

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IN A RACE FOR OTTAWA.

MEN NOW WILLING TO FILL THE SEAT OF MR. SKINNER.

Several Applicants for Nomination on the Conservative Side—Their Respective Prospects—How McKeown would Suit the Liberals as a Candidate.

The following advertisement has not yet appeared in the conservative organ in this city:

WANTED, middle-aged man to carry the Old Flag for the Party in St. John. Must have some money. One who can hold the young men and discredited grins preferred. Apply, etc.

The election to fill the vacancy caused by the getting up and getting out of Mr. Charles Nelson Skinner has been fixed for the 22d of November. Both parties are in search of a candidate, or rather, in the case of the conservatives, the candidates are pursuing the party.

There are several of them, with Pisarjaco and the out-parishes to hear from. Each one of these is of the impression that he is the right man for the place, and each has some friends who are of the same opinion. The first in the field is Mr. George McLeod, and there has been a general impression that he is the man most likely to get the nomination. This impression was not so strong Thursday night as it was Thursday morning. Mr. Howard D. Troop, who had been carrying around a requisition for him, suddenly found that other business required his attention, and dropped it. There was a well defined rumor that the McLeod boom had collapsed.

Mr. McLeod has been a candidate before. He was in parliament once, but that was when he thought the grins were the party of purity, and was himself one of the purists. He is not a grit now, or if he is he is in the anomalous position of the guide, counsellor and friend of the St. John Tories. He joined the exodus from the liberal camp a couple of years ago, in the distinguished company of other business and professional men who had axes of one kind and another to grind. He has been a leader in the ragwump ranks ever since, but has so far reaped no reward. There has been a suspicion that he would take the position of collector of customs, if he could get it, but in the meantime he is quite willing to go to parliament as a bearer of the old flag, if he can get the nomination and a sufficient number of votes to secure his seat.

Mr. McLeod rendered valuable aid to the local opposition in the Waterloo which overtook the government in St. John after the appointment of Mr. Ritchie as police magistrate. He came out as a conservative and patriot in the dominion elections of 1891, and he had charge of the conservatives in the recent local campaign. He thinks he is entitled to the nomination, and up to Thursday was backed up by Mr. Howard D. Troop, another man who went over to the majority in the troubles of 1890. Mr. Thomas Gilbert, whose torosity nobody can question, has been canvassing with some vigor to secure the nomination for Mr. McLeod. Mr. Gilbert thinks he will get the support of the young men as well as of the disgruntled and lukewarm grins. It may be added that the supporters of the local government have a kindly feeling toward Mr. McLeod, because he encouraged Messrs. Stockton and Alward to get out of their party at a time when they were beginning to be a heavy load to it.

There has been a belief that Hon. G. Elias Foster was anxious to see Hon. Wm. Pugsley represent St. John in the commons. Mr. Foster takes an interest in Mr. Pugsley as a young and ambitious politician. He also takes an interest in himself and has no desire to see Mr. Pugsley dethrone him in Kings. There might be some grounds for William's desire to be nominated in St. John from the fact that he had a large share in bringing about the coming election. Had he not been instrumental in the appointment of Mr. Skinner as judge of probates, that gentleman would not have been forced to resign his position as member; nor would William himself have ceased to be an ornamental and useful member of Mr. Blair's government. If Mr. Pugsley keeps out of Dominion politics until he gets a nomination from the present conservative dealers in St. John, he will have plenty of time to attend to his law business and collect the rents for Brother Gil and himself.

When Ald. John A. Chesley is seen outwitting leading conservatives on Prince William street these days, it is not supposed that he is discussing the ferry problem, the highway to Indiantown or the Moore street extension. He is after a nomination and will feel sore if he does not get it. Mr. Chesley may justly claim that he has been used by his party for all that is worth and has got nothing in return. He stood aside in the local election of 1890, when the opposition ticket was sure of a victory, and allowed a man with less claim on the party to be nominated in his place. His party has not even had the grace to stand by him in his aspirations for the mayor's chair, and he has been apparently

ignored, save when he could be made useful in campaign committees. Mr. Chesley deserves the nomination on the ground of services to his party, but his name is Chesley and he will not get it.

The sudden collapse of the McLeod boom was due to a recognition of the fact that Mr. McLeod was a heavier weight than had been supposed by those who brought him out. The next available man was Mr. George Robertson, and at the time of writing it seems very likely that he will be chosen. Should this be the case, it may be that the liberals will allow him to be returned by acclamation. Mr. Robertson is not only president of the board of trade but a representative merchant. He is well informed as to the needs of the port, and would have the interests of the city at heart. As a practical man, he would be in a better position to secure something for the city than the lawyer members who have shown themselves so helpless in the past. He is by all odds the best man yet named on the conservative side.

Matters appear less definite on the liberal side. It is tolerably certain that Mr. H. A. McKeown would take a nomination if it were offered to him—possibly from either side. Nobody but himself seems to know whether he is a grit or tory since his recent defeat. Prior to that time, his record is a little mixed. He started as a liberal, shouted with the conservatives in 1890, and became identified with the Junior Lib. Club, had a spasm of liberalism at the bye-election in Carleton county, for which he was freed out of the club, and again in the recent election he took his orders from the tory managers and received the tory support. It is possible the young man is a little mixed in his own mind as to just where he is. He may have an idea that he can carry the support of the young men, the methodists, the orangemen and the total abstinence people into any party he may favor with his patronage. Unfortunately for him, he ran such a footrace after the orange horse ridden by the pernicious Pitts, last week, that a good many St. John liberals would be apt to stay at home on the day he wanted their votes. It may be that some of the party managers might look upon him with favor, for they certainly did nothing against him in the recent election. If they are anxious to prove that they know even less about running elections than they are supposed to know, they will do well to nominate Mr. McKeown.

Dr. John Berryman's name has also been mentioned, and if he wants the nomination it is quite likely he can have it. He is probably as strong a man as is available in the present condition of the party in St. John. Whether the doctor would accept the nomination is another question.

PUNGENT HALIFAX TOPICS.

The Request of the Good Shepherd Home—Confiscated Liquors.

