

READY FOR THE FIGHT.

BOTH LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES HAVE CANDIDATES.

Some of the Inside Workings of the Nominations—Mr. McKeown vs. Mr. Baird—The Offer Refused by "Dr. Dan"—Mr. Gillmor Went to the Wrong House.

The campaign has begun; the generals are chosen, and the work of assembling veterans and enlisting recruits is going on. In three weeks, or less time, all will be over; the victors will be rewarded and the wounded cared for. Until then you must either hum "God Save the Queen" or keep your mouth shut, just according to whether you are a Conservative or a Liberal.

The wind blew from several quarters from Friday noon until a late hour last Saturday, and all that time it fanned the smiling countenance of Mr. McKeown. The boys were in favor of pushing their "boy candidate" into the breach again and carrying him forward to a seat at Ottawa.

But the wires began to get in their fine work, and the wind shifted in another direction.

To go back a little further: when the Conservatives managers came together to prepare for the fight they came to the decision that the local candidates should have a chance. They had shown such popularity in the last contest that they should be consulted! Besides it was a neat piece of policy to flatter Messrs. Alward, Stockton, McKeown, and others to ask them to name one man on the ticket.

These gentlemen took time to consult and came to the conclusion that Mr. Howard D. Troop was good enough for them. So they said, Mr. Troop's consent was, however, necessary to this little arrangement and they set about to get it. Mr. Troop is a man with large business interest and he could not jump at such an offer without thinking about it. Perhaps, at the same time, it crossed his mind that he had only been asked for his consent and cash—one is as necessary as the other in these days—by the seceders and that the delegation was not really one from the old Conservative party.

At any rate the big ship owner declined on Monday morning, and the party was free to look elsewhere.

In the meantime the McKeown boom was spreading. The boys wanted him, but the older folks shook their heads, while admitting his strength, remembering that in the last campaign he had been the Grit party's secretary, not only for the city and county, but for the provincial association.

Still the boys urged but they were then met with the strong set-back that Mr. Geo. F. Baird was to be the choice of the convention, and that with him was a contribution of \$10,000!

Ah! it was a pity that did not come to pass. It would have been a battle royal between Ellis and Baird. No two public men in this city have said such hard things about each other. No two have pursued each other with such fierceness and animosity. The last chapter of the Queens county story would have had St. John for its scene and the end would surely have been dramatic.

At any rate Mr. Baird was willing to put up \$10,000 to make his part of the show a success.

To digress a little here: Mr. Baird is about tired of politics in Queens. He had two of the hardest and most expensive fights ever given to a politician and was not inclined to go through the bitterness and expense of another campaign. He has said as much as this to PROGRESS when he talked about it from the rational standpoint of a business man and not as a party follower. So he decided to abandon Queens this time, to let it go by default and let St. John city wanted a candidate he was willing and ready.

This is how matters stood Saturday. That was the day the wind changed after the meeting of the local opposition candidates. In solemn caucus they decided that Mr. McKeown must not run as the candidate of the Liberal-Conservatives. Not in those words, but that it was not advisable to open the local constituency at the present time.

That shut Mr. McKeown out, and Mr. Hazen's friends came boldly to the front and forced his claims. Monday, however, the great chief of the party in this province, Finance Minister Foster, arrived in town, and called a council of war. The checker-board was altered, some important moves were made and future ones ordered. The longest conference and the hardest discussion was with Mr. Baird. He had made up his mind to stay away from Queens, and avoid the discomforts of a winter campaign, as well as the expenditure of a goodly amount of cash. When Mr. Foster got through with him he had reluctantly consented to push through the snow banks of Queens—provided the cash was furnished.

This was not known until the ward representatives of the Conservatives were in meeting delegated to select candidates. Mr. Baird's name was the favorite for the

city until his letter was read stating that he was going to Queens. Then there was a rush for McKeown and 29 votes piled up for the "boy candidate." Most of these came, no doubt, from the twenty-two representatives of the young Conservatives, but they were all solid. Mr. Rourke got a few and so did Mr. Shaw. One speaker got up and said McKeown wouldn't run, and then his friends wanted a delegation sent to him right away. That idea was scouted and Mr. Rourke explained that, according to a resolution that bound all of them, not one of the local members could consent to run. Mr. McLeod was fought over after that, but he came up trumps in the end. There appeared to be no difference in regard to Mr. Skinner. He always gets there.

The ratification meeting might have been more enthusiastic. That was, doubtless, Mr. Skinner's private opinion. Mr. Hazen labored under several disadvantages, but bore up well against all of them, and pleased the crowd by his eloquence. PROGRESS thinks it will have to print his portrait to show the electors what at home what he looks like. Mr. McLeod makes the third lawyer on the ticket. The fact that he is a good legal man will not have much weight in the fight.

There was considerable hustling all this time among the Liberals for a third man. Real good material was scarce. The best lieutenants were too wise to risk their business interests by consenting to join the fight, and all the persuasion that could be brought to bear failed to induce such an excellent choice as Mr. George McAvity to come forward. Hope ran high in the camp while there was chance of inducing that gentleman to come to the front, but it fell again with a thud when it was learned that his business connection prevented his acceptance. Mr. Henry Hilyard had given his negative ultimatum, and the choice eventually fell upon Mr. Thos. A. Rankine, a prominent Liberal of long standing, a successful manufacturer and a representative citizen. Mr. Ellis is admitted by his warmest supporters to have lost some of the strength that put him where he is, but the same men do not think he requires so many votes to win. He is the best talker on the ticket, but he also has a finger in the campaign literature and what he has and has not said on various occasions is apt to be used with some effect against him.

Mr. Weldon's most bitter political opponents will admit that he has been a good representative, as representatives go, and he comes forward again with few sins of omission or commission.

The young Liberal club while of recent origin will still be a factor in the fight. There are good fighters among them and some promising talkers as well. They are, however, fewer in number than the young Conservatives and not so well organized.

The Berryman hall meeting was a roof-raising frolic. The lung power of the crowd was amazing—almost equal to the good opinion that the candidates had of each other. If the electors think as much of the ticket collectively as the members of it do of one another, there won't be much doubt of the result.

Both parties appear to be on the alert to secure good committee rooms. It is authoritatively stated that the Conservatives offered Dr. D. E. Berryman \$500 for the use of the old camping ground of the Liberals, Berryman's hall. The offer was a tempting one and, looked at from a purely business standpoint, should have made any landlord happy. But Dr. Dan is a grit from Gritville and a check for \$500 could not buy the use of the hall. He refused the offer because, as he said, he would not only lose, but the party also without the old wigwam.

The government party must have plenty of the needful, if they can afford to pay \$500 for their rooms. It might strike an independent onlooker like PROGRESS, that it is about time to cluster around their old principles, haunts and people too, for that matter. They have painted a reciprocity shingle, secured an ex-grit for chief clerk, and they tried to get a grit shop. They are in a great measure on their native heath in Foster's corner building, although they fought and won last winter's fight from King's square. The Liberals have captured the institute for election day. They should have a supply of both crape and bunting on hand for fear of accidents.

One of the funniest stories of the campaign is that told about "the two Kellys," John and James. They butt against each other on every occasion, except a dominion election, and it was on motion of James that John was elected as a delegate to represent his ward. No wonder the boys asked "How long have you been going together?"

The dramatic Silas and the incisive Alfred Augustus will not prance upon the boards in Berryman's hall this month. They are getting their throats in good trim for the Fredericton season and, acting under good advice, are not venturing out into the night air. The dusty perora-

tion and the rusty oil can and lemon squeezer are also on the shelf.

Rather a rich story comes from St. Stephen showing the fickleness of political support. The old war horse, Gillmor, is again to the front and the Beacon says, in a fair way to win. All the same there was a little friction in the camp at the start. Some of the oldest and heartiest Liberals could not find time to attend the convention. That was, no doubt, the reason they stayed away. At least say so now and "get together," as Charles A. Dana says to the United States Democrats, both Conservatives and Liberals, get together and fight it out.

There appears to be some doubt also whether that excellent citizen, Nehemiah Marks, will vote or not this year, since Mr. Gillmor on his return trip from the Island inadvertently took dinner at the Windsor hotel instead of the Queen in which Mr. Marks is interested. Mr. Gillmor has been a long while in politics, but it is quite evident that he has some points to pick up yet.

Some Campaign Literature. One of the latest things in campaign literature, is a lithographed reproduction of Reed's famous picture "Mortgaging the Homestead," which represents a farmhouse scene. The farmer is just signing the mortgage, while his son gazes moodily with his hands to his head, and elbows on the table. His wife looks troubled and sorrowful as she rocks her infant, while his aged father and mother sit in a despairing attitude to one side. The sharp lawyer has the only cheerful face in the room. The picture is a good one, and it is a pity it should be reproduced for political purposes. The Liberals have surrounded it with the following catch lines and sentences, and have thrown them broadcast.

THE EFFECT OF THE "NATIONAL POLICY." (A PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.)

The original of this picture, called "Mortgaging the Homestead," is a painting by the celebrated Canadian artist, G. A. Reid, and is now in the Art Gallery at Ottawa.

The figures to the right represent the old couple, who, as pioneers, cleared the farm from the bush while the son has failed to make "both ends meet," a signing the mortgage deed of the "Old Homestead." The picture of the old folks is one of hopeless resignation, while that of the young wife is expressive of fierce anger at the sad ending of her husband's labors.

Farmers and farmers' wives, look at this picture: Men, vote for your own welfare—Reform, Unrestricted Reciprocity and Farmers' Rights.

Attend to This Before March 15th. The out of town subscribers of PROGRESS will notice that for the past two weeks something else beside their names appears on their paper. It is the date of the expiration of their subscription. We have had their names in type for a long time, but, owing to great pressure of work in this department, were not able to catch up and supply the dates of expiration. Every subscriber should take a look at his date and see what it looks like. At the same time, he should remember the generous offer extended to him, viz., if his subscription expired before February 1st, he can renew it for one year from the date of expiration for the old price—one dollar. It would also be well to observe that the offer is only open until the first day of March. After that, PROGRESS will be two dollars a year to everyone.

Information Wanted of Old Settlers. The following letter was received recently by Mr. Robert J. Boyd, postmaster of Penfield, Charlotte county. The letter explains itself. Perhaps some of PROGRESS' numerous readers will supply the information:

Dear Sir: Will you kindly inform me if there are any of the descendants of the U. S. Loyalists who removed from this County of Monmouth at the close of the American Revolution, to Penfield, living there at the present time. A Capt. Lippincott, of the Queen's Rangers, and whose company were citizens of Shrewsbury, in this county, surrendered at Yorktown with Cornwallis. They embarked on transports for St. John, N. B. Lippincott went to Penfield, where he resided until 1794, when he removed to Canada, and became Private Secretary to Lord Simcoe, who was the Colonel of the Queen's Rangers, who surrendered at Yorktown. It appeared to me more than probable, as Lippincott was a very prominent man, that many of his companions would naturally be guided by him in selecting their future home, and as he settled at Penfield, others of his companions must have preferred to do so also. I append a partial list of their names: Wm. Price, Robert Morris, Peter Vanotte, James Price, Jno. Merford Taylor, John Hankinson, Timothy Scooby, Wm. Lawrence, Peter Wardell, Oliver Tallman, Richard Lippincott, Josiah White, Tobias Riker, Daniel Lafetra, Benj. Woods, Ebenezer Wardell, Robt. Stout, Nathaniel Baker. If without putting yourself to any trouble, you could give me the name of any gentlemen who are posted concerning the history of these Loyalists, I would take it as a great favor. I had written to Judge Adam Botsford, of Dorchester, but learned of his death before posting my letter.

Wm. L. McDONALD. Eatonville, N. Y., Sept. 20th, 1890.

Try a Cup. A pleasant drink has been given away at Geo. Robertson's grocery this week—not for sweet charity's sake, but for the sake of advertising. Armour's extract of beef is the beverage. It is a good thing—good enough to be tried.

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

HIGH JINKS AT FREDERICTON.

A Correspondent Objects to the Word Placid as Applied to the Celestial.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 10.—When I read in your bright paper, Mr. Heddlytor, the brother day brother Bildad's remarkable article yelet ye champion provocator. I thought your brother was a little hot in coupling the adjective "placid" with the nominative "celestial." Never in the history of this ere liberal conservative city have so many high jinks been jinked as have been jinked during the past fortnight. It is quite true our post hofis steps have not as yet been repaired. It is also a fact the roadmaster as't turn up those blooming plank crossings yet by border of the gown tunicl, and it also true that the reporters were minus their complimentary for a sartin entertainment this week but wot of that. We live move and ave our being in spite of the Scott act, and when I tell you that Fredericton is hemimently remarkable for women, lovely women, you may bet your bottom dollar that "placid" is not the word to hally to the capital.

Take last Saturday's proceedings on the hicc. Early that day hexicted crowds of sportsmen meandered on the noble St. John to witness the friendly base-ball contest harranged between the blooming band and the still as a poker set-em-up A company. Youth, beauty and the customs 'ouse were hall there, and the festive sled halternated with the trip-hup snow shoe. The game commenced with two balls and a strike, and as the striker let the sportive bat fly among the crowd, there was a stampede. One married bystander received a hawful crack in the jaw, but as his wife remarked it served him right, matters passed off very pleasantly. The bat was restored, and the striker scored a hit, biff he went for his base, but before he got 'alf way, his snow shoes hipped him and he fell. Up and away, great chunks of snow flying at heavy step, and when he at last reached his base, heverybody was hasking where the ball was.

It was a merry farce, men got to their bases hunder remarkable hoids, and the players rolled and over one hanothor continually. The score was in favour of the company by 17 to 3.

While hall this was a going on, the Queen street flyers were cutting the wind. Sporter is a remarkable pacer, but this horse is nothing compared with the way some of our merchants raised the wind on Saturday.

If you really want something placid, you want to ear one of those university men dilate upon the halcoholic tendencies of the hage. Brother Bildad, placid is not the word to hally to our hambitious capital. Why, we had no less than six runaways in one day, and the Gleaner came out with a harticle on the dredging of the river, which is chock full of saurian mud. Placid, pshaw! Let brother Bildad attend the liberal convention at the City hall this week, and hear the defenders of York vociferate. But there they will choose a candidate some day, and the upper house will tremble. The young man with the Gladstone forehead will make a peroration, and the hawful platitudes of the down town lawyers will shake the assembled multitude. Placid, indeed, no more of this brother Bildad. S. A.

HE WAS AFTER BURGLARS.

A St. John Man who Got the Chills on His Own Doorstep. Standing on a front doorstep with little more clothing than a pair of slippers, on a cold night, is not a very pleasant way of putting in a quarter of an hour. Yet this was the experience of a Charlotte street merchant, and it was the result of his being courageous enough to go on a hunt after burglars.

He was lying in bed when a noise was heard in the parlor down stairs. Both the merchant and his wife heard it, and the latter, of course, thought of burglars the first thing. Contrary to the usual custom the merchant did not put his head further under the clothes. He got up, and putting on his slippers, went down stairs. All was quiet until he reached the parlor, when he again heard the noise, but was somewhat relieved when he discovered that the culprit was a strange cat, which seemed to be making itself thoroughly acquainted with its surroundings.

The merchant opened the front door, and then endeavored to get behind the stranger and drive her into the street, and at last succeeded. But he wanted to make sure that he would not be disturbed again, and thought that perhaps the cat might have crowded into a corner of the vestibule. So he stepped outside a moment to see if he could discern its profile against the snow. At that moment a gust of wind closed the door with a bang, and the spring lock held it fast. As the merchant did not carry his latch key in his night dress, he was in a pretty bad fix, and instantly began an assault on the door, in the hope of getting someone to open it. But his wife, who was probably further convinced of the presence of burglars, was slow to respond to his calls, and the merchant was anything but warm, before he got into the house again.

Unbrellas Repaired. Duval, 543 Union street.

SCARED BY THE REPORT.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY'S ACTION AFFECTS MR. CLARKE'S PEACE.

The Surgeon and the Magistrate Fixed the Chief and he Fixed Jenkins—Did it Contrary to Instructions—Something Will Drop Soon—Wait and Hear it Fall.

There has been a good deal of anxiety in the vicinity of the police building since the Board of Safety made out its report. The anxiety was preceded by great excitement last week, when the report was made public, and at roll call on Thursday evening there was an exhibition that was more astonishing to the men than the feats of the strong man at the Bijou. The chief was excited. So was Capt. Rawlings; and it was hard to decide which showed it the most. The captain, however, probably carried off the palm, as he had just come from the North End. He was particularly anxious that the men should "brace up," and gave his orders in such a loud tone that it was only with difficulty that the chief could manipulate the telephone.

The chief had important business in that corner of the guard room. He was connecting himself with the local rooms of the morning papers, having decided to take this step after reading the report of the safety meeting in the evening journals. He was in a rush and came with such impetus that many of the policemen thought must break the column made by the "finest" drawn up on parade, into something less than divisions. But he took a quick turn to the right and brought up at the telephone. All knew what he intended to do there. It had been reported that he wanted John Weatherhead's pay reduced, and the chief denied this statement so many times, in the presence of the force, and with so much vigor, that the most sceptical among them must have been convinced of its falshness. But he wasn't satisfied, and denied it to the morning papers through the telephone, while the captain roared as though the "finest" were on line on the top story instead of in front of him, longing for the quietness and cool air of King street east. After that he went into his "private office," and expressed his determination to "down Weatherhead, or his name wasn't Rawlings," loud enough to be heard in the chief's office.

The chief was very indignant over the statement that Dr. Dan. Berryman had any influence with him, and was the means of securing the appointment of Officer Jenkins to the captaincy of the northern division. He says that Weatherhead was not reinstated because he had commented on Officer Gilson's age.

This explanation will probably relieve the minds of a number of public men who thought they should have had something to say in the matter, and to whom the appointment was a complete surprise. On the other hand, it was a source of wonder to Dr. Dan. Berryman that the chief did not appoint Officer Jenkins to the position before. The doctor had been urging the appointment along, with fair success, and when he succeeded in enlisting the services of the police magistrate he thought it would be clear sailing. But it wasn't. The chief had received contrary instructions from others with more influence, and although both the magistrate and police surgeon urged him individually they were not successful. The doctor wondered why he held back. But still was hopeful. He felt sure that if he could get the magistrate, chief and himself into one sleigh on the Marsh Road, the matter would be settled to his satisfaction. This idea flashed upon him one Saturday a few weeks ago, and he instantly utilized the telephone.

Calling up the central police station, he invited the magistrate for a drive out the road, that afternoon, and asked him to extend the invitation to the chief. Both accepted.

Officer Jenkins' appointment to the captaincy of the Northern division was announced the next day.

HE BOUGHT GERMAN MUSTARD.

Some Reasons Why the Truthful Captain Patronizes Bar-Rooms. Mr. Jacob Whitebone got quite a surprise a short time ago, and he didn't have to pay \$20 for it either. He had a visit from Captain Rawlings. The captain came into the store as if in a hurry to get off the street as soon as possible. Indeed he went so fast that nothing but the opposite wall would have stopped him under ordinary circumstances. But the sight of a number of ex-police-men was more effectively looked puzzled, and finally asked the proprietor if he had any bottled mustard. Jacob's German mustard has quite a reputation, and as he has always a good supply on hand the question was almost unnecessary. The captain thought he would take a bottle, paid for it, and went out. The proprietor of Tivoli Hall looked surprised, and the rest of the party smiled. "Does he always buy his mustard here?"

was asked. "It was the fust doime he offer bought some from me," said Jacob. "I guess he comes in for some things else."

The captain has curious reasons for some things he does, but he always has a reason of some sort or other. He was in a Sidney street saloon with Sergt. Corvay, some time ago, and they both "had something." But they were apparently unaware of other occupants of the bar until this interesting proceeding had terminated. Then they looked about them, and explained that they had taken a dead man to the morgue, and the taste was hard to get rid of.

They Should Be Treated Respectfully. Mr. C. P. Blatt should be treated with respect wherever he goes. His general appearance would not indicate that he was any more entitled to courtesy than any other man but appearances are very deceitful sometimes. Sullivan is a baby beside him. Blatt carries genuine horsehoes around and breaks them—"just for fun" and perhaps \$100 or so a week. But he breaks them for fun for the newspaper men and others privileged enough to secure private exhibitions. It is worth a good silver half dollar to pass your hands about the man's arms and chest. No one can imagine muscle development until he has felt the immense doubleiceps of Blatt. They measure 17 inches around and seem as hard as iron. He would be a very nasty man in a foot ball or in fact any kind of a scrimmage. Mrs. Blatt is also in the ring. She lifts 135 pounds with one hand as easily and gracefully as another woman would her muff.

A Word To Those Who Help Us. PROGRESS faithful and hard-working correspondents have outdone themselves this week. See Halifax, Moncton, and a score of small places—it would be difficult to name all—and note their interesting work. It was a little too much for our staff, large as it is this week, so some carving had to be done. A list of 500 invited guests to the university had to be omitted and a very interesting letter from Truro to be held for another week. A bright letter on Lent shared the same fate, while many good things were omitted. There is a good deal of extra work in the first issue of such a large paper and that must be an excuse for omissions and mistakes.

It Pays to be a Magistrate. Mr. Justice Olive of Fairville and Municipal Council notoriety, dispenses justice (?) in Fairville with the speed of a New York Tammany judge. He is just about as particular as to its quality too. Nature appears to have given him eminent qualifications how to size up a man—to tell whether he or his sollicitous friends are worth \$10, \$20 or \$30. Their offence seems to turn out in proportion to their wealth. They tell some very funny stories across the bridge of the justice's court. PROGRESS has not time to give them this week, but they illustrate as plainly as need be how an ingenious magistrate can make a good thing.

This is How They Go. "We have only eight dictionaries left, sir," was the greeting the publisher of PROGRESS received as he entered the office, Thursday afternoon. There had evidently been a great run on the dictionaries, and no wonder, for the exclamation of every person who sees the book is, "How can such a well bound, handsome volume as that be got up for \$1.75?" for that is what they cost the subscriber to PROGRESS. There are 500 of the books coming; will probably be here in a day or two, and every person who wants one can obtain it by sending \$3.75, which entitles him to PROGRESS for one year as well.

