



BOSTON'S IDLE WORKMEN

THOUSANDS OUT OF WORK, HUNGRY AND HOMELESS.

They Vote Not to Pay House Rent—Many too Proud to Ask for Charity How St. John Men are Affected—Meetings Held Every Night.

BOSTON, Dec. 12. Four hundred men flocked into the Garment makers hall last night and voted not to pay house rent.

An hour before nobody thought of holding a meeting. The men were on street corners discussing hard times, they were swapping stories, one telling the other how his landlord had served him with a notice to pay up or vacate, and the other man giving in turn his own experience, coupled perhaps, with that of somebody else who had been thrown on the street because he would not pay rent.

This was the talk on a dozen street corners last night and in many union rooms. So when somebody suggested a meeting, the first hall they came to was filled in no time.

They chose a chairman, then each man told his experience, told what he knew, like they give testimonies at a Salvation army meeting.

Four hundred men, most of them with bloodless faces, many of them at the moment suffering from hunger, became excited over their condition, half of them shed tears—all were in sympathy with each other. They were ready to do anything. They voted not to pay rent, while their own families wanted food and called upon all labor unions to take similar action.

They knew their resolutions were not worth the paper they were written on; they knew they were voting to defy the law, but they did not know what else to do.

Many of them had moved from tenements where they had paid \$20 a month rent, into apartments they rented for \$10, and now they could not pay that sum.

Others had moved into attics, some had to live with friends; some had families at home starving, and were too proud to ask for charity, nearly all had been out of work weeks and months and could not tell when they would earn another dollar, and some had already seen friends taken to the hospital, broken down from hunger and want.

What were they to do. There are 50,000 men out of employment in Boston today, and 100,000 people are in want, a large percentage of them destitute.

In this morning's HERALD the agents of 25 charitable societies reported double the amount of work they had ever had before. City missionaries are running across starving families daily; the city hall has been besieged day after day.

A snow storm last week was a God send to hundreds, and the cold weather today is causing suffering to thousands.

There has never been a time like the present. Half the destitution has not been made public, because the greatest sufferers are mechanics, clerks, and men who were formerly well to do, lived comfortably and were respected, people who will die rather than ask charity. Now and again the missionaries find them through the children.

They see them on the streets with summer clothing on, and some cases reported are heart rending.

The rooms of the labor unions are crowded every day with men who are at loss to know what to do with themselves. They walk the streets footsore all day long and mechanics who can get two or three days work are looked upon as lucky ones.

I was in the rooms of a union, this afternoon, which has a membership of 1,000, and 400 of these are out of work. A dozen men showed me notices to quit served by landlords, and some of them had already moved.

All sorts of schemes are on foot for relieving distress, but they fall short of the work. This week a big demonstration on the common is being talked up, and there is a possibility of further and more formidable action on the part of the masses.

With a municipal election on the Mayor has been in hot water continually. The people have been looking to the city for help. They want work, work of any kind; few want charity.

Coming down town on the cars this morning, and a cold raw morning it was too, I saw one long line of men in the gutter on Tremont street, digging out the ice, as well as their great coats, mufflers and mittens would allow them to do it. Passers by remarked that it was the day before election, and that that had something to do with it.

St. John people in Boston are feeling the pinch, that is a number of them, young St. John men are on the streets all the time, many of them have gone home, and others—well they would like to be there.

Business is becoming better, but the change is coming slowly, and nobody expects to see any great improvement until spring. What the people will do in the meantime is the great question.

Thousands of honest men are now head and heels in debt, and it will probably take years for them to recover themselves.

People who ought to know say hundreds of others after months of deprivation will never be able to resume work again, that is with the same skill and energy of a year ago.

The situation is serious.

My stock of Christmas Perfumes is large and worthy of inspection. W. S. Barber, Druggist, 35 King street.

Socialists, anarchists, single taxers, nationalists and people of all kinds who do not believe in the present system, are holding meetings every night and find plenty of eager listeners.

Nobody can tell what all this means. R. G. LARSEN.

THE STORY OF A BIRTHMARK

A Peculiar Scar Found on the Face of an Indian who Died in Canada.

One day this week the exchange editor saw in a Canadian paper an account of an aged Indian falling from an embankment and breaking his neck. This paper adds that the old man's face was disfigured by a terrible scar, which resembled a hunting knife. There was not much that was interesting in the item; not much to attract the attention of the casual newspaper reader, and nothing that would, ordinarily, hold the glance of a man who reads hundreds of such items every day.

But the description of the man and the manner of his death brought to the mind of the editor a story as romantic as any Cooper tells.

One Sunday in the late summer of '93 the newspaper man started for a tramp in the country. His walk took him up the road that leads to South New Berlin and also to Chenango Lake. Every resident of Norwich knows of the little ravine on the north side of and far below this road, a short distance east from the main river road. It is a narrow, shady crevice in the rocks. On the southern side is a bank or terrace about fifteen feet high, at the foot of which over a bed of rocks, a shallow, lazy stream wanders on its way to the river, a little distance below.

Walking through the ravine the writer saw, lying in the water, what he thought to be the dead body of a man. He hastened to investigate, and found it was indeed a man that he saw, but he was not dead, only stunned as if by a fall, or he might have fainted.

Turning the man over on his back the newspaper man was horrified at the fearful scarred face. He saw what was the exact image of an Indian's hunting knife, starting with the handle near the right temple and extending clear across the face. The man was evidently of Indian blood, and very old. A little water brought him to consciousness, and he told this story, first exacting a promise that it should never be repeated till he was dead.

"My father," said he, "has often told me the story of my birth and how I came by this fearful scar and a desire which I cannot resist, the result of which you have just seen. My father was a chief or under-chief of the Mohawk Indians. On some of his hunting or trapping expeditions towards the south he met and loved a maiden of the Osegoes. A brave of her own tribe loved her, too, but she seemed to think only of my father and to mourn for him when he was away.

At last opposition from the sages of both tribes drove the young brave and his sweetheart to run away and marry. They built themselves a little hut in a ravine near the banks of the Chenango River and were happy there together.

"All that summer my mother, for it was my father and mother who came to live alone, used to come and sit in the shade on that little bank on the southerly side of the ravine. She was sitting there one day when a noise disturbed her, and looking up she saw her old lover of the Osegoes. Drawing a hunting knife he held it close to her face and told her he could not belong to her, she could not belong to any one else.

My mother, in her excitement, sprang to her feet and seized the powerful, angry Indian by the arm. In his endeavour to shake her off they slipped and fell from the embankment together into the water below. The Indian's neck was broken. My mother managed to get to the little hut. That night I was born and my mother died.

"You see this scar—that is the legacy the Osego Indian left me. And he left me more. Every year on the same day, my birthday, I come to this place. I cannot help it, though I know what is going to happen. I come. Every year it is the same. I come to the edge of that bank, look at the stream below and fall. This is the first time I have ever been stunned.

This is my destiny. I shall come here once every year on the same day till I die. I cannot help it. I do not know that I would if I could. Promise me that you will never tell this story; that no one shall ever hear it till I am dead."

The writer made the promise. The old man marched straight up the ravine, never looking back. That is all there is to tell.

The Canadian paper furnished the conclusion.

The Bostonian's Run.

The Yarmouth line steamer Boston, Capt. S. F. Stanwood, made a remarkable record this week in the great storm that caused the terrible wreck of the ship Jason on Cape Cod and resulted in so much other marine damage. The Boston left this port at noon last Tuesday, and after buffeting the stormy waves of the Atlantic for 250 miles, arrived at Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday forenoon, only a few hours after her regular time and in season to connect with the Halifax express. She discharged, coaled and loaded and left Yarmouth at 5:30 the same afternoon, her regular sailing hour, and reached Boston on her return trip at 10:30 yesterday forenoon.

Have you Seen To Hay's

The enlarged and attractive advertisement of Messrs A. & J. Hay in this issue of PROGRESS will impress upon many people the fact that this old and reliable well stocked jewelry store is always to the front during the holiday season, with everything that is new in the line of holiday and Christmas gifts. It would be almost impossible to describe or enumerate all the pretty things that are contained in this convenient store, but any one can inspect for him or herself, and they will be hard to please indeed, if they go away unsatisfied.

My stock of Christmas Perfumes is large and worthy of inspection. W. S. Barber, Druggist, 35 King street.

HE HAS TRIED IT THERE.

A NEW BRUNSWICKER TELLS SOME HARD FACTS.

Stay at Home and Do the Best You Can in His Advice and He Backs It Up by His Own and Others' Hard Experience in the United States.

OMAHA, Dec. 5.—I have the pleasure of reading PROGRESS once in a while, through the kindness of a friend in your city. I noticed an article in the last copy I received that interested me very much. It was written by, or rather signed "R. G. Larsen." Whoever that gentleman is, I cannot say, but I would consider it an honor to shake hands with him. I have a few words to say in the same cause, viz., why Canadian boys should stay in Canada. I am one of the many who thought my native land was too slow, and to-day I am still one of the many, but my ideas have undergone a most marvellous change. I am only too anxious to return home, but the same old troubles stop me, too proud to give in and say I could not make it go in this land of freedom! Now I do not want you to think I am speaking against this country, because I have no intention of doing so. This is most certainly a most wonderful land and its people can well be proud of it. My object in writing you is to have your influence in my cause. You can by your valuable paper throw out several hints to the boys, that all is not golden, even in the United States. Urge them to stay home. They are in luck if they can get \$6.00 a week at home. That is a big salary here now-a-days. I left my home when I was getting \$7.00 a week, came West and worked two years for \$6.50 a week, paid \$5 a month for a room, \$1 a week for board. How much could I save? of course I had to have some washing done once in a while and buy a few necessities of life. When I found I could not secure a better salary, I left the position and went on a farm husking corn, I worked at that and several other things necessary to a hired man's lot, until I saved a few dollars, then I returned to the city, got a line of samples from my old employers and started on the road hustling orders and paying my own expenses. To-day I am hustling just the same and I tell you it is hard to make things come out even.

Could I not have done all this in Canada? Can't the boys do just as well? Of course they can if they only think home is good enough for them. Yesterday a gentleman (American) met me on one of our main streets, stopped me and said, "S—, there is a very sad case down here on No. 11th st., I happened on it this morning." I asked him about it and he said, "There is a family of Canucks living in a tent; the wife is unable to get out of bed having just been confined, the husband is nearly distracted, he has not had a stroke of work for two months and for one week has hardly had a bite to eat; of course he has managed to beg a trifle for his wife, I fear it we do not help him, he will do something rash." I thanked my friend for his kindness and started to look up this poor family. I found them away on the outskirts of the city. My friend had hardly stated their case bad enough, they were simply living in a hovel, wretched, dirty and starving. I rendered them all the assistance possible, had the satisfaction of seeing them eating, then left to see if I could find him something to do. Luckily, I struck the right place, my landlady wanted a girl for chamber work and a man to tend the furnace, for their board and room. That was a God send, I must say. I was rather ashamed to tell my new found countryman the work he would have to do, but when I did he jumped at the chance, and they are comfortable and warm today it nothing else. As soon as the lady is well enough she will have to do her part of the work, at present her husband is doing both her's and his own, and that man is from one of the finest families in Canada, has a university education, and is a perfect gentleman, sober and honest, yet he cannot find work.

I asked him as delicately as I could, how he happened to be in such a plight. The same old story; listening to fairy stories from some poor fool who came to this country to get suddenly rich, found he could not do it, and out of spite saved every cent (and maybe stole a little) until he had enough to buy a cheap, flashy outfit and a return ticket to his old home. There are lots of such people, but thank God we do not have to call them Canadians long, for after the wire-puller gets a hold on them, they are soon "voicing citizens of this grand republic."

I happened to find a little record of the evening that used to be part of a Canadian club organized in this city, but long since dead, wherein it gives a few facts and figures. Here are some. Judge for yourself:

John DeS—, clerk clear store. Salary \$3.50. Allowance \$1.50 per week for 6 months.

Arthur D—, bookkeeper. No work. Allowance \$4.00 per week for 6 months.

And a thousand others of the same kind. That allowance was made out of the club's funds, and finally became so large that the club had to give up.

It also says in this record that out of 75 known Canadians, only 50 are working. I could give lots of cases where it goes to show this country is a poor place for our boys, but I know, Mr. Editor, your time is valuable, so I'll once more beg of you to say a word or two in warning, and in the

spring, when I return to my old home, I'll be sure to call on you and thank you.

Tell the boys to be proud of Canada, proud of our dear old Union Jack, and never think of hunting for million dollar jobs—not even in the United States. \$5.00 a week at your own freinds is as good as \$10.00 in a foreign country.

If you see fit to use any of this ramble kindly do not use my name, as I am not desirous of notoriety. G. F. S.

In the Front Line of Fashion.

The advertisement of Miss Hennessey, the proprietress of the St. John Fair store, on Charlotte street, appears again in this issue of PROGRESS. Miss Hennessey and her goods are so well known to the readers of this paper that it is hardly necessary to speak of them with emphasis, but it may be said that she has been at especial pains to be in the front line of fashion, and any goods that she supplies to customers are sure to be satisfactory in this as well as in every other respect.

A Handsome Exhibit.

Mr. A. O. Skinner, 58 King st., has lately added two large warerooms to his present premises to meet the wants of his rapidly growing carpet business. These rooms he is now having fitted up for the Xmas season and will make a large and handsome exhibit of Fancy Furniture, Chenille Portieres, Rugs, Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers at specially low prices for those who want sensible Xmas presents. He cordially invites the public to visit his warerooms and see this handsome exhibit.

Many Hooks at Nelson's.

There are not many things more appropriate for holiday gifts than a good book, and of these Messrs. E. G. Nelson & Co. have a wonderful variety and stock. Their store, situated as it is, at the head of the most important street in the city, is convenient to call at and anyone may inspect even if they do not purchase. But if they wish a gift in this particular line they can readily be satisfied at the store.

Holiday Cooking.

It is sound economy to have the best materials for good cooking. Pure Spices, Pure Lard, Choice Butter, Best Raisins and Currants, Sweet Cider, Apples, Grapes, New Figs, Candied Peels, prepared Mince Meat, etc. For these and all other such necessities none can serve you better than J. S. ARMSTRONG and Bro., 32 CHARLOTTE ST.

No vacation. You can graduate in 3 months, either course \$25. You can learn shorthand by mail. A lesson free

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) not 20 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD promptly 20 samples mailed to us brings you the demand for business men for our measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O., Pants \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FILIPPO FANTASIO, 35 Mill St. St. John N. B.

GAYSERITE SOAP, the skin healer and complexion beautifier. If your druggist or grocer has not got it apply to the agency GAYSERITE SOAP CO., 50 Prince William St. 12 16 18

AGENTS WANTED, male and female. To sell our new Kettles, Boilers, Cakes and Pasting Machines, Cream and Salt and Sausage Machines. No capital required. Reply to J. C. FRAZER, Principal. CLAUDE SHEAR CO. Lock Box 221, Toronto, Ont.

DONT Buy a Watch or any Jewelry New Catalogue, ITS FREE. Write for one to R. B. MOWAT & Co. TORONTO CAN.

WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE Graduates obtain good positions and keep them. The demand for business men for our graduates is greater than the supply. Send for our new catalogue. D. S. WHISTON, 50 Brompton St., Halifax, N. S., 11-12-20

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. 1000 Prince Street, 58 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A COTTAGE in centre of Robtessay, seven minutes' walk from station; new-furnished and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

FRAZER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. In season day and evening classes in Bookkeeping, Bookbinding, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. FRAZER, Principal.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—May 2

RESIDENCE at Robtessay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robtessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENBY, Architect-at-Law, Papeley Building. 24-5-11

A permanent office is opened in St. John for the sale of Dr. J. Gordon Bennett's remedies, at 4 Elliot Row.

"WITHOUT REASON, WITHOUT ACTION AND WITHOUT SPEECH FOR THREE YEARS."

DR. J. GORDON BENNETT, Halifax.—After the remarkable cure in your treatment of my son, I would be doing wrong not to make it known to the public. He was confined to his bed three years without speech or action. He can now work, has a good appetite and reason returned. Age thirty years.

P. S.—Mr. Carland is one of the oldest settlers, is a J. P. and no one better known in the district.

Stomach and liver pads from \$1 to \$5 absorption balls, 30 cents. Electrical belts, Dieters, insoles, and etc., Liquid food, Suppositories, no case of disease but what will experience the benefits in a few hours and make a lasting cure in a very short time especially in the severest forms of paralysis and nervous debility.

To Out of Town Customers.

SEND TO US for what you want, and if what we send don't suit feel free to send it back.

Kid gloves in all sizes, colored and black, 50c. This is not the fifty cent kind but the better ones being sold at 50c. During this month our \$1.00 lacing glove will be sold for 75c. If you send for those and they don't compare with any glove you can buy elsewhere at \$1.10 we will be pleased to refund your money. Our \$1.00 and \$1.25 kid gloves are provided with the patent steel fastener, which is superior to any other fastening.

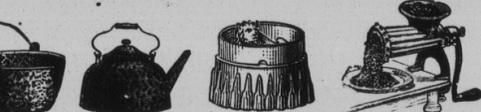
FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S CELEBRATED CUTLERY.

Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Scissors, etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

Bargain Counter.



FOR the Christmas Season we have opened a special counter (divided into departments at from 10 cents upwards) in which we are offering many exceptional bargains. Our regular stock of Kitchen furnishings will be found as complete as ever and replete with all the latest labor saving devices and novelties. Everything the Housekeepers require in our line and all at the right prices. Don't fail to see the Bargain Counter. Unequaled values.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

THERMOMETERS. WINDOW, HOUSEHOLD, SELF-REGISTERING. DAIRY, BATH, BREWERS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT. PRICES LOW.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SINGER SKATING RINK, SEASON 1893-4.

FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS ARRANGEMENTS. Centrally Located, Well Lighted and Well Managed.

Music every afternoon and evening by a Piano Orchestra especially imported from Germany, the equal of any Band or Orchestra in the city.

SEASON'S TICKETS, \$3.00 Each; LADIES' TICKETS \$4.00; CHILDREN'S \$2.00. Family Tickets admitting two members of same family residing under same roof, \$8.00. Extra Family Tickets \$2.00 each.

TUESDAY and THURSDAY NIGHTS and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS reserved for Season Ticket holders only.

Rink will be opened as soon as ice can be made, probably 15th December. MESSRS. E. C. MAR H and S. L. T. BURNHAM will sell the Season Tickets. Acme skates and Long Beach Skates kept in stock at lowest prices. Skates repaired, sharpened and polished in the best possible manner. Skates to rent.

St. John Cycle Co., Proprietors, 239 and 241 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

SOMETHING NEW FOR XMAS.

Fancy Silk Ribbons @ 8 cts. a yard. 4 yards for 25. Men's Linen Collars 10 cts. or \$1 per doz.

BARGAINS IN FANCY GOODS. B. MYERS, 708 Main St. JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr., MANUFACTURER OF FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TALK

Price Webber in the line to please his series of performance. I have as a favorite of the people not every town and province I kind and flattered the numerous and if the report England press Company show evidence of its ber and his as there.

To say that greet him and truth, since visited us since destroyed in the burning Good houses worst luck I w

St. John is recitals or any wonder why in cial failures for artists will con- tice that does Artistic perfor- gently, do man-agement of and skilful m- seen the financi- mance balance discouraging to number of peop- enjoy a good- enough to per- sistent in order attendance. A social or other weather is fatal pluck to under- stand why the simist who pred-

These remari- cation this week. Some time ago, quite a furore Eastern states their success to wrote me asking and if I would tell them inside they might look did not come. larger today on advice was exte- that contempla- they came, an- city, after play- towns, were \$ more went into Such facts as th-

Still the A. \$100 and \$200. A pretty story- merit of being t- fessional singer- voice, of which care, so that Atlantic one sun- they were not a- appeared from v- about the same- "Afraid of the a slight smile.

"Afraid we'll said another; b- as he was know- from his own w- But when the delegation decea- beg for a song o- he was not ther- vain, until at la- evidently kept t- could, said, poin- engine-room.

"I think you'll where he goes ev- Sure enough, at the engine-ro- of a guitar and a- against the wall, singing his best- ery, whom he ha- for more than a- ang the voyage.

For First-Class Footwear Faultless Fit and Finest Finish, Foremost Fashion, Fairest Figures, Find Granby and Over They Wear All Deal



PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 58 and 60 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum in advance.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 16

THE BROKER.

The Commercial Traveller is a recognized institution of the country. In numbers and influence the travellers have increased tremendously in recent times. It would seem difficult to do without them now, though many merchants will still say that they are rather an injury than a benefit to the trade of the country. But an occupation of still more recent development is that of the city broker. In fact, modern push and modern business methods have almost created his calling. We refer now, of course, to merchandise brokers. A few years ago there might have been found in St. John an odd merchandise broker or two eking out a precarious living; now they swarm on all sides and prey upon merchants and dealers without let or hindrance. They sell, or try to sell, every conceivable thing "from a needle to an anchor" or from a case of canned goods to a car-load of whiskey. A wholesale flour and grocery man tells us that there are, in his line alone, a quarter of a hundred brokers in St. John—more, probably, than there are wholesale houses in that business. It is no uncommon thing for the wholesale grocer to have calls from ten or a dozen city brokers and say half-a-dozen outside travellers in the course of a day. They are almost always pleasant fellows to meet but they take up a vast amount of time and attention. In some cases they even outnumber the customers. If a broker wants to be popular with merchants, he should learn to say his say and "get out" with as little delay as possible. "Broking" is a favorite pursuit of unsuccessful business men and gentlemen of light means. It is a business which requires no capital, there are no risks to be run, and the returns are usually sure, though the amount of such returns may be a very uncertain quantity. However, the broker exists, and multiplies, and has evidently come to stay.

THINK OF THE POOR.

The winter, which a merciful providence seems to have held in check until now is here at last, and rarely before has there been a season with so many opportunities afforded the charitable for exercising that christian grace which St. Paul declared to be the greatest of all virtues, Charity.

Rarely has there been a time of greater or more widespread distress, when there were more people, unused to the nipping hand of poverty, reduced to actual want.

In the city of Boston alone an official investigation has showed 88,390 people out of work. While in New York, the figures exceed these, and from every State in the Union come pitiful tales of poverty, old and hunger. In the Western states the crops have failed, and the people are not only without food but without a dollar to buy it, or to supply themselves with fuel or clothing. Think of it—a country where the mercury drops to thirty and forty degrees below zero, and the inhabitants hungering and freezing, some of them burning up their few poor sticks of furniture to keep life in their bodies, eating food from which the poorest of us would turn away with loathing, and wearing rags, inadequate to protect them from the heat of summer, and the bitterest of mockeries for winter, in a climate where the thickest fur would scarcely be a sufficient protection against the bitter cold.

These poor creatures who are starving while we are well fed, shivering with cold while we sit well clad and comfortable by our blazing fires, are stretching out their wasted hands to us for help, and we should be less than human if we failed to respond. It is not only on this side of the water that such distress prevails. In the mother country there is poverty enough, the unemployed are clamoring for bread, and the problem of feeding even a few of the hungry is getting to be a question of national importance, and one which calls for active legislation. But the machinery of legislation moves slowly as we all know, and meanwhile something should be done;

it is idle to criticize the existing state of affairs without offering some suggestion for their improvement, and the suggestion which seems the most feasible and at the same time the most practical, is that at least a portion of the money we are accustomed to spend at this season not only on our near and dear friends, but also on senseless luxuries, gifts, for absolute strangers, costly remembrances for people whom we either imagine will expect something from us, or else from whom we have expectations ourselves—should be applied towards relieving the wants of those who are poorer than ourselves. A turkey may not be quite such a beautiful object as a plush and satin manure set, or dressing case, but still, as a sustainer of life the turkey comes first, and as a Christmas gift, with the proper accompaniments of vegetables, and materials for a plum pudding, the former would probably bring infinitely more satisfaction into the home of a poor family, than the satin or plush gift could possibly bring to a more luxurious home. What an irony of fate it seems that one class should be squandering money or luxuries while little children are suffering for the necessities of life, and their parents starving.