HALIFAX, Oct. 26.—There is every probability of a lively time soon in the city council over the petition of the Home of the Good Shepherd for \$80.00 per head a year for each inmate. It is known that seven aldermen are favorable to paying \$50.00 per head, and it will only require two more votes to carry the measure. Why the Home of the Good Shepherd should be entitled to anything from the city for the keeping of the unfortunate women confined there does not seem clear to many of the citizens. In the first place the building is exempt from taxes, and they pay no rent, which are big items when one considers that they run an immense laundry with convict labor, in competition with other laundries, which have to pay their help, also their rent and taxes. It is said further that the Good Shepherd laundry has ignored the business of the poor washerwoman more than any other else, and that there is a considerable suffering among that class on account of it.

It is said that the best of the liquors, and also confiscated by Inspector Mackessy are not destroyed as they should be, but are reserved for some of the aldermen and their legal adviser as a stimulant during the sessions of the city council. If this is true it is to be hoped that the inspector supplies them with the right kind, and plenty of it. Surely \$1,000 a year is not too much to pay a good purveyor.

Not His Line of Literature.

Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence has been in very feeble health for some months, and being unable to pursue his historical researches much of the time must have passed slowly to him. Anything in the nature of study or reading that would cause excitement has been forbidden, but the other day the doctor suggested that the patient might find recreation in reading some good novel. He was astonished when Mr. Lawrence replied that he had never read a novel in his life, and did not intend to begin at this stage of his career. Considering the amount of general reading and writing that he has done, and that he is now in his 76th year, the fact of his lifelong abstinence from the works of fiction is somewhat remarkable.

RAWLINGS WILL WALK.

HIS LATEST ESCAPE, INSULTING MR. H. C. PAGE.

The Chief is Considering the Evidence—"Progress" Statements Are Some Out Now—The Daily Press in Line at Last—Rawlings Must Go.

Captain Rawlings is in serious trouble again, and in spite of all the good offices and intentions of those about him, he is likely to take a long vacation. Insulting good and peaceable citizens has been a part of his special duty, as he understood it. Progress has pointed out and exposed his offenses so often, has demanded his dismissal in the interests of the public force and of the people so frequently without one word of assistance from the daily newspapers, though they knew all the facts, that it can afford to stand on one side on this occasion and watch the fun with a smile. For, strange to say, the daily papers have at last been forced to the reluctant conclusion that this drunkard and bully Rawlings is not a fit man to move among citizens with any authority.

From time to time, while on the old Portland force, Progress exposed his offenses, and from the hour since he joined the united force the same watch has been kept upon him. His offenses, if described, would fill this paper twice, and yet, in spite of the facts, he has been in the favor of his chief and been kept on the force. His latest public escapade, before insulting Mr. Page, was as a drunken bully at a Fairville fire, where he had to be guarded against the assault of the crowd by his friends. Progress told the story then, explaining just how it occurred and what a disgrace it was for St. John to have an officer on its force who would draw his revolver on a crowd in his drunken fury. Chief Clarke took no notice of that offense; it remains to be seen what he will do in this case. At the hour Progress went to press, Friday, his decision was not given.

The facts of the case in brief are that while Mr. Henry C. Page, one of the most popular young men in the city, was waiting for some friends in the railway station, he was insulted and abused by Rawlings, who, without any provocation, also threatened to arrest him. Mr. Page is naturally of a quiet manner and no one will believe for a moment that Rawlings had the slightest provocation, and the fact that he had not is borne out by several witnesses.

JOKES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Men Who Worked Well Whether They Affected the Result or Not.

Several jokes of the campaign are well worth telling, since they show the fun and spirit with which the contest in this city was carried on. Those who were in Dukes ward at 4 o'clock in the afternoon say that the funniest thing that they have ever seen was the escorting of Thomas Kearns by two opposition ward chairmen, Mr. Hamilton and Colonel Blaine, to the poll to vote the name of Mr. Sothorn. It is to be presumed that Thomas voted a split ticket.

A good many people have laughed over the fact that the sign which for two or three weeks decorated the opposition headquarters on Germain street was found one morning after the contest hanging in a tree in the old burial ground. The good part of the joke was not told. It was perpetrated by the best opposition hustler in the city whose tendency to practical joking is well known. He usually works in Victoria ward, but on last Saturday morning he had charge of a picked nine to vote all the opposition dead men to the Rothsay non-resident booth. Another story equally good is told of an intimate co-worker of his in No. 2 Prince who, under some benign influence, became so mixed in the early hours of election day that he sent a double-sheeted buggy, paid for by the opposition funds, in charge of two government men to the county, where the team did good work in carrying voters for Dunn and McLeod.

MR. WHOOLLEY'S CHICKEN PARTY.

The Thirteenth Annual Gathering of the Favored Boys.

The following account of the 13th annual Whooley chicken party has been sent to Progress for publication:— At 7.30 o'clock Wednesday evening the boys turned out in full force to attend the annual chicken frolic at Mr. John Whooley's, 131 City Road (and it was no lie to call them chickens, for there was some of them that was not more than a week old). Mike Sullivan can prove that, for he brought five home with him. He offered to sell them back for five cents each, but Mrs. Whooley said she would sooner have the quarter than the chickens, Jim Brennan and John Coughlan won two pair ducks, four pair chickens. Brennan kindly presented his lot to Alderman McKelvy. John McAnulty won a fine pair of geese but they were very old, so gave his share to his partner, Mr. Thomas Kickham who is going to have the hides tanned and make an elegant set of harness for Mickey Huff's goat. John Dewey won a fine pair of frame chickens. Tom

Hourihan acted as master of ceremonies and stopped all further proceedings and ordered refreshments for the party, which was a glass of water, and was served by Miss Woolley. Mr. John Hourihan came then with Jim Morran and Ned Bain and Billy Savage, and Jim McAndrew and George Duffy. They set in and played until 12 o'clock. Jim Morran and Jim McAndrew won two pair of chickens, Mills and Mullen played off for a rooster, and young Mills won. The party broke up at 12 o'clock, after spending an enjoyable evening. Mr. Wheely and his son, Mike, has been seen going the rounds buying up all the chickens and ducks that was in the neighborhood, and they have succeeded in doing quite a profitable business, as the net sum realized Wednesday night was \$23.14.

SIDNEY WELTON'S RECORD.