Mr. McDougall is a Unitarian. PROGRESS printed an interview with Rev. Mr. McDougall some time ago, in which he hinted that he might join the Unitarian church. In the light of that, the following paragraph is of especial interest:

Rev. Archibald McDougall, of St. John, N. B., formerly a minister of the Presbyterian church, having asked to be admitted to Unitarian fellowship, and having furnished satisfactory proof that he is well fitted to do good service in our ministry, and is eminently worthy of our recognition, he is hereby cordially commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers. D. W. Monchouse, S. H. Camp, George L. Cary, committee on fellowship for the Middle States and Canada.—Boston Christian Register (official organ Unitarian denomination), Feb. 5.

Mr. Lyell's Memory is Defective. Mr. W. H. Lyell left something behind him in Halifax—an unrecipited hotel bill at the Halifax hotel for \$65, which, however, arrived the next day or so. It did not come to Lyell but to a lawyer in the city, who at once looked for the man with such a bad memory. He wanted to give him the bill and a writ with it, and was wondering whether 7.45 p. m. would not be about the time to do the trick. This does not seem to coincide very well with the "immense benefit" of Monday night in Halifax.

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TALKS OF LANERGAN.

H. PRICE WEBBER RECALLS SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

Lanergan Acted Quickly on Disturbers—Incident at the Lyceum—A Description of Some Favorite Plays, and Who Appeared in Them.

Soon after the Ticket-of-Leave Man had its run at the Lyceum, Mr. Lanergan produced Augustine Daly's play of Leah, the Forsaken, and it made the same impression in St. John, which it did in New York and Boston. The original Leah in the two last named cities was Miss Kate Bateman and it was in this character she made a world-wide reputation, for she was successful in London as in the American cities.

The cast of characters at the Lyceum was as follows:

- CHRISTIANS.
Lopez.....J. B. Fuller
Rudolf.....J. G. Hanley
Father Herman.....W. H. Danvers
Jacob.....T. H. Burns
Ludwig.....W. J. Higgins
Fritz.....H. R. Lanergan
Madalena.....Mary Sherlock
Little Leah.....Master Johnnie Browne
Rosal.....Mrs. J. H. Browne
Dane Gertrude.....Louisa Morse

Leah.....Mrs. J. W. Lanergan
Sarah.....Joseph Anderson
Nathan.....J. W. Lanergan
Abraham.....N. T. Davenport
Mrs. Lanergan's Leah was a fine effort, and as for the Manager's Nathan it was a masterpiece, for he beat all his energies to be task, and although the character is a very difficult one, he succeeded in making it the part of the drama.

The theatre always contained large audiences, and Mr. Lanergan's plan of selling season tickets for a moderate sum was a good move, for it secured for him a certain number of the best people in St. John, who were only too glad to be able to have the same seats nightly.

The beautiful play of the Lady of Lyons was usually given at least once during each season, Mr. Lanergan himself taking the part of "Claude Melnotte." On one occasion, when this piece was up, an incident happened which I will relate.

At the beginning of the fourth act Melnotte is discovered, when the curtain rises, writing at a table. A fellow in the audience yelled out: "Put in a word for me!" Mr. Lanergan jumped from the stage, collared the offender and put him out of the theatre; then quietly returned to the stage and resumed his speech in the drama as if nothing had happened, amid the tumultuous applause of the audience.

Another incident took place in the same theatre, although it was not while Mr. Lanergan's season was in progress, but when the Peak family, the well-known vocalists and bill-players, were giving one of their fine concerts. A lady and gentleman came on to sing the duet from the opera of Juliet, beginning,

Will thou be gone, love,
Will thou be gone?

when, just as they had got thus far, a man sitting in the parquet, who had evidently been seeing "something through a glass darkly," bawled out: "Don't hurry yourself, I'll be here when you come back!" This remark rendered it perfectly unnecessary to finish the song on the part of the artists, who had to laugh themselves, for it was really ludicrous.

The Long Strike, with its famous telegraph office scene, was also a very successful production, and many citizens will remember Mr. Fuller's admirable performance of the character of "Money-penny," the cranky old lawyer, as well as Mr. Lanergan's "Noah Leary," the leader of the strike, and Mr. W. Scallan's Irish sailor, "Johnny Reilly."

This was the first time a St. John audience had witnessed a real telegraph message sent and an answer received on the stage. The causes that lead up to the necessity of the message being sent are so natural and realistic that a thrill of anxiety always passes through the spectators for fear the despatch, which will save an innocent man's wife, cannot be sent; and when it finally does go, the relief of the people who witness it gives vent in a perfect furor of applause.

The principal characters in this piece was played by the following artists:

- Noah Leary.....J. W. Lanergan
John Stickle.....Frank Roche
Richard Readeley.....D. R. Allen
Crankshaw.....Shirley France
Johnny Reilly.....W. Scallan
Money-penny.....J. B. Fuller
Jane Leary.....Mrs. Lanergan
Betty.....Susan Flood

During this season which was the one after the Ticket-of-Leave Man and Leah were first played, Mr. Frederic Robinson, now playing in Boston with Palmer's Madison Square company, made himself a decided favorite in St. John while engaged for a brief starring season. What a grand actor he is! Who that ever saw his "Farmer Allen," in Dora, can ever forget it! The voice, the look, the dialect, the costumes—it was the stern, honorable English farmer to the life. And when the rugged heart melted at the touch of his dead son's child, what a noble nature did the grand smile of the old man reveal.

Mr. Robinson's acting in this character alone would stamp him as a great actor, if he had never played anything else, and I feel a pleasure in being enabled to bear tribute to it—his great merit.

H. PRICE WEBBER.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Moralizes Over Domestic Matters Generally, and Hired Girls in Particular. Sum times I think if Pa and Maknowed wot a worry they was to me they would appreciate me morn they do. They hav no noshun uv the trubbel they woz to me, I gess. They say I orter luv em coz they bring me into the world, which means I spose that they picked me out frum among a hull cargo of kids they mite hav had and landed me here strickly for my own benefit and on my own account.

My land, but such a picnic as we've been havin' about our hired girl. Pa put a notice in the paper for a girl, and the first one that struck the homestead was all hat and bussel. There was allers sunthin' rong or givin' way about her hat er bussel. Wen the hat was strate the bussel was crooked, and wen the bussel was leedin' a quiet life the hat was on a bender. I drawed her picture, as follows:—

Her name was Maria. She didn't stay. I gess it must uv been orful lonesum down to the barricks, the way them sojers cum to our place. It appeared to be a general engagement, Pa sed. So she was dishanded. The next one was a broonet. Her name was Lizzie. She sed she liked us, and was willin' to bring her husband round to bord.

She objected to havin' her vittles in the kitchen. She sed she was allers 'customed to be alluded to as one uv the famerly. Pa got mad at her one mornin' and called her 'a hole in the daylight,' and she packed up and left.

The next girl which come was Mary. She blonged to the Salvashun Army and played the bugel. Wen she wasn't too busy down to the Army she would call round and see us quite often.

She was allers askin' pa if he was saved, which made pa nervous. She called him dere brother. She sed she was on the road to glory, so ma told her she'd better get a move on.

The last one we got was a terror to snaix. She was uv Italian extrackshun but her fokes was Greek, Pa sez. She broke sun, dishes and two chimbleys, but she knowed her place, ma sez. Her name was Bridget.

P. S.—Good land! Since I rete the abur she's left er Italy. She was allers talkin' uv Italy and its sunny shores. Ma sez there's six towels gone, and two piller-shams, and two sheets and a toastin' fork.

"Thank God," sez pa, in feelin' accents. "Wot fer?" sez Ma. "Cuz she left er coat uv arms," sez Pa. "It's bad enuff, Mandy, to have no pedigree, but think wot it would be to live in Fredericton without a coat uv arms." JIMMY SMITH. Fredericton, Feb. 10.

TO THE MAN WHO NAMED THEM.

A Grateful Stranger Speaks of the Street Placards.

The stranger who visits St. John since the New Year, observes with palpating joy too deep for mere spoken words, that some Samaritan has been abroad, armed with a stepladder, and a tack hammer, and named the streets of this peerless city by the sea. Perhaps he may have used a pastepot instead of a tack hammer, but be that as it may the result is a happy one, and the weary pilgrim who erstwhile stumbled along in outer darkness, as to whether he was in the Market Square or on King street east, feels inclined to drop upon his knees before the first black and white placard upon which his eyes rest, as before a shrine, and bless the man who did the good work, even as Sancho Panza blessed the man who first invented sleep. I don't know who that man was: his name has not been given to a grateful public, but then neither has the name of the architect of Cologne Cathedral descended to posterity, so the St. John man need not feel badly about it, only, whoever he is and whatever his estate, I pledge him with the fullest glass of spruce beer within reach, and a fuller heart.

"The man who labelled the streets of St. John! May he live long and prosper. May his shadow never grow less! May his children rise up and call him blessed, and may both the census enumerator and the tax collector both pass him by when making their rounds! Selah." * * *

THE USE OF K. D. C. IS CONVINCING PROOF THAT THE MAKING OF THIS CURE FOR MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

LIKES THE AUBURN KIND.

"BILDAD" SUGGESTS A GIRL EXHIBITION NEXT FALL.

He Defends the Red-Headed Girl—She is Industrious, Affectionate, and a Good Judge of Poultry—What the Pages of History Reveal on the Subject.

Sir, I beg to say a word on behalf of the red-headed girl. She is a beacon on the stormy coast of life—she is a rainbow hung across the murky sky of fate—she is to the world of the soul what the sun is to the material world, a thing of infinite light and warmth and gladness.

Sir, the term "red-headed" is a misnomer, applied to a certain type of girl by her envious sisters. Who ever saw a red-headed girl? As well might we say that the dandelion and the marguerite are red, or that Phobus, as he floods the earth with his golden glory, is merely "painting the town red."

Sir, the red-headed girl is an object of envy, because her nature provides what her name implies. She is the synonym of warmth, of goodness and of cheer. She has more real affection in her system than all the brunettes or cold-blooded tow-heads and twilight drabs between here and Florida.

Sir, I grant that the red-headed girl is apt to be impulsive. I grant that she cannot be recommended for dukes and consumptives. But she is square, she is honest, and if she loves you all the jibes that calumny can devise, or jealousy invent, will not daunt her loyal heart, nor make her unloose her staunch embrace.

Sir, the pages of history are lurid with the deeds of red-headed girls. The tresses of Joan of Arc aroused the patriotic fire of a prostrate France. Queen Elizabeth's hair was so combustible that it led to the invention by Bacon of asbestos for curl papers. Nelson conquered France and Spain on the sea, but the woman who conquered Nelson had hair the exact shade of seven cent sugar.

Sir, the red-headed girl is a worker; she is whalebone from stem to heel. She is a cyclone on wash-mornings. She can cook, she can sew, she can sweep and dust and scrub, and she can lay her dimpled finger on the ribs of a spring chicken and tell you the exact century in which the fowl was born.

Sir, I admit the red-headed girl is liable to get cross and shake her fist in close proximity to a man's nose if he don't toe the mark. But then, she will be over it in a jiffy and smiling through her tears as the sun shines through an April shower. Heaven preserve us all from the girl who gets mad and stays mad.

Sir, there is to be an exhibition in St. John next autumn and I would suggest a girl department. This is a measure of reform that I have always advocated. Let there be a matrimonial fair, as it were, and let there be prizes offered for style, action, disposition and general utility.

I would suggest that the exhibits be classified about as follows:

Section 16 Class—Open to the maritime provinces. (Hard-shell deacons and bald-headed men generally will be rigidly excluded from this section.) Eligible—Open to all between the ages of 16 and 35, widows included. (Competitors must be posted in Astra's manual of courtship.) Nursery Stakes—Open to the dominion, management of children to govern awards. (Competitors must be proficient in the philosophy of the feeding bottle and the rudiments of paragonie.) Free-for-all—Open to all born since Waterloo. (The judges in this class will be clad in armour.)

Hoping that by this means the supremacy of the red-haired girl will be placed upon a lasting foundation, I beg to close with the words of the poet:

While the lamp holds out to turn
The vilest sinner may return;
While the pie is on the shelf
The bachelor may help himself.
BILDAD.

A Literary Milkman.

A lawyer of this city received a letter from his milkman the other day which deserves to rank among the classics. It reads as follows:

My Dear Mr. F.—As it must be an annoying thing for you to have your conscience continually ruffled over so small an amount as my milk bill for the past three months, and as mental troubles of this kind often lead to graver disturbance in the moral regions, I feel it my duty to say, that I will be glad to sink my personal feelings in the matter by accepting the amount whenever you may see fit to pay me.

You say that my milk is watered. In strict confidence I don't mind telling you that such is the case. This is the true explanation of the superiority of my milk. A dash of cold water in the pail immediately after milking is death on the microbes and removes deleterious vegetable matter. The possession of this secret has been most valuable to me in my business and I trust you will not give me away.

Another reason why I would humbly solicit the payment of my bill, is that a source of constant discord between myself and my wife would thus be removed. I have been firmly of the opinion that the amount you owe is \$5.40 or thereabout, while she tenaciously clings to the view that you got three extra pints and that the amount due is \$5.40. I mention this as I know it would not entirely relieve your conscience if you paid \$5.40 when the correct amount was \$5.40. With best wishes for your welfare, I remain, kind sir, cordially yours, E. K.

For the Library Frequenters.

The fourth bulletin of new books has just been issued by the Free public library. It is as interesting as it well can be. The new books are very representative and show that a master's mind has made the selection. The greatest works of the year are found there, as well as the newest novels. The latest pride of Chairman Ruel and others interested in the institution is Phillips' Imperial Atlas—1890—which is a wonderful work, rich in information and beautiful in appearance.

is the GREATEST DYEPERMA CURE of the age. Test. K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

How to Keep up With the Weather.

"Well, this is great weather," remarked a man on Charlotte street yesterday. "It would take a fellow to be a lightning change artist like the people at the Bijou to be able to change with the weather. But that isn't the worst of it. If a fellow could only afford to get clothes to suit all kinds of weather he might manage to make the changes. And by the way, old man," he added, turning to his friend, "it must take a small fortune to keep you in clothes, you have so many different rigs, and all in the latest style, too."

"No it doesn't," said the other. "I'll bet it doesn't cost me any more for clothes than it does you. I'll tell you how I do it."

"How?"

"Get your clothes at Wan. J. Fraser's Royal Clothing Store, and you can get two suits for the price of one, and you can always depend upon being in style."

Read First and Then Write.

Messrs. Estey & Co., is the first firm to speak for a special advertisement in the enlarged PROGRESS on the page reserved for that purpose. It is perhaps superfluous to say much about the goods of the firm—which is a persistent advertiser, and makes its facts known in this way. Both mill and railroad supplies and rubber goods of all kinds are included in Estey & Co's stock. Belting, oils, packing, saws, ladies' and gentlemen's and boy's rubber clothing. In fact, everything of this nature is included in the assortment. First read the advertisement, and then write for information.

The Man Who Boards.

Did you ever see a hapless boy who "boards out" trying to sew on a button or darn his socks? It is a sight to make angels weep, and that boy's mother laugh. But the boys who send his washing to Ungar's Steam Laundry, will not have to wear out the selvedge edge of his soul with any such work, because they make a specialty there of mending young men's clothes, and the youth of the period is happy, so that he has no need to marry before he is out of his teens, so that he may have someone to darn his socks, and trim the ragged fringe off the edge of his cuffs. —A.

Not Too Bad For Winter Time.

A freight car gets along pretty lively sometimes. PROGRESS has had a practical example of this recently. A carload of paper was shipped for it from a western Ontario town and arrived here via Grand Trunk and Intercolonial in exactly five days. Not too bad for winter time.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. have just received:

BROWN BREAD FLOUR, WHEAT GRITS, DESSICATED WHEAT, BARLEY FLAKES, WESTERN GREY BUCKWHEAT, PURE BEES' HONEY, GOLDEN SYRUP. 32 Charlotte street.

Rubber Goods

ICE BAGS (with Screw Cap).

RUBBER WATER BOTTLES.

Rubber Ear and Eye Syringes (soft rubber).

RUBBER POWDER INSUFFLATORS, with Soft Bulb and H. B. Tube.

RUBBER SYRINGES, all sizes, HOME FOUNTAIN,

HARD RUBBER FITTINGS.

RUBBER BANDAGES.

WATER PAD TRUSSES, etc.

FOR SALE BY

F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

35 KING STREET.

SABRATH HOURS—9 30 to 10 45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,—

This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN,

Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

is prepared in Canada only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simon Bros. & Co., and Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

In a Fit about what to get for Spring wear. We've got a thing or two to tell you. You want a suit, you want an Overcoat, and you're going to have them both; you're not going to pay any more than necessary for them. If you go to Oak Hall Clothing House for your spring outfit, you will get clothes worth the money you pay for them, and can truly say, when you try on one of their custom-made suits made to your measure, that you are in a perfect fit.

WOOD AND SLATE MANTEL PIECES. Artistic Open Fire Places. Tile Facings, Tile Hearths, Register Grates, Brass Andirons and Fenders, and Open Fire Place Fixtures, of Every Description. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.

SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles, T. MCAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

This is What the Model Grand has in the way of improvements—Low closet, with reservoir and pipe shelf; the ventilated oven door attachment, high shelf, mantle closet. These improvements are put on ten different varieties of this Stove. It is the talk of the women. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte Street.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S CONFECTIONERY. PICTURE FRAMES

IN MUSIC. If I could only instead of one, on would have made me. For there we, on, and I wanted, them all in. However, on. Here is a clip paper which will give of both parties—Kaye and the music. "A musical for the will be given at the Kaye, Hanson and G. the evening of Wednesday. The music will be both is to be furnished by the Mr. George I. Parker, an Mr. George I. Parker, an Arthur Whitney will sa. I also have a praeic festival which will hall in Boston. The twenty-five selector orchestra, of 60 men Listemann assisted. sang the "Cavatina," by Gounod, and M who is well known "Prayer," from Str. Mr. Ford's new by the Day Thy Love sung for the first time on Sunday evening soft, pretty things th to closing hymns, an words admirably. that the choir did it. don't think that any the usual standard. Mrs. John Boyd's this week, but, as K another story," and I over until another w. The Oratorio Soci joyable evening at th Rev. Canon Brigste others gave address. Miss Goddard, Mr. S. Horn, Mr. Pa. Smith contributed a gramme. The "Old Musical day evening at the Elliott Row. As I Bach-Mozart evening which was very inter Piano duet, arranged tettes, Mozart, Miss song lullaby, Moz Robinson. Aria—" (Le Nozze di Fig Fantasie, piano solo vis. "My Heart ev Father Davenport, and piano—" Mrs. Miss Flossie Bowde "Cavone Voi che s Figaro) Mrs. Carter. present, sang two cha the tenor part in a du the next meeting of on 17th of March (St Mrs. Patton's, I Elli I believe that there discussion for runn Trinity church organ the way, what a pitey that church has given ing The Crucifixion the reason is, but an do with the fact that were late in coming, treble voices. On Sunday evening will sing Mr. Ford's Agos." Mrs. Carter solo. The quartette Carter, Miss McMinn Mr. Daniel. As I said before, I places at once, so unable to say anything out in St. John, on Monday evening. New York is to ha under the management society, and led by M They provide for a n certs at low prices, to negre Music Hall, whi pletion and which has \$1,000,000. Ship Ahoy is the tit absurdity" which is b at the Park Theatre, seems to have found u inhabitants of the Hal FOR THE MUSI A Correspondent Take It and Handl PROGRESS likes to g and for this reason is portions of an exceed fair letter, written pr concerning the inceptio the musical union, as it has received. In d any not abuse the conf pondent, who has pr sought the remedy in fashion. He says: I am writing hurriedly concerning the "Music U this now so-called Musi services, under the lead (in the absence of any professional or otherw) making our late exhibitio and of pleasure. They g study, for a month or programme of music an Exhibition building. Th as many fair-minded fr though prove a failure and surging crowds—rea and noise of feet which acoustic properties of the pian would have been to admit by (free if need the needed isolation and was, Mrs. John Black, o soloists did well consid However, the "Musical largely by the dog-in-man only cried down, whi quickly ignored it. As hard and bitter things w members of the state by the fact, or possibly beca of their own members an Mr. Hall's leadership. I may add from a mu criticism has been. Th are not willing to live and think that possibly the Mus For the restoration of original color and freshen numbers unvisited. This a valuable toilet preparation is perfectly satisfied that

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

If I could only have been three people instead of one, on Monday evening, it would have made things much easier for me. For there were three things going on, and I wanted, very much, to take them all in. However, more of them later on. Here is a clipping from a Boston paper which will probably interest friends of both parties—Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kaye and the musical people concerned:

"A musicale for the benefit of the building fund will be given at the house of Mrs. Annie Murray Kaye, Rawson and Gardner roads, Brookline, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8 o'clock. The music will be both vocal and instrumental. It is to be furnished by the Cecilia quartet, composed of Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. George I. Parker, and Mr. Ivan Morawski. Mr. Arthur Whitney will assist at the organ."

I also have a programme for the operatic festival which was given at the Music Hall in Boston. There are no less than twenty-five selections. The Philharmonic orchestra, of 60 men, under Mr. Bernhard Listemann assisted. Mrs. Humphrey-Allen sang the "Cavatina," from Queen of Sheba by Gounod, and Mr. William Fessenden, who is well known in St. John, sang the "Prayer," from *Sirois*. Mr. Ford's new hymn tune to "Through the Day Thy Love has Spared Us," was sung for the first time in St. John's Church on Sunday evening. It is one of those soft, pretty things that seem so applicable to closing hymns, and suit, in this case, the words admirably. I cannot say, though, that the choir did it full justice; in fact I don't think that any of the music was up to the usual standard.

Mrs. John Boyd's musicale also came off this week, but, as Kipling says, "That is another story," and it will have to stand over until another week.

The Oratorio Society spent a most enjoyable evening at its annual conversation. Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Gen. Warner, and others gave addresses, and Miss Hancock, Miss Goddard, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Horn, Mr. Parker and Mr. A. M. Smith contributed a short musical programme.

The "Old Music Club" met on Monday evening at Mrs. W. S. Carter's, Elliott Row. As I before said, it was a Bach-Mozart evening. The programme, which was very interesting, was as follows: Piano duet, arranged from string quartet, Mozart, Misses Clinch and Jarvis; song, Lullaby, Mozart—Mr. G. Ludlow Robinson. Aria—"Non so più cosa son." (Le Nozze di Figaro) Miss Halliday. Fantasia, piano solo—Mozart—Miss Jarvis. "My Heart ever Faithful"—Back-Father Davenport. Trio for violin, cello and piano—Mozart—Mr. W. Bowden, Miss Flossie Bowden and Miss Clinch. "Cauzone Voi che sapete." (Le Nozze di Figaro) Mrs. Carter. Mr. Titus, who was present, sang two charming songs, and also the tenor part in a duet with Mrs. Carter. The next meeting of the club will be held on 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) at Mrs. Patton's, 1 Elliott Row.

I believe that there is a scheme under discussion for running the bellows of Trinity church organ by electricity. By the way, what a pity it is that the choir of that church has given up the idea of singing *The Crucifixion*. I do not know what the reason is, but fancy it has something to do with the fact that copies of the work were late in coming, and the scarcity of vocal voices.

On Sunday evening St. John's Choir will sing Mr. Ford's anthem, "Rock of Ages." Mrs. Carter taking the soprano solo. The quartette will be sung by Mrs. Carter, Miss McInnis, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Daniel.

As I said before, I could not be in three places at once, so in consequence am unable to say anything of the Sacred Concert in St. Luke's, which took place on Monday evening.

New York is to have a new orchestra under the management of the Symphony society, and led by Mr. Walter Damrosch. They provide for a number of popular concerts at low prices, to be given in the Carnegie Music Hall, which is nearing completion and which has already cost over \$1,000,000.

Ship Aloy is the title of a new "operatic absurdity" which is booked for several weeks at the Park Theatre, Boston, and which seems to have found unusual favor with the inhabitants of the Hub.

FOR THE MUSICAL UNION.

A Correspondent Takes up the Cudgels for It and Handles them well. PROGRESS likes to give and get fair play and for this reason is impelled to give some portions of an exceedingly interesting and fair letter, written privately to the editor, concerning the inception and progress of the musical union, as well as the treatment it has received. In doing this we will try any not abuse the confidence of our correspondent, who has presented his views and sought the remedy in such a gentlemanly fashion. He says:

I am writing hurriedly to say a few words to you concerning the "Music Union." The members of this new so-called Music Union volunteered their services, under the leadership of Mr. T. H. Hall (in the absence of any other preferred assistance, professional or otherwise) to assist somewhat in making our late exhibition a source of attraction and of pleasure. They gave much time and careful study, for a month or more, in preparing for the programme of music rendered one evening in the Exhibition building. The music was well chosen, and many fair-minded and friendly critics can attest—though proven a failure on account of the moving and singing crowd—creating a murmur of voices and noise of feet which sadly interfered with the acoustic properties of the building. The proper plan would have been to hire the Lansdowne rink, and admit by (free if need be) tickets, thus securing the needed isolation and the desired quiet. As was, Mrs. John Black, of Fredericton, and other soloists did well considering the surroundings. However, the "professionals" of our city, moving largely by the dog-in-manger spirit, either vehemently cried down the whole thing, or coolly and quietly ignored it. As you doubtless know, many hard and bitter things were said, especially by members of the Oratorio society, notwithstanding the fact, or possibly because of the fact, that many of their own members were in it to sing and under Mr. Hall's leadership. This narrow, partisan, and I may add from a musical standpoint, unfair criticism, has been fostered to this day by those who are not willing to live and let live; by those who think that possibly the Music Union may become

People who use arsenical preparations for their complexion, do so at the risk of their lives. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is guaranteed free from any injurious drug, and is, therefore, the safest as well as the most powerful blood medicine in the world. It makes the skin clear.—Advt.

THE JENNESS MILLER Model Bodice! Style 710. Retail Price, \$2.50. White Fine Jean, Pearl Buttons.

THIS Garment has been designed by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, to meet the wants of those who desire something in a boned waist to take the place of a corset. It is made on lines that give a most graceful figure; at the same time it is exceedingly comfortable, and affords a perfect support to the bosom.

NEW CORSET WAISTS.

Write or apply for a descriptive Circular and Price List of the Dress Reform and Hygienic Principles. Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

WHOLESALE AGENTS for the MARITIME PROVINCES. The Trade supplied at lowest prices.

lard's "Waiting" she took high C sharp with the greatest ease, and her trill in the cadenza was sweet as a bird's. One great charm in her singing was the articulation. Even in the softest passages of her songs every word was distinctly audible in all parts of the auditorium. She sang without notes, and her voice floated out, apparently, without the slightest effort. I have never heard her singing surpassed here, either by amateur or professional. Her second song was "O Hush Thee, my Baby," and she sang as encores "Scotch Lassic Jean" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Miss Harrison sang a beautiful new song entitled "The Flower Girl." She has only been studying a few months, and her voice shows rare capabilities, as it runs very high and is sweet and flexible. She is a favorite here, and was compelled to respond to an encore. The Misses Shenton did not do themselves justice in their rendering of the duet, "Come to Me" (Kuchen). It was not a happy selection, and it needs a tenor voice.

Miss Stanger, who has a very strong contralto voice, sang "The New Kingdom." Miss Blanche Tibbits played a selection on the violin, it was much admired by the audience. Her intonation is good, her bowing is graceful and she draws a sweet, though not a strong tone from the instrument, with study she will certainly become a good soloist. Mr. Tracy sang "The Strumpet Cup." He has a very sweet baritone voice and sings with much expression, although not in his best voice his song was evidently appreciated. Mr. Bristowe, always a favorite with a Fredericton audience, sang "The Sailor's Grave" and in response to an enthusiastic encore gave "Alice Where Art Thou." The J. S. C. Band added largely to the enjoyment of the occasion by their playing between the tableaux, and the overture which they gave in fine style. There was a very large audience and a handsome sum was realized. I think if the concert were repeated in St. John it would meet with a hearty reception.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

If I am not mistaken we were promised that Mr. Lytell would appear in this city on the second of this month, but for obvious reasons he did not materialize till Tuesday evening last. The daily papers have been kept well supplied with the usual quantity of advance notices, which told the people in eloquent terms what a magnificent dramatic treat awaited them when the success of Halifax was repeated here.

On Tuesday evening *Hands Across the Sea* was presented to a splendid house, a house that deserves credit for the way it behaved, for the curtain did not rise till 8.30, a delay which will admit of no excuse, for Mr. Lytell knew very well he was billed to appear here at a certain time, and if he could not get his company here one way, he should have tried another method. The audience is indebted to Harrison's orchestra for the way in which they made the time pass pleasantly, and Mr. Lytell may thank them in a great measure for the great patience displayed by the people.

The play (speaking of the first night's performance) was a failure. Not only was the house compelled to wait almost an hour before the performance began, but they were fooled by an announcement in the programmes that Miss Olive West would take the leading part; it is needless to remark that the lady did not appear and the part of Lilian Melford was very inadequately filled by Miss Edwards.

The play is one of a numerous class of the same style, in point of fact it might as well be called *The World or The Great Metropolis* for all the difference it would make; the dialogue and situations being similar to those of a score of other pieces.

The press company is much larger than the one that was with Mr. Lytell on his last visit. Mr. Edwards did some fairly good work in Jack Dudley, but in my opinion, despite that of a morning paper, he decidedly is "stagnant," and spoils some of his best situations by raving.

Mr. Beebe as Robert Stillwood developed a splendid capacity to spoil his part, and this may conscientiously be said of the most of the company. The best bit of work in this piece was, in the minds of many, done by Mr. Morton as Dick Melford.

Mr. Smith was sufficiently bad as de Lussac, and Miss Celeste made a pleasing Lucy Nettledood.

The scenic effects were few and away short of what had been promised, and to crown all Mr. Lytell found it necessary to appear before the curtain and make an apologetic speech to his audience. The piece was produced every night since Tuesday, and also at a matinee this afternoon.

Mr. Orlidgett is much worried about her daughter. The other night she kissed her, and the young lady murmured in her sleep; "Oh, Charlie, you've shaved off your moustache!"—*Binghamton Republican*.

Judge (to small witness)—"Do you know the nature of an oath?" Witness—Oh yes, sir. I am an office-boy, and have to answer the telephone every few minutes."—*Epoch*.

INSTRUCTION.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typing, and an acquaintance with the duties of a business man, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

You can double your capacity for business (salary too) by having a systematic way of doing things. Can you write well, keep books? Are you quick at figures? You never need look for employment. There is work enough to do, if you can do it. A little book will help you, free.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Windsor, N. S.

All our Departments: BUSINESS, TELEGRAPHY, SHORTHAND, and TYPE-WRITING, WILL RE-OPEN AFTER XMAS HOLIDAYS, ON Monday, Jan. 5th.

S. KERR, PRINCIPAL, Odd-Fellow's Hall.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

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

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Until March 1st, only old subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st, can renew for the old price—one dollar.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 14.

This is the first issue of our sixteen-page paper. At this writing we can form a fairly good idea of the general contents, and, while we confess to many imperfections, we trust that the people will be as well satisfied with our first venture as we are ourselves. We can see room for many improvements, and they will be made as speedily as possible. But we want honest opinions of this paper, and will be pleased to get them from any of our readers. The historical question competition will begin next week.

MAKE A GOOD FIGHT.

We are in the midst of a political fight. The contest is becoming warmer every day, the forces on both sides more numerous and their interest, enthusiasm and confidence cannot be measured.

This is as it should be. We love to see a good, square fight, but enjoy it more when we are privileged to take part in it. Fortunately for ourselves, our readers and perchance for some others, this newspaper has no politics. Unlike most of our contemporaries we have nothing to gain and nothing to lose, directly, from the success or failure of either the Conservatives or Liberals. But we have the same stake as every business man in seeing an honest administration and a prosperous country.

Without being partisan we can be slightly political for a few weeks and give the people the news, or, as one of our contemporaries would put it in its characteristic sarcasm, the "tattling trivialities" of the campaign. So long as "tattling trivialities" are facts they are interesting, and our journalistic politician is not too old to make a note of the truth. Incidents of the campaign will not come amiss. They are always entertaining and readable.

There are six candidates. All of them are good citizens and better fellows. If they are equally honest and unselfish it is a pity that they could not draw lots and save themselves sore throats and empty pockets. This would be quite satisfactory if it appears to us since all of them are travelling on the same platform and in the same direction—the only difference being that the planks of one trio are a little longer than those of their opponents. Whether they are as strong or not remains to be seen.

ABOUT DIVORCE.

Some of our United States contemporaries are arguing for uniformity in divorce laws. They think it an abomination that a divorce may be granted in one state that will be recognized in no other part of the union and no where else in the world. Not long ago an Englishman settled in Kansas, leaving his wife in the old country. Having seen a woman he liked better, he determined on divorce, and accordingly published a notice of his application in a local paper, which it was morally impossible that his wife would ever see. In due time the divorce was granted and he married the other woman. Of course the English courts refused to recognize the divorce, and it is true that most of the United States courts would have done the same thing; but that such proceedings are possible is a great blot upon the fame of Kansas. Whatever may be our views as to the expediency of annulling the marriage tie, upon this we will surely all agree, that it is monstrous to grant a divorce without notice to the other party, when such notice is possible. It is said that the divorce laws of three contiguous States of the Union are so conflicting that a man may have a different wife lawfully in the three of them. The *modus operandi* is as follows: Let us call the States A, B and C, to avoid a possible mistake as to names (the statement is otherwise accurate, but the names of the states have escaped us.) The man marries wife No. 1 in B, and having moved to A becomes divorced from her for some

minor cause and marries wife No. 2. He then removes back with wife No. 1 into state B, which will not recognize the divorce in State A, and of course he and No. 1 are lawful man and wife again while they stay in B. He leaves No. 1 in State B, and No. 2 in State A, and moves into State C. Here the divorce in State A is not recognized, consequently the marriage with No. 2 is not, and he can proceed again to get divorced from No. 1 and to marry No. 3. But State B, which is, we think, Massachusetts, will not recognize the divorce in State C any more than it did in State A, so he continues to be the husband of No. 1 as long as he remains in State B. This is, or was lately, a possible state of affairs. At least it was so stated in a paper dealing in detail with some of the anomalies of the divorce laws of the United States.

MEN AND THINGS.

The oft-asked question, Why the young men do not stay at home? is not difficult to answer. One reason, perhaps the principal reason, is that the youth of this province are educated to a degree that unfits them to remain with us. We have in the province of, say 340,000 people, the University of New Brunswick, the University of Mount Allison, and the Memramcook College, besides other high grade institutions of learning. These and the Normal School are turning out every year scores of educated young men and young women, and the field afforded by the province is not large enough for them.

Then there is another class which swells the outgoing tide—the young mechanics. For these there cannot be in a comparatively sparsely settled country like this the opportunities they require. A third class, the farmers' sons, emigrate—well, if those who philosophize on the matter and lament the exodus could learn by experience what the ordinary life of a farmer's son is like, he would not wonder that so many of them go away.

The great reason is, however, that the migratory instinct is born in the young people. Away back, in a past so remote that the date cannot be fixed with certainty, the race we now call Anglo-Saxon was inspired with a desire to go west. Whether it is a survival of the old days when our ancestors were sun-worshippers, and turned their faces westward, to gaze with wonder upon the many hued realm into which their god disappeared; whether it is the echo of the command given to ABRAHAM to go west, and we are obeying it as his descendants, it is hopeless now to determine, but it is a ruling passion in our race and all the legislation and diplomacy in the world cannot eradicate it.

Speaking of our being the descendants of Abraham, it is quite surprising how many people believe in the Anglo-Israel theory. Its apostles are not as successful as they might be if they tried to prove less. As the Anglo-Saxon race came from the east, there is really no good reason why they should should not be of Israelitish descent. They must have had some origin and this is as likely as any other; but the Anglo-Israelites are not content with anything so general as this; they are more specific and undertake to tell us that the United States represents the tribe of Manasseh, and they have other points equally unreasonable, which they put forward with extreme gravity.

The United States can hardly be claimed to be representative of any race, for such another mixture of people is to be found nowhere. Will the process of assimilation be a success and what will the resulting type be like? When another century or so has rolled around and the blood of the Saxon, the Celt, the German, the Frank, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Moor, the Turk, the Assyan, the Arab, the African, and the Chinese becomes combined, what will the product be like.

If the doctrine of the survival of the fittest holds good and the conglomerate posterity shall retain all the best qualities of its ancestry, it will be a race such as the world has never seen.

But are we sure that the "fittest" a hundred or more years hence will be what we now think the best? Not if some ethnologists are to be believed, who tell us that the natural history of the American continent shows it to be unfitted for the development of a high type of humanity, and that after another century has rolled around and the continent becomes crowded, it will be the scene of a struggle for existence in which brute force will prevail, and thereafter the western hemisphere will relapse into barbarism.

Canon ZINCH says that in the year 1900, there will be 800,000,000 people living in the United States. The Canon is said to be a great authority on this subject, but his estimate seems very high. Taking the whole continent and estimating upon a twenty per cent increase every decade, and this is not excessive, we find that a century from now there will be living in the United States and Canada, more than 430,000,000 people. This vast multitude, if they live as we do now, will require

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial columns. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

86,000,000 horses, 16,000,000 mules, 258,000,000 cattle, 260,000,000 sheep, and 400,000,000 swine, and to feed themselves, their flocks and herds, will lay under tribute over 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) acres of land. Now there is not that much arable and pastoral land in the whole of North America, or anything like as much, and if there were it could not be utilized, because unless a large area is left in forest our rivers will dry up, and we must have wood for a thousand purposes. The available arable and pastoral area on the continent is about 800,000,000 acres or two-fifths of what will be wanted in 1900. Big problem, isn't it, to puzzle out how our great grandchildren are going to get along, and lucky for us that we don't have to solve the puzzle.

Carried Back Among Friends.

A King street firm sends PROGRESS the following extract from a letter just received from Bahia Blanca, Chile, South America:—

Many thanks for PROGRESS. Continue to think of us seafarers, and we shall ever bless you. I can assure you that we (my husband and I) enjoy reading it very much. We seem for the time to be carried back among old friends and acquaintances. As I am particularly interested in my native city St. John, I admire the bold manner in which PROGRESS speaks in regard to any jobbery or underhand work. I think such a paper must do much good, and too much praise cannot be given to its editor. We wish PROGRESS all the success it richly deserves.

The Bijou's Great Week.

This has been a great week at the Bijou. The show has been the best given since the theatre was opened, the second week performers appearing to even better advantage than before. The great attraction, however, was the heavy lifting of C. F. Blatt and Miss Whollurth. Both of these performers have a world wide reputation, and Mr. Blatt claims to be the only man in the world who can break horseshoes with his hands. The performances they gave this week surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in the city, and was all the show bills claimed.

It will Be By Ballot.

The old custom of selection by ballot will be a feature of the carnival at the Palace rink, Wednesday evening. In times past a great deal of interest used to be manifested in contests of this kind, and as carnivals seem to be coming into favor again, a revival of the interest is looked for. The boys will have a chance to do some canvassing Wednesday night, aside from the election.

More Correspondents Wanted.

PROGRESS wants good society correspondents in Chatham, Pictou, New Glasgow, Kentville, Wolfville, Yarmouth, Annapolis, Windsor, Charlottetown, Summerside, Bridgewater, Maitland, and in any other place where there is anything going on. Bright young ladies will find it to their advantage to write to the editor for information.

Still More Hotel Room.

The Royal Hotel has made arrangements to enlarge May 1st, by including the building now occupied by Mitchell's restaurant on Germain street, the rear of which adjoins the rear of the Royal. This will give Mr. Raymond several splendid rooms and a fine sample room as well.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

FEB. 11.—A very pleasant social event took place at the Rectory on Thursday evening. The usual meeting of the Woman's Guild was the occasion of the presentation of a handsome dinner set to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Campbell expressed their surprise and pleasure in his usual happy vein, and with conversation, music and refreshments, an exceedingly pleasant evening wore away. May the affection existing between priest and people never grow less warm and sincere.

On Monday evening Mrs. Forster gave a driving party, which was very much enjoyed by her guests. The conveyances were wood sleds, filled with robes, and anything more comfortable can hardly be imagined. After a delightful drive the party returned to the house for coffee and refreshment. Last Tuesday evening, the Misses Backhouse gave almost tea party, for several friends. Their charming home is filled with rare and beautiful things, and it is a great treat to spend an evening with them. Last evening the younger portion of Mrs. Hanington's family, assisted by some young friends, gave an entertainment at their home, consisting of a comedy, tableaux, songs, etc. The young people are to be congratulated upon their success, and the guests, about 20, enjoyed the evening immensely. There is a great charm about anything of the sort done by children. One of Mrs. Forster's youth in watching their enthusiasm.

Miss Violet Street, who has spent several weeks with Miss Blanche Hanington, returned to St. John today.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewson with their little daughter, returned to Moncton on Monday.

Miss Chandler, who is visiting Mrs. Hanington, has been quite ill for some days. The doctor pronounces her malady to be "grippe," which she had hoped was extinct; she is improving now, and will soon be herself again, I hope.

Mr. R. W. Hanington has also been laid up with a severe cold. Indeed it is a cunning man or woman who escapes one just now. This winter has been one well-filled to give one almost any ailment particularly a bad temper.

Mr. Richards' friends are glad to see him about again, his ankle having recovered from its recent sprain.

Mrs. Allen, of Point de Bute, and a sister of our young political candidate, spent Saturday and Sunday in Dorchester.

I hear that a concert is to take place this evening under the auspices of St. Edward's (R. C.) church. Probably the object justifies its being held on Ash Wednesday. The orchestra of St. Joseph's College is to furnish instrumental music, and there will be songs by local talent, with tableaux, pantomimes, and an address by Judge Landry. No doubt it will be a great success.

I am very glad to say Mr. J. H. Hickman is rapidly improving, and will be strong enough to seek a sunnier clime before long.

Mr. Wells' many friends sympathize with him in his heavy loss in his father's death, which occurred quite suddenly on Sunday.

Why not have long selected Came in your Chairs. Last longer, cheaper. Duval, 249 Union street.

TO LET.

TO LET.—THE DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allen, King street (West End).—Apply to Messrs. JAMES, 12 King street, City.

We Believe in Illustrations, Advertising.

PROGRESS has contracted for twenty thousand lines in one city daily, to be used within one year.

We practice what we preach. Advertise in the paper that advertises. Taking its great circulation into consideration, its rates are low.

The following advertisement appeared in recent issues of the *Globe*. Do we keep our promises?

READY, SATURDAY!

THE SIXTEEN PAGE "PROGRESS" WILL BE ON TIME.

Full of the Best Things Going— Beautifully Illustrated—More than Twice the Reading Matter—All for Five Cents.

The people want to know what the enlarged PROGRESS will contain—how in the world are you going to fill sixteen pages every week is the question of many people. Read this, and the question is answered. Buy the paper as usual, Saturday morning, and then see for yourself. While far from being as complete as it will be, we never hoped to see the first issue so attractive.

Locally,

PROGRESS will be brighter and better than ever. Fearlessness and impartiality will continue to characterize its comments upon local affairs. It will always aim to give timely attention to the methods of civic politicians and wire-pullers. It will not be hampered by any political preferences or tongue-tied by any advertising sop. Above all, it will aim to make this portion of the paper even more entertaining and popular than it has ever been.

Society,

The large demand upon our space by this department has been one of the levers that forced the enlargement. This is an unanswerable argument in favor of its popularity and interest. SOCIAL AND PERSONAL will be made even more complete and more entertaining than usual. To do this we want the help of the people. It is a mistake to suppose that this department is what is called "select." It may be true that the news supplied by this or by that correspondent comes under the head "select," but the columns of PROGRESS are open to all the people, and not simply to a part of the people. All accounts of social gatherings are gladly welcomed and printed by PROGRESS, provided they are accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

Illustrations,

The very best illustrations that money can procure will illumine the pages of PROGRESS each week. They will be both general and particular in their character. Arrangements have already been made to publish regularly the portraits of men prominent in the maritime provinces. These will be accompanied by admirably written sketches, which will add to their value from an historical standpoint. The general illustrations will be the best production of famous painters, which will go very far toward enhancing the appearance of the paper.

Sunday Reading,

That there may be nothing in PROGRESS unfit to read on Sunday or any other day will be one of the cares of the editor, who at the same time, however, is well aware of the fact that there is a large class of people who lay aside the purely secular newspaper on Sunday. PROGRESS "SUNDAY READING" department will be selected with the greatest care; it will endeavor at all times to obtain the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers for its readers, and the men who preach pure gospel, who are broad in their views, simple and plain in their presentation of the Christian religion, will find a place in its columns.

Fashions,

The large addition to its space, will allow particular attention to the WORLD OF FASHION. We have made arrangements that cannot fail to make this department one of the most interesting and entertaining in the paper. Beside two regular fashion letters from New York—which are specially written and beautifully illustrated for PROGRESS, and which will show the very latest whims in dress, there will be something of a more elastic and entertaining vein, also attractively illustrated, which will show the gay side of life. Local contributions by bright people, will make this department unusually complete.

Humorous,

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The fact that this is a chestnut does not detract anything from its truth. The best anecdotes, the brightest sayings, laughable sketches, original and selected cartoons on every phase of life will add every week to the variety and spice of the paper. This department will permit no "blues." It will be as funny as pen, scissors and engravers can make it.

Musical, Theatrical, Literary,

These columns have already been interesting and ably conducted in PROGRESS. Each of them is in hands well competent to do honest, impartial work. The writers have no instructions except to give their best opinion of what they hear, see and read. They are not hampered by the "counting room"—advertisement or no advertisement their opinions are not affected. They give them for what they are worth. That they are appreciated is shown by the popularity of the departments.

Fiction,

One of the most popular features of a paper with many of its readers is a good story—either a long complete one—in

fact a short novel—or an interesting serial. PROGRESS will have one or both of these features. They will be written for the most part, by authors who have won popular favor by good work. Complete stories by FITZGERALD MOLLOY, "ARMEN SYLVA" and "THE DUCHESS" have been engaged exclusively for publication in PROGRESS in Canada. "They come high, but we must have them."

Opinions,

Every effort will be put forth to make the editorial page of PROGRESS as timely and strong as possible. The ablest writers in the province have been engaged to contribute to this department from time to time. Party politics will find no place in it, though the right to support, oppose or criticize any political move of importance is, of course, reserved. PROGRESS proposes to get, when it can, the best opinion on every subject, local and general, in which the people are interested. This will mean money, but we believe it will pay.

Prize Dollar Contests.

Every Boy and Girl who is going to day school or to Sunday-school or in fact any person, young or old, who is interested in the study of History or in the Bible will find two interesting Prize Questions departments in each PROGRESS, the full particulars and conditions of which will be announced in the first Sixteen Page Paper. It is enough to say here that the one who sends in the first correct answer to the questions in either department will receive a bright new dollar bill in return for his or her trouble. These prizes will be awarded every week. They are given with two ideas—first, giving even children a keen interest in the paper and second that the search for correct answer will result in practical benefit to many readers.

Specials,

From its start, PROGRESS has tried to obtain the best special contributors that could be had. It has not been able to offer flattering inducements in every case, but it has done the best it could, and can count more special contributors than all the city papers. The bright work of "Geoffrey, Cuthbert Strange," "Bildad," "Jimmy Smith," "Astra," "Johnny Mulcahey," Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis, "Pastor Felix," "Casey Tap," and many others, whose *nom de plumes* are familiar to PROGRESS readers, have added much to the interest of the paper. These have been supplemented by others, whose work will speak for itself.

General,

So many features and departments have been omitted in the foregoing incomplete summary that, after a hasty reading of it, before it goes to the printer, it seems to convey but a faint idea of what the enlarged paper will really consist of. So much is omitted that it will be useless to attempt to include the forgotten in this paragraph. They will all be found in the paper, for which we ask an honest impartial trial. If results can speak, we have satisfied the people with an eight page one dollar paper. We will be content to allow results to speak for the 16 page two dollar paper.

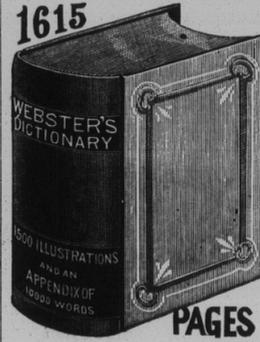
EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Publisher.

NOTHING COMES UP TO THIS.

THE 16-PAGE PROGRESS FOR ONE YEAR

AND Webster's Great Dictionary, for only \$3.75.

As one of the first great inducements to an even larger circulation than it has already, PROGRESS has secured the right to handle that magnificent edition of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, the copyright of which expired a year ago, and is able to offer the handsome volume and a Subscription to PROGRESS for one year, dating from March 1st, for the low combination figure of \$3.75. This Edition of Webster cannot be had elsewhere in this city. The number of copies for city subscribers is limited, and this offer will only be open for a short time. Persons in the city can have the book sent to them for inspection, with a view to taking advantage of our offer. The contents are as complete as they are valuable. The book is a perfect mine of information. No office can afford to be without it—merchants, lawyers, teachers, ministers—anyone in fact, who wants a correct acquaintance with the English language and an infallible guide cannot afford to be without this great book. It is worth at least \$5.00. PROGRESS offers it to New Subscribers for \$1.75, and guarantees that they will be satisfied with their investment. Come and look at it—that will cost you nothing.



OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25.

Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 15 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express Order, made payable to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

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1891. — NEW YEAR. — 1891.



Children's Trays, Brass and Copper Tea Kettles, Granite and Agate Tea Pots, Cake Coolers, Keystone Whisks, Germain Cake Cutters, Butter Squirts, Electric Call Bells. Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 355.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. ECONOMICAL. SOLUBLE. EASILY DIGESTED. Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

RUBBER CLOTHING!

FOR GENTLEMEN. FOR LADIES. The finest qualities of CLOTH SURFACE CLOAKS, with Capes. BEST QUALITIES OF AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

ESTEY & CO., 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

TH—EW—OR—LD WAS CLOTHED!

Or at least that part of the world (St. John and vicinity) has its clothes made at THOMAS YOUNGCLAUS, 15 CHARLOTTE STREET. Made to Order Suits a Specialty.

STILL LOWER PRICES!

MITCHELL BROTHERS. Will save money for them. MITCHELL BROS. - 40 KING STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

St. John—North End. Mrs. 11—Miss Carrie Barnhill is visiting friends in New Scotland. Dr. March left yesterday for a trip to New York.

St. John—South End. A most enjoyable juvenile party was given on Friday evening last by Mrs. Thomas McAvity, at her residence, King street east, at which a large number of the friends of her little daughter were present.

St. John—North End. The party met again last evening at Mrs. C. Miller's, Douglas avenue. The first prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. Hayford, and the booby prizes by Miss Cassie Tapley and Mr. D. Tapley.

St. John—North End. A complimentary assembly to Messrs. Holly and Armstrong, of the Portland committee, will be held in the Mechanics Institute, next Friday evening.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

FIRST SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1891.

We shall, as stated in our advertising space in the St. John daily papers, have Monday, 16th inst. for inspection, 12 CASES OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES of the London and Paris Markets, in Wool Dress Fabrics, Jacket and Mantle Cloths, Satens, and Cambric Prints.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

See "GLOBE" for Special Lines being cleared out this month.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail.

PEOPLE KNOW



Exactly same makes of Best Quality of Rubber Goods as sold in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and all large cities. Warranted to give satisfaction.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

CLOSING OF Turner & Finlay's DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, No. 12 KING STREET. Owing to the continued ill-health of our Mr. Turner.

THOUSANDS of MEN and WOMEN are taking advantage of this Great Sale of Dry Goods.

LACE CURTAINS. TABLE LINEN, TOWELS, NAPKINS. 7/4 LOOM DICE TABLING, 58in. Special CREAMTABLING, 58in. Loom Damask Tabling, 8/4 BLEACHED TABLING, LOOM HUCK TOWELS, NAPKINS, 5/8 and 6/8. SPRING SHADES SERGES, 8/11.

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FANCY HOLIDAY GOODS! HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Some few have not seen our goods, or only partially looked over our stock. Call and make a thorough examination of the stock, you are sure to find something to suit you and your pocket.

WHAT YOU WANT!

- *Admiration. Eagle—White, and *Hungarian Ogilvies. Buda. Golden. Gritz. Crown of Gold. *Five Roses. Brown Bread Flour. *Diamond. Globe. Graham Flour.

78 SYDNEY STREET, NEAR PRINCESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

LENT IS HERE!

What to Do and Not to Do.

WAYS OF KEEPING IT.

Bright People Write about it from Many Standpoints.

A SEASON FOR SELF DENIAL FOR ALL.

Some Curious Customs of Observing Lent.

One of the readers of PROGRESS asked last week for some information about Lent, and how it should be observed, as well as some of the customs that have surrounded its observance.

TOO OLD FOR ORIGINALITY.

Lent Affords an Opportunity to Rest the Mind and Recruit the Body.

How can any one be expected to have an original opinion upon the subject of Lent at this advanced stage of its existence? I think that every new idea thereupon must long since have become feeble through age and long usage.

The process agrees even less with the sterner portions of humanity, I think. His favorite concession to conscience consists in renouncing the noxious weed, whereby assisting his family to keep Lent with great effectiveness.

Notwithstanding, however, the discrepancies in the conduct of those "who profess and call themselves Christians," I believe Lent to be a useful and beneficial institution, merely from a worldly point of view. It interrupts the rush of social

duties and pleasures, and gives a little time for the cultivation of the mind, even if the soul be rather neglected. One has no time for reading or thinking when plunged in the whirlpool of visits, dances, and kindred delightful if demoralizing festivities, and the comparative quiet and rest of the Lenten season must serve to strengthen both mind and body for the soon-recurring strains.

SELFISHNESS HAS MUCH TO DO.

With Some People's Observance of Lent—Good Advice For the Season.

Since self is the strongest impulse in most men, selfishness is sure to creep into religion. If it is—as seems to be the case,—selfishness that leads people to disregard and give up the observance of Lent and fast days, the same quality surely, misleads many into an observance of the season that is false and mean, if not silly, or ridiculous. In order to observe Lent aright we must have well in sight what it commemorates. Mankind having fallen into sin, inherits sins, great dower of pain.

Lent keepers are apt to regard the season in a selfish way. What shall I gain from this; what spiritual refreshment; what religious vigor; what victory over besetting sins; and, sometimes, alas! what self-satisfaction and praise of men. It is true, that times of self-restraint and abstinence are most useful, and perhaps needful, but such times can hardly be restricted to particular seasons. And then, it is not pleasant to suppose that the Deity rejoices in our anguish, in our infliction of troubles upon ourselves.

To keep Lent well is, it seems to me, to observe it as an act of sympathy with Him who first kept Lent for our sakes. We are sober and self-denying, careful in religious exercises, because He at this time underwent His voluntary act of fasting in the wilderness, when upon Him who bore "the iniquities of us all" was laid the full load of the world's loneliness, and poverty, and pain. We throw in with His—for His

sake—our various acts of self-denial and devotion, as a tribute to Him of His sufficiency, His glory, and His love. We may justly think then, that while the church may lay down general principles, no two persons can keep Lent in just the same way. In the above spirit, and without ostentation or any talk about it, the way of self-denial and curtailment of things lawful, but not then expedient, will with a little consideration become plain. To one man it is his horseflesh, to another his liquor, to another his cigars, to another his evenings away from the atmosphere of home, where his absence causes many a piteous frown, perhaps, bravely covered up.

To one woman it is dress, to another it is society, to another too many novels, to another the afternoon round of gossiping visits. In the matter of food, if one is put himself to the test of taking half a meal. If he can do this without rattling the crockery, insulting the patient partner of his home, slamming the door and coming home early, and like a spring bear to his next meal, he may consider himself a subject for abstinence. But if not, he had better attain patience by the method of repetition. Better hold on to one good grace, than develop a dozen bad ones by abnormal religious observances.

It is amusing to hear good people talk about the various little ways of self-affliction they assume, but really the worst part is the talking, for we know well it is the having or not having of little things that makes up the comfort or discomfort of life. The most striking case I ever heard of was that of the young woman who would not wear her hair in curls papers during Lent. She went about with a Zulu-like verandah of front hair, to every one's amazement, and bewilderment, and no doubt her own great inward edification and development. I recollect rather pretty little story which indicates the real Cruz, and may be a useful illustration. A teacher was endeavoring to show to her class of little girls that "taking up the cross" meant; she patiently told them it was the hard thing which ought to be done readily and cheerfully, etc. Then she invited anyone to state what her particular "cross" seemed to be. One little girl held up her hand. "Well, what is your cross, Mary?" The answer came, "Washin dishes, num."

THE SPIRIT VERSUS THE FLESH.

"Astra" is Amusing and Solemn—The True Meaning of Lent.

Lent is a penitential season! That is about the only point concerning the great church fast upon which we all seem to be thoroughly agreed! Indeed the amount of ignorance prevalent upon this important subject, even among good church people is simply surprising. It is not many months since I had the pleasure of hearing a lady whom I imagined knew much more about church matters than I did myself, argue fiercely for half an hour about the proper observance of Good Friday, and then turn suddenly round to her opponent with a puzzled look and ask, "What is Good Friday the anniversary of, anyway? What do we keep it for?" And she was "a good churchwoman," a strict member of the "evangelical Church of England." I am afraid there are some of us like her! If we were asked unexpectedly what Lent was, we should answer that it was six very dull weeks, during which we had little fun and a great deal of religion—more than we wanted, in fact; when those of us who did not care for dainties concluded to mortify the flesh, by giving them up for forty days, when we only danced on the sly and gave ourselves airs because we only went to card parties; when our church-going chiefly consisted in lamenting the fact that we had not time to attend the daily services more frequently, and complaining that they were held at such an awkward hour.

Ash Wednesday means, for only too many

of us a day, when we have fish for dinner instead of meat, and the change is so agreeable to our palates that we almost wish it could be Ash Wednesday all the time. Then, as due season Good Friday arrives, and we come down to breakfast hungry, but sternly resolute; coffee without milk, and a crust of bread from the staples of our banquet, and if we leave the table with a very vacant feeling in the region of our hearts that goes a long way towards filling the vacuum, but which fades and fades, and the flesh has one more triumph.

I knew a girl once. I knew her very well indeed—because I happened to be the girl myself—who undertook to give up butter during Lent, Sundays excepted. Of course she kept it from Ash Wednesday till the first Monday afterwards, and then she fell from grace, so far that she never got back again. Life without butter was an arid wilderness, with only six oases in sight, and the distance between these spots of verdure was too great to be spanned by human appetite, so she gave up the effort in despair, and the latter state of that girl, who had put her hand to the plow and turned back, was worse than the first.

What do I think of Lent, do you ask? I think of it as an all too brief season, when we sinners try for a while to follow in our Lord's footsteps, when we should try in our weak way to bear even a faint shadow of His sorrow and suffering, to be—as I heard an eloquent preacher say a short time ago—"Christlike for Christ's sake." The dear sakes, praying that Thou wilt accept our sacrifices."

This, I think, is my idea of keeping Lent in the true spirit, not of ostentatiously wearing plain garments, and praying in fashionable churches, but of trying to come a little closer to God in our inner hearts.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SEASON.

Rev. L. G. Stevens' Suggestions as to "What to Do in Lent."

The season of Lent makes no apology for its existence. It grew naturally, in response to a demand of the Christian consciousness, out of the feeling that, if Christians were to be in the proper state of mind to enter into the spiritual joys of Easter, they must prepare themselves for it beforehand by more earnest and faithful Christian thinking and living. The Christian consciousness very early recognized the fact that it was necessary to call a halt before Easter, that with cleaner hands and purer hearts and a sublimer faith, the church might gather around the holy sepulchre on Easter morn.

Originally it probably lasted "forty hours"—the time during which our Lord was under the power of death. By degrees the time was enlarged, till in the seventh century, it extended to forty days—the period that our Lord spent in the wilderness. This solemn season—marked by special efforts towards penitence, self-discipline and devotion—is very generally observed by Anglican, Lutheran, Protestant Episcopal, Roman and Greek churches, representing as they do more than two-thirds of those "who profess and call themselves "Christians."

In these churches it is a special "revival season," and, like revival seasons outside of those churches which hold to the "Historic Episcopate," it is doubtless often abused by a spirit of formalism, by forced rather than spontaneous emotionalism, and by frothy sentimentalism. Yet the mighty

fact remains that two-thirds of the Christian world is professedly on its knees during this season; the fact remains that in spite of all revival drawbacks and lapses, it is a season blessed of God for the renewing of our vows, the enlarging of our sympathies, and the strengthening of our faith.

I am not disposed to question, with your correspondent, whether "outside of the churches there is much real self-denial, or rather a show of it." I believe that outside, as well as inside, there is much "real self-denial," if not "a show of it." Your correspondent asks "what she is supposed to do and what not to do."

Without entering into the minutiae of rules and regulations, let me offer two broad suggestions: 1st. Make this a season of special prayer to God that those bodies of Christians who do not now observe this time-honored season may see their way clear to unite with their brethren in following Christ in His passion; that the season may speedily become international and world-wide in its willing observance by all Christian believers. The day of practical Christian union still seems far distant. If by a consensus of Christian opinion these six weeks of prayer could be jointly observed by all Christians everywhere; irrespective of present creed and name, would not a vast stride be taken toward the consummation of that union for which our blessed Lord so earnestly prayed—that union which must be the ever-growing hope of the church of God's elect, of "all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

2nd. Pray that the Christian church may more and more regard it as her privilege and duty, by the accumulation of savings which represent real and felt self-denial—savings of time and food and money and work, of physical energies and mental plans, and spiritual fervor—to strengthen and expand the great missionary cause throughout the world. Begin with the children of our families and households. Teach them to follow the example of their elders, to earn something, (not beg it) and then to dedicate it and lay it aside for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Let the Sunday school children through Lent make special offerings for the general missionary work of the church. What a "Children's Crusade" it would be, if the fourteen millions of children in the Protestant and United States, led by their million and a half of teachers would make an Easter offering of their united Lenten savings for the spread of the redeeming knowledge of the children's Friend and Saviour.

And then, too, to think of Good Friday, the day on which the Saviour Jew died for the sins of both Jew and Gentile. Are we not remiss in our christian duty, if in giving to missions among the Gentiles, we ignore the pleading cause of christianity among the Jews, or give niggardly, faithlessly, without any expectation of a visible result? What a grand thing it would be, and with what telling effect upon the Jews themselves—who to-day in large numbers are beginning to look back and inquire whether the great Deliverer has not already come and been rejected; whether, after all, the Jewish nation did not commit a terrible blunder—that a grand thing, I say, it would be, if, on every Good Friday, the entire professed Christian world should rise as one man to its high privilege and its acknowledged duty, and give generously, ungrudgingly for the promotion of that gospel religion among God's ancient people, to which we owe our progress, our civilization and our preeminence!

A Lent earnestly and honestly observed is a blessed instrumentality for personal renewal and growth, and therefore for the extension of God's "saving health among all nations." Only it must be earnestly and honestly kept. Special efforts must be made, as in all revival seasons, to worship God, who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth. We must "fast from strife." We must "starve our sin." As old Robert Herrick so quaintly but comprehensively puts it:

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And cheat
From fat of veal or sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still,
To fill
The platter high with fish?
Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,

Or show
With dovetailed look or sour?
No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.
It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To mortify thy life.
To show a heart's grief Lent;
To starve thy sin,
Not sin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.
L. G. STEVENS.

LET FORMS AND RITUALS ALONE.

Do The Duty Next Thee Lies—That is Enough Ground to Cover.

Lent, my inquiring sister (for masculine omniscience would never forgive ignorance on this or any other subject), is doubtless so named for the Latin *lentus*, slow, because among its observers, Anglican and Roman, this fast time is—paradoxically—the slowest time of the year. With some it takes the place of the Disasters' revival—a brief but violent attack of religious fervor, brought on by the dissipation preceding it, and giving a zest to that following. The symptoms are devout attendance on all church services and a rigid self-denial, which, if piled on as thickly for any great length of time, ought to entitle the devotee to translation to celestial regions; while the same quantity boiled down and spread over the entire year would render her (his seldom him) a very pleasant person to live with here below.

With others, more practical or more worldly-minded, this is the season in which exhausted vitality is strengthened, ward-ropes renovated, and finances replenished. The ways in which to keep Lent are as many and various as the temperaments of those who observe it. To many of us, as we look on, they savor less of the sublime than the ridiculous.

"Take my advice, my friend, and in this season (as in the rest of the year) let forms and rituals alone, and "do the duty next thee lies." That word "duty," defined by the school-boy as "the thing we don't want to do," covers enough ground, to my mind, without these extra and frantic efforts at self-denial for the space of some forty days.

Concerning "Helpmeet."

We object to the word "helpmeet." The only excuse for its use is its usage by and among ignorant people. When God saw that it was not good for man to be alone He said: "I will make him an helpmeet for him." These words, recurring in Holy Writ, have been confounded by the careless and unthinking, and the result is that abomination, helpmeet. Christ bade the Pharisees and Sadducees "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." If we are to have helpmeet, why should we not also have fruitsmeet? The confusion of ideas induced by the juxtaposition of certain words is felicitously illustrated by the old story of the pastor who, rising in his pulpit, said: "Brethren, I take for my text to-day a part of the fifteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark: 'Topknop go down!'"—Chicago News.

Faint Heart.

"Ever had your life insured, old fellow?" "No. Companies won't take me. Heart action too feeble. Nobody to insure my life for, anyhow." "Ain't you married?" "No. Heart action too feeble for that too."—Chicago Tribune.

Explanatory.

Foreman—The men have all struck this morning, sir. What shall we do? Head of Firm—Put a sign out. Foreman—What had I better put on the sign? Head of Firm—"Hands off."—America.

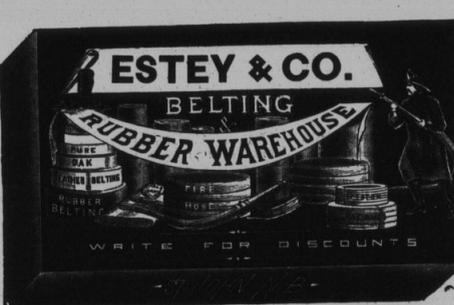
Vain Hope.

Fond mother—John, do you know Ger-tie has arranged a little piece for the piano? Fond father—Good! Peace for the piano means peace for all of us.—Ex.

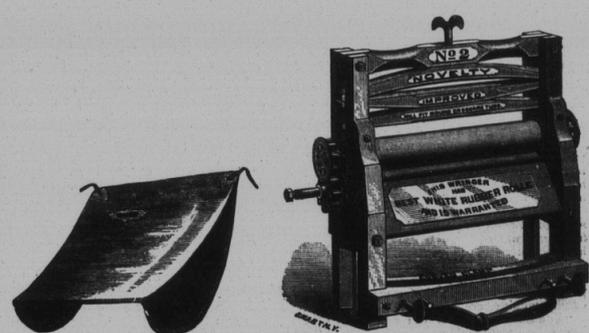
ererooms. CARPETS! PRICE. ary 9th, CARPETS, BORDERS, CTION. SKINNER. CHICAGO, 50 KING ST., & CO.'S. Nothing quickly, so "Granu-the least u can use. Blood's saporilla. Peculiar to Itself. Blood's saporilla.



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JEMIMA'S INTERFERENCE.

CHAPTER I.—"THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE."

Mrs. Montgomery was the most popular woman in Wraymouth. "The sweetest woman in the world," the little world of Wraymouth called the gracious lady who smiled so cordially at everyone she met, and whose house was famous for the most brilliant receptions and the most charming garden parties in the place. Perhaps one secret of her popularity was that she was such a contented little personage, and so thoroughly satisfied, not only with herself, but with everything and everyone about her—Miss Jemima always excepted, and just now Nora Desmond very particularly excepted indeed.

Miss Jemima, or Aunt Jemmy, was Mr. Montgomery's only sister, a maiden lady of considerable means, but with a tongue as blunt as her sister-in-law's was smooth, and a way of digging up other people's motives and dragging them into the light of day that Mrs. Montgomery considered positively indecent. But Miss Jemima's mind was lately under no such influences as the side of Nora Desmond's unparadiseable sins.

Nora was an orphan niece of Mrs. Montgomery's, who had just resigned a situation as governess, and had been invited to West Mount while she looked out for another.

Mrs. Montgomery meant to be kind, and if Nora did take the children's lessons there was no need for Miss Jemima to congratulate her on getting a governess cheap. Cheap? As Mrs. Montgomery looked at Nora Desmond tonight, she felt that the asking her to West Mount had been a grave mistake, and might cost her very dear indeed.

For Nora had by no means shown what her aunt considered a proper sense of her position. She had agreed readily enough to take the younger children's lessons in the morning, but after that she behaved exactly as any other guest and relative might have done. The penniless orphan had shown no disposition to eat the bread of humbleness, or sit down in metaphorical dust and ashes. She had indeed shown—and felt—a grateful appreciation of her aunt's kindness, but she had not seemed at all overpowered by it, and, crowning sin of all, she had "flirted disgracefully" with Herbert Fleming, who was not only the most eligible bachelor in the neighborhood, but was considered the particular property of Linda Montgomery both by her mother and herself.

There was some excuse for their thinking so. The families had always been intimate, and Herbert was constantly at West Mount, where he was petted and made much of, and where the cheerful family life was a pleasant contrast to the virtual solitude of Fleming's house. Some how or other—Fleming did not exactly know how, though perhaps Mrs. Montgomery did—she always found herself told off as Linda's cavalier. He had no objection so long as there was no one more attractive in the field. He knew Linda better, and liked her better than any other girl in Wraymouth, and, little as he suspected it, he might very probably have drifted into an engagement with Linda Montgomery, if—well, if he had not come into Mrs. Montgomery's drawing-room one August morning, and seen Nora Desmond.

There are many types of beauty in the world, but amongst the many there are few which stir the hearts of men like the mingled archness and grace of a young Irish girl. As Fleming looked at Nora tonight, he thought he had never seen so bewitching a creature. All at once he knew that he cared nothing for Linda, that he had never cared for her at all—that at last he had found the "not impossible she" of whom every man dreams, and whom, perhaps, not many find.

And all this while he had not even spoken to her! He had only stood and watched her while she was introduced to others, and marvelled at the grace of her movements and the sweetness of her voice. He had been burning to speak to her, but when the time came he had not a word to say. He could only stand and look at her with dazzled eyes, seeing nothing for the brightness of this celestial vision, as men are blinded by the noontday sun. He saw nothing it seemed to him then, but all his life long he remembered the look she wore and the smile she gave.

He thought of nothing else all the way home; but when Lady Fleming asked her son if he did not think that Irish niece of Mrs. Montgomery's an uncommonly pretty girl, he was curious how little Mr. Herbert Fleming had to say. Yes, he supposed she was exceedingly handsome. And then he declared himself too sleepy to talk and went to bed in the corner of the carriage to paint the darkness with the outlines of that matchless face, and fill the silence with the echoes of her voice.

CHAPTER II.—AUNT AND NIECE.

"But—but, Mr. Fleming you have only known me a fortnight," said Nora, in a startled voice that was a little proud, and perhaps a little hurt too.

"I know," said the young man, humbly, "but I could not let you go without a word, and they tell me you are going away to-morrow. I thought you were to have been here for some time yet."

"Yes," said Nora, frankly; "I thought so, too. But Aunt Belinda heard of a friend who wanted a governess to go with her daughters to Switzerland, and she thought it was a chance I ought not to miss. They will give me all my expenses, and a pound a week besides, and of course I am earning nothing here."

"You sordid child! If you would only listen to me you should never earn another penny. I know it is soon to speak, but what has time to do with it? We don't want a fortnight, we don't want a week, or a day, or an hour, to find out if the sun is shining—or if the birds are singing. I love you—and I could not love you better if I had known you for a hundred years. Why should I not tell you? Will you not believe it, now you know?"

What answer Nora might have made he was not to know. Just for a second her eyes lifted themselves to his with a sweet bewilderment, and then they opened wide in dismay.

opened into the drawing-room, and she fled away before he could utter a word. Fleming, looking around in startled confusion, saw someone disappearing through the door into the garden. Who it was he did not know, nor did he particularly care. The fact of the interruption was much more important to him than its cause. Would Nora listen to him again? and would her answer be the same he believed he had read in her eyes?

He went into the drawing room in hopes of seeing her, but she was pouring out tea for quite a number of people, and it was time to go before he had said a word. He could only wish her good-bye, and whisper a humble request that he might write to her.

"I suppose so," stammered Nora uncomfortably. Mrs. Montgomery was looking at them with an expression her niece had never seen in her pleasant, comely face before. Fleming did not see it now.

"Will you give me your address?" he said, "or," suddenly perceiving how disturbed she was, "will you send it to me?"

Nora's "yes" was so low that only a lover's ear could have caught it, but Fleming heard it distinctly. His tones were so brilliant he made her feel as if she were so pretty she could hardly help herself. "No, Mr. Fleming supposed not. But he supposed it in a voice that was hard and cold, and quite unlike his own. Mrs. Montgomery peeped up at the pale, stern face, and wondered if she dare venture to say more.

"Of course I am not deterring it," she said; "but men are always so ready to play the moth to the candle of a pretty face. And, to tell you the truth, Herbert, I have sometimes been afraid that, short as was the time the dear, naughty child was with us, your own wings were not quite unscathed."

Fleming looked at her with gloomy eyes. "If you mean that I loved—that I love her with all my heart, you are quite right," said he, with disconcerting frankness. "I always meant to tell you as soon as—"

"As soon as there was anything to tell," said Fleming, with a short, bitter laugh. "Apparently there is nothing, you see."

"I don't see, I assure you. Do you mean that you were refused?"

"It never got as far as that. I meant to write to her as soon as I had her address; and she promised to send it me. We were interrupted, but she knew, I am sure she knew, that I meant to renew my proposals as soon as I received it."

"An offer?—I suppose so," said Nora, blushing very prettily. "We—she was interrupted, and I ran away." But he told me that he loved me—isn't it wonderful, Aunt Belinda, that he should care for me so soon?—and—and that all," ended Nora suddenly. Somehow her aunt's eyes were not quite so sympathetic as she had thought.

"All?" said Mrs. Montgomery. "I do not call that exactly an offer, Nora, though an inexperienced girl might easily have thought so. Certainly Mr. Fleming ought to have said either less or more."

"Someone was there, and I ran away," said Nora, in a tone of defence. "He could not say more then could he, Aunt Belinda? But he asked if he might write to me, and I promised to write and give him my address."

"There I think you were wrong, my love," said Mrs. Montgomery, decidedly. "You are very young, Nora, and have had no one to guide you, so I make every excuse, but it is not usual to correspond with young men unless you are engaged to them, and in my opinion it is scarcely manly to do so."

"Oh, Aunt Belinda!" cried Nora, with burning cheeks. "Not maidens? I never thought, I never meant—"

"No, my dear, I am sure you did not," said her aunt soothingly. "But I assure you it is not a thing I should allow Linda to do, and girls in your position should be even more careful. I am afraid—I am very much afraid that Herbert Fleming is trifling with you."

and she congratulated herself on having opened her niece's eyes. "There was no need, she told herself, and confidently should be sacred, of course, especially when repeating them would do more harm than good. And so Linda heard nothing of Fleming's attachment to her cousin. He came to the house as frequently, as ever, and was as graciously received, but after the first week he seldom mentioned Nora's name, and certainly never asked for her address.

Mrs. Montgomery plumed herself on the fulfilment of her prophecies. "A flirtation and nothing else," she thought triumphantly; "but Linda will keep him in order, I've no doubt." Which was a little premature—but Mrs. Montgomery was a genuine woman. She even thought that Fleming's silence proved that Nora was forgotten, till one day when the post came in while he was at West Mount.

"What a delightful letter!" she exclaimed, "I hear often—and I see there is a letter from her here," she said pleasantly, as she opened the foreign-looking letter. The young man's eyes rested hungrily upon the thin blue sheet, and then he turned resolutely away. "A delightful time she seems to be having," Mrs. Montgomery purred on. "The Spences are a large family, and the young man have joined them now. Dear Nora will be quite in her element, naughty little flirt that she is."

"Exactly! They always begin that way," said Miss Jemima. "Get the fibs over, my child, and then the truth will come out. I've taken a liking to that pretty face of yours, and I've a good deal of respect for Herbert Fleming. I don't think he is the man to play fast and loose with anybody."

"You—you—don't think he is a flirt then?" whispered Nora shyly.

"Why no—what put such a notion in your head?" Aunt Belinda said she was afraid he was.

"Aunt Belinda is not infallible. I wonder what else Her Spence was pleased to say. I wouldn't take too much notice of Aunt Belinda, if I were you."

Nora felt quite guilty of listening to such remarks, but there was a certain comfort in them too. She looked at Miss Jemima's kind, sensible face, and felt that she would like to know her opinion about that unfortunate promise, the remembrance of which made her cheeks burn every day. No, with many blushes and a few hot tears, the story was told, and by the time Folkestone was in sight, Miss Jemima had heard everything, and had given her opinion thus—

"It never got as far as that. I meant to write to her as soon as I had her address; and she promised to send it me. We were interrupted, but she knew, I am sure she knew, that I meant to renew my proposals as soon as I received it."

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"Humph! Walked you off your legs all day, I expect, and kept you up correcting copy-books at night?"

"Then—then you are in love, and that's all about it," said Miss Jemima. "I know what it means when a girl looks as you do and vows there's nothing the matter. And surely—yes, I'm sure Belinda said something about a young—what-d'ye call—Spence, isn't it?"

"I don't think the Spences are dangerous to anybody's peace of mind," said Nora, with a frank laugh. "The eldest is engaged, and the next is only seventeen."

"Humph!" said Miss Jemima dryly. "I told you Belinda said it—I didn't say I believed it, did I?" She was silent a moment, and then she said abruptly, "Do you ever hear anything of that young man at Wraymouth—young Fleming, I mean?"

"No," said Nora, looking into each other's eyes with a sort of dreamy despair. Then Nora put out a trembling hand.

"Good-bye," she said gently. "I—I am glad that I know—but I am not going to say good-bye, unless it is to Linda."

"Yes—because it is right. You must keep your word; and I shall not mind so much now I know."

"The quivering voice trailed off into silence; but though Fleming pleaded hard, he could not alter her decision. His promise to her cousin must stand, and he kept, she declared. Linda was not to blame, and Linda should not suffer for her mother's sins."

"They were both too absorbed to see that Linda herself was coming toward them. She was riding, but the groom was far behind, and as she came up to her betrothed she reined in her horse. She was flushed with excitement, and spoke without any preliminary greeting.

"I thought I should meet you, so I came. I wish to give you this," taking from her finger the ring he had given her. "I think there has been a mistake."

"A mistake?" gasped Fleming, while the brilliant gem slipped unheeded from his palm. "Linda, how did you know?"

"I had a letter from Aunt Jemima this morning," said Linda simply. And then she turned her horses head, and rode abruptly away.

"She is a grand creature!" said Fleming. "I did not think she had it in her. But Nora, Nora, my own—"

Linda was a grand creature after all, for to this day Mrs. Montgomery does not know why her daughter broke off her engagement, or what she thought of in her mother's manoeuvres.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

THE POOR OF LONDON.

least till you have heard me out." She turned away impatiently, but he kept resolutely at her side. "Will you not let me explain?" he asked humbly. "The blackest criminal is allowed to speak in self defence."

"Defence is unnecessary where no accusation is made," said Nora proudly.

It was all the protest she made, feeling, perhaps, how vain all protest was against his desperate earnestness. And so, by degrees, she heard all there was to tell, and understood the story even better than he.

"So" she said bitterly, "it was my aunt who was, who told you I should write if—I cared for you?"

"She certainly told me so. But why do you ask? And why do you look at me like that?"

"My aunt told me it would be unadvised to write. She said that if you really cared you could get my address from her."

"No," said Nora, looking into each other's eyes with a sort of dreamy despair. Then Nora put out a trembling hand.

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three months ago the parents got regularly drunk. Then they both signed the pledge, and have kept it no common effort of heroism. In the late drinking bout the pair quarrelled and the woman lost the sight of one eye.

"It wasn't all his fault. There's some excuse for him, because I had been drinking too," pleaded the wife.

She tells us her husband feels ashamed to go to the hall because he can't forget all that he has done. I tell him, she says, "that he ought to put all that away. Perhaps he will soon, but he's quite steady."

"Poor woman! Her face is painfully anxious as she tells us, 'I was able to do some washing the other day, and was glad of it. I got a little money. But then I caught cold, and have been very bad with the neuralgia. I'm better now, and want to be at work again.' A silent little girl sits on the hearth. Two years ago she had scarlet fever, and her legs are swollen with water. The doctor says it's Bright's disease, and she has a little order and medicine, and she may grow out of it. I hope so. When does a mother cease to hope? Were it not for her capacity of hoping when there is no hope, her overcharged heart would break."

As we pass along the street we stop to speak to a paralytic and semi-speechless man. Why is paralysis so common among the very poor? Our friend sits by the wayside selling—or trying to sell—lights and other trifles. The day before his takings were 10s 6d. Some days they are nothing at all. We go on to the man's home. It is a picture of order and cleanliness, and the wife's cheerfulness and the poor home with sunshine. And yet she suffers from painful abscesses that often disable her from work, and when that happens, and there is nothing but the few pence of the husband to rely on, the prospect is dark indeed. The neighbors are very helpful; they have little to give, but what they can do they do. We leave the meaty part of a shin of beef. "Oh yes," says the wife, "that will be nice. It can eat the meat, and I can have the tea." It is pretty certain that that tea will not absorb all the nourishment of the beef. And so we continue our rounds, and ever we find that love and heroic self-sacrifice do not desert the homes of the suffering poor.

Will any one say that the Rents have been devoted, since the days of the mysterious Collier, to any nobler work than that of which they are now the centre? Yet this is only one of the centres of work which are the practical outcome of Mr. Mearns's "Bitter Cry"—that John the Baptist cry which did so much to prepare the way for the Social Gospel in which everybody but a few professors now believes. There are more than twenty centres in ward, and in the metropolis, wherein day by day the ministry of love brings help and hope to the sad and sorrowful. Food and firing, clothing and bedding, for families; free breakfasts and dinners to pining children; and all these gifts made more precious by cheerful words of encouragement and tender sympathy in every trouble. For some years the work has gone on, but the need is very sore.

Curiosities of Wedlock.

The joining of the right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

Goethe said that he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married a young lady in spite.

There is a story of a man who was married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of union, seeing that a circle is endless.

Under the Roman Empire marriage was simply a civil contract; hence we read of men putting away their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth, and a widow on the fifth, day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout Christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

Good Sun

BIBLE QUESTIONS

Although this comes from the readers of PROGRESS, it is not intended to interfere with the boys and girls attending Sunday School.

1. A prize of one dollar for the first correct answer to the questions. The winner of a prize will receive a copy of the Bible.

2. Competitors must send only giving name and answer. These need not be accompanied by a photograph.

3. No post-card can be addressed to Editor PROGRESS, St. J.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. Let the temple be built.

2. The only place mentioned any name where recorded.

3rd. Winter—Gifts from the Old Testament "snow" occurred.

4th. From the Old Testament, patient sharp strokes of an

Good Gifts

The following story is given by John Hunter in the Sunday school.

He selected a child who was very frank and open.

The advent of the Holy Spirit is a sign of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the world.

Good Sunday Reading.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

Although this competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, it is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday School. We have entrusted its management to one who is very competent to take charge of the department. In order to make the competition more interesting, the proprietor of PROGRESS will give One Dollar to the person who sends in the first correct answer to all the questions. We believe that this inducement will result not only in increasing the interest in the contest, but also in the acquisition of much information by those who search for the correct answers.

The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the Proprietor's office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners, and a non-ec-pleme may be adopted for publication.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," Editor PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 1.

- 1st. Give the temporary abode of a fugitive prophet.
2nd. The only parable in which our Lord mentions any names, give the names, and where recorded.
3rd. Winter—Give at least six quotations from the Old Testament in which the word "snow" occurs.
4th. From the book of Proverbs give a scriptural patent shield for warding off the sharp strokes of anger.

SERMON.

Good Gifts for Children.

The following sermon was preached by Rev. John Hunter in Trinity church, Glasgow, having reference to the meetings of the Sunday school convention there assembled. He selected as his text Matthew 2, "They offered unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." The advent of any child into this world, he said, is an event full of great and solemn significance. It is a wonderful thing in itself, this child coming into the world, amidst the midst of all these visible things, and lifting up its cry amid this earth's many sounds. The birth of the poorest child has infinite mystery about it. I say infinite, for we feel that in its presence the wise man cannot find out its mystery into perfection. It cannot be fully explained by the laws which we can see, and trace and understand. There is something in it born not of the will of the flesh nor of the power of the Holy Ghost in the poem of the sacred nativity only shows how much truer the imagination often is to the deeper facts of life than is the reason's colder part. It is true of every infant that comes into our world that it has something in it born in the Holy Spirit; that its true heredity from God; that it is not only a child of human parents but a child of God, inasmuch as it possesses from birth the germ of a spiritual life, a spirit akin to the Divine Spirit. It is not a strange thing that the wise men kneel in adoring wonder in the presence of the child born to be the Saviour of the world.

Looked at from another and profounder point of view, we may say that it is a strange thing that wise men do not always bow in awe and reverence before the sudden appearance of the divine in the human, before this everlasting incarnation of God in our world. The birth of a child is not only a marvel and miracle in itself; it is an event which is full of the promise and potency of immeasurable good or immeasurable evil. What a mystery of power for good or evil is hidden in the little child which the humblest mother holds to her heart. In some sense and degree every child that comes into the world is sent to be a Messiah—that is, to be a helper-on of God's kingdom upon the earth. Many children grow up to be helpers and fulfillers of the divine order of human life, but many, many, alas, grow up to hinder and defeat, to be a curse and not a blessing to the world. We trace what is called Christian civilization, the distinctions between ancient and modern society, the influences which are affecting most decisively the highest thought and deepest feeling of the greatest and most progressive peoples on the face of the earth, to the birth of a little child, the son of very poor parents, nearly 2,000 years ago.

In the history of the birth of Jesus, it is said that wise men from the east, whom later tradition transforms into kings, brought gifts to the cradle of the infant Christ—gold, frankincense and myrrh. The commentators are not quite agreed as to the significance of these Oriental gifts—you will have some difficulty in finding a single agreeable comment which the commentators do to the country from which the travellers came, and given for that reason: others say that they were gifts for a king and im-

plied the kingly state. But I pass by this not very profitable contention in order to ask and answer a far more serious question—what are the best and most fitting gifts for any and every child born into the world—born to be a king unto God, to rule over himself, and to be a bringer-in of God's kingdom upon the race of man is a right royal race, and there are certain gifts which every member of this race has a claim to when we consider the significance of its existence, its solemn responsibilities and its duties.

1. The gift of a sound organization, physical, mental and moral is a good gift for a child—one of the best of gifts. It has a right to be well-born. Children depend very largely for their chances in this world upon their organization. Their condition, and destiny, here on this earth, are often put almost beyond their control by the folly and wickedness of parents, who send them into the world badly organized. They have weak bodies, sluggish brains, ill-assorted faculties, dispositions and tendencies more or less strong toward evil, because the sins of the parents and the parents' parents are visited upon them. I never ponder it without feeling deep pain, and without being more and more persuaded that it is part of my duty as a minister of Him in whose eyes children were and are sacred, to speak of it now and again. We need much honest thinking and honest speaking on this question of parent-hood, and we must have it, if the sum of human misery and wickedness is ever to be considerably lessened in this world. The most serious and sacred functions and duties of life are concerned under a veil of mock modesty. Prudery is not purity, rather does it produce and hide much coarseness of thought and feeling. There is more than enough in the thought of marriage and parentage and their possible consequences to protect them not only from frivolous and coarse jesting, but to call forth profoundly serious thought. More thoughtful and earnest attention needs to be given to the law of inheritance which lends such solemn emphasis to every part of human life. It is in itself a beneficent and beautiful law, and will work for good, if we are good. He who made us expects us to do right and in the natural order of things, He has made no provision for wrong-doing. I once heard some one say that if he had the making of this world, he would have arranged that children should be born only as the reward of superior character and excellence. That the Creator, knowing as only Infinite Wisdom and Love could know the responsibilities of a Creator, did not so arrange the order of nature, is a proof of His faith in man. He takes it for granted that those who take upon themselves the unspcakably solemn responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood shall make physical health, mental soundness, and moral excellence the condition with themselves. If a heritage of evil has been transmitted to us, then we ought to intercept it in its march. Let us not darken and curse unborn generations by our physical and moral defects. Every child that is born has a right to a sound organization. The better world for which we look and pray, and work will come chiefly through the better children born into it. Of such is the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

2. A second gift fit for a child, and to which it has a claim, is the gift of a good home. By a good home I do not mean a home where there is an abundance of what are called the good things of life, but a home where life is not such a constant and dreary struggle that it will hinder instead of help, depress instead of stimulate. It is a good thing that children should be prepared by their circumstances to endure hardships. It is not out of easy and luxurious surroundings our best and most useful men and women have come. It has been stated somewhere that for four generations in England no man became distinguished as physician or lawyer who had inherited an income of £200 a year. Circumscribed conditions are necessary to awaken and develop power. Children are not well cared for by being indulged and pampered. The fortunes of fathers had often been the worst of curses to sons. On the other hand, it is not good for men and women to be bowed and soured by grim struggle at the very outset of life; it is not the will of heaven that children should be born to receive proper and reasonable care. The home is not the home, yet the idea of a little avail of our children see in our eyes. Heads of families ought to do what they honestly can to make their homes attractive and pleasant—places that will elevate and educate taste and character by their surroundings, by their cleanliness, brightness, furniture, books and pictures.

3. Another great gift for a child is a sound, intellectual, moral and religious culture. It is a mistake, as a rule, to send children away from home for their education. Boarding schools, however good, are poor substitutes for a true father and mother's care. I have seen, during the time I have been a minister, some very promising boys and girls injured and spoiled by being removed at the most critical period of their development from the direct influences of home. The accomplishments of London and Paris cost too much when they cost the simplicity and innocence of your daughters. The early breaking up of families all over the country is one of the most threatening features of our modern life. This sometimes cannot be avoided, but it ought to be avoided when it can. The home is the most fundamental of human institutions, and in these changing and critical times we need to make more and not less of it. Children need their parents, and the parents need their children:

These are better than all the ballads That were ever sung or said, For they are the living poems, And all the rest are dead.

Children have a right to their childhood. Do not be in too great a haste to make men and women of your children. Keep them back rather than rush them forward by formal parties, late hours, premature accomplishments, and other hot-house processes. The higher development of individual and social life depends largely upon the extension of the years of childhood. Hardly anything is so sad as the sight of the womanhood of many boys and girls. How much the conversation, the tone, the atmosphere of home, and the books and magazines which children are allowed to read, have to do with these precocious developments—these all knowing, cynical, pessimistic boys of 19, these girls flirting at 14, and dying

of disappointment at 16. Let children grow naturally, and hasten slowly. On the other hand, repressing development as well as forcing it is an evil. Children are injured sometimes by too much discipline, as well as by too little. It is not enough considered, that there is an individuality in a boy or girl as sacred as holy ground, and to be approached even by a parent with fear and reverence. The most that many parents do is to unmake their children, to destroy their individuality, and to make them copies of themselves. They get alarmed when they see that their dearest have a destiny of their own; they are slow to recognize in them new thoughts of God, new heirs of life, new and separate personalities. One of the saddest things in the world is the way love defeats its own end. Weak and selfish people may truly love their children, but their weakness and selfishness are seen in the kind of good they do for their children, and in the kind of influence they exercise upon their life. Before you can feel and act towards your children as you ought, you must first see they are God's more than they are yours, you must train them to be for what He would have them to be: fit them as far as you can for self-reliance, self-support, self-control, when they go out into that world where there is no father's hand to guide them, and no mother's eye to direct. Many wrecks are made of young lives, because the habits of self-control and self-reliance are not built up within them. They so depend on external things to keep them steady that when these are changed and they are thrown upon themselves they fall, and fall through weakness. A thorough moral training, training in obedience to just and reasonable requirements, and training in unselfishness and helpfulness, is a gift which no parent ought to fail to give to his children. He ought to give them, also, a true and noble ideal of life and duty; he ought to teach them to value character above everything else; to put truth, honesty, integrity, goodness above everything else, above all material advantages, above money, success, popularity, social position, a good marriage. A child claims at a parent's hands not only moral but religious culture. I would have the earliest lesson taught to be this: they are spirits, spiritual beings with faculties, which are as real as their bodily and mental faculties; that they are in idea and capacity children of God. Our fathers were not one degree too anxious to give their children a noble ideal of life and duty, the spiritual life. The only fault I find with much that calls itself religious training is that it is not religious enough. Filling a child's mind with anecdotes of Hebrew patriarchs and kings, and other Hebrew legends, and the like, does not mean much, and does not touch the roots of life. Children grow up into men and women, and fall into moral weakness and religious scepticism because the discipline of their moral and spiritual nature and life has been neglected. Why should we not mould an spiritual side of them as well looked after, and be as carefully trained as the physical and intellectual side? If only a small part of the time and pains expended on athletics, languages, music, drawing and other things were given to training the spiritual faculties and affections, what an unspeakably good thing it would be for the children, and for the whole future of our Christian faith and Christian churches. Children have a right not only to religious teaching, but to religious influences—the influence of the highest and best thoughts of God, Christ, life, duty, immortality, the influences of the Christian church and of Christian worship, all the influences which are essential to the building up of a reverent and devout manhood or womanhood. The absence of early associations with the church, the absence of which endures as the symbol and witness, the absence of sacred memories, is a loss that can never afterwards be made good. I plead for association of children with the church, not as a substitute, but as an aid to parental influence. For more important than any direct teaching that may be given is the atmosphere of a worshipping church—the atmosphere of reverence, devoutness, faith and consecration of all highest things.

4. The best thing a child can receive is the gift of a truly righteous and religious life, to be lived in the presence of God, and to be bowed and soured by grim struggle at the very outset of life; it is not the will of heaven that children should be born to receive proper and reasonable care. The home is not the home, yet the idea of a little avail of our children see in our eyes. Heads of families ought to do what they honestly can to make their homes attractive and pleasant—places that will elevate and educate taste and character by their surroundings, by their cleanliness, brightness, furniture, books and pictures.

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of disappointment at 16. Let children grow naturally, and hasten slowly. On the other hand, repressing development as well as forcing it is an evil. Children are injured sometimes by too much discipline, as well as by too little. It is not enough considered, that there is an individuality in a boy or girl as sacred as holy ground, and to be approached even by a parent with fear and reverence. The most that many parents do is to unmake their children, to destroy their individuality, and to make them copies of themselves. They get alarmed when they see that their dearest have a destiny of their own; they are slow to recognize in them new thoughts of God, new heirs of life, new and separate personalities. One of the saddest things in the world is the way love defeats its own end. Weak and selfish people may truly love their children, but their weakness and selfishness are seen in the kind of good they do for their children, and in the kind of influence they exercise upon their life. Before you can feel and act towards your children as you ought, you must first see they are God's more than they are yours, you must train them to be for what He would have them to be: fit them as far as you can for self-reliance, self-support, self-control, when they go out into that world where there is no father's hand to guide them, and no mother's eye to direct. Many wrecks are made of young lives, because the habits of self-control and self-reliance are not built up within them. They so depend on external things to keep them steady that when these are changed and they are thrown upon themselves they fall, and fall through weakness. A thorough moral training, training in obedience to just and reasonable requirements, and training in unselfishness and helpfulness, is a gift which no parent ought to fail to give to his children. He ought to give them, also, a true and noble ideal of life and duty; he ought to teach them to value character above everything else; to put truth, honesty, integrity, goodness above everything else, above all material advantages, above money, success, popularity, social position, a good marriage. A child claims at a parent's hands not only moral but religious culture. I would have the earliest lesson taught to be this: they are spirits, spiritual beings with faculties, which are as real as their bodily and mental faculties; that they are in idea and capacity children of God. Our fathers were not one degree too anxious to give their children a noble ideal of life and duty, the spiritual life. The only fault I find with much that calls itself religious training is that it is not religious enough. Filling a child's mind with anecdotes of Hebrew patriarchs and kings, and other Hebrew legends, and the like, does not mean much, and does not touch the roots of life. Children grow up into men and women, and fall into moral weakness and religious scepticism because the discipline of their moral and spiritual nature and life has been neglected. Why should we not mould an spiritual side of them as well looked after, and be as carefully trained as the physical and intellectual side? If only a small part of the time and pains expended on athletics, languages, music, drawing and other things were given to training the spiritual faculties and affections, what an unspeakably good thing it would be for the children, and for the whole future of our Christian faith and Christian churches. Children have a right not only to religious teaching, but to religious influences—the influence of the highest and best thoughts of God, Christ, life, duty, immortality, the influences of the Christian church and of Christian worship, all the influences which are essential to the building up of a reverent and devout manhood or womanhood. The absence of early associations with the church, the absence of which endures as the symbol and witness, the absence of sacred memories, is a loss that can never afterwards be made good. I plead for association of children with the church, not as a substitute, but as an aid to parental influence. For more important than any direct teaching that may be given is the atmosphere of a worshipping church—the atmosphere of reverence, devoutness, faith and consecration of all highest things.

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are full of pity and tender love. Thou hast spoken to us by the sweet and gentle Jesus, and he has told us that Thou art kinder than the kindest, better than the best, and that there is ever room in Thy heart and in Thy home for the little ones of Thy making and loving.

Our Father, we thank Thee for all the good and beautiful things we find in and around our life. Thou art very kind to us, and Thy gentleness makes us great. For food and raiment; for the love of parents and friends; for our work and play; for our school and books; for the Sunday and its worship and teaching; and for all Thy tender mercies we thank Thee. Our Father, help us to show our thankfulness for Thy merciful and unwearied care by ever seeking to please Thee in all things. Help us to fight against our faults that they may not grow into bad habits which will cling to us all our days. May we always speak the truth and never be guilty of deceit. May we be kind and gentle, and not easily angered. May we neglect our duties, but always learn our lessons and do all our work as in Thy sight and for Thee. May we think little about ourselves, but ever strive to do what we can for others, and to hurt no one by word or by deed. Thy beauty shines in cloud and flower. Oh, let it shine in our lives—that beauty of thine which is only beautiful. May we grow more like Jesus every day we live, and become children with whom Thou art ever well pleased. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY. CITIZENS' INSURANCE CO. PHOENIX INS. CO., of HARTFORD. BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.

Risks taken at lowest current rates. Three Year Policies issued on first-class dwellings for two annual rates. Losses promptly and liberally adjusted.

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, General Agents, 132 PRINCE WM. STREET.

FRED. J. G. KNOWLTON, JAMES T. GILCHRIST. Feb. 21.

The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association.

INCORPORATED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, 1881. Licensed for the Dominion of Canada since 1882.

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA, - - \$50,000.00.

The only Regular Life Insurance Company in America devoted exclusively to the business of Pure Insurance. A Home Company—the only Company having its Head Offices in the Maritime Provinces.

ACTUAL RESULTS:

Death Claims paid to beneficiaries to date under its system of Pure Insurance, \$164,000.00 At a total cost for Natural Premiums paid, of \$12,719.13 The ordinary Level Premiums on the same lives for the same time would have been \$1,341.59 Thus saving \$151,280.41 It will readily be seen that the saving made by those thus insured in this Association, which saving might be termed Dividends or Profits, is equal to a return of the entire Natural Premiums paid and over 40 per cent added! The Association gave the insured the benefit of these dividends FROM THE COMMENCEMENT of the Policies by allowing them to retain the difference. The percentage of cost in the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association for each \$100 cost in the Level Premium Companies is: 0.14 Average cost

NEW SPRING FASHIONS

AS CONNED DEVOUTLY BY FAIR LENTEN DEVOTEES.

Prayer Book in Hand We Gaze at the Bright Shop Windows, Where Flowery Hats and Airy Gingham Bloom Under Glass and Are Not Frost-Bitten.

NEW YORK, February 13.—In Lent we say our prayers and buy our cotton gowns. Sometimes, reversing the proceeding, we buy our gowns and pray—the dressmaker to be good to us and them. If you are with us on our quiet little shopping expeditions you would see that we are laying in store of:

Rough wools, very hairy of surface; Very light-colored peach and apricot cloth smooth, unpatterned, supple and fine; White or mignonette wools, sheer enough



SPRING COAT AND WALKING GOWN.

to pull through finger rings, strewn with tulips or crocuses; Fine twilled wools plaided in grey and violet. White India silks, gay with buttercup and violets.

Lavender India silks dainty with pink enamels; Polka dotted India silks, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them;

Black India silks, with small brilliant Pompadour garlands; Pale blue India pongees, patterned with straggling stems of clover;

White pongees with jonquils starting up from the hem as if one walked in a garden of Spring posies; Cream colored pongees all adrop with hanging sprays of yellow acaia bloom;

Crinkled crepes vividly alive with the flowers, birds, bees or butterflies of Japan; Silvery or white challies over which creep vines of purple-blossomed wisteria;

Scotch gingham with mist-like, dusky grounds, out of which peer deep-colored flowers in low tones as if seen at twilight; Tartan gingham and big fancy plaids in pale heliotrope and pink, or pale blue and cream;

Quaint and pretty silk-striped gingham, at all silk prices; Jaccard gingham in old rose or China blue with Marie Antoinette flower patterns;

Sheer white batistes with deep borders of briar roses, hand-worked above hem-stitched hems; Pale gold batistes with borders of valley lilies in white and shaded greens;

Black batistes powdered with scarlet maple keys shading into pinkish green; Black batistes with broad inserted stripes of open work embroidery in wheels and flower designs in black and purple.

We are going to catch our summer clouts of drapery with lengths of broad velvet ribbons.

We are going to wear a vast deal of the brilliant dome blue out of doors. We are going to wear our street skirts long enough to cover up all but the merest suggestion of toe in front, and as much longer than that as our common sense, or lack of it, will allow on the fan breathers behind.

We are going, those of us who dare, to wear jackets of glowing, glorious yellow to greet the spring sun in kind.

We are going to wear other jackets of white velvet and polish coats of Roman red and "Moorish tailor coats" and French and Spanish jackets of grey ladies' cloth with many congeries of silver buttons and red or blue silk linings.

We are going to wear cavalier capes, full end straight, with immense collars and high shoulders, these in heliotrope cashmere lined with silk, and with gold and silver cords hanging from the tops of the armholes down over the seams.

We are going to put upon our heads toy



A PANIERED MODEL.

toques that are nothing but handfuls of bright flowers. We are going to plait ruches of lace about the flat hats for brims, and sometimes when we take three crimson roses for a crown we are going to hide them as we did two years ago under a puff of gauze.

We are going to trim from behind, use long fluttering streamers and leave the front of a hat bare, except for a single bud or a poised drapery.

We are going, I hope to use our wits, for its precious little wit, some of the so-called fashion periodicals use for us. Enjoy with me this bit cut from a widely circulated magazine. It would seem that a

AMMUNITION FOR CUPID.

more numerous are: "With Sweet Thoughts of Thee," "From a Fond Heart," "Loving Thoughts," etc. All of these boxes are highly perfumed with sachet. They range in price from four to eight dollars.

A cheaper line costing from one to three dollars, are made of pasteboard, hand painted or covered with silk. The designs in these are innumerable, and they are invariably a pretty as they are unique. Here the inscription is always on one corner of the lid in silvered or gilt letters and

Fahrenheit to a celluloid scroll, about six inches high, on which is written: "May this tell you, how I love you, When the Summers send it high; May it tell you, how I love you, When the Winters round it sigh."

The ordinary valentine cards hold their own even with all these novelties to contend against, though even in them new ideas have been introduced. Quite a number have handsomely printed leaflets mounted on the lace on satin card, in which are copious extracts from the lovers' favorite poets. One folding card that I saw contained sonnets from Shakespeare, Brainerd, Moore and Michael Angelo, all appropriately illustrated, and the whole was indited to "Ye Sweetest Mayed on Earth." Another folding card was trimmed with gold and silver cord and ornamented with a hand-painted group of snow birds.

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NEW THINGS IN MEMORY OF THE GOOD SAINT VALENTINE.

Appropriate Gifts for Love Lorn Maids and Gallant Swains—Cards, Glove Holders, Handkerchief Cases, Thermometers, and Other Useful Things Made to Convey Tender Sentiments.

The memory of good Saint Valentine, patron of all true lovers, is honored this year as never before, if the preparations that have been made for his feast-day are any indication. For months past the designers have been outdoing one another in their efforts to get up something particularly novel and striking, something that would coax the dollars out of the pockets of love-lorn swains with more than ordinary facility, and the result is a most be-

wildering array of dainty creations, some of which in point of price are calculated to make the average young man gasp.

One of the prettiest of these is a "valentine" that combines the useful with the poetic and ornamental—a court plaster pocket. The covers are of heavy pasteboard, hinged with pink ribbon. A good supply of court plaster is fastened between, while a tiny pair of scissors are attached to the pocket by means of a long silk ribbon.

On the top cover, framed in green silk, is a pretty group of dancing cupids printed on celluloid, and on the other side, which is covered with silk, is this appropriate verse hinting strongly at a spurred love:

This will be a smart, Or soothie a smart, But it will not cure A looker's heart.

A satin folding card inscribed "To My Valentine," contains a declaration that even the most obtuse maiden could not fail to understand. On the outside an arrow of celluloid, tipped with gold, sticks quivering in the heart of a large pansy. Under this is the inscription:

The face of my love, Within you'll see; Would I could mirror My love to thee.

On opening the card the recipient will be considerably startled to find herself looking into the depths of a bevelled mirror, which has been set into the card in a white velvet frame.

Another valentine, less elaborate, but on the same lines, is a pink silk net, the ends of which are folded to represent a square envelope. A spray of lilies of the valley, handpainted, is thrown across the centre, and underneath in quaint characters is this inscription:

"Open the envelope and see the dearest face on earth." On complying with these directions a mirror is found embedded in a web of

white satin, which reflects the "dearest face on earth" mantled with the prettiest blush imaginable, provided the suspected sender is her "best true love."

Glove boxes and handkerchief cases, specially designed for valentine offerings, were comparatively unknown until the present year, but the manufacturers found that these pretty trifles admitted of such dainty work that they were put on the market this season in every conceivable shape. A unique pattern is a square flat shaped affair of glass. It is bound about the edges with silk ribbon, and has, indeed, huge ribbon bows on each corner. Wherever a bit of ribbon could possibly be attached it has been put on, the effect being extremely pretty. On the glass lid a small flock of blue finches are painted, perched on a branch of a tree, and on each of the four sides a spray of flowers almost hides the glass. Inside the box the bottom is lined with puffed satin which rests on a cushion of cotton wadding. On this satin pretty valentine sentiments are worked in gold thread. These cases are for handkerchiefs, and glove boxes are made to match.

Another glove and handkerchief set intended for a "valentine," is made up of very thin wood, covered in blue silk, with trimmings of moire ribbons in bows and under quilted white satin. On the lid is a celluloid panel, in bright colors, showing a half dozen snow birds, resting on a withered limb that is heavy with frost. The sides are adorned with hand painted sprays of golden rod, and on the inner side of the cover is the inscription, generally brief, but very much to the point. Some of the

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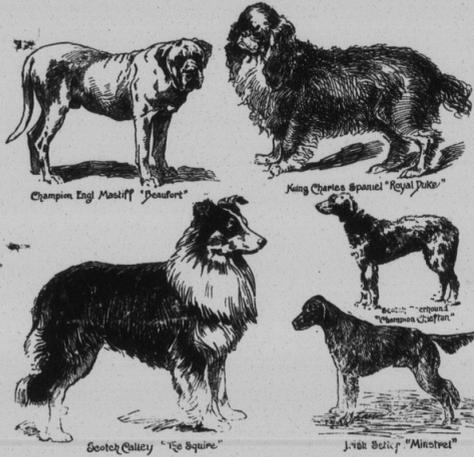
CANINE FOUR HUNDRED

TO BE VIEWED BY McALLISTER'S AT THE COMING SHOW.

Dogs of the Blue Blood will compete for High Prizes in New York—Europe, America and Even Japan will be Represented in the Great Contest.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—One of Gotham's great society events is the Dog Show. This has invariably been held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel club, and it has grown in importance year by year until now nearly all of New York's society leaders are seen there admiring the dogs and criticizing each other.

The show will be held in the Madison Square Garden on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of this month. The club has determined this year that the exhibition shall



Champion Engl Mastiff "Jouffroy" King Charles Spaniel "Royal Duke" Pointer "The Duke" Scotch Collie "The Squire" Bull Terrier "The Baron"

surpass any previous event of the kind, and the encouragement offered to owners of valuable dogs includes so many unusual inducements that the honor and the special prizes are not the only inducements to be considered. Many of the dogs must come from distant States, and the money prizes rarely pay the expenses of transit, but the honor of a prize taken in New York is very attractive and there will be in Madison Square Garden this year greater and more notable assemblages of canine aristocracy than was ever seen before.

There will not be many of the last field



ROSEMARY AND DUCHESS OF RIFLE.

trial winners at the coming show, not because a good many of the winners came from England, but from the fact that the dreaded distemper has carried off two or three of the most noted dogs, and others are only just recovering. There will be future winners on hand, though. Mr. Geo. Jarvis will have his brace of pointers, which he intends to run in the trials next



MRS. WELLESLEY AND THE SIBERIAN WOLFDOWN KILLITH.

year. "Lad" has already won first at New York, being successful in the puppy class last year.

It is in the Irish setter ranks that more of "the coming" will be heard of. At the

last show, principally through the efforts of Mr. Louis Coutoit, the Irish Setter Club but the action is to come this present year. Mr. Coutoit and others will then bring forward their winners at the coming show and convince those who sneeringly talk of the work of the "gallant reds" in the field, that no pointers or setters of any other named color, or in fact any other dog whatever, can stand against their "Orishmen."

What will the Gordon setter men do then? They have suggested "Home Rule." "Parnell," "Kitty O'Shea" and other nice names as appropriate to the "gallant reds." But "Minstrel," "Eudora," "Shamrock," "Vida" and similar names have been given to the new aspirants, and under such will they be entered for the coming show. That the judges will give the blue ribbons to these, seems to be a certainty from their breeder's confident bearing when I visited his kennel not many miles from New York, and the pictures of

at the show is certain, just as the noble Hesper from the same kennel was always surrounded by an admiring group last season.

Another high-priced St. Bernard has come to these shores since the last New York show—the smooth coated dog Watch that cost \$4,700. He is a noble looking fellow, and will rival in the attention given to his more fashionable rough coated rivals.

The English bloodhounds will as usual attract attention, and the German dogs, or

Great Danes, will show up in force, despite the fact that the judge who gave much dissatisfaction last year will officiate on this occasion.

Newfoundlands have no encouragement, and they are treated badly by a club that should do something for this native breed, which has qualities entitling it to consideration. As a useful water dog, an intelligent guard, an excellent watch dog, and a gradually formed animal, none of his rivals can approach him. The club should take care. America for American dogs may be the signal for a departure in favor of the improvement of native stock, and a club which has made thousands of dollars out of the dog shows, should not be ready to dispend its favors upon the showy foreign animals.

The graceful and symmetrical Russian wolf hounds will gain fresh admirers. There have been many importations and a large class of these will be expected. They are very similar to the English grey hound and Scottish deer hound. Fox hounds, both English and American, come in for some attention, but it is when we come to the sporting class—the hunting dogs—that the awards become numerous and valuable.

Pointers for instance get \$25 and \$50 awards besides the \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$3 awards. English setters come in for similar chances besides silver medals in plenty. The red Irish setters, though, seem to be neglected in this regard, and the Gordons are very little better off.

When we come to the spaniels there is a change again, for the American Spaniel Club's cup worth \$100 is open for competition at this show. It will be remembered that a relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland's dog called the Baron at the last New York show. He was a centre of attraction, and easily won the first prize, following it up with similar triumphs at Chicago, Rochester and Boston, winning this very cup at the two latter places. He has only to do this twice more and it belongs to his owner.

Knowing this, a gentleman has sent to England for a dog to beat the Baron, and they meet at the coming show. Many who saw the Baron at the owner's residence at Lenox during the summer do not believe they have one in England to beat him.

The merry little cocker spaniels also

present champion, Elcho, Jr., was thought to be the acme. But for beautiful outline and perfection of color, development and carriage, the coming show will mark a new era.

The English mastiff comes first on the premium list, and is for a grand list of special prizes, as well as the usual cash premiums. There is the Westminster Challenge Cup, valued at \$300; and the Taunton gold medal for the best American bred mastiff, with a cash sweepstake in addition. The Club's Silver Challenge Cup, valued at \$150, is also offered for the best one owning America as his or her birthplace. The club has put up a silver cup valued at \$100 for the best dog, native or imported, and another for the best bitch, besides which the Old English Mastiff Club offers a cup for the "finest" specimen.

St. Bernards, though, will come in for a

greater share of admiration if the prizes are fewer, for it is within the last few days that Sir Bedivere has been purchased from England at a price said to be \$6,500. When it was announced that Emmet, the actor, had given \$5,000 for the renowned Plinlimmon, the American public was surprised and inclined to be incredulous, but Sir Bedivere at \$6,500 is a bargain. It was

money. You may take it that British bull dogs and beagles are all looked after pretty well, but when we come to fox terriers and other honors. Fancy the grand challenge cup being a \$300 affair, and then do not be surprised if there are lots of these little dogs at the show.

Irish terriers, Welsh terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Beddington terriers, Skye terriers, Clydesdale terriers, black and tan terriers, white English terriers, Toy terriers, Yorkshire terriers, and all kinds of terriers under the sun have been

provided for, and there will be some snapping and barking going on in the terrier department.

Pages, of course, are looked after. The president of the pet dog club is an admirer of these little creatures, and there are lots of other ladies of a similar mind; so there is the Pug-breeders' Challenge Cup, the Pitts' offer of a prize for the best son or daughter of Champion Kash, the Westminster Club's special, and money in abundance.

The Toy spaniels, though, will be fewer, but more valuable. There will be the King Charles, the court favorites of Charles I and II of England, and the Blenheim, made illustrious by the family of the Duke of Marlborough, and named after the palace. The duchess was successful with some of these at an English show, and might be induced to exhibit her favorites. Princes Charles and Rubies will also be on hand with the quaint little "Nips."

Italian greyhounds will have a class to themselves, and any other kind of dog, whether a "sooner," "rather," or of uncertain ancestry, will be welcome in the Miscellaneous class. Mr. James Mortimer, the superintendent of the show, will be at No. 44 Broadway, New York, to receive inquiries, but he does not promise blue ribbons and prizes to all candidates. DAVID WECHSLER.

BLIGHTED! A ROMANCE.

The Reason Why Sigismunda Charington Refused to Become a Bride.

"And why not?" "This evening. The flaming, tropical August sun has sunk below the distant purpling horizon, to the westward of the cotton-mill, and naught jars upon the solemn hush.

Standing 'neath a stately, ancestral apple-tree, near the gate post, is a young girl of seventeen years of age. Lithe and willowy, she stands there, tall and queenly, with her luxuriant ebony tresses flung loosely to the gleaming's breath, the blue-red lips firmly joined, and a look of decision flashing from her erst dreary eyes.

Some distance from this rare vision of sylvan beauty and baking powder purity is a stalwart and handsome youth whose blonde curls and flowing moustache are lightly touched by the twilight breeze.

The distance, let us say, is three feet and a half. Sigismunda Charington is the niece and only living relative of Sir Leslie Lashton, the wealthy old baronet (written "Bart").

Some fifteen years prior to the opening of our story, Sir Leslie had passed through the agonies of the regulation jilt, and had concluded—that marriage would indeed be a failure with the chances of a 10 per cent. compromise extremely fairly-like, and so had adopted Sigismunda, his infant niece, whose mother had died a few months before.

Lionel Denis was private secretary to the baronet, and also acted in the capacity of steward of Sir Leslie's estate. One day a Nova Scotia canvasser had invaded Lashton Grange in the absence of Sir Leslie and Lionel, and Sigismunda was helplessly at his mercy. The intruder was about to start in on volume IX. of the "Lives that Remind Us," in fifteen volumes, copyright edition, complete, with plates, when Lionel abruptly entered the mansion just as the heiress was on the point of swooning. It was a matter of but a few seconds to direct the canvasser to the nearest town, with the parting advice to put up at the Little Great Eastern Tavern.

Ever since the noble secretary had so gallantly rescued Sigismunda from the dark and eager maw of death by ordeal, they had been devoted lovers, and now upon this beautiful evening in August, we find them standing beneath the apple blossoms. Long had Lionel yearned to pour the story of his great, consuming love into her attentive ear, but as often his heart failed him. It palpitated. In the village literary "circle" he could stand up, and in thunderous tones settle the Behring Sea embroglio, or talk for an hour or two concerning the mistakes and failings of Shakespeare's plays, but when with his sweetheart, and he thought that the important crisis had at last come, to stay, his tongue would suddenly swell up as large as an overtaxed clothes-bag, and refuse to work well, like a stylographic pen, the only reliable one in the market.

But upon this eventful evening Lionel had summoned up the necessary courage. Sigismunda heard him through, and then, with tears in her eyes, told him that, although she loved him, oh! so dearly, she could not go beyond a promise to be all his relatives to him.

"And why not?" As Lionel Denis asks this question a look of agony, intense and deep, sweeps over his countenance. The old-time merriment and cheeriness of the "rare old Used-to-be" have left him, and around his high collar there lingers no trace of laundry.

"Because," rejoins Sigismunda sadly, with a pathos impossible to express in the weak words of the English dictionary, "because I have heard," and here her voice becomes plaintively mournful in its sweetness, evidencing the terrible struggle of love vs. duty taking place within her virgin bosom. "I have heard—that you—you—have—taken to—to—writing dialect poetry!" CASBY TAP.

The Detective Arrested Hundreds. "Is there any sign by which your missing wife may be identified?" asked the chief detective.

"I don't know, unless this: She always turns round when another woman with a new bonnet on passes her."—Ez.

From the Headboard of a Grave in Paragony. A tooth, and a grief, and a blessing, Disguised them and came this way, And out was a promise, and one was a doubt, And one was a rainy day.

And they met betimes with this maiden, And the promise it spoke and lied, And the death it gibbered and hugged itself, And the rainy day—she died. —James Walscome Riley.

prudes hide their affronted faces, but there is the one who does not adore the simple sweetness of woman.

A lady should have beautifully white hands and no mistake. If the skin is naturally white, very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of cracked oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing twice a day; and, if needful to still further cleanse them, warm water—not hot—will do the necessary work. Once a week they should be rubbed front and back between the fingers and all, with a slice of lemon.

If these exquisitely white hands are inclined to chap, camphor ice may be applied at night and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect. The best camphor ice is a home-made preparation of pure white wax melted and stirred to the consistency of cream, with the addition of several drops of spirits of camphor. Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation.

For distressingly red hands, equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice and rose water may be applied nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice are sure to produce a whitening effect. Tight sleeves and snugly fitting finger rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause. Smooth white hands may be difficult to acquire, but they are certainly within the reach of all who care for them

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

A SUPPER GIVEN BY AN UP-TOWN RIDING CLASS.

The Simple, Unaffected Girl Who is to Marry John Jacob Astor—What the Sun God Would Have Seen if the Roofs of New York Houses Could Suddenly Have Been Lifted.



HEgirl who can ride horse back is the one who gets the fellows these keen, wintry days when the nipping air braces one on to exertion, and when Jack Frost is so

pretty in his glistening whiteness that he invites one to come out and be bitten. An up-town riding class gave a theatre party one night last week, with supper afterwards at a Fifth avenue restaurant.

Beautiful menu cards were furnished. On one side was the programme of the play, with the date and day of the week. Below in pretty script there was the legend "Supper at Tutti-Fruitti's." On the reverse of the card was the supper menu arranged within a horse shoe. The favors were riding whips of gold with a ruby set in the end.

Mr. Tutti-Fruitti did everything within the scope of his art to make the supper a riding one. There were saddle rocks, boot chops (lamp chops cut in the form of a boot) whipped cream, tongue sandwiches and beaver (so-called) steaks. The ices were in the form of top-boots, saddles, jockey hats and riding whips.

Among the most enthusiastic of New York riders is Miss Sally Hewitt, who goes in for one with all the dash and daring that one might expect of an athlete. Equestrianism has almost fallen off in Washington where formerly riding parties thrived. But the many sad bereavements that have come to the heads of the administration have made festivities seem like hollow mockeries.

Miss Ava Willing who by her marriage with Mr. Jack Astor becomes the lady of the future head of the house of Astor is reported to be singularly unaffected in her manner and speech. She has the characteristic accent of the Quaker city and she has many of the pretty manners of the Quaker maidens. Despite the fact that she has made the most brilliant match of many seasons, she seems all unconscious of the greatness she has achieved and regards "Jack" as unaffectedly as if he were a portionless lawyer seeking his first brief, and she an humble little school teacher awaiting the fame, fortune and future of her hopes and desires.

Many of the Astor jewels are to be reset for the newest bride and all the favors of the house of Astor are laid at her feet. "On the other side" the engagement has created almost as much sensation as it did here, and the Queen, the leading society paper, devoted a whole paragraph to it, in the same column with royal announcements. Of course they are going to Europe after a brief sojourn at one of their country houses, and, of course, they will enjoy the royalty of being sumptuously entertained.

"God bless ladye and God bless groom." Is there anything quite as beautiful in all the world as lovely woman as we find her. What curves are hers! What delicacy of tint is upon her skin and what grace of outline is hers! Critics may sneer and



AT THE FRENCH BALL.

prudes hide their affronted faces, but there is the one who does not adore the simple sweetness of woman.

A lady should have beautifully white hands and no mistake. If the skin is naturally white, very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of cracked oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing twice a day; and, if needful to still further cleanse them, warm water—not hot—will do the necessary work. Once a week they should be rubbed front and back between the fingers and all, with a slice of lemon.

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sufficiently to make the effort required to secure them.

This is the way she looks. The swagger winter girl who is now in our midst. She wears a heavy cloth Newmarket all aspect with big dots of overshot work. On her head is one of those big sky scrapers which the boys say, are an invention of the evil one, designed to keep a fellow half a rod from his best girl. From under its coquettish brim the lassie peeps cunningly and invitingly, yet demurely, at passers by.

Around her neck is one of those great long feather boas that are the sport of the idle winds as the dandelion promenades the favorite thoroughfares. Jaunty days, these! Are they not, when the girls wearing the giddy little Carrie capes, and carrying parasols with Dresden handles dance past us, giving us stray glimpses of alluring ankles and bewitching boots?

Women are doing all things within the range of possibility to make themselves charming as to complexion. There is one extreme of treatment into which few women have been initiated. It is the daily sun bath. A Wall street man conceived the idea that his wife could be benefited in looks if she were exposed for two hours each day to the beneficent rays of the warm purifying sun. He accordingly had constructed on the south side of his mansion a room with many windows and a glass roof. Into this each day he persuaded his wife to go for a sunning, and history relates that the lady's skin grew fair, soft and lovely, and that it was acceptable in the eyes of her lord.

One vivacious evening my lord told the story to an interested crowd of listeners at the Union League club and fired their ambition to become the owners of woman so seductively sweet. For a time there was a perfect craze for building these sun bath rooms, and it is related that the price of glass went up until glaziers and carpenters were as scarce, as independent and as expensive as the most bowless of plumbers.

When the glass rooms were completed and the ladies of the Four Hundred seated in them respectively, ye gods and Little Fishes, what a sight would have been there if the roofs of the houses had suddenly been lifted off! New York would have been the



WHAT THE DUCKY BIRD SAYS.

fairest spot on all the earth. The sun would not have taken the time to blink his eye, nor would he ever have been known to hide himself behind a cloud. It is said the finest glass room of all was built in the house of Mr. Henry Clews.

"We've both been there before Many a time, many a time." sang the poet. Yet the poet knew, just as you and I know, that there are certain old stories that are ever new and which seem to become all the sweeter by much telling. If you've ever been in love you know all about it. You know the flushing and the rapture that were yours as lip to lip you told each other the self same story until the hours slipped by as seconds would, leaving a world yet unaided. Next evening all must be told again in the same charming old way. Oh, its delightful to be in love and wide awake to all the pains and heart thrills, the bitterness and the sweets of love life. The knowledge is fraught with pain, but it is well worth the sleepy, uninteresting innocence for which it is exchanged.

CARRIE CARELESS. Something Worth Trying For! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00, to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c. for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A. apl18.

No Fault of His. Mamma—"I'm afraid George's habits are not exactly what they should be." Gertie—"Why, how do you mean?" Mamma—"Well, he appears to be a trifle lax about his personal appearance, for one thing."

Gertie—"Goodness! he appears personally three nights in a week; but I'll give him permission to come oftener, if you wish, mamma."—Puck.

Very Funny. First Tramp—"Funny thing happened today." Second Tramp—"What was it?" First Tramp—"Lady gave me meat—told me to split wood—I told her I wouldn't do it—She called out a big bull dog."

Second Tramp—"Call that funny?" First Tramp—"Yes, I thought I'd split." —Detroit Free Press.

Don't feel Well. And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.—Advt.

A GREAT MAN.

Mr. Byslop was perceptibly crushed. All Pike's Corner sorrowed with him. "Does seem 's though that young feller d'know much 'bout editin'?" Uncle Barker told the group around the post office stove. "El papers ain't fer 't print what folks wants printed, what air they fer? Hey?"

When this majestic figure first rose on my horizon, I was at the age when one needs something to wonder at and admire. I might have grovelled before the Constable. Or I might have burnt incense to Johnny Osgood, who has an ingrowing nail.

Editors are born, not made; but the best of them take a deal of making-over. While the polishing process is on, they drift into all sorts of places. One of these natural-born editors took charge of the Metville Bugle two years after the Samaritans' supper.

He was a very quiet young man—though when he was delivered of a word it was sometimes found to weigh a ton. His eyes and hands were far more active than his tongue. But all was in working order when he first encountered one of Mr. Byslop's contributions.

The result of the contact was highly disastrous. The former editor of the Bugle had perfected a special system of dealing with letters from suburban correspondents. He merely broke the wrapper and, after a moment of silent prayer for the compositor, dropped the manuscript into the copy-box.

It was a blow, nevertheless. He recovered from it to some extent in the few days that followed. When the time came round he squared himself for an effort and wrote another letter. It was more than commonly brilliant. Wisdom dwelt there, as shown in its intermingling; there was a brief but striking poem at the end. He read it a second and a third time before he sealed the envelope, and felt strong and content. Such a paragraph would interest the minister. Such another would please Squire Banksford.

Yet the unappreciative editor cut and carved as before and left nothing better than a lonesome fragment!

PROGRESS PRIZE CARTOON

By W. H. BRATLEY.



1. 'Tisn't a circus advance agent. 'Tis the Chief of Police in full dress. 2. 'Tisn't the conductor of a horse car. 'Tis only the captain going to dinner. 3. 'Tisn't the forests of Canada. 'Tis Main street, North End. 4. 'Tisn't a St. John Alderman. 'Tis an old woman. 5. 'Tisn't the army of coachmen around the L.C. R. passenger station. 'Tis a molasses hogsheld with its usual 'fallors. 6. 'Tisn't a black cloud, nor a white squall. 'Tis simply a Bugle's vote. 7. 'Tisn't here the paying block. 'Tis gone to kindle the winter fire of a paid official. We are like the label on the bottle—not in it. 8. 'Tisn't a Treasurer.

A STRANGE CONFESSOR.

Scranton sprang from his bed and rushed to the window.

"O God, I must confess my crime. I must confess. I must confess." He threw up the sash. A belated citizen was hurrying homeward on the opposite side of the street. "I'll call to him and tell him the awful secret of my soul," thought Scranton.

The cry startled the silent street and echoed weirdly through the dismal night. Alarmed by his voice, Scranton shut the window with a crash and rushed into the outer room. In the dim light he saw before him the outlines of his phonograph. Hysterically he threw his arms around the machine and kissed it.

"I killed Alexander Dale. I had hated him for years. Together we had concocted a scheme whereby we could fleece investors who desired to gain a fortune in the twinkling of an eye. It was my brain that developed the idea of a Western Land Improvement Company, that would not be Western, would own no land, would have nothing to do with improvement and would be a company only in name. I needed a well-known man to give his influence and reputation to the swindle, and I found in Dale a colleague who was weak enough to follow my guidance, but clever enough to retain in his grip a thorough control over my life.

Here the cylinder made an incoherent sound, and the confession ceased. Eugene Scranton's valet John, was not a genius but he possessed a good deal of shrewdness and a fair amount of common sense. From the moment of its arrival he had been intensely interested in what he called "the funnygraph." When his master was away he spent much of his time in trying to make the machine work. At first the results were not satisfactory; but after a week of mental effort he solved the problem involved and thereafter enjoyed himself greatly.

The next afternoon John, the valet, experienced the most frightful sensation of his life. He listened, awe-struck, to his master's voice as it related the story of a great crime. Then, like the shrewd man he was, he sat down and debated with himself the best method of turning this weird find to his own advantage. At first he was inclined to inform Scranton that he had discovered his secret. John realized that his silence was worth a great deal of money, and he knew that Scranton could afford to pay well to escape the gallows.

Arriving at the office of the phonograph company, he astonished the manager by these words: "You remember the sensational death of Alexander Dale some months ago. Well, the man was murdered. This cylinder here holds the confession of the man who killed him—my master. Now, you will take this cylinder to the police and they will arrest the murderer. On the instant the city will ring with the news. Meanwhile you have reproduced the cylinder a thousand times and your public machines contain the most sensational attraction ever offered to the victims of the phonographic habit. See? My price is one thousand dollars. Is it a bargain?"

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know who he is. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.—Washington Star.

There is nothing like being satisfied. A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it painted. "But," said he, "I am a very industrious man; I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill. And when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it. "Very well," said he, "but where am I?" "Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right—that's right!" said the miller. "I'm content—just so! I'm in the mill now, ain't I? Just so; that will do."

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

It is queer about society; the minute a man gets into it he expects to get asked out.—[Elmira Gazette.]

"So old Mr. Hunter asked you to marry him? And what did you say?" "That he had better ask Mamma."—[Life.]

"Passenger—"Is this ticket good to stop off?" Conductor—"Yes'm." "But it won't be good to get on again."—[New York Weekly.]

Biggs—"I believe those people at the laundry steal my collars and cuffs." Boggs—"Steel em? They iron mine."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Tommy (gazing after dunder): When I get to be a man, papa, will I dress like that? Papa (severely): No, Tommy; not if you get to be a man.—[Life.]

She (on their wedding trip): What is the whistle blowing for, Fred? Fred: We are approaching either a station or a tunnel. She: I hope it's a tunnel.—[Life.]

He stood under the window and sang. "How can I leave thee?" But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back to the house and wept.—[Ex.]

"See the effect of drink," cried the orator. "An empty home, an empty pocket." "And worst of all," added the inebriate in the back row, "an empty bottle."—[Puck.]

Lord Fitzstout: Gad! British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries. Mrs. A.: Yes; But American wives furnish the money to run your British noblemen.

Said Bobby to the minister at dinner—"Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "Cos pa owes £2 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."—[Ex.]

At Last. Mrs. Cobwigger—"Did you ever find a man under the bed?" Mrs. Merritt—"Yes, the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my husband there."—[Life.]

"You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?" "Yes, sir." "Can you prove it?" "Yes, sir." "How?" "By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her."—[Ex.]

Jack—there's an article on kissing in this paper. I should like to read it to you. Amy—Is it published with illustrations? Jack—No, but if you'll allow me I'll supply the deficiency.—[New York Herald.]

Jealousy. Ethel—"I think I ought to tell you, Edith, that I met your fiancé in a dark hallway last night and he kissed me." Edith—"Indeed! the hallway must have been very dark."—[Munsey's Weekly.]

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she told him good night at the front door. "Put out that light," growled her father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.—[Washington Star.]

"Oh, Mabel, tell me the truth; if you were in my place would you accept him?" Certainly. Why, if I had been in your place I would have accepted him myself, the other night, when he proposed to me.—[Life.]

Rev. Mr. Talmage says that we will sing better the second day we are in Heaven than we did the first. If some of us didn't sing any better the second day than on the first the music-loving angels would want to move out.—[Norristown Herald.]

Judge (bald headed): It half that the witnesses testify against you are true, your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner: If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.—[Ex.]

Bertha—Harry has proposed to me and I have accepted him. Maud—Indeed? He meant what he said then. Bertha—Meant what? Maud—He proposed to me yesterday, and when I refused him, he said he would do something desperate.—[Ex.]

"If only you were in New York," said Miss Flyppe to Cholly, "you would be a central figure in the four hundred." It was three days—three blissful days—before it dawned on Cholly's mind that the central figure is 400 is a cipher.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Teacher—Now, Willie Wilkins, I want you to tell me the truth—did Harry Thomas draw that picture on the board? Willie Wilkins—Teacher, I firmly refuse to answer that question. Teacher—You do? Willie Wilkins—Because I gave Harry my word of honor I would not tell on him.—[Ex.]

Miss Mittens—What does this mean, Mr. Brotherton? Mr. Brotherton—These? Oh, these are just a few socks, underclothes and coats that need mending! Miss Mittens—But? Mr. Brotherton—You promised to be my sister last night, you know; and my sister used to do all my mending before she was married.—[Puck.]

He—My dear, I am a little short of money. Could you let me have twenty thousand dollars of your million for a few days. She—I have no million dollars! He—Before we were married you said you were worth a million. She—Why, you often told me I was worth my weight in gold, and I thought one hundred and forty-two pounds of gold was worth about a million; that's all.—[Judge.]

In one of our courts, lately, a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up and, with much emphasis, said: "Your honor, he's gone." "Come! gone?" said the judge. "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead." This is considered the best guarded answer on record.

There is nothing like being satisfied. A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it painted. "But," said he, "I am a very industrious man; I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill. And when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it. "Very well," said he, "but where am I?" "Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right—that's right!" said the miller. "I'm content—just so! I'm in the mill now, ain't I? Just so; that will do."

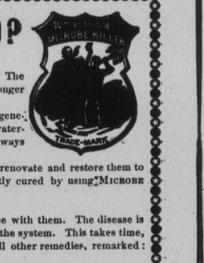
activity, "has not heard me at I said was not Ah! ah! it It was a modest beginning out it turned the laugh against and that was enough.—Daily

amb once had a sonnet re-ground of indelicacy. Writing to Procter, he said: "I lecture what the present world y. I have lived to an indecent character. When was rejected I exclaimed, age! I will write for Anti-aker.

as an enormous, even a greedy there was nothing of the prig His recorded conversation distore of knowledge which books have given him. "They call re," said he, "yet how very ere there is in my conversa- knowledge he tries of trader- able as the similar knowledge ezed commentators on Shakespe- . Brewing and threshing, d ditching, tanning, and perations upon it, gunpowder topics," all were discussed y Johnson's topics. Lake, for Johnson's knowledge, by en- talk about the trade of a oswell began in an artful way to the practice in Otatibe, said, they strangled dogs for not bleed them to death. The Johnson immediately took the soon he was explaining how ferent animals are killed in signs with Esquimaux, on his compilation of voyages, y, on the migration of birds, stages of civilised life, on the between instinct and reason, on, on suicide, on the invocation and, of course, on the eternal Ireland. Bowtell has justy ant Johnson's variety of infor- "surprising."—[Gentleman's

—You're just too late, Yabge has just finished singing on the Cradle of the Deep." You at Yabge—"O, had to you would let him sing, eh?"

and P. E. Island, B. F. I. A. MANAGING DIRECTOR.



cope with them. The disease is in the system. This takes time, and all other remedies, remarked: ing locally and through the blood. treatment.

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NT JOHN, N. B.

WITH HAWK AND DOG.

FALCONRY ONE OF THE DIVERSIONS OF FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

Dan Beard Gives a Picturesque Description of the Sport—How to Train a Hawk for Field Purposes—Our American Birds of Prey.

A rainbow has been shattered by the hammer of Thor, and the fragments were scattered over the western sky; a blood-red highway ran in a straight line over the sea to the sun, which rested like a ball of molten metal upon the horizon. There was a sudden rushing sound, and a bolt from heaven struck into the midst of the sun path, scattering a shower of jewels that reflected back the sunset hues of the sky. An instant later an American osprey rose from the waves with his glistening prey in his talons. It was a noble sight—a grand plumage, an uncaring aim, a skilful and quick recovery; and as I watched the bird



A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A "HAGGARD."

rise higher and higher over my boat. I thought what grand and artistic and intensely interesting sport it would be to discard our hooks and lines, our creeping and crawling and disgusting bait, and to substitute a ring or perch of ospreys, hooded and belled like the falcons of old. It was an enchanting fancy, and nothing but the grim necessity of being compelled to make a living has deterred me from carrying out the idea.

The ancient sport of falconry is about to be revived by a number of wealthy men in New Jersey, where, in the open country, there are excellent opportunities for fun with hawk and dogs.

Falconry was introduced into England about the fourth century, and flourished during the middle ages and the Renaissance. From the peasant with his sparrowhawk to the crowned king with his goshawk, all were passionately fond of hawking. What were then considered vast fortunes were expended upon the cultivation of this sport. The grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem sent 12 falcons annually to the kings of France. A French knight of the order conveyed the birds to his monarch, for which service he received as a present his travelling expenses and money equivalent to \$15,000 a year. Louis XIII. was deft on falconry, and always went hawking before going to church. Albert de Luynes made a fortune by his scientific training and treatment of the birds. Baron de la Chastaigneraie, chief falconer for Louis XIII., cared for



140 birds, and employed 100 men to assist him in their care.

England and Germany were enthusiastic on the subject of hawking. No lady or gentleman, noble or ecclesiastic, with any self-respect, would appear in public without a pet bird mounted upon the gaudy-wristed. The officiating clergy even took their birds to church with them, only leaving them perched upon the altar steps while engaged in the actual church service.

Formerly falcons were divided into two classes, noble and inferior. The goshawks were the nobility in the bird aristocracy; and the others, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, etc., had to content themselves with riding on the gloved hands of esquires and people of small importance.

The United States is well supplied with birds of prey, none of which probably are not susceptible of being trained for the chase. That they can be trained I know, having as a lad reared many, and taught them to come at my call and to be gentle in their behaviour, not pinching my wrist when perching upon it. This is half the battle, and anyone with time and patience can do the rest.

In selecting a bird try to secure a brancher, that is, a bird that has been long enough out of the nest to hop from limb to limb, but is as yet incapable of flight and consequently unable to provide for its own wants. Branchers are always serviceable, and as the young bird must live upon your charity, he will be more easily tamed than a haggard, that is, a full grown bird that is perfectly competent to hunt for himself and supply his own wants, and is consequently independent, and, under re-

straint, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or tree-top are called eyas, and are the most easily tamed and trained; but they are apt to lack the strength and audacity of the brancher or the haggard.

The brancher may be caught by the lure of a pigeon or a quail, and the haggard by means of a decoy and a net. There is a deadly enmity between the hawk and its nocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce the haggard to swoop down for the opportunity of a blow at their hated enemy. A tame hawk or falcon also makes an excellent decoy for his wild brothers.

In the early spring, hawks' nests can be found within twenty minutes' journey by rail or ferry from New York city, and young ones procured, which will prove interesting pets to those who care to bestow time upon them. Should a demand for young or trained birds arise, there are plenty of dealers in birds and animals who would hasten to supply the market with both the domestic and imported article; but if any of the readers of this paper seriously think of trying their hand at hawking, they will enjoy the sport the more and understand the birds the better if they rear and train them by their own hands.

Hawks and falcons, being of wild and violent natures, are at first insensible to both punishment and caresses, hence with an intractable bird want of light and food is the only punishment that will affect it, and it is of the utmost importance that the same person should always administer its food and care for the bird's welfare. Having secured a brancher, shackle its legs with the supple thongs of straps called bewits; the bewits usually terminate with bells. With an old army buckskin gaudlet protect your hand and wrist, place the bird upon your gaudlet and wrist, and carry it about with you night and day, giving it no opportunity for rest. If your falcon or hawk tries to bite and fight you, douse his head into a pail of cold water, and it will quiet him, and then put on the leather hood, which will keep him in complete darkness. Three days and nights of this will make the wildest bird inclined to be docile to a certain extent. Next teach the bird to take its food quietly, allowing no fluttering, fighting, or undue excitement during its meal. Feed it with your hand and never do so without whistling or piping.

Soon after the Norman conquest the birds were regulated by law with nice distinctions; one style was for kings, as we have before stated, another for princes of the blood, still others for dukes and great lords—fifteen grades in all, which reached down to the knave.

Naturalists are as bad as the Normans or worse, and divide and sub-divide and quarrel over the subdivisions. In 1874 two well-known authorities published a list, one making six species of goshawks (Astur), and the other 31; the latter made only 23 sparrow-hawks and the former 45. According to the latest authority at hand, the hawks differ from true falcons in not having a toothed or notched bill.

The goshawk of United States is one of our handsomest birds of prey; the crown of his head is deep black and the upper parts bluish-slate, darker at the tail. There are no cross-bars on the throat, but each individual feather has an artistically arranged dot or dash of color. It has dark-tipped wings, a tail of the same hue, with obscure bands across it. A broad white stripe with fine black penciling running from above and behind the eye adds expression and fierceness to the face. Audubon loved to watch this bird and describe its bold daring adventures as on strong wing it sailed over the American wilds that have since become populous towns and farming districts. It would take a volume to describe each species and be unnecessary, as the only object of this article is to attract the attention of the sportsman to the grand possibilities for sport that would be opened by a revival of hawking.

The fair sex would also have an opportunity, for "in days of old when knights were bold," the knight always paid his court to his fair one by his marked attention to the birds. Using the greatest judgment in flying the bird—the proper moment, never losing sight of it, encouraging it by calls, following it and securing the prey from the death-dealing talons, and with a caress as a reward for the lucky or skilful work, the knight would slip the hood over the bird's head, and with all the grace he could assume place the falcon on the slender wrist of his and the bird's mistress.

DAN BEARD.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

The hopefulness and forelooking of the truly Canadian spirit, is finding abundant expression in our current literature. Our poets are fully alive when they come to this theme, and a special lustre seems to play about it. It reminds one of the luminous star of the French Revolution, that rose in the fancies of certain English poets before it was dimmed and almost quenched in blood. Wordsworth, one of the enchanted and betrayed number, said:

Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy! The mighty were the auxiliaries which stood Upon our side, we who were strong in love! Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!

Well, they had their hour of bliss, anyhow, however fortune afterwards turned the scale; and the hope and joy of these young ardent spirits of to-day—the brightest Canada has—are excellent while they last, and God grant they may last long. The words of one of them are here, in this neat little brochure, of only ten or twelve pages, printed by J. J. Anslow of Windsor, and late student at Acadia College. His wish and purpose are certainly laudable: "I trust, indeed, that my poor efforts (?) may not be wholly in vain to help along the good cause. To be known to Canadians as their well-wisher, is, I think, worth striving for." Let us open this clean little pamphlet, and inspect the contents. We shall find it distinctively patriotic, for the very first poem is entitled "Canada," and all the others are similar in theme and spirit. The following citation will show that his patriotism can be practical:

My Country smiles like a bride to receive the kiss Fair doth she seem to the world, and God's blessing And His promise bidding them onward to gather The good of fruition Lightens the way into the years that are coming. Noble and strong, the Nations usher their son Teaching, yet taught by the youngest, of glory, love and ambition. Fancy wild of its daring turns into the future of years. Bold in the trial of deeds to track out the distant Dares I portend for my land, with this volume open before me,

strikes the lure, allow it to take the meat when it has answered your call and returned to your wrist. The string attached to the lure may be from 10 to more than 30 yards in length, and when the bird swoops down upon the lure at the full length of the string and will then obey the call, you are on the road to success and know that the bird recognizes the lure and knows that by answering your call it will be enabled to get the meat for its reward. This point gained,

you need no longer fear allowing your bird freedom, because at a moment's notice you can reclaim him with the call or signal; even if he be soaring high overhead, at the sound of the call he will descend to his accustomed perch upon the buckskin gaudlet.

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, represented by the lure, fly or run hand-cuffed by strings fastened by their legs. If your falcon takes these properly, binds the game well, and is obedient to the call, you are safe to take him to the field and try him on wild game, and if you are fond of field sports you will be more than repaid for your perseverance and trouble in breaking your brancher.

Although the word falcon is often used indiscriminately for any or all birds used to hunt, yet in the language of falconry there are many distinctions, according to Xarrell; for instance, the female peregrine was exclusively called the falcon, and on account of her great size.



YE OLDEN TIMES.

power, and courage, was usually flown at herons and duck; the male, often only two-thirds the size of his mate, was called tercel, tiercel and tiercelet, and was flown at partridges and magpies.

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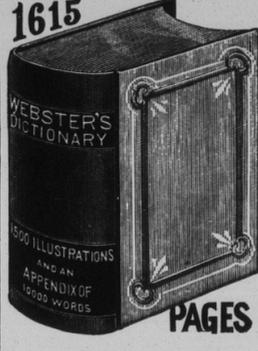
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Honor and wealth for a crown, and growth of her finest ambition? Rank yet higher 'mid the nations of earth, and virtues rewarded? I dare with the knowledge of deeds that were, and of good that shall be. I dare when the silver of morn melts into the palling darkness. Look for a perfect day, flooded with golden glory. I dare, when the grain leaves the liberal hand, look on to the harvest. Yes, now I may hear on the moor the whirl of the gull's. My heart beats strong at the sound of my Country's martial strains. Building, with proud nationality, fame in her sons and her daughters. Loosening aloft her flag, flung boldly to storms and to breezes. In the heart-throb of national feeling I hear but the heart-beat of manhood. Firing the currents of life in the breast of a happy people. And re-echoed in softening cadence, the souls of her From their, dear land, grandest and noblest theme, their music. Conclude, mapled with glory and truth from holiest sources.

Following this is the "Appeal," the first line of which rings out: "Canadians! raise aloft your country's flag! Promise reassures us with thought that Canada's time of opportunity is now: What fairer sky and lands than these? Promote a subject's weal? What clime more blessed of liberal earth? May other days reveal? What ripper age, what fitter time (Montreal, Waters Brothers) associates Can years present to willing men, Or favoring chance bestow? In "War" he deprecates the ravage of our fair land with fire and blood, and in "Unfinished" he points out our natural heritage: On mountain-side the dark pines stately lift Their heavy branches to the changeful sky. On the last page are two sonnets, "Union" and "Lionne," the latter of which is pleasant to us from its sentiment: My home, my loved, my tree-embowered land, So dear art thou I nevermore would stray; I content herein to rest in joy always. Near by such loveliness of sea and strand. Perfected Nature's sweet and mild command, Full of the luxury of night and day. And every season's bounty, all repay Thee called luxuriance of night and day. Here would I die 'mid scenes that saw me born, And filled my youthful eyes with happy things; That give my spirit all the good of morn, My happy day since life's short, joyful morn, To this high noon has passed in golden wings: May all its pleasant light shine on my death!

That this young man has written well, and promises to write better, we will admit. If he will labor and condense, we predict his success. Our genial correspondent, Geo. Martin, writes: "Your estimate of Stanley coincides entirely with my own views. I have read his books, *How I Found Livingstone*, *Through the Dark Continent*, *Up the Congo*, and his latest, *In Darkest Africa*; all are familiar to me. The record of his noble task in the rescue of the ungrateful and vacillating Emin Pacha adds to the glory of his former achievements, and all attempts to detract from his merits by the relatives and friends of the impetuous Bartollet, and his cannibalism-enticing Jameson, will prove as futile as unwise and malicious. I have followed the steps of Stanley—in imagination—through all his travels, like his own shadow, and the endurance, forbearance, wisdom and heroism of the man, under the ordeal of manifold perils, in the shadow of death a thousand times, place him, in my humble judgment, at a normal altitude too high to be marred by the smoke which a few enemies have raised in hopes to obscure his splendor." He does not, however, think that Stanley possesses the requisites to successful lecturing other than his prestige and literary fame, and regrets that speculators get men of reputation to appear on the platform irrespective of their adaptation. But this is one phase of the money greed, and it is the age of trading in great reputations, to the ultimate detriment of the reputations.

Of Roberts' story in the Christmas *Dominion Illustrated*, "The winterman," he has these pleasant words to say: "The story is admirable, brilliant and pleasing as a flawless jewel. Its construction, in perfect balance and harmony, is equal to the human, breathing elements that compose it. What a happy denouement! It strikes one like a shock of concentrated bliss from a celestial battery." He pictures the abundance of snow, now in Montreal, the laden roofs, and icicles pendent from eaves that warn pedestrians to look out for their skulls. He has this, anent, winter sports: "The craze for tobogganing and snowshoeing, that prevailed here during past winters, has subsided, and the young people indulge in more rational and quiet pastimes. . . . I think there are some signs of a growing disposition on the part of juniors to bestow more attention on intellectual matters. Physical exercise is needful and commendable; but our Canadian sports—tobogganing, snowshoeing, and

chief of all, lacrosse—have had too large a share of time and attention given them. Many a young man in this community has come to an early grave by excessive endeavor to win glory in some of these popular exhibitions."

Our contemporary in Maine, *The Eastern State*, published at Dexter, and edited by Thos. H. Pierce, devotes considerable space and attention to literature and literary matters. Among its attractions are, "Books in Brief," or works of fiction from the best authors in a condensed form. They are well executed, and meet with approval. It is gathering a constituency of entertaining writers. Success to it.

The racy life of *Butler's Journal* does not run low. He writes with freshness, and has the courage of his convictions. If ever a rouge has troubled the editor he will find himself in the appropriate gallery, as is fitting; nor is a true friend there forgotten. The name of Hugh Cochran is a synonym for that which is high and true in the poetic art, as the little collection of only eleven pages evinces. The author has something to say or sing, and that something is to good purpose. *The Ideal and Other Poems* (Montreal, Waters Brothers) associates purity and spiritual earnestness with beauty. "The writer," affirms the *Week*, "has a high moral purpose, and the title of the first poem . . . indicates the spirit by which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and onwards is the author's motto. To him the hour of self-satisfaction never arrives. 'The Song Unsung' is his hope, and the mark of earthly labor is futility." Mr. Cochran may be well expected to do still more worthily.

The *Magazine of Poetry* makes its tri-monthly appearance, with some new features. No retrogression is noticeable in any of the departments, and this periodical bids fair to become a standard. For frontispiece it has an exquisitely engraved portrait of James Phinney Baxter, though rather dark of line. In regard to the Canadian flag, as it is called, we don't know what is meant by it. We have never seen it.—*Butler's Journal*.

The *Youth's Companion* gives the advice of a friendly publisher (who visited the father of an incipient poet) for the cure of that dread mental disease which, perhaps, breeds more conceit and hallucination than any on earth. "Have you a wall in your house?" asked the great man. "Yes, sir," replied the father, in some surprise. "A hard wall?" "Well, it's stone." "That will do nicely. Well, when John writes his next piece of poetry, take him out and bump his head against the wall. Bump it pretty hard. Repeat the operation, increasing the dose in violent cases, and I will guarantee a cure." His harshness being within hearing, anxious for his folly's encouragement, and then in the condition of producing sonnet, ballad, rondeau, ode, epic with dangerous rapidity, was suddenly and completely extinguished—"snuffed out?" by less than "an article," as Byron would say. Henceforth be avoided, may be loathed, Parnassus, and attained the summit of success, which by common consent is in law and not in poetry. Doubtless in his case, as in many others, the world lost little by the exchange; but it is the rule of universal application? What an admirable scheme could not this have been for squelching the old masters, and Dr. Watts into the bargain, whom the switch could not tame! So would the world have been spared considerable mystification, and a sea of renowned and splendid nonsense. We can now proceed to carry out the suggestion, though the only one likely to suffer financially is the man who gave the advice. Poets notoriously make no money out of their verses; and if anybody does it may be inferred that it is the publisher. But do not be deceived. What will do for the peepers and chattering will also suffice for swans and nightingales, if only administered, as the gentleman said, in heavy and repeated doses. Poetry is responsible for considerable dreaming and dawdling about the world—a world which is sadly lacking in industry. We want practical exemplars. When the birds, according to an ancient decree, are all killed off, then shall the toads and grasshoppers have the field to themselves, and the multi-

plication, the board of trade and the stock exchange, together with Blackstone, shall no longer be usefully interfered with.

The Acadian land, and indeed all the Provinces of the Dominion, have become more and more the theme of literature since the days of Haliburton, Howe, and DeMille; and since Longfellow and Whittier, Warner, etc., commenced to celebrate their charms. Much of the writing of Roberts, Carman, Duvar, and others, makes beautifully familiar scenes we have long loved and known. The journals of the United States are rife with the same. The *Youth's Companion* has lately given a story of the old French Fort Royal, and a nautical story by Roberts, heard and told while on the heaving bosom of Fundy in the old *Empress*.

Still give us your summer literature for an agreeable contrast. Must we never read "Snow Bound" in July, for the sake of an imaginative shiver? The colors of spring never glow so beautifully as on the sallow dullness of November. Sweet in December are June reminiscences. A humming-bird or bee were noticeable in our faded bowers. . . . We had a poem shot mentally through us by the snow's arrival. Yesterday it was rusee; but we awake to see all white, from the brow of yonder slope to the river-margin, and over all the farther reaches the dawn adheres to the erst wet brushes, and so Narraquaque gleam through silken willow whiteness. The black-knotted plum-trees that border the path to our door show their deformities bepeared. A few feathery particles shimmer in the air with wavering intertexture. No more favorite musing time to me than when the shades of these early evenings are falling. Then to linger by the window, to tramp over the hill, or loiter by the river-side seem pleasant things to do. No members like the past stir my spirit; they have clean neutral pages for fancy's painting. Roberts' sonnet on the "Old Barn" brings one's youth back, and Lampman's verses fall as softly on the ear as the "Snow," a wings of, does upon the earth. "The Winter Trip, Will Yosemite, Yellowstone, Niagara, exceed what we conceive of them. I ponder as I read articles in the *Century*, "Fireside Travels" are the ones I mostly enjoy. To travel comfortably I must carry leisure and quiet with me. Let me loiter when at Stratford or Westminister. Longer excursion parties would be undesirable. I would need to go as a missionary, to make regulation trips profitable. . . . That is well of Miss A., to have her near in spirit and good will. You say truly "She always seems near, and that is better than to have her in the house; it would seem far away—as she never could." A friendship is the better for having a poetic or platonic tinct, though rather thin, if all platonism. Have you read the verse of Richard Jefferies, such as "The Poet's Death Song"?

PASTOR FELIX.

Inclusive. The Rev. Peter Swunn (rubbing his hands).—Well, my dear, I have made eleven hearts beat happily to-night; I have married five couples. Mrs. Swunn.—Eleven? How can that be five couples? Mr. Swunn.—Oh, your haven't counted me in; I received ten dollars from each bridegroom.—*Puck*.

The Truth About Horace. It is very aggravating to hear the solemn prating Of the fons who are stating that Horace was a prude; When we know that with the ladies he was always riding high, And wish many an escapade his best productions are imbued. There's really not much harm in a large number of his carmines. But those people did alarm a lot of records of his acts; So they'd squelch the muse a color, and to Students sophistic The'd present as metaphoric what old Horace meant for facts. We have always thought 'em lazy; now we adjudge 'em crazy. Why, Horace was a daisy that was very much alive! And the wisest of us know him as his Lydia verses show him.—Go, read that virile poem, it is No. 25.

He was a very odd, sir, and starting out to prove, sir, you bet he made Rome howl 'at, until he filled his date; With his misanthropic ditty and a classic maiden pretty. He pointed up the sky, and Maccenas paid the freight!—*Bugene Field*.