

# PROGRESS.

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## IT LOOKS LIKE BOODLE.

### HALIFAX CITY COUNCIL'S NEXT MEETING FOR A REPORT ON THE TENDER.

They did not blind themselves to accept the lowest tender, and they did not accept it as a charge that a deal had been made.

HALIFAX, March 21.—It looks much like hoodlumism which exists among a section of the aldermen in the Halifax City Council. There is something at work which looks very much as if it were a disgraceful wrong influence being used. Some time ago the city advertised for granite crushing and other stone needed for street work during the coming season. Tenders were publicly asked for, and offers were regularly sent in by a number of competitors for the contract. The mayor as a member of the works department, sent a requisition to the council favoring a tender sent in by Kline, a well known local quarry man. His requisition did this against the opinion of City Engineer Doane, and despite the fact that Kline's tender was all the way from \$600 to \$1,500 higher than the offer of H. Sorrette, of Shelburne, another first-class quarry owner. It was shown that if there was any difference in quality of material, the stone offered by Sorrette was superior to Kline's. Aldermen Stewart, Hamilton, Redden, Morrow, Dennis, and one or two others, did what they could in the council to have the contract given to the lowest tender. They figured out the tenders and showed that Sorrette's was \$1,200 lower than Kline's, and it was stated that the Shelburne granite was superior for the purpose required.

Yet the mayor was obtuse. He and such men in the council as Aldermen McFatridge and his comrades tried to show that the difference in favor of Sorrette was only about \$500, and they made a great cry that the city's money should be kept in the city, even if Sorrette's stone was better and his price was lower. So the mayor's majority voted the contract to Kline. Ald. Morrow moved a reconsideration, but again the advocates of giving the contract to the lowest tender, and the best material, were voted down. Thus ends the first lesson.

The second is just what might be expected as a sequel to such conduct. A couple of months ago, the "gold-blooded" incident is half forgotten. This week it begins to be whispered about that Kline has sold out his fat contract with the city to Sorrette, and that after all Halifax taxpayers will be called upon to pay the price to the outside firm. A deal has been made.

Sorrette will get Kline's high price, whereas he was willing and anxious, in the first instance, to obtain the contract at figures estimated even by the mayor to be \$500 lower than Kline's, and by the friends of honesty and fair play as between taxpayers and contractors, at \$1,200 below Kline's.

Sorrette is a reliable man. His quarries are second to none and his offer to the city was the lowest made. What will any reasonable man think of a mayor and majority of aldermen who vote needlessly to give away possibly \$1,200, and certainly \$500 of the people's taxes to a contractor, on the flimsy plea that he is a local man, while in the final heat they see the outside man holding the contract at the highest figures.

It surely is a good thing for the city that a mayor who makes such a thing possible, and aldermen who support him, are about to bid civic affairs good-bye. Tax-payers are sure of the mayor's farewell, and if the electors give those aldermen of his way of thinking their quietus next April they will indeed do well.

Where Suicides Were Buried.

HALIFAX, March 25.—Residents of the west-end part of this city, and particularly of Robie street and Jubilee road, will be interested in knowing that at the corner of Robie street and Jubilee road was the place where in ancient times the authorities in Halifax buried suicides. The two roads crossed here in orthodox fashion, and the interment took place long before people had penetrated that far into the then "wilderness." The interments were made on the south-west corner of the Camp Hill, opposite what was known as "Farmer King's place." The bodies of several suicides were buried there, military and civilian. The soldiers now frequently use Camp Hill for practice in making entrenchments and throwing up earthworks. They have not yet been engaged upon this south-west corner, but if they should in the future, there is little doubt something would be unearthed which might be of considerable interest to the antiquarian.

A Hard Man to Beat.

HALIFAX, March 21.—Mayor Keele is a hard man to beat. He generally proves himself too much for the aldermen. Here is an instance of his spryness. A year ago the board of works was abolished and it was thought that with the board also went the board's allowance of \$1,000 per annum. This was so thought Mayor Keele, who seems to have argued that because he per-

## NOT ONE CENT OF DEBT.

### ON ANY OF ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC CHURCHES OR INSTITUTIONS.

Bishop Sweeney's Thirty-five Years as Bishop of the Diocese Show Him to Have Wonderful Executive and Financial Ability—His Lordship's Many Splendid Traits.

On the fifteenth of April his lordship, Bishop Sweeney will have reached the thirty-fifth milestone in his career as bishop of the diocese. On that date, 1860, he was consecrated and assumed the duties, responsibilities and honors of that position.

That he has fulfilled those duties with honor to himself and with substantial benefits to those under his charge no one can gainsay. The Catholic body can now boast that there is not a cent of debt on any of the churches or institutions in the city and this despite the fact that they possess a large amount of valuable property here and that in recent years several new institutions and churches were founded.

He has proved himself to be a man with wonderful executive ability and an admirable financier. He has raised an immense amount of money during his thirty-five years and he has done it without his people feeling any undue pressure. Debts have been wiped off and buildings erected without their knowing how much they were doing. They are chiefly poor people and it has been the many small amounts that have made the big totals.

PROGRESS has been giving some information respecting the churches and charities of the city and the amounts that are expended to maintain the various institutions about here. This week some additional material was sought respecting those of the Roman Catholic body and Father Casey of the cathedral parish supplied some interesting details on the subject.

Since Bishop Sweeney came into the diocese two churches and three benevolent institutions have been established and a large amount of debt has been wiped off. The churches are St. Peter's on Douglas avenue, built about ten years ago, and Holy Trinity, on Rockland road, built about three years ago. The benevolent institutions are the Industrial school at Silver Falls, the Cliff street convent and orphan asylum and the Home for Aged Women. The cathedral cost \$230,000 and when he came into the bishopric there was a heavy debt, upon which he liquidated.

The Roman Catholic church in this city has \$200,000 to \$250,000 worth of property, and the great part of the money that has created this was raised by the bishop. The property includes the cathedral, bishop's house, convent, Cliff street orphan asylum, the convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Patrick's Industrial school, Mater Misericordiae Home, St. John the Baptist church and parsonage, Holy Trinity church and parsonage, and the Carleton church and convent.

The four chief institutions for charitable work in the denomination here are the Home for Aged Women, the Boy's Industrial school, the Girls' Orphan Asylum and the St. Vincent de Paul society.

The Home for Aged Women was practically built by the bishop half a dozen years ago. It costs \$30,000 and of this only \$5000 was contributed. He supplied the remainder himself. There are fifty old women in the home being cared for by the denomination.

There are about eighty boys in St. Patrick's Industrial school or the boys' orphan asylum at Silver Falls. This is one feature in well known industrial undertaking of the bishop. His idea was to have the poor boys of the city in agricultural pursuits, and thus counteract the too pronounced tendency of population to go from the country to the city. He founded the farming village of Johnville, in Carleton county, some years ago, sending a couple of hundred families there. The boys at the Industrial school are trained in farming besides being instructed in regular school work, and are prepared for being placed on farms.

Both the boys' and girls' orphan asylum are conducted by the sisters of charity. The girls' asylum is in the Cliff street Convent building. There are about eighty girls there. Arrangements are made so that the children may not be subservient to the whim of their guardians and be taken out when ever they want them. When they are put in the home they go there permanently.

The St. Vincent de Paul society is organized for relief work and in this city it is pretty nearly as old as the Cathedral. It is the best organized society for relief work in the city and in fact the Roman Catholics are the only denomination that have really good organization for this purpose. The city is divided for the work into three parishes and in each parish there is a society. They are the Cathedral parish, North end and Lower Cove. Each parish is subdivided into districts, for instance in the Cathedral parish there are about ten of them. Certain members of the societies look

## FOR THE NEXT COUNCIL.

### THE T. R. A. PROPOSE TO HAVE A FULL TICKET.

Some Men will be Dropped and new Candidates Adopted—Some of the Changes Likely to be Made—Mayor Robertson Again Their Choice for Chief Magistrate.

Civic nomination day comes on April 9th and the election on the 16th. The first date is distant two weeks from next Tuesday and the second date three weeks. There is thus little time remaining until the Tax Reduction Association will enter the lists in its second fight for supremacy.

In conversation with a member of the nominating committee of the association he said that they would complete their work and report to the executive at the end of next week. They have now been in session two weeks and they have been meeting three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. They expect to have a stronger ticket than they had last year, though it is yet some distance from completion.

The committee have decided to renominate Mayor Robertson and he will again lead their forces in the fight. His worship, they think, has shown fairness and has been faithful to his trust. It is quite certain that he will accept the proffered honor. There has been no word of any opposition to him and it is likely the usual custom will be followed of allowing him to enter upon the responsibilities of a second term without opposing his way.

He named some of them those who were already on the ticket. Among them are Ald. McLaughlin, who will run at large; Ald. Daniel Queens ward; Ald. McRobbie, Prince; Ald. McMillin, Lorne; Ald. Seaton, Victoria, and Ald. Waring, Sydney. All these men will accept. There was at first some question about Ald. Waring remaining here, but he has stated that he will run if nominated. The committee think that there will be no opposition against him, as he is a very popular man.

These six nominees are men who without question carried out their platform and put into civic affairs good practical common sense. They are all men of business methods and beside were not afraid to devote their time to the duties of their office. Much farther than this in definite action the committee have not reached, he said. Ald. Millidge does not care for civic life and will not run. Ald. Kennedy is neither a resident nor does he do business in King's ward and he also has decided to retire from the field. The association have concluded that they made a mistake in nominating the members of the previous council, that is, with the exception of Ald. Seaton, Ald. Shaw, Ald. Baxter, Ald. Lockhart, Ald. McCarly and Ald. Blizard are these men and it is stated that they will all have to seek in new fields for a nomination. There is very slight chance for any of them being nominated by the association.

There has been very little talk of an opposition ticket being formed and it cannot yet be stated whether or not there will be a full ticket in the field. Ald. Shaw has decided to retire from civic politics and Mr. J. E. Wilson, a great friend and supporter of his, will run independently in Wellington. His name was before the association, but it did not appear to be acceptable to them, hence his candidature as an opponent. Ald. Baxter will run independently in Brooks and will hope that the T. R. A. will not be as popular as it was last year.

Beyond the enumeration of six or seven names on the T. R. A. ticket of sixteen nothing definite can be stated. The other men have not been definitely chosen.

### A BUILDING IN THE AIR.

#### An Even More Terrible Explosion than That of Wednesday.

The terrible boiler explosion on Wednesday last, by which a life was lost, recalled an explosion to one of St. John's inhabitants that he witnessed at Lowell twenty years ago.

"I was sitting in the office of J. C. Ayer and Co., the medicine men," he said, "just about noon, when I heard a great noise, and looking out of the window I saw what seemed to me to be the whole of the large open plumbing establishment just across the road rise in the air to the height of about twenty feet, and fall back right in the place where it had stood a moment before. Of course it completely collapsed, but it looked to me as if not a single brick was displaced during its rise in the air. It was the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed. The building must have been a wonderfully strong, well-built one."

The boiler had exploded, and the building was a complete wreck, but only six men were killed. If the explosion had occurred fifteen minutes before there would have been a much more awful loss of life, as seventy men had gone home to their dinner at that time."

Enterprising Mr. Marr of Moncton.

That spring is at hand is proved in many ways, one of which is the activity of the millinery trade "openings" and all that sort of thing are on the tapis now. Today the enterprising firm of H. G. Marr, of Moncton, takes advantage of PROGRESS' circulation in the province but more especially in that thriving city and those near at hand to announce his millinery opening on the 30th of March, that is next Tuesday. Mr. Marr promises all and more than can be found elsewhere in the way of goods and new styles, and he adds a note about the presence of sweet music. The announcement appears in a prominent place upon the fifth page of this issue and is worth noticing.

## DR. GRAY BOSS UP AGAIN.

### And Wanted to Give Evidence at the King Mill Inquest.

Inquests at Fairville and vicinity have not been characterized by the dignity and moderation that should prevail in the presence of death. At the time of the Southey explosion people will remember Governor Robinson's eagerness to conduct the inquest and the result thereof at the inquest upon the body of young Branigan at Fairville last fall there was an unpleasant altercation between Dr. Gray and officer Hennessy.

Again at the inquest upon the body of Wellington Smith at Kingsville on Wednesday morning Dr. Gray figured in an unpleasant scene. Dr. Gray was the first physician to arrive on the scene when the disaster occurred there. But it was not known at first that young Smith had been killed, and the doctor had gone away again before the body had been found. Dr. Matthew MacFarland was the next man to arrive and he examined the body.

When the inquest was about opening Dr. Gray drove up and entered the room. Governor Robinson was just then in the act of swearing Dr. MacFarland. He pushed forward and took hold of the testament. The officer was rather surprised and stated that Dr. Gray had not been summoned. The latter considered that he had a right to give testimony. "We can call you later," said the coroner, "you might come in again in quarter of an hour." The members of the jury went further and said they did not want him at all.

The doctor took the hat and retired but he looked somewhat angry and as he went out he muttered, "Some more fine work." No doubt he blamed his opponent, Officer Hennessy, though in this case the officer had nothing to do with it.

Dr. Gray did not return and his evidence was not taken. The court and those present did not seem to want his evidence. The only reason that can be assigned for the physician's haste was the fee of four dollars. Out of respect to the solemnity of such occasions such things might very well be forgotten.

There has been very little talk of an opposition ticket being formed and it cannot yet be stated whether or not there will be a full ticket in the field. Ald. Shaw has decided to retire from civic politics and Mr. J. E. Wilson, a great friend and supporter of his, will run independently in Wellington. His name was before the association, but it did not appear to be acceptable to them, hence his candidature as an opponent. Ald. Baxter will run independently in Brooks and will hope that the T. R. A. will not be as popular as it was last year.

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### RATHER A FATALIST TO VIEW.

#### The Recent Accident at King's Mill From an Onlooker's Standpoint.

It is only occasionally that people realize in any great degree the terrible import of that most dreadful of all thoughts, the thought of the uncertainty of life. The knowledge that death may come and that it may come at any instant is shared by every man on earth and it may be considered almost the only truth in which all men agree. Man's greatest foe is death, and his mystery the shadow which oppresses life and shuts out from it the brightness of the sun.

A man in life is like a blind man standing on the very edge of a beetling precipice. Before him is the utter blackness of darkest night and a bottomless chasm. His living is like such a man advancing and the precipice advancing with him and so keeping him from falling. He stretches his foot out over the chasm and while it is suspended in the air and he seemingly must fall the precipice advances with him and his foot descends upon its edge again. So he goes on and with each step the edge of the precipice advances the length of the step. But some instant the precipice does not advance; there is nothing for the foot to rest upon and the pilgrim is hurled without warning into the night. This man stands on the edge of the pre-

## sent and the future may have no foothold for his feet.

The only attributes of the future that he really knows on its eternity and its darkness. The present is a fulcrum edge with the balances of life and death swinging on either side.

In the quiet little hamlet of Kingsville this week people knew in all its terrors the terrible solemnity of life and death. They saw a young man in an instant hurled from the narrow edge of life.

Wellington Smith was a man of twenty years with all the fine, manly qualities of a steady, industrious youth. At his home in South Bay he was well thought of, he was kind in the family and he was chery to those about him. In school he had studied diligently and in church he had been well behaved.

He was buoyant and hopeful by nature, and when he arose from his slumbers on Wednesday morning and went to the scene of his daily labors he revelled in the keen, warming air, and the bright sunlight. Life was something joyous to him, and the future a prospect of hope and prosperity.

But the joyousness on the face of the future was a mask. Behind it there was a gloomy threatening visage and the mask was to be torn off just four hours hence. He reached the mill and went about his daily labors. His work was carried on just above the black mass of the boilers. He had never feared them, he had never thought how terrible they were in their possibilities, that they had the power to kill a hundred men. For thirty years the mill had stood there and the boilers, or ones like them, had stood there. Nothing had ever happened there. But they had been waiting for those thirty years, they were waiting before he was born and they were waiting for him.

It was shortly after ten and he was wheeling a load of sawdust just above the boilers from the rotary saw to the sawdust chain. The sun shone around him and brightness was in his heart. Suddenly his ears and whole body throbbled with the din and horror of a terrible crash. An immense body of hot steam surged upon him and by its frightful power he was lifted bodily and hurled through space.

For an instant his senses remained, through his brain was sensued by the shock. The whole latent nerve power in his being was concentrated in that single instant of time. His organs of sense became countless times more delicate and keen than ever they were before. All the power of his manhood was arrayed in this last supreme effort and every nerve current in his body became exquisitely delicate and tingled with life.

Involuntarily the muscles of his who's body gave one superhuman leap. His heart gave a terrible throb and seemed almost to burst from his breast and stop beating. His limbs became endowed with gigantic strength, but he could not use it and a mighty shudder shook his whole frame and convulsed his limbs.

In the same instant this happened the muscles of his throat contracted and his mouth opened letting in the whole deluge of steam and flooding his body. At once there was a blank.

It had all happened while he was yet going through the air. When he dropped amid the debris with bricks and rubbish flying all about him he was dead. The steam had entered every pore of his system, it had seared and darkened the flesh, with its intense heat it had almost melted the membranes and tissues. But, though his death was terrible he had not suffered. The steam had been merciful because of its effectiveness.

### A LUMBER KING AND A MAN.

#### Robert Connors did not do Anything by Halves in his Life.

This week some St. John men returned from the funeral of the lumber king of the upper St. John. In the death of Robert Connors the hardy woodman of the district lost a true friend and a beloved employer. The little lumbering town of St. Francis owed its origin to him, and the town was his property. The hotel was his, the general store, the cottages of his employes and the church. It is Maryville on a small scale.

He was very generous in his manner of entering upon an undertaking. He did not build a cheap hotel. The fittings and ornamentations are of the best. The large building where many of his employes live is also fitted up very comfortably as one item will show. The woodmen here enjoy the delights of a spring bed.

Robert Connors' chief friend was W. H. Murray of this city and him he appointed his executor in a will which he executed some years ago and repeated that provision in another which he made while he was seeking renewed health in the south last winter. Only one provision of that will is thus far known but it is a characteristic of his generosity. He provided for the completion of his little Presbyterian church and the gift of it to the St. John presbytery.



Number.

75.00

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IN THE WORLD.

ING SUN POLISH

LE OF 3,000 TONS.

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LE AGENTS.

Mrs. John Keenan, 57,

Christiana Barton, widow

Arthur, son of Frank and

Watters, son of the late

A., wife of the late Rich-

ph F. son of Joseph and

latha H., wife of the late

McDonald, son of D.

Largaret Ferguson, widow

Christiana Barton, widow

Mrs. Sgt. James John

Dominick Edwards, son



Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Quite as anticipated the Sacred Concert in St. Patrick's hall, Carleton, last Sunday evening, was an occasion of no little musical interest.

Mr. McSorley, another of our well known vocalists, who has not been heard in public for some time past, was down on the programme for a bass solo, but as that gentleman was confined to his house suffering from a severe cold, his solo had to be omitted to the disappointment of a large number.

Especially pleasing and interesting features of this concert were the choruses by the children some thirty in number, which were given with much precision, smoothness and sweetness. The young voices as they gave the words of "Jesus, Saviour of my Soul" manifested a true devotional sense and realization of what the words conveyed.

In looking over the pages of an old magazine the other day, I observed a department whose caption was "Music." As I read it I thought of the St. John Oratorio Society. The article was written in 1868 and treats of the Philharmonic Society of New York, which about that time had observed its twenty sixth anniversary and had elected a new president in the person of Dr. E. O. Doremus, an amateur.

Baby opera has proved so successful that Humperduick, who wrote "Hansel and Gretel," has just composed another work entitled "The Royal Infants," after a story by E. Rosmer. The leading parts are for women who represent children.

The price of season tickets for the recent operas in Boston was \$30, or \$2.50 each for twelve operas.

Mechanics' hall in Boston seems to be generally unfitted for giving performances of Grand opera.

A recent Boston paper contains the announcement that Mr. Thomas Daniel has been engaged as basso of the Berkeley Temple choir for the coming season. This fact was announced in Progress some few weeks ago.

Dealing with the latest Italian opera season in Boston, recently closed, and more particularly of Maurel as Falstaff, a writer in that city says "Maurel has easily led among the favorites of the season, winning unqualified praise from Shakespearean critics for his Iago and Falstaff. Of the latter it is said 'viewed from a purely vocal standpoint, it reveals the highest expression of artistic achievement in its every phase and delicate nuance of tone, color and in point of fitness it will rank with the greatest bits of comedy acting.'

Vardi, the composer of "Falstaff" was over eighty years old when he wrote that opera.

It is now rumored that there will be another season of French and Italian operas at Mechanics' building, Boston, beginning on April 9th, next. The operas will be

"Lohengrin" with Eames as Elsa; "Aida" with Nordica in the title role; "Roméo et Juliet" with Melba as Juliet; "The Marriage of Figaro" with Eames, Nordica and De Lussan; "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Lucia de Lammermoor" with Melba as Lucia, and "Faust" with Eames as Marguerite.

A season of Grand opera in English will be given at the Star theatre, New York, about the end of April next. There will be a chorus of fifty trained voices, and among the leading artists will be Marcella Lindh, Marie Maurer, Adela Macdonald, Emma Siebert, Miss Flower Cross, Conrad Behrens, Victor Claudio, Perry Averill, Arthur Soton and Henri Meyer.

Miss Elsa Hatscherra, a prima donna of the German opera company soon to visit Boston is highly spoken of. "She is not only a fine singer but a good woman and an ambitious artist."

The programme for the final Stavenhagen Gerardy concert in Music hall, Boston, last Thursday evening was as follows:

Sonata (F major) Liszt
Allegro energico, andante sostenuto, Fagot e oboe.
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.

Concerto pour cello. Ecceut
Andante, scherzo, allegro.
Jean Gerardy.

Rhapsodie (G mineur) Job, Brahms
Intermezzo (E flat) Job, Brahms
Two Etudes. Chapin
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.

Romance. J. van Gerardy.
Pastorale, op. 2. Stavenhagen
Capric, op. 2. Stavenhagen
Erl Koentig. Schubert List

(By request)
Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.
Berceuse. Beud, Godard
Tarantelle. D. Popper
Jean Gerardy.

Barnabee of the "Bostonians" is to write a book of reminiscences. It should be funny.

Sybil Sanderson, the prima-donna, who is now in New York is still reported to be ill. It is not likely she will sing again at present.

Handsome Fannie Johnston, the comic opera singer, has been quite ill for a week at her hotel in Boston.

Cassey Fitzgerald of "Gaiety Girl" fame, is about to marry a New York dry goods merchant. A Boston paper says, "As he is not made of money it must be a love match. Let us hope it will not be of the regulation kind."

A strong list of artists took part in a concert in the Berkeley Temple Institute series in Boston last week among them being that St. John favorite Mr. Tom Daniel, whose work is very highly praised. Mr. Daniel's solo was the Armorer's song from "Robin Hood." He sang in the sextette from "Lucia" which "is seldom heard with greater pleasure than as given on that occasion," and also in the quartette, "The night has a thousand eyes" by Nevin, the other singers being Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Mrs. Marie Kaula Stone and Mr. George J. Parker. Mr. Daniel's many friends in this city are always glad to hear of his successes.

Talk of the Boston Play houses.

Since I last wrote you, Grand Opera has come and gone, and the great singers have been in the majority of cases heard not at all or to great disadvantage. The building in which the operas were given was chosen by the managers simply on account of its site, and it is nothing but a great bleak barn, with fortunately good acoustic qualities, but otherwise no better fitted for stage representations than St. John market. At the time of the opera season one of the very worst branches of Boston weather was on tap and the singers in common with other mortals had to succumb to the terrors of influenza. It was hard on the managers, harder on the singers, but hardest of all on the public, especially that portion of it that had bought season tickets at an advanced price over that of last year. It was rather annoying to go up to the hall fully prepared to hear de Reszke, or Nordica, or Maurel, or some other of the great artists sing, and be met with the announcement that the opera had to be changed and some old chestnut put on with an inferior cast, and more annoying still to see the speculators selling seats for less money than you had to pay for yours. However, the management has arranged to give an extra week next month, and as the weather will be more balmy and less "grippy" then, we hope to see the advertised programme carried out.

The Bostonians have been with us again for a short season two weeks of which were given up to the new opera Prince Ananias and one to the favorite Robin Hood. The new opera is charming musically, the book being weak, but then, after all, one does not mind a new book if the music is good, and in this case the music is very much superior to the ordinary comic opera trash. The composer has in a measure cut loose from the somewhat used up waltz measures and has used the march movement in his work, a change which was a relief. The piece was of course well sung, but then the Bostonians sang it, so unless we saw them, how well could we judge?

The Girl I Left Behind Me, opens at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on April 5.

Mme. Rejane will not be seen in Boston before the middle of May.

The entertainment of the Boston Press club will be held on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, 26th, and promises to be a bright and glorious occasion. Edwin Booth's nephew, Crestin Clarke, aspires to fill the place of the late master.

The Tremont will have a summer season of light opera and more than likely Camille D'Arville will be the star. Proscenium.

THE CASE OF THE BROTHERS.

The Opera House managers are advertising the coming of a theatrical company

Davis looks, and how she does keep her splendid voice. To my certain knowledge she has been singing in public for sixteen years, but the great voice is as deep and full, as rich and sweet as when I heard her sing Little Buttercup away back in 1879. The Cadets have had control of the Tremont theatre this week with their new burlesque Escobar jr. and as is usual with the bright members of the corps their entertainment was an artistic and financial success.

Fanny Davenport has been filling the big Boston theatre with her new production Gismonda (soft G, please), and has made a great hit. The play is, as you know, by Sardou, which is enough to stamp it as a masterpiece of writing. It is magnificently stayed as all Miss Davenport's pieces are, beautifully costumed and well acted. The handsome star has seemingly discovered the long lost fountain of youth and bathed therein, for I never saw her looking so well as she does this season. She plays the part for amore, and is ably seconded by her husband, Melbourne McDowell, and Theodore Roberts. I have not seen Miss Davenport in anything on which I liked her so well as in Gismonda, although her Fedora, La Tusca, and Cleopatra were all fine performances. At this theatre we will shortly have German Opera and the Wagnerian friends will be in their glory and sing-applause at Sucher, Fischer, Alvary and the rest in profusion.

Near by at the Park theatre Trilby is the vogue. I have read the book, thoroughly enjoyed it, heartily entered into its brightness, gaiety and its pathetic weirdness. I have seen the play and now wish I had not read the book till I had seen the play. Trilby is not a book to dramatise. In the play you lose all the charming personality of the author, the genius of the work, the peculiar atmosphere, and in a word I was disappointed. Let me say right here that Mr. Potter has done all he could and he has made a good play, but then it does not impress you in any way as does duMaurier's Trilby. The piece is well played, as it should be with the cast it has. Virginia Harned plays the title role much better than I thought she could, Mathilde Cotrelly is the Madame Vinard, Taffy is done by Bun Macintosh, the Laird by Glendinning with a delightful Scotch accent, Little Billoc by Hickman, Svengali by Wilton Lackaye, and he does the work of the piece, and the rest of the characters are in competent hands. Trilby will be a success, I have no doubt, but, as I said before, to the admirer of the book the play is weak.

John Drew has been and is at the Hollis, doing the "Bauble Shop" and "Christopher Jr.," and next week presenting his last season's play "The Butterflies." The Bauble Shop is one of Fenner's and was a great London success, it is very strong for the three acts and goes all to pieces in the fourth, leaving the spectator to wonder why the author let the play run out so badly. John Drew does some very good work and is ably seconded by Maud Adams, his talented leading woman.

Miss Olga Nethersole, now playing her first American season, came to the historic museum last Monday and has played Camille all this week. She has been well received wherever she has played. She has youth, talent and good looks in her favor and is certainly a very fine actress. She has been for some years well known and liked in London, although some too ardent press agents have tried to make her out as a new actress. Our young townswoman Miss Ethel Mollison is a member of this company and is doing very good work.

Pauline Hall preceded Miss Nethersole at the museum with a thing of shreds and patches called Dorcas. I have seen the lovely Pauline many times and in many pieces but never in anything that was quite so dull, insipid and wishy-washy as Dorcas, and I cannot understand where she got it, and having got it why she kept it.

Joseph Haworth has been playing quite a season at the New Castle Square Theatre and has run the gamut up and through Roedeale, The Bell, Richelieu, Rinaldo, Richard III, to Hamlet, and has furthermore played all his pieces well. Haworth is a good and conscientious actor and if he does not get spoiled by injudicious flattery will make a name for himself among the foremost American actors.

STAGOLETS.

Mr. Beerholm Tree is an early comer to the Tremont, following the Cadets next week.

The Girl I Left Behind Me, opens at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on April 5.

Mme. Rejane will not be seen in Boston before the middle of May.

The entertainment of the Boston Press club will be held on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, 26th, and promises to be a bright and glorious occasion. Edwin Booth's nephew, Crestin Clarke, aspires to fill the place of the late master.

The Tremont will have a summer season of light opera and more than likely Camille D'Arville will be the star. Proscenium.

THE CASE OF THE BROTHERS.

The Opera House managers are advertising the coming of a theatrical company

The Slater \$3. Shoe For Men. Here's an Opening FOR A LIVE MERCHANT IN EVERY TOWN IN CANADA. The Agency for the SLATER SHOES carries with it an advertising allowance at our expense in your local paper. We build the business, supply the Best Shoes Value in the market, and you've only got to sell the people what they ask for.

New BICYCLE Agency, Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels. The Whitworth, The Hyslop, The Regents' The Fleet. The Spartan, The Gaiety, The Crescent. ALL STYLES, 1895. Full Line of Men's, Ladies', Girls' and Boys' Bicycles. "The Beeston Humber" "The Davies" "Uptodate" "The Rudge." "The New How." "The Road King." "The Duke." "The Popular." "The Prince." "The Princess." Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. I. E. CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building. ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

which in large letters reads, "The Great Castle Square Theatre Co., and its Celebrated Orchestral Band. These managers would not consciously impose on the good citizens of St. John. I know, but the facts seem to suggest at least suspicion as to the company which they are now boasting. The Castle Square theatre, is in Boston. It is a new building under the management of the well known actor, dramatist and stage manager, Mr. E. E. Ross. The house was opened last fall early in December, I think, and the opening play was "Captain Paul," written by Mr. Ross. The piece was played there for some time with Minnie Seligman as leading lady, and was sent out on the road. The play was later managed by Rufus Somerby, well known in this city, and it was at that time that it was first seen in St. John. If any company is entitled to use the name "Castle Square Theatre Co." it would seem that it should be the company that opened the house. They are not ten, twenty thirty cent people though. The Castle Square theatre is still open and running and doubtless requires the services of its orchestra. One is therefore compelled to the belief that the management of the Opera House here is being imposed upon and that the members of the Castle Square theatre Co. who are about coming here, are not only not members of any company that plays in that Boston house, but they have combined for a season in the provinces have appropriated the name of Mr. Ross's theatre, for greater effect, with the idea possibly that anyone in the provinces knows anything to the contrary.

It is now rumored that there will be another season of French and Italian operas at Mechanics' building, Boston, beginning on April 9th, next. The operas will be

Johnson of Boston will sing, will take place on the 18th of April. A new fad is the bronzed living statues. They are really made, only painted with bronze. This might result in opening up a trade with Zululand. The natives of that country might fill the bill, without requiring paint, as some of them are of that bronze tint naturally. "Trilby" has been produced with Miss Virginia Harned in the title role. The dramatist makes Svengali the centre figure of the play, and he is "a sort of un-lamented abandoned dissipated Iago." The end of the play, the death scene of Trilby, was worse than a long drawn and painful illness, it was so unnecessary. It was doubly tedious in that Miss Harned was wholly inadequate in her attempt to create one's sympathy. The critic says (Continued on Fourth Page)

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 39 to 41 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 23.

LADY SOMERSET ON DRESS.

In connection with the recent death of the great man-milliner, one of Lady Somerset's grievances will be interesting, inasmuch as she realizes that M. WORTH was not the only man who had something to do in setting the fashions for women.

A great many women writers on dress admit that it is for the benefit of that sex which is gradually becoming the weaker, one that they pay so much attention to what they wear.

But Lady Somerset surely unduly looked the fact that the costumes of ladies are largely set for the manufacturers and merchants by women.

Lady Somerset further remarks: "Take the average man and put him into similar surroundings, encase him in the same restricted garments that woman wear, and the word 'a nagging woman' would be feebly describe his condition, for he would be likely to become either mildly lunatic or altogether imbecile."

Many of the leading statesmen connected with United States agricultural departments are condemning the plough used by American farmers, characterizing it as a hump and an enemy to fertility.

Such at least were the thoughts of a PROGRESS representative one bright, crisp afternoon as she sought admission to "Home." The soft tinkling of the bell had scarcely died away when a bright faced attendant appeared, and the first glimpse of the interior was a long, wide corridor, comfortably furnished, while over all was the soft mellow light one would expect to find here.

at so nearly the middle of the night between March 8th and March 9th that in order to have a single birthday there had to be a compromise, effected by adding eight and nine together and celebrating the festival on the seventeenth day of the month.

Dr. PARKHURST has been reading of the difficulty of the ANNEKE JANSZENS in New Brunswick and other places have in getting their Trinity church property, and is preparing to attack rich New York ecclesiastical corporations which own large quantities of real estate.

"There has been a large addition to the number of synagogues in all parts of the United States within the last few years," says the New York Sun. "Wherever a dozen Jews are gathered together, a synagogue is set up."

The departure of Col. WARREN, New York's street commissioner, in appointing two women inspectors in the street-cleaning department, has brought out much unfavorable criticism.

The cultured state of Massachusetts is bound that her voters shall be cultured. Every elector who is challenged must prove his ability, before receiving a ballot, to read a printed slip of some part of the constitution which he draws at random from a box.

When agricultural machinery was introduced into England, a great deal of it was promptly burned by the workmen for a time displaced. Now London bootmakers are making violent objections to the introduction of improved machinery which has forced a lockout which involves 200,000 operatives.

The latest contribution to the violet craze, which was an offshoot of the Napoleonic craze, is a large violet of a clear purple which does not fade, and of intense and lasting gratefulness to the sense of smell.

Mr. ANDREW CANNON has made up for his Christmas present to his employees of a reduction in wages. He has advanced the wages of ten thousand miners, to take effect next month, without so much as consulting the walking delegates.

The New York Advertiser says that the labor question should not be discussed by clergymen, unless with caution. Dr. BRUCE of this city handles the subject in a way that would excite the admiration of even the New York Advertiser.

A more illustrious example of intellectual idiosyncy than OSCAR WILDE's actions in always carrying a pen and pencil with him into company, with which to make immortal the epigrams that flow from his lips, it would be hard to find.

A HAYWAGON EPIC.

It stands on an eminence looking out over the sparkling, dancing waters of Courtenay bay, and ever redolent; hump-capped Fundy. Here, it anywhere, the fierce winds of winter, lose some of their fierceness, while the soft sea-scented breezes of summer seem to linger almost lovingly round this safe retreat of falling age, as if anxious to bear, and gather up, that they may whisper it again to the dancing billows, the thoughts, ideas and mutated experience of the world-tired inhabitants who dwell therein, whose eyes have grown dim in the voyage across life's storm-tossed sea, and who now wait patiently for the time when, from the further shore the Pilot of Galilee shall stretch across the waters a welcoming hand and guide the frail bark safely into port.

At an evening party a lady said that she had had a quarrel with her husband, but had made it up again, and to commemorate the event had planted a sapling. "There, you see," whispered the wife of a wealthy landowner in a tone of reproach to her husband, "if we had done that, what a splendid avenue of trees we should have by this time."

at least the way is made smooth. Everything breathes comfort and rest; the pretty dining room, with its refined, dainty appointments, conjured up a vision of the hour when tea drinking reigns supreme—sweetened with just a suppoon of gossip it may be, wafted to them from the outer world. Through these dear old ladies quite come up to one's ideal of a calm, beautiful winter of life still they are only very human—or rather very feminine—and the love of a little gossip is so much a part of feminine nature that it would be too much to expect to find it wholly obliterated even here.