His Schemes to Insure People in Nova Scotia.

During the pastoring of Rev. Sydney Welton at the Canning baptist church, he conspired with one Elijah Fox, of Peregau, to insure Fox's father, Elijah Fox, Sr. This they, or rather he, did in this way. Welton wrote the application without seeing the old gentleman at the time, though he knew he was about dying; got samples of the old man's handwriting from the son, and presumably forged Fox's signature to the paper. He told young Fox that as he (Welton) knew something of medicine it would not be necessary to have a doctor see him, therefore presumably he made bogus examination papers. When the old man died three months afterward the company did some kicking, alleging misrepresentation: So that rather than have any inquiry, Welton and his confederate were glad to take what they could get. Welton tried to get Fox to sign a power of attorney, so that he could draw the money, but was disappointed in that.

Welton also insured Edgar Eaton, of Canning, and his wife, but as he said there was no need of medical examination they grew suspicious and dropped the policies. He also while in Windsor got an application from Mr. Henry Dimock. Dr. Black examined Mr. Dimock, who had been refused by some other companies. He did not stand a very good examination. The doctor handed the papers to Welton to be forwarded to the head office. When they looked at the application and saw Mr. Dimock put down as a man in first class health who had never been ill, or at least had always enjoyed fairly good health—and then to find Mr. D.—had been refused by another company—they could not understand it at all. So Dr. Black was written to and asked what he meant by giving this man a bad bill of health to a rival company and a clean bill to them. The doctor asked for the papers to see what was in them wrong, and discovered the whole medical examination to be a forgery. Welton confessed, but promised never to do so any more.

An Appreciative Line.

A gentleman with whom Progress is well acquainted, sends the following appreciative note respecting Mr. Glave's lecture:

Mr. E. J. Glave, who has been with Stanley in Africa and spent six years in the Congo free states and is highly and very complimentarily spoken of by the hero of the Dark Continent will lecture in your city on Monday next, I think. I have had the pleasure of hearing him and he is much above the ordinary. His voice is flexible and musical while addressing the audience, and his style both chaste and excellent. His views are taken from life and particularly interesting.

Mr. Glave lectures in this city are under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

A Good Scheme to Inquire.

Gibson Clarke Mosher a talented reader and elocutionist, from Windsor, N. S., gave an entertainment in the Opera house on Tuesday, which was not so well attended as it should have been. It would be well for amateurs from other parts of the maritime provinces, who propose to visit St. John and give entertainments at their own risk, to inquire very carefully into the probability of success. It is difficult to capture a large audience in this city for a good foreign entertainment let alone a local one.

A Good Time All Around.

The people of Musquash showed their appreciation of the election of a resident of their village, Mr. Dunn, in a very demonstrative manner one evening after the contest. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn was tendered to them in return and a very pleasant evening was spent by all friends.

Wiman at the Institute.

Though Progress will be printed before Mr. Erastus Wiman gives his lecture at the Institute, it is quite safe to predict that he will have a large audience and be given an attentive hearing. Everybody understands that he is sincere in his utterances, and thoroughly informed on the topics of which he treats.

Consumption often follows colds. Use Munro's Cough Syrup in time.

THE FIGHT IS FINISHED.

AND THE GOVERNMENT REMAIN VICTORS ON THE FIELD.

Dunn and McLeod Elected—Declaration Day Sensations—Blair's Farewell to His Old County of York—The "Little Sheets" of Mr. Pitts—Scenes and Incidents.

The fight is over and the smoke of the battle is fast disappearing. The predictions made by Progress correspondents from one end of the province to the other the first week of the conflict have been even more than verified. The majority of the government is larger than its most sanguine friends expected it would be, and the new members supporting the present administration and 12 opposed to it.

So far as the election itself went the fight in this city was a very tame one indeed. Not in the history of Progress at any rate, has there been a contest in which so little interest was felt. The total vote shows that there were hundreds of people who did not even feel sufficient interest in the result to poll their vote. The workers toiled with a lesser degree of heartiness than usual, because on the one side was the fair certainty that defeat was in the air and on the other the knowledge that it was not necessary to be over zealous. And yet notwithstanding that fact there were plenty of voters purchased in this city last Saturday. The claim of the government candidates is that they were not in a position to offer cash temptations to the voters, and, if the statements that have been given to Progress are correct, it is one of the curious facts of the campaign that the government party went into the contest in the city and county with less than \$1,400 to pay all legitimate expenses and induce the doubtful voter. Of course the opposition party laugh at this statement and do not endeavour to conceal the fact that it had all the funds that were necessary. A goodly portion of the "pile" was sent to the county but the city wards were not left unprovided for. While they felt tolerably certain of the result in the city, they were by no means so confident of the county vote and every effort was made to ensure them a victory in that quarter.

The night before the election both the leader of the opposition, Dr. Stockton, and the alleged champion of the millmen, Mr. McKeown, held a mass meeting in the large hall at Millford, which was crowded to the doors. Here, from 8 to 11.30 o'clock was one of the warmest political gatherings that has perhaps ever assembled in the county of St. John. The reception given to Mr. McKeown, while warm and enthusiastic, was more than equalled by the tremendous applause that greeted the entrance of Mr. McDade a few minutes after the meeting opened. From that time till the close it was a battle of words and although McDade punctured the statements and arguments of McKeown very thoroughly respecting his allegiance to the cause of the millmen in their strike more than a year ago, Dr. Stockton attempted to tread upon the same dangerous ground when he rose to speak. Perhaps at no time in the chequered career of that gentleman had he met with so doubtful a reception. He was cleverly captured by Mr. McDade on the subject of the Lien Bill by having a report of his own speech in the halls of the legislature presented to him with a request to read the same. His refusal to do so seemed to turn the tide of the audience against him and the continued cries of "read it!" "read it!" was so disturbing to him that there was no doubt but what he became effectually "rattled."

Then he turned his attention to the publisher of Progress, who in his newspaper capacity was seated among the audience at the lower end of the hall, and made such statements as called for a contradiction on the spot. This seemed to so excite the Alphabetical Doctor that he told the representative of Progress that if he wished to make a speech to come to the platform and make it and he would give him an opportunity to do so. The acceptance of this offer seemed to surprise him to such a degree that he attempted to limit his time to five minutes. In this he was howled down by the crowd and effectually persuaded to allow Mr. Carter all the time that he required.