Canada has much to be thankful for this Christmas! for bountiful harvests, for peaceful times, and freedom from sickness and sorrow; and it would be well if each of her sons and daughters would search out some poverty stricken family and try to bring some Christmas warmth and brightness into their sad lives; this would indeed mean keeping Christmas in the truest sense, and as it is more blessed to give than to receive, the best happiness must always be that which is in a sense reflected, the happiness which our own selfishness has given others, and which casts a glow of warmth over our hearts, such as no mere selfish gratification could ever bring.

THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Though I shall miss your charming paper, PROGRESS, still my conscience compels me to advise you that your subscriber, Mrs. S. E. —, has returned to —, after a six months' visit in Chicago and New York, and that her copy of the paper should now be mailed her to that address instead of to Chicago. Permit me to compliment you upon the very fine appearance of your paper, and the general clean and wholesome tone of the paper as far as a stranger can judge. I shall miss the paper, as it seems like an old friend every Monday morning, and especially so since I have been reading the Norway articles by our own charming writer, Mr. Wakeman. Wishing you great success and prosperity, I am yours faithfully, Emily S. —, 20 First Place, Chicago, Dec. 2, 1893.

The above letter needs no explanation, it speaks for itself. PROGRESS has been told again and again that there are few if any newspapers in the United States that will bear comparison with it in appearance or in matter. There is only one paper in Canada that does so and that, published in Toronto, can hardly be called a newspaper, since, save in form its matter is more that of the literary, dramatic and musical weekly. Perhaps it is a little early to speak of it but PROGRESS for 1894 promises to be better than ever. The arrangements for perfecting and increasing the interest in many of its present departments and the addition of others have already been made. PROGRESS never was so widely circulated, so prosperous, so in the regard of its clientele as it is today. It will be the constant effort of those about it to increase its prestige and influence and make it more popular, interesting and instructive than it has ever been.

Dr. Day's story shows plainly that he has been harshly and ungenerously dealt with. His enemies must have had considerable influence with the council that considered his case. To find a man guilty of such charges as they did, and then pass a resolution for the publication of their verdict without arranging to have it done properly and correctly, lays them open to just and severe criticism.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes" has been said over all that was mortal of John Boyd. With all his greatness and all his frailties he has been laid away from us, and we shall see him no more in this life. Since all have to die, it were well, having lived a good life, to die as he died and be buried as he was buried. How strongly, though, most of us cling to life. There is a certainty in life. There is an uncertainty in death. Instinctively, we bear, as long as possible, those ills we have, rather than fly to others that we know not of. And now, each has had his say about the late governor, the little remembrances have been brought forward, and, quite likely, before these words are in print, there will be new appointments—probably, a new governor, perhaps, new judges, perhaps, new senators. The world wags on about the same no matter who drops out. In making appointments, how refreshing it would seem to have a government, once in a while, step aside from the old party hacks and make an appointment of a man of worth, on account of his own qualities, and not on account of his subservience to party and to party leaders. In mercantile circles there are many men who would well fill a seat in the senate of Canada or the gubernatorial chair. What a fine senator or governor Mr. James Manchester would make. Perhaps Mr. Simeon Jones might be wiled away, even from New York, by an offer of a senatorship. Would not the bright intellect and keen wit of Mr. W. W.

Turbull be of service in such a position? Then look at such a grand man as Alexander Gibson, the lumber and cotton king, besides hosts of men of a rather younger generation, men of broad views and sound business principles, such as Mr. Robert Thomson Jr., the ship-owner, or Mr. Thomas McAvity, the hardware merchant. In the ranks of the medical profession Dr. Wm. Bayard would no doubt be available and then would not Dr. Peter I. Inches make a calm and judicious senator? These are but a few of the best names that occur to one's mind, somewhat outside the ranks of regular party politicians. Any one of them would make a good senator, a good member of parliament or even a good governor. I hope they will pardon such free use of their names for probably there are not many of them who could be induced to accept any such positions. It would however be an excellent thing to sometimes see political honors seeking out the best men of the country rather than see a scramble among professional politicians for each vacancy that occurs. I see there are no legal names among those I have mentioned but they are probably all available.

Is there anybody around anywhere who still believes that St. John is not going ahead—especially anyone who has lived any length of time in this progressive city—just let him take a walk around and look at the shops, especially during the holiday season. I see such a Rip Van Winkle exists, let him, particularly, walk the length and breadth of Main street. There, in the north end of the city, the improvement is most noticeable. A few years ago the shops there were dingy, dirty and slovenly looking. The road-way was poor and given up alternately to mud and dust, unless there was a combination of mud and snow. The police force was inefficient (before the union) and each corner appeared to be in charge of a gang of tobacco-squirting mill-hands who insulted passers-by with impunity. Now, all this is changed. There has come the electric light, prying out and showing up the dingy corners. The paving of Main street gave an entirely new air to the place. The shop-keepers have waked up, new fronts have been put in, stocks are kept bright and fresh-looking and are tastefully displayed. In short, the old and dingy shop has pretty well disappeared and the new and attractive one has taken its place. The section now gets better police service and, altogether, Main street is getting to be an attractive street. Old Portland and old Carleton both profited greatly by "the union."

The anarchist who threw the bomb in the French chamber of deputies the other day made a good job of it. He blew himself up. He blew off his right arm, his nose, a portion of his chin, and lacerated himself generally. What is left of him will probably be got into good enough order for "the public executioner to operate upon. Like most of his brethren, he proved to be a worthless character—a vagabond and a thief, who had been convicted of petty crimes at various times. He confessed that he hoped to have killed as many as one hundred and fifty members of the chamber. What deeds rascals will attempt under the fair name of Liberty! The best way to stamp out anarchists and their like is for the people to organize "law and order societies" and take matters in their own hands.

At this season of the year the advertisements are interesting reading. Advertising has not only become a necessity with business men but the composing of ads., has become a profession. Non-professionals write good ones too but sometimes queer mistakes are made. A travelling chiroprastist once set forth in his circular that he had "removed corns from most of the crowned heads of Europe."

One enterprising St. John firm offers to pay outside buyers' railway fares. Distance according to purchase. Some ladies could do a vast amount of shopping on a railway fare.

"Wife—Can you let me have some money dear? I am going shopping."  
Husband—Great heavens, Maria, you'll ruin me.  
Wife—(calmly)—All I want, dear, is ten cents for car fare."

That "feller" who wrote in last week's paper about them chaps as write in what they call their "dialects," kinder didn't seem ter like my remarks. But he brought in a lot of things as I ain't got no manner of connection with the subject, such as the "sun-kissed" (he must hev meant "tongue-tipped") "shores of old Fundy," "the great throbbing heart of the masses" and the "mournful contour of the wind around their humble eaves" and so on. Then poor people aint no tender o' "dialect" than any other folks. Poor people likes plain spoke and plain spell words mostly. I'm rayther fond o' fame, and like ter hev people a-hollerin', sorber like about me, but I'd jest ez live be "dyspeptic" as "dialectic" and I kinder reckon about the only sort o' fame I'll git, in that yer direckshun, will be that reflected kind that yer "corkily silver-tongues" them ther "naked boughs of D.ember."

The following is said to have been omitted from that wonderful production, "The Mischievous Miss":  
Mr. B.—So you'd like to become my son-in-law?  
The Aspirant (very hard up)—Yes, sir, if you can afford it.

To Aliens.—I regret to say that I am not the author of those pretty verses about the land of Where-Away in Last Progress. There was nothing to indicate that I was

I cannot enlighten you, though I should like to know who the author is.

The Campbell-Shattford investigation is on at present. Decent people are advised to hold their noses. PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To S—, B—, F—,  
With a Copy of the Masque of Minstrels.  
Look, hiked, and kindly charitable eye!  
The pulling pace, perplexed, O pass it by!  
But some sweet thought of commendation save.

For words that loyal are to love and truth;  
Or drop some tear over the heartful line;  
Count those the errors of an untutored youth,  
But these—the best—are brightest—truly mine.  
Here will my joys and sorrows well appear—  
The flowing hopes that now no longer bloom;  
They seem like leaves of many a fruitless year,  
Or wasted chapters laid upon a tomb.  
ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

To Anna Holmoe Baraes.  
Died at Campbellton, Nov. 25.

"A window was opened in Heaven" one day,  
And a little child passed through,  
A child with wings, many hair,  
And eager eyes of blue.  
God lent her to us for a little while;  
And He sent in her baby face,  
A transient gleam of the light that glows  
Forever, in His high place.  
And we could not see, with our earth-blind eyes  
The brightness that touched our dawn;  
We never knew where our morning broke,  
Till now, when the child is gone."  
FANNIE BARAES.  
Boston, Dec. 1st.

A Tribute from "Pastor Felix."  
My heart saddens at the death of Gov. John Boyd, for though I saw him only once—and on that occasion heard him lecture—he was a man to whom the common heart of our humanity is akin, who lived not within himself, but who had a radiant life. "A city that is set on a hill—like St. John—cannot be hid;" and such a light therein as Gov. Boyd sits lamently in its candlestick giving light to all who are in the moral or political house. Yet he was as much the property of home as any common or private man. God bless those who so suddenly lament and mourn."

A Hint to Grocery Buyers.  
Hardress Clarke extends a hint to the readers of PROGRESS this week, to save enough of their ready money by buying their groceries for cash at his store, to purchase a Christmas gift for some of their friends. Only those who know Mr. Clarke's prices can understand how readily this can be done, and a glance at those mentioned in the advertisements of this week will surprise many of those who have been accustomed to the remarkable values he has always placed before them.

Tickets for the Holidays.  
The Canadian Pacific Railway will as usual this year have one fare holiday excursion tickets to pupils and teachers of schools and colleges. These will be good on the afternoon trains of December 22nd up to and including Christmas day, and also good for the three days before New Year's and New Year's day. For return passage the tickets are good until the 4th of January. This will give many people an opportunity of spending Christmas day at home who would not otherwise be able to do so.

Another Business College.  
That typical Yankee Mr. Snell is reaching out after more business by opening another business college, this time it is Moncton that is to be favored. Mr. Snell has certainly achieved a wonderful success in teaching his improved or American methods as is evidenced by his two excellent schools at Truro and New Glasgow, N. S. and now New Brunswick is invaded. It is much better for our young people to get more business knowledge, and to get it at home is still better.

The Winter Number.  
The winter holiday number of the Delineator comes to PROGRESS from Mr. George H. McKay. As usual it is filled with the good things in its line. It seems like forcing the season a little to have a January number of a publication laid upon your table before the middle of December, but the many people who adopt the pretty things of fashion presented in the Delineator no doubt like all the time possible in which to prepare them.

A New Electric Belt.  
A new electric belt is advertised in this week's issue of PROGRESS, the remedy of Dr. J. Gordon Bennett, of Halifax, and the advertisement announces that he has established a permanent agency for this article in this city. His address at present is 4 Elliot Row. His advertisement can be seen on the second page of this paper, and will speak for itself.

Always Together.  
A new set of waltzes called the "Always Together" waltzes written by Mrs. Frances Franklin Porteous of this city, have appeared, and are for sale at the different bookstores. They are dedicated to Mr. James For, organist of St. John's church, and are quaint and simple, with a little waltz song running through the music.

A Ribbon Sale.  
Mr. S. C. Porter, of 11 Charlotte street, is having a large and special sale of ribbons this week. He has bought a very large quantity in all varieties and shades, and depends upon suiting all who call upon him. The prices are very low and the shades such as will tempt many people to purchase.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Christmas annuals are making their appearance, and amongst them all, "Pears' Annual" the yearly advertisement of the great soap firm, bears away the palm for beautiful presentation plates. There are three, all by well-known artists, and excellent in color and design. By far, the best from an artistic point of view is, "Maccaroni" by Sani, which represents two old Italian monks tasting a dish of maccaroni, which one of them has just finished cooking. Messrs. Pears are noted for the beauty of the pictures they purchase for advertisements, and "Maccaroni" is one of the best; the attitudes, the expressions and flesh tints of the two old faces are wonderful. "Goldfish" by Fred Morgan, is a very beautiful art panel, showing a young girl in Oriental costume kneeling beside a bowl of goldfish, the background is of tapestry hangings, and the colors and texture are brought out with such wonderful fidelity, that it is hard to believe it other than a beautiful piece of art needlework. The letter-press fills the promise of the presentation plates, the whole publication being devoted to Charles Dickens's Christmas story, "The Battle of Life," which is illustrated by Charles Green. The publication is quite up to the standard of the "Illustrated London News," or the "Graphic." Price 50 cents.

The illustrated London News comes in a new and attractive cover, with a charming child's face surrounded by holly and apple blossoms, floating in a cloud of golden hair, as a vignette. The opening story is by Rudyard Kipling, and called "The Bridge Builders," it is a strong tale of Indian life, and cleverly illustrated. "Nehemiah P. Hopkins, artist" is a clever sketch by Marie Corelli. "Uncle Williams' Present" by Barry Pain. A pretty story for children. "The Additional Guest" is a charming little comedy in six scenes, by W. E. Norris. "A Changing Change" by Canon Atkinson is a charming fairy story for old, as well as young people and the other stories and sketches are up to the usual standard, while the illustrations are beyond criticism. The presentation plates consist of one large and two small pictures; the former, "Grandfather's Pet" is a very spirited drawing of an old rustic with his tiny grandchild standing on his knee, both faces are full of expression, the wrinkled apple checked old man's face especially. The artist is Arthur J. Easley. "Uncle Columbo" and "Say Please" the smaller plates, are respectively by G. Crosland Robinson, and W. Oliver and are pretty studies in figure sketching.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives" and "The Children of the Poor," has just completed his new book "Nibsy's Christmas," which will consist of short stories, most of them true in substance, and drawn from the author's own wide experience among the working and pauper classes of New York. These stories are filled with human interest, and vividly written. They will be illustrated, and published at once by Messrs. Scribner, who intend publishing at the same time a new and cheap edition of Mr. Riis's "Children of the Poor."

Messrs. Scribner are also issuing the memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, which are now in course of publication both in Paris and in this country. Few works of recent times can surpass in interest this record of the events of the French Revolution and Napoleon's times by the great French statesman, who took an active part in the events he so graphically describes. The work is edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and will be in three volumes, with portraits.

Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a really magnificent art work this month, entitled "Rembrandt, His Life, His Work, and His Time." It is by Emile Michel, and promises to be both a faithful picture of the great artist, and a gallery of reproductions in color and otherwise of Rembrandt's finest works in paintings and etchings. The edition will be printed and bound in the most sumptuous style, and will be a treasure to the collector of fine books, the artist and the connoisseur.

It is not very often that one hears of literature being ordered by the ton, but that is precisely what happened to the publishers of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. On the 15th of last November they received the following order:  
Dear Sir,—Of the 200,000 copies of December number to be sent, please send as follows: 12,500 copies regular edition, 27,500 copies R. E. edition.  
Yours respectfully,  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.  
This order meant exactly a hundred tons of magazines, which may give some idea of the popularity attained by the Cosmopolitan, in the last year.

Another new book which will shortly be issued from the Scribner press, is entitled "Some Artists at the Fair," and will be made up of contributions, both in illustrations and text, by Frank D. Millet, G. Hopkinson Smith, Will H. Low, J. A. Mitchell and W. Hamilton Gibson. Each artist naturally views the subject from a different standpoint, and gives his impressions on the Fair in a characteristic fashion. A new biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Claude Phillips, is now ready. It is illustrated, and will be sent out by the Scribner's in uniform style, with the interesting sketches of "Fanny Burney and Her Friends," "Horace Walpole and His World," Mrs. Thrale, "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" and "Dean Swift" which have appeared from time during the last few years.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's new book, "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," has been published but three weeks, and is now in its second edition already. It is repeating the success of her first work, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England."

Dr. Henry M. Field, the ever popular writer of travels, has just finished a new book which will be published at once by the Scribner's. It is entitled "The Bar-

bary Coast" and is a description of a leisurely journey through Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, written in the author's well-known happy and original style. It is to be illustrated.

The prospectus of the eighth session of the summer school of science for the Atlantic provinces of Canada, has been received. The little pamphlet gives a clear idea of the work which has been planned for the coming summer.

A new edition, and a much cheaper one of Holland & Rockstroff's "Life of Jenny Lind" will be issued at once by the Scribner's.

The Children's Delight.  
Mr. Wm. Bruchhol calls attention to his Roger's groups of statues in his advertisement to-day. The other varied lines of goods he has in stock will supply the joy in many a little boy's and girl's home on Christmas morning. That is their day and Mr. Bruchhol has made a point of pleasing the children as well as the parents. Careful attention to his announcement and a visit to his store will pay any one.

Mr. Dean's Christmas Meats.  
Prairie hens and quail are some of the delicacies that Mr. Thomas Dean announces that he will have in his stall in the country market today. Mr. Dean is always first in the rank at all times, but during the Christmas and Easter seasons his variety of choice meats is simply wonderful. Those who have patronized him always do so again, and his customers cannot fail to be pleased.

Knew the Six.  
Smythe—"What are you in such a hurry for?"  
Tomkins—"My wife is lost! I'm going to the police station!"  
Smythe—"You won't find her there. Go to the bargain counter."

A Dilemma.  
"Death me," wailed a Walnut street dude yesterday, "these sudden changes in the weather are beastly, ye know. It's so hard to dress properly." A chap nearby knows whether to wear a light, airy cyan themum or a light one, ye know."

Was Well to be Careful.  
Director—"Well, is your stockholder the cashier's honest? You can hold—He's as honest as a hum in being can be." Director, (doubtfully)—"Well, I suppose we'll have to put him under bond-ten."

Condensed Matter.  
Barber—"How will you have your hair cut?"  
Absent-minded Editor—"Cut it short, we've only got eighteen columns for everything."

DECEMBER 15.—Mrs. Leslie, of Annapolis, is visiting Miss Woodman at the Waverley.  
Miss Bigger, who has been visiting Miss Moe Cormick, returned to Annapolis last week.  
Mrs. Watson spent a few days in St. John last week returning on Monday.  
Miss Ostrand Baddeck and Miss Mary Brock, have returned home after spending some weeks visiting friends in New Brunswick and elsewhere.  
Dr. Lovitt and Mrs. Marshall, of Bear River, were in town Friday.  
Miss Maggie Burnham has returned from a visit among relatives in Massachusetts.  
Mr. Abo, editor of the Annapolis Spectator, was in town Tuesday.  
Mr. C. W. Young has returned to Boston.  
Mrs. J. M. Viets has quite entirely recovered from her recent illness.  
Hon. J. W. Longley was in town last week on his way from Bear River.  
Capt. Wm. Hughes is in town on Saturday, B. C. last week, making his little sojourn here.  
Mr. T. M. Lewis, of Yarmouth, is in town.  
Mr. St. Clair Jones, Mr. Sydney and H. E. Jones, Weymouth, were in town Saturday on their way from St. John, where they had been attending the funeral of the late General.  
Miss Edna Hoyt, of Bellefleur, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. S. Hoyt in Weymouth.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McNeil, of Weymouth, were in town Friday.  
Miss Grace Guppill is visiting friends in St. John.  
Mrs. J. E. Kimes, of Yarmouth, spent a few days in town this week.  
Miss Helen Brown is visiting in St. John.  
Mr. H. H. Wickwire, is on a trip to Halifax. PAUL.

TRURO, N. S.  
Dec. 12.—The society pulse is normal, nay, even stagnant, this week. There seem to be no doings about but church tea and socials.

Last Friday evening Mr. Hugh Mackenzie had a very pleasant party at dinner. Among those partaking of this most genial host's hospitality were, Miss Yerton, Miss Garvey (Toronto), Miss Butchart, Miss Ethel Butchart, Miss Emma Butchart, Dr. Yerton, Mr. A. Haddrell, Mr. E. R. Stuart, Mr. E. Fulton. The party was a most congenial one, and was given in honor of Miss Garvey, who is a guest at Mr. Mackenzie's.

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. E. Wilson's progressive whist party and carpet dance was a great success. I forget the lady's name who won the first prize, but Mr. Martin Dierke captured the gentleman's first; and Miss Westmore and Mr. W. E. Bligh, the consolation prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Waring are guests of the late's mother, Mrs. A. G. McKenzie, at the Prince of Wales. Mr. and Mrs. Waring have just returned from England per S. S. Monaghan, experiencing a very rough passage.  
Mrs. J. W. Johnson gave two fine clock's last week, on Friday and Saturday afternoon, respectively.  
Mr. Paul Ambrose, of New York, late graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory of music, will spend the winter months here with his cousin, Mr. E. R. Stuart.

The report being mooted, that Prof. Faulkner is soon to resign his position in St. John's, and that Mr. E. R. Stuart, the present occupant in St. Andrew's was to supply the vacancy, is entirely without foundation. Such a report is derogatory to both gentlemen, as in their respective positions they are too much appreciated to be displaced with. PAUL.

LOCKPORT, N. S.  
Dec. 12.—A cloud seems to have passed over the town in the death of Mrs. Irwin, the wife of Dr. Frank Irwin, which sad event occurred on the 8th instant. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, when a large number of relatives and friends were in attendance, to pay the last tribute to one who was so generally esteemed, and who leaves a husband and a tiny infant here below.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Irwin were in town to attend the funeral of their daughter, Mr. E. C. Johnston, the brother of the deceased, and also present.  
Rev. A. F. Brown is at Jordan to-day, attending the meeting of the Shelburne county baptist association.  
Messrs. Thomas of St. John, and Eberington, of Halifax, were in town this week.  
Mr. R. H. Hill has returned to Lunenburg.  
A large number of friends held an old fashioned surprise party at the residence of Mrs. Olivia Kempson, on the occasion of the 88th anniversary of her thirty day.  
Mr. W. A. McDonald is on a visit to Halifax.  
Mr. F. Payne left on Saturday for the provincial capital, to interview Mr. Hon. premier and Hon. minister of marine, on railway matters. NEWS.

Advertisement for rubber and other goods, including 'Ladies Button', 'Evening Rubber', 'American', 'X', 'A HILF FORTH WE', 'We Good C', 'Lemon I', 'can guar', '\$3.75 a', 'The', 'little dar', 'Perfume of', 'fact that', 'than we', 'Mix', 'Cas', 'RAIS', 'of rais', 'trouble', 'RAISIN', 'seed a', 'SHER', '88 KING ST.'



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRAMME is for 10 in Halifax at the following places:
ESSEX'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street
MORSON & CO., 111 Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAWSON & MITCHELL, 111 Hollis street
CORSELY'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street
BROOKER'S DRUG STORE, 111 Hollis street
ROBERTS' DRUG STORE, 111 Hollis street
G. J. KILPATRICK, 107 Gortaghen street
J. J. GRIFFIN, 17 Jacob street
CANADA NEWS CO., 111 Barrington street
HALLWAY DEPOT, 111 Barrington street
J. J. HORNBY, 111 Barrington street
N. BARNES & SON, 111 Barrington street
S. SILVER, 111 Barrington street
J. W. ALLEN, 111 Barrington street

Real Christmas weather and good sleighing reign at this writing, and what with the sleighbells, the Christmas advertisements, and the dressing of the shop windows, the town looks indubitably brighter than for some time. Work is begun this week in the preparation of spruce decorations by the large churches, and next week the energetic ladies of society who do a little of everything, will be too busy to get home to lunch. Why it is the fashion to lunch with other people and in strange places during the week before Christmas, is hard to say, but everyone does it here. Halifax shopping begins at eleven and continues all two with one set, and from that until six with another, and so on until half past eight, with another lot of people still. When people called in shops get an opportunity to invest in their own Christmas purchases, is yet to be discovered.

