., is visiting St. John and is the guest of her cousin, Miss Brennan of Fairville... Mrs. John C. Winslow of Woodstock is visiting friends in the city... Mrs. Clarence Tremaine of Amherst who has been here visiting her sister, went home last week... Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary went home to...

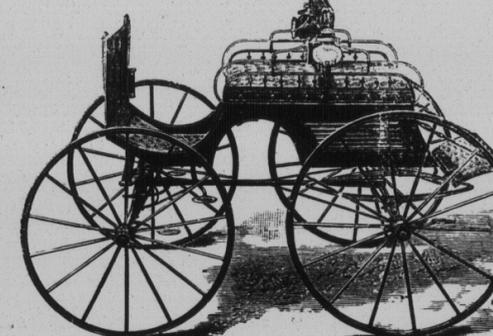
"Sickness sits cowered in his hollow eye." That is the Dyspeptic. He is very foolish to let it stay there; he should use JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF, the great strength-giver, and get himself into good condition again. A food specially adapted to weak stomachs because so easily digested.



AN OPEN BANGOR.

A NOBBY TURN OUT

One of the many styles made in the Edgecombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER

English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS IT GIVES RESULTS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Pages and Special Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

There is for sale in Halifax at the following:

- W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street

Last week was a very gay one indeed, and I hear that there is every prospect of a gay winter; I am told that some of the most brilliant of the season have all our gay life in the city; we have had both a gay and winter and indeed it is pretty generally agreed that Halifax is one of the gayest cities on the continent all the year round.

Last week witnessed several tea two dances, numerous theatre parties, several dinners and the King's regiment sports on the Garrison grounds. On Wednesday evening Mrs. J. F. Kenny gave a dinner-dance—a form of entertainment that is now very fashionable everywhere. The dance was not large neither was the dinner preceding it, but both were pretty and perfect in all the arrangements. Mrs. Kenny was beautifully served as was also her sister Miss Howard. There were only forty people at the dance so that there was plenty of space and everybody danced. Supper was served in the dining room and the dancers left about midnight. Everything was done in the simplest and most charming manner and everything elaborate was tabooed.

On Thursday Mrs. Enkine gave a dance at Admiralty house, principally for the enjoyment of the "Misses." It was a pretty party, it is suitably managed, and is enjoyed by everyone. Mrs. Enkine who is a sister of the late Mrs. Enkine, assisted in receiving her sister Miss Constable; some lovely gowns were worn the prettiest being white and chite silk now the correct material for ball dresses; dancing was in the large dining room the smallest one being used for supper; the decorations and flowers were very pretty and there was plenty of cozy places for those who preferred sitting out to dancing. The band played well, very pretty if not specially new waltzes having been chosen.

The people older and more important than the band had two evenings, all to themselves last week as two very pretty dinners of sixteen and twenty guests respectively were given. At the first the table was beautifully decked with yellow silk and pale autumn leaves—no flowers being used; the cards in the pockets were pink, blue, color and were most becoming. The autumn teas have already begun and two very pleasant little gatherings took place last week. On Tuesday evening persons were here there and every where to see the capture and defence of the tower; I hear the stay at home had the best of it as there were some hardships attached to a picnic luncheon which was given in a nicely sheltered place.

The weather was most propitious for the King's regiment at a Friday afternoon the right and the sports good. Every body was there of course the ladies looking smart in new autumn togethery. Some were in dresses that regretted it before the day was over as the sun vanished after four o'clock and they looked cold. Excellent tea was served in a tent and was much appreciated for the guests had been standing around or walking about till the tea, coffee, and delicous little cakes, which are a feature of the King's regiment teas, were very acceptable. Colonel Stone made an excellent host and was ably seconded by the officers.

After the sports most of the guests hastened home for a little rest before going to a revival of "M. M. S. Pinetree," at the academy. The house was crowded and there were any number of the tea parties, and a very fashionable and beautifully gowned audience. The familiar music took many back to years ago when the academy was new and "Pinetree" the great sensation of the hour. The stage was beautifully set and everything went with a snap. One solo gave an excellent opportunity for which he was, very justly, enthusiastically cheered. The great event of the present week is the ball by Capt. Powell and the officers of the Crescent. When the invitations were first sent out it was intended to be held at the Commissioners house; the Dockyard; but that proved to be too small for the number invited so notices were sent to all that it would be held in the masonic hall instead. There is only one drawback and that is there will be no sitting out places outside, though no doubt mothers and chaperones will rejoice over this as in these cool evenings it is scarcely safe to go from a heated ball room to the open air.

Capt. Semmlin who was stationed here some years ago with the Leicestershire regiment is to take Major Watson's place some time next month. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Paynter are expected to arrive today tomorrow. Miss Anna Stairs is also expected. She has been visiting in England for more than a year.

ANTIGONISH.

[Progress is for sale in Antigonish at I. R. McIlroy & Co's book store. Oct. 9.—Mrs. E. A. Brown and son of Wolfville are visiting Mrs. J. A. Kirk. Mrs. Forbes, Sydney, is visiting her father Mr. J. MacMillan. Mrs. John O'Brien gave a five o'clock tea last Tuesday. Mrs. A. MacGillivray gave a musicale on Thursday evening. The guests were, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Leahy, Mrs. C. E. Gregory, Prof. Ferrigan, and Dr. Thompson. Dr. and Mrs. Cameron and Miss Leahy drove to Country harbor to be absent a few days. Messrs. Campbell and Falconer of Sydney were in town last Friday. Tuesday evening of this week the Casino band gave a concert in MacDonal's hall. They were ably assisted by Mrs. E. Bissett and Mrs. Wheeler, and by Messrs. Walker and Hemming of the Hazel Hill staff. After the concert a reception was tendered them by the young men of Antigonish and dancing was kept up until a late hour. FANCY. SYDNEY. [Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKinnon and G. J. McKinnon. Oct. 8.—Miss Pearson and Miss Cameron left for New York this morning. Miss Ingraham and Miss MacGillivray are spending a few weeks at Escoum. Miss Woodill left for Boston this morning to attend the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Chaloner LeCras is visiting his home in Sydney. The Misses Brown of Sydney Mines are spending a few days in Sydney. Mrs. I. M. Boyd of England is at the "Sydney." Mr. Herbert Rowley left for St. George Saturday. W. A. G. Hill, L. L. B., and bride returned from Halifax last week. CHEERFUL RITES. SEBBROOKE. Oct 8.—Mr. Donald McLean and Mrs. McLean who have been spending a few days in Halifax returned home Friday. Miss Johnston of Bonora spent Sunday here with a friend Miss Decker. Doctor Falconer and Mrs. Falconer spent last night in Hopewell.

RIGBY! The Only Perfect Waterproof. The only Waterproof that is porous and does not confine the moisture of your body. POROUS! WATERPROOF! DRY! and COMFORTABLE. Made in Ladies' Dresses and Cloaks, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Bicycle Suits, Coachmen's Livery Overcoats, and sold by the yard for all purposes mentioned. An ordinary cloth or tweed made waterproof by the Rigby process, without changing its appearance, feeling, color, weight or texture. Porous, Waterproof and Odorless.

Miss Campbell left this morning for Toronto, where she will visit her sister Mrs. Fraser. Miss Falconer entertained a number of her young friends Tuesday evening. Mrs. McDaniel and her little son master Freddie left this week for Toronto. Miss Beatrice Suttis and Miss Lizzie Miller went to Melrose Friday morning on their bicycles, a very long and pleasant ride. They returned in the afternoon and report having spent a very pleasant day. Miss Emma McMillan is visiting friends in South River. Miss Jean Murdoch who has been spending a few days in Halifax, has returned. Mrs. John H. McDonald has returned home after a very pleasant visit with friends in Ficton. Mr. Howe has returned to town after a four weeks absence. SARA GRAY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. Oct 8.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Townsend have taken "Sunshine" cottage and will spend the winter here. Miss Edna Wright has gone to Boston to enter the training school for nurses. Mr. Harry Jones has returned from a vacation trip. Miss Maud Mumford spent some days in Halifax recently. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald D. King of Windsor are visiting Mrs. H. B. Allen. Rev. Mr. Harley has gone on a vacation, his brother Rev. A. Harley conducts services at Holy Trinity in absence of the pastor. Mr. Digby Russell and family leave the last of the week for their home in Brooklyn, N. Y. The many friends here of the late Byron G. Taylor were shocked to hear of his untimely death last week. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor usually spend the summer months here and made many friends who deeply sympathize with the widow, mother and father of the deceased, in their bereavement. Mr. and Mrs. J. Walsh have returned from Woodstock. Miss Olivia Wright has returned from a visit in St. John. Mrs. Field and children have returned to Boston. Mrs. Peters has returned from a visit among friends in the United States. Mrs. Crossall of Halifax is visiting her sister Mrs. Lynch. Miss Keele of Halifax is the guest of Miss Helen and Joe Brown. Miss Gertrude Oliver is visiting in Annapolis. Miss McPherson has returned to her home in P. E. I. The marriage of Mr. Nelson Turnbull, station agent here, and Miss May Holdsworth takes place tomorrow a. m. in Holy Trinity church. Mrs. Henry Dakin has gone to Boston for a few weeks. I hear of another wedding to take place soon, when one of our young business men, will bring his bride from New Brunswick to reside here. Miss Henriette Dakin has returned to Windsor. Miss O. K. and Miss Forsyth are visiting in St. John. Mrs. Bostwick of St. John has been spending some days here, guest of Mrs. DeBalthard. Rev. Mr. Osborne, Mrs. Osborne and family have returned to New Jersey. I hear it is the Rev. gentleman's intention to erect a summer residence in Digby. Dr. Robinson of Annapolis was in town Monday. Mr. Totten who annually passes his vacation in Digby has gone back to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Munroe spent Sunday in Weymouth. Miss G. B. Moody of Yarmouth was in town Monday. Mrs. (Dr.) Baker formerly Miss Nellie Ambrose passed through here last week on her way to her home in Jersey city, from Halifax, where she had been visiting her parents Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ambrose. JULIETTE.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell. Oct. 9.—Mrs. John Mowatt gave a bright afternoon tea last Wednesday, at her home on Havenlock street, for her sister, Mrs. Robert Ross of St. Stephen. The weather was exceptionally fine, and a large number of guests were present. The hostess assisted her pleasant duties by Miss Munro and Miss West. Among the many guests were Mrs. J. B. Gass, Mrs. C. W. Moore, Mrs. (Dr.) Black, Mrs. Fred Robb, Mrs. Crocker, St. Stephen, Mrs. C. S. Cameron, Mrs. Davison, Halifax, Mrs. A. D. Ross, Mrs. Stanley Sutherland, Mrs. A. D. Chapman and Mrs. Ernest Phelan. Another pleasant five o'clock tea was given by Mrs. Stanley Sutherland, at her home on Gerard avenue, on Tuesday. The weather was rather out of keeping for very fine weather, but the ladies managed to look well, and above all, to fully enjoy all things offered by the hostess. Among the guests were Mrs. (C. W. Moore, Mrs. Clarence Trueman, Mrs. J. B. Gass, Mrs. A. D. Ross, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Ross, St. Stephen, Mrs. J. K. Morrison, Mrs. T. N. Campbell, Misses Greenwood, Miss Spencer, Mrs. Bell, Miss Sutherland, Miss West and Miss Irvine assisted Mrs. Sutherland in serving tea. Another large tea, which, without doubt, will be a very pleasant event, will be given by Mrs. George Cole, at her home on Eddy street, this [Wednesday] afternoon. Mrs. Davison of Halifax is visiting her friend, Mrs. C. S. Cameron, Victoria street. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson returned home on Friday, from a visit to St. John. Mrs. D. W. Douglas came home on Friday, after a short visit to friends in Dorchester. Mrs. Crocker, of St. Stephen, is visiting Mrs. F. B. Robb, Havenlock street. Miss Phoebe Tighe has returned from a visit to her friend, Miss Tighe, in Kenilworth. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Curvey of Bridgetown, are the guests of Mrs. Curvey's mother, Mrs. Moses Lowe, Church street. Mrs. James Brown and daughter, Miss May Brown, returned on Friday evening from Sydney,

C. B., where they have been spending the summer with Mr. Brown. Mrs. R. Dunlop has returned home from a trip through the Annapolis valley. Miss Emma Ayer of Sackville visited her aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Ayer, on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, our newest bride and groom, appeared out on Sunday, at St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, at the morning service, and at Christ church in the evening. The bride's gown was of a pretty shade of lawn cloth, trimmed with brown velvet, with hat to match. Miss Deak of Springhill is her guest, and is assisting her in receiving her bride's visits at her home on Laplace street. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robb and Mr. J. H. Crocker enjoyed a pleasant drive to Springhill on Monday. Mrs. Clarence Trueman returned home from St. John on Monday, where she has been visiting her sister. Miss Annie Parker, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. Parker, Crescent avenue, returned to her duties in Boston on Saturday. Rev. Mr. McMillan of Sydney, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church on Sunday. He was the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Sterne while in town. Miss Beattie Hickman went to Boston Saturday, for a visit to friends. Miss Leslie Deacon of Mt. Allison, was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Williams, at the Methodist parsonage, over Sunday. Miss Deacon sang two solos at the services in the Methodist church on Sunday, which were redreced in her usual style. A very enjoyable tea party was given by Miss Helen Ripps last Wednesday evening, for her friend, Miss Ann Parker of Boston. Quite a large number of guests were present, who enjoyed themselves after the usual order of such events. The ladies of the Methodist congregation are holding a goose supper in the basement of their church this [Wednesday] evening. The proceeds are to be devoted to paying off the debt on the church. PUGWASH. Oct. 10.—Miss Ella Kennedy is quite ill again. Quite a number of the young people were entertained last Wednesday evening at Mrs. D. Macaulay's to a progressive whist party given by Miss Ester Macaulay. The evening was most enjoyable one, the ladies prize was won by Miss Annie Bent and gentleman's by Mr. A. F. Macaulay. The ladies booty prize was won by Mr. C. H. Black. Among the guests were: Miss Ada McLeod, Miss A. McLean, Truro, Miss Martha Yeaman, Miss Annie Bent, Messrs. J. McE. Fraser, A. F. Macaulay, F. M. Brown, G. H. Black, Mr. Ester. Miss Maud Bent spent a few days in River Philip last week visiting friends. Miss Ida Dennison and Miss E. M. McLean left for Boston on Tuesday. A number of the young folks were entertained at Mrs. F. M. Clay's on Monday evening, on Wednesday. Mrs. McNeil left for Franklin, Mass., on Wednesday. FARRBORO. [Progress is for sale at Farrboro Book Store] Oct. 10.—Among those who went to St. John last week were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Whiston, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Young, Mrs. J. Kirkpatrick, Messrs. J. H. and W. Gillies, and Mr. Dalzell. Mr. and Mrs. Newell Corbett and children arrived not long since from Shelburne to pay a visit to their relatives here on their way to their home in Quebec. Mr. Cox who has been Rev. S. Gibbon's assistant for three months returned last week to King's college. Mr. N. H. Upham returned on Friday from a visit to her mother in St. John. Mr. Fred Corbett and Mr. Frank Gillespie who has been at school for the holidays left on Thursday for their respective colleges, McGill and Baltimore medical college. Miss Maud Corbett is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Ella Alkman has returned to Boston. Miss Hattie Hatfield has gone for a visit to Lowell, Mass. Mr. B. F. Young invited a few gentlemen to a hunt party last week; they were absent from Tuesday until Friday, bagged a quantity of small game and had a very enjoyable time. Among the party were Dr. Townsend, Dr. Douglas, Amherst, Capt. Norbury, Mr. D. F. Young and Mr. A. E. McLeod. Mr. Crighton of Halifax was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth last week. Mrs. McDonald of Truro who has been visiting Mrs. S. K. Homes took her departure today. Mrs. Cecil Parsons and children returned to Springhill on Monday of last week. Miss Mary Woodworth went to Springhill on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Parsons. Miss Kate McNamara is back from a visit of several weeks in St. John. Mrs. Carroll has returned from New York where she has been for some time staying with her son. The Epworth League entertained the members of the Christian Endeavour and others in Smith's hall one evening recently. Mrs. Eville has gone to Windsor where he will spend the winter in an interesting event on Wednesday. Miss Fannie Ryan is back from a visit to the country, accompanied by Miss Brady. WINDSOR. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles book store and by F. W. Dakin. Oct. 9.—Dr. and Mrs. Frank Ryan arrived home on Saturday, after a short visit to Dr. Ryan's mother in Sussex. Mrs. Guy Hart of Halifax returned home on Saturday after a prolonged stay at Fairfield. Mrs. Curry of Gerrish Hill accompanied her. Mrs. Clarence Dimock is home again from St.

John, after spending some time with Dr. and Moses Bayard, Germain street. Mr. and Mrs. C. de W. Smith have returned from a trip to St. John. The Rev. D. W. C. Dimock and his daughter Mrs. Olive Cummings of Truro, made a short visit to their friend, Mrs. Dimock of Claremont, lately. Mrs. Locke, who has spent some months with her daughter, Mrs. Jamieson, returned to Halifax today. Miss Thom of Quebec is visiting her sister, Mrs' Wilcox. Mr. E. J. Cochran of the People's bank has returned from a trip to Montreal. Saturday being the monthly Edgill holiday, our little town looked very much alive and brightened by several glib faces. Several gay parties were entertained at the different houses until nine o'clock the usual breaking up time. The boys of the Collegiate school made a goodly showing as well, and certainly they are a band to be proud of. I believe the number is very large this year quite exceeding that of former years. Rev. Chas. Abbott and bride made a little stay in Windsor on route to his parish at Sydney, C. B. Mr. and Mrs. H. Blanchard and Miss Blanchard have returned from Cape Breton. I am glad to see Mr. Regis Lawson with an arm and shoulder in the hospital with his parents; Mr. Arthur Lawson has gone to Boston, where he will spend his holidays. TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co. Oct. 9.—Miss Ida Campbell Dalhousie, N. S. is a guest of Mrs. H. T. Harding. Miss Fures who has been visiting Mrs. A. C. B. Frost at "High Elm" left for her home in C. B. last Monday; she was accompanied by Mrs. Page who will visit her, and other friends in Sydney. A church wedding always attracts a large crowd, Mrs. Cummings was waiting for the bride, the bride's gown was of a very rich material, the bride's hair was styled in the latest fashion, and the bride's train was of a very rich material, and the bride's veil was of a very rich material, and the bride's shoes were of a very rich material, and the bride's gloves were of a very rich material, and the bride's jewelry was of a very rich material, and the bride's hair was of a very rich material, and the bride's eyes were of a very rich material, and the bride's lips were of a very rich material, and the bride's cheeks were of a very rich material, and the bride's hands were of a very rich material, and the bride's feet were of a very rich material, and the bride's fingers were of a very rich material, and the bride's toes were of a very rich material, and the bride's nails were of a very rich material, and the bride's hair was of a very rich material, and the bride's eyes were of a very rich 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Cakes and Co's

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They are the finest, with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated.

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PHYSICIANS' every attention.

EXPRESS CO.

Forwarders, Shipping, on House Brokers,

Money and Packages of Notes, Drafts, Accounts, O. D.) throughout the Do-

in connection with the for- Britain and the continent. Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec



Mrs. May Johnson

Ayer's Pills

I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS

MONOTON.

[Progress is for sale in Monoton at the Monoton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and at Jones Bookstore.]

Oct. 9.—The young ladies of St. George's Junior Guild are holding a raffle and fancy sale in Victoria rink this week, their object being to raise funds for a new Sunday school house, as the present structure is in a state of positive dereliction.

To night a number of young ladies will present a cavalry drill, while members of the sterner sex engage in a ball trimming contest, thus reversing the usual order of things.

The risk is very beautifully decorated by the skillful hands of members of the guild and their friends, the fancy work booth which is largely the work of Mrs. G. W. Daniel, the art booth under the direction of Mrs. George C. Pick and the craft and

Mrs. H. A. Borden returned on Saturday from a three weeks visit to relatives in Nova Scotia. Rev. Thomas Hinch and Mrs. Hinch of Alberton, P. E. Island are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bell of Church street.

Mrs. and Miss Chapman, returned on Friday from three days visit to St. John. Mr. Fred Robertson of the General Passenger Agent's office, C. E., who has been spending a week in P. E. Island and North Sydney returned on Saturday.

Lieut. W. E. Cooke of Kingston, Ont., who has been spending a week or two at his home in Monoton, returned to his duties at Kingston, last week.

Miss Peck of Hopewell Hill who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark of Church street returned home yesterday.

Congratulations are being read to Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Smith upon the arrival of a small but most important addition to their family circle.

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Sunlight Soap

is made in a twin bar (as shown above) for the sake of convenience; it is made of pure materials for the sake of quality; it is made by our peculiar processes for the sake of effectiveness (doing its work easily); it is made at the largest soap works in the world for the sake of supplying the largest demand in the world; it is used everywhere for the sake of

Less Labor Greater Comfort

For every 12 wrappers sent to us we will send you a copy of our new book 'The Sunlight Soap'.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Miss Maud Maxwell has returned from a pleasant visit to relatives in B. I. Mr. G. H. Clarke was summoned by telegram to St. John on Wednesday by the sudden death of his brother Mr. Frank Clarke who has been an invalid for many years and who has been visiting in St. John for several weeks for the benefit of his health.

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SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

THE QUESTION WILL IT WEAR? NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF ROGERS BROS.

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

asked for itself a wide spread reputation for its sterling quality and for its perfect finish.

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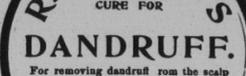
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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.



RAMSDELL'S DANDRUFF. CURE FOR

For removing dandruff from the scalp in gray or faded hair to original color it shall give the world to produce (equal).

MANUFACTURED AT 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.



Pacific Express

ralo, leaving St. John at 4:06 p.m., standard time week days only, is due in Montreal at 8:30 p.m. in season to connect for Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, O'awa and Winnipeg, the West, North West and the Pacific Coast.

Solid train, including First-class and Colon and Sleepers to Montreal without charge. Dining Car to Brownville, etc. For tickets and other information enquire Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, General Agent, Montreal. A. H. NOTMAN, District Agent, St. John, N. B.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King George, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at

CROCKETT'S, Co., Princess and Sydney Streets

Partnership Notice.

The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Herriott, Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, continue the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1896, (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six). Dated this twenty-seventh day of June A. D. 1895. J. F. MERRITT, G. WETMORE MERRITT, W. M. TURNBULL.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. Three Trips a Week ...FOR... BOSTON

Commencing Sept 11th the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 Standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 8 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.

Connection made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. G. E. LAYBELL, Agent.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Monday, Sept. 23rd, the steamer 'Clifton' will change her sailings. She will leave Eastport every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 a. m., and returning will leave 12 noon same days at 8 p. m.

Progress Print

FOR QUICK, NEAT AND READABLE

Ontario Business College, 37th Year. Most widely attended in America. Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont. J. & J. D. HOWE, MANUFACTURERS OF CABINET FURNITURE

Side Boards, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Office Desks, etc., made to order. Wood Mouldings and Over Mantels in Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Walnut.

Designs made and necessary information furnished upon application. Warehouses: 88 Germain Street. Factory: East End of Union Street. ST. JOHN, N. B.

A CHANGE IN TRURO, N. S. OFFICES TO LET in Black's Brick Block suitable for doctor, lawyer, dentist, etc. Also one store left in same block, very suitable wholesale or retail dry goods, hardware, furniture, etc. Apply to BLACK & CO., Truro, N. S. Wholesale Grocers.

SHARPS BALSAM OF GINGER AND ANISEL. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, GALT HOUSE, N. B.

Let the grapes be ever so sweet, and have in plenty ever so low, there is always a fair bunch out of reach.—A. D. T. Whitney.

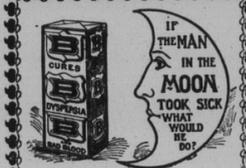
Why suffer from weak nerves, want of appetite, and general debility, setting the loss of sleep and rest in the system, and thin the blood? It is the duty of the medical faculty in cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially indicated to children, and delicate females, and to business men, students, and to those who have much brain work to do. We would say, "Never be without it." It will strengthen you, keep your system in regular order, and enable you to successfully grapple with your work you have to do. It is pleasant to the taste and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrup & Lyman, Toronto, and we are sure you will be satisfied that it has full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

"I wish I had only had your 'Chances,' said a poor man to a rich friend, 'Why I picked them up after you had passed them by,'" answered the friend.—E. Scott O'Connor.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blood-purifier admitted to be placed on an exhibition.

A variety dealer in a town in Ulster announces he was as follows: "Blind, Blackbills, and Boston, Treasurers, Tax and Treasole, Godly Books, and Godly Sold Here."

To remove the constipated habit the only safe treatment, is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.



Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters as all sensible people do because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Eruptions, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

Mr. George Birchall who has been confined to the house for several weeks with a severe attack of colic is slowly recovering.

Dr. and Mrs. Sprout are in Sussex the guests of Mrs. Hebr Sprout.

Miss Helen Thompson is in Monoton, the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. J. Butcher.

Miss Flo Kingsley of St. John is visiting at "The Rocks."

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miller made a trip to Montreal last week.

Miss Tweeds and Miss Mamie Russel of Chatham are visiting Miss Helen Sinclair "The Bridge."

Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong of Bathurst have been spending a few days in Newcastle.

Miss M. McMillan who has been visiting Mrs. James Randle for several weeks, returned to her home in Bathurst on Monday last.

Mr. Howard Crocker has resumed his studies at the N. B. University.

The "King's Daughters" met on Monday afternoon with Mrs. Osborne Nicholson to make arrangements for winter work.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. B. Alexander, who sells and retails in dry goods, groceries, boots, and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

Oct. 9.—Miss A. B. Stewart arrived home on Thursday from a two months visit to friends in Nova Scotia.

Miss Mills of St. John is the guest of her sister Mrs. Kilgour Shivers.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss E. J. ... after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. George Fowler has returned to ... after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. Alex. Leggett and Miss M. E. ... Richfield were here last week visiting friends.

Miss Elizabeth Boston is on a visit to the city and is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Coster, Dorchester street.

Mrs. W. L. Prince entertained a large number of friends very pleasantly last evening at her residence on Elliott row.

The marriage of Mr. Claude Eville, of the Hall fax Baking Co., at Farnboro, to Miss Katherine Smith, eldest daughter of John M. Smith of Windsor, took place in that town on Wednesday morning.

North End. Miss Emily Flowering left on Monday last for Ansburdale, Mass., where she will spend four or five weeks visiting friends.

Mr. Joe Carle returned last week from a pleasure trip up the river.

Mrs. Frank Flowering came home on Saturday last after enjoying four weeks with friends in Dorchester and Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Anne Skiller of St. Martin's has been the guest of Miss Kennedy and returned home this week.

Miss Ella Marshall returned to her home in Clarence on Monday last, after spending a short time with Miss Shaw, Main street.

Miss Ida Thompson entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening in honor of her cousin who is visiting her.

Mr. Irvine Logan of New York is spending a few weeks in town.

Mr. Murray of Marysville spent last week with relatives in the city.

Miss Cora Reid of Fredericton has been spending a short time with friends here.

Miss Mabel Murray of Fredericton was the guest of Miss Murray, Duha's avenue last week.

Miss Bette White spent a short vacation at her home here, and returned to Sussex on Saturday.

Miss Jane Evesley of Fredericton has been with Mr. and Mrs. F. Beverly for the past three weeks, and returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Louisa Taylor left for her home in St. Stephen on Saturday last.

Mrs. S. Holly and family have returned from their summer home at Woodman's Point.

Miss Hannah of Fredericton spent last week with her friend Mrs. Jones, Hamilton.

Mrs. F. B. Coleman of Fredericton was among our visitors this week.

On Tuesday a few of Mr. Fred C. B. Ber's relatives and the members of the Letts club, repaired to the home of Mrs. Roberts, Douglas avenue, and spent a very lively evening. Mr. Roberts was taken unawares and the affair was a grand success. The company numbered about twenty.

IMMEDIATE. PROGRESS is for sale in Summerside by Messrs. T. J. & M. L. Wain.

Oct. 9.—Mrs. W. D. Dean of Boston, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. John Grady, summer street, has gone to Bedford, where she will remain a few weeks with her brother.

Dr. Percy Woodworth of Kennebec was in town a few days last week, the guest of Mrs. David Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Anblor of Misconche have moved to the property at St. Elizabeths, where they will remain for the winter months.

Miss Ethel Scott of Charlottetown was in town a few days last week.

Judge Macleod of Charlottetown has purchased from Mr. R. B. McLeod his handsome residence on Granville street, into which he is now moving, and we welcome the family to Summerside.

Mrs. Gertrude Mackie is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ambler, at the rectory.

Lieut. Governor Howland was in town a few days last week, the guest of Mr. Richard Hain.

Miss Dorothy Lester left last Sunday morning for England, by Rimouski, where she joins her mother; they will spend the winter in the South of France.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hueston on the arrival of a little son.

Mrs. Edward Bell spent a day in town last week, on her way home from Montreal, where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. William Wright. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. George Cradock, on her return to Charlottetown.

Mr. D. R. Currie is out again, after an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Louise Martin, formerly a teacher in the High school here, has gone to Boston, where she has secured a good position as stenographer. She will be much missed by her many friends here.

C. AND B. FREDERICTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Wemyss and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Oct. 9.—The reception given at the University on Tuesday evening by the young lady students, to welcome the incoming freshmen class, was particularly enjoyable and quite unique in the manner of entertaining.

The library was beautifully arranged as a drawing-room and decorated with flags and potted plants. The guests included the members of the faculty and their ladies, a number of old students and all those now in attendance; they were received by Mrs. Bridges, Miss White and Miss McKee.

A short musical programme was given and then a new feature was introduced in the form of characters in which the actors were the Misses Moss, Tibbits, White, Sterling and Jack, and Prof. Davidson.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Kitchum will welcome them to their old home in Fredericton. Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard returned home today from a visit to Denver, Colorado.

The Misses O'Dell of Halifax are spending a few weeks at their old home here.

Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh of St. John spent Sunday here the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Sharp of Marysville.

Miss Metcalf of Fort Hope is the guest of Mr. Edward Wilnot.

Mrs. Humbert of New York is spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. W. T. Whitehead has returned from New York. Mrs. Peter MacDonald is at Victoria Hospital very ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Harrison Kilmour of St. John is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hunt on Beacom street, and, before returning to St. John will spend a short time with Mrs. Edward Fisher at Marysville.

Mrs. Frank Hiltzen has returned from a month's visit to Boston.

HAD DUCKS FOR A DIRT. The Snake Succeeded in Swallowing no Less than Sixty-Five of Them.

For some time past Thomas Mhoon, a truck farmer living near Brooklyn, had been missing, each day, a number of young ducks. They disappeared so mysteriously that their loss could not be accounted for in any manner. All theories as to how they were taken were smashed to pieces when it was known that no one had been near the place during the day where the ducks were wont to pass away the time. No feathers or other vestige could be found, which would undoubtedly have been the case if the fowls had been made away with by hawk or some "varmint."

When sixty-five of the fluffy youngsters had disappeared Mhoon determined to watch the ducks for a day. He followed them down in the field to the little branch where they slipped into the water. No sooner had they arrived there than from a neighboring clump of bushes appeared such a snake as Mhoon had never seen before outside of a show. He is not a drinking man, and is not accustomed to see such things in broad daylight, but he was in his right senses. While his eyes stuck out of his head in terror the monster snake glided up to the ducks, when they set up a terrific quacking, as if they knew the end of the world was coming for some of them.

By this time the man had recovered himself, and, hastily running to the house, he secured his shotgun and returned to where he had seen the snake.

When he reached there he found the snake, which seemed fifteen feet long and one foot thick, making off with a duck in its mouth. Mhoon pulled the trigger of the gun. When the smoke cleared away the reptile was stretched out, lashing its tail in fury. Mhoon kept away until its struggles had ceased, and approached it. He found out it was a moccasin, and when he measured it was as long as a fence rail, about nine feet four inches.—Baltimore Herald.

Some Questions and Answers. Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as "the felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of our public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is bona fide, having been read during the last week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city.

1—Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground.

2—Name a domestic animal useful for eating and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

3—If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

4—Mention five races of men. Men, women, children and babies.

5—Describe the white race and show that it is superior to other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

6—Of what is the surface of the earth composed—Dirt and people.

7—Name a fruit that has its seed on the outside. A seedcake.—Boston Budget.

Something New for Furriers. By means of a new invention demonstrated to be practical, it is possible to remove the hair from skin or hide in such a manner as to obtain an artificial hair-covered surface identical for all practical purposes to that presented by the skin or hide before the operation, and that without in any way injuring the grain of the hide, which is subsequently converted into leather. The future possibilities of this artificial robe or fur skin are undoubtedly great; it is lighter, more supple, in some cases of better wearing qualities, and besides this absolutely waterproof. The arrangement of each hair on the artificial scalp is the same as that of nature, and the hair is fixed to the same with corresponding firmness. A large number of skins, such as that of the muskrat, are but ill-suited for furrier work; by means of this method, however, a large number of muskrats may be sewn together, thus producing, after removal of the skin itself, one large piece of fur on a material most suitable for the purpose for which it is wanted. The application of this invention to furs used in dressmaking and tailoring opens up a wide field for industry.—Canadian Journal of Commerce.

Thrift in Small Things. There's salt. Get Windsor Salt, and save money. All pure, all uniform in crystal, a penetrating salt never cakes. Ask your grocer for it.

The smallest specimens of trees. The midget of the whole tree family is the Greenland birch. It is a perfect tree in every sense of that term, and lives its allotted number of years (from 75 to 130) just as other species of the great birch family do, although its height under the most favorable conditions, seldom exceeds ten inches. Whole bluffs of the east and southeast coast of Greenland are covered with "thickets" of this diminutive species of woody plants, and in many places, where the soil is uncommonly poor, and frozen

from eight to ten months a year, a "forest" of these trees will flourish for half a century without growing to a height exceeding four inches.—St. Louis Republic.

IN A REVISED VERSION. How Scott Modified a Line of His Verses to Suit an Occasion.

It is told of Sir Walter Scott that he was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander who had been building an inn near by, came in and said:

"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've writ a poem on Flodden Field, it struck me and the guid wife that you might gie us a line for a motto."

"Have you read the poem?" asked Sir Walter.

"No, I'm nae reader."

"Then you know nothing about it?"

"Nobin," but I've heert them say as know that it's a vera fine thing."

"Well, I would advise you to take a verse from the poem itself."

"And what'll that be?"

"Drink, weary traveller; drink and pray."

"But my inn's nae tre to be a kirk," said the man; "and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, and I dinna want that."

"Oh," laughed Sir Walter, "I think I can alter the verse to suit you by leaving out one letter—an 'r.'"

"How will it be then?"

"Drink, weary traveller; drink and pray."

"Be Ailsa Craig, that's just the thing!" shouted the man; and he went away delighted.—N. Y. Post.

Broke the Bank at One Play. A local sportsman, S. Lazar walked into the gambling rooms of the Cantina del Teatro at the commencement of play on the other afternoon. The first hand at monte was being dealt. Laying down what appeared to be a ten-dollar bill with \$1 in silver on the top of it on the "siete de bastos," he calmly awaited the result of the draw. The card won, and on the dealer proceeding to open the ten-dollar bill he was surprised to find newly folded inside two one-thousand dollar bills.

The sport had won \$2,014, which was promptly paid, although it took the whole bank and \$14 mcs to do it. The lucky gambler rolled a cigarette in the customary Mexican nonchalant manner, and bowing politely to the croupiers, left the room, leaving those green stars vacantly at the waste of money cloth in front of them, and wondering what was the best thing to do.—Mexican Herald.

Queer Rat Story. A Deering gentleman tells a remarkable rat story. His wife had been bothered by rats and mice playing tag in the dining room, and set a trap to catch them. Late that night the husband, hearing queer noises, stole down to the room. As he looked in he saw that a dozen mice had been caught in the trap, which was surrounded by four rats. They had dragged the trap into the middle of the room, and were evidently holding a consultation. When the light flashed upon them they hurried their preparations to a close. One big rodent seized the door of the trap between his teeth, and another seized him by the tail, and the third and fourth then took hold. A sudden pull was given, the door flew open, and in an instant rats and mice had disappeared, leaving the traps with the door shut and every vestige of bait gone.—Portland Telegram.

Signs and Superstitions. It is bad luck to cross a funeral procession. If you can't break an apple you'll die an old maid. Every time a star falls there's a death somewhere.

If you see a load of empty barrels, it's going to rain. If it don't clear up at 11 or 3, it won't clear up all day.

Cobwebs in a house are a sign there is no kissing there.

If the water boils away on the stove it's a sign its going to rain.

If her petticoat hangs below her dress it's a sign her father loves her best.

Pat on something new New Year's Day, and you'll have plenty all through the year.

If you see a load of hay you must wish on it, but your wish won't come true if you look at it after wishing.

If you take a slice of bread or anything like that on your plate when you have already had some, it's sure sign that somebody is coming to your house hungry.

Griiddle Cakes. The Ireland National Food Co. of Toronto are asking attention to their "Buckwheat flour."

This flour is a specially prepared griddle cake flour, self raising, requires no salt, baking powder or eggs, and can be made ready for the pan in two minutes, as per directions on the packages.

The Ireland Co.'s goods are sold by all good grocers only in packages bearing the trade mark of the company "Our Natural Foods." For delicious, healthful griddle cakes, there is nothing to equal this flour, the demand for it so far this season being largely in excess of any previous year, is proof that the public appreciate the efforts of the company to supply the purest and best of breakfast cereal foods.

Christmas is Coming. A dainty little holiday gift is made of a piece of very fine linen, five by seven inches. Turn down a quarter inch hem all around, then draw threads and hemstitch all around it. Fold like an envelope, and embroider on the flaps a spray or wreath of forget-me-nots. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

Get Hood's, because Hood's Pills Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25c.

corners of the flaps and put on small pearl buttons. Make a chamico bag to put inside the shape of the cover, only smaller, with a button and buttonhole in the center. Now sew on a very narrow but strong linen tape, and you have a money purse or jewel case to tie around the neck or waist, and a boon to a woman when travelling or boarding.—Ex.

The Glow-Worm Cavern. The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glow-worm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct), are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone cliff, about four miles from Ida Bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glow-worms which inhabit them.—St. Louis Republic.

Chitral. England's newest acquisition, the principality of Chitral, in North India, has been formally placed under its new Mehtar, the late Shuja-ul-Mulk. The installation was purposely made ceremonious to impress the Chitralis with the fact that Great Britain still holds the reins. Till the young prince comes of age the Indian government will appoint his ministers, while a British political agent will reside at Chitral, and the British garrison will provide the Mehtar's guard. To retain possession of Chitral will cost the British 24 lakhs of rupees annually, which at the present value of the rupee is about £130,000. Six native regiments are to be permanently stationed beyond the frontier.

Women in Japan. When women go to buy a dress in Japan they they tell the shopkeeper their age, and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for ages. The consequence of this painful custom is you can tell the age of every woman you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she was labeled, or you were a census taker.

An Old-Fashioned Brother. The minister had been in the little Kentucky town but a short time, and when he was called on to preach a funeral sermon he thought it best to pick up a few facts about the deceased.

"I trust our brother gone before was a truly religious man?" he said to the surviving brother.

"You bet he was," was the earnest answer. "Why, brother, he never tuk out his gun to lay feet one of the Simmonses without fust prayin' three hours."

Healthfulness of Yawning. "Not only is it very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, but "yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throats, buzzing of the ears, catarrh, and like troubles."

It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.—Ex.

England's Drink Bill. The expenditure of England for drinks is estimated at \$900,000,000 a year. The consumption is undoubtedly enormous, but not really so enormous as this, for a good deal of the liquor which appears in official statistics is afterwards exported.

Occidental Pooh Bahs. Over the shop of a barber in the Isle of Man, who supplies his customers with all kinds of fishing-tackle, may be read: "Pis-

Let the men wash, if they won't get you Pearline. Let them try it for themselves, and see if they don't say that washing with soap is too hard for any woman.

This hard work that Pearline saves isn't the whole matter; it saves money, too—money that's thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out and rubbed to pieces when you wash by main strength in the old way. That appeals—where is the man who wouldn't want to have the washing made easier—when he can save money by it?

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, this is as good as or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

EDITORIAL REPOSITORY, TONSORIAL ARTIST, Physiognomical hair dresser, Cranium Manipulator, Capillary Abridger, Shaving and Hair Cutting with Ambidextrous Facility, Shampooing on Physiognomical Principles.

Showing Good Taste. Priestley's black dress fabrics have penetrated almost as far as civilization, for wherever woman is found taste is found and these goods are the expression of a refined taste. They have a lovely soft lustre; they are distinctive; they do not catch the dust. And yet the last word was not said, for Priestley's have put the "Eudora" on the market. What is the "Eudora"? It is the supreme effort of Priestley's to reach absolute perfection in dress goods. Every lady of taste has worn their Henriettes. Well, the "Eudora" is better. There is something—a peculiar glow, a peculiar distinction, and then there is extra width and weight and a perfect dust-shedding quality. This is the "Eudora" in brief. Wrapped in the "Eudora" Board," with Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

Hats and Cap Riots. The "Hat and Cap riots" were political difficulties in Sweden during the reign of Adolph Frederick. They began in 1720 and ended about 1771. The Hats, or Cheapsaws were the French party, who wished to modernize the country by adopting the ideas, manners, customs and political and military usages of Southern Europe.

Sandwiches. A new filling for sandwiches made for company occasions has finely chopped almonds mixed with cold boiled chicken that is cut into tiny pieces. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little thick, sweet cream, until you have you have a paste that will spread nicely. Use with thin slices of either brown or white bread.

Sewage of Paris. The new sewer main of Paris, which crosses from Cligny to Asnières underneath the Seine, was formally dedicated recently. It is the first portion of an enormous enterprise which will take away all the sewage of Paris from the waters of the Seine. The work was begun in 1889 and will require fourteen years or more to complete it.

Change of Time. The Dominion Atlantic Railway changed their time on Monday 7th.

The services across the bay between St. John and Digby will be daily, leaving St. John at 7.45 a. m. arriving at 5.10 p. m. standard time.

Not Particularly Impressed. "This place," observed the guide, showing his American visitor through the mouldy castle, "is over 600 years old."

"Is that all?" said the American, sniffing the air incredulously. "It smells a thundering sight older."

DAILY EXPRESS SERVICE SUNDAY EXCEPTED. ST. JOHN AND YARMOUTH VIA DIGBY.

Eastern Standard Time. 7.45 a. m. Lve. St. John Arr. Digby 5.10 p. m. 1.10 p. m. Lve. Digby Arr. St. John 12.30 p. m. 4.00 p. m. Arr. Yarmouth Lve. 6.30 a. m. 11.0 a. m. Arr. Boston Lve. 12 noon Lve. Boston Mon. Tues. Thurs. Friday.

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The St. John Central City Office of the Dominion Atlantic Railway is at 114 Prince William Street, or call at Long Wharf, New York Pier, where experienced officials are in attendance, and supply all facilities to intending travellers and freighters. Exquisitely illustrated Guides and detailed Time Tables gratis and post free.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

Weak Women and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

Scott's Emulsion is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

WANTED. SEVERAL MEN. of good character, who can furnish horse and light rig. \$75.00 to \$250.00 per month. Applicants write fully. THE SPADY GARRISON CO. Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED. KEEFE. Ladies' Tailor, Jackets, Capes, suits, Riding (E.L.B.'s).

LADIES' TAILOR, Tailor-made Garments and accessories of every description to order.

WANTED. HERRITT, KEEFE. 48 King St., above Hall's Bookstore, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED. We pay highest prices for old Postage Stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare specimens. It will pay you to look up your old letters. Remittances first mail after receipt of stamps. A. J. HANSMAN & Co., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED. The Largest, Best and most successful Business College in the Dominion; rates very moderate; students attendance from all parts of Canada; board and room \$2.75 per week. If interested, write for catalogues. SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

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PROGRESS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

COMBATIVE CHRISTAIN.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN WHO WAS ALSO A SLUGGER.

He Was a Trifle too Gay and Festive For His Cloth and Fell in With the Police—He Created a Sensation at Lunenburg by Whipping a Medical Man.

LUNENBURG, Oct. 10.—Here is a dramatic sort of a story, from real life, that comes from New Ross, a district in this county not far from this town. A clergyman, secured board at a private boarding house in New Ross. At first the clergyman is meek and reticent, later on he becomes bold. Then the man of the house reports that his wife was embraced by the clergyman. The report becomes common property. The preacher hears the report and becomes rattled. As a solace the preacher gets heated and takes a stroll with a big cane in hand. While passing through most thickly settled part of community, the preacher meets the landlord who put the report in circulation and mows him down with a big cane. A doctor of New Ross, goes to the rescue. The preacher leaves victim number one floating in his gore and attacks the doctor; the latter succeeds in warding off a number of well aimed blows and eventually persuades the parson to take a walk. The parson and the doctor dart forward arm in arm. Before long the parson again becomes irksome, and strikes the doctor and the doctor retaliates in kind and does preacher up. Both leave the field scarred. The parson mounts his horse and goes abroad. Though the fracas took place a fortnight ago, the pugilistic divine has not since been seen by any of his New Ross parishioners.

Word comes from Halifax in this connection, that the police had a clergyman at the station some days ago. He was found drunk on the common and was taken into custody. It is satisfactory to learn that the minister was not a Halifax man. He came out from England some time ago and went to the north-west. There the drink habit got the better of him and his usefulness was destroyed. In process of time the man drifted to Nova Scotia, and as stated, fell into the hands of the police for drunkenness in New Scotia's model capital. It is said that Chief of Police O'Sullivan and friends interested themselves in the poor Clergyman's case, for he was without money, and had him sent back to England, thus avoiding public disgrace to the man and his cloth.

Wine In and Wit Out. HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—When a man is drunk he is no respecter of persons, as a general rule. On Saturday night a full grown youth, son of a prominent citizen, was on one of Cleverdon's teams. Suddenly there was a cry for help from the conveyance. The passengers were in terror on account of the violent conduct of an intoxicated man on board. It was the prominent citizen's son, making trouble. Chief of Police O'Sullivan saw the disturbance and noted that a respected resident of the south-western suburbs, who is a comparatively well-known journalist, was being set upon by the drunken man. It did not take the chief a moment to decide what he should do, and up into the team he sprang, and hustled the disorderly passenger to the street, and was taking him along towards the lock; with a firm grip. In an evil moment the chief slightly relaxed his hold, as quick as a flash the man dealt the head of the police department a severe blow on the front of the ear, causing the blood to run down in a stream and inflicting a wound that will be visible for a month. A half dozen citizens, who were looking on, sprang to the chief's assistance and it was only a minute more when the man was in the station. Before he was placed behind the bars, however the violent inebriate got his work in on a policeman who was standing near, in the form of a knock out blow on the cop's head.

It was only at this stage of the proceedings that the man's identity was discovered. On Monday the court fined him for his assault on the policeman and for drunkenness, but neither the journalist nor the chief preferred charges, thinking his own conscience and the fact that could not be avoided would be a sufficient lesson for once.

Students Will be Students. HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—Dalhousie students over 100 strong, attended the academy of music last Friday night, to see the performance of a "Pinafore" by the Gilbert opera company. Before the curtain rose the collegians sang a half dozen songs etc., in lusty tones. "Society" was out in force that night, and several representatives of "upper feminism," so-called, were almost as loud as the students in their complaints of the noise. They appeared to forget that Halifax is a college town, and that in any other city where a university is located the same kind of thing is seen and heard very frequently, and nothing thought of it.

The students' voices were kept in time by the baton of a Newcastle, N. B. boy, son of a minister of that town, whose voice and gestures were both of great assistance in making the choruses a success. No one on second thought thinks of making serious complaint of the joyous pranks of merry-hearted collegians at Dalhousie or elsewhere, even if they go so far as to become very noisy between the acts.

RICHES IN THE RAGBAG

RICHES MADE BY SWAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Profits of the Business in Former Days in New York—Hard Times Have Had their Effect on the Industry—Uncertain at All Times.

A ragpicker who was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court a few days ago for violating a city ordinance begged the magistrate to make a reduction in his fine because the business has become so unprofitable lately that a man could scarcely earn a living at it. This explanation was made through an Italian interpreter, who added that if a change for the better did not come pretty soon, there would be no ragpickers in New York two years hence.

A few years ago an experienced ragpicker could average \$10 a day, and many of them made the business pay double that amount. Now it is said that the best of them earn less than \$1 a day, and do twice as much work as they did in their palmy days. Even old Mother Carpio cannot average more than 70 cents. Mother Carpio is reputed to be the oldest ragpicker in the metropolis. She has picked rags for nearly forty years, and during that time she has saved up over \$100,000, which she has invested in real estate. But she is wedded to the business, and goes over her route daily, getting up at 2 o'clock in the morning and working until late in the afternoon. She lives in the new Ragpickers' Row, which comprises three tenements in the rear of 166, 168 and 170 Mulberry street. She could afford to live in style at any of the best hotels in the city, but she prefers her little uncarpeted room in the row, for there she has made her home, and there she will probably live her days. There are forty-eight other tenants in the row, all boss ragpickers, and each of the forty-eight has from one to five lodgers whose occupation is picking rags. The houses are two stories high and are built of brick. In this three it is estimated that there are 250 ragpickers. They have occupied the buildings since June last, when they were dispossessed from Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, the city having purchased the property for the Mulberry Bend Park.

Mother Carpio is one of the most interesting characters of the new settlement. She is shaped like the letter F, her head being bent down so that when she walks she faces the ground. Every year it seems that her head bends lower, and if she continues growing in the same direction for a few more years, she will assume the shape of a horsehoe. Many who have known her a long time say she got that way by bending over ash barrels. Others attribute her deformity to the heavy loads carried on her back in her rag bag. Mother Carpio says her peculiar work has compelled her to stoop forward so that her spine finally became curved. If she was straightened out she would be about five feet in height. In her present condition she just fits over an ash barrel. Mother Carpio is very regular in her habits. She gets up at two o'clock every morning and goes to bed at 7 every night. For half a century she has only eaten two meals a day, one at 10 o'clock in the morning and the other at 4 in the afternoon. The first meal consists of anything she can pick up in her route. For dinner she eats half a pound of raw beef between two slices of hard bread. It is the ragpickers' customary meal. Sometimes an onion sandwich is substituted for the uncooked beef. Mother Carpio has a nephew who shares her apartment. He is about 24 years old, and, like his aunt picks rags for a living. His name is Antonio Bonnacchio. Like other ragpickers in the settlement, Bonnacchio has had a great deal of good luck. He reluctantly told a Sun reporter of some of his experiences, after the reporter had oiled up his palate and tongue in the saloon on the Mulberry street premises.

"Yes, he said, I speak good English, and I understand it well. I ought to know something about the language, for I was born here. I was raised in Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, and for twenty years I have lived with my aunt. Some people think ragpicking is a dishonorable business, but it's not. I'd rather pick rags than steal, and, as long as I was brought up in the business, I stuck to it. We used to make a lot of money, but we don't any more. You see it's not only rags we pick, but we also pick for rope, cord and twine, because we get \$1.25 for every hundred pounds of cord we gather. Six years ago we could sell it for \$2.50. There is scarcely anything in paper, and a man could not carry around enough old iron to pay him. Old copper and lead are still worth picking up, but we don't get one-quarter what we used to get in days gone by. There are men, women, and children engaged in ragpicking. The rags are brought home, washed and assorted. Nearly all of those who pick get the clothing they wear from ash barrels. The women find old skirts and portions of dresses. They make use of these at home.

"What about your lucky finds?" asked the reporter. "Well, it's hardly worth talking about these things. They had a story down here that I once picked up a roll of bills amounting to thousands of dollars. That is not true. I did find a roll of \$116, but that was three years ago. It was in the centre of a bundle of old newspapers that had been stuck in a chimney hole where the stovepipe goes. A woman called me into a house and asked me to clean out the cellar. I removed a pile of rubbish. Then she asked me to put up a stovepipe, and in cleaning out the hole in the wall I threw down a bundle of old paper. The woman put the old paper in my bag. I didn't know until I got home that the money was there. Another time I found a locket filled with hair. I picked it from an ash can, and brought it into the house where the owner lived. The locket was worth 50 cents, but the owner prized the hair in it, and gave me a present of \$10 for being honest. She was an Irish servant girl, and she told me the locket contained a lock of her mother's hair. Her mother was dead.

Just the opposite of this was when I found a diamond earring in front of a house in West Fifty-first street, I raked it from the bottom of an ash can. I returned it to the owner who had missed it that morning from a table in the dining room; the woman gave the servant a laying out for being careless. The servant denied having thrown it out, and said that I must have stolen it from the table. She told the owner of it that she had noticed me in the hallway that morning. The servant wanted to get out of the scrape, and kept blaming it all on me. Finally the woman believed the servant's story, and abused me. The servant wanted to have me arrested. Her mistress said no, because they couldn't prove that I had stolen the earring. Then they ordered me away from about the house, and I went in a hurry. That was the thanks I got for being honest. I thought I would get a big reward. That was why I brought the earring into the house. But I said to myself, "Tony, that's a careless servant, watch that ash can." Then I watched it for two months, and was rewarded one day by finding an opened letter. The envelope contained \$20 in cash and a check for \$46. I sent back the check to the house. I mailed it. In a note sent with the check I wrote: "This was swept out by a careless servant." I guess that servant was discharged.

"It's easy to get square with them if they injure you. Did you ever know that some ragpickers stood in with certain servants up town? Well, that's so. I knew it to be so two years ago. The servant would pack shawls, clothing, and food in boxes, and then put the boxes in an ash can and cover them with paper, then dump a scuttle of coal ashes on top. The ash can would be rolled out and the favored ragpicker would be waiting. The hidden stuff would be put away in his bag, and the next day he would call at the basement door, pretending he was a beggar. He would then stake the servant—give her 50 cents or a dollar, according to what he received by way of the ash can. I suppose that is done yet. Many a bottle of wine was smuggled out that way. Then again there were servants who would leave things out in the ash can for a relative or lover. The ragpicker who struck those cans was usually lucky. He got the stuff and the servant's friend got left. Ain't I telling you too much?"

Now, I call that a Stunning Gown.

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, reverses etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.



For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

AGENTS FOR THE

Manufacturers

IN THE Maritime Provinces.

Brass buttons are saved and sold. Some people who pick also gather cigar stumps. "What about your lucky finds?" asked the reporter. "Well, it's hardly worth talking about these things. They had a story down here that I once picked up a roll of bills amounting to thousands of dollars. That is not true. I did find a roll of \$116, but that was three years ago. It was in the centre of a bundle of old newspapers that had been stuck in a chimney hole where the stovepipe goes. A woman called me into a house and asked me to clean out the cellar. I removed a pile of rubbish. Then she asked me to put up a stovepipe, and in cleaning out the hole in the wall I threw down a bundle of old paper. The woman put the old paper in my bag. I didn't know until I got home that the money was there. Another time I found a locket filled with hair. I picked it from an ash can, and brought it into the house where the owner lived. The locket was worth 50 cents, but the owner prized the hair in it, and gave me a present of \$10 for being honest. She was an Irish servant girl, and she told me the locket contained a lock of her mother's hair. Her mother was dead.

Just the opposite of this was when I found a diamond earring in front of a house in West Fifty-first street, I raked it from the bottom of an ash can. I returned it to the owner who had missed it that morning from a table in the dining room; the woman gave the servant a laying out for being careless. The servant denied having thrown it out, and said that I must have stolen it from the table. She told the owner of it that she had noticed me in the hallway that morning. The servant wanted to get out of the scrape, and kept blaming it all on me. Finally the woman believed the servant's story, and abused me. The servant wanted to have me arrested. Her mistress said no, because they couldn't prove that I had stolen the earring. Then they ordered me away from about the house, and I went in a hurry. That was the thanks I got for being honest. I thought I would get a big reward. That was why I brought the earring into the house. But I said to myself, "Tony, that's a careless servant, watch that ash can." Then I watched it for two months, and was rewarded one day by finding an opened letter. The envelope contained \$20 in cash and a check for \$46. I sent back the check to the house. I mailed it. In a note sent with the check I wrote: "This was swept out by a careless servant." I guess that servant was discharged.

"It's easy to get square with them if they injure you. Did you ever know that some ragpickers stood in with certain servants up town? Well, that's so. I knew it to be so two years ago. The servant would pack shawls, clothing, and food in boxes, and then put the boxes in an ash can and cover them with paper, then dump a scuttle of coal ashes on top. The ash can would be rolled out and the favored ragpicker would be waiting. The hidden stuff would be put away in his bag, and the next day he would call at the basement door, pretending he was a beggar. He would then stake the servant—give her 50 cents or a dollar, according to what he received by way of the ash can. I suppose that is done yet. Many a bottle of wine was smuggled out that way. Then again there were servants who would leave things out in the ash can for a relative or lover. The ragpicker who struck those cans was usually lucky. He got the stuff and the servant's friend got left. Ain't I telling you too much?"

"No," said the reporter, "go ahead. Have another drink and go on with your story." "Well," continued Bonnacchio, "the strange things that the ragpickers find in the ash can or barrel. One time I picked

up a hum in leg. It had been used by a medical student who had taken it from a dissecting room. Mother Carpio once found a human skeleton, and another time she found a skull. These came from a doctor's office. Another find of the ragpicker is legal papers and letters. I guess in my time I have found fifty bunches of love letters. Some had been thrown away purposely, others have been swept up and thrown out without the owner knowing it. I can always tell those that have not been put in the ash barrel purposely. They are generally tied together in bunches with fancy ribbons. Often when I find those kind of letters I would return them to the house and get a present of a dollar or two. I know one ragpicker who found a bundle of letters that would have queered certain people, and he sold them to the people for \$25.

I have found false teeth, artificial legs, glass eyes, and artificial hair. We pick up all these sort of things. Then again I have found stuffed snakes and birds, dolls, mechanical toys, religious articles and prayer books. You could start a drug store with the bottles of medicine that you could pick up on one lock alone. Then there are photographs. Old Zabo, the lame ragpicker, has a collection of photographs picked up in ash barrels. He has about 11,000 of them, and we all save them for him. Some of them, we know, are of prominent New York people. These Zabo has labelled. Then there are others, about 8,000 in all, that we know nothing about. Among the pictures there are many nude ones. Old papers and coins are also plentiful in ash barrels. One of the funny things I found was a book of sketches. They were pen-and-ink sketches, and all were original drawings. I sold the book for \$14, and the man I sold it to said it was worth \$100.

"In the barrels in front of the theatrical boarding houses, we find tight, prince's costumes, ballet girls' pads and wigs. The principal pickers in New York never go on the east side now, because there's nothing to get in those barrels but stale vegetables and rotten meat. Some of the up-town barrels contain new shoes and new clothing. Zabo got a broken bicycle up there leaning against an ash can, and he reported his find to the lady of the house. She told him the bicycle had been out purposely to be taken away by the ashman. Zabo took the bicycle along and we had great fun with it out in the alley in the rear of this saloon. Then he sold it for \$11. Another time he found a bunch of railroad tickets, and these he sold for \$40. Among other things the ragpicker finds are scarf pins, shirt studs, bracelets and watch charms. But I never heard of any picker finding a watch. Pretty nearly everything else that would fit in an ash barrel has been found. There we find door mats, lamps, brackets, clocks, vases, bronzes statues, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, razors, scissors, electric batteries, banjos, guitars, violins, tambourines, accordions, baseballs, old guns, pistols, swords, eyeglasses, smoking pipes, story books, bottles of cologne, soap, face powder, grease paint, umbrellas, suspenders, neckties, hats, and surgical instruments. About the only things we don't find are baby carriages and coffins. I suppose if the ash barrels were made bigger we'd find them, too. I have dug out divorce papers, marriage certificates, wills, and deeds of graves. Papers of this sort are generally brought into the house. For bringing them back we sometimes get a dollar or a quarter, but more often we get a setting out. It's queer how people often abuse you for doing them a favor. Now I guess I have told you everything that I know about the poor ragpicker.

"But some of them are wealthy," suggested the reporter. "Very few," answered Bonnacchio. "The majority are poor. The boss ragpickers are better off, of course, than the hired ones, because the boss gets a profit on the

other fellow's labor. Still, there are a few bosses who also go out themselves. Mother Carpio is a boss, still; she works every day. Blind Giuseppe—he's only got one eye, and he can scarcely see out of that—that is why they call him blind—he is worth considerable money. He made it mostly on spoons. For years he has bought up all the spoons the other pickers gathered. Many of the spoons were of solid silver, and Giuseppe can see a silver spoon with his one eye closed. I have also dealt in spoons, but we don't get enough of them now. But let me tell you a secret. I wouldn't be picking now, only I've got to do it on account of the old lady—Mother Carpio. I must stand in with her, so I got to work. If she was dead you can bet your life that I'd never use a book again. It was all right years ago, but the business is run down to nothing. There's too many Hebrews in it, and then again, the city has got too many new rules that work against us. But say—if you put something in the paper about the ragpickers, just say they're as good as city laborers and work hard for their living. Put it down that they are honest, and have done many good things for the people by finding and returning lost articles."—N. Y. Sun.

How Dead Snakes "Come to Life." In nearly every country in the world there is a superstition to the effect that a serpent's head must be smashed to a jelly or else its companion will seek out its dead comrade and restore it to life by means of certain grasses, leaves, or herbs. This fancy appears to come to us from remote antiquity. In the mythological story of Polyidos we find it related in a curious form. Glaucus, the son of Minos, the Cretan King, was smothered in a cask of honey. With the help of Apollo, Polyidos located the body (the whereabouts of which was previously unknown), and the stern old King then shut him up with the corpse, telling him that if he could discover that which was hidden he was scotchsayer enough to bring his son to life. While in the dungeon with the corpse a dragon approached the body. Polyidos killed the reptile, but within the hour was surprised to see a second dragon creep forward and place a blade from a certain species of grass on the back of its dead companion. Polyidos took a hint from the wise serpent, and with the same blade of grass resuscitated the honey-smothered youth. The same story appears in different forms in the folk-lore of all nations. You can find it in "The Three Snake Leaves" in Grimm's "Tales;" in the Breton legend of "Sir Eildoe;" in the Hindoo story of "Panc Paul Rancee;" and also in the Chinese and Japanese fairy stories.—St. Louis Republic.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

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Sunday Reading.

HIS LUCKY BLANK.

Why Tom Amber Made His Resolve that He Would Keep to the Old Way.

There was a look of eager expectancy on Tom Amber's handsome face as he came into the hall filled train that morning. Slipping into an empty seat just behind a quiet looking middle-aged man, he took a letter from his pocket, and in a deliberate way proceeded to open it. As soon as his eyes fell on the printed form he unfolded his face clouded ominously, and crushing the offending message in his hand he muttered, "Just my luck! I might have known better than to put confidence in anything Jake Mooney recommended."

"Something gone wrong, young man, asked a voice in front of him, and with a blush Tom glanced up into the kind eyes of the unperturbed stranger he had noticed when he came in.

Tom was not in the habit of making confidants of strangers, but there was something in his neighbor's face that disarmed suspicion, and he answered politely, "Well, yes. An acquaintance persuaded me to invest in a little business concern out West, but instead of receiving the big cheque I had been expecting, I have drawn a blank. Tom colored guiltily when he referred to the business concern, but without appearing to notice his embarrassment, the gentleman seized his hand and shaking it vigorously, said, "Allow me to congratulate you on your good luck."

"Oh! you are mistaken," exclaimed Tom. "I have nothing left from my last five-dollar bill but this bit of worthless paper," and he held out the printed form for the stranger's inspection.

"And your experience," the man added as he took the paper offered.

"I would sell that very cheaply," remarked Tom. "Such experience does not count for much, particularly when it leaves you with an empty pocket-book."

"And yet it may prove the most valuable lesson of your life," the stranger remarked. "This is nothing or less than a lottery ticket, called by another name in order to cheat the government, which has excluded all such fraudulent matter from passing through the mails. In the eyes of the law it is a crime to take such matter from the post-office as well as to put it into the mail."

"I fail to see why when you have invested your last dollar in it," returned Tom. "I think I have paid dearly enough for the privilege of lifting that."

"You forget that you have only yourself to blame for the risk you took," replied the gentleman gravely. "You knew that you were running a risk when you invested the five dollars and you had chanced to draw what you call a lucky number, you would have become a party in defrauding others, who, like yourself, have drawn blanks. You know that it is only one in many hundreds who chance upon figures that count. The great army of investors must necessarily be disappointed. People do not run such schemes for the benefit of the many, but of the few, and their purpose always is to fill their own coffers."

"Had you been able to-day to have put a large sum of money in your pocket, you would have become so inflated with your success that all honorable means of earning a livelihood would have been abandoned. If the lesson you have had teaches you to keep clear of all such swindling concerns in the future, you have received the worth of your money, not withstanding the blank you have drawn. It is possible that this very bit of worthless paper may stand between you and the State prison. Success under such circumstances as you voluntarily placed yourself in would naturally have opened up to you the highway to crime, and a conscience lulled to sleep in one so young would not be apt to rouse itself in such a way as to assert its claims when greater temptations should be thrust in your path. It is always safe to do right, my boy, always; and God helps every one who helps himself, but nothing but danger lies in the way in which you cannot take God's blessing with you. I acknowledge that this firm has cheated you out of your money, but you have no reason to complain as you became an accomplice in the disreputable business the moment you joined in the scheme of trying to defraud others by enriching yourself."

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Tom, looking confused. "But I never looked upon things in that light."

"I thought not; I thought not," said the stranger. "It was the first departure from the line of right, but if you had been successful, it would not have been the last. If you had found out that you could increase your earnings a hundred fold by chancing on a lucky number, you would never have been content to go back to the slow, old-fashioned but honest way of earning your bread in the sweat of your face."

"I am afraid I should not," Tom admitted, and then as if to partially excuse the mistake he had made, he added, "I am not only an errand boy in a firm that does not pay big wages and is slow in advancing its employees, and as I want to make something of myself, I thought I might get a lift in this affair as did my friend who advised me to take the risk. He drew a five hundred dollar prize on the first dollar he invested."

"So much the worse for him, poor fellow," returned the kind-faced man, shaking his head gravely. "There is nothing that pays so badly in the long run as dishonesty. Remember that. The way of the

transgressor is always hard. There are snarls and pitfalls all around him. Even if he chances to escape them, and get money and keep it, do you think he can have any true satisfaction in its possession?"

"No, sir, I don't," Tom answered earnestly. "I believe that you mean to live honestly, now, whatever happens," said the stranger. "And though we may never meet again, I wish you every success."

"I will keep to the old way, even if I starve," exclaimed Tom emphatically, and he has kept his word.—Sabbath Reading.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Avoid the Constant Wear and Tear of Mind by Judicious Use of Time.

If the thousands who take their annual holiday that a few weeks every year judiciously used would keep health of mind and vigor of body till a green old age, what needless misery, what unnecessary pain would be saved. Emerson truly said, "Health is the first wealth," and yet to see how utterly regardless the majority are one would think that health was of no consequence whatever. Then, when too late, what valuable time is spent in bemoaning our lot. Look, again, at the thousands cut off in the very heyday of existence. A cold, and the strongest withers as quickly as Jonah's gourd. Emerson jokingly argued that the fact that the clergy had bronchitis proved that they had not intellectual health and spiritual vigor. Many a jest conveys the soundest lesson and this is one of them. Health is a question of understanding of laws of Nature. Transgress those laws one iota and you pay the penalty proportionate to the offence. On the other hand, Nature holds out to the wise and the prudent and the firm-willed prizes of incalculable value. Descartes thought that life could be prolonged to several centuries. Without going into the question of the possible duration of human life on this planet, it can safely be laid down that man, as we know him now, ought in the majority of cases to reach a hundred years. Mr Gladstone ought to at least look forward to another fifteen or twenty years of thorough enjoyment of life and health. It is a common mistake to suppose that the bible has fixed the duration of life at three scores and ten. Even Schopenhauer has fallen into this vulgar error.

The writer of the verse referred to bewails in a pessimistic mood the shortness of human life, brought on by transgression of the laws of Nature. The various biblical writers emphatically promise long life to the man who keeps the law. The proverbs of Solomon are full of excellent advice on health. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Length of days is in her right hand." Living in health is an art that must be learned and practised. It is the art of arts, for what is the use of idly contemplating beautiful statuary unless we strive continually to elevate ourselves to the ideal. Perpetual youth may be an empty dream, but constant health is within reach—more, ought to be attained by all.—Arthur Lovell.

RELIGION IN THE FAMILY.

No Time is too Early to Approach Children With Religious Suggestions.

It is a remarkable thing in regard to little people that it is almost never too early to approach them with religious suggestion, writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the October Ladies Home Journal. It is not what we say to them that makes them religious it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can become in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry. If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion can be immanent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able to comprehend the allusions made to it by his elders. "It holds in the twilight of life what is true in its dawning, that it begins to begin to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun-dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is. The infant's eyes are full of light waiting to be greeted by the light of the sun as soon as its lids are lifted. The heart of the child is tuned to the things of God, and its strings are ready to become musical so soon as they are touched by a hand that knows how to stir them into resonance. It is a good while before the child and the earth come very close to one another, but on the contrary "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Made Strong by the Lord.

Often hast Thou sent me a peace that passed understanding. It came where it had no right to come—on the steps of poverty, down the ladder of humiliations. It came when life was low, when fortune was low, when hope was low. . . . Thou hast followed me with invisible steps. Thou hast brightened me with invisible sunbeams. Thou hast nourished me with intangible food. Thou hast strengthened me with unaccountable comfort. I have soared without wings; I have sailed without ship; I have climbed, though shrunk in sinew. The man is perfected in weakness whose arms "are made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob."—Matheson.

Living is a Reality.

Opinions change, but human nature survives; and no decrees of scientific hierarchy can long hush the questions, What is force or how is it gathered into centres, and why do they forever vibrate, and what is the stupendous movement working out? It is a balance of the forces in the universe, why do they not neutralise one another? If there is not, how are we held off from chaos? And there is no meaning in it all, no purpose accordant with mind, and heart, and purpose of man? Is the universe but a stupendous kaleidoscope, in which forms of beauty tumbled together, only to be scattered by the next revolution? If it be so, I am not of that world on which I look through the window of the eye. In

Gladstone's Message to Young Men.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeded by its re-acted action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early, gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge—all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always dan-

spicable. But you, like men, be strong, and exercise your strength. Work on-ward and work upwards; and may the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

HUMAN DIFFICULTIES.

The Involutions of Providence all Lead the way to Better Things.

There are troubles which come to us through human perversity; there are others which are Divine visitations; they come to us in the order of Divine Providence rather than from any mistake on our part. Persecution may arise from our adherence to the principles of the Divine economy; the prophets and martyrs suffered wrong and died at the hands of an evil generation. God ministers through evil things as well as good. "Shall evil befall a city and the Lord hath not done it?" In the individual as well as the public life we have to take account of this ministry of evil. In many passages of their lives it is God's will to perfect His people through suffering. He purposely brings them into straight places to test their faith, to their patience or to demonstrate to men the superiority of His grace in the individual soul. Job stands as a model of patience for the men of all generations, as does Abraham for unshaken confidence in the promises of God. How great were these qualities in these instances could be known to us only by the crucible of Providence. The true good remained unwashed in the fire. That God ordained the test is our comfort and hope. The route of Moses and the hosts of Israel to the Red Sea was indicated by the Divine finger-points; the pillar of fire and clouds led them into the place of greatest danger. The sea was in front, the armies of Pharaoh were in the rear. We may not wonder that the faith of Moses, for a moment, wavered. If God were on our side, how could they be in so evil a case?

We easily assume that if God be for us, He will clothe us in purple and enable us to fare sumptuously every day; but He makes great use of bitter herbs in the spread of His providential table. A new zest comes from their fire use. In this bitter provision we are not to think some strange thing has happened to us and that the whole order of life is to be changed. The order of God came to Moses: "Speak to the people that they go forward." There are times when it is more important to act than to pray; there must be no delay even for the most sacred duties when the order comes for the movement of the column. But how can we move in the face of the deep sea? There is no sea so deep or so broad God cannot dry it and make a way through it for his people. Listen in silence until you hear the Divine order: "Forward!" The way out of a human difficulty is to turn square about; the way out of a providential involution is straight forward. In God's order there is no reversal of the standards; He leads out of any trouble by an advance through.

What should a Preacher Be? He should stand, as it were, on the watch tower, like the Hebrew prophets, exhorting and reproving, breaking down and building up, boldly rebuking vice and patiently suffering for the truth's sake, helping to sway the destinies of the nation by uplifted banner of righteousness. He should be like a heavenly archangel, hurling arrows of light into dark and guilty hearts. He should be the enemy of the oppressor and the champion of the oppressed. Sometimes his words should descend softly as dew upon the sun-scorched wilderness, and sometimes they should be a hammer, never should be spare to smite the hoary head of invertebrate abuse, but always be ready to throw the shield of his sympathy over persecuted virtue, and never to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. What largeness of sympathy, what tenderness of compassion, what keenness of insight, what dauntlessness of courage does the true preacher require! What passionate and heart-searching love of truth, lest, after all, he should be but daubing tottering walls with untempered mortar! All this should be, and, alas! what is he? Too often a burdened, weary, timid and conventional man, afraid of what people say and afraid of suffering opportunity, policy and slothfulness to dominate his words.—Dean F. W. Farrar.

Youthful Piety.

Some tell us that child-piety is not reliable; that churches make a great mistake in receiving children an early age into full communion; and that we must wait until there is a more mature judgement and assured Christian life. However plausible this position may seem, facts are on the side of youthful piety. A more careful, intelligent and observant witness on this point cannot be found than the late Charles Spurgeon, and he gives this remarkable testimony: "Out of a church of 2,700 members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child." His who comes at the earliest period of intelligent comprehension to Jesus, and then grows up in the church, rarely backslides. Jesus has his eye upon the children, and if, during the formative period, they are under the right influence and training, the sooner they claim their covenant rights and enjoy the church's fostering care, the better and truer Christians are they likely to become.—Presbyterian Observer.

Habit of Morning Prayer.

The habit of morning prayer is a most important one. The sense of helplessness with which we lie down at night makes us find comfort in whispering our childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;" but does not the soul need that loving guarding and keeping amid the temptations and perplexities of the day, even more than amid the dangers of the darkness? Let the morning nap be given up, if necessary, or the reading of the morning paper curtailed, but don't start out to the life of the day without a look forward to its probable needs, and a little talk with Jesus that shall at least invite him to go with you through all its hours.

This World a Beginning.

All things around us and in us are felt to be beginnings; and the curtains of the unseen world, as it lifted by the wind, wave over and anon into our face, and cling to it like a mask we see through, or think we see. Neither can we resist the conviction that this world is for us only the porch of another and more magnificent temple of the Creator's majesty, wherein we shall enter still further into the Creator's power, and learn that to be in the Creator's power is the creature's happiness.—F. W. Faber.

Hints of Heaven.

That is not an enviable nature that hears no strange melodies hinting of heaven through the mystic marches of the year; that sees no glorious signs hung out on earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind that passes

this ethereal inward world to which I belong, will purpose, reason, affection, principle, reign as supreme all animating powers. And I, being as I am, have no part nor lot in that great and terrible wilderness masked with a shimmering mirage of beauty that rings me round. Nay, I am myself more real than anything without. That desert world is a dream for aught I know, but as for me, I live—and oh! for a universal life, that in it I may live and move and have my being!—J. Alanson Pictou. M. A.

FOR A BETTER LAND.

Our Dreams and Longings on Earth Will Not End in Disappointment.

"But now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly,"—Heb. xii., 16.

In the language of poetry and rhetoric, man is very frequently described as a wanderer, a stranger without a home, and his life on earth is spoken of as a pilgrimage of but a few days, and these few days are said to be as sad as they are brief. But these poetic figures, beautiful as they are, do not contain the whole truth. The children of Israel were wanderers through a desert, but they were not marching along the lines of an aimless pilgrimage. They had not set forth at a peradventure. They started out with a settled purpose. "They went out to the land of Canaan." The pillar of fire by night and the tremulous cloud by day led them on through devious paths, but by a right way to "a city of habitations." So if life is a pilgrimage, it is a pilgrimage with a purpose. And fair and beautiful as the pilgrim path maybe, the heart of man yearns for something better. The writer of this letter to the Hebrews described a group of the men and women of the world's young morning who became heroic by the mighty power of personal faith. All these died in faith, as they had lived by the power of faith. Of them Paul says, "The world was not worthy." And another characteristic of the Old World saints was this, that long before the revelation of immortality by that great teacher who "brought life and immortality to light," there burned and flamed in the hearts of each of these pilgrims a "desire" for "a better country, that is heavenly." Far away back, when the world was young, the gleaming hope of a life beyond the bounds of time are found stirring the souls of men! We talk in these days about instincts that if not substantial arguments were at least freighted with great power. Whence came these instincts of eternal hope? Who set aflame those torches of hope that radiate all the life, that no despair can quench? If, as seems most natural to believe, God has lighted those torches of hope, we may be sure he will take no joy but in their blessed fulfillment. To implant such desires only to disappoint them would be cruel to the utmost bound of cruelty. God is not mocked. Much less will he mock the creature's hand has made. He who gave us such dreams of a better land will bring us at last to the happy shore.

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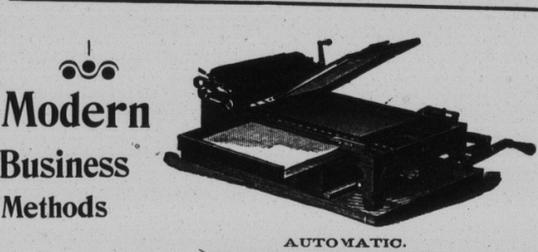
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is the best and most agreeable Soap you can buy for either Toilet or Nursery.

N. B.—A standard make and a ready seller, Baby's Own Soap gives but a small profit to retailers. DON'T ALLOW them to sell you an inferior brand on which they make more profit!

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

Our Own Thoughts.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the instant time becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgement. Familiar as the voice of mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men said but what they thought.—R. W. Emerson.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A LIVER.

Thousands Suffer Because the Liver is De-ranged—South American Nerveine is the Great Remedy of the Day for a Diseased Liver and All Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness and General Debility. When a well-known author wrote his book entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. Funch with a shrewd, practical common-sense, replied to the query, "That depends on the liver." And undoubtedly it is the case that when the liver is diseased untold troubles follow. Dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, nervousness and general debility are all species of stomach trouble that come from this source. The practical question is, "What are you going to do about it?" That great discovery of the century, South American Nerveine, with ten thousand voices says, "I will cure." We might easily quote the words of well-known Canadian citizens to fill this entire page. Let us on two suffice. Mr. John Boyer, banker, of Kilmarnock, says, "I was very

An Old London Church.

St. Martin's, at Ludgate, one of London's oldest churches, is to be opened again, after being closed for six years. The earliest mention of the church is in 1267, but the present building was erected by Sir Christopher Wren at the end of the seventeenth century.

Famous Cedars.

The famous cedars of Lebanon bear little resemblance to our cedars. These famous old monarchs of the forest at Tenet-el-Abd are zealously guarded by the Algerian government, and their wood is prized for cabinet work.

Hugo's Testimony.

After Victor Hugo died, more than 10,000 isolated verses were found scattered about his rooms, written on little slips of paper. He used to write incessantly, even while he was dressing, himself, in the morning.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I clip the following from a newspaper: "J. M. Barrie suggested in one of his skits that the best way to spend a holiday was to spend it in bed, but until quite recently this theory was never put into actual practice. Two hospital nurses of London tried it the other day, however, with the most pronounced success. They each had a fortnight's vacation, and they hired a cottage in the country and engaged an old woman to attend on them. The inhabitants of the little community were not informed regarding this novel project, and as the days went by and the newcomers were never seen the neighbors naturally were astonished.

"Some suggested that there was some terrible mystery about these women and that their strange and unnatural behavior should immediately be probed. It was even thought advisable to have a consultation with the police of the district. The little cottage was not molested nor its secrets pried into, and the story did not come out until the two ladies, their vacation over, made a call upon the vicar, and after giving him some small sum for charity explained the matter.

"It appears that they had practically spent their whole time in bed. For a year past they had got their sleep in such short snatches and subject to so many interruptions that their one idea of a blissful holiday was a season of absolute and undisturbed repose."

I suppose when most of us read Mr. Barrie's whimsical suggestion as to the ideal holiday, we laughed heartily and thought the idea worthy of his peculiar fancy. But for my part I doubt whether Mr. Barrie really intended to be humorous at all! There is far more wisdom than wit in the suggestion, and none knows this better than a hardworking man, and busy brain worker like the gifted J. M. Barrie.

I remember once when I was very tired, and very much discouraged with things in general, saying that I would be willing to go through a severe illness, just for the sake of the rest I would have while I was getting well. Not very long afterwards I was ill enough to satisfy the most ardent seeker after rest, but somehow I did not enjoy the convalescence half as much as I expected; I had not counted on drawbacks of weakness, and helplessness, and I had no idea that what used to seem comfort itself when I was well, could be transformed by a few weeks illness into a place of torture. I discovered lumps in it which had never existed before, and valleys which were equally new to me, and I could not find one position that was restful. So by the time I had made an end of my getting well, I felt as if I never wanted to see a bed again.

So I came to the conclusion that one must be in perfect health in order to thoroughly enjoy her downy couch, and take the good of it. I remember reading once of a celebrated literary woman who got through an enormous amount of work, managed her household, looked after her children, attended to her social duties and yet has never been ill, never had a headache, and always looked as fresh as a rosebud. Someone asked her once how she managed it and she answered that for many years she had made it an inflexible rule always to take one day in bed each week. She never allowed anything to interfere with her custom, denied herself to all visitors and rested and slept as much as she could until six o'clock, when her day ended. And she had never had cause to regret the time so spent.

I know it would be utterly useless to try to impress the wisdom of this needy rest upon the tired housewives of today, because they would all shout in an indignant chorus that they hadn't time, but I think they would find it pay in the long run, if they would only give it a trial, and they would also find it much less expensive than a month's trip to the seaside every summer with doctor's bills to pay in the meanwhile.

I have no doubt that the friends of those two hospital nurses thought they had taken leave of their senses, but I will venture to say that the girls went home rested and re-freshed in mind and body, which is more than the average summer girl does, after her three months of rest and recreation at a fashionable summer resort! They may not have had what is called "a good time" and they certainly did not make any conquests, but they enjoyed themselves in their own way recuperated all their vital forces, and I only hope Mr. Barrie heard about them and enjoyed the knowledge that someone had been found courageous enough, and sensitive enough to put his advice into practice.

It is beginning to be whispered that the high collar the crush collar, and every variety of choker has had its day, and the woman with the pretty neck is about to have hers: for low necked dresses are coming in again, not only for house wear but also for the street. I don't envy the low necked lady during the coming winter, but if her neck is very pretty I suppose she won't mind, and on chilly days she can always wear her short october hat in the house.

with the certainty of being not only comfortable but thoroughly in the fashion as well. Won't the jolly plump girl whose short white throat has been smothered in folds of silk and velvet for so long, rejoice! And won't the rest of us who have been cheerfully hiding our six inches of scrawny hawl with indigestion? Well we can't all have our inning; at once, so we must take these things by turns, and be as good natured about it as possible!

The new hats have arrived, and all I can say about them is that they are large, and in that respect only they resemble the hats of the past season, for at the first glance they are neither pretty, becoming, nor picturesque. Their chief characteristic seems to be enormous width, and next, the quantity of flowers worn on them, and the size of the flowers. Immense velvet poppies, dahlias, and roses with carnation and gillyflowers in exaggerated sizes; I have not yet seen any pumpkin blossoms, but some of the yellow poppies shown, might easily be mistakes for them. Even the feathers are in exaggerated sizes, and seem to be taken from the larger birds, such as the owl, heron or osprey, and they are used flat on the hat. Some of the flat brimmed hats are so large they remind one forcibly of a barrel cover, and others are like immense scoops with the back part turned up, and standing above the hair like a huge comb filled in, and piled up with feathers. Others again are almost like the poke bonnets of ten years ago, only much larger.

To give an idea of the of trimmings used, one immense imported model had a brim of plated chenille with three large bows, turned downward from the edge to produce width. Large cock's plumes, four small birds, and a good assortment of steel buckles finish the hat. Royal purple velvet will form an important part in millinery this winter, and one imported hat of this regal material is bordered with a fringe of ostrich feathers, and has for trimming very large upstanding bows of black satin ribbon. One truly enormous hat has a brim of plated chenille with three large bows turned downward from the edge, to produce an appearance of width. It is finished with a large cock's plume, four small birds, and any number of steel ornaments.

This reads very much like a recipe which calls for "four small onions, and plenty of seasoning," and veritably much of the autumn millinery is like a hotch-potch of fowls, fruits, and flowers.

There is very little difference between the toques and bonnets, this season, indeed the strings often form the only distinction, because the bonnets all have strings, and the toques do not. A very pretty kilted bonnet, nestles closely down upon the head, and is wonderfully becoming on that account; this model which was amongst the imported novelties at one of the leading millinery houses, is of velvet with a crown of the kilted, and a ruche of the same doing duty for a brim with soft silk poppies nestling here and there in it. A large hat of grey felt has fullings of grey velvet, and grey satin ribbon bows arranged in a sort of wreath, all around the rather low flat crown. It is turned straight up at the back, and ostrich plumes in either a darker shade of grey or black stands up aggressively against a large bow of grey satin ribbon, both at back and front.

So many plaids are being worn this autumn and the variety from which to choose seems so endless and bewildering that it requires some judgment in order to make a wise selection.

I am quite certain that the large and influential portion of humanity classified as "the average woman" has no idea that the purchase of a plaid costume is almost as dangerous an experiment as playing handball with a can of dynamite—because if she had, she would make a more careful selection. "Beware of the train!" is the customary warning which embellishes a railway crossing in the country, and "Beware of the Dog!" is the motto which the philanthropic owner of a fierce dog affixes to his front gate, when the dog is loose; but yet the shopkeeper never thinks of attaching the necessary warning, "Beware of the large sized, and loud toned plaid," to his exhibit when he is displaying plaid goods in his window, so that all short, stout women may see it, and tremble. The woman who is large, without being dumpy, may safely indulge in any pretty plaid material, provided the colors are not glaring, and the size of the plaids not too large, but she must have sufficient height to enable her to carry it off well, otherwise she will simply make a caricature of herself.

What a terrible two edged weapon Dame Fashion holds in her hands, and she does wound her votaries with it! No sooner does she pronounce a certain article to be in favour than old and young, stout, and thin women rush in where angels might well fear to tread, and proceed to make gobs of themselves with a happy unconscienceful terror for their friends to witness! All of which means, that plaids should be indulged in temperately as they

are the most unbecoming things the ordinary woman can wear. Only young and pretty girls should indulge in whole costumes of plaid goods, and then they should be careful to select some of the really artistic and beautiful combinations which a careful search will sometimes reveal, among the monstrosities which a long suffering public is supposed to accept and wear, because they are the fashion. Among the really well blended, and pretty plaids may be mentioned a lovely green, with cream cross bars, blue in a broken plaid with deep maroon, and dark grey and blue, also in broken plaids. Some of the bright fancy plaids in small patterns are also very pretty, but the woman who is past twenty had better confine herself to a plaid bodice worn with a black skirt, if she wishes to look well, and make the best of herself.

Some very elegant bodices which may be appropriately worn by middle aged ladies, are of plaid silk with huge sleeves of black gauze, or else of the gauze with plaid silk sleeves, some of these fancy silk bodices are very becoming to women who are no longer young, and when worn with black silk skirts they make very dressy costumes. For instance, a bodice of geranium silk, is worn with a skirt of dark grey silk, it is made with very full sleeves, and its brightness may be toned down with a yoke of black lace, or if, it desired.

Once upon a time the belt was considered an unimportant accessory to the dress, but lately the belt is assuming such importance that the whole costume will soon be merely an adjunct to the belt. The very newest belts are actually seven inches deep, reaching from the waist line to a point just below the bust. Very handsome and elaborate clasps fasten these girdles, sometimes in startling designs such as coiled serpents in gold or silver, with emerald eyes. Some very elegant belts are made of finely woven silk elastic varying in width, from five, to eight inches. They come in all colors, and are fastened with buckles which harmonizes. Others for full dress occasions are of silk webbing, studded with metal disks and having buckles of rhinestones. A lovely belt of oxidized fish scales produces an iridescent effect which is charming when worn with a shot silk blouse, and another is of gold scales, with shield shaped buckles of rhinestones.

Oriental designs seem to make their appearance in all materials, this autumn. The newest black mohair is figured with large circles of colored wool, and though far from pretty, it is striking in the extreme. New smooth-faced cloths for tailor-made suits show the same mottled effects.

The Irish poplin is having its day once more and a charming model shown in New York lately was of heliotrope, in a particularly rich shade. The skirt was scarcely as full as they are usually made, and was draped at the left side, to show a petticoat of white satin. The bodice was close fitting and opened with wide revers over a full front of white satin. The sleeves were very full to the elbow, with a deep cuff reaching from thence to the wrist of the satin and the collar was of the poplin. A pointed girdle also of poplin fastened in front with a rosette of heliotrope ribbon, and two similar rosettes with long ends reaching to the foot of the skirt, finished the back.

It is said that capes will hold their own through the autumn and winter, but that jackets are already making their appearance, so the large sleeves must really be on the decline, in spite of all assertions to the contrary.

A great many lovely shades of blue are seen in the new autumn goods, almost as many as there are in green and brown.

One is a shade of grayish silver blue, very becoming to women who are neither dark nor fair, but neutral tinted. Other shades are swallow, ocean, cadet, bengal and a revived tone of the old peacock blue in a shade so soft and dark that it resembles the Neapolitan and Roman blues, seen in Oriental paintings. Roman and marine blue appear in handsome heavy weight cloths, for winter coatings and costumes.

Pink is in again with a vengeance, and will appear in every tone and shade this winter, for evening dresses, handsome opera toques and bonnets, and for lining velvet and cloth capes for ball, and theatre wear. A new and delicate shade of raspberry pink that is combined with several lovely tints of green for evening dresses, is called salmon, and is more effective in Marie Antoinette brocade showing a beautiful floral design, upon a rich background shot with pink and green.

The old box plaited Norfolk waist has re-appeared amongst the autumn designs, not only in every day gowns of mohair, serge and camel's hair, but also in dress toilets of fancy taffeta, corded silk, flowered satin plaid surah, and cream.

Black and white costumes, still hold their own, and are likely to do so for some time. An elegant gown of black and white silk has a bodice of white chiffon, with black lace applique over it, and large white chiffon sleeves; the skirt being plain and full.

Now The cool weather is coming on one of the most comfortable things you can put on is a pair of our **CLOTH OVERCAITERS.**

We have them at all prices from **50c. upwards.**

Also a fine assortment of Ladies' Misses and Children's Leggings.

Waterbury & Rising.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

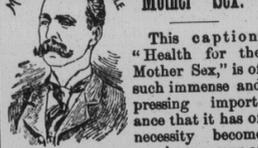
JENNY LIND'S GRAVE.

A Handsome Monument Marks the Spot Where the Nightingale Lies.

It has been stated that the grave on Malvern Hills, in England, of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the Swedish nightingale, has been sadly neglected and is not even marked by the simplest slab. This is not true. A handsome and costly monument in the shape of a cross tells the passer-by that the remains of that noble woman, renowned, not only as the most wonderful songstress of her day, but for her almost unparalleled generosity and saintly character. It is stated that her husband, long after her decease, was in the habit of visiting her grave daily and strewing upon it the most beautiful flowers. It was a most devoted and loving husband, and her last days were made happy and sweet by his kind attentions. Mr. P. T. Barnum, her American agent, in a visit to England some years before his death called upon the Goldschmidt family and saw the daughter and granddaughter. In the house were a number of fine portraits and marble busts of the Swedish nightingale. She was much beloved, not only by her own family friends, but by multitudes who have been the grateful recipients of her many charities. Her very last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. It is recorded of Mr. Barnum that he could make her cry any time by repeating to her a story of poverty, and that she always "backed" her tears with a purseful of money." Jenny Lind had a world-wide reputation as a songstress, but without this she would have been honored and almost adored as a great hearted, benevolent woman, and, as some one has said, would have "been known and loved if she had never sung a note."—Boston Transcript.

Pilgrimages to Lourdes. The Lourdes pilgrimage, whatever its benefits to those who take part in it, is certainly a source of revenue to the railway company over whose lines it is conducted. The number of the pilgrims goes on increasing from year to year. In 1878 the Orleans Company transported by special trains alone between twelves and thirteen thousand, while in 1884 the number was considerably more than doubled, and last year reached a total in round numbers of 40,000 representing in the balance sheet a sum of £25,600. It is to be noted that these figures do not include the whole number of the pilgrims. Independently of the special trains run at the request of the organizers, the company conveys by ordinary trains parties of at least forty persons at reductions averaging 50 per cent of the usual fare.—London Daily News.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain causes the pain Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four table-spoonfuls of Miles (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any holder. Give Express and Post Office address. No. 4007, M. C. 187 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Defective Patents renewed. Opinions on infringement, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, Licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitrations conducted. Overseas, New York City, HAMBURG A. BUDDER, Building, Montreal. (S. A. B. C. L., A. can. Soc. C. E.) Cable address "Brevet," Adversaire, Patent Affairs.

DOROMA PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Ficton and Halifax	7 00
Express for Halifax	10 30
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11 30
Express for Sussex	16 40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 10 30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8 30
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10 30
Express from Moncton daily	10 30
Express from Halifax	16 40
Express from Halifax, Ficton and Campbellton	18 30
Accommodation from Moncton	14 00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co.

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The Quickest Time!

Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John's" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 1 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John's every Tuesday, and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

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THAT MURDER MOST FOUL.

Appearance of the Castle when Macbeth Made Himself a King.

It was on one of those showery days which incite rebellion in the heart of even a pious Scotchman that I journeyed into Forfarshire to visit the Glamis castle.

The residence of Lord Strathmore, famous in the history of the Highlands, and the apocryphal scene of the tragedy of Macbeth.

The central tower has stood since the tenth century, and two wings were built about it in the seventeenth century by the first Earl of Strathmore.

The name of the first builder is unknown, and his work has been subjected to structural changes by the architects of the reconstruction period.

One of the three staircases seen in the basement of the tower leads to the room where Malcolm II. is reputed to have been assassinated.

There are many handsome rooms in the castle. The dining-room is a splendid banquet hall, with floor and wainscot of oak.

It is often supposed that boys in growing keep ahead of girls; but recent measurements disprove this.

"Thou shalt not kiss," is the new commandment laid down by the health convention as a means of preventing consumption.

Public speakers and singers cannot afford to be without Hawker's balsam. It removes hoarseness and heals the irritated vocal organs.

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HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

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Purifies the Blood

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The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

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Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free for name of sufferer. Give name, street, city, state, and send 2c in stamps to Dr. J. C. Williams, 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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WILLIAM CLARK

WHAT GLUE IS USED FOR.

Common as the Use of this Compound is, Few Know Much About It.

There are three kinds of glue. One is made of the hides or sinews of cattle. The pieces cut off by the butcher and tanner and which are of no use in making leather are soaked in lime water.

Simple as the process seems, technical skill and ripe experience are required in manufacturing glue. Many people have tried to make glue at home.

Authorities differ as to which kind of glue is the best. The acid mode is used largely in stiffening straw goods.

Manufacturers are continually asked, it seems, "What is glue used for anyway?"

The tone of the inquiry suggests usually some confusion in the questioner's mind between glue and mullage.

Besides binding books, glue holds paper boxes together. It goes to make up every wheel and the sizing of petroleum and turpentine barrels.

Factories are found in all our great cities, their location being near the supply of stock, and it is strange that no two make glue just alike.

Glue will not hold unless the pieces to be fastened are put together while the glue on them is still hot and liquid.

"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass' bitter beer."

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The most prompt pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

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The Sun

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The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever

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MADAGASCAR'S QUEEN.

She is Said to Be as Fragile as a Figure of Wax.

Madagascar's Queen was brought up in poverty, in an unknown village, by a country butcher, her uncle, who sold to peasants third-grade meats.

The constitution of the country permitting only descendants of the founder of the Malagasy dynasty to reign, the young girl claimed the throne.

When the Queen died this Prime Minister married the girl, in accordance with the laws of the country, which exact that the Prime Minister shall always be the Queen's husband.

Should the Prime Minister survive his sovereign—he is only 70 years old—he will marry the "Granddaughter of God."

The Queen of Madagascar is of medium height, thin and lithe, as undulating and supple as a snake.

Her foot, which shoes have not deformed, is famously small, and the narrow palm and tapering fingers of her hand are at ease in No. 5 gloves.

At first the Queen would wear only princess gowns, but now she consents that waist and skirt be separated.

The royal residence is composed of eight palaces. The one which the Queen inhabits is called "Eye of the Day."

The official palace is a frame building, surrounded by stone verandas. A tree trunk, about forty yards in height, occupies the centre of the reception room.

There is no luxury in her dining-room. The Sovereign and the Prime Minister sit on cushions, but their guests sit on the floor.

"Ranavalona knows how to sew, and her favorite occupation is to fly kites. If ever the chances of war bring as a hostage to France Queen Ranavalona she will be well received.

A Paying Business. It will have been noticed that the will of Dr. Talmage's late wife leaves \$166,000 to her husband.

It is a curious fact that the proceeds of his lecturing trips, on which Mrs. Talmage always accompanied him, as manager and took all the money.

It was her proudest, and as she must have spent much in her charities. It will be seen that lecturing is not the poorest part of work.



James A. Nicholson

CANCER ON THE LIP

CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

JAMES A. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

MENTAL FATIGUE

relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility. Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Erson, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. M. G. Erson, 35 de Salaberry Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Fresh Salmon, Mackerel, Shad, Haddock, Codfish.

Smoked and Salt Fish of all kinds, King Square, J. D. TURNER

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Kills a much higher place in the estimation of eyes than when dressed in shabby and ill-fitting clothes.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

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GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

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BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

W. A. JEWARDS, Proprietor. For sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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FAIR KILLERS OF MEN.

POISON A FAVORITE WEAPON OF WOMEN WHO MURDER.

Borgia found in the Annals of the Race... Cases where a High Degree of Artistic Skill has been Displayed.

Poison has been a favorite weapon of the murderer for as many centuries as the world is old, says a recent writer.

It is the most cruel and diabolical method of making away with an enemy and ferocious criminals who would not hesitate to use a knife or pistol on a fellow man, shrink from a poisoner.

New York at the present time has a poison case on its hands which will go down in criminal history.

Euripides says: "The violence of the ocean waves or of devouring flames is terrible. Terrible is poverty, but woman is more terrible than all else."

Cato says: "The perversity of woman is so great as to be incredible, even to its victims."

Celso, an author of the fifteenth century, says: "No possible punishments can deter women from heaping up crime upon crime."

Ryker says: "Feminine criminality is more cynical, more depraved, and more terrible than the criminality of the male."

Romantic history tells of the fair and elegant Greek parasites, who, when they tired of their lives, invited them to a sumptuous feast, and carving some dainty dish with a knife, the blade of which was poisoned on one side only, helped them to the fatal portion and saw them die before the banquet was over while the remaining guests escaped unharmed.

Cleopatra belongs to the ranks of the women poisoners. In fact, she excelled in all varieties of crime, but everything was done with a delicacy that bespoke the artist.

The ancients, while knowing more about poisonous drugs than the experts of today, were always opposed to their use.

In the middle ages the female poisoners operated on different systems, but always in a graceful and elegant fashion.

Catherine de Medici sent death in dainty perfumed gloves, and Diane de Meridor in juicy golden oranges.

In the seventeenth century, an epoch when poisons were freely used, they were currently called by the cynical and ironical appellation of "poudre a succession."

The woman Voisin was less reticent, admitting that her trade in poisons had added the profession of witchcraft, and that "on stormy nights she summoned the devil to St. Dany's."

This Mme. de Brinvilliers, in addition to poisoning numerous persons, tried to

poison her 16-year-old daughter. The latter was very beautiful, and her mother became insanely jealous of her.

A more modern type of the woman poisoner was Mme. Lafarge, nee Marie Capelle; she was the daughter of an officer of the Imperial Guard, well married, happy at first, then tired of her husband and fell madly in love with another man.

She had by letters warned her husband that he had become distasteful to her, and that she would get rid of him at any price.

She made him eat a piece of cake thickly powdered with arsenic, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to prison for life.

However, in 1852, she was pardoned by the Prince President Louis Napoleon, and died a few months after her liberation, leaving a book of Memoirs called "Prison Hours."

The case of Mme. Lacoste about the same time attracted world-wide attention, but she was more fortunate than Marie Capelle.

Baltimore had a famous poisoning case in 1871. Mrs. Wharton, the widow of an army officer, was accused of the murder of Gen. W. S. Ketchum, of the United States army, and an old friend of her husband.

Some light refreshments were offered the two gentlemen, and shortly afterwards the general died in great agony, while Mr. Van Ness narrowly escaped death.

The Mybrick case in England is again being brought to notice, by a fresh effort on the part of the American friends of Mrs. Mybrick to secure her pardon.

England had another famous poisoning case at the beginning of the present century. Eliza Fanning, an 18-year-old girl, of extraordinary beauty, was convicted of poisoning the entire family in which she was the governess.

Emporia, Kan., some seven years ago was the scene of a unique crime. Mrs. Walkup, formerly a famous belle of New Orleans, was charged with poisoning her husband, Judge Walkup.

The most remarkable poisoner of the year was Mme. Joniaux, called "The Antwerp Brinvilliers."

Mrs. Henry Meyer's fate for alleged complicity in the many murders by poison charged to her husband is still unsettled.

History repeats itself. Gaswell—What picture is that? Dukane—That is "Venus Rising from the Sea."

"You are sure that she belonged to the ancient Greeks, are you?" "Yes, why?" "Just this: A great deal of fuss is made about the smallness of the modern bathing suit, and it is some satisfaction to know that they were just as small many years ago as they are now."

"Society woman nothing! Have you never heard of the deity of the ancient Greeks?" "You are sure that she belonged to the ancient Greeks, are you?" "Yes, why?" "Just this: A great deal of fuss is made about the smallness of the modern bathing suit, and it is some satisfaction to know that they were just as small many years ago as they are now."

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SOME HINTS ON HEALTH.

VERY MUCH TO BE DONE FOR OUR BREAD!

Other Points on Sanitation Which Escape the Attention of Many People—There is Danger in Opening the Doors of Too Public Places With the Hands.

Shirley Dare quotes the following opinions of matters of everyday life in relation to the health:

"We must have a different race of men for leaders and supporters in war and business. But before we have such men we must have another race of women."

"If women knew how closely their health, their looks, and lives were dependent on healthy conditions of living, food, sanitary houses and streets, pure air, pure water, and incessant guard over these conditions, we would see a prompt and decisive change in society."

"Now you are not to give the name of the men who subscribe to these sentiments," said the doctor, at whose name all hats would come off, as he closed the MS. book in his private study.

"I remember that it struck me as I read it that I never quite realized the fact before that doctors like other men, instinctively withhold the truth where it is no use."

"I had better not say anything more, so I had better not say anything more."

"Your bread"—well—the bread of the present day keeps us doctors in business, so I had better not say anything more, so I had better not say anything more, so I had better not say anything more, so I had better not say anything more."

"A host of minor points on sanitation ought to be cared for, which are almost entirely neglected. Doors in public places should be made to open with the foot, pressing against the lower molding protected by metal or rubber."

"What particular word have I for the benefit of women? Simply this, that if they take to eating whole meal bread properly made and baked, taking care of themselves in other ways, American women may have the most beautiful and most lasting complexions in the world."

"Americans suffer for want of good bread. I know people who send ten miles regularly to a bakery where they can be sure of perfectly sweet, well-baked wheat meal bread while dyspeptics have their supplies sent by mail from the Atlantic to

Oregon, not able to secure bread short of this which will not render eating a penalty. One excellent doctor of divinity, prominent in the church, has duties which oblige him to travel a good deal among the smaller ones and he falls not of carrying a box of 'twice baked' bread."

"The undergrowth fetid dens of baking cellars, where half-naked men, reeking with sweat, work the bread, would give one the nightmare to think of. The London sanitary bakeries are a sight worth visiting—clean, bright, airy quarters, on the upper floors of buildings, with everything—kneading trays, cloths, and baking arrangements—scrupulously white, and the bakers healthy men, neat in prison and dress as if they were to be eaten as well as the bread."

"Equal importance to women is the use of filtered water. I don't know why I should say so, except that they are always desiring good complexions, and there is no surer way of refining and brightening the skin than by drinking pure, filtered water."

"Bathing in filtered water is a luxury which becomes indispensable when one compares the ordinary bathtubful with the clear, soft fluid which feels like a toilet lotion, and a very fine one. Just try washing your face for a fortnight in filtered water if you wish to know how aimably your skin behaves when well treated."

"The sizz in common use holds about two quarts, which filters in fifteen minutes when it may be poured into a stone receiver, and the glass filled and set working again. The chamois cube should be removed and cleaned daily, a fresh one taking its place. The cubes cost 60 cents each, and we keep three in use to each filter. When one seems charged with impurities it is taken out and put in the kitchen fire a few minutes, until it glows red hot, when it is lifted out with the tongs and left to cool. Before putting in the filter again the block is dipped in water to raise off any ashes which adhere, and it is fresh for use again. By this care we can depend on perfectly clear water. And no filter can be relied upon whose filtering part cannot be taken out and cleaned at will. Are not complexions worth this little trouble? It is very much more certain in its effect than toilet lotions. Permit me to say," added the doctor, with a courtly air, "that the lotions are much more effective when aided by the use of very pure water."

"Will you tell women," he resumed in a graver tone, "to be careful of two things, the drinking cups they use and the people they kiss—or whom they allow to kiss their children. Eruptive disease of the most repulsive nature is communicated by infection through the thin skin of the lips and mouth, sore throats are taken from public drinking cups; even it is possible from the communion cup at the sacrament. Each person should carry his or her own drinking cup for daily use. And I cannot help thinking that each one admitted to the sacrament should have a glass kept sacredly for that occasion, and taken to church when needed. It is too terrible to have a such a rite defiled by the thought of possibilities which lurk in human experience. As for kissing—it seems hard to lay that under the ban. But we teach children that they must not kiss and caress one with sore eyes for fear of taking the disorder, and we must teach them to keep their kisses for their family friends alone, happy if then they escape all dangers. I should not allow servant girls, coming from no one knows where, and going with no one knows whom, to kiss an infant or child. It is too easy to take incipient diphtheria or ulcerated sore throat or something worse that way. The kiss on the hand is enough for a cousin, the kiss on the cheek for those entitled to nearer privileges. Trust me, we doctors know what we say, and have sound reasons for saying so. Pure blood and breath are too rare to suffer sweet girls and children to be endangered for a caress."

CORN WALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels:—

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empi e, (Royal Mail) 50 00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55 00 to \$80, Spartan 70 00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies Uptodate 100.00, Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110 00, Whitworth's 110,00, Beeston Humber 120,00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. IRACORNWALL

Some Hints on Health. Very much to be done for our bread!

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Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'ON THE LIP', 'Sarsaparilla', 'TAL GUE', 'Epsy', 'FITS!', 'THE TEETH & BREATH', 'THE MAN', 'Patterns', 'INGSTON', 'MADAWASKA, N. B.', 'J. SIMS, Prop.', 'J. SWARDS, Proprietor'.

THE TOWN WAS SAVED.

He was not romantic to look at; indeed, there was something almost comic in the short, stout figure, clad in his washed-out blouse, and the wrinkled, sunburnt face under the faded bonnet, round and yet in the heart of Pierre Goblet there were thoughts and feelings that might have done honor to some knight of olden times.

In the summer of 1870, when the Franco-German war was at its height, Pierre Goblet stood one evening at the threshold of his home, smoking his pipe. The old mill which had belonged to the Goblets for many generations, was built on the summit of a rising ground, and could be seen for many miles.

The miller smoked thoughtfully as he gazed out before him along the white dusty road that led to the town. He was quite alone, for the few men he employed in the mill, and would not return with their empty wagons until the following day.

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Pierre Goblet had one child, a daughter, who was married to one of the chief shopkeepers of St. Andre. Babette was a young and pretty woman. She was very fond of her father, yet she sympathized with him as little as any one in the town.

"Ah! child, that is the spirit of the age that would shirk all responsibility," the old man answered sadly. "But that was not what the soldiers in my young days were taught. Then each man who went to swell the numbers of those conquering armies felt that it rested with him, individually, whether the end should be victory or disaster."

The twilight deepened as Pierre Goblet stood by the solitary mill, gazing dreamily out before him. He was so lost in thought that his pipe had died out unheeded, and he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder that he turned and found himself surrounded by some half-dozen big men in the Prussian uniform.

"Monsieur le Miller, we have come intrude ourselves upon you," the captain said. "Remember that you cannot do us no; so take matters with a good grace and bring out quickly all your hard-boiled in the way of meat and drink."

The officer seated himself at the table, and the men waited upon him before satisfying their own hunger. Then next

bread, and wine were placed in a basket, and two of the men left the cottage carrying it between them. From the window Pierre Goblet watched them making their way in that direction of the wood. They were a vicious-looking set of men, and he might sweep down upon St. Andre and take it by surprise.

Pierre Goblet emerged into the granary and closed the trap-door after him, and fastened it. He had no special object in going to the mill except that he might find solitude. He stood still and ruminated. On the whitened floor empty of rats and odds and ends were strewn about and among them he noticed a large can that was filled with petroleum. He was always well supplied with this oil, for it was used for the many lamps about the mill, but having no further need for it at present he had directed that it should be taken in the last wagon and left in the town, as he thought his daughter might find it useful in the time of siege when necessities ran short.

A wooden ladder ran up the side of the mill to the little door like window that opened just behind the wheel. Pierre Goblet mounted the ladder, opened the window and leaned out. Only not two or three from him the great sails were getting steadily round and round—the four huge arms that had been familiar to him since his childhood; and to him each had an individuality of its own. He knew them by the way the little bits canvas had been patched and mended by his dexterous fingers; a scrap of brown canvas, that had been put in only a few days ago, caught his eye, and as it passed him again and again, mechanically he counted the revolutions of the wheel, for since that scarcely knew what he did. On and on went the sails with their steady, monotonous motion, and the great wheel groaned and creaked in its socket.

The old miller's heart sank within him as he thought of the little town, whose last approaching doom seemed inevitable. It only it were possible to warn the inhabitants of the danger! But he was a prisoner in his own home. An hour went by, and the daylight slowly faded. The officer who had taken possession of the cottage was joined by another, a younger man, and they sat together over the fire, smoking and talking. Above the chimney-piece was a crowd print of the first Napoleon. It was a poor little picture, and did but scant justice to the handsome face it was supposed to represent; but the cocked-hat and the gray coat, and the faded red ribbon across the breast, were all familiar to Pierre, and he had cherished the little portrait as a relic of his father's life.

Then Pierre Goblet turned his eyes away from the mill and looked straight before him, to where a few miles distant—the little town lay; and he thought of its unconscious inhabitants. They little knew that night by which would bring them, that to many it might be their last on earth. Next the old man looked towards the wood. It was grim, dark, impenetrable. But in his fancy he could see men armed to the teeth, who watched and waited, ready at the first word of command to spring upon the town. Then Pierre Goblet lifted his head and looked up into the clear cool sky, where a few pale stars were shining. His lips did not move, but from his heart went up an agonized cry that might be shown a way to help his countrymen. If he were even then upon the road he knew he should not leave one to reach the town. Most likely a German bullet would find him out, and he would fall lifeless by the roadside, his work undone. How could he warn St. Andre? Their preparations to receive the enemy were so nearly completed, and a few hours make so much difference.

All at once the light of inspiration came into the old man's face; his eyes glowed with a sudden eager hope. He did not hesitate for an instant. Carefully he clambered down the ladder back to the granary floor. First he took a dark lantern from a shelf and lighted it; next, he found a long thin stick, which he placed with the lantern ready for his use. "I feel that you ought to know it; this always has been an awful place for a minister. Awful! When they get a new one, there isn't anything good enough for him; but they have had him a spell, he has taken up with what he can get."

"What do you mean?" asked Dulcie flashing, and ready to cry. "I don't think myself it's any such great thing; but there's them that say they can't stand his sitting down in prayer meeting; the Conestock says it's the fashion in the city, but we old folks don't like to have city notions brought into the country. Mrs. Hardacre spoke of it first and that set us to thinking."

"Why?" began Dulcie catching her breath, "why we thought, Paul and I, that it seems so much more social; he gets wishes he could take all those stiff, un-social benches away and have chairs, and a carpet and make it bright and pleasant, like a home; it would be so much more inviting. I should think that Mrs. Hardacre could bear with some of these notions, as she never goes to prayer meeting or church. Her daughter told me that she is too feeble to get out."

"I am sorry that people have such an opinion of your brother; I am sure my husband, when he said Judas, meant Judas. I don't think he would have been afraid to say Hudson Hopkins if he had meant him. Heaven forgive you!" cried poor Dulcie. "But I think it would have been kinder in you to have gone to help take care of Adam Trille than to come here troubling me."

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

When Dulcie Heywood married the minister, and was starting on a blissful little bridal journey, her Aunt Dorothea took pains to observe that, although married, she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

Dulcie felt in her heart of hearts that she was not good enough to be a minister's wife, she had been very cordially taken into the family, but she was not good enough to be a minister's wife, she had been very cordially taken into the family, but she was not good enough to be a minister's wife.

It would not do, Paul saw at once, to blame her or let her know what she had done for, with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and Paul talked gently to her, and they wondered about heaven, where little Adam had gone.

"To think," said Dulcie, "that his little hands have opened the door so closely shut to us." "Then he told her of his morning's work, and how proud one of the committee of five that poor mother told me her husband never listened to any one as he has to you." And then, with some and little whispers of self-reproach and pleadings for forgiveness, came the story of her morning's trouble.

"My own darling Paul!" she cried. "We can still trust in Him. It comforts me to think He says, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he will give you a rough path but I think of that. And you know, Paul,' she added in her sweet, deprecating way, 'you know that I am stumbling along beside you.'"

Dulcie's time of trial came all too soon, and when a dead baby lay upon the mother's heart and Paul saw the white face of one he thought in a moment of the lily and its bud which the storm that very morning had broken from the stem.

Then Dulcie, with the strange, sweet smile upon her face which the angels give to the dying, whispered, "It is best so, Paul; I never was good enough; but I hope he will give us a little place in heaven near the gate, Paul—baby and me, and we will watch for you. I will teach her. Don't, Paul," she said, as he hid his face in his hands and groaned, then took her to his heart, as though that strong, warm grasp could keep her from death itself.

"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said. But, smiling still, she whispered again: "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know, you always said that, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning. When after the years had recently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too, heard a voice, "Come up higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by word and deed, of which that pure knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

"MAN OVERBOARD." It was a lively joke, but it cost the Jokee his Baggage. "Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain, "and while the pranks, as a rule, are perfectly harmless they sometimes have a boomerang effect."

"Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic, and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip, as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out just about dusk the cry of 'Man overboard!' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help, help! Save me!'"

"The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickled over the success of his joke to keep the secret. "Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entry of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of \$60,000 being about the penalty under the government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tender hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."—San Francisco Post.

A Plucky Judge of Dundee. How many rats should put an ordinary man to flight? We now know that thirty won't cause a Scotch judge to turn tail. Sheriff Campbell Smith has just had before him at Dundee a case of broken tenancy on account of an incursion of the rodents, and while he gave judgement in favor of the occupant who had left the house on account of the rats, he told him he thought he and his family had been unduly alarmed. "If they could not face them themselves they should have got a dog or a cat to assist them. To be put to flight by three rats—for these were all the tenants had seen—was hardly to be understood. He knew some timid people were terrified by rats, but three rats or thirty rats would not frighten His Lordship out of the house."—Westminster Gazette.

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BORN.

DIED. Halifax, Oct. 4, James Scott, 74. Halifax, Oct. 4, Ann M. Art, 84. Halifax, Oct. 3, Agnes Atkinson, 54. St. David, Sept. 20, Mary Hall, 25. St. John, Oct. 3, John F. Fuses, 82. Jacquet River, Oct. 1, C. Bent, 70. Calais, Sept. 25, Stephen B. Berry, 70. Mapleton, Sept. 18, George Smith, 25. Digby, Sept. 25, Amelia W. Dakin, 27. St. John, Oct. 2, P. Partelow, 20, 34. Westville, Sept. 12, Michael Foley, 34. St. John, Oct. 5, Eliza B. Steward, 49. Halifax, Oct. 3, Emily Piers McLaren, 69. Spruexton, Oct. 1, Percy J. Smith, 19. White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas. 72. White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas., 72. Jacquet River, Oct. 1, John C. Bent, 70. Freeport, Sept. 20, Mrs. Alfred Thurber. Shelburne, Sept. 20, Alvin M. Perry, 20. Lynn N. S., Sept. 29, Miss Hattie Lewis. Port Saxon, Sept. 13, Ernest L. Graves, 20. Aylesford, Sept. 24, Daniel McLean, 33. Greatville, Sept. 25, Mrs. John Vance. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Ada B. Lawson, 41. Havelock, Sept. 15, George H. Nowlan, 41. Buctouche, Sept. 27, Cora L. Roberts, 15. Milltown, Sept. 29, E. Arbeth A. Foley, 66. Shelburne, Sept. 22, Mrs. Andrew Perry, 41. New Glasgow, Sept. 29, Isaac Marshall, 55. Halifax, Oct. 2, Mary, wife of Charles H. Hopper, N. S., Sept. 21, Maggie G. Sullivan, 39. Princeton, N. S., Sept. 26, Martha A. Sprague, 69. Halifax, Oct. 2, Walter C. Lasher of New York 19. North Sydney, Oct. 1, Mary wife of Robt. Scott, 45. Stellarton, Oct. 1, Agnes wife of David W. Colton, 42. St. John, Sept. 20, Mary, wife of George Maloney, 62. Bay View, Sept. 27, Janet wife of Richard Tanner, 80. Westville, Sept. 20, Maggie wife of James C. Munro. Kings N. S., Oct. 2, May wife of Clayton C. Cogswell. St. Paul, Oct. 3, Hurb J. McKee, formerly of St. John. East Point, Oct. 4, Lillian E., wife of Edward E. Beck. Yarmouth, Sept. 21, Addie wife of Adelbert Wyndham, 52. Lincoln, Sept. 25, Mary Long, widow of Edward Long, 62. Mapleton, Sept. 23, George N. son of Benjamin Smith, 29. Roxbury Mass, Sept. 23, Daniel Cogan, formerly of N. S. 60. Calais, Sept. 28, Jennie E., child of Samuel and Elizabeth Hall, 13 months. Centreville N. S., Katherine Boyd, wife of Robt. Munson, 69. West Jeddore, Sept. 29, Agnes widow of David Blakey, 66. Parsoboro, Sept. 20, son of Albert and Alice Buller, well a month. Wolford, Sept. 27, Eugene, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Turner, 2. St. John, Oct. 1, Charles R., child of John and Annie Ballard, 13 months. Fredericton, Oct. 4, Annie Connel, widow of Hon. Charles Connel. Trenton, N. S., Bet E. daughter of Avard and Hannah Hawks, 3. Truro, Sept. 20, Maggie Seard, daughter of F. S. and Mrs. Magee, 2. Liverpool, Sept. 21, Cecil J., son of Andrew and Tina West, 6 months. Carleton, Oct. 4, Alice May, daughter of E. and Elizabeth Maxwell, 2 years and 10 months. Halifax, Oct. 2, Mrs. Ann Birkenhead widow of Henry Birkenhead, 80. North Sydney, Sept. 30, Jessie A., daughter of James Scott, 13 months. East Point, Oct. 2, Kate, wife of Wm. McLean, formerly of Sanbury N. B. Waigwa River, Oct. 4, Fannie Co., daughter of Wall-wood and Mary Jane Currie. Lawrence station, Sept. 23, Kenneth E., son of George and Sarah Kitchin, 2 years and 10 months. Kilmun, Sept. 20, William L., son of C. W. and Phoebe Morehouse, 15 months. Halifax, Oct. 1, Agnes Florence Higgins, daughter of James and the late John Higgins, 4. Hammond Plains, Sept. 20, Minnie daughter of John and the late Minnie Romans, 6 weeks.

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