The readers of Progress are very well aware of the part taken by this paper in the millmen's strike; of the sympathy and it may be, assistance, extended to them at that time. In the formation of their union shortly afterwards the millmen gratefully gave all the printing and work of that nature to Progress and, included in this was the publication of a constitution and bye-laws, the body of which was taken almost wholly from the constitution of the Printer's union. The introduction, of course, stating what the aims and object of the Millmen's union were had to be written, and was contained on one or two sheets of foolscap. It was prepared by Mr. McKeown in consultation with the committee of the millmen and sent to the printer, with the printed bye-laws of

the Printer's union, altered to suit the Millmen's union, for publication. For the preparation of this constitution it was alleged by some early in the campaign that Mr. McKeown had been paid \$12. Whether this was true or not, Progress is not in a position to state, but even if it had been true it would not have been any reflection upon Mr. McKeown, as a lawyer, for charging for his services. Mr. McKeown said that it was not true, and that the only money he was paid was for clerical work in preparing the constitution for the printer, which, he said, was handed over by him to the party who did the copying—though he refused to give his name. It was in this way that Progress was dragged into the affair, and the letter which the publisher wrote to Mr. McDade regarding the matter stated that Mr. McKeown had not paid him for the book, but that he had been paid direct by the millmen, and that the greater part of the book was taken from the constitution of the Printer's union. That seemed to arouse the ire of the leader of the opposition, and though undoubtedly possessing qualifications to make almost anyone opposed to him uncomfortable on the platform, he found himself on this particular evening with the facts and the audience against him. The enthusiastic cheers for the government, for Mr. McDade, Progress and other champions of the millmen's cause and the feebleness of the hurrahs for McKeown and Stockton indicated beyond a doubt the feeling of the meeting, which was emphasized on the following day by the fact that instead of 150 majority, as was expected for the opposition candidates in Fairville and Millford, Mr. McKeown led the pole by only 37 votes.

As soon as the booths closed Saturday afternoon, each party sought its headquarters, either in the Mechanic's Institute, where the opposition gathered to receive the returns, or in Berryman's hall, where the government supporters assembled. There is no doubt whatever that for the first few hours the immense crowd at the Mechanic's Institute was one of the most enthusiastic, cheering mass of people that ever assembled in a public building. From almost every ward in the city came the happy news of the majority of three years ago being duplicated in the present contest. Cheer after cheer went up as the different ward workers brought the news of their victories, and every one of them were for the time the heroes of the occasion. That excitable individual, Mr. J. Gordon Forbes, was the master of ceremonies and it was to his credit that he kept the audience in splendid control. Mr. J. Douglas Hazen assisted the candidates in talking to the crowd, and Alderman Geo. A. Davis, who a week before was supporting the government, also gave them the benefit of his startling eloquence.

Following close on the news of the victory in St. John came word from the county that McKeown was leading the poll and for a time it seemed as though there was a possibility of Mr. Rourke keeping him company in the next session of the legislature. This seemed to cap the climax and more than a thousand people shouted themselves hoarse in their joy at the seeming result. This was tempered in a very short time by the fact that even they were convinced that Mr. Dunn had a place on the ticket and would accompany Mr. McKeown to Fredericton. Closely following upon this came the news from York that Premier Blair and his entire ticket had gone by the boards. For a time this seemed too good to be true but when the audience became convinced that it was so pandemonium seemed to be let loose. There was no doubt whatever in their minds that with Blair defeated the government was gone. They all seemed to echo the cry of the leader of the opposition that the government had been a one man government; that that man was Blair and his defeat meant its defeat. It was in this frame of mind that the general Dr. Silas mounted the rostrum and noted the fact that the hour of vengeance had arrived; that the local government officers in the city must go by the board and unless they did so his support would not be given to the Stockton government. "The Stockton government!"—It lasted until about 10 o'clock and then it began to vanish. The news came from Westmorland that the grand old county had reversed its verdict and sent four men to represent the present administration. As this was backed up by Charlotte with its quartette; by Kings with three men and by Northumberland with four; by Albert with two; by Carleton with at least one, there did not seem to be any reasonable doubt but that the Blair government had more than held its own. Shortly after seven o'clock the crowds at the telegraph offices became very large and every despatch that came from the different parts of the province was quickly caught up and sent flying from mouth to mouth along King street, and to every part of the city.

As soon as the government supporters were assured that there was no doubt of the

TZE Powder. One pound is a best black powder. Sportsmen. Trading Guns. & CO. Cases. Some patterns. Wm. Street. 892. Tailor. \$13.00 up. 14.00 up. Telephone. Iron.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

How amusing it is to listen to the somewhat acid criticisms upon one's remarks, especially when they are directed against a perfectly irresponsible person; it is exceedingly funny to him, but I wonder how the other likes it.

People have many different ideas about music. For instance, there was a young lady singing here once, who, every time she encountered the word "oh" in any shape or form, twisted and screwed her mouth on one side as if she were going to whistle on the spot, and made a queer little squeak. My next neighbor observed, "Doesn't she sing sweetly." On another occasion an orchestra played a well known air, cornet solo, accompanied by the other instruments. The soloist evidently must have suddenly thought he was late for a train or something, and departed from adante to allegro, triumphantly finishing while his accompaniment was about in the middle. A near old man, who was sitting near me, rubbed his hands, his eyes positively glistened with delight; he smacked his lips and remarked, "Ah! That's what I call music!"

The Oratorio society is to be congratulated upon having Mr. Forster as secretary again. Mr. Forster is the right man for this position. It is heard that the "Lay of the Bell" was taken up again at the Monday practice, the general verdict being that this work requires great deal more practice than it is likely to get.

It seems rather strange that the service at Trinity church was not more elaborate at the ordination service on Sunday morning, as it is a rare thing to have an ordination here, but Mr. Strand was not given sufficient notice to have the boys properly practiced. Mr. Strand deserves great praise for the excellent manner in which the boys are singing now-a-days. They sing in tune all through, the use deviation in the unaccompanied verse of one hymn being due to a slight error in the tenor.