The first night of the present of the season on Tuesday had a capital house in spite of the snow and wind. Nearly every member of the audience had some sort of interest in at least one of the performers, of whom there were sixty or more, and applause was pretty general throughout the evening. The company did wonderfully well in the material afforded them by a not too good libretto and plot; the former admirably suited to an entertainment at a girl's school, and the latter rather weak. The performers had hardly fair play on this account, being heavily handicapped by want of opportunity. The prettiest part of the whole entertainment was the finale, when all the company was on the stage, and the effect was really charming. The dresses were good in every way, the young ladies in the cast all young and pretty, but one saw them by ones and twos in such a piece-meal manner that there was not enough effect of color and movement, in spite of all the pains taken and the varied arrangements of colored lights. To have tableaux really effective they should be shown in a large frame, with gauze in front of them, and the most effective of Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were those shown with a surrounding scenery in a frame-like effect. Individually, every one looked well, but amateurs have a doubly hard task to perform when an amateur book of the work is given them. Captain Duffin, R. A., had done some admirable work as stage manager, and everything possible to do with the piece was well done. The band of the King's regiment formed the orchestra on Tuesday evening, and played very well indeed, the correct playing of one of its members being particularly enjoyable. The performance was late in beginning, as many people were delayed by the trains and the snow. The spring motions formed the first of the paeant, introduced by Father Time (Mr. L. J. Fuller), who from his looks seemed to have won extremely well for his great age! March, April and May, represented by Miss H. Albro, Mrs. Fred Jones and Miss Waddell formed a very pretty group in the centre of the stage, while a spring song was charmingly sung by Mrs. Arthur Duffin. Then came St. George's Day, a pretty tableau of W.-th women and wearers of the leaf, very effective with the red cloaks and l. h. hats of the national costume. The Misses Tremaine, Lyde, Stokes, Corbett and Farrell, with Messrs. Robinson and Albro were in this group. St. Patrick's Day was most successful, and really the gem of the evening. The piece would have borne a good deal more of the cheerfully comic element as supplied by Mr. Bailey of the King's regiment, and later in the evening by Mr. A. D. Johnson. Mr. Bailey was a delightful Irishman, and his song was capital, besides being sung with much gusto, and an utter absence of self-consciousness. Mrs. F. Jones, as April, looked very well, but her recitation was not very interesting; Mr. Arthur Duffin was a very good April Fool and one would have liked more of him. St. George's Day was represented by Mr. Norman, who looked the part of the Christmas number Englishman to perfection, and sang a very good song indeed. The dresses of the two shepherds who came next were good, but their words might have been cut out with advantage, or no actor on earth could have done anything with them. The advent of the May King and Queen and their following was very pretty, the two principals being represented by Miss Delaney and Mr. Wythe. To Mr. Metzer belong the honors of this scene for his dancing, which kept the whole troop of dancers alive. The Queen's birthday, with a recitation and a national anthem, during which the audience rose, finished the first act, and the spring months vanished not to appear again till the final scene. The second act, represented by Miss Honner, Miss Forest and Miss Wickwire, the latter looking particularly well as August. Miss Honner came to the front of the stage and sang Goring Thomason's Night in June, to the great satisfaction of her audience. Then came a tableau by Mrs. Hobe, Miss Beamish and Mr. A. Doull, Midsummer Night's Dream. A little refreshing light interest, using the words in a very extended sense, came next, with Miss Harrington very prettily dressed as Canana, Mr. Norman as John Bull, and Mr. A. D. Johnson delicious as Brother Jonathan. Miss Harrington did very well, and everyone would have been delighted to have had a song, or at least anything from her to great a favorite as Mr. Johnson. The next scene was called the Baireuth Festival. A scene from Lohengrin, was sung by Miss Minnie Doyle and Mr. Karl Doring, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Doring on the piano and violinello. The "Baireuth Festival" lasted a good while, and seemed to be much enjoyed. Autumn came next, delightfully represented by Miss Ella Seton in yellow as September, Miss Harvey in the green and red of autumn foliage as October, and Miss Jennie Doull in a very pretty dress as November. Goring Thro' the Rye was sung by Mrs. Kennedy Campbell, looking very sweet and bright in a pretty dress, with a large basket of red poppies. Mrs. Campbell was encouraged but did not respond to her little bit of acting with quite a surprise to people who have only seen her on a concert stage. Miss N.rah McKay pleased her audience very much with a school girl's remarks on education which she recited very cleverly. In the tableau of Halloween sports which succeeded, Miss Story and Miss Ida Mitchell looked especially well, and were engaged with Miss Beamish, Miss Anna Mitchell, Miss Coleman, Miss Chipman and Miss Constance Story in all the methods of divination proper to the day. Guy Fawkes day was capital, and Mr. Reggie Knight playing the bones splendidly, and all the other boys did well, the Masters, Slayter, Smith, Wythe and Grant being as natural and jolly as boys well could be. Thanksgiving day was a very good tableau, with plenty of people and a good effect of light. The Messrs. G. Mitchell, Emmer, Rogers, Grant, and Messrs. G. Mitchell and Stevens took part in this pretty scene. St. Andrew's day was worthily represented by Mr. Cameron who did a word dance in addition to his solo on the bag pipes, which formed the conclusion of the autumn days. Winter came next, with the Misses Copeland, Payne and Lawson forming a very pretty group as December, January and Feb.

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PETERSEN'S PIANO, ART AND MUSIC ROOMS,
68 KING STREET.

The finest stock of the celebrated Solo Photos, copies of the choicest Pictures from European Art Galleries at Petersen's. Excellent Xmas Presents. FINE AUSTRIAN CARD HOLDERS, will be sold very cheaply. Music Dolls in great variety. Music and Music Books, Musical Instruments in great variety. Steinway, Chickering and Nordheimer Pianos sold at reasonable terms.
A. PETERSEN'S, 68 King St.

WHITE FELT SAILORS'
SPECIAL SALE,
DECEMBER.

We purchased for Cash from a leading New York manufacturer a few cases White Felt Sailors' the "Mascotte" (high slanting crown) and during November and December we will forward to any address in the three provinces (charges prepaid) on receipt of 95c.

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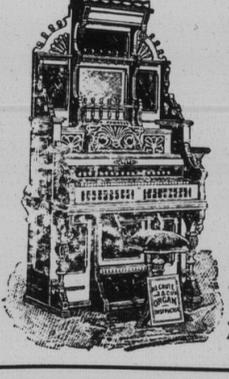
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Our Cladstone Sleighs ARE IN DEMAND. We have a full line of all kinds now. PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

WINDSOR, N. S.
[PROGRAMME is for sale in Windsor at Knott's Bookstore and F. W. Dakin]
Dec. 12—The dance at Hillside cottage last Thursday evening was voted by all, who were fortunate enough to be invited in Windsor. The arrangements were ever given in Windsor. The arrangements were all that could be desired, the house being admirably suited for an entertainment of that kind. The rooms were beautifully decorated with potted plants. The hostess, Mrs. Dimock, looked charming in a gown of heliotrope silk. Mrs. Stainer wore a dress of brown silk, trimmed with ermine lace; Mrs. Harvey, black silk and lace; Miss Kate Geidert, light green silk; Miss MacCallum, a pretty dress of cream and yellow chaille; Miss Woolworth, cream chinese crepe; Miss Louise Blanchard, pretty gown of white silk; Miss Lawson, black net; Miss MacCallum, white and black; Miss Morris, white and black; Miss Bouscane, cream and black; Miss Hind, goblin blue silk with pink silk sleeves; Miss G. Wilson, very pretty dress of canary silk with amix; Miss Wilson, red silk; Miss Kate Smith, white and black; Miss Marie Curry, pretty white silk; Miss Mary Smith, pale blue silk; Miss Lizzie Smith, cream and black; Miss Josephine Curran, cream and black; Miss Jennie Barre, black velvet and pink silk; Miss Lillie Allison, black and white; Miss Frances Danley, white cashmere and silk; Miss Armstrong, Falmouth, lawn cashmere and silk; Miss E. Stam, white and black; Miss Bligh, Halifax, black lace and orange ribbons; The gentlemen were: Messrs. Frank Dimock, (Halifax) Arthur Armstrong, N. Armstrong, Webber, Dimock, Ralph Dimock, (Halifax) John Dimock, Sander, Lidgove, Arthur Lawson, McCallum, Acklom, Jones, DeMille, Besonette, Courtney, Whitman, Dryden, Tom Allison, Ouseley, Arthur Sutherland, Mackinlay, Rosie, C. Hensley, Harry Smith and Reid. Miss Cockran, of Newport, is visiting Miss Louise Blanchard. Miss Bligh, who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Geller, returned to Halifax on Friday. Miss Byron N. Barnes, spent Sunday in town. Mr. W. A. Blanchard was in Wolfville over Sunday. Mr. Layton has returned from his visit to Halifax. Mr. Boston, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Miss Susie McCarty is visiting her aunt Mrs. W. E. Blanchard. Mr. Claude Erville, of the Halifax Banking Co., has been removed to Parraboro. Mr. Geo. D. Geidert has returned from Lunenburg. Mr. Willie Morris has entered the Halifax Banking Co. as Junior clerk. Mr. Frank Dimock and Mr. Ralph Dimock, of Halifax, were in town for a few days last week. Prof. Falkner, of Fine Hill college, Halifax,

preached very acceptably in the presbyterian church last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Brown was in town last week. A member of the choir has moved to the house on King street lately purchased by him from Mr. King.

The shops are beginning to put on a Xmas appearance, some of the windows being already prettily decorated.

Mrs. Wm. Curry has returned from Halifax where she was suddenly called by the serious illness of her sister Mrs. Nugent Pate, who is slowly recovering. Judge Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., lectured in the lecture hall on Friday evening to a fair audience.

A few of the ladies who were interested in the Masonic fair, lately held here, are having a satisfactory account of the rainy weather. It is to be hoped that the weather will be more propitious.

Invitations are out for a dance to be given by the Collegiate school on Tuesday evening, the 19th. The musical of the late Capt. John Morris, which attended his funeral, was very largely patronized. His daughter, Mrs. Brown, who was present, spent a few weeks in Windsor before returning home.

PARROBORO.
[PROGRAMME is for sale at Parraboro Book Store.]
Dec. 13—The whist club has been reorganized evening at Dr. King's and last evening at Mr. S. W. Smith's.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Howe gave an at home on Thursday evening, attended by members of the Baptist congregation and others. The evening passed pleasantly with music and refreshments.

Mr. Magee having been appointed agent at Springhill, his place in the bank here has been taken by Mr. Marston Gullion, of St. John. Mr. Magee was very popular in a social way and by his unvarying kindness and courtesy was much regretted. Mr. Erville, of the Windsor agency, takes the place vacated by Mr. Cook.

Mrs. F. H. Kane, of Parraboro, is spending Christmas with her relatives at Bear River. Mr. Wilhelmsen, of Halifax, spent Sunday in Amherst.

Dr. McKenzie has returned from New York. The musical club met on Tuesday evening at Mr. Upton's. Miss Edgar Corbett left on Monday for a visit to her friends in Yarmouth. Rev. Mr. McGillivray conducted the presbyterian services on Sunday.

Dr. Atkinson has gone to practice in Truro. Mr. Atkinson will remain here during the winter. Mr. Wilhelmsen, of Halifax, spent Sunday in Amherst. Mr. Campbell and the other teachers went to Springhill on Wednesday to attend the meeting of the teachers' association.

AMHERST.
[PROGRAMME is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillcoat.]
Dec. 13—Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hillson and Miss Hillson, went to Moncton the latter part of last week, to attend the funeral of a relative. They returned home on Monday.

Mrs. W. D. Douglas, who has been visiting friends in Dorchester, returned home on Wednesday last. Mrs. Henderson, of Parraboro, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. R. Smith. Mrs. Emma Ayer, of Sackville, was in town a few days last week.

On Monday, Dr. E. L. Fuller went to Oxford. Miss May Brown left town on Friday to pay a visit to Mrs. Carvell, in Charlottetown, P. E. I. Mr. Charles H. Tupper was in town on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele went to St. John on Monday evening on a short business trip. Mr. and Mrs. Whitford, who spent a few days in town, left for their home in Antigonish on Monday.

The first given on Thursday evening, to the children of the church Sunday school, was a sumptuous affair and the host of little folks were contented with an abundance of cake, excursions, and a fine concert given by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Fuller on the organ, Mrs. W. D. Douglas on the piano, Miss Minnie Doyle, Miss Chapman, Miss Grace Fuller, Miss Johnston. The ladies of the Fallerton and Miss Johnston. The ladies of the Fallerton and Miss Johnston. The ladies of the Fallerton and Miss Johnston.

RHEUMATISM

A WONDERFUL CURE

Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician, and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and used various kinds of Liniments, including Minard's and Electric Oil. I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system, and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated my whole being. For more than two months I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. After four doses of the Internal Medicine and three applications of the Liniment the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about supple as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since, having passed through the autumn and winter to this date, January 5th, 1886, with its climate changes. I can recommend your 'Scientific' and hope that all who are affected with that painful disease, Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give 'Scientific' a trial.

Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, for doubting this statement can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information.
MRS. W. H. MOORE, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

"SCIATICINE" is for sale by all the leading druggists in the Dominion. The wholesale drug houses in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade.

SMITH'S BROS. TAKE NO OTHER. THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER. EMULSION.
Illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.
In this department we hold a large stock of reasonable goods.
FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELTIES, ETC., ETC.
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
100 doz. latest American Bonnet and Hat Shapes just received.
SMITH'S BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.

WOMEN'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.
COMFORTING OLD OR YOUNG ROBUST & FEIBLE.
Mrs. Parker Carvell, china jar; Mrs. E. Bayfield, and Miss Peters, silver handled oyster forks; Mr. Corbett, silver cake basket; Mr. Henry Curran, silver jewel case; Miss Kate Davis, china cream jug; Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Japanese cabinet; Mrs. A. Lord, a glass front holder.
The "Importance Circle" of King's Daughters, were very successful with their apron sale and realized the handsome sum of \$116.
A class for the purpose of learning shorthand has been formed in connection with the Y. M. C. A. number enlisted, as beginners, and it is understood there are more applicants for admission to the class since then. The above mentioned Y. M. C. A. is very much to be congratulated for the good providing amusement as well as instruction for the members. The "Mystery social" was exceeding pleasant, and in the innovations the mystery was to be found.

A Bright Lad.
Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:
"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, Gellier, I turned to Halifax on Friday. Miss Byron N. Barnes, spent Sunday in town. Mr. W. A. Blanchard was in Wolfville over Sunday. Mr. Layton has returned from his visit to Halifax. Mr. Boston, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Miss Susie McCarty is visiting her aunt Mrs. W. E. Blanchard. Mr. Claude Erville, of the Halifax Banking Co., has been removed to Parraboro. Mr. Geo. D. Geidert has returned from Lunenburg. Mr. Willie Morris has entered the Halifax Banking Co. as Junior clerk. Mr. Frank Dimock and Mr. Ralph Dimock, of Halifax, were in town for a few days last week. Prof. Falkner, of Fine Hill college, Halifax,

AYER'S Sarsaparilla Cures others, will cure you.
Illustration of a man on a bicycle.

Major and Miss Howe, (Boston), a very handsome silver vegetable dish; Miss Blanche Haviland, a pair of brass candle sticks; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hensley (Halifax), silver water kettle; Mr. Duncan McLeod, a very handsome pair of mother-of-pearl oyster glasses; Miss Carey and Miss Palmer, a beautiful china vase.

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## Gentlemer's Neckwear,

at 50c., 75c., and \$1.00 each.

You never saw such stylish shapes, and such elegant Silks, as we show, and what is more, you never will unless you call on

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# Holiday Furnishings,

In Rich Silk Mufflers and Handkerchiefs.

LINED AND UNLINED KID GLOVES,

BLACK GLOVES.

Astrachan Cloth Back Gloves.

Lawn, Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs.

SUSPENDERS.

Half Hose.

Collars, Shirts and Cuffs.

# At Barnes & Murray's,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

# TISM

severe attack of Rheumatism, was enabled to come home in ease and suffered dreadfully, and used various kinds of medical advice and treatment without assistance. I procured wonderful cures, I procured relief, my feet and ankles were swollen, my feet and ankles were swollen, my feet and ankles were swollen. After four days of suffering, I was enabled to walk about, and I was enabled to walk about, and I was enabled to walk about. I can recommend your medicine to all who are suffering from Rheumatism.

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department will hold a large assortment of goods.

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# BROS.,

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cake baker, silver jewelry cases, silver cream jug, etc.

Don't selfishly deprive your friend of cheerful company by remaining a dull, gloomy dyspeptic.

### ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Dec. 13.—There has been but little going on this week in the way of entertaining in doors. The weather and good sleeping tempt everyone out and the streets are so crowded with sleighs that it is almost a sleighing carnival.

I heard of a pleasant tea party given a few evenings ago by Mrs. Frank P. Woods, in honor of Mrs. William A. Murdoch. The tea was a most delicious one and was served in the most delicate and elegant manner. Mrs. Woods received her friends in a most becoming home of pale pink crepe, trimmed with rich cream colored lace, in which she looked most graceful as she moved about entertaining her guests. It was a most delightful affair and well deserved the many pleasant comments it has received.

As there can be no marriages in New Brunswick until we have a new Governor, Mr. Harry Leslie Cole and Miss Ilae Blanche Lorimer, who were to be married yesterday afternoon in all saint's church, St. Andrews, were obliged to defer to St. Stephen, and yesterday morning were married in St. Anne's church, Calais, by Rev. O. S. Newsham, rector of Christ church, who most fortunately has a special license to marry in Calais. The bride looked exceedingly handsome in a stylish travelling costume of russet bound with hat to match. She was attended by Miss Dollie McKee, who was attired in a costume of tan colored serge with trimmings of green velvet, which was most becoming. The bride was given away by Mr. Frank A. Grimmer. The groom looked most manly and handsome and had for his support his brother, Mr. Horace Cole. Immediately after the ceremony they returned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer, and partook of cake and wine. At eleven o'clock they left for St. Andrews, where a wedding reception was held at Rosebank, the home of the bride's mother. They then left for an extended visit in New York, and Boston. The wedding presents were most elegant, and said to be the handsomest ever presented to a bride in St. Andrews. The groom's gift to his bride was a handsome seal coat.

The young ladies of the society of Trinity workers in connection with Trinity church, give a dramatic entertainment in their school room tomorrow evening. There are also some tableaux, and Miss Julia Kelley, Mrs. Walter Braden, Miss Braden and Miss Annie Porter, will assist in providing instrumental and vocal music.

The No Name club met on Monday evening with Mrs. C. R. Collins. The ladies are reading the works of a most interesting author, and enjoy the meeting of the club extremely.

Miss Julia Kelly entertained the Bohemian club at the St. Croix Exchange, on Monday evening.

The news of ex-mayor Howland's death reached here last evening. Mr. Howland married Miss Laura Chipman, the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Chipman, of this town. Mr. Howland had numerous friends here, who deeply sympathize with her in her great grief and sorrow. Mayor Chipman left for Toronto last evening.

Mrs. John F. Grant's friends will be glad to hear, she is recovering from her recent illness.

Dr. M. L. Porter, of Dartmouth, made a brief visit in Calais on Monday.

Mrs. C. M. Gove returned to her home in St. Andrews, after a week spent most pleasantly with her daughter, Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mrs. W. H. Nichols, and her daughter, Miss Mattie Nichols, are visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pike leave this week for the South. They intend to spend the holiday season with relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Harry Ridout and her daughter, Margaret, are visiting in Roxbury, Mass., and Mrs. Parry. Hon. A. MacNichol has returned from a short visit in Portland, Maine.

Mr. C. H. Clarke is visiting Boston and New York.

Miss May Carter spent Sunday at Moore's Mills. Hqs. Mr. Emmerson, of the board of public works with town during this week.

### MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, Main street, A. H. Jones, and by J. E. McCoy.]

Dec. 13.—Moncton has been in a state of quiet agitation during the past week over the election for the expiration of the water works. The voting on the question took place on Monday last, and as will be seen by the daily papers, the vote stood: for proposition 2nd; against proposition 1st. Less than half the number of those entitled to vote did so, which certainly displays a lack of interest on the subject. There was a shade of politics in the question, the Times supporting the water company, the Transcript contra. The next, and certainly the most important feature of the affair is the price, and it will likely take some months, if not years, to come to a decision on this point.

Water Hillson, son of station master A. Hillson, died at his home here on Thursday last of consumption. Deceased was only 17 years of age, and there is much sympathy felt in the community for the bereaved parents, as was shown by the exceptionally large attendance at the funeral, which took place on Sunday.

The death of Mrs. Howard Gross, of this city, which occurred in the St. John public hospital, was very sad. She went to St. John to undergo a surgical operation, and died from the effects. Mrs. Gross was only 28 years of age, and was the daughter of Mr. Peter H. Milroy, of River Chapiro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. White and her sister, Miss Vaughan, of St. Martin, were visiting in St. John last week.

Mrs. J. J. Daly and daughter are visiting friends in Campbellton.

Mrs. J. H. Ryan was in St. John for a few days last week.

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Miss Ida Fairweather spent Thursday and Friday in Hampton.

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### MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Sackville.

General Elementary Education.  
Preparation for Matriculation.  
Complete Commercial Course.  
Next term begins Jan. 4th, 1894. Students are admitted any time.  
Write for Calendar to  
**C. W. HARRISON, M. A.,**  
PRINCIPAL.

### ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.

158 Prince William St.

Boarding and Day School. A thorough course given in Piano, Harmony, etc. Violin, Singing, Elocution, English, French and German, Orchestral Music.  
M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

### MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS,

(Frances Franklin) of London.

Winner of Madame Saindon Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain.

Mrs. Porteous is prepared to receive pupils for lessons in the art of singing and advanced pupils for the piano. Oratorio and ballad singing.

Communications to  
PETERSEN'S MUSIC STORE, King Street, or  
HOTEL STANLEY, King Square.

### ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE

ESTD 1867

WE are filling up very rapidly and have now a much larger attendance than we have ever had at this time of the year.

New Grand and Improved. No need of waiting till after New Year's. We have only one week's Christmas vacation, and that is made up to the student.

New Calendar (1893-4) and samples of Penmanship mailed free to any address.  
Rory's Bookkeeping, \$1, and our celebrated Business College P'n \$1 per gross, mailed on receipt of price.  
KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

### CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Call and see the  
NOVELTIES at  
**CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE,**  
162 Princess St.

### MUSQUASH.

Dec. 12.—Rev. H. M. Spilke was presented with a handsome fur coat by his parishioners of Musquash and Mac's Bay. Credit is due Miss Gertrude Totton for the funds collected in Musquash.

Mrs. S. A. Balcom is visiting in St. John.

Miss Maggie Smith and Miss Charlotte Spike took advantage of the good sleighing and drove to the city on Thursday, returning Friday.

Mr. A. Henderson spent a few days in the city last week.

Father Lavery, of St. George, preached to a large congregation in the R. C. church on Sunday last.

Miss Anderson, of St. John, is visiting at "Sunshine," and will remain for the holiday.

On November 22nd, a very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. Calkin's, in Evansville, Wis., when Mr. L. D. Seely and Miss Carrie Knight of this place, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The presents were numerous and handsome, including a number from Canada, showing the high esteem in which Miss Knight is held by her friends on this side of the line. Mr. and Mrs. Seely will reside in Minneapolis and announce corresponding joint invitations to the happy couple many years of wedded bliss.

Mr. Geo. F. Smith, who has spent the last few weeks at his home here, is now travelling in Upper Canada.

### MAUGREVILLE.

Dec. 12.—The Baptist ministers of York and Surry held their quarterly meeting in the Baptist church here, commencing last Friday. Owing to the bad state of the roads the attendance was not as large as could be desired.

Miss Jule Wesley, of Lincoln, is visiting friends here, and expects to return home on Wednesday.

Miss Bertie Best is expected home next week, from Boileston, to spend her vacation.

Inspector Bridge passed through Manguerville to-day.

Rev. H. E. Dibble is visiting Fredericton to-day.

### Headache and Catarrh.

How many people suffer constantly from the above diseases, which ultimately lead to nervous prostration, consumption and death. Mrs. Whittemore says: "I have had headache and catarrh for years, and found no relief until I took

### Skoda's Discovery.

I have not had headache once since I took Skoda's Discovery purifies the Blood, tones up the nerve centers and makes you well.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, headache, and dyspepsia. 25c. per box.  
Medical Advice Free.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. B.

### Physicians Endorse Them, and Physicians Make Them.

Mrs. Warren S. Whittemore, Eastfield, Maine.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Allison Bartlett, of Charlestown, has been here for some days. Mr. Bartlett is becoming very popular on the lecture platform. His friends hope to induce him to deliver his lectures here on Paris. His vivid word painting of night scenes in that gay city is very interesting. The streets near Theatre Comique furnishing subject matter for many a tale. Mr. Allison has had many a hair breadth escape; and at times there has been scarce a hair between him and heaven.

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A BARGAIN IN Dress Materials. We have secured 25 pieces NEW WINTER DRESS MATERIALS IN ALL WOOL HEAVY SCOTCH MIXTURES, in the newest and most Fashionable Makes and Colorings, and in order to close them out before Christmas we have marked them at the very low price of 35c. Yard, or \$2.00 For a Dress Pattern of 6 Yards. This will be found a rare chance to purchase a FASHIONABLE AND SERVICEABLE DRESS at almost one half the regular price. We would call attention to the importance of an early inspection, as naturally the choicest patterns go first. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

ANDOVER. Dec. 12.—The social event of last week was a most successful party, given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox, in the hall of the First Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening. Over one hundred guests were present who had a most enjoyable time. Dancing was the principal amusement, while some of the Andover orchestra. At midnight a delicious supper was served, after which dancing was resumed until well into the wee sma' hours. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Richards, Mrs. Jas. E. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Mrs. M. M. Mudge and Annie Mudge, Mr. James MacNeil, came from Fort Fairfield, Me., to attend the party. Mrs. James MacNeil and Miss Edith Tibbits are visiting relatives in Ashland, Me. Miss Sarah Tucker is home again after a two weeks visit in Calais, Me. Miss Mary Weston has been visiting friends in Woodstock, and returned home Monday. Mrs. Allan Parry is spending a few days at Grand Falls. The death of Bernard Baxter, which occurred at his home in Lower Perth, Monday night, was a great shock to his many friends and old schoolmates in this place, and the deepest sympathy is expressed for his parents and sisters in their bereavement.

NEWCASTLE. [Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Max Aikin.] Dec. 13.—Socially the town is very quiet, everybody being busy preparing for Christmas. Mr. Hunter and son are daily expected on a visit to Mrs. Hunter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fish. It is reported that Miss May Fish intends returning to Bath with Mrs. Hunter when she goes there to join her husband in their new home. We are glad to have Miss Jess Thomson home again after her long visit in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Howard Willson entertained a few friends at what last Monday evening. News has been received here that two of our town boys have lately joined the ranks of the beneficiaries. We tender our congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Siskin; and also to Mr. and Mrs. Blanch Thomson. Rumor says we are to have a very quiet wedding the week before Christmas, and New Year. We regret that the young lady who is one of our most popular girls is to be married to a young man who is in the great Northwest. BLUE EYES.

YARMOUTH, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Yarmouth by the stores of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest, H. W. Cann and J. A. Craig.] Dec. 12.—Chief among the events of the past week was the first entertainment by the Star course series, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., given in the Boston Marine hall on Thursday last, to a full house. Judge Wm. B. Green, of Brooklyn, New York, impersonator and story teller, for two hours held the attention and delighted his audience with his art and humor. His description of his own official career, as justice of the peace, was certainly funny, as well as his early school days which were wittily as well as beautifully described, bringing in one of two Whittier's and other poets' descriptive school poems; but the finest thing of the evening was the recitation of James Whitcomb Riley's "Knee deep in June," which was beautifully given. His imitations of German, Irish and Southern negro dialects were excellent. The next entertainment of the Star course will probably be in January. Capt. John Murray and his daughter Miss Murphy, have returned from a trip to St. John. Miss Bessie and Julia Moody left Yarmouth for Halifax on Wednesday last, to take the steamer for St. John, N. S., where they intend spending the winter. Mrs. Henrietta Russell, the Deistean lecturer, left for Boston on a Wednesday last after spending a number of days in Yarmouth. She delivered a number of interesting lectures, one of them at Mrs. J. A. Craig's residence on Friday afternoon. Miss Margaret Binney has returned from Digby, N. S., where she spent a few days. Miss Moody has been to Digby on a short visit. Mr. J. D. Bonness, customs' detective, arrived here on Friday last by steamer Boston and left for Digby. Mr. E. H. Oakes, of Lynn, Mass., returned to Boston on Wednesday night. Mr. G. Bradford left for Halifax on Friday last. Mr. George Benney left for Halifax on Friday last. The literary entertainment that was to have been given in connection with Trinity church has been postponed until after Christmas, when there will be given one grand one. Mr. Thomas Conroy left for Halifax on Friday last. Mr. W. D. Lovitt went to Halifax on Tuesday last. Mr. A. Spence was a passenger to Boston on Saturday evening. Mr. Thompson of Annapolis, who has purchased the Star store of Harris and Guest intends moving to Yarmouth, to take possession of the business. Hon. D. Parker, of Halifax, spent a few days in Yarmouth. Mr. Archie Eakins, who was badly hurt from a fall through a hatchway, is again able to get out. Mr. Arthur Cook left on Saturday last for Boston, N. S. The Yarmouth Dickens' club has re-opened for the winter. There are about twenty members. Mr. W. D. Lovitt, intends moving the buildings on the corner of Main and Parole streets and building in the spring a new brick building three stories high, part of which is to be fitted for an Opera house, one of the largest and finest in the lower provinces, the entrance of which will be on Parole street. Dr. Calkin arrived by steamer Boston on Saturday last. H. L. Phillips, of Malden, Mass., left by steamer Boston on Saturday. Capt. A. Burns, of Kingston, arrived on Saturday by the Boston. It is a Mother Goose entertainment to be given in the Y. M. C. A. next week. Hon. D. Parker, of Halifax, spent a few days in Yarmouth. Dr. R. B. Freeman, of Watertown, Mass., was in town on Saturday. N. Seelye, of New York, arrived here last week.

ST. MARYS, N. B. Dec. 11.—Mrs. Charles Brown, who has been very ill lately, is recovering rapidly. Mrs. Thomas Robinson returned to her home at Blackville last week. Miss Russell remained to attend to the house for Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Edward Wilson is slowly recovering from the injuries she received some time ago, and is able to walk about without the aid of a crutch and cane. Mrs. Nelson Foster visited her old home at Lower St. Marys, recently. Miss Pepper has returned from an extended and pleasant visit to the home. The young people are in pleasant anticipation of a grand dance to be given in a few days, at the residence of a trio of charming young ladies, a short distance here lately. Mrs. James Egan, of Fredericton, visited her friends in this place, and Miss Anna and Miss Flora. DARTMOUTH. Dec. 13.—Miss Belle Burgess, has returned from visiting friends in Lowell. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gross spent Sunday in Penobscot. Miss Hetty Wannamaker is spending this week in St. Marys. Mr. Chas. Kicker, of Danvers, Mass., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Gross. Miss E. L. Burgess, spent Thursday and Friday in St. John. The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Scribner were a wooden wedding on Tuesday last, it being the fifth anniversary of their wedding. CHATHAM. Dec. 13.—Mr. J. E. Alzar was in town on Tuesday, the 12th inst. Rev. Mr. Daggert presided in the North Road church on Sunday evening. Mansford Newman was in town on Sunday evening. Geo. Mowry, of Lubec, steamer "Mizpah," registered at the Byron on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Alton have moved into their new home. An old-fashioned "wool warming" takes place there this evening. The funeral of the late Mr. Wm. Lawson, whose death occurred last Friday after a long and painful illness, took place on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended. ASTORIA. Dec. 12.—It is very quiet here now, there is little or nothing to write of. The young people are all too busy preparing Christmas gifts to devote any time to gaiety. It is to be hoped that after Christmas they will make up for these dull times. There has been some talk of organizing a literary society, but of late I have heard nothing of it. Miss Addie Jump went to Alberi, Saturday. The friends of Mrs. John Beatty are glad to see her out again. A number of the young people enjoyed a sleigh drive last week. I hear there is some talk of another one this week. Miss Clara Steeves, of Sali-bury, is the guest of Mrs. John Steeves. The members of the Frances Willard Lodge held a social and oyster supper, last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. N. Steeves. It proved a success financially and socially. The ladies of the sewing circle met at Mrs. Jordan Steeves. DORCHESTER. [Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] Dec. 13.—A very pleasant event occurred this afternoon when Mr. Rufus D. Ward, the prominent post office clerk, was united by marriage to Miss Nellie Harris, one of Dorchester's most prominent young ladies. Mr. Ward is very much thought of on account of his clever and obliging business principles. Mr. W. D. Wilbur returned home from St. John on Monday, where he has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. John Eagles. LITTLE GLACE BAY. Dec. 11.—Mr. McKee, of the Union bank of Halifax, returned Friday after a vacation of two weeks. Mr. Strickland who has been re-lecturing here, left the same day for Halifax. Miss Murray has taken charge of the C. P. R. telegraph office, recently opened here. Miss Mitchell who has been teaching music here, and organist in the Presbyterian church left on Friday for her home in Merigomish, probably to remain the winter. Before leaving she was presented with a valuable bible from the Christian edification society, and a substantial purse from members of the congregation. Miss Kitchens, who has been ill for some time, is improving rapidly. The many friends of Capt. Haviland of the S. S. Edith, will be pleased to hear that he has taken command of a much larger ship the "S. S. Alders estate," and will sail for India shortly. EVANSTON. The latest and best in Military Hair Brushes. Hold in Military Hair Brushes. Hold in Military Hair Brushes. Barber, Druggist, 35 King Street.

AS TO JACKETS. \$7.50 pays for a choice of our stock of Ready-made Garments, not fur-lined, some of which were as high as sixteen dollars. As for cheaper jackets, we have them from three dollars up, so that we will be able to suit all purses as well as all backs. The best evidence that our jackets are superior value is we are willing to abide by the customer's own valuation of them. Misses Jackets That were Eleven Dollars can be bought now for \$5.00. Children's Jackets At \$3.00. Sent to any address by express for examination. GEO. H. MCKAY, 61 King St. BUTTRICK'S PATTERNS

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOOMS. XMAS 1893. Having lately added two large warerooms to my present premises I will have on exhibition on Monday the 18th, a large and handsome stock of CHEMILLE PORTIERS from \$1.25 per pair up. Rugs, Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers, Chairs in Willow, Kaffan, and Oak, Rockers of all Kinds, Derby Cabinets and a full assortment of Fancy Furniture suitable for Xmas Gifts. The Public are respectfully invited to inspect.

A. O. Skinner. FANCY GOODS, Books, Toys, Dolls, Musical instruments, etc. Christmas goods for the coming festive season: Plush toilet sets; Shaving sets, Plush collar and cuff boxes. Ladies companions. Work boxes, Writing desks, Music rolls, Plush and Wool Cabinet frames, Leather card cases, Purses, Pocket books, Cutlery. Books of every description. Toys of every kind and for everyone from baby up. Dolls in China, Wax, Bisque, Compo, Rubber and Wood. Dolls heads all sizes. Musical instruments all prices and qualities. Fire works, Fire crackers, Chinese lanterns. Christmas candles, Christmas tree ornaments, Flags. Games in the leading lines, Wooden goods in sleds, Frames, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Rocking horses, Hobby horses, Etc. Trumpets, Horns and Bagles in hundreds of styles, lots of very cheap toys, Etc., all goods Wholesale and Retail at WATSON & CO'S., Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. Saint John, N. B. P. S. Country orders solicited. Drop in and see our goods.

ST. JOHN HAIR STORE, Miss K. A. HENNESSY, Proprietress, 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel, St. John, N. B. Manufacturer and Importer of Human Hair Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Fronts, Switches, Bangs, &c., &c. Combing made up in any style the hair will allow. Also a choice lot of Perfumes in Cut Glass suitable for Xmas Gifts, a full line of Fancy Hair Pins, ranging from 15c. to \$6.00. Curling Tongs from 3c. to \$1.50 each. Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. MISS K. A. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST.

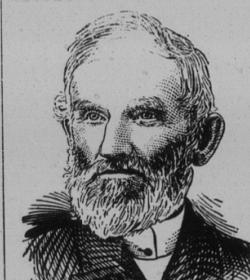
\$10.00 \$10.00 This Ladies Desk of our own manufacture will be delivered at your nearest railway station on receipt of ten dollars. AN AT CHRISTMAS GIFT. A. J. LORDLY & SON, 93 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

Xmas Groceries Bonnell's Grocery, 200 Union St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOLFVILLE, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Wolfville by Messrs. Rockwell & Co.] Dec. 12.—Mr. Henry Blanchard, of Windsor, spent a few days of last week here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Colter White. On Saturday evening last the third lecture of the Star course was delivered in college hall, by Judge William B. Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The hall was well filled by a large and appreciative audience, a special train bringing quite a large number of people from Kentville. Professor Vrona, of Kings college, Windsor, spent Sunday in Wolfville, was the guest of Miss Kizzie Banks, of Waterville, was the guest of the Misses Pratt over Sunday. Mr. Siver, of Windsor, spent Sunday in town. ANNAPOLIS. [Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co.] Dec. 13.—News is very scarce just now. Every one seems content to stay at home. Mrs. De Blon spent last week in Halifax with her brother. Miss Lillie Harris is at home again after a long stay at Kentville. Mr. E. W. Robinson leaves to-day for California where he will spend the winter. Miss Kizzie Banks, of Waterville, was the guest of the Misses Pratt over Sunday. Mr. Siver, of Windsor, spent Sunday in town. B.

LIGHT FOR CHRISTMAS. A large stock of Piano, Table and Banquet LAMPS at lowest prices. J. R. CAMERON, 64 Prince Wm. Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, PROF. E. W. ROBINSON, presents in the shape of Photo. Albums, Photo. Cards, Photo. Post Cards, Photo. Paper, Mounts and Chemicals, Fine Lenses a specialty. ROBINSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 94 Germain St., St. John. 12-16-93. SANTA-CLAUS CAN find some nice skins for the Baby's sleigh, at 240 Union Street, St. John. HIDES AND SKINS WANTED, at 240 Union Street, St. John for which highest price will be paid by Wm. Peters.



Mr. Geo. W. Cook Of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Like a Waterfall After the Grip Tremendous Roaring in the Head Pain in the Stomach. "Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength left and all the time had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and severe sinking pains in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt. HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. John Lorne & Co.] Dec. 12.—The very sudden death of Mrs. H. Harry Smith has cast a gloom over the whole town. Mrs. Smith died on Monday after a few hours' illness. As Miss Lizzie Brayley, of Montreal, she came a bride to Woodstock, little more than a year ago, and in her short married life in our town made many friends who sincerely regret her early demise. The most heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mrs. Smith in her bereavement, and to her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brayley. Mrs. Smith's remains were taken to Montreal by Tuesday night's train for burial. STONDAKE. Dec. 12.—Miss Mary Hainsford returned last week from Andover, where she spent a few days visiting relatives. Mrs. H. B. Kirkpatrick, of Fort Fairfield, Me., and her little daughter, Helen, were here lately on their way to Van Buren. Mr. and Mrs. A. Sisson have returned from Edinamston and will reside here for the winter. Miss Lizzie Condon left the last of November, for Ottawa, where she will attend school until her studies are completed. Miss Nellie Bennett returned to Houlton last week to remain for the winter. Mrs. W. H. West, who has been visiting her daughter in Houlton for the past few weeks, returned home Monday evening. Xmas Perfumes made by the following makers, viz: Roger & Giesler, Lubin, Al. Kinson & Co., B. B. & G. Co., Colgate & Co., N. B. & Co., Crown Perfumery Co., Bayly & Co., Lumbard & others, for sale by W. S. Barber, Druggist, 35 King Street.

to my present premises I will and handsome stock of CHESEBROUGH'S Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers, Kinds, Derby Cabinets and a mass of Gifts. The Public are re-

inner.
uments, etc. Christmas
on:
ush collar and cuff boxes.
Writing desks, Music
frames, Leather card
Cutlery.

one from baby up.
mpo, Rubber and Wood,
qualities, Fire works,
e ornaments, Flags.

CO'S.,
Saint John, N. B.

R STORE,
Proprietress,

Hotel, St John, N. B.

able for Xmas Gifts, a full
TO \$5.00. Curling Tongs
and examine our stock before
MONEY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST.

\$10.00

Desk of our own
will be delivered at
railway station on
ollars.

STMAS GIFT.
DLY & SON,
John, N. B.

ries
ery,

IT FOR CHRISTMAS.

A large stock of
Piano,
Table and
Banquet
LAMPs

at lowest prices.

64
CAMERON, Prince Wm. Street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in
the shape of Photo
albums will please young and old.
We have them from \$5 to \$20.
Order now by mail or call. ROBERTSON
& ALLISON SUPPLY CO., 54 Germain
St. St. John. 12-16-11

AND SKINS WANTED, at 25 Union
Street, St. John for which highest price
paid by Wm. J. Peters.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

IN HAUNTED RESORTS.

ROMANTIC PLACES WHERE THE POET LINGERED.

A Poetic Wanderer in Europe—Gathering the Scenic Beauty of Scotland—The Dove's Nest by Beautiful Gosport—Rydalmere and Rydal Mount.

Wordsworth had much poetical advantage from his continental travels, as well as his Scottish trips. We read how Goldsmith wandered over Europe, playing the flute at inns, in compensation for entertainment; and he, himself, tells us in "The Traveller" how

"The rude Carinthian boor, Against the homeless stranger shut the door."

Wordsworth and his travelling friends had a like experience, for Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria," tells how they were rebuffed and ill-treated in a desolate German hamlet called Hesse Cassel. Expelled from the inn by the irate landlord, they met the mob outside and had a tough time of it. Firebrands were thrown after them from the hearth. "They bivouaced where they could, Coleridge passing his night under a furze bush, well punctured by its thorns." But such experiences make good material for poetry; and long walks on foot, searching out beautiful nooks, penetrating lonely forests, and sometimes resting under the stars, filled his mind with beautiful images, and helped him to become the supreme poet he was,—what Emerson calls "a prophet of the soul."

But it was perhaps to Scotland, which his soul loved, that he owed more, as anyone can see who reads such lovely poems as "Yarrow Re-visited," "To a Highland Girl," "Glen Alnain," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," "Rob Roy's Grave," and "The Jolly Matron of Jedburgh and Her Husband." He tells involuntarily in these poems what an effect this romantic country of Ossian, Burns and Scott, of Wallace, Bruce and Dundee, had in his youthful and vivid imagination. He refers in a poem written in memory of the Ettrick Shepherd, after the death of that poet, to different occasions on which he had crossed the Scottish border:

"When first, descending from the world, I saw the stream of Yarrow glide Along a fair and open valley smitten, The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide."

"When last along his banks I wandered, Through groves that had begun to shed Their golden leaves upon the pathways, My steps the Border Minstrel led."

"The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer, Mid' moulting ruins low he lies; And death upon the braes of Yarrow, Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes."

"No more of old romantic sorrows, The slasher's youth and love-lorn maid; With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten, And Ettrick mourns her Shepherd, dead."

Ah, what days those must have been! Upon these early foot-rambles his sister Dora accompanied him. They visited Ayrshire, and trod in all the footsteps of Burns. He remarked his astonishment that Burns had not made more of the notably beautiful coast scenery of Ayrshire; but Burns did not belong to the descriptive poets, proper, who make the delineation of landscape a special thing. His touches are therefore incidental, but masterly, where they occur—as in "The Vision":

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore, Delighted with the dashing roar; Or when the North his fleecy store Drove thro' the vessel's hoar, Struck thy young eye."

Yet this might just as well have been any other shore as that of Ayrshire. Truth to tell, Burns was better interested inland, where the burnies ran and where the lads and lassies dwelt. But, to Wordsworth, "We can imagine," writes a kindred spirit, "The delighted brother and sister marching on over the beautiful hills, the dark heaths, and down the enchanting vales of the Highlands, conversing eagerly of the scenes they had seen, and the incidents they had heard, till the glowing thoughts had formed themselves in the poet's mind, into almost instant song. These poems have all the character of having been cast, hot from the furnace of inspiration, into their present mould. There is a life, an original freshness, and a native music about them." No human creature could have been dearer to him than the sharer of these poetical excursions.

In 1799, after his return from a tour in Germany, Wordsworth made a settlement at Grasmere, in a house afterward occupied by DeQuincy. This retreat had a picturesque loveliness unknown even to Alfoxden. Here he lived for several years, and here in 1802 he brought his bride, Mary Hutchinson, of Cockermouth. This was the home of his early fame and his early love, and of it the "tallish young woman," DeQuincy describes, "with the most winning expression of benignity upon her countenance,"—or, as the husband himself puts it—

"A Spirit still and bright With something of an angel's light,"—

became the adored mistress. This is the cottage and its surroundings as given by the pen of a skillful describer: "From the gorge of Hammercar, the whole vale of

Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view in style of almost theatrical surprise, with its lovely valley lying before the eye in the distance, the lake lying immediately below, with its solemn ark-like island of four and a half acres in size, seemingly floating on its surface, and its exquisite outline on the opposite shore, revealing all its little bays and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the edge with wild-flowers and ferns. In one quarter, a little wood, stretching for about half a mile towards the outlet of the lake; more directly in opposition to the spectator, a few green fields, and beyond them, just two bow shots from the water, a little white cottage gleaming from the midst of trees, with a vast and seemingly never-ending series of ascents, rising above it to the height of more than three thousand feet. This cottage has been tenanted by two of the greatest writers of our time.

From there the poet, in 1808, removed to Allen Bank, a house in the same district, and but a short remove. Looking across the Grasmere bosom, from the opposite shore, it shows conspicuously among the trees on the hillside, like the white square tower of a church. Far aloof tower the mountains. This place seems to have been in his eye when he described the shepherd's home, in his pastoral poem, "Michael":

"Their cottage on a plot of rising ground stood single, with a large prospect, north and south, High into Easedale, up to Duninal Raise, And westward to the village near the lake; And from that constant light we regular And so far seen, the house itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale, Both old and young, was named the 'Evening Star.'"

But it is with Rydal Mount the life and fame of the great poet of Cumberland is chiefly associated; and, perhaps, no celebrated English residence is better known, or more frequently visited and described. Here he took his family and household gods in 1813, and here he abode for thirty years, and here he died. We will suppose ourselves on the road from Ambleside to Grasmere. We shall come presently to a tree-embowered lane leading us a few steps to the right from the highway, and we shall come by it to a house. Yes, this is Rydal Mount, and this is the cottage, familiar to us by so many engravings! From the elevation we have attained there stretches a glorious view for the lovers of scenery—There is the valley rich in water-glimpses and abounding foliage,—supporting the time of our visit to be summer. Aloof tower the bold, picturesque mountains, loved by the poet, and forever to be associated with his memory. Yonder hill with precipitous side, is Nab-Sar. Look to the left—you see, perhaps in sunset splendour the broad bosom of Windermere! Over against it to the right is the little Grasmere lake—haunt of Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, De Quincy, and many bright ones—under shelter of the hills and embosomed in trees. Streams, rivulets, waterfalls abound in the neighbourhood, and their harmonious voices are on the air. Nowhere could the poet go, but some pathway would lead him to a congenial haunt. Cottages and quiet homes are scattered all about, peeping out of clumps of rich foliage. "Windermere with its wide expanse of waters, its fairy islands, its noble hills, [would in that heyday of song] allure his steps in one direction; while the sweet little lake of Rydal, with its herony and its fine background of rocks, would invite him in another. In this direction the vale of Grasmere would open before him, and Dunmail-raise and Lingdale Pike, with their naked rocky summits, as if hailing him to the pleasures of old companionships." The grounds around the house slope away in terraces, with the trees, now thickly grown, the poet's own hand planted; and you may stray down valleyward by various paths, his musing feet have often trodden. The cottage is plain and snugly embowered in trees and vines. The poet did little pruning, for he loved nature in her wildness, and rather encouraged than restrained her inclination to multiply a shade. Ament this, the story is told that when, one, wandering about the ground with the poet, suggested that he "should really have his laurels pruned a little," the old man smiled, paused, and said, with a pardonable self-complacency,—"Why, I will tell you an anecdote about that: A certain general was going the round of the place attended by the gardener, when he suddenly remarked, as you do, the flourishing growth of the trees, especially of the evergreens, and said; 'Which of all your trees do you think flourishes most here?'" "I don't know, Sir," said James; "but I think the laurel."

"Well, that is as it should be, you know," added the general. "Why it should be so, James could not tell, and made the remark."

"Don't you know," continued the general, "that the laurel is the symbol of distinction for some achievement, and especially in that art of which Mr. Wordsworth is so eminent a master? Therefore it is quite right that it should flourish so conspicuously here."

"By this," continued the poet, "James acquired two new pieces of intelligence; first, that the laurel was a symbol of eminence, and, that his master was an eminent man, of both of which facts he had been before very innocently ignorant."

The interior is briefly described as it was while the poet yet occupied it: "It is at once modest, plain, yet tasteful and elegant. An ordinary dining room, a breakfast room in the centre, and a library beyond, form the chief apartments. There are a few pictures and busts, especially those of Scott and himself, a good engraving of Burns, and the like, with a good collection of books, few of them very modern."

Of course, in the sunset of his fame, after his triumph over the long neglect of the public and the malice of reviewers, that beset him, he was lionised far beyond his heart's content. Rydal Mount overflowed with tourists in the summer; and, though

the poet rated it a nuisance he did not frequently try to abate it. The censor that seemed odious to the nostril of Tennyson waited the elder laureate many a pleasant whiff of perfume. Very like-like in its amusing interest is the picture Howitt gives us of a scene at Rydal Mount:

"The servant came in, announcing that a gentleman and a large party of ladies wished to see the place. 'Very well, they can see it,' said Mr. Wordsworth."

"But the gentleman wished to see you, Sir."

"Who is it?—Did he give his name?"

"No, Sir."

"Then ask him for it."

"The gentleman said he knew Mr. Wordsworth's name very well, as everybody did, but that Mr. Wordsworth would not know his if he sent his card."

"Then say, I am sorry, but I cannot see him."

"The servant once more disappeared, and the poet broke forth into a declamation on the bore of these continual and importunate, not to say impudent, visits. In the midst of it, the servant entered."

"Well, what did the man say?"

"He had had the honor to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington, and that his last remaining wish in life was to shake hands with Mr. Wordsworth."

"This was too good. A universal scream of merriment burst from us. The poet rose, laughing heartily, Mrs. and Miss Dora, Wordsworth, laughing as heartily. The servant pushed him out of the room. In another minute we beheld the worthy host bowing to the man who possessed such irresistible rhetoric, and to his large accompaniment of ladies, and doing the amiable by pointing out to them the beauties of the view."

He lived into ripe old age, to reap the rich harvest he had sowed and abided patiently. It was on the 23rd of April, 1850, that this singer of virtuous and immortal songs passed away, "exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo-clock was striking the hour." We have said nothing of the old town of Cockermouth, where he was born April 7, 1770; nor of Penrith, the abode of his maternal grandparents, frequented in his childhood; nor of Hawkshead, the place of his early school-days; but we must turn for a moment to the grave in the Grasmere churchyard whither, on that April day,

"With dirges due, in sad array," the country people saw the prophet-poet borne. These are plain grave mounds with white head-stones simply lettered.

One of them we read the name of William Wordsworth. He rests among his kindred. "They lie," writes the brother of Hartley Coleridge, "poor Hartley, who is buried near them—in the southeast corner of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck that feeds the lake with its clear water murmuring by their side. Around them are the mountains."

As a spiritual and poetical force it is difficult to estimate the influence of this man. Few of his contemporaries, and of the best intellects since his time, but confess their debt to him. We have not space to describe his person, but it is due to mention that his eyes were characteristic and most important features. They were not large, as DeQuincy tells us, or at any time bright, lustrous or piercing; but after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light; but, under favorable accident, it is a light which seems to come from unfathomed depths; in fact, it is more entitled to be held as "the light radiating from some sea or shore,"—a light radiating from some spiritual world, than any the most idealizing that ever yet painters had created.

His forehead was broad, expansive, his nose a little arched, and large. The mouth was a strong and expressive feature, the well and it, reminded DeQuincy of a certain portrait of Milton. Yet his whole presence was impressive only to the spiritually discerning, and to those who knew what an unusual soul that venerable frame enshrined.

PASTOR FELIX Mothers Uncle Sam.

The feelings of the Government detectives were much shocked three weeks ago by the turning up of a counterfeit treasury note for \$100. It was of the series of 1880, check-letter A, with the head of Lincoln on the face. It was the latest contribution from a remarkable artist, who has been puzzling the authorities for more than a decade. Like all his other productions in this line, it was done entirely in pen and ink. It was actually accepted as genuine at a United States sub-treasury, and was sent thence to Washington for redemption. One of the experts in the redemption division of the treasury, Miss Alma C. Smith, discovered it, and the teller who took it in at the sub-treasury will lose \$100 by the transaction. The counterfeit will not bear close scrutiny, the imitated lathe engraving being only a mass of pen scratches, but it has the dangerous quality of a good general appearance. The pen-and-ink artist is a most extraordinary individual. Up to date he has produced about 25 such counterfeits. They all reach the treasury eventually, and several specimens of his handiwork are on exhibition at the office of the secret service here. Four or five of his notes have been examined, and there have been two fifties. The new one has been the only one for \$100 that he has turned out. He makes up them at the rate of two a year, apparently, and it must take nearly all of his time to do this work, which is evidently executed under a high-power magnifying glass. Of course, the labor cannot be profitable, and it is supposed that he does it for amusement. It is his little lad. Inasmuch as they come from all parts of the country, it must be that he is a gentleman of leisure and travels from city to city. Little hope is entertained of ever catching him, and it is likely that he will always remain a mystery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S Guide to Shoppers in Search of CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 20c, 33c, 50c, 75c each. Lawn Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, 55c, 75c. Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, \$1.25; do., per half dozen, \$1, \$1.65, \$2.50. Linen Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, very low prices, half doz. in fancy box. Handkerchiefs for boys, Handkerchiefs for girls in boxes; special line of Silk Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen on our show counter, 20, 35, 50, 65c. A Lace Handkerchief, a Gauze Handkerchief, Swiss Emb'd Handkerchiefs. Irish Hand Emb'd Handkerchiefs, Morocco Shopping Bags. Antelope Shopping Bags, the Boston Cloth Bags, Leather and Silk Bags. Opera Glass Bags, Chatelaine Bags, Ladies' Fitted Cases, Gents' Fitted Cases. Ladies' Fitted Bags, Gents' Fitted Bags, American Portmonies. Foreign Portmonies, Card Cases, Hair Brushes in leather cases, Collar Boxes. Cuff Boxes, Shaving Cases, Jewel Cases, Manicure Sets, Hand Glasses. A very choice stock of Stamped Linen Work, viz: Doylies, Centre pieces. Veil Cases, Glove Cases, Handkerchief Cases, Necktie Cases, Tea Cosie Cases. Painted Plush Cushions and Saddle Bags to match. RIBBONS for XMAS FANCY WORK. Boys' Wool and Cashmere Hose, Girls' Wool and Cashmere Hose. Ladies' Wool Hose, Ladies' Silk Hose, Ladies' Lisle Hose, Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Black and Colored Gaiters. FANS, FANS, FANS—what is more acceptable than a pretty fan?

Embroidery and Knitting Silks. a Lace Mat, a Pair Emb'd Pillow Shams. A pair Irish Open Work Pillow Shams, a dozen Doylies. A Sideboard Strip, a Bureau Strip, a Tray Cloth, a dozen Napkins. A Damask Cover, a 5 o'clock Tea Cloth, a Fancy Ajour Cloth. A Tamask Table Cloth, a dozen Towels. Fancy Damask Table Cloth and Napkins to match. Irish Cloths and Napkins to match, Irish made Pillow Slips. Irish Sheeting, Irish Pillow Linen, a Marsella Quilt, a pair Blankets. A Flannel Tea Gown, a Cashmere Dress, a Silk Dress, a Lace Dress, a Wool Dress, a Wool Shawl, a Print Dress. A Cardigan Jacket, a Wool Cloud, a Wool Toque. Yards Grey Flannel, yards Fancy Flannel, yards Shaker Flannel. Yards White Cotton, yards White Sheeting, yards Grey Sheeting. A pair Boys' Gloves, a pair Girls' Gloves, a pair Ladies' Gloves. Ladies' Suede Gloves, Ladies' Fancy Silk Gloves, Ladies' Lined Gloves. Boys' Chamoo Gloves, Boys' Calf' Gloves, Misses' Kid Gloves. Ladies' Fancy Silk Dress Fronts, Boys' Collars, Ladies' Collars. Slipper Patterns, a Ladies' Umbrella, Fancy Baskets, Scrap Baskets. An Eiderdown Quilt, an Eider Cushion, a Wool Quilt, a Fancy Cushion. A Fancy Easel, an Oak Easel, an Oak Screen, a Medicine Cabinet. A Fancy Stool, an Umbrella Stand, a China Cabinet, an Oak Hat Rack.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

A FEATHERED MISCHIEF.

The English Sparrow as he may be Seen in St. John.

I believe that in the bottom of our hearts we all love impudence or rather use a strong word which has almost become a classic check. There is something about the courage of audacity which seems to appeal to human nature, and attract admiration, where the most beautiful modesty and retiring meekness fail to cause any responsive thrill in the average heart, beyond a sensation of lukewarm, and patronizing approval. And somehow impudence will win the day in many a struggle where quiet dogged courage fails, and strength counts for but little; you can't call it a virtue by any means but still it pays somehow, and the truly audacious person will always make his way in the world and win more friends in one week, oftentimes than far more deserving people would succeed in collecting around them in a year.

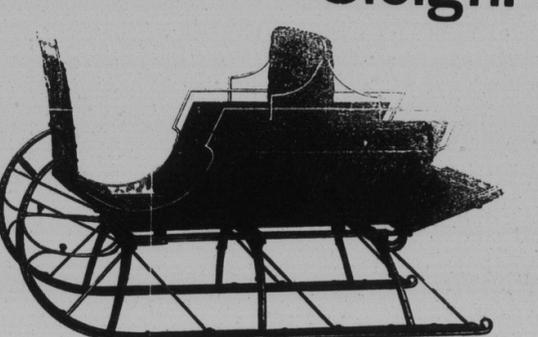
Take the English sparrow, for instance. There is more clear, sheer concentrated essence of impudence to the square inch, in one English sparrow, than in a whole herd of trained elephants; they are professional tramps and squatters; they have never done a stroke of work in the whole course of their turbulent little lives; they are ungrateful, quarrelsome, spending their lives in ceaseless bickerings, squabbling and wrangling and yelling at each other like Tim Healey. Not only do they fight and scold at each other, but they carry the war into every camp within reach; they fight everything that is less than ten times their size, they camp in the warmest corner of the barn in winter or they take possession of the best tree in the garden in summer, and chatter and fight until they render the lives of the nominal owners both of barn and garden, a burden to them, they bully the hens, try conclusions with any pugnaciously inclined rooster in the barn-yard, ill treat the pigeons, and hurl defiance at the cat, from the safe vantage ground of the nearest clothes prop, or fligpole; keeping every living thing around them in ceaseless ferment and having the most delightful time imaginable themselves.

And yet, we who suffer most from these belligerent little tyrants never lose an opportunity of being kind to them. "The poor little birds," we say "they must be fed," so we save the crumbs for them, and all the pieces of dry bread, and feed these unprincipled pirates just as if they were the most deserving poor in the world. I have just watched a flock of sparrows cheating a half dozen hungry pigeons out of their scanty dinner, hence these reflections and if I ever witnessed a triumph of impudence over strength it was then: the pigeons could have devoured the sparrows as they tried it they had only plucked up the necessary courage, but they never dreamed of resisting, only "took ground" in a faint protest, and then retired worried and heart broken to complain to such plaintive voices from the neighboring rook. Oh, yes, impudence will pay if you only just know how to use it, and are not troubled with very much conscience.

Your health mothers, fathers, and that you may be able always to buy trinkets and toys for your children. But wouldn't that boy like an ulster as well as a dozen other trinkets—better perhaps—Let him say.

OAK HALL, SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., King St., The Corner Big Shop, St. John.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleight this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale. 3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Sir Charles colt, 4 years old, bay, kind and good; stock of 10 brand new carriages to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordes, Trapcoaches, Carriage top buggies. A different style of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.

STARTLING SPECTACLES OF NORWAY MOUNTAIN LIFE.

Quiet Churchyards and Curious Customs—Waterfalls Twenty Times Higher than Niagara—Peculiar People and Magnificent Scenery—The Sæter's Life.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—There is much about Norwegian scenery, scenes and incidents worth relating discursively, which is likely to prove healthful to succeeding travellers, in their experiences, or entertaining to readers who can only travel in this stern and mighty land of the North by the not unpleasant journeyings of fancy with kindly tempered writers for their willing guides.

There are no roadside shrines, save of nature's exclusive handiwork, in all Norway. Indeed one travelling along the grand stone roadways almost feels a longing for those "mote connecting links" of human and spiritual interest. Groups of peasants kneeling before crosses, or flags beside consecrated fountains, are here never seen. The only objects by the wayside to possibly pique curiosity or interest are upright stone posts on which are cut or painted enigmatic figures. Not even an antiquarian sentiment can be conjured by these. Their significance is very great, however, to the landed proprietors, for they relate with nice exactitude the number of metres each is compelled to keep in perfect repair in summer and wholly clear of drift snow and other obstructions in winter.

Another scene possessing similar features and yet with some added elements of majestic grandeur is found in the Narodal, where that shorter, but still more intensely gloomy gorge opens out, above Gudvangen, from the sombre, mountain-walled Narofjord. The Narodal is but eight miles in length; but its walls are so close; its two famous waterfalls, the Stalheim fots and the Sive fots, are such mighty and lofty exhibitions of force and power, as though the upper ice fields were all pouring over the cliffs their combined pulverized masses; the river—mad river always roars through the wondrous Norwegian dale—is so foaming and thunderous; while the mighty mountains rise to such awful heights there about your head, the kingly Jordalsnut with its oval crown towering precipitously above all; that the whole scene is one of surpassing solemnity and unparalleled savage grandeur. It is said that there is but one other scene in all the Old World equalling this Narodal, and that is the Pass of the Taurus in Asia Minor.

Norway is above all else, a land of mighty waterfalls. None so wide or discharges such a vast volume of water as Niagara, but there are perhaps five hundred or one thousand that the most hurried traveller cannot fail of seeing, which are several times higher, scores of ten times as high; and the waters of several are a perpendicular descent of twenty times the fall of those of our American "thunder of water." I have no doubt that there are still in unexplored districts of this wondrous Northland far more majestic waterfalls from glacier-melting heights than have yet met the tourist's wondering or impassive gaze; for the whole face of Norway is simply an ice-mountain rent and torn into almost measureless fissures and gorges between which creep arms of the sea, and into which everlastingly descend torrents, and waterfalls from the melting ice plateaus and mountains above.

The Loughen and Glommen rivers, the largest two in Norway, discharge their united waters in the Sarpen-fots a more noble waterfall than that of Schaffhausen on the Rhine. In the upper Telemarken district is the Rinkan-fots, literally the reeking or steaming waterfall, in which drops in height from its source over 800 feet into a gulch, wall-surrounded cauldron, so clogged with fleecy-like folds of vapor that its bottom cannot be seen. In sailing along the fjords you can count hundreds of falls from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high; so high that the water is often pounded by the resistance of the air into spray, from spray into mist, and this into such ghostly wreaths of vapor that they disappear into nothingness before the fiord or valley level is gained.

The most impressive waterfalls of Norway so far known are the Voering-fots and the Skjoggedal-fots. Both these are in the Hardanger district, noted also for its sublime fiord and mountain scenery, the latter comprising the vast Folgetond or glacier-field, and its handsome, hospitable, picturesque and thoroughly characteristic peasantry. The Voering-fots is reached from Vik, on the Eid Fiord, a branch of the noble Hardanger. The going and coming, leisurely done, requires a day. You ride in the saddle to the little Oloiford; are rowed upon this to the Maabo Farm; and here fother ponies are secured for a long and dangerous scramble up and down a wild and broken mountain into the exquisite valley of Maabo. It is like a giant bowl carved out of ebony with an emerald bottom. The sides rise thousands of feet to fiilds never free of snow or ice. The Bjopra river brawls and foams through the valley. At one side is a wild ravine 3,000 feet deep. Into this pours the Voering-fots from an altitude of 2,225 feet. The upper masses are split and broken for 1,200 feet, where they accumulate in a gigantic rock basin, and, then with added tremendous force make their final awful plunge for between 700 and 800 feet.

volubly insists that you must accept her kindly offering. Then you take the vessel, but only the slightest sip of milk, and return it with further manifestations of unworthiness. This enables her to further urge and insist, whereupon you accept the civility heartily and take a long draught. You will be a fortunate traveler, then, if you are not forced, by the woman's fears that you are not quite sure of your welcome, to drink not a pint, but a gallon!

Perhaps the great gorge of Romsdal furnishes the most amazing number of water falls to be seen from any one point in all the world. The spectacle of from a score to half a hundred, each from 500 to 3,000 feet in height; a mighty torrent, the River Rauma, thundering along beside you, itself in places a series of tremendous cascades, solid walls of stone rising precipitously at either side from 3,000 to 4,000 feet; wherever a break in the gorge occurs, either some weird horn of stone piercing the sky line above, or endless mountain chains showing caps of glittering white; and this not for a little distance, but for nearly fifty miles—is all so different from any other scene in any other land, so bewildering in its very superabundance of grandeur, and almost so appalling either in sight or memory, that the successive scenes are impossible of fitting description by writer or painter, and almost incomprehensible to one who looks in awe upon them.

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Norway is above all else, a land of mighty waterfalls. None so wide or discharges such a vast volume of water as Niagara, but there are perhaps five hundred or one thousand that the most hurried traveller cannot fail of seeing, which are several times higher, scores of ten times as high; and the waters of several are a perpendicular descent of twenty times the fall of those of our American "thunder of water." I have no doubt that there are still in unexplored districts of this wondrous Northland far more majestic waterfalls from glacier-melting heights than have yet met the tourist's wondering or impassive gaze; for the whole face of Norway is simply an ice-mountain rent and torn into almost measureless fissures and gorges between which creep arms of the sea, and into which everlastingly descend torrents, and waterfalls from the melting ice plateaus and mountains above.

The Loughen and Glommen rivers, the largest two in Norway, discharge their united waters in the Sarpen-fots a more noble waterfall than that of Schaffhausen on the Rhine. In the upper Telemarken district is the Rinkan-fots, literally the reeking or steaming waterfall, in which drops in height from its source over 800 feet into a gulch, wall-surrounded cauldron, so clogged with fleecy-like folds of vapor that its bottom cannot be seen. In sailing along the fjords you can count hundreds of falls from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high; so high that the water is often pounded by the resistance of the air into spray, from spray into mist, and this into such ghostly wreaths of vapor that they disappear into nothingness before the fiord or valley level is gained.

The most impressive waterfalls of Norway so far known are the Voering-fots and the Skjoggedal-fots. Both these are in the Hardanger district, noted also for its sublime fiord and mountain scenery, the latter comprising the vast Folgetond or glacier-field, and its handsome, hospitable, picturesque and thoroughly characteristic peasantry. The Voering-fots is reached from Vik, on the Eid Fiord, a branch of the noble Hardanger. The going and coming, leisurely done, requires a day. You ride in the saddle to the little Oloiford; are rowed upon this to the Maabo Farm; and here fother ponies are secured for a long and dangerous scramble up and down a wild and broken mountain into the exquisite valley of Maabo. It is like a giant bowl carved out of ebony with an emerald bottom. The sides rise thousands of feet to fiilds never free of snow or ice. The Bjopra river brawls and foams through the valley. At one side is a wild ravine 3,000 feet deep. Into this pours the Voering-fots from an altitude of 2,225 feet. The upper masses are split and broken for 1,200 feet, where they accumulate in a gigantic rock basin, and, then with added tremendous force make their final awful plunge for between 700 and 800 feet.

Something like the journey to the Voering-fots that to the Skjoggedal-fots is made by land and water, but ponies cannot be utilized. One must walk. The scenery all the way from the hamlet of Odde is sufficiently grand, comprising many other important waterfalls, lovely mountain peaks, sombre gorges, and rearward, the vast spectral expanse of the Folgetond ice-fields. The last part of the journey is by row boat across a magnificent mountain lake, 1,500 feet above the sea, the Ringedalsvand, into which the Skjoggedal-fots really pours its waters. The total height of this lion of Norwegian waterfalls does not exceed that of the Voering-fots, but its surroundings are more weirdly savage and grand. The water descends at first in a score of veil-like streamers, dazzling white against a black. From the vast and terribly thunderous abyss where these leap and rebound with frantic fury one mighty fall descends. From the second great whirlpool the entire volume is discharged, something like the Niagara rapids, though in steeper cascades, into the Ringedalsvand still a thousand feet below the bottom of the great fall.

Not having traversed the glacier fields of Norway, I can have no knowledge of the vast and overpowering scenes that may be gained from their frozen heights. But all things considered, and admitting the human element into scenic effects with its

always warmth of influence, I believe the two finest views to be had in Norway are at Molde, and the "King's View" from above Sundvalden. From an easily accessible great elevation behind Molde one can gaze not only upon human habitations beneath, the sea sweeping in through the tremendous Matterhorn of Norway; Snehatten with its white and dazzling helmet; the weird and mighty horn of Perputand; the serrated glittering pikes of the Langfield; and those mighty still unknown and untracked heights at the head of that waterway of black shadows, the lone and sombre Sor Fiord.

From the inn at Sundvalden one may ascend on foot the huge mountain which gives access to King's View. The latter portion of the ascent is exceedingly difficult. When near the top, but not expecting the sudden surprise in store, on turning a sharp angle of the rock, the whole mighty picture is instantly spread before you. First is a tremendous fertile plain, studded with lakes, the lakes with islands, the land between with hamlets, farms, churches and all the splendid evidences of human thrift and home provision; and this vast plain is encircled by lines of forest, then tiers of eternal stone ribboned with waterfalls, then mountains of rock, mountains of snow, mountains of ice—the whole melting into pictures as filmy, fantastic and ethereal as the substance of half-dreamed dreams. I know of no other such extensive view in all the world; no other once so exquisitely beautiful, so incomprehensibly vast, and so surpassingly sublime. From Etna alone is there scene for even comparison. That one the sea cramps and confines and compresses into a narrow strip of land in which live brigands and serfs. Here are a free, happy and prosperous people whom it almost seems that God is actually smiling through the ineffable glow of dazzling mountain tops. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

PROVED HIS COURAGE.

The Remarkable Act of a Federal Officer Who Had Been Accused of Cowardice.

War times and adventures was the burden of the conversation among a half-dozen veterans of the civil war the other day. War stories are always entertaining, and I know of no other such extensive view in all the world; no other once so exquisitely beautiful, so incomprehensibly vast, and so surpassingly sublime. From Etna alone is there scene for even comparison. That one the sea cramps and confines and compresses into a narrow strip of land in which live brigands and serfs. Here are a free, happy and prosperous people whom it almost seems that God is actually smiling through the ineffable glow of dazzling mountain tops. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"I have read many stories," said one of the old soldiers, "of individual exhibitions of bravery during the war, but I witnessed a duel between two officers of high rank that had I read it I would have believed it the product of imagination."

The veteran was a great story teller, and the party into which the reporter had intruded settled down prepared for something interesting. "During the early days of the war," said the old warrior, the Federals who had already driven the rebels from southern Kentucky, were much troubled down in Christian county by a Col. Woodward, who, I believe, lived near Lafayette, in that county. He was in the habit of visiting his home with a small party of skirmishers, and he always carried away with him a number of horses and supplies. The raids were uniformly successful because of their audacity, and Woodward was in charge of that territory. A number of Northern officers, noted for their sagacity and courage, were entrusted with the task of capturing or killing Woodward, but he was too much for them. The Southern sympathizers of whom there were many in the region, enjoyed the work of the fruitless efforts to end the career of the audacious rebel, and the Union officers were exasperated by the ill-concealed amusement of the neighborhood at their expense.

"Finally a Major Brackett—I think he was from north of Ohio—volunteered to put an end to the depredations of Woodward. By some means he learned that the Confederate, with a small force would visit Lafayette one night, and an elaborate plan for his capture was arranged. Soon enough the raider put in an appearance, as had been expected, and Major Brackett thought his game was at last corralled. Woodward was at last surrounded, and Major Brackett thought, and the signal was given to the Union men to close in. They did so, but just as they thought the game was up for the rebel, they were suddenly attacked from several quarters simultaneously and demoralization ensued. Major Brackett swore and cursed, and the whole force fled pell-mell, carrying the commanding officer with them. They went at a wild pace through Lafayette, followed by the jeering taunts of the southern sympathizers.

"Though no one had the temerity to say it to his face, Major Brackett felt that he was regarded as a coward, and he was naturally exasperated. It developed later that Woodward's force had been greatly inferior, numerically, to that of Brackett's. Consequently he had to submit to a deal of chaffing from his brother officers, and, being of a sensitive nature, it hurt him more than he would acknowledge. He seemed to think that his reputation for personal courage had suffered, and he was all but frantic for an opportunity to prove that he was no coward. Brackett was soon after assigned for duty in the neighborhood of Memphis, where he did good work, but nothing, as he thought, to repair his shattered reputation.

"One day, however the longed-for opportunity came. At the head of a skirmishing party he was quietly marching down the road when suddenly he came upon a similar party of Confederates. The unexpected meeting threw both parties into confusion, and before either had a chance to form for a fight, Brackett ordered his men to remain quiet and rode forward. It was a remarkable course, and, I believe, without a parallel in the history of the war, but he challenged the commanding officer of the rebels to a personal conflict. "It happened that the rebel officer was Major Valentine, whose home was in Memphis. He was one of Ford's men, and had a reputation as a man of aggressive personal daring. He was surprised at the unusual challenge, but he immediately accepted, and the two officers, in plain view of their commands, galloped toward each other with drawn sabres. They went at

each other like knights of old, and a thrilling duel followed. The horses turned, charged and roared with wonderful rapidity. The sabres hissed viciously. Blood was drawn on both sides. The officers charged again, Brackett made a savage cut at Valentine, who dodged. The officers charged again. The rebel officer made a backward cut as he passed, and the blade struck Brackett square across the back of the neck. His head dropped to one side, he reeled and fell from his horse. They picked him up, but he was dead. The blow had broken his neck. He had proved his courage, but died in the attempt. They buried him by the roadside, and the two forces withdrew without firing a shot. I was with Valentine's force, and I never witnessed a similar fight, and never hope to do so."

THINGS OF VALUE.

No man will wake up in the morning and find himself famous unless he has worked hard the day before.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING, Halifax.

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I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MARKHAM, ONT. C. S. BILLING.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast, and that it is which crowns a welcome.—Massinger.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice. At Montreal a Bridge of Size; But Putner's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health.

Which all sick men should prize. Experience takes dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

Curious Coincidence.

On a recent Sunday evening in Chicago, while the pastor of the Eldon Avenue Baptist church was preaching, as he chanced to lift his eyes to the ceiling, he saw a spark fall from the dome, with other signs of fire. Realizing the situation, he simply announced to his congregation that he should not proceed farther in his sermon, also that the closing services would be omitted, asking them to disperse quickly but quietly. The people had hardly time for a feeling of surprise at this announcement, when it was noticed that the house was on fire. Urged by the pastor to retire without excitement, the congregation passed out without a panic, several gentlemen present exerting themselves to that end. Mr. Barbour's text was the passage in Genesis xix., 17, "Escape for thy life," and he had just repeated the text at the close of a sentence when the fire broke out. He had the self-restraint not to allow it to appear how fitted to the occasion his words had been; the coincidence, however, was a noticeable one.

His Idea of Society.

A gentleman and his wife, who were travelling in Sicily, tell in conversation one day with the driver of the vehicle in which they were riding.

"I was not always as you see me," said the coachman sadly. "I once occupied a much higher position."

The travellers pricked up their ears for a romantic story of nobility in distress.

"Yes," added the coachman, "I was once a brigand, and all the men of my family occupied the same honorable position; but I became engaged to a girl whom I loved to distraction; and my fiancée, disliking the profession on account of its risks, persuaded me to give it up; so now I am only an ordinary coachman."

Mr. Charles Santley, the baritone, is an ardent amateur painter, and much of his leisure is devoted to the cultivation of his artistic tastes.



IN A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have

comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

HOW SHE DID IT.

She wanted to buy one of those fashionable three collared capes, but times were hard, and Mr. Sensible told her he could not afford to buy her one. "But why don't you rip your old coat apart and have it made over?" "What, that old, dark colored thing? Why it's all worn and shabby." Never mind how old it is," replied Mr. S. "Take it to UNGAR'S when you have it ripped and he will make it look like new."

And the end of it was, she did. And although counted a truthful woman, Mrs. S. tells her friends, without moving a muscle, that she bought her new cape on King Street for \$12.50.

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Sunday Reading.

THE CHARITY BALL.

Kitty had been to the charity ball, and the charity ball was very fashionable; there was no doubt about that. Kitty had eaten a late supper, returned home, gone to bed and to sleep; there was no doubt as to that either. She recollected distinctly throwing one shoe under the bed and the other into a corner, saying "Good night" to her own image in the looking-glass, twisting the figure of a butterfly till her fingers ached, before she discovered that it was not the gas-stopper, and then laughing sleepily at all her mistakes. She even remembered the first dream of her sleep, which was something about charity diamonds, chicken-salad lancers and ice-cream waltzes. No; there was no doubt that she had gone through all this; yet there she was, staring in at the window of the great ball-room, and the ball was just commencing. Could she have gone to sleep on the window-sill in some mysterious manner? No; she was outside, and standing in the air, with somebody holding on to her hand! "Oh, dear," thought Kitty, mournfully, "I must have drunk some wine somehow. How strange it is! I wonder how I came here! But what a cold hand holds mine! It's not papa's, for it makes me shiver. He must be horrid. I won't look at him. So! There did not seem to be much need of the resolve, however, for the person who held her hand did not move nor seem to care whether she saw him or not, but quietly looked in with her. So, at last, like most girls, Kitty's curiosity got the better of her, and she cautiously glanced out of the corners of her eyes. Beside her she saw an old man. His beard and hair were long and white, and dropped about his neck and shoulders, like falling snow. Upon his head was lightly placed a crown, as of frostwork, so delicate was its texture. Robes, long and dark, and cold to look at, were broad folds from his shoulders, and fell in folds to his waist by a girle of twinkling stars. He was gazing in at the brilliant assemblage with a sad, melancholy expression upon his face. Kitty looked at his robes. "How very old-fashioned!" she thought, "and aged, very aged." "Yes," murmured the old man; "old, very old." Kitty started. He read her thoughts, evidently. She was sorry now she had thought it, he looked so sad. "Who are you?" asked Kitty, timidly. "And why have you brought me here?" "I am the Cold Night," said the old man, slowly turning his eyes toward her. His eyes were sharp and piercing, yet full of kindness. "And I have brought you here that you might see how great your charity is, for I heard this was a charity ball." "Yes," said Kitty nervously. "I am a friend of the poor," continued the Cold Night; "and I love to see charity." He looked back into the ball-room as he spoke. "You see all your friends here?" "Yes," said Kitty, brightening up, and gazing inside with something of a proud look. "There's Florry Hall right before the window now. She has those beautiful, solitary diamonds in her ears. Oh, dear, how bright they look! I wish I had them!" "But you had the handsomest dress," said the Cold Night, sadly. "Oh, yes," exclaimed Kitty, quickly. "It was of the richest silk and cost several hundred dollars. Papa was so kind." "And was it bought for charity?" asked the Cold Night. "Why, no," answered Kitty, in surprise. "For me, of course." "But the ball is for charity?" Kitty began to be bewildered by so much catching, and she was much relieved when he led her away. They descended the grand entrance, where he pointed out two little beggars, a boy and a girl, who fiddled and sang, and asked a penny of the rich people descending from the carriages. "You passed them by to-night?" "Yes," said Kitty, "but they are horrid beggars." The Cold Night was silent, and Kitty was afraid she might have said something wrong, so she added: "And common street fiddlers." But the Cold Night said nothing. They both watched the little duo—Tossey and Tibby, the Cold Night said—and drew nearer to hear what they would say. People, rich with money and great in charity, carefully passed them by, for they were ragged beggars, and fiddled and sang. It was cold, very cold; and Tossey played very, very slowly, while the breath of Tibby's quivering plaint disappeared despairingly in the frosty air. The wheels of carriages seemed to creak in sympathy, as they crushed down the snow. Yes, it was cold indeed, yet they fiddled and sang untroubled, while the rich people alight and passed up the grand entrance, after glancing contemptuously at the poor little duo, who fiddled and sang as the brilliant dresses disappeared in the distant doorway; but finally stopped as the last carriage drove away. "I suppose we look too awful," said Tossey, wetting his lips and feeling vacantly in the small pocket, which, God knows, had not seen so much as a dime for many and many a day. "Yes," said Tibby, "but I do feel so hungry, and I sang so loud, and I tried so hard, and—" Tibby slightly sobbed and silently used a small piece of her shawl to wipe away a large tear. "Don't cry," said Tossey tremulously; "let's move on, and perhaps we'll find a little something." Oh, if we only had a few pennies! Tossey took Tibby's hand and they started to move away. "Oh, Mr. Cold Night," exclaimed Kitty sorrowfully, "let me give them something—poor little things!" "But they are beggars," answered the Cold Night. Kitty looked ashamed. She could feel herself blush, even though she was cold

"Yes," said Tossey; "and the poor little girl as has the sick mother. Praps they'll find them and help them, too." The Cold Night waved his hand above them, and they both shivered, and said how cold it was. Tossey tried to play a note on his violin, but the strings creaked so dimly that he laid it aside. Then they sang together the sweet little song of charity which Tibby had sung to the rich people; and as they sang, the Cold Night spread his mantle slowly around them until they were fast asleep. "Oh, sir!" cried Kitty, "spare them, and let them live." "No," said the cold night, "they are too poor to live. They must die." Kitty fell on her knees before him. "Oh, sir!" she pleaded beseechingly, "I am rich, and will take care of them, and relieve them from suffering." But the Cold Night raised his hand and pointed upward, saying: "Too late, too late!" As he spoke, he took the beggars in his arms and slowly rose up toward the stars, leaving Kitty sobbing on the ground. As she got to her feet, she heard, high in the air, the song that the beggars sang, the song of sweet charity, swelling to a mighty chorus, as one would think to celebrate a mighty deed—mighty in the sight of heaven. She tried to raise her head, but could not; she seemed bound to the earth by a great weight as of gold, while above the song grew fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased, and then she fell into a deep swoon. It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke, and the sun was shining brightly into her window. In the hall the maid was humming a subdued song as she went blithely about her work; while without, the white smoke of morning fires—signs of stirring life—curled upward from the chimney-tops into the cool air as if glad to meet the light of day. "It was only a dream; yet, oh, how vivid!" thought Kitty, as she rubbed her eyes again and again, surprised to see the walls of her own pretty room actually around her. "Only a dream, only a dream; yet, how full of truth!" cheerily rang the milkman's bell as Kitty donned her morning dress; while, as she passed down the broad staircase, the great hall clock seemed to say: "Only a dream, only a dream; yet there's a lesson; yet there's a lesson;" and Kitty pondered. A year from that time Kitty passed by the same old clock; but this time it said, as it ticked, ticked away: "Only a dream; yet it has made her an angel—an angel of mercy to suffering need. Her name, so dear to us, is a name of love among the poor. Ah, happy, happy was the day when, to her eyes, a dream revealed true charity."

OUR RESPONSIBILITY. Knowledge of One's Weaknesses Necessary to their Reformation. Neither God nor common sense will allow us to throw our responsibility back upon parents or others. Every man has his weak point, except he be weak all over; that weak point he must especially guard. No chain is stronger than its weakest link; when pressure is put upon it every other link may stand, but the chain falls of its purpose because of one weak spot. A bow in the hand of a boy a day or two ago seemed to be entirely strong except at one point, a point at which the carpenter in cutting a wedge had made a slight nick in the bow itself. The boy adjusted the arrow, drew the bow with force to send the arrow to a distant mark; and, at the point where the edge of the chisel had touched it, the bow snapped. The bow was only as strong as its weakest point; so it is with the resolution, conduct, and character of every man or woman. That point must be most carefully guarded and constantly strengthened. Knowledge of one's weakness is necessary to the formation of a worthy character and to victory over inherent evil tendencies. A holy life will consist in part in discovering our weak points that we may so fortify them as to become invincible. There are also habitual sins, which may be called easily-besetting sins. These may be the outcome of the constitutional trend of which we have spoken. The tendency may be gratified until it becomes a habit, and the habit may be indulged until it becomes character, and the character may be so developed as to determine destiny.



Saved Her Life. Mrs. C. J. Woodhouse, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to find it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew freer, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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See that G.B. MARK. Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

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Hartland, N. B., Oct. 31, 1893.

Gentlemen: Groder's Syrup still lead. I sold two half dozen lots on Friday last and one half dozen lot yesterday-- yesterday I sold ten bottles, six at one sale, and two at one, and two sales of one each. I have heard good reports from former sales, and I have faith in it myself as a cure for Dyspepsia, if taken. Yours Respectfully, WM. E. THISTLE, Druggist.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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TOMORROW IS SUNDAY, And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have. Come and see us. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

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A RUSH

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of those fashionable three hard, and Mr. Sensible buy her one. "But why art and have it made over?" "I don't know. Why it's all and how old it is," replied G. A. R.'S when you see it look like new."

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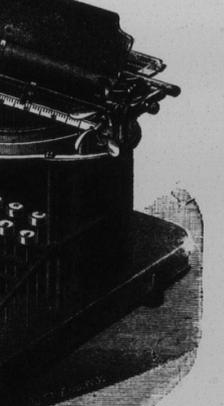
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AIKING THEIR AFFAIRS.

THE SHATFORDS' WAR OF AFFIDAVITS IN COURT.

Mr. Shatford's Broadside of Facts Have Shattered Those Presented By His Affiant's Indecent Spouse—Young Men Who Made Fools of Themselves.

The Shatford case has created so much interest throughout the Maritime provinces, and the first statements of Mrs. Shatford regarding her husband were so widely circulated both in this paper and in others, that it is only right that Mr. Shatford's answer to them, especially regarding the indecent and capricious of his wife, should be given a place in Progress; besides they are very interesting. In his principal affidavit in answer to those made by Mrs. Shatford, Mr. Shatford swears as follows:

That I believe that said Marion Shatford is not a fit and proper person to have the charge and control of my said children, and I have many good and substantial reasons for my said belief. About three years after my marriage I began to notice that the conduct of my said wife with various young men was to say the least very indiscreet indeed, frequently speaking to her on the subject, when she would ask my forgiveness and promise to do better in the future. For seven nights in succession during the summer of 1891 my wife had in the house as visitors to herself until eleven o'clock or midnight either one of two young men named Harry Kaye and Claude Evelle and sometimes both. On the seventh evening, being Sunday, they came to tea at my house without my knowledge or consent. Upon their arrival my wife told me that they had been invited by her to stay. I called her to my room and talked to her about it. She treated the matter as a joke. I felt so badly I left the house before tea, went to the club; from the club I went to the house of Charles Campbell and talked with Elizabeth R. Campbell and Annie G. Partelow and begged them to speak to my wife on the subject and tried to put a stop to her indiscretions, and to persuade her to confine herself more to the society of her family. The said Elizabeth R. Campbell and Annie G. Partelow said they thought that my wife had a right to ask whomsoever she pleased to my house, but finally admitted that I should have on Sunday night at least the society of my wife to myself. I returned to my house about half past nine o'clock. The said young men were still there. I immediately left my said house and went to the New Victoria Hotel where I spent the night, which is the occasion I stayed out all night as set forth in the eighth paragraph of the affidavit of Marion S. Shatford. Next day my wife sent a letter to me at my office my sister Florence begging forgiveness asking me to return home. I sent word to her that I would not return to my house until I could feel absolutely sure that the indiscretion with young men should cease, which intention I was determined to carry out. I did not return to my house for breakfast, lunch or dinner, taking these at the club. About eight o'clock that evening my wife came to my office on Water Street and then and there swore to be a good wife and mother. These were her very words. About nine o'clock after finishing my work I returned with her to my house.

Everything went well apparently and she received fewer visits from young men at my house, but she would often remain out of my house when I was at home alone, till ten o'clock or even later, occasionally saying that she was at her mother's and had called on Mrs. Byron on her way home. During the four weeks previous to, and including the time of the holding of the Fair of Nations in the Lassdown rink, she was rarely in the house till ten or half past eleven o'clock, stating that she was assisting in making preparations for the fair. I was very reluctant to consent that she should take any part in the fair, on account of the expense that it would involve, and the time it would take her from her home, and I finally did so on the express understanding that she was not to spend more than ten dollars in connection therewith. She actually did spend or pledge my credit for more than fifty dollars, which amount I had to pay. During the summer, she, in company with her sister Rosa and the two children, visited my mother in Nova Scotia, and was absent for about a fortnight. She arrived home in the boat about half past six o'clock in the evening. She came to my house and had dinner. Immediately after dinner she took my daughter Leola and went out saying that she was going to her mother's house. I offered to accompany her. But she declined to have me, saying that she would be right back and that I could go to the post office. I went to the post office and returned to my house in about twenty minutes; but my wife did not appear until nearly ten o'clock, when she said she had been delayed at her mother's and the dressmaker's. She afterwards admitted to me however, about four weeks afterwards that she had been corresponding with the said Harry Kaye, in her absence, and that she had met him that night by appointment and had been walking with him in Brittain, Meeklenburg, St. James and Pitt streets, and that he had left her in the middle of Queen square.

About two or three weeks after her return from Nova Scotia, the said Claude Evelle came from Windsor, Nova Scotia to Saint John, to take part in the lawn tennis tournament and remained about ten days or a fortnight. He spent a number of evenings at my house and took them, which I did not discover till about half an hour after she had gone. On my return home that evening I demanded the letters. My wife said she had given them to her sister Rosa, and the said Rosa said she had burned them. During the time I had the letters she frequently asked me for them, but I declined to give them up, assuring her, however, that no one but myself would ever see them. While I was in possession of the letters her conduct was without reproach, and she seemed very much afraid of exposure. I asked Charles Campbell to see if the letters had really been burnt as I wanted them on account of the influence they gave me over my wife.

His reply was that the letters were my wife's not mine and that she ought to be allowed to write to whom she pleased. I got from my said wife two orders directed to the said Claude Evelle and Harry Kaye requiring them to deliver up the photographs of herself which she had given them, also her letters and presents to them. These orders I gave to her brother, Frederick R. Campbell, to obtain from Kaye some photographs of my wife, but Kaye stated that he had destroyed her letters to him. Campbell also went to Windsor and saw the said Claude Evelle in Windsor, Nova Scotia, and said that he had her letters, photographs and presents at his home that was some distance out of Windsor and when he went home he would send them to my wife. But so far as I know he never did so.

I saw Robert Campbell, of this city, bank clerk in the Bank of Montreal, enter the house of Charles Campbell, where the said Marion S. Shatford now resides. That I am informed and believe that on Tuesday night, November 28th, he left the said house at five minutes before midnight. And I am also informed and believe that for a long time past he has been and still is the companion of my said wife. I am further informed and believe that on the first day of July last my said wife and the said Robert Campbell went to Rothesay together. That they walked into the country and did not return to the city till nearly midnight.

That on the fifth day of July last I received from the said Marion S. Shatford a letter dated the second day of July last which I have in my possession and which is in the words and figures following that is to say:—

SAINT JOHN, N.B., 2nd July, 1893.

My Dear Mother—You must excuse the writing in lead pencil, but I have no ink and am not going to ask anyone to lend me any. Mama has been informed and she says she will give me only ten dollars out of the check that you sent me if you please. I can't tell you why. After some pleading on her part I forgave her. About ten days after this while alone at home one evening I went to a closet in the bedroom where I kept the files of my "Fair, Field and Farm" which were on a shelf high up in the closet. I pulled them down and with them fell a dressing case belonging to my wife. As it fell on the floor a number of letters, about twenty-five, came out of it and were scattered about the floor. The case had been hidden behind the piles of the newspapers which were very seldom disturbed by me. The outside covers of most of the letters were addressed to Miss Rosa Campbell. Thinking this strange and feeling suspicious I looked at the inside contents of one which I found to be addressed to my wife. The handwriting on the outside was that of a man. I looked at the signature and found that the first letters were from Claude Evelle, and dated at Windsor, Nova Scotia. I took all the letters to my own private room where I read them. They were all except one those which she had written to Claude Evelle and had sent addressed to my wife. About twenty of them were from the said Claude Evelle and began sometimes "my dear Marion" sometimes "my dearest Marion" and some of them ended with love and were signed Claude. The remainder of the letters were from Harry Kaye to my wife addressed to her while she was visiting my mother. These began "My darling one" and "my darling sweetheart" and contained from eight to twelve pages of gushing protestations of love for her and resigned Harry. The letters from Claude Evelle were also very affectionate in tone. The letters from Harry Kaye contained many references to promises made to him by her, and read as though very intimate relations had subsisted between them for a long time. Her letter to Claude Evelle began "My Dear Claude." "It is now one week since I heard from you." And about half way down the first page was the sentence "No matter how badly I feel I will not write you again till I am satisfied." The language was of the most affectionate nature. The letters from Claude Evelle covered a period from the time he left St. John for Windsor till his return to the lawn tennis tournament, about ten weeks. That evening my wife returned home about eleven o'clock. When she came to her room I was in the bed. I asked her what kind of a line she was leading, was she without harshness and she spoke to her without harshness and she laughed the question off. Before I mentioned the finding of the letters I talked with her for about ten minutes in order to see if I could draw any confession from her. But she still continued to treat the matter lightly. I then told her that I had discovered about twenty-five letters proving that she had been leading a dual life. She rushed toward me, threw her arms around my neck and began to cry. I pushed her from me without violence. I told her that I would leave her to herself for the night. I went to the adjoining room, locked myself in and stayed there all night. She several times knocked for admission, but I refused to let her in. On the following day, which was Sunday, she arose about six o'clock and went to her mother's house. In about half an hour she returned again with her brother. I talked with both for some time, and afterwards told my wife that if she would tell me everything I would forgive her; which she promised to do that day. She admitted that she had been having recent meetings with Harry Kaye and walking the streets with him after dark. That she answered his letters from Halifax. That she had declined to go to New York with me on two occasions because she had promised him (Kaye) not to. That she deceived me about a diamond ring I had given her. That she had not lent it to her sister Rosa, but had given it to Claude Evelle one night in the kitchen of my house. Acting upon my promise, I forgave her. I wished her father and mother to talk with her and they promised to do so. The letters remained in my possession till about March, 1892, when my wife came to my private office one afternoon when my desk was open as usual. I was in the outer office, and took them, which I did not discover till about half an hour after she had gone. On my return home that evening I demanded the letters. My wife said she had given them to her sister Rosa, and the said Rosa said she had burned them. During the time I had the letters she frequently asked me for them, but I declined to give them up, assuring her, however, that no one but myself would ever see them. While I was in possession of the letters her conduct was without reproach, and she seemed very much afraid of exposure. I asked Charles Campbell to see if the letters had really been burnt as I wanted them on account of the influence they gave me over my wife.

Another Man on the Watch.

William Melliday, residing on the corner of Duke and Wentworth streets, swore:—

That I have seen the said Marion S. Shatford in the company of a man whose name I have been told and verily believe is Robert Campbell, a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, as often, at least, as three times per week during the past summer—many of which times has been as late as half past ten or eleven o'clock at night, standing around the residence of Charles Campbell, situated on the corner of said Duke and Wentworth streets; that on one occasion during the past summer I saw the said Marion S. Shatford and the said man who I believe to be Robert Campbell standing on the southeast corner of Duke and Wentworth streets at about one o'clock in the morning, said Marion S. Shatford, at the time above mentioned was standing with her back against the house of the said Charles Campbell, and the said Marion S. Shatford appeared to be crying, having her handkerchief continually up to her eyes during the fifteen minutes that I watched them. At that time I went to bed, and they, the said Marion S. Shatford and man above referred to, remained standing on the corner as aforesaid.

A Brother's Evidence.

The brother of Mr. J. D. Shatford in Chicago sends a long affidavit, in which he testifies to the correct habits, etc., of his brother. He goes on to say:—

I have read what purports to be copies of the affidavits of Marion S. Shatford, Elizabeth B. Campbell, Charles Campbell and Annie G. Partelow read before Mr. Justice Tuck on the fourth day of December instant in certain Habeas Corpus proceedings instituted by Jefferson D. Shatford for the possession of his two children, and the statements therein contained as to the scoffing, blasphemous and irreverent language and conversation, the drunken and dissolute habits and the cruelty of the said Jefferson D. Shatford towards his wife are utterly false and without foundation in fact.

That early in the month of June last I received from the said Marion S. Shatford the letter hereto annexed.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 20.

Dear Anna—Many thanks for your letter which was very sympathetic and late than never. Ever since the receipt of it I have been intending to write to you but my many little duties have compelled me to put it off from day to day. To-day I had a letter from Jeff which has worried me dreadfully. He says he has been ordered by his doctor to take a rest from business and that, to my mind, sounds as if something serious was the matter; he has asked me to say nothing about it to anyone, consequently I have no one in the house to talk it over with, and on that account I am even doubly hard. Do write to me immediately upon receipt of this like a dear boy and tell me all about it. Jeff and I, to my imaginary mind, seem as far apart as the poles, having travelled as little as I have, and seen so little of the world Chicago seems somewhat about the "imposing of places" to me, and I feel utterly helpless about giving Jeff advice—but you must see advisability of insisting upon his taking the doctor's advice—the sticking too closely to business was always the Jeff's failing. I mean to talk to him about it continually before he went away at all, but it always seemed the very nectar of life to him. Surely he will take a holiday if you talk to him seriously about it. Let me know at once just how seriously he is. He ought to take care of himself.

We have been having lovely summer weather, and everything is getting green and so freshening. I suppose Jeff has told you Rosa "has got engaged," since I last wrote to you, or no! I believe I told him to keep it a secret for a while, but as Progress, our wonderful July weekly paper, has published the fact on Saturday last, I don't see why we should make a mystery of it any longer. They are quite a pair of turtle doves, but that is the way of the world, eh? Be the love honest, I never hear anything of the kind about you? Are you going to be the bachelor of the family? Or is it "early days" yet to make any enquiries.

In your last letter you speak as if it were optional with me as to whether I go to Chicago at once or not. You must know, or if you don't you ought to, that I have to wait until things are ready for me to go, or until Jeff is able to have me. I can readily understand how very expensive everything in the way of living is in Chicago on account of the "Fair" but someday, I hope not far distant, I shall be with Jeff again, in due I will say. I never dare think very much of how long Jeff has been away. I get so lonely and have such "doldrums" at once, and they are not easily got rid of in my case unfortunately. Oh, how unsatisfactory those are so many misunderstandings and such playing at cross purposes, sometimes think that they are not worth the paper they are written on, but after all what would one feel like never to receive them, when there is no other way. I am afraid I am a little blue, but you must forgive me. I will try and make my next letter more cheerful. I want bore you any more to-night. Remember to do as I ask for the sake of my peace of mind.

The girls send kind regards, hoping to have a nice letter soon from you; believe me, Ever very sincerely, MARION.

P. S. Your letter received. You have asked me a hard question, as I know so little about what Chicago prices are, but going by St. John prices I should say about five dollars per week, making allowances for your not coming home to lunch. Be sure and answer right away, won't you? M.

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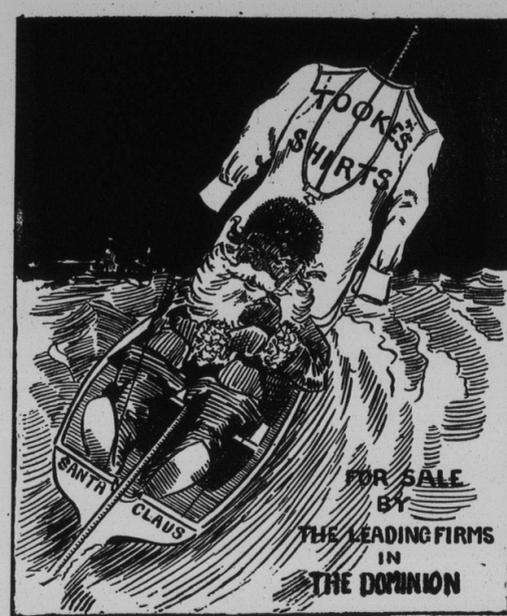
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Advertisement for Colonial House, Phillips Square, Montreal. Text: "Our Christmas Catalogue is now ready. Send for a copy. It will enable you to select suitable Holiday Gifts. We have the finest stock of Christmas Goods in the Dominion. Mailed free. HENRY MORGAN & CO. MONTREAL."

Advertisement for Rigby Waterproof Garments. Text: "RIGBY PROOF WATER-PROOF GARMENTS. Everybody wears them. ALWAYS ASK FOR 'RIGBY.' Charms, tables, autumn leas, can be had in white or useful and necktie, is equally hot roll d' and muffler Christmas Handkerchiefs, list of eligibles, apron with the handkerchiefs, to lend style, width to prove, on her afternoon house has. The girl an endless Christmas than just of washing useful for the border scarfs, for and for the and square work in silk pretty, and postal cards of fringe, to Pen-wise small reme who do not yet to whom elaborate g the shape of improvement skirted doll disc of fun dear to the the last gen umphs of a panay piece of yellow felt, cut out the edge castrating sh so often se stitches with in the centr cut in the centr pen-wipe at the ornate. Another, simulates a

Advertisement for Nixey's Black Lead. Text: "Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful. W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, ENGL., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Black Lead in the world. An article which has been popular everywhere for NEARLY A CENTURY, must of necessity, be the BEST OF ITS KIND. CHAS. GYDE, Agent, Montreal. Sold by Grocers and Hardware Dealers."

Advertisement for Taylor's Cafes. Text: "ESTABLISHED 1855. Taylor's Cafes. 145 & 147 FRONT STREET EAST TORONTO. B. G. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces."

Advertisement for E.S. Stephenson & Co. Text: "TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED. ENGRAVING. 'PROGRESS' ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B. Telephone 675. 17 and 19 Nelson Street."

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Christmas will soon be here girls! Almost too soon, because that wonderful old gentleman always manages to take us by surprise and come before we are ready for him; he is almost like death in that respect, because he generally finds us unprepared.

Every year we make great resolutions and declare that we will not be caught in this way another year, we will begin our presents in September and have them ready in time; but still the Christmas rush overtakes us and at the last moment we are not quite ready but have to sit up till midnight on Christmas eve to finish that last piece of fancy work, or give the finishing touch to the doll we are dressing for some little friend.

How hard it is to plan for Christmas presents even when it is so short that no amount of stretching will make it cover half the ground it should, what planning and considering there is to make the one dollar do the work of five, and how the head has to help the fingers and plan for them! But perhaps the one with the slender purse gets more enjoyment out of the thinking and planning than those who scarcely need give a thought to the cost of their presents, can ever obtain.

A bag for carrying a pack of cards is a most acceptable present for a whist player, and is very easily made. Take four pieces of card board, slightly larger than a playing card, and one square piece for the bottom; cover them all carefully with silk or satin, but silk is best, because the satin will fray.

A head rest for a chair is a pretty and useful gift, and it has the charm of being comparatively inexpensive for those who are not able to spend much on their presents; half a bundle of cotton wool and a small square of China silk with enough ribbon to make loops for the corners, are all that is required.

Handkerchiefs and aprons almost without limit, are also to be numbered on the list of eligible presents, since nobody despises the offering of two or three fine lawn handkerchiefs or even a good large white apron with wide hem and a cluster of tucks to lend style to it, and a sufficiently ample width to preserve the best dress from injury on those occasions when Sarah Jane has her afternoon out and the mistress of the house has to get the family tea.

daisies hanging loosely by their stems, and though it is far too pretty ever to be put to such a base use as wiping pens, it makes a very pretty ornament to hang over a picture or against a curtain. The materials required are white, and buttercup yellow felt, a dozen button moulds about the size, or a little larger than a five cent piece, enough brown velvet or plush, to cover the moulds and several yards of dull, stem-green baby ribbon, eleven daisies makes a good cluster.

Another suitable gift for a man is a razor bag, which is really a useful and serviceable present, since a razor really needs some safe receptacle where it shall be freed from the danger of rust, and always at hand when wanted. Two long, narrow strips of chamois are joined at the sides with leather stitching of red silk, a strip of the chamois cut into fringe is sewed across the bottom, and at the top is finished with a bag of red silk, the deep hem of which is turned down and a casing run in, to hold drawing strings of red ribbon.

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The girl who knows how to tat can make an endless variety of pretty things for Christmas without spending anything more than just enough money for a spool or two of washing silk; silk tatting is lovely, and useful for all kinds of work, especially for the borders of mantel, chair and table scarfs, for the covers of silk cushions, and for the centres and corners of cushions, and squares for table covers.

Pen-wipers are always in demand as small remembrances for masculine friends who do not care for Christmas cards and yet to whom you do not care to send an elaborate gift, and the floral pen-wipers in the shape of daisies or pansies are a vast improvement upon the old style of full skirted doll, or apple-pie cut seated on a disc of funereal black cloth; which was dear to the hearts of our mothers and which the last generation seemed to consider triumphs of art.

BEATRICE, Fredericton.—You are quite welcome to a place in our column. I cannot always, or even often, answer letters the week after I receive them; it makes a very pretty ornament to hang over a picture or against a curtain. The materials required are white, and buttercup yellow felt, a dozen button moulds about the size, or a little larger than a five cent piece, enough brown velvet or plush, to cover the moulds and several yards of dull, stem-green baby ribbon, eleven daisies makes a good cluster.

STAR, St. John.—Yes, it is a long time, I thought you had given me up. The answer to your question must depend entirely upon yourself; if you care for the young man and your parents are willing there can be no objection to your writing to him once in a while, but if, as your letter would indicate you do not care to continue the correspondence, write him briefly to the effect that you will return his letters if he persists in writing to you; if you dislike to do this take no notice of his communications and he will soon grow tired and cease to trouble you.

Among the Bedouins. An American woman, Mrs. Mary Virginia Treberne, has just embarked on a perilous enterprise, a pilgrimage through the desert of Syria to the Hedouins and lepers of that region, varied by a week's stay in an inmate in the most noted hermit of Damascus and various points of interest.

True to Life. A married couple being invited to a friend's house to dinner, commence quarreling with each other as soon as they are seated at table. Their host ventures to remark that such conduct is somewhat unseemly, whereupon the husband retorts: "When you invited us you said that you hoped we would feel quite at home, and we certainly do not intend to disappoint you."

Very Fortunate. Mrs. Muggins.—Mrs. Brown is a very fortunate woman. Mrs. Buggins.—"Fortunate! Why, didn't you know that her husband died a week ago, and her two children are down with typhoid fever?" Mrs. Muggins.—"Yes; but she has had the same cook for five weeks."

PAIN'S. A HOUSEHOLD WORD Popular and Honest. Physicians Prescribe It. Sick People Quickly Gain Health.

Letters of Thanks Received Daily From Cured People. ASK FOR PAIN'S AND TAKE NO OTHER. IT ALWAYS CURES.

The popular name "Paine's" is now a household word all over this great North American continent. When the name is heard or mentioned, it instantly recalls health, strength and a new existence that are always brought to suffer who use Paine's celery compound.

In Canada scores of our best physicians are now prescribing Paine's celery compound for their patients, because they know of nothing else so reliable for quickly restoring the sick and suffering. The present popularity of Paine's celery compound is as world-wide as its astonishing cures.

If this is going to be a hard winter, as some predict, why not select a sensible Christmas present from this list.

- Ladies' Fine Slippers, Warm House Shoes, Overshoes, Skating Boots, Cloth Gaiters, German Felt Slippers, The new Diamond and Gold Studded Swiss Slippers, Rubber Boots, Moccasins, etc. Men's Fine Kid, Goat, V-let and Ooze Calf Slippers, Overshoes, Moccasins, Walking Boots, Kid or Patent Leather Evening Shoes The Dolce Patent Felt Inner Sole Balmoral, the most comfortable walking boot in use. Girls' Moccasins, Slippers, Skating Boots, Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Cloth Gaiters, etc. Boys' Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Moccasins, Slippers, Dancing Shoes, Skating Boots, etc. Children's Slippers, Moccasins, Overshoes, Anklelets, Rubber Boots, etc. And last, but not least, the Babies. We can shoe them in the most comfortable manner at

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DRESSMAKERS have you tried it? If not, why not?



Good Twist Imparts a finish to a garment not to be attained by any other means. It has an evenness, strength and lustre peculiarly its own. Try it once and you will use no other.

KILTIE SCOTCH WHISKEY. 20 Years OLD. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., Sole Agents. MONTREAL. EQUITY SALE.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 o'clock.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.

Two Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamer "Alpha" Will leave Yarmouth Monday, Dec. 18th, at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning will leave Yarmouth at 7 a. m., and will call at St. John, via the intermediate ports, making about 10 days' trips.

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

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The Sunday Sun. Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail - \$8 a year. The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP LINES. VANCOUVER for JAPAN, CHINA, & C., On arrival of Express Train from the East, on Dec. 11th, '93, Jan. 8th, Feb. 5th, March 5th, '94.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.00

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. FALL ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.

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Advertisement for a product, possibly a book or pamphlet, with a small illustration.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

France is the only European country which has to-day fewer able-bodied men than it had thirty years ago.

The "literary lady" thrives in Paris, where there are 2,133 of her profession, of whom 1,211 are novel writers.

An electrical engineer wants to throw advertisements by electric light against the falling sheet of water at Niagara Falls.

The net amount of property upon which legacy and succession duties were paid in the United Kingdom last year was £211,453,000.

Single eye-glasses are prohibited in the German army. Even if a soldier has one good eye, yet needs glasses, he must perforce cover both eyes with them.

The points of the compass may be told from trees, the moss growing thickest on the north side, and where exposed to the sun the limbs are largest on the south side.

The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchres, nor in the tombs of the Phoenicians.

The British scientific expedition to the Philippine islands is said to have discovered 2,500 feet above sea level, on the sides of the extinct volcano Apo, a flower five feet and a half in diameter.

The destructiveness of the new Gatling gun must be understood when it is stated that it fires 3,120 shots a minute. When operated by an electric motor, it fires 3,000 in the same space of time.

M. Worth, the famous dressmaker of Paris, keeps a regular force of about fifty persons, besides the employes of the dress-making department, numbering from 200 to 700 girls, according to the season.

In some parts of Mexico, the party in power maintain their positions by throwing into jail their political opponents on the eve of an election. When the election is decided, the disfranchised are released.

The assayer who examined the aerolite that fell on the farm of Lawrence Freeman, near Bath, S. D., on the afternoon of Aug. 19, 1892, reports that the principal minerals it contains are gold, silver, nickel and cobalt.

Long-legged birds have short tails. A bird's tail serves as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a rudder.

The number of gallons of water in the Pacific is 200,000,000,000,000, an amount which would take 1,000,000 years to pass over the Falls of Niagara; and yet, if it were put into a sphere, the whole of the Pacific would only measure 726 miles across.

There are 22,000,000 soldiers under arms in Europe. If they were to march in a street parade, files of ten abreast, it would take the line of 2,000 miles 100 days to pass a given point at fair marching speed. In Indian file they would reach round the world.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is claimed by travellers to be that of the new Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For 211 miles it is without a curve, and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

French postal orders are to be cashed at the residences of persons to whom they are made payable. Hence the postmen to be intrusted with this service will at times have considerable sums of money in their possession, and the post-office authorities are considering the advisability of arming them.

For the seventeenth year in succession the vicar of St. Mary's, Kilburn, has received from a "mysterious philanthropist" a gift of £100, which has been placed in the church box rolled up in a piece of paper, and containing the request that "this sum shall be devoted to charitable objects."

Ten years ago the output of coal from the Indian mines was under 1,000,000 tons. At the last reckoning, made in 1892, it was over 2,500,000 tons. In a corresponding degree the importation of Welsh and English coal has dropped from 737,000 tons to 618,000 in the course of the last twelve months.

Among the Turks bath-money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the cadi, and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is ground for divorce.

The young women of Festinog, Wales, have founded a society in which they pledge themselves not to get into debt, or imbibe intoxicating drinks, nor "take notice of any young man if he does not pay for everything as he receives it, who uses low language, or is not an abstainer from tobacco and intoxicating drinks."

The little toe is disappearing from the human foot. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science it was demonstrated that in the last two centuries the average size of that toe has decreased so much that instead of three joints it has most frequently only two, and that, in addition, the nerves and muscles controlling it are slowly becoming useless.

A scientific writer says that night is the time which nature utilizes for the growth of plants and animals; children, too, grow more rapidly during the night. In the daytime the system is kept busy disposing of the waste consequent on activity, but while asleep the system is free to extend its operations beyond the mere replacing of worn particles, hence the rapid growth. This is why invalids need so much rest and sleep.

The Welsh in America claim that they are in number as many as their countrymen in Wales, and they also declare that one of their ancestors forestalled Columbus in the discovery of America by 272 years. They base their assertions on historical traditions and the manuscripts of old Welsh bards on the one hand, and on the prevalence of Welsh in many of the languages of the Indians, both of South and North America, on the other.

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Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

F. B. COLLEMAN, Proprietor.

THE MEN WILL GET SHORTER.

The Average Height of Men Was Nine Feet at One Time.

A French statistician has been studying the average heights of men at different periods of the world's history, and has reached some alarming conclusions. The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries.

It is found that in 1610 the average height of men in Europe was over 5 feet 6 inches. In 1790 it was 5 feet 6 inches. In 1820 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction. At the present time it is 5 feet 3 3/4 inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures that the average height of men is declining in regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then apply this, working backward and forward to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of 16 feet 9 inches. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og and Goliath was quite a degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later time, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9 feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was 7 feet 8 inches. But the most astonishing result of this author's study comes from the application of the same law of diminution. It is conclusively shown that in 4000 A. D. the height of the average man will be but 15 inches, and in a few thousand more the end of the world will be reached, for men will get so short that there will be nothing left of them.

The Way He Waits.

She was one of these young women who are never ready when called for, and the young man who that night was to take her to the theatre knew it. She didn't live far from the theatre and was slower than usual. "I'll be down in a minute," she called to him from the head of the stairs.

"It's time we were there," he replied, and as he sang out "all right," he walked out of the house and to the theatre. When the first act closed he hurried back. When he had been seated a minute or two she came down stairs all in a flutter. He was smiling all over and perfectly composed.

"I hurried just as fast as I could," she exclaimed, "and it was too bad to keep you waiting."

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed, so pleasantly that she almost fell on his neck. "You are the nicest man in the world, and have a perfectly lovely temper," she twittered.

"Don't mention it," he replied cheerily. "We'll better be going now," he continued as he got up to go, "if we want to see the last two acts. I've just seen the first and it's splendid."

"Then she wanted to know what he meant, but he didn't tell her until after the play was over.

The Recent Panic.

A broker in conversation claimed that the way he met his running expenses during the recent panic was a practical exemplification of the old story of the minister and the woodcock. In the days of itinerant clergymen, commonly known as circuit riders, a gentleman of the cloth was making for a neighbouring town. On nearing his journey's end, he was somewhat shocked to see the son of one of his devout followers, spade in hand, steadily digging his way through the snow. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm digging for a woodcock," replied the young man. "My son, are you not ashamed to be making on the Lord's day?" The youth, too busy in his task to observe the questioner, replied: "Dunno, Parson's comin' to our house today, and it's this woodchuck or no dinner."

The parson, at once dismounted, so the story goes, and joined forces with the woodcock, to the ultimate discomfiture of the woodchuck and to the inward satisfaction, at least, of the preacher.

"So it was," said the broker, "that the banks had to carry us, with our customers, during the past few months; not from any particular regard for us, at the time, but with a view to future results."

Taught Him a Lesson.

When you get an illegible letter from a friend, don't lose your temper and write him a scathing reply. Just sit down in a good humour and concoct one like this of Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse:

"My Dear Morse,—It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day, perhaps I should have felt pleasantly if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. "One can say to one's self every morning: "Here's a letter from Morse; I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another stab at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those 't's that look like 'w's, and those that have no eyebrows." Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept for ever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.—Admirably yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

Fatal.

Scoge: A Petty Sessions in Northamptonshire. Two men charged with trespassing in search of game. The defence was that they were in search of mushrooms, and that the dog, which is said to have run a hare, is a pet of the wife of one of the men, and utterly innocent of sporting matters. The dog was in court, and certainly looked harmless enough. Dog's appearance evidently told in his master's favour. The keeper in course of his evidence said: "I got 'em the ditch an' seed 'em beat out the top end of the cloze, with dog between 'em; and about the middle of the third beat across, up she gets an' waits till"—with an eye on the dog—"he says 'Too!'"

Tableau—The dog on the table, ears cocked, muscles stiff, eyes starting; S. P. startled; keeper triumphant; prisoners confounded! Conviction!

Tired Professional Men

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

The tired professional and literary men will find nothing so soothing and refreshing as Horsford's Acid Phosphate. This is the testimony of thousands of these classes of men.

Mr. Huggins—"Is Miss Fossil still president of your society for the suppression of slang, Miss Skiddle? Miss Skiddle—No; she got too fresh and we turned her down."

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5—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc. 25c.

6—Nervousness, Toothache, Earache, etc. 25c.

7—Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo, etc. 25c.

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We are landing this week a large stock of

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MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

**WILLIAM CLARK.**

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Cardinal Gibbons, whom English speaking Roman Catholics want to be the next Pope, is a sturdy democrat, as becomes one of such lowly origin as he himself is. He has Irish blood in his veins.

Dr. Rappan, the distinguished specialist, of Nantes, is investigating the bacteriology of cards. He recommends people to be careful of contamination when playing cards, especially with consumptive persons.

In her long conversations with the leading members of Mr. Harcel's Company at Balmoral recently, the ex-Empress Eugenie pathetically reminded them that three-and-twenty years had passed since she last witnessed a play.

Jewish ladies generally take a deep interest in social and philanthropic movements among their poorer co-religionists. Lady Rothschild is no exception to the rule, being a president of a Jewish workpeople's club in Whitechapel.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., is a slight, dark man, with a very energetic method of speech. Long before he entered Parliament, Mr. Russell had won his laurels as an orator on the temperance platform. The hon. member is, himself, the proprietor of a temperance hotel at Dublin.

The daughter of the late Prof. Windscheid the famous German authority on Roman law, has been graduated from the University of Heidelberg with the degree of Ph. D. Fraulein Windscheid is the first woman to be admitted to the old seat of learning with the privilege of taking her degree.

John Palmer, the inventor of the railway check system, died recently in a little town in Michigan. Many years ago he was a fiddler, and took charge of the hats and wraps of those who came to dancing parties. He gave numbers of checks for them; and some railroad men who attended one of his dances appropriated the idea.

Mr. Holm in Hunt, the painter of "The Light of the World," is making minute studies of the phosphorescence of the mince, and with that object he has recently been visiting Calais and various other places on the French coast where it abounds. The world will probably see the result of his observations in a new canvas.

Some time ago the Queen, while driving near Windsor, saw a blind man playing upon an accordion. He bore on his breast a placard inscribed: "Blind from inflammation." Her Majesty bestowed some money; and the grateful musician's label now reads: "Blind from inflammation assisted by her Majesty the Queen."

Those who question the power of women to achieve should ponder the record of Lady Henry Somerset, who has recently returned from a twenty-four days' trip to America, during which she travelled 8,000 miles, presided over the World's Convention of Temperance Women, and attended sixteen meetings, besides "doing" the World's Fair.

Miss Ormerod, who has done so much for the protection of crops and cattle against the ravages of insects, had her attention first drawn to the subject, when she, in conjunction with her sister, was managing her father's large agricultural estate. Miss Ormerod's researches have been greatly appreciated by the agricultural community.

The Prince of Wales dislikes toast-masters, and has more than once dispensed with their services. His Royal Highness does not care either for long menus or long speeches at public dinners, and although banquets which he attends usually begin an hour later than usual, they are sometimes over an hour earlier than is commonly the case.

Ladies are accused of travelling with ten times more luggage than there is any necessity for, but His Majesty the Czar is a greater offender in this respect. He took with him in his recent visit to Denmark no fewer than 300 large trunks, twice the number used by the Princess of Wales and her daughters. The Imperial baggage filled fourteen railway vans.

Count Tassie, the late Premier of Austria, is not only a count of the Austrian Empire, but a peer of Ireland. He is the descendant and representative of an old Irish family, and his title in the peerage is Viscount Tassie of Corren and Baron of Ballymote. The Tassies transplanted themselves to Austria in the last century, and attained rank, lands, and honors in the Kaiser's service.

Ignatz Jan Paderewski has but recently celebrated his thirty-third birthday, but he has been a musician for well-nigh thirty years; and into his short lifetime has been crammed much experience of life; much sorrow also, in which his genius has ripened. At eighteen he was Professor of Music to the Warsaw Conservatoire, next year he married, and after a brief period of wedded happiness was left a widower, with a little son.

It was to the husband of Antoinette Sterling, Mr. MacKinlay, whose death recently occurred, that we owe the writing of "The Lost Chord." A musician and earnest student of poetry himself, Mr. MacKinlay was in the habit of suggesting to his wife the songs that she should sing. One day he happened to read the now famous poem, and showed it to his wife, saying, "If this were only set to appropriate music, what a fine song it would make for you."

The Princess Youssouloff, who has lately died, aged eighty-seven, was in a slight degree a counterpart of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She was, when young, one of the prettiest women in Europe, and, moreover, had an immense fortune. Left a young widow, she refused the best offers, among which was a German sovereignty. However, when she was more than sixty she made the acquaintance of M. Chauveau, the young secretary of the Duc de Bassano, and married him.

Baron Bernard Christian Taubnitz, whose continental editions of popular novels are so familiar to the English traveller, comes from a celebrated family of booksellers and printers. He was born at Schleinitz, near Naumburg, in 1816, and started his well-known series of English authors in 1841. It was as a mark of his appreciation of the publisher's endeavors to popularize in Germany the masterpieces of modern literature, that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha raised him to the rank of Baron.

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will derive strength and acquire robust health

by a persevering use of the great

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St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1893.

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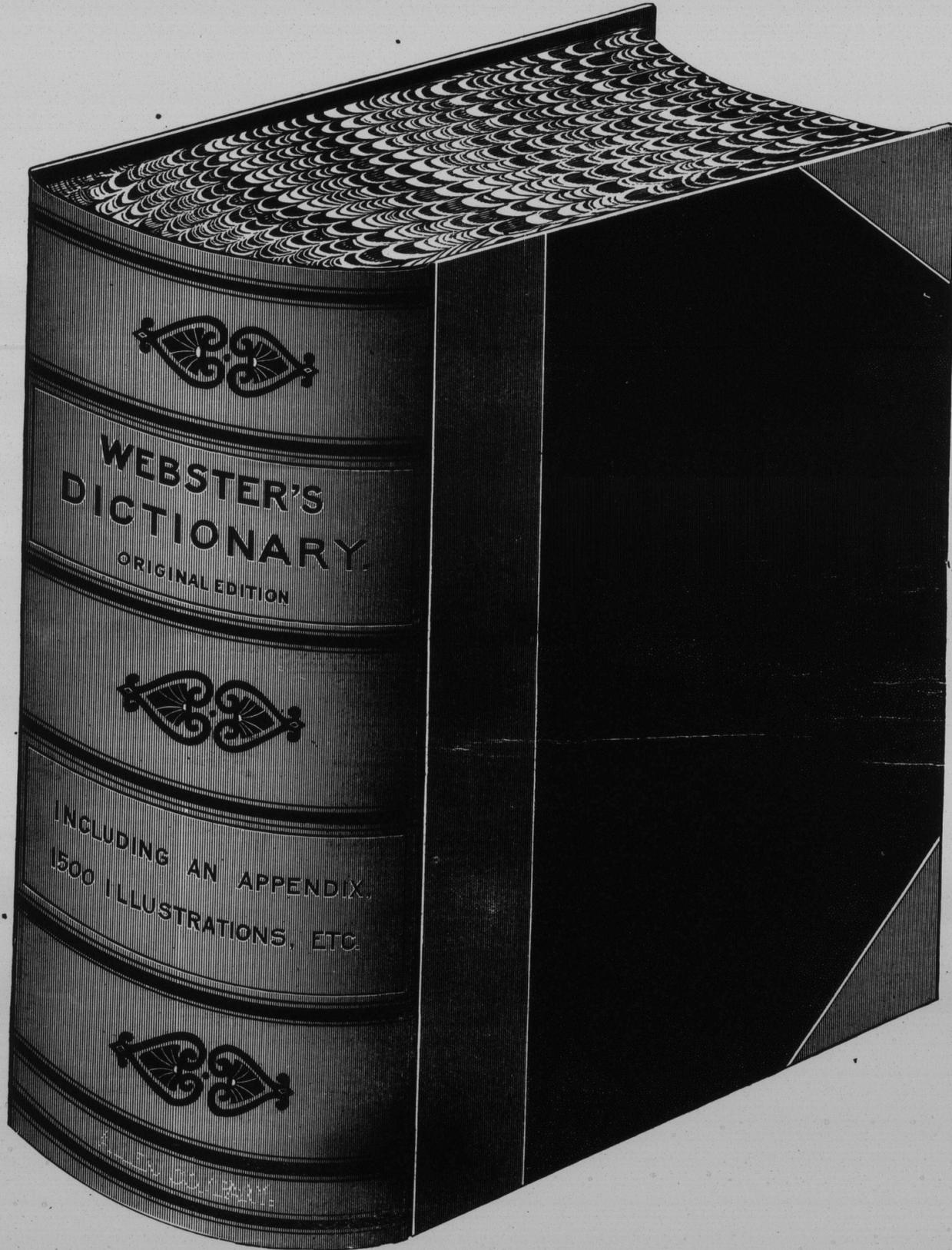
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THE LOST BRIDE.

There was a great crowd in the hall. Everybody was talking in a high key, and the orchestra in the back parlor was fairly convulsing itself in the throes of a potpourri.

At the top of the stairs was the bride. She was a symphony in lavender. She was not a conventional girl, perhaps, but in the matter of wedding garments she had felt bound to follow precedent, and she had looked so irresistibly charming that nobody who saw her could believe for a moment that a "going away" gown should be anything but lavender.

They made way for her on the stairs, and for the groom, with a tan covered overcoat on his arm, behind her. The women began kissing the bride, who submitted with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. One or two elderly men near the door came in for a kiss, too. The groom was shaking hands with everybody, the young men all yelling "Good-by, old fellow!" as if the groom were 60 instead of 24.

For a time it was almost impossible to get the front door open in the crush, and when at last they got the couple out on the steps twenty handfuls of rice hailed upon the retreating figures. A fresh chorus of giggling and shouts of "Good-by," and the coach door slammed and the Waterson wedding had begun to be a matter of history.

They reached the station at 10:45. In sixteen minutes they were rolling away in a drawing-room car. The bride could still feel the sting of the rice on her neck—a very pretty neck, encircled by a narrow ribbon of lavender velvet. When the groom took off his silk hat several white grains fell to the floor, and the groom covertly scanned the car to see whether the tell-tale sign had been detected.

Charming innocence! As if rice grains were required to advertise the obviously just married condition of this radiant pair! Most of the car had been made up as a sleeper, and only three human beings were visible in unmade up sections. These charitably feigned to regard the new passengers as in no wise exceptional, and did not appear to be taking very much notice of them.

When the train conductor, and after him the Pullman conductor had been around to collect the tickets, and the groom had for the first time performed that interesting function of introducing to the world, as it were, himself and wife, the pair tried to settle back in the soft seat and appear indifferent. But the bride had 300 things she wished to say, and so they got to talking in a low tone, until presently the white-jacketed porter came along.

The sight of this functionary startled the groom in an inexplicable way. "Make up the section, sir?" said the porter, with what might be called an invisible grin. "No—no," said the groom, trying not to appear startled, "we are only going as far as Pittston."

The porter looked for a moment as if he were disappointed, and then he turned and went back into his den. For half an hour their low talk kept in a sort of harmony with the solemn rumble of the wheels. Her gloved hand had fallen into the nearest of his. The pressure he gave it contained the essence of a mighty embrace. There was nobody to see if their heads came very close together.

Suddenly the groom sat upright and started at the inside pocket of his sack coat. "Great Scott!" he gasped; "I forgot, to tell the baggage man about that satchel." "Charlie!"

She said no more, but there was a world of distress in the tone. "I shall telegraph for it in the morning," he said. "But, Charlie," she protested, "don't you know that we can't go anywhere without the satchel?"

A deep gloom began to settle about Charlie. The train slowed up at a station. "I will step off and get the station man to telegraph back, and we can have it by the midnight train."

She did not object in words, but she had grasped his arm as he started for the door. In a moment she could see him crossing the dim platform. It came into her thought that it would be a real tragedy if he should get left at the station. Her impatience developed into agony when it began to appear that the train would soon start again. She knew it was silly, but she got up and went to the door. One or two passengers were getting on. Then the porter climbed up with the stool used as a mounting step. Plainly, she thought, Charlie was going to be left behind. She stepped out on the platform and caught the vestibule door.

"Excuse me, madam," said the porter, "but the train is going." "I know it," gasped the girl, "and my husband is over there." The situation was grotesque, terrible to her. With no satchel and husband it seemed simply absurd to stay on the train. She would not stay on the train.

The wheels were already moving when she eluded the porter and sprang to the platform. As she ran across the platform to where the stationmaster's light was glaring her husband, who had hurriedly mounted the steps at the other end of the car, was wandering in some perplexity through the aisle. Could he be in the wrong car? No, here was her little traveling fan.

The porter came over. "Did you see the lady, sir? She was afraid you would get left, sir." Charlie Merrill rushed for the platform. But the vestibule doors were locked and the train was under good headway. At that moment life began to seem a melodrama to poor Merrill.

"When do we reach the next station?" he asked of the porter. "At twelve, sir," was the answer. Merrill dropped into a seat in grotesque despair. The twenty-five minutes to Silver Hill seemed longer than wait at a table d'hote. Merrill occupied the time with more or less torturing speculation as to what the girl would do when she found that he had not been left behind, and that they had been separated by another and ridiculous mistake. He did not blame her for her blunder, for this had been the result of a blunder of his own in forgetting certain necessary arrangements at the station from which they had started. He pictured her despair at the separation, and then he tried to think that the whole thing was comic, but did not succeed very well in the effort. He would come to no conclusion as to what she would do. She might have taken the

midnight train and followed him if she had been supplied with money to buy a ticket. As it was he did not see that she could do anything more than wait for him to come back for her, as she must know that he would.

Merrill found that there was a train from Silver Hill back to the station of the mishap a few minutes after 12. He could reach the girl, he calculated, sooner after 12:30. He sprang off the train at Silver Hill in a fever of impatience. The northern train was due in a quarter of an hour. Merrill hunted up the station master, without thinking it necessary to say anything about a wedding; yet he fancied that the station master took a degree of interest in the matter that might look as if he suspected a sentimental side to the case.

Presently the telegraph instrument in the station was ticking a message. "I think I can find out whether she is still there," said the station master. Merrill said nothing. He did not wish to delay for the space of a second the coming of the reply, if there should be one.

The answer was now coming over the wire. For a moment the operator's face was inscrutable. Then he looked up quickly. "The station master down there," he said, "fixed it up with the conductor of the midnight, and put her on that train." "Good!" gasped Merrill, with a sense of relief that was abruptly terminated by something in the look of the station master at his side.

"The midnight does not stop here!" said the station master. Merrill was ready to faint. His bride would be carried through to Pittston without him. "How soon can I follow that train?" he said, as if with some expectation that the station master might have the decency to notify the time-table.

The station master looked commiseratingly at him as he replied. "The next train stopping at Pittston is at 5:30." Merrill sat down on the nearest bench. He could not think. The situation had become absolutely stupefying. He would not be able to reach his wife for over six hours. What would become of her in that dreadful interval? And how could he live during such a ghastly period of waiting? Merrill made up his mind that he simply could not stand the torture of such protracted uncertainty. He would have liked to hire a special train. People had done such things. Perhaps all of his honeymoon money would hire an engine to carry him to Pittston. He fancied himself riding manly across the country in the cab of a snorting locomotive.

Pretty soon he abandoned this thought and began figuring on the distance to Pittston. They told him it was thirty-one miles. He asked to be directed to a public stable. They didn't know of anybody but Gibbs, and were very uncertain of him at that hour. After fifteen minutes delay Gibbs was found in a bar-room half a mile from the station. At first Gibbs wouldn't drive anybody anywhere for anything. Then he was compromised by saying that he wouldn't drive anybody to Pittston, at which Merrill took hope. "The fact is," said Gibbs, "that I haven't a horse that'll stand it. You want to be driven like the devil."

"I will give you a dollar a mile," said Merrill. Gibbs shook his head. Then he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive you to Mandy's that's twenty miles, and you can get something at Mandy's for the other ten miles. I'll do that for \$25."

"It's a bargain," said Merrill, "if you'll lump yourself and hump that horse." "The midnight" went shrieking by them as the horse was getting down to a stiff trot. Merrill stared gloomily at the muffled "sleepers," knowing that the heroine was being carried away from him by the thundering train. Gibbs' horse was a good stepper, but Gibbs did not seem to be pressing him. After they were fairly started Gibbs admitted that the horse had been driven rather hard the day before, and that he couldn't afford to harsh with him.

As it was, he did not intend to bring him back to Mandy's until daylight. When about half the distance had been accomplished, Gibbs suddenly said: "I guess you had better let me have some of that money. Of course I don't know you and this is a pretty job. The horse is acting mighty queer, and I'm not sure this racket won't do him up."

To Merrill there didn't seem to be much danger. "Are you afraid you won't get me there?" he asked. "I'll get you there," returned Gibbs. Merrill gave him ten dollars. "The fifteen when we get there," he added.

Then the horse began to get lame. Gibbs muttered an oath, stopped the horse, and got out. Merrill saw that he was looking at the hoofs for a stone. Evidently he didn't find nothing of the kind. The limp continued, and Gibbs kept the beast at a walk—a pace that made the sweat start on Merrill's temples.

Merrill wondered if ever a bridegroom was in such a plight before. If he had read of such a thing in a book he would have impatiently condemned the exaggeration of the author. It began to be a comfort that the Gibbs contract only extended to Mandy's. At the sickening rate of the Gibbs horse the bridegroom calculated that he would reach the bride at about 6 A. M., which seemed like a preposterous thought. There could not be a worse horse at Mandy's.

Merrill twice asked Gibbs how much further they had to go, but as Gibbs each time seemed to allow the horse to walk at a still slower pace Merrill concluded that it would be unsafe to say another word. At the foot of a long hill the horse stopped. It was 2:45 o'clock. "I guess we'll have to leg this," said Gibbs, "if we ever want to get there." At the top of the hill Gibbs told Merrill to get in, but himself continued walking at the head of the horse. The sky had become overcast.

"Going to be a bad night," growled Gibbs. Merrill mentally remarked that the night had already been pretty bad for him. They reached Mandy's at 4 o'clock, the rain was falling. Gibbs called up a man who lived in a white house, after having made Merrill wait until he had bestowed the horse and buggy in the barn back of the village store. "Giles," said Gibbs to the head that appeared at a window, "this gentleman wants to get to Pittston. Have you got a horse you can let him have?" "Wal, I dunno," responded Giles. "Got to go south with the mare at 6."

"Hain't got that hay?" "Th' bay ain't fit," said Giles. He added: "What's it with?" "Ten," said Merrill, "if you'll drive me over in a hurry."

Gibbs disappeared after getting the balance of his money. It was twenty-eight minutes later by Merrill's watch when the second start was made, and it was at the end of the first mile that the second horse stumbled in the wet morning twilight and splintered the shaft of the buggy.

Merrill sprang into the carriage, and, creasingly wet. At a fork of the road he had to delay for ten minutes until he could find a sleepy man with red whiskers, who gave him instructions to keep to the left all the way. Merrill looked at his watch. A quarter past five. He kept to the left with a persistency born of a lover's faithfulness and expectancy, until he came against a huge barn. When he appealed brokenly to a solitary woman at a well she yelled back at him that he would have to go back about three-quarters of a mile to where the quarry was, and then take the road just beyond the tobacco barn. Poor Merrill, who pitifully timed every turn, reached the tobacco barn at 5:40. He then put in a straight half hour on the right road, and at the end of this very muddy period heard the low whistle of a locomotive. It was the train he might have comfortably taken if he had kept out of the Gibbs contract.

At seven o'clock he reached the outskirts of the town. "Is this Pittston?" Merrill asked of a boy with a pall. "East Pittston," said the boy. "How do you get to the Pittston station?" "There's a horse car down there," the boy said pointing through a side road. Merrill found the track. The car was not so easy to find. The bob-tail car with a sad horse lunge in sight at the end of seven minutes. That this could be going direct to the station seemed to Merrill too good to be true. He twice asked the driver about the station, and was twice assured that the station was at the end of the route.

Merrill was on the platform of the car when the station became visible. He rushed madly into the waiting-room. No bride was in sight. Nor could he see any welcome figure in the ladies' waiting-room. He was almost running across the station to the inquiry window, when the violent tapping of a pencil on the ledge of the telegraph office attracted his attention. The pretty girl behind the grating was beckoning to him.

As he passed there the pretty telegrapher was asking: "Are you the gentleman—that is looking for the lady who—who was looking for the gentleman?" "Yes, I am," gasped Merrill. "Well, she is in here."

Merrill found her sleeping on a sofa. Her eyelids were red. As the bridegroom, very wet and spattered with mud, knelt down beside the sofa and took hold of one of her hands the bride awoke with a start, and the pretty telegrapher turned her face away.—Globe Democrat.

A Midnight Alarm. It is almost midnight; it is still and peaceful in the happy home, and every member of the family seems to be enjoying restful sleep. A deep note of danger is heard by the dear mother; she knows its meaning, and quickly hastens to the rescue. Her sleeping boy who sleeps in an adjoining room is startled by that enemy crouper; he is in peril and must be saved. With calmness and quiet assurance the mother goes to the medicine shelf and takes a bottle of that croup banisher, Harvard bronchial syrup, and gives her child a dose, relief comes, the hoarse, rough, barking cough is soothed, there is less difficulty in breathing. Soon the second dose is given, with the result that the cough almost ceases; and instead of the coarse, whispering voice, the mother rejoices to hear once more the sweet and natural tones of her loved one. The danger is over and the child sleeps naturally and sweetly again.

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St. John, Dec. 7, to the wife of Harry L. Gunter, a daughter. St. John, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. J. Fitzpatrick, a son. Fredericton, Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles Berringer, a son. Parrsboro, Nov. 30, to the wife of Capt. Everett Moore, a son. Full Lake, N. S., Dec. 4, to the wife of C. W. Farwell, a son. Moose River, Nov. 23, to the wife of Benjamin Roberts, a son. Wolford, Dec. 8, to the wife of Rev. J. M. C. Wade, a daughter. Free Island, N. S., Dec. 1, to the wife of Lawrence Atkinson, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 27, to the wife of John Aker, a son. Lower Bay du Vin, Nov. 27, to the wife of Manuel B. Manuel, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, by the Rev. R. Williams, Rufus Theal to Emma Smith. Amherst, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. Steele, Joseph Bird to Minnie Thompson. Gasperaux, Nov. 28, by Rev. J. Williams, Norman Esauji to Annie Parks. Hantsport, Nov. 30, by Rev. William Phillips, Fred. Smith to Mary A. Goyte. Yarmouth, Nov. 30, by Rev. S. H. Fosby, Howard B. Smith to Sadie Allen. Halifax, Dec. 2, by Rev. S. March, Charles A. Roberts to Lorena Williams. St. John, Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, William S. Thomas to Mary E. Ross. Fredericton, Dec. 6, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Jacob S. Smith to Sadie Calkins. Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. McLeod Harvey, George Cameron to Annie Estley. Yarmouth, Dec. 7, by Rev. G. B. White, Charles M. Smith to Susie L. Hopkins. Sackville, Dec. 6, by Rev. W. Harrison, B. Eaton Leterre to Hattie S. Black. Milford, Dec. 6, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, A. E. Benjamin to Ida Hester Annand. Moncton, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Enoch W. Stevens to Mrs. McLean. Yarmouth, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. M. Hubby, William H. Susser to Adella J. Dale. Antigonish, Dec. 1, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, John A. Studley to Alice M. Marshall. Yarmouth, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. R. White, Frank W. Allen to Lizzie H. Smith. Yarmouth, Nov. 29, by Rev. E. E. Daly, Isaac Seftice to Ella Clute. Cape Sable, Dec. 2, by Rev. F. Bradly, Lorenzo B. Howard to Mary M. Leiger. Antigonish, Dec. 1, by Rev. W. R. McDonald, Alexander McNeill to Marcella McDonald. Halifax, Dec. 7, by Rev. John McMillan, John O. Stewart to Sarah C. Henserson. Fredericton, Nov. 28, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Allen Buckman to Lizzie Israel. Amherst, Dec. 6, by Rev. D. McGregor, William B. Woodworth to Anna L. Burns. Badville, Nov. 29, by Rev. J. F. Fawcett, Wellington Kirkpatrick to Mina Scott. St. John, Dec. 6, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Joseph Addison Taylor to George Lyman. Woodstock, Nov. 28, by Rev. J. K. Bierst, Elizabeth McCreary to Nellie Lamont. Sussex, Nov. 28, by Rev. F. Grant, Richard W. Hetherington to Maria K. Holmes. Moncton, Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, Francis McCallough to Archibald McMillan. Dartmouth, Dec. 6, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Thomas J. Jenki to Amelia H. Young. Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. Canon F. Partridge, Iler. Dal Macdonald to Hermina Westphal. St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, Malcolm Armstrong to Sadie E. Belyea. Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Malcolm Robinson to Mrs. Elizabeth Mason. Woodstock, Dec. 6, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, John W. Price to Mary Ann Tower. Chatham, Dec. 6, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Samuel J. Kingston to Catherine Lyman. South Minas, Dec. 3, by Rev. H. M. Spink, New Glasgow to Martha DeWolfe. New Glasgow, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. E. Bill, Arthur O'Brien to Florence McDonald. Parrsboro, Dec. 6, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Richard David Macdonald to Sarah Ann McNeil. Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 29, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Charles F. Hopkins to Fanny McVicar. Isaac's Harbor, Dec. 3, by Rev. David Price, Edward Stanley Lane to Sarah Ann McNeil. South Rowden, N. S., Dec. 6, by Rev. J. W. Fawcett, William Henry Lawson to Sophia Creed.

DIED.

St. John, Dec. 8, Ellen Reid, 21. St. John, Dec. 11, James Knox, 74. Sussex, Dec. 6, William Leak, 64. Halifax, Dec. 9, Samuel Crawford, 84. Tide Head, Dec. 6, Anne Hoar, 80. Milltown, Dec. 3, Eliza Johnson, 17. Milltown, Dec. 3, Hugh Murray, 23. St. John, Dec. 8, Matthew Boyle, 65. Fredericton, Dec. 1, John Lippert, 68. Halifax, Dec. 4, Michael Neville, 61. Charlottetown, Dec. 1, John Scott, 73. Lawrencetown, Dec. 2, James Boland. Macaan, Dec. 5, Carrie M. Brown, 13. St. John, Dec. 8, Ambrose Keating, 85. St. John, Dec. 9, Henry B. Hamon, 45. Milltown, Dec. 5, Matthew Walker, 60. Halifax, Dec. 4, William Lawrence, 76. Pictou, Dec. 3, Mrs. George McKenzie. Fredericton, Dec. 6, Joseph Barzani, 38. Lower Norton, Dec. 4, Robert Seely, 81. Fairville, Dec. 6, S. Albert Schofield, 45. Halifax, Dec. 4, W. H. H. Montague, 77. St. John, Dec. 8, Thomas F. Raymond, 74. Fredericton, Dec. 7, Rebecca Smith, 67. Brookville, N. S., Nov. 21, John W. Cochran, 69. Berwick, Nov. 27, Victor, son of Isaiah Shaw, 29. Levar Settlement, Dec. 1, Patrick DeLoe, 67. Misouche, P. E. I., Dec. 3, John DeRoche, 81. Halifax, Dec. 4, Hannah, wife of Hugh Graham, 60. Little River, N. B., Dec. 6, Mary Agnes Smith, 9. Halifax, Dec. 4, Hannah, wife of Hugh Graham, 60. Grand Pre, Dec. 1, John S. Simon, of Halifax, 40. Halifax, Dec. 3, of consumption, Thomas Roberts, 46. Johnson, Dec. 5, of diphtheria, Arthur W. McLeod, 46. Bridgewater, Nov. 29, Catherine, wife of Rev. H. N. Parry. Halifax, Dec. 10, Barbara Ann, wife of James Baxter, 61. New Minas, Dec. 3, of pneumonia, Edward L. Bishop. Halifax, Dec. 6, Catherine, widow of late Philip Lucy, 98.



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