The spacious parlor, with its bright, cheerful carpet, the old-fashioned melodeon, the bay window, filled with pretty flowering plants and from which one gets a magnificent view of the tumbling, tumbling, changing bay, was a source of admiration. Over the mantel, in this home-like room, hangs a splendid portrait of the late Mr. Daniel, of the firm of Daniel & Boyd, a good friend of the institution, and the kindly eyes and lips seem smiling a welcome to the visitor.

The following story of Forrest, a tragedian, may be new to many lovers of the drama. It is too good to be lost, so it is given to PROGRESS readers: Many years ago, while Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement in a western theatre, White Cloud and a number of other Indian chiefs were on their return from Washington. Stopping in the town overnight they were conducted to the theatre to see the great American tragedian. Mr. Forrest was then in the prime of life. The play on that occasion was "Metamora."

White Cloud and his band of warriors were accommodated with seats in a stage box. The theatre was crowded, and it was very evident that the audience were anxious to observe what effect the performance would have on the children of the forest. The play proceeded, and although the Indians could not understand a single word that was said, yet they appeared to be much interested, occasionally giving to one another a satisfactory grunt.

After a while they became uneasy, which seemed to be simultaneous among them all. This was more apparent when the Indian war whoop came from behind the scenes. The eyes of the audience were upon White Cloud, who two or three times grasped the tomahawk in his belt. The other warriors did so likewise. The party were getting more excited as the play proceeded. They looked at each other with anxiety; their eyes indexed the fact that "their souls were in arms."

Presently Metamora, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon the stage, and when he gave the war whoop, which none but a Forrest could give, the Indians could remain in their seats no longer. Forrest gave a second, and a shriller whoop, whereupon White Cloud and his band, joining in full chorus, sprang upon the stage, and brandishing their tomahawks and glittering knives, rushed towards Metamora. Forrest was dumfounded for a moment, but he soon took to the Indians were on his side ready to do or die in his behalf, he felt that he had achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the profession he so much loved during his eventful life.

In the "Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison," recently published, Mr. Edison himself gives an amusing account of the sale of one of his earliest inventions to a telegraph company in New York. Edison, who had no idea of the value of his invention, thought that \$5,000 would be about right.

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Reflection. The love that loves the summer night, Gaze to her eyes sweet words cannot tell, Beautiful, pure and true. And day and day and year by year, I sought love far and wide; And often by that blue-eyed tear Some lover was denied.

At last one day I met a face, And listened to a voice; Love saw me from his hiding place; I felt my soul rejoice. He looked my spirit through and through, My soul cried out in song; O love, how have I sought for you, Through all the cold world's throng.

Then to her soul light came away, An angel might have known; Was but one sweet celestial ray Descending from a throne. Upon her lips a red rose fell, A pink flame crowned her brow; And with some words cannot tell, That love is blessing and bliss.

My evermore true love has stayed, Fate in these glad eyes blue; Could sorrow then have thrown a shade, Across my path to you? O heart thrill of love's prelude, Born of immortal breath; O sweet life hidden midst within, Outlive my mortal death.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"The death of Trilby is very evidently copied from that of Camille, which was poetized by Modjeska, realized by Clara Morris and idealized by Sarah Bernhardt. Miss Harned looked the part most satisfactorily."

C. W. Condoek, the actor, who will be remembered by the older theatre goers in this city as playing star engagements at Laergan's Lyceum years ago, it is more than probable will enter the Forest Home.

A critic of "Trilby" speaking of its first production among other things says, "With the notoriety, not to say fame, of 'Trilby' the novel, with the effective stage features of 'Trilby' the play, it cannot but be a popular success. I should not be surprised if we had a sort of epidemic of stage 'Trilbys,' as we did with 'Pinafore.' I should feel sure of it if we had no copyright law to act as a deterrent to ambitious and theatrically inclined Sunday schools."

Joe Jefferson, comedian in "Rip Van Winkle," is at the Boston theatre all next week. Madeline Lucette Ryley, who wrote "Christopher Jr.," John Drew's new piece, is the wife of comedian John Ryley.

This is a pretty good story from a theatre ticket office: "A distinguished-looking man, who seemed to have dined well, asked for a front row seat to see Cissy Fitzgerald dance at Hoyt's theatre, New York, last week. The treasurer told him the house was all sold out. He then paid a dollar for standing room. He left the box office but returned. 'There's an awful crush in there,' he said, 'I want more standing room,' and he planked down a dollar and re-entered the theatre with his two tickets, quite content."

Joseph Murphy, with "Shann Rhu" coming to the Bowdoin Square theatre. Boston. However good he may be, his interpreter of Irish character himself, his supporting company are burlesques, and may judge from the members of his company who supported his brother, Joe Murphy, when he played in the Boston theatre last.

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CRITICISM OF THE EVANGELISTS.

Many People who Found Fault but Could not Deny the Good Done. Revs. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have come and gone. Though they converted, it is estimated, about 1200 people, still they were much criticized. People criticized because of their methods. They claimed that they excited the people and did no permanent good.

Others averred that they were too rabid, or rather this is chiefly about Hunter, and that they spoke too harshly of dancing and other amusements. Others again found fault with them inasmuch that their chief object was money. They complained that they were too well paid for their work, as they received \$1200 for only five weeks' labor.

The first objection may be answered by saying that no doubt a good many will be permanently improved but quite a number will be much better men and women morally and in every other way and it is worth while going to a great deal of trouble for a very few real genuine conversions. Those two men again are unlike most evangelists in that they do not aim so much to play upon the emotions. They endeavored rather to suppress that.

Their chief criticism is on their strictures respecting dancing. No doubt they spoke very severely of this that many people consider a very innocent amusement, and Mr. Hunter was inclined, sometimes to be very rabid and to make extreme remarks, in which respect he differed from Mr. Crossley. The question of dancing in an open one and men should not be condemned for having views one way or the other.

In general principles the evangelists were broad. They were not confined in their sympathies to a narrow creed. Thus though they came to a Methodist church, half of their converts were from the other denominations. Reference was made, even in the press, to the size of the amount of money which they took away. Looked at from every point of view it is not a high figure. They received \$1200, they converted 1200 people. A dollar a head is extremely cheap. This was a goodly harvest, but it makes one realize what they have done.

They were here five weeks. Each one therefore received about \$120 a week or about \$17 a day. As they probably managed a couple of services a day, they did a lot of other work this is a very low figure.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Mr. Errington met Miss "Fanny" White Under Peculiar Circumstances. The author of "The Wire and the Wave" relates a most singular case of love at first sight. Mr. Errington, a telegraph superintendent, was on his way to India. Going through Brindisi towards the steamer, he met a beautiful girl coming along the street with an older lady. Struck with the beauty of this dainty Greek maiden, and feeling that she was his "fate," he boldly accosted the ladies, introduced himself, and then and there made her an offer of marriage. The ladies only laughed.

"You must be crazy," said the older lady, who could speak English, for they were Greeks from the Ionian Islands, although residents in the town. "Not at all," said Errington, "I never was sadder in my life," said the mother; "no maiden."

"Madam," said Errington, "my wife is about to start. I have no time to parley. I shall be three years in India. I love your daughter and believe I shall never love another. If I did not speak now, I should probably never have another chance."

The lady talked apart with her daughter, and then said: "My child cannot accept your proposal, but since you are so urgent, in three years, when you return here, she is still free, you can try again. Here is my card."

"Very good," said Errington; "here is mine. In three years I shall return; meantime I shall write you." Then, raising his hat politely, he hurried to the steamer. As good as his word, he returned to Brindisi, found the young lady still unwed, proposed again and was accepted. He is now superintendent at Chios, where he and his wife are great favorites.

EDISON'S FIRST CHECK.

He was not aware that identification was necessary. In the "Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison," recently published, Mr. Edison himself gives an amusing account of the sale of one of his earliest inventions to a telegraph company in New York. Edison, who had no idea of the value of his invention, thought that \$5,000 would be about right.

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Sitting dimly on the steps of the bank I concluded that I was never fated to see that money; anyone might have bought that cheque from me for fifty dollars.

"However, I went back to the company's office and told one of the clerks about the bank episode, when he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified. He then went to the bank with me, performed the ceremony of introduction, and the money was at once paid, greatly to my astonishment.

Some time ago the Austrian capital had to mourn the death of Herr Seyffert, her chief excusator, and in due course the municipal authorities advertised for a successor. Among hundreds of applications they received the following letter from a young lady of Vienna, which was accompanied by a most attractive carte de visite: "My age is eight-and-twenty, and I am endowed with great physical strength. My sex and above all, my good looks render me specially eligible for the post which I seek." Just remember that the last person on whom the condemned criminal fastens his gaze, nine times out of ten, is a repulsive hideous person. What consolation would a poor wretch on the brink of plunging to eternity derive from being pinioned by the gentle hand of a woman, whose fascinating glance would cause him for a moment to be oblivious of the pang of a mortal agony far worse than death itself.

At the execution of "Emile Roulet" in Paris last year, Mme. Yvert appeared within the barriers as a lady journalist, and pled her pencil calmly, but busily throughout the trying scene.

A Novel Library Scheme. The Xavier Club, of Brooklyn, is a literary and social society with troop of friends. Its chief ambition is to secure a fine club library, and to this end they toil like the proverbial beaver. Their latest method has been as unique as it has been successful. They give an entertainment, musical, literary, dramatic or dancing if they may be, for which the popular ladies and gentlemen in the affair sell tickets to their friends. The tickets are not payable in money, but in book—one ticket, one book. It is not a volume but a book. A book according to their definition is a standard piece of literature, well printed on good paper, well bound and of such appearance. It is in two or more volumes so much the better for the library. The notion has struck the hearts of their friends, for their last entertainment brought in over three hundred volumes of the best authors.

Human Glow-Worms.

The latest Parisian fad of fashion is luminous face-paint. The usual artificial coloring for the cheek is mixed with some of these well-known colors which "gleam in the dark," and a young lady is thus enabled to gratify her vanity by walking about at night with a face irradiated by a magic light.

Matrimonial Complications Illegal.

In the Westminster, Eng., County Court a plaintiff claimed two guineas, according to agreement, for introducing a lady to the defendant, with a view to marriage. There was an impediment, but no marriage. The judge pointed out that, by an old law, money promised for bringing about a marriage could not be enforced.

EDDY'S G. B.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 23 1895.

ONE THOUSAND LASHES.

THREE WERE AT ONE TIME INFLECTED IN HALIFAX.

Authenticated Cases Where Even More than that Number Were Given—A Small Brass Mortar With a History—The Nova Scotians Who Ascended Mont Blanc.

HALIFAX, March 21.—Hon. Senator Almon's grandfather, who served through the American war of the revolution, was surgeon to the artillery at Halifax during the time that the Duke of Kent was here. What he says of the treatment of British soldiers in those days is interesting in view of the little breeze in the King's regiment under the more vigorous regime of Colonel Stone compared with that of his predecessor. The senator remembers his grandfather telling him that, in his day, one-third of the entire admissions to the military hospital was on account of injuries received from flogging. He recalls one soldier in particular who was brought to the hospital with the marks of 1,000 lashes on his back. The surgeon was in a position to know whereof he spoke in this matter, for he was closely identified with the management of the hospital. The records of the garrison show even greater severity than 1,000 lashes. Authenticated cases exist of 1,300 lashes inflicted on soldiers in Halifax in its early days. And yet those were the men who, with the Duke of Wellington, won the battle of Waterloo and annihilated the power of Napoleon. The men who endured this treatment were the heroes who figured in the triumphs of British arms, and made the union jack supreme on sea and land.

Because wrong existed in the past is no reason it should continue, but at the same time soldiers in this garrison who grumble because regulations are strictly carried out, and whose friends talk of desertion, if they do not do so themselves, might learn a useful lesson from the conditions that prevailed in this very garrison in by-gone times.

In the entrance to Hon. Senator Almon's house at the Northwest Arm is a small brass mortar with a brief history. This implement of war was captured at the Redan, in the Crimea. The soldiers who obtained possession of the mortar retained it and subsequently gave it to Captain Mellich. That officer, after the war, was stationed at Halifax and it was from him that Senator Almon received the interesting relic. The mortar bears an unpronounceable Russian name.

The ascent of the summit of Mont Blanc is a matter of common occurrence now-a-days, even ladies making it, but one hundred years ago it was as rare to accomplish it as it is today to make a successful jump from Brooklyn bridge into the East River. The first ascent, so far as known, was made in 1786. What makes this matter of some interest to Halifax people is that the first Nova Scotian who accomplished the feat was Dr. Martin Barry, of Halifax, who climbed the famous 15,666 feet in September, 1834. Only nineteen, exclusive of guides, had ever done it before. Dr. Barry wrote a 100-page narrative of his experience in climbing Mont Blanc, which was published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, in 1836, and a copy of which is now in the possession of Hon. Senator Almon.

Dr. Martin Barry is a nephew of John A. Barry, who carried on a dry goods business at what is now Kenny's corner on Granville street. This John A. Barry represented Shelburne in the N. S. legislature in pre-responsible government times. Martin Barry in his boyhood days, was a clerk in the establishment of his uncle John, but he tired of dry goods and that sort of thing and studied medicine. At the time when he made the ascent of Mont Blanc he was as the title page of the "Narrative" shows, "M. D., F. R. S. E., president of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, member of the Wernerian Natural History Society, etc." Dr. Barry was a second cousin to Dr. J. F. Black, now practicing medicine in this city.

Dr. Barry writes an exceedingly interesting story of his toilsome and memorable journey up the mountain. He claims that Mont Blanc is the most considerable mountain known, not as regards its height above the level of the sea, but as rising directly from the vale of Chamouni at its base. Its summit is 12,900 feet above that valley; Chimborazo is not more than 11,900 feet above Toppa, and the loftiest Himalayan peak is only 10,800 feet above the level of the lowest plain of Tibet.

On the morning of September 16th, 1834, Dr. Barry, accompanied by six guides, set out on his perilous trip upwards, and next day about noon the summit was reached. Dr. Barry's ascent, up to that time, had been made at the latest season of the year. Previous to Dr. Barry, one ascent only in each year had been made in 1786, in 1787, 1788, 1803, 1812, 1813, 1819, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1827, 1830, 1834.

It is interesting to know that the other Halifax man who made the ascent of Mont

Blanc in later days carried on business at the same location where Dr. Barry set out to learn the dry goods business. Edward Kenny, brother of T. E. Kenny, M. P., and a member of the firm of T. and E. Kenny, made the ascent some three or four years before the loss of the City of Boston. He was one of the passengers on that ill-fated steamer which carried to a watery grave so many of the most prominent merchants of Halifax.

Monkeys who Make Wine.

Prof. Garner's recent discoveries in monkey talk have been discounted by a story from China, vouched for by the famous traveller (Dr. Magowan). The doctor avers that there is a race of monkeys inhabiting the mountain region of the Great Wall of China that have made extraordinary progress in the art of making wine. A recent edition of the official history of Yungping states that lately a large body of migrating monkeys passed a certain village in crossing from one mountain to another. The boys of the village clapped their hands and shouted at the spectacle, and the monkeys being frightened, fled, taking their young in their arms, but dropping in their fright a number of earthen vessels, some of which would hold a quart. On opening these the villagers found they contained two kinds of wine, a pink and a green, that had been made from mountain berries. It is affirmed that the monkeys store this liquor for use in the winter when water is frozen. Dr. Magowan cited other independent testimonies to similar facts, including an account of monkeys in Chekiang, who pound fruit in stone mortars to make wine; and he asks: "Is it likely that all these statements are pure invention?"

His Part of the Schooner.

Some time since, the schooner Sally Ann, under command of a certain Captain Smith, was beating up an American river. Mr. Brooks, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notions of navigation, the schooner was getting rather too near certain flats which lay along the starboard shore. Full of zeal, he walked aft to the captain, with his hat jauntily tilted, and said:

"Captain Smith, you are getting rather close to them 'ere flats; hadn't you better go on another tack?"

"Mr. Brooks," replied the old sea-dog, "do you go forward and attend to your part of the schooner—I'll attend to mine."

Mr. Brooks returned to the forward regions of the craft in high indignation. "Boys," said he, "see that 'ere mud-bank? Is all clear for letting go the anchor?"

"Ay, ay, sir—all clear!"

"Let go!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, and rattled the chain, and with a flash, the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then to a standstill, with all sail standing.

Mr. Brooks then went aft, respectfully touched his cap and said—

"Captain Smith, my part of the schooner is at anchor."

Loyalty Among Bees.

It has hitherto been looked upon as an established fact, which could not be called in question by the most sceptical, that each community of bees was distinguished by its ultra-monarchical principles and its loyalty to one queen. The members of the hive would never bear of a pretender, still less of a "duumvirate or triumvirate," and any attempt to bring about such a change in their political system would have produced a revolution. The moment a rival presented herself, the lawful queen would, speaking figuratively, attack her with tooth and nail, and the dual would end only in the death of one or both. An Austrian authority on agriculture, Dr. Dzierzon, however, has a hive in which two queens get along together in perfect accord. They approach each other from time to time, he says, without the slightest antipathy, and on two or three occasions actually caressed each other most tenderly, separating quietly and peacefully, followed by their devoted suite.

Two Football Teams.

Here is a really funny story which will amuse all who are interested in football. On the occasion of a great match in one of the English counties, between a number of military officers and a team of barriesters, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for the indigestibles, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking towards the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amusement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, just finishing his last mouthful, "that's our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22: 14.

"Teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord: For all men shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Heb. 8: 11.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves." James 1: 22.

"Quench not the spirit." Thessalonians 5: 19.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Colossians 4: 2

"Notwithstanding, every way, whether in picture, or in truth, Christ is preached." Philippians 1: 18.

"Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Mark 4: 40.

..Letters from.. NANNARY

No. 10.

There was a suggestion of the old savage gleam in his eyes and something repulsive in his face, and so we wandered out again into the bright sunlight among the light and highly colored people, who made the sidewalks and the streets of the Chinese quarter almost as lively as the Bowery on a Saturday afternoon. The native women are again in evidence in different stages of graceful indolence or seariness, stretched at full length seated or on their knees weaving the tiny colored flowers into "Leis," as they are called, to sell to their friends, who twine them around their hats to add life and color to their Sunday apparel. There was quite a dash of Oriental life in it all—more vivid pictures than one can see in Mott street in New York or even in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. It is Saturday night and the pretty little opera house is crowded from pit to dome. In the upper portion of the house the native element is in the ascendancy, happy and hilarious. The carriages have been flying with their flaming lamps through the quiet streets like veritable will-o'-the-wisps to the doors of the play-house, where handsome ladies in light and pretty dresses sit with bare heads, and diamonds flashing in their hair, from their ears and from their fingers. Gentlemen in full evening dress sit by their side and whisper soft nothings in their ears. From the stage it is really a pretty and inspiring sight, and as well an audience as one can gaze upon in any land. The poor player who has come twenty-one hundred miles over the ocean's foam to entertain these kind and hospitable people is rewarded and encouraged by the smiles and plaudits of an cultured and refined gathering as any who have ever seen within the four walls of any theatre in larger and more pretentious places. The poor player has fretted and strutted his brief hour upon the stage and feels perhaps that he has earned his salary as the curtain goes down on the final scene when those "curled darlings" of an infant republic file out of the building, where a myriad of pretty carriages are waiting for them; and in a little while they have all disappeared, flying here and there through the quiet streets of the town like a crazy flight of flaming lights halting beneath the shadows of some stately luxurious tropical home in that lazy living sensuous atmosphere of grace and beauty.

It is indeed a land of novelty and wonder. The silvery moon seems larger and brighter and the stars appear to shine with more lustrous splendor than in other lands. They have among the eight islands which are grouped together in these sunlit waters a mountain peak as high as Pike's famous heaven-kissing hill in wondrous Colorado. They have a volcano compared with which Vesuvius "pales its unbecoming fires," they have a leper settlement which in itself is in many ways the saddest and most dismal spot on earth. No minerals of any kind slumber beneath the sure and firm set earth; it is as free of snakes and toads and other venomous reptiles as poor unhappy Ireland. I was told by one gentleman and contradicted by another but as far as I know no thunder rolls from out the clouds, no lightning flashes its electrical fears from out the skies. The ordinary everyday house-rat climbs the coconut tree, and the owls dilly around in broad day-light, the horses plunge their heads into the water where creeks and marshes are to be found and grace themselves with the succulent grass beneath the surface, and as Mark Twain said of them, breathe through their ears. The trees are ever green and the flowers bloom all the year round, vines twine themselves with a clinging and loving tenderness around the trunks of soaring trees and burst forth in gorgeous joyous bloom when they have reached the top. It is indeed a strange and wonderful land, full of striking contrasts to other places that I have visited. The inhabitants wear the lightest kind of clothing, for it is always warm, always beautiful. No feel of any kind is necessary, except for cooking or manufacturing purposes.

The architecture of the town is a mixture of European Mexican and natives with a dash of Dixie's Land thrown in. The ladies ride astride their horses in divided skirts and sip ice cream soda from their saddles in front of some ice cream parlor or drug store. If you have no shoes you may go barefooted as many of the natives do—ladies also go shopping and never leave their carriages; they run their steeds to the curb-stone and the clerk comes out on the sidewalk to wait on them. The streets are well kept and run riot or crooked in many instances just as if some Boston man had bossed the job and spoiled it as he had some of his own serpentine windings at the Hub of the Universe. How

Dress Department.

ELEGANT DESIGNS IN

Silk and Wool French and German Pattern Dresses, INCLUDING THE NEW APPLIQUE EMBROIDERED COSTUMES.

WE ARE also exhibiting a great many new and attractive NOVELTY DRESS MATERIALS in Low, Medium and High Class Goods, which embrace the latest makes and colorings.

BLACK AND WHITE DRESS MATERIALS IN CHECKS, SPOTS, STRIPES, FIGURES, &c., Moreen Skirtings. Gingham Skirtings.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

ever, there are many that are straight and pretty; they are unpaved but macadamized, clean, well taken care of and flinty enough without it. The street car, the electric light and the Salvation Army, and the fellow who knows it all are all in it now just as they are in other places—more proud perhaps but not any happier. There are quite a number of churches, hospitals, schools and seminaries and other blessings quite enough to go round among the eighteen or twenty thousand people living there. Cigars and sharp drinks are two bits or twenty-five cents apiece, and the smallest coin is five cents. In her isolated beauty and loveliness the mosquito we found the only drawbacks. No cable flashes the news of the world to her doors; the ocean steamship that is going or coming from America, Australia, China, Japan and other lands are as yet the only link in the chain that binds this paradise of the Pacific to other countries.

Here is what Mark Twain once said of these islands: "No alien land in all the world has any deep strong charm for me but that one, no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking through half a lifetime as that has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear. I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud racks; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude, I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago." This is a true and beautiful tribute from the pen of one of the most gifted writers of our age and time, all of which we sincerely and cordially endorse, but circumstances and the nature of our pursuits and the knowledge we have learned from a page in Holy Writ that the angels who rebelled, and who were unhappy even in heaven, made us feel that beckoning fortune was wooing us over the waves and that there was a world elsewhere all of which sounded the alarm of discontent and restlessness in our weak and perverse natures only to make us sigh and long for the bright and busy world away from the charm and the beauty of the Hawaiian isle.

One goes into Honolulu with or without money or price, and you are as heartily welcomed by as kind and hospitable people as any people that I ever met. They seem, indeed, loth to part with you and are desirous that you should remain, turn black and lay and grow up with the country. If you owe anybody anything you are likely to have some little trouble in getting away. You cannot catch any midnight or early morning trains and leave your creditors in the lurch, as is done sometimes in other places, and so you must wait and wait in any case for some sailing vessel or ocean steamer to take you off. A passport duly signed and sealed is one of the necessary adjuncts of your leave taking, and enough coin of the realm to carry you through is also required. "One dollar, please," is the courteous demand of the perspiring man in the Custom house when you ask him "How much," and quite a number more of dollars are wanted to make a pleasant acquaintance with the purser on board the "Mariposa." As Macbeth says, "Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day," and the good old steamer "Mariposa" has just put in an appearance from her long trip to the land of the kangaroo and Robert Louis Stevenson's Samoan island home in the flashing beauties of more southern seas. Honolulu dresses itself in lovely attire and does its brightest colors on steamer day, but November 15th was unusually wet and disagreeable and as if nature itself was compelled to weep at the departure of some of our fellow-travellers. A fierce, driving rain storm, however, did not seem

to dampen the ardent affection and enthusiasm of a crowd of well dressed people who braved the disturbed state of the elements to follow us to the steamer's dock, where a small army of lightly clad and in most cases tan-footed brawny natives were filling deck and hold with high bunches of bananas from the great plantations in and around Honolulu. The government band was there also in their white suits beneath the shelter of the roofed warehouse on the pier. The band played, the rain came down in torrents upon the vessel's deck, the crowds cleared, and as the plank was pushed on shore a veritable battle of flowers commenced. The "Lees," twining wreaths and garlands of flowers, as is the custom there, with which kind and loving friends had decorated and honored their parting friends, were thrown back to them again in loving kindness and in the hope of remembrance, and amid fond farewells, fluttering handkerchiefs and the strains of Auld Lang Syne, we swung from our moorings, meeting the storm in the teeth as the troubled waves dashed over the coral reefs and along the sandy wharf in a winding sheet of white spray, that was dashing its pearly beauty to the rain charged inky clouds above our heads. Diamond Head and the Punch Bowl and the eternal summer joys of Waikiki were all enveloped in mist and gloom as we sped on to where Cocoa Head rose out of the sea in rugged beauty in the gathering twilight, seemingly bidding us adieu as the darkness closed over the scene, shrouding Molokai and hushing the wail of the poor lepers there in their living tombs far away to the right of the murky hazy distance. Good-bye, dear old Honolulu, you are lost to sight, once more our wandering eye may never look upon your bold headlands and green hills again, but you will ever live in fond affection and grateful memory and the lonely ocean trip of seven days to the Golden Gate is made perhaps more lonely with the thought of what a Paradise we are leaving behind and the big-hearted, noble, generous, hospitable people we had learned to know and love in the seven short fleeting weeks we remained in that glorious Eden slumbering amid the sunlit waves of the great Pacific Ocean.

How We Go to Sleep.

"Order is Heaven's first law," and the truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep his body does not do it all at once, so as to speak. Some senses become dormant before others, and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then, after a short interval, the tympanum becomes insensible to sound, or rather the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to arouse any sense of hearing. The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hypersensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no discriminating power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back. The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews as well as in the senses. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when the feet are cold.

When the Deaf Hear.

It is often said that persons afflicted with certain forms of deafness can hear perfectly in the midst of a tumult. A locomotive engineer, upon examination by a medical expert, was found to be very deaf, and although he protested that he could hear perfectly well while on his engine, he was suspended from duty. Some time afterwards, having vainly tried to get cured, he applied for reinstatement, again urging the fact of his perfect hearing while on duty. Finally, in order to satisfy him, the physician rode with him upon a locomotive for a long distance and put him to every possible test. To the doctor's surprise he found the man able not only to

CURTAINS.

CURTAINS. CURTAINS.

There are many different styles of curtains, Lace, Chenille, Rep, Damask, etc., but whatever kind you probably want them either cleaned or dyed. Curtains are delicate articles and want to be handled rightly UNGAR does them, and you can depend on promptness and good work if done at UNGAR'S.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

Royal Emulsion

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medical science no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

ROYAL EMULSION.

Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

Dawson Medicine Co. MONTREAL.

hear ordinary sounds without difficulty, but also to distinguish whispers and faint movements that were inaudible to his companion.

A TORTURED CHILD.

FOR TWO YEARS

Its Head Rendered a Volcano of Fiery, Itching, Burning Pains.

So speaks Maxwell Johnson, 112 Ann St., Toronto: My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears and on her face; her head was on fire with painful, burning itching, which was made worse by constant scratching and tearing it with her hands. We spent money without stint in constant endeavor to afford the little sufferer relief, every advertised remedy was tried; innumerable treatments with soaps and medicines and specific treatment by physicians having high endorsements in curing such diseases were of no relief in her case. A short time ago I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, the first application of which showed the curative effect of the ointment; only one half of the box has been used, with the marked change of an entire disappearance of the eruptions, and I can confidently say my child is permanently cured. To the doctor's fully answered with enclosed stamp.

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE.

In a certain section of society Lady Verity's ball was undoubtedly one of the events of the season, and though this point was disputed by some one of the ladies present, it was generally allowed that Lady Verity's lovely daughter was the star of the evening.

did not know it would affect you to this extent. What does it all mean? "Only that I've been unlucky."

aterrillars are laid at the bottom, and the animals eat and spin their way to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil but devouring the rest of the plant.

company agreeable to the lady at his side, and on the small table, now covered with a red cloth, and standing in the centre of the room, was placed a kerosene lamp.



Flannels Won't SHRINK WHEN WASHED WITH SURPRISE SOAP.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

SOME PEOPLE Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats. OTHERS Up to Date People, wear RIGBY Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU Have?

DO THE FAIRIES- HELP TO MAKE BABY SOWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MFRS., MONTREAL.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "D.C.L." VERY OLD SPECIAL SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co. GILLESPIES & Co., - MONTREAL AGENTS FOR CANADA.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUES. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.

WALTER BAKER & CO. The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. HIGHEST AWARDS.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including fragments of other articles and advertisements.



GRANTS FALL AND RISE.

HE WAS ONCE DISMISSED FROM THE ARMY

For Drinking a Glass of Whisky, and then Resuming a Fledge in Major's Rank...

The majority of people who know much about the life of Grant are aware that he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, and remained in the army for some years, when he left the service...

"Old Buck," as Major Buchanan was generally called in the army, was rigid and unbending in his manner and the sternest of disciplinarians.

"Old Buck" made Grant sign a pledge, which, with his resignation, he placed in Major Buchanan's hands. Grant meant to keep his word, but one cold morning he called upon a brother officer...

"Capt. Grant, here are two papers you signed two months ago. One is your pledge, the other your resignation. Is it true that you have broken the former?"

Grant met his commanding officer's eye fearlessly. "Yes, sir, it is true," he said. "What do you deem my duty in the matter of your resignation?"

"That is all, sir," answered "Old Buck," as he rose and bowed poor Grant out. Two months later an official communication reached the post...

In the spring of 1861 a captain of the regular army was ordered to repair to Springfield, Ill., and begin the duties of mustering officer. He found on his arrival at the Capitol that the adjutant-general of the State was a young man who knew very little of army matters...

"Why, don't you know me, Tom?" "It's Sam Grant, isn't it?" replied the captain, as he rose and warmly shook hands with his comrade of West Point and the Mexican war days.

"I've come here to get something to do, but I've no influence and I'm getting discouraged. Can't you give me something to do?"

Grant accepted at once, and hanging his not very new slouch hat on a peg, he was soon hard at work. He gradually told his old comrade his story. He blamed no one but himself, and all he wanted was a chance to redeem the past—just one chance.

"Governor, who are you going to appoint colonels and lieutenant-colonels of these new regiments?" inquired the captain. "I ask because if the news be true these regiments will be led into battle by these officers in forty-eight hours."

"By Jove! I don't want my troops destroyed because their officers are untrained," answered the Governor. "Have you any suggestions to make?"

"I have in my office," said the mustering officer, "an old soldier. He was at West Point with me and also served through the Mexican war. He knows hi

THE KNIFE USED WITHOUT EFFECT B.B.B. RESTORED PERFECT HEALTH.



GENTLEMEN.—After having undergone two operations for Kidney Complaint without securing the least relief, and hearing of some remarkable cures made by B.B.B. in our neighborhood, I decided to try it. I was given up by the doctors after the operations failed, and it was providential that I heard of B.B.B. After the use of six bottles I experienced so great relief and so great a change for the better that I felt the good effects would be lasting, as indeed they have been. The seventh bottle perfectly cured me and I am now stronger and better than I ever was before. People who saw me before I took B.B.B. and who see me now can scarcely believe that I am the same person.



SOUND AS A DOLLAR. GENTLEMEN.—About three months ago I was all used up with Rheumatism, suffering more than torture from it frequently. I took three bottles of your valuable medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, and now feel all O.K. again. Some six years ago I took a few bottles of B.B.B. and found it the best medicine I had ever used. I had the very best of health until this attack of Rheumatism, but now am glad to say that B.B.B. has made me as sound as a dollar.

The Only Cure for Dyspepsia B.B.B.



WORST KIND OF DYSPEPSIA. GENTLEMEN.—I write to inform you that for years I had been troubled with Dyspepsia, and having tried other medicines which entirely failed to find relief and cure in Burdock Blood Bitters, of which I took two bottles, the result being a perfect cure. Although only a young lad I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for four or five years, but I can say now that B.B.B. does its work faithfully in the worst kind of Dyspepsia and has proved itself the only cure for me.

ERNEST MCGREGOR, Whistly, Ont.

business. I recommend him for a commission as colonel or lieutenant-colonel of one of these regiments. "I will give your friend the commission of colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment upon your recommendation. Make out his commission," said the governor, turning to his adjutant-general.

A COSTLY GRAVEL WALK. It is Made from the Pebbles Found in Coffee Sacks.

A well known American coffee merchant boasts of having at his country place the most expensive gravel walk in the world. His firm annually imports from Brazil as many as 25,000 sacks of coffee. In every sack there will be found from one to three pounds of small pebbles. They do not get weight, just as the unscrupulous Chinaman adds blue clay in solution to the tea he sends over to this country.

A PERFECT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.



HE QUIT THE DOCTOR. GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement for Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, started to use B.B.B. and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

BERT J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES. Troublesome Scrofula, POSITIVELY CURED BY B.B.B.



DEAR SIR.—I am thankful to say that through the use of B.B.B. I am strong and healthy today. I was troubled with Scrofula and spots and blemishes all over my body. Being recommended to try B.B.B. I did so, and can positively say that it made a perfect cure. The first bottle was very successful, and before I had taken half of the second I was completely well. I recommend B.B.B. to all comers.

LORENZO PULISTON, Sydney Mines, C.B.

CONSTIPATION CURED 99 TIMES IN 100 BY B.B.B.



A Splendid Remedy. SIR.—I think it my duty to make known the great benefit I received from B.B.B. I was troubled with constipation and debility, and used three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it relieved me from suffering. I esteem this splendid remedy above all others and recommend it to all suffering from constipation.

MRS. B. FISHER, Banstead, Ont.

BILIOUSNESS CURED BY B. B. B. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.



GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B.B.B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all.

WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg, Late of Koth, Ont.

ON ALL SIDES LIVING WITNESSES TELL HOW BBB FOR THE BLOOD Burdock BLOOD BITTERS BBB FOR THE BLOOD CURES All diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood.

Severe Headache EVERY DAY. B.B.B. A COMPLETE CURE.



DEAR SIR.—I had severe headaches for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicine and all others could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I should try B.B.B. because it is the best medicine ever made. I did so, and although I had but little confidence in it, I did so. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine, and now feel quite strong again and can eat almost anything without ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend B.B.B. for I feel that it saved my life.

MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

B.B.B. Saved His Life. Once Pale and Weak—Now Well and Strong.



DEAR SIR.—Last winter I was very thin and reducing very fast owing to the bad state of my system. I suffered from Biliousness, Bad Blood and Lost Appetite, and the result was very severe Dyspepsia in addition. A friend induced me to try B.B.B., and although I had but little confidence in it, I did so. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine, and now feel quite strong again and can eat almost anything without ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend B.B.B. for I feel that it saved my life.

THOS. MITCHELL, Joynt P.O.

A SCALY ERUPTION. UNENDURABLE ITCHING. Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B. B. B.



GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scaly Eruption from which I have been a sufferer for three years. I have used six bottles and am now entirely cured. I tried other remedies, such as Donald Thomson's Medical Discovery and the Cuticura Remedies, but all to no good. I destroyed one year worth of hair in the head; they pronounced my disease a Scaly Eruption but could not remove it. I came on in red blotches and spread over my body; the skin became dry and formed hard white scales. The itching was insupportable, but I am now completely cured and I owe it all to B.B.B. I advise all sufferers to see it, as you equal cannot be found.

OEO. TRIBLE, Stratfordville, Ont.

of the Brazilian exporter to the extent of over \$25,000.

A Child's Question. "Teddy!" said the governess whose appearance is unfortunately quite the reverse of the disposition which she possesses, to a child who was making all sorts of hideous grimaces with his countenance.

"You mustn't do that; some of these days you may perhaps make a very ugly face, and not be able to restore it to its original aspect. You wouldn't like that to happen, would you?"

"No, indeed, Miss Brown!" answered the child; "that I shouldn't!" adding, in a tone of real sympathy, as he sidled up to his dearly-loved, but distinctly ugly governess, "Tell me, Miss Brown, please, did you once make a very ugly face?"

Drugs Dangerous to Compound. Violent explosions occur when permanganate of potash, glycerine and alcohol are compounded in certain proportions before the water is added to the prescription.

One of Lord "Bill" Beresford's smartest performances was whilst he was with his regiment at Cork. The barracks stand high, and "Bill" was dared by a fellow-officer to drive a four-in-hand down from the summit. He accepted the challenge, and with it a bag of £50. Then he got his four-in-hand, took off all the wheels, and drove down with perfect safety to

combined with one of the ferruginous salts and hypophosphite of lime, was seriously wounded by the exploding mixture. Another pharmacist, while mixing elixirs of potash with saccharine in a mortar, had the misfortune of seeing the mixture explode, burning him badly and shattering his shop.

A Composition. An exchange reports that a small boy in one of the Germantown, Pa., public schools wrote a composition on King Henry VIII., which reads as follows: "King Henry 8th was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annis Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterward executed, and the 2nd was reviled. Henry 8th was grandmother, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Beresford's Ride. One of Lord "Bill" Beresford's smartest performances was whilst he was with his regiment at Cork. The barracks stand high, and "Bill" was dared by a fellow-officer to drive a four-in-hand down from the summit. He accepted the challenge, and with it a bag of £50. Then he got his four-in-hand, took off all the wheels, and drove down with perfect safety to

himself and the horses, if with some slight damage to the vehicle.

A Pleasant Excuse. "Didn't you say six months ago that Miss Tipkins wouldn't marry you, you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea?" Now, Miss Tipkins married someone else three months ago, and yet you haven't.

"Oh, it's easy to talk; but, let me tell you, it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

THEORY EXPLODED.

The Belief that Bright's Disease is Incurable no Longer Holds Good.

SOMERSET, Man., March 18.—The old theory of medical men that Bright's disease was incurable has been exploded by the satisfaction of all the people in this part of Canada. Arthur Coley, a well-known farmer, living near here, was attacked by the disease in the autumn of 1893. He was prostrated by it during the whole of the following winter. He and his friends were convinced that he would not live through the past summer. But to-day he is alive and hearty and working like a nail. He made up for the time he lost while sick. The happy change is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure remedy for any kidney disease.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There is no more appetizing or attractive dish for luncheon, tea, or supper than the croquette, when that luxury is properly made, and daintily served. I have seen something dignified by that name which would need a court of inquiry to determine its real nature, and even then it would

spoonful each of grated and chopped parsley. The meat or fish must be cooked previously, and it is prepared, especially for the croquette, it will be found much better for chicken or veal, to be either steamed or boiled in very fat, using the stock being used for use



MILLINERY FOR SPRING. The hat at the right is of dark Italian straw trimmed with dark felle ribbon and short black tips. The bonnet in the center is of green tulle, faced with maize and ornamented with fine jet and black velvet strings. The hat at the left is of dark green straw with soft crown of curls. Three black tips are clustered above.

qualities would be still a matter of doubt. The croquette proper should not be a hard impenetrable ball, but a dainty golden brown cylinder firm and crisp on the outside, but soft and creamy in the interior. They may be made of the left-over cold meat from yesterday's dinner, and there are far better ways of utilizing such remains of former feasts; but when the croquettes are intended for "very best," especially for a company dish, they will be much nicer if fresh material is employed. I need scarcely remind even an inexperienced cook that the foundation of all croquettes is a sort of cream sauce, called a roux, which keeps the different materials together; binds them, as it were, like a cement, and preserves their shape. It is made as follows:

Put a lump of butter the size of an egg in a porcelain-lined, or granite ware saucepan placed on the stove, and when the butter begins to sizzle stir in an even table-

spoonful of sifted flour, and keeping stirring until it is quite smooth, then thin it with half a pint of milk, or soup stock. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. When the mixture is smooth, and the flour cooked, take it off the fire and stir it into one pint of finely chopped veal, chicken or fish, into which has been put one half tea-

spoonful of sifted flour, and keeping stirring until it is quite smooth, then thin it with half a pint of milk, or soup stock. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. When the mixture is smooth, and the flour cooked, take it off the fire and stir it into one pint of finely chopped veal, chicken or fish, into which has been put one half tea-



SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.

The costume on the right is of bleached wool serge with applique outline design and pearl buttons. The bodice is similarly trimmed. The central figure shows a tan cheviot, tailor finished, and a cape of mottled brown and black diagonal, lined with clean plaid silk. The figure on the left is of stone gray cloth, laid in plaits all around. The short cape is of heavy black felle with yoke of moire and bertha of green felle, bordered.

spoonful of sifted flour, and keeping stirring until it is quite smooth, then thin it with half a pint of milk, or soup stock. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. When the mixture is smooth, and the flour cooked, take it off the fire and stir it into one pint of finely chopped veal, chicken or fish, into which has been put one half tea-

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For a Lenten entertainment, especially a fish luncheon, nothing could be more than fish croquette. They are made exactly as any others, and almost any fish of firm texture is suitable. Boil the fish for twenty minutes in salted water, to which a small cupful of vinegar has been added, and when cold, pick it carefully from the bones, and mix as above.

If croquettes are needed in too large a quantity to be cooked at the time, they may be fried the day before, kept in a cold place till needed, and then placed in pans on white paper and heated in a hot oven. The paper absorbs any grease which may still adhere to them.

Preparation of Sweetbreads.

Carefully remove all the tough and fibrous skins. Put them in a dish of cold water for 10 or 15 minutes, and they are then ready to be boiled 20 minutes, no matter what the method of cooking may be. Take two good sized sweetbreads and after they have been cleaned, place them in a steamer with a pint of broth and a teaspoonful of salt and white pepper, four small onions and a blade of mace; add two ounces of butter rubbed smooth with one teaspoonful of flour. Simmer all together for half an hour. Beat up the yolks of three eggs in half a pint of cream, and grate into it one-fourth of a nutmeg. Add this gradually to the contents of steamer, and cook a few minutes, and shake all the time while the mixture is cooking. Remove the onions and mace. Serve sweetbreads with the sauce around them.

Omelet Fried.

Six eggs, six teaspoonfuls of milk, half a cup of melted butter and a little salt. Beat the eggs well and add the milk, butter and salt. Butter a hot griddle and drop the omelet on it like large cakes; when they begin to set, turn up the edge, and as they brown, fold them over and over. Let them lie a moment and serve as hot as possible.

It is not everybody who cares for rabbit, no matter how daintily prepared. In the first place it is a vulgarly cheap dish, and in the second it is so terribly suggestive of the cat family, that one feels inclined to assure himself of the safety of the family cat before venturing to partake of it. The following, however is almost delicious enough to convert the most obstinate enemy of the rabbit as an article of food.

Giboleto of Rabbit.

Cut a middle-sized rabbit up into neat pieces; cut four ounces of fat bacon into dice, and toss them over the fire until they are browned. Then lay in the rabbit, and let it also brown delicately, turning it from time to time to get it evenly colored; now mix an ounce of butter with a spoonful of flour, stirring it all over the fire till smooth and perfectly amalgamated; then pour into it half a pint of boiling water or stock, stir it well together, pour it on to the rabbit with either a wineglassful of white French wine (or a spoonful of white wine vinegar), lay in a bouquet of thyme, parsley, marjoram, bay leaf, and a piece of lemon peel, one large onion or a handful of little silver onions; cover the pan carefully, placing a weight on it so as to prevent the escape of the steam, and let it cook steadily, but without boiling, for one and a half hours. The meat must be turned over two or three times while cooking, but it must be done quickly, so as to let a little steam as possible escape. To serve it, cut a slice of bread (the whole round of the loaf, removing the crust), cut this again into four, and fry it a golden brown in plenty of boiling fat; drain it, season it lightly with a very little cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice, place it on a hot dish, arrange the pieces of rabbit symmetrically upon it, pour the gravy round and over it, and garnish, if liked, with boiled mushrooms.

Here is recipe for a dainty little tea, or luncheon dish which I never saw in print before, and which I imagined was the especial property of a lady friend of mine, who saw them in a French restaurant in New York. The only difference in the two recipes is in the name—my friend called them "Little pigs in a blanket"—and in the fact that she placed them in a pan, and baked them in the oven; much the easiest way I think.

Angels on Horseback.

Twelve oysters, twelve thin slices of bacon, a slice of buttered toast. Take the oysters from their shells, removing their beads, covering each with a thin slice of bacon, which has been previously dipped in hot water and dried with a cloth, roll it round the oyster, place them on a fine skewer and suspend them before the fire till the bacon is nicely cooked. Place thin toast underneath them when cooking and send the oysters to table on it.

Hennocks—But not the Scotch One.

Take a large half pint of Indian meal, add salt and a teaspoonful or table-spoonful (according to taste) of brown sugar; scald till stiff. When cold, add a spoonful of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs and a half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a scant cup of buttermilk or sour milk. Bake in gem pans half an hour.

Silence is only golden when you cannot think of a good answer. Every singer in a quartette can give three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.

POINTED TOED RUBBERS

Pointed Toed Shoes.

Men wearing Razor Toed Shoes should see our Rubbers. We are progressive shoe dealers and will always lead in styles and keep our prices the lowest.

Waterbury & Rising,

61 KING STREET and 212 UNION STREET.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Buyers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.



GOMFORT

IN CORSETS

Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Featherbone Corsets." No side feels to break, hurt or rust.

TRY A PAIR.

All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

Madame Warren's DRESS FORM CORSETS.



Pronounced by the most fashionable dressmakers to be the only Dress Form Corset made over which a dress can be fitted to perfection.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash.

Pacific Coast

will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal at 8.30 a.m. every Thursday.

Further information, ticket rates, etc., on application to Ticket Agents.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Express for Campbellton, Fort Walsh, Pictou and Halifax, Express for Halifax, Express for Quebec and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Express from Sussex, Express from Montreal and Quebec, Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, Accommodation from Moncton.

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

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the county of the John, and Province of New Brunswick, on

SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, in a cause therein pending between Charlotte Ann Morrison in Plaintiff, and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison, his wife, Archibald Sinclair and James Collins as Defendants and by amendment wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison his wife, Archibald Sinclair, James Collins and Susan Weldon are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the said Decreeal Order as follows:

All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land being the westmost half part of lot number forty-one, situate in the Parish of St. John, in the county of the John, and Province of New Brunswick, and divided into two equal parts of portions containing each one hundred and thirty acres more or less, as more fully appears, the same being registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of St. John in Book I No. 3, page 206. And also the lands owned by the mortgagee to the said Samuel Morrison, Weldon and described in the Plaintiff's Bill inter alia, as all that other certain lot of land and premises situate at Black River in the Parish of St. John and formerly owned by the father of the said Samuel Morrison. And the balance of the lands (if any) owned by Thomas Morrison, deceased, at the date of his death.

For Terms and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this ninth day of January, A. D. 1895.

J. KING KELLY, DANIEL MULLIN, Plaintiff's Solicitor, Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE between St. John and Halifax.

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 1st, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 6.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.

Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.55 p. m.

Leave Kentville, 6.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.45 p. m.

Leave Halifax, 6.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.40 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.40 p. m.

Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 6.00 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.40 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.30 p. m.

Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6.30 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.55 p. m.

Leave Kentville, Daily, 6.55 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.

Leave Richmond, Daily, 2.20 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 4.15 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Halifax with the tracks of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with tracks of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points to P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with International and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, to 156 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

W. H. Campbell, General Manager. K. Suberinski, Superintendent.

THE PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

will cure you. We have remedies to meet all cases. Superficial Hair permanently removed by Electrolysis by experts.

THE GERVAISE GRAHAM INSTITUTE 31 Avenue St., (College St.) Toronto.

I CURE FITS!

Thoughtful people and those of medicine used Free by my Institute. Give Names and Post Office address. B. G. 2007, B. G. 18 West Main Street, Toronto, Ont.

IN A BIRD'S STOMACH.

Some very odd things are come across by the ornithologists that are engaged in examining the stomachs of various kinds of birds...

Once in a while a woodpecker is found in the stomach of a woodpecker. Doublets the insects are got from pine trees. Fine cones are often infested by bedbugs which must have lived on those trees long before they became human parasites.

The insects in a bird's stomach are ordinarily counted by their jaws. For example caterpillars have soft bodies, which are quickly digested, leaving their jaws to be gradually ground up and disposed of in the gizzard.

Cuckoos are the only birds that eat hairy caterpillars, so far as known. The horny linings of their gizzards are sometimes found so thickly perforated by the sharp and strong hairs of these insects as to be actually "fuzzy" when dried.

A DIVORCE CASE.

The Wife's Plea of Ignorance Doubled by the Husband. A German peasant, Grobmaier by name, took occasion to chastise his wife, and she, not liking such treatment, applied to the local judge for a divorce.

"Mrs. Grobmaier, if I were you I would withdraw the application for divorce. It is true your husband struck you, but according to your own admission, you provoked him with your tongue. Have you any other grounds for divorce?"

"Yes, I have."

"What are they?"

"He is as stupid as a donkey. He hasn't got any sense at all."

"Stupidity on the part of the husband is no good ground for divorce. You must have known before you married him that that he was a fool."

"No, I didn't know that he was such a wretched donkey."

"How long were you engaged before you got married?"

"Three years."

"Then you must have known when you married your husband that he was a fool?"

"I am willing to swear that I didn't know he was a fool when I married him."

"Your honor, she knew it well enough, for she told me so time and time again."

"A Fish Which Changes Its Color. The Paradise fish, Macropodus virum auratus, changes its color. It is an ornamental fish, cultivated in China for the aquarium on account of its remarkable colors, which surpass in brilliancy any fish bred for the purpose.

"On the placard which advertised a walk against time in a town in England, the pedestrian was depicted in glowing colors striding along in advance of Father Time, who was represented as an old man, armed and clad in the usual symbolic manner.

"What's the matter?" said the official. "You have been here for four hours to my knowledge, and you have seen him walk."

"That's true," replied the rough, "but I'm here to see that covet with the scythe, and he hasn't turned up, and I mean to have my money back, so out with it and no 'umbug!"

A Generous Nival. When Christine Nilson, the great singer, was asked her opinion of various singers, she gave it very candidly of everyone, including herself and Mme. Albani, but she never once alluded to Mme. Patti.

"You have not mentioned Mme. Patti," remarked the perspicacious interviewer. "No," said Mme. Nilson, "I have not. You are asking about singers. I do not regard Patti as a singer—I place her among the angels. A Patti only comes to a planet once during that planet's existence. Such an absence of stage jealousy has probably never been equalled."

If you suffer with neuralgia, baths the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's German remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint.

Only a cold in the head, neglected, produces neuralgia. Only twenty-five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it.

A dull sick headache in the morning with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a dose of Hawker's liver pills.

Piles are speedily cured by Hawker's pile cure, a mild and always certain remedy.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee



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

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

HUMPHREYS' Witch Hazel Oil

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. Relief instant.

It Cures TORES, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is Invaluable.

It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Make no imitations.

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Samuel Waters.

JAMES S. MAY & SON Tailors, Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. The Fit Out at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM OLARK.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 18 Colchester Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

Formalities Lovers Have to Observe Before They May Wed Legally. Lovers cannot enter lightly into wedlock in France. A hasty marriage is a legal impossibility. The formalities that must be complied with before the mayor may tie the knot sometimes extend over several months.

Under the French law a girl may not marry until she is after 15 years old, and a man until he is more than 18. If the girl has been betrayed this section of the law is not operative. Men under 25 and women under 21 must have the consent of their fathers and mothers. After that age the consent of the father alone is necessary.

The father may withhold his consent for three months. The son or the daughter must ask him three times. If he refuses the third time and both are of legal age they may be married without the paternal blessing. When the woman is 25 and the man 30 they are required to ask the father only twice.

After having waited for the approval of the head of the house and received it, the patient French lovers must post at the Mairie of their arrondissement (each ward in Paris has its mayor) on two successive Sundays the announcement that Armand is going to marry Suzette, and that she shall file it with the mayor or his assistant. If nobody has objection, the lovers may be united three days after the posting of the second notice. If there should be objection, the Mayor looks into it. This investigation is systematic, and may take another week—maybe more.

After the ceremony is over, the priest and the legal Armand and Suzette may stand up before the Mayor, sign their names in a big book, and get out a certificate. If they are good Catholics (Suzette usually is, although Armand likely is not) may be a freethinker) they will go to the priest and get married again, in the usual manner, by the priest, who performs the religious ceremony in a witness at the religious ceremony is not allowed to give a certificate of marriage or marry a couple who have not previously been married by the Mayor.

If the Mayor does not comply with the letter of the law in regard to all the requirements he is liable to imprisonment for six months.

A citizen of France who returns to his country with the intention of living there, after marrying in a foreign land, must, within three months after his return, have his certificate registered at the office of the Mayor nearest the place where he resides. The Count de Castellane will, therefore, have his marriage certificate—the civil one, although the other would be accepted—registered when he gets to France.

The Crumbling Parthenon.

The German architect, Furtwängler, calls attention to the condition of the Parthenon in consequence of the last earthquake in Athens. He was commissioned to examine the ancient buildings of that city, and declares them in a dangerous condition, particularly the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus, and that will cost a million drachmas—about \$200,000—to repair them.

In view of the urgent need from the condition of these remains the Archaeological Society has issued an appeal to the people of all countries, asking them to assist in the restoration of the buildings. A liberal contribution to this end would be highly appreciated by the society.

Good Words for Wales.

A characteristic incident of a visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters to the General Post Office has just become known. The story is that as they were passing through the telegraph department the Prince suddenly snatched up an operator and tapped him on the shoulder. The telegraphist dismounted from his stool and made a respectful salutation to the Prince.

The reply of His Royal Highness was to take the young man's hand and shake it heartily, an example which was followed by the Princess and the rest of the Royal family. It was afterwards explained that this telegraphist was on duty at Sandringham during the fatal illness of the Duke of Clarence. The story embodies two of the Prince's most charming characteristics. First, his great gift of retaining in memory the faces of those he has known ever so slightly. Secondly, his true royal gratitude and swiftness in acknowledging services rendered.

Read Aaron Burr's Speech.

White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House in the Twenty-seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money, to write his address. It was handed him just a little time before he had to deliver it, and he put it in his pocket without reading. When the time came, he rose, and, slowly unrolling the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was saluted, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

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COSTLY BIRTHDAY CAKES.

Two \$1,000 Diamond Rings Hidden in One Ordered by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. A New York caterer has copyrighted within the last day or two an ice cream mould of Tribby, and will hereafter model her for his patrons. The mould is a facsimile of the much-discussed heroine, from the crown of her classic head to the sole of her celebrated foot.

At a luncheon the other day the ice cream was served in little flower cups, the design being lavender orchids modelled in candy and tinted. The centre piece for the table was a royal cluster of lavender orchids massed in maiden hair fern, and surrounded by a bank of violets. A lavender satin ribbon, to which was attached a bunch of violets, extended from the centre piece to the plate of each guest.

Almost any kind of fruit or flower can be imitated in ice cream. A cocoanut, brown, hairy, resting on its broad palm leaf, with little wisps and tendrils of foliage clinging to it, is no exact likeness of the original in size, shape, and coloring that one wonders at the clever deception. A musk melon, round and fluted with its rough rind, and two or three mutilated leaves attached to the stem, is also imitated cleverly in shape and coloring.

We made three cakes here the other day for a birthday party, and each one was three feet in diameter, said the manager of a Broadway establishment. "It is the most expensive one was hidden two \$100,000 diamond rings. One cake was of layers of pound cake and marmalade beautifully iced and decorated. Its value was \$50. Two tiny flags, one engraved with a 'G', the other with an 'L', showed which part of this monstrous cake was for the ladies and which half for the gentlemen. The rings were to go to whom ever got the particular slice containing them. The other two cakes were not so expensive, but were also very elegant. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt ordered these confections for a party to be given in honor of her daughter on her eighteenth birthday, a week ago. One of the big cakes was for the servants of the Vanderbilt establishment."

CARIBOU BROWN'S NUGGET.

It is Ben in Butler's Safe at the Capital at Washington.

In Ben Butler's safe at the Capital as long as a gold nugget, notable as being the first precious metal discovered on Rich Hill, that strange deposit of treasure in the Weaver mining district which afterwards yielded over \$1,000,000.00. It was one of Jack Swilling found in the nugget, and was no less surprised than have hundreds of more pretentious geological theorists since.

The nugget is about the size of one's three fingers from their first joints to their tips, and weighs nearly five ounces, being actually valued at \$66. Caribou Brown finally got possession and would not now part with it for any reasonable consideration.

Caribou himself is an interesting character. Fifty of his seventy-five years have been spent on this coast, and for forty years he has experienced the vicissitudes of those whose fate depends on the turn of a card. But no matter how disastrously the game may be going as he sits on the lookout chair of a taro table, the person yet remains to be seen who can induce old Caribou to part with that precious nugget. It has been his friend, silent, yet potent, in emergency for thirty years past. He will cling to it doubtless until the dealer in life and death wins his last chip.

Rather a nice-looking man he was, standing there by the merchant's desk with a paper in his hands.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, "I am around this morning on charity bent."

"Um," responded the merchant.

"Yes," continued the visitor, "Charity avails much; charity is kind; charity fillets a multitude of sins."

"That's all right," assented the merchant. "What's it for?"

"For a needy man who hasn't worked for a long time."

"How much do you want?"

"As much as you please. Ten cents goes; he is grateful for small favors."

"Well, put me down 'cash'; here's your dime. What's the man's name?"

"Mr. Fitzgibbon Jones."

"Who's he? I never heard of him."

"No?"

"No? I don't know him."

"No? And that, too, when he standing right before you?"

"Oh," exclaimed the merchant, and Mr. Fitzgibbon Jones, with a smile and a bow, ten cents, departed for a saloon around the corner.

How the Maoris got Bullets. In the early days of the New Zealand colonists there was a good deal of fighting between the British troops and the natives—the Maoris—who, though a brave race of people, had ultimately to submit to the advance of civilization. The Maoris would frequently run short of bullets, when they resorted to all sorts of devices to obtain a renewed stock. One of their tricks, by which they obtained bullets from our troops to shoot us with, was particularly clever and ingenious. They used to show a dummy in the bush, which, of course, was immediately fired at. A man in the background pulled it down with a string, so that the British soldier believe they had finished him off. Up came the dummy again, cautiously, and bang! bang! went the British rifle, and this was repeated until some shot chanced to cut the dummy's rope. When the game had been over some time, the Maoris would gather all the bullets fired against the dummy out of a little earth bank which they had made behind the tree where the dummy had appeared, and they were then used against us.

He Found Out. Mr. Whoopla.—Suppose, Dolly, I were to rob you of a kiss, what would you do? Miss Popinjay.—How can I tell, Mr. Whoopla, what is going to happen before it occurs? Do you think I am a clairvoyant?

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