There is also a faint rumor that another musician is not lost to us forever. The minstrels are hard at work. I overheard a conversation about some of the costumes to be worn at the second performance, which are "most fetching" but not likely to become fashionable in St. John.

Fruit Drops.

Assorted Flavors made daily at the 20TH CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN. These goods compare favorably with imported goods—are strictly pure and at our popular prices.

Look out for Beautiful Presents. Morrison as Mephisto in his play of "Faust," which I think was shown in St. John at the beginning of the season.

The leading musical attraction of the season so far has been little Cyril Tyler the wonderful boy soprano, who has created more excitement than any singer for a long time. One of the papers said he could give Patti points as to the manner of singing "Home, Sweet Home." His rendition of Gounod's "Ave Maria," with piano, organ, and violin accompaniment is something like the like of which is not often heard below the level of the stars.

Mr. E. S. Willard has captured Montreal in the "Middleman." Montreal evidently knows a good thing when she sees it. Augustus Daly's new play "Little Miss Million" fell flat and he has replaced it with "Dollars and Sense." The new piece must have been bad.

Mr. Lewis Morrison gave a special performance of "Richeieu" at the Bowdoin Square last evening. Mrs. Potter is to play "Therese" only for the rest of the season.

There is not in the present generation of actors—Jefferson is still young; art never dies—a cleaner cut exponent of the value of details thought out and elaborated than in Jefferson's Rip, says the N. Y. Press. Not a second of his time upon the stage, from the moment you feel that he is about to enter until he has departed and left his presence still lingering before you—not a second is there which he does not fill in with touches of exquisite work.

Mechanics' Institute.

COMING FOR A SHORT SEASON Friday, Nov. 4th. THE ORIGINAL ZERA SEMON, King of Magicians and Ventriloquist Emperor.

TOGETHER WITH HIS TROUPE OF ROYAL MARIONETTES. The First Appearance in St. John MASTER LAWRENCE SEMON, The Youngest Magician and Minstrel Performer in the World.

100 BEAUTIFUL AND 100 COSTLY Presents GIVEN AWAY EVERY NIGHT. Admission—25 and 35 cents. Special Matinee on Saturday Afternoon for Ladies and Children. THREE GRAND PERFORMANCES AT THE OPERA HOUSE Wednesday and Thursday, NOVEMBER 9th and 10th.

ST JOHN Amateur Minstrel Club. 6 End Men 6 New Songs! New Jokes! New Faces! A REFINED ENTERTAINMENT THE MINSTREL QUARTETTE. FUNNY SKETCHES. Concluding with the great musical Burlesque The King of the Cannibal Islands. Matinee Thanksgiving Day, 10th. Usual Prices.

TO BE SOLD Public Auction. At Chubb's Corner, in the City of St. John, N. B., on Saturday, the 12th November, 1892, at noon. THAT valuable Freshhold Lot and Dwelling House thereon, situated on the north side of Meeklenburg street, St. John, N. B., owned by the estate of the late John W. Nicholson.

HATS, TOQUES & BONNETS. In the latest French, English and American Styles. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. FOR THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN. Very many of the readers of PROGRESS in their preparation to entertain their friends this fall and winter will need printing.

Commercial College.

To Write well. To Spell correctly. To Write Grammatically. To use Typewriter rapidly. To construct a good Business Letter. To open and close a Full set of Books. To keep Book by Single and Double Entry. To be proficient in Business Arithmetic. To have a good knowledge of Commercial Law. To pass successfully the Civil Service Examinations. To take Business Correspondence and Legal Matter in Short-hand.



COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Founded A. D. 1788. COURSE OF STUDY. I. CLASSICAL.—Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, French, German. II. MODERN.—English, French, German, Mathematics. III. COMMERCIAL.—English, French, German, Arithmetic and Commercial Subjects. Phonography, Book-keeping, Writing and Drawing taught to all pupils.

Our Patronage. For the last three months has far exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year. Our determination is to provide the best Business Training obtainable in Canada, and we have the facilities for affecting the determination.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 29.

MR. BLAIR LEAVES YORK.

There is something pathetic in the farewell words of Mr. BLAIR to the electors of York, as he withdraws from an ungrateful constituency to give another portion of the province the benefits of his great ability and long experience as a statesman. His speech is manly and dignified, but it is none the less a keen rebuke to the people who under a wild and foolish impulse took a course they must ever regret. If ever a constituency had cause to be grateful to a man for what he had done, it was the county of York. Mr. BLAIR has guarded its interests long and faithfully. He has had and exercised the power to materially benefit it, and his reward is that he is set aside for such men as PIRTS and PINDER.

Had Mr. BLAIR been defeated in a fair battle on the legitimate issue neither he nor his friends could have had cause to complain. As it was he was the victim of treachery by those on whom he had been led to rely, and of unscrupulous methods on the part of his opponents. The tyranny of capital and coercion of workingmen was resorted to as one part of the programme, while vicious appeals to the passions and prejudices of the bigotted and ignorant formed the other part. It was the meanest and most unmanly fight known in the county of York since Mr. BLAIR entered politics.

The people of St. John will gladly welcome Mr. BLAIR as a fellow citizen, irrespective of what his politics may be. The people of York have no longer any claim on him, and they deserve to have none. They can comfort themselves with PRITS, as he appears to suit them, and they are heartily welcome to him. St. John is quite satisfied to have Mr. BLAIR.

A RASCALY PIECE OF WORK.

Wholly apart from the question of political parties is the view that ought to be taken of an anonymous circular scattered broadcast over York county on the eve of the election. It was headed "Orangemen and Protestants, Awake!" and was the most villainous attempt to create a "religious" war that has been made for a long time in this part of the world. It sought to stir up the worst passions of the ignorant bigots for whom it was intended, and does not appear to have failed of its effect. It was couched in the language of the worst class of low down demagogues and breathed in every line a more ardent intolerance than marked the darkest days of the dark ages. There were times in the reign of ELIZABETH, as well as MARY, when protestants and catholics sincerely believed they were doing God's service in their persecutions of each other, but that was the spirit of the age and there was some excuse for them, as there was later for the fanatical Puritans who disgraced the new world by their cruelties. They believed they were right. In this instance the effort to antagonize creeds and classes can have no excuse. It is the work of self-seeking rascals who cannot be called politicians, who are without the ability to meet honorable opponents on fair and even ground, and who care not what strife they create so long as they accomplish their own paltry ends. It is not too much to assume that the man who wrote that circular would be quite capable of setting fire to a building for the sake of the plunder he could steal from it, and that those who aided and abetted him in the one act would not be found wanting if needed to assist him in the other. He is a bad man, whoever he may be, and if he belongs to the orange order he is a disgrace to it.

It would not, however, be fair to hold the orange order responsible for the mischievous work of a man who so thoroughly negatives the principles that body professes to cherish. It is understood that many members of the order denounce the circular and its author in positive terms, and regret that it was permitted to appear. It is true, indeed, that at the beginning of the cam-

paigned a circular to the orangemen of York was issued over the signature of HERMAN H. PITTS, county master, but that was the action of PITTS who, realizing that he had no merits of his own on which to ask for election, wanted to be chosen as an opponent of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." This circular was bad enough, in its reference to the "Rome-cursed minority" and "the minions of a Romish hierarchy," but poor PITTS wanted to be nominated and might be pardoned for his silly words. Besides, the circular was addressed merely to "dear brothers," and the county master probably had a right to call a "grand orange convention," as he termed it, in such language as he thought would draw a crowd. The later circular, addressed to protestants in general with special inflammatory appeals to the orangemen, was a more serious affair. It is pretty well understood who was the author of it, though in this instance he was afraid to append his name. Whoever wrote the circular is of the kind of stuff of which sneaks are made. His idea of imitating his alleged ancestors of Derry would be to hide behind a chimney on a house-top and shoot his opponents in the back. This circular was issued from the office of HERMAN H. PITTS.

It is well for this country that men who could adopt such a species of guerilla warfare are few in number and of no consequence outside of the narrow groove in which they move. It is satisfactory to decent people of all creeds to know that the act of irresponsible individuals in this instance is condemned by the majority who are as good protestants and better orangemen than they are. It would be strange if it were otherwise. It would speak ill for the protestants of this province if the incendiary document were viewed otherwise than with the contempt it merits. It is a rascally piece of work.

ARE WOMEN CRUEL?

A writer who has a reputation as an authority on woman and her ways has a readable article in this issue of PROGRESS on the subject of what she considers to be the cruel ways of her sex. The instances she quotes will be recognized as portraits true to life, and she will not lack for sympathy in her plea for the more humane treatment of the creatures which God has placed in close relationship to man in everyday life. As to the slaughter of the innocents in the form of birds to satisfy the demands of a foolish fashion, her condemnation is vigorous, but no more so than is called for by the facts. Every woman who reads her words will do well to give the subject the thought it merits. Better still, every mother will do well to educate her children to abhor a fashion which is supported by such a terrible sacrifice of the birds which the all-wise Creator has sent into the world to remind weary man of the world of joy and song.

It is no wonder ASTRA feels that women are cruel, but may it not be that in her righteous indignation she does them less than justice? The majority of them do not think as deeply as she does, and they do not realize how great the destruction of songsters is in this respect. If they do happen to read about it, they doubt the truth of the stories, or in purchasing a hat adorned with plumage they satisfy their conscience by the thought that as the damage is already done, it cannot be helped, and that if they do not buy the hat somebody else will. This is poor logic, it is true, and is of the kind that will keep the demand for plumage brisk, but it is the feminine way of reasoning. Sometimes, in other matters, it is also man's way of reasoning. Such a way of looking at things, however, scarcely proves that woman is cruel. The inference is rather that she is thoughtless. She pleases herself, and does not trouble herself as to what the remote consequences of her actions may be.

So it is, doubtless, in the other and minor counts of the indictment preferred by ASTRA against her sex. An insect, a moth or a bee, annoys or terrifies her. It is necessary to her comfort that it be put out of the way. She considers that the quickest way is to burn it, or if she sticks a pin through it she is under the impression that it ought to die at once. If it does not, she concludes that, anyway, insects do not feel pain like larger animals, and dismisses the matter from her mind. She does not intend to make the thing suffer—she is only thoughtless.

Then, too, is the case of a mouse, it must be remembered that, with occasional exceptions, womenkind really are afraid of mice. They consider them their natural enemies. They have been taught from childhood that mice are to be trapped and otherwise exterminated by all possible agencies. The count against the sex for a desire to be cruel to mice can hardly be sustained. Due allowance must be made for excitement and terror in such cases. The same answer can be made to the counts relating to cats and dogs. Some women are not constituted to understand the nature of these companionable creatures. They are afraid of them, and impulsively demand that they be put out of their way. They do not intend to be cruel to them; but consult their own conscience and comfort. They do not reason the matter out; they are merely thoughtless. It is quite possible for women who would be guilty of any or all of the acts charged

in the indictment to be of the most tender and sympathetic natures in cases where it would occur to them that tenderness and sympathy were needed. They might be veritable exemplars of womanly devotion and might consider the world well lost if by sacrifice on their part they could make the lives of others happier. This would not be in cases where love prompts, for where that is the motive woman is really entitled to less credit than she usually gets. It is something she cannot help, and more than that, love is so much to her that the mainspring of action is really a selfish one. It is rather when abstract kindness to other men and women is demanded that the test of whether a woman is cruel or not is anything like a fair one. It is not on an occasion when a woman acts under the impulse of terror that her kindness or cruelty can be justly determined. It is when by a slow, deliberate process, she does this or that, that her nature is to be judged. There may be women who would trap a mouse or drown a hysterical kitten, who are yet of natures that FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE might yearn to and love. Conversely, there may be those whose sympathies are strongly with inferior creatures, and who are as thoughtful of them as of the human race; or they may be like the lady who asserted that the more she saw of men the more she admired dogs. The latter animals may have the stronger claim upon their sympathy and attention.

As a rule, however, PROGRESS inclines to the belief that women are less cruel than ASTRA fears they are in some ways, and as cynics assert they are in other respects. It is true that, looked at from either point of view, they cause a certain amount of pain in this world, but it ought not to be assumed that they intend to do so—that they are really cruel. They do not think out matters as they might do, and though "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart," gallantry forbids that man, even if they have caused him to suffer, should be ungenerous enough to condemn them. Women usually means well, whether she impales a moth or wounds a human heart, but the consideration of the effect of either act does not enter into the transaction at the time. If it comes at all, it comes later, but even then it may not occur to her that she has been in the least degree cruel.

HALLOWEEN IS AT HAND.

It is not to be regretted that the age of steam and electricity has driven Halloween's superstitions from the hold they appear to have once had on the people of enlightened countries, and notably in Great Britain and Ireland, with special reference to Scotland. In the new world they never had the acceptance they received across the ocean, but the "spells" have been worked by the young people as diversions, faith being placed in them only by the ignorant. Nuts and apples, and the like, will probably be to the front in the houses of many readers of PROGRESS next Monday night, for the fun they can be made to create, but it is not likely that any will regard them as otherwise than relics of curious myths of the days when folk lore was more common than book lore. To go farther back, they are the relics of paganism itself, and when or how they became associated with the eve of All Saints Day nobody seems able to explain.

For there is no possible connection between the superstitions of Halloween and the sacred character of the day by which it is followed. It is merely a coincidence, or rather a contrast, that the relics of paganism and the faith of christianity should be brought so close together by the almanac. The memory of the vigil of All Saints Day and of the day itself is explained in connection with the Anglican Calendar on another page of this issue, and the customs of Halloween are treated of on still another page. So far as the saturnalia has any relation to the festival it could as well be weeks or months earlier or later.

It may comfort some people of philosophical minds to know that the pranks played by bad boys on Halloween are probably a survival of antiquity. It was the belief once that all sorts of witches and what-not paid visits to honest people to annoy them. When, therefore, a boy rings a door bell and runs away, or blows oakum smoke through a keyhole, or changes front gates for you with a man half a mile away, he is doing just what it was expected evil spirits would delight to do in ancient times. The boys will not be aware of the fact that they are giving object lessons in folk lore, but that need not prevent the victims of their pranks from thinking of the lesson to be learned, nor from drawing a moral in case they cannot catch the boys. In the days when demons and spirits of all kinds were supposed to plague mortals, it is likely that a good deal of what was dreaded as the supernatural might have been accounted for, had a close watch been kept on frolicsome and mischievous folk. At any rate, the age of witchcraft seems to have faded away in proportion as light became more easily available on highways and books became more accessible to the people.

The poetry of Halloween is in the charms to which anxious lovers resort in order to learn their future matrimonial list. Some of them are pretty, and most of

them are harmless as diversions. There are some, however, done at the midnight hour, which serve no good end and have in the past caused sorrow to people of weak nerves. The temptation for the practical joker to play tricks at such times is strong, and unfortunately the frolic killer is not always around to frustrate his purpose before he has done some act he may ever regret. The Halloween fool, in some form or another, is to be found in every community. It is quite likely he will be heard from, as usual, this year.

The New York Sun says the Americans do not want to rule Canada. This is very decent of them, considering that the Canadians are not anxious to have them as rulers. The idea that we want annexation has arisen from the writings and utterances of such men as our friend ALFRED AUGUSTUS who succeeded in getting a New York paper to publish some of his blue ruin letters a few years ago. Since then he has joined the party of anti-poverty, anti-popery and anticipation, and has been hurrahing for the old flag at a great rate. The New York papers have not got onto the fact yet, and hence they keep laboring under the delusion that he and his friends are just where they were five or six years ago. ALFRED AUGUSTUS ought to write another letter, explaining his change of base.

Dr. SILAS is not posing as a prophet now, and has probably mislaid the piece of paper on which he forecast the result. PROGRESS preserved a copy of it, however, and finds that he was mistaken as to the result in every county, with the solitary exception of Kent. He predicted the return of twenty-four opposition men, but only twelve have come to the front. It would have been bad enough for a young man to have blundered so badly, but for one of SILAS's years the mistake can admit of little or no excuse.

Instead of the opposition in St. John upsetting the government and raising Old Harry generally, they have had their own calculations upset and have lost Young Harry into the bargain.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Sometimes People Excavate the Earth. The foundation of the new Beckman building is being excavated.—Lunenburg Argus.

At Our Own Silas's Time of Life. No less than sixteen lads, of a doubtful age, were seen with firearms, going out town on Monday.—Lunenburg Argus.

When Mr. Brown Got Cross. Mr. John Brown was obliged to kill his dog the other day, as he got cross and attacked a small boy.—Yarmouth Light.

The Bride Had the Preference. The presents to the bride were numerous and costly. No cards, and no cake as yet, for your correspondent.—Liverpool Times.

Wierd Tale from Clark's Harbor. Occasionally may be heard the squeaking of some member of the porcine family as he struggles with his captors to escape the death which is inevitable.—Yarmouth Light.

No, But the Man who Burnt It Was One. A small house owned and occupied by Jesse Sweeney at the Joggin, was burned to the ground on Wednesday night last week, together with all its contents. Was it incendiary?—Digby Canadian.

How Their Eyes Stuck Out. The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts, which were all appropriate and much appreciated and admired. But the brightest objects glittering there were the radiant eyes of the married pair.—Shelburne Budget.

Dr. Stewart Terribly in Earnest. The engineers or rather torturers seem to take delight in letting them (the whistles) off at the most unreasonable and unseasonable hours. We believe that if the owners of these infernal machines were once indicted, a better arrangement would ensue.—Quebec Chronicle.

Enough to Wake Up the People. When the loaded carts go along our streets, the babel they cause is bad enough in all consciences. But it isn't a patch on the din which they make after they have deposited their freight, and the drivers run races. It is an easy thing to check this hideous noise, which disturbs the sick, and exasperates the well.—Quebec Chronicle.

The Dark Side of City Life. One of Messrs. Leonard Bros. slovens, loaded with fish, broke down on the North wharf yesterday afternoon. The fish were transferred to another sloop and taken to their destination. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon Officer Gibson dispersed a crowd of loafers who had gathered on the New York pier, and who were in the way of men working on the wharf. A young man and his wife, both under the influence of a beverage stronger than water, got aboard the C. P. R. express going west last night, and their actions in the car caused considerable amusement and disgust.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

The Pictou Standard has entered on its 35th volume, and gives every indication that it may double the record and reach three-score and ten.

By the death of Mr. W. R. Melville, of the Telegraph composing room, the printing craft in this city loses an old and faithful member. He had been a familiar figure around the office for a generation, and as long as it was possible for him to walk he was at his post early and late. All who knew him will miss him and regret that he is no more with them.

Going Into Journalism. The boys of Leinster street school are thinking of going into the newspaper business, starting a small paper and running it after they have deposited their freight. To assist in starting the project they are giving a concert in the Mechanics' Institute on next Thursday, evening when they hope for a good audience to help them along.

Master's Elbow will cure your Cough. A new discovery has been made in the shape of a medicine which will cure a cough in a few days. It is called Master's Elbow, and is a most valuable remedy.

WHAT INNOVATION AT ST. DAVID'S.

Why the Choir Leader is Sorry that Anything Was Said About It.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The choir and congregation of St. David's presbyterian church regret exceedingly the publication in last week's PROGRESS of the article "Churches and Music." The gentleman referred to in the article is a most estimable member of the church, his one weakness being an unreasonable prejudice against the use of athena and instrumental music in the service of praise. The writer has a peculiar interest in the matter, as he is largely responsible for the recent changes in St. David's, he, though well aware of Mr. —'s opposition, having made the rescinding of the restrictions previously in force, a condition of his accepting the leadership of the choir, when it was recently tendered him by the church session. Mr. —, notwithstanding his present attitude, is an ardent lover of music, and we hope that by the excellence of our selections, rendered to the best of our ability, he might be got, after a little, not only to tolerate, but also to enjoy the "innovation." Although he left us rather hastily, the first day the change came into effect, we still hope that by a manifestation of the kindly feelings we all entertain for him, he might be won back to us, and still remain an honored member of our congregation; we now fear that our object has been but poorly furthered by PROGRESS's article.

Mr. — can not himself very well complain of the publicity given the matter, as his own act was sufficiently public. The members of his family, however, who neither sought nor desired publicity have just cause to think that more regard should have been had for their feelings than to have rushed the incident, and are no doubt, along with the choir, somewhat exercised as to where PROGRESS got so minute particulars of the matter. It might be said that the choir is only required to perform their duties to the best of their ability, without concerning themselves as to whether this or that one is pleased or not. This may be true. St. David's choir, however, composed as it is almost entirely of church members, desires to be not unmindful of the apostate conjunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." They are, therefore, somewhat disturbed by this one exception to the otherwise unanimous expression of hearty appreciation of the changes recently made, and if, Mr. Editor, you will kindly give the communication some prominence with the article complained of, you will greatly oblige the choir of St. David's, and especially the

CHOIR LEADER.

The particulars given by PROGRESS were not obtained from any member of the choir, but from others who were in no way responsible for the publication of the facts. The "minute particulars" seemed to be known to a number of people, and the story was written without the intention of causing the slightest offence to anyone. No member of the congregation had anything to do with rushing the story into print, and the writer was not even aware that the gentleman in question had a family. So far as PROGRESS understands the feeling of the congregation, they would be very glad to welcome him back whenever he can reconcile his conscience to the new order of things.

IN LAW ALWAYS JUSTICE?

A Correspondent Has Something to Say About the Courts.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Of old it was said "the king can do no wrong." In this day, it is claimed that the court, or at least a judge can do no wrong. Not long ago, in Ontario, a citizen reading at night, in his own house, was assaulted by a burglar, who after firing several shots, was only prevented from murdering his victim, by the timely appearance of the wife of the wounded citizen. In this case the crime was premeditated, and but that the burglar was a poor shot, probably both the citizen and his wife would have been murdered. Justice appears to have been satisfied by imposing a sentence of four years imprisonment.

In another case police surround a house. In the dark a policeman attacks the two fleeing inmates and draws his revolver to shoot. In the melee the officer is shot fatally. The accused is supposed to have had a fair trial; if a trial can be called fair held near the scene of the tragedy, and the issue tried by the friends of the dead officer. Conviction under these circumstances was a foregone conclusion. One sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary, the other to be hung for carrying a revolver and using it when attacked, and for drinking liquors on which the crown collects a revenue.

In the one case the criminal, with premeditation, attempts to commit a murder, and is only prevented by circumstances over which he had no control; punishment four years in jail. In the other there appears to have been no meditation; simply the effort of desperate men to escape arrest, for a crime they may or may not have committed.

After all is it any preventive to crime to hang people? In practice, public flogging is found to have a more salutary effect than hanging, and there is the ever present risk of hanging the wrong person. A better plan would be to compel the offenders to repair as far as possible the injury and loss they have caused—where human life has been taken compel the criminal to toil for the benefit of the family of his victim, and add punishment, say flogging, for premeditated crimes. A perusal of the evidence has failed to convince the writer, that there was in the case of Buck and Jim any premeditated intention to murder. No doubt they were bold, bad men, but even bad men are

entitled to justice. It is not in the interests of society that because men are poor, and vicious, they alone should suffer.

HE RAN AND TOLD MR. WELDON.

And That Gentleman Unpleasantly Went Back on the "Telegraph."

The following correspondence was not read by Dr. A. A. Stockton at the wake of Silas's cabinet held in the Mechanics' Institute last Saturday night:

St. John, N. B., 29th Oct., 1892. DEAR WELDON: I read with much surprise the editorial in today's Telegraph attacking Silas and me by referring to "a couple of windbags, Alward and Stockton," and also asserting that "Messrs. Alward and Stockton bear a strong family likeness to the Jackass." This surprise is much increased when I reflect that you largely control that paper, and that you were the counsel for the trustees in the Assiniboia case. From your knowledge of us, you know as well as I do that those articles are libellous, unjustifiable and cowardly. I appeal to you to state whether you consider that we or either of us, in your opinion, resemble a Jackass, or whether it is your opinion that we are a couple of wind bags. Yours very truly,

A. A. STOCKTON.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 29, 1892.

DEAR STOCKTON: I read with much regret and surprise the article in the Telegraph asserting that you and Mr. Alward are a couple of windbags, and also asserting that you bear a strong family resemblance to the Jackass. I had not the remotest idea that such articles would be published.

I have had I do not received your note, I intended to have written a letter to the press as an act of justice to yourself and Silas. I have known you a long time, and as for Silas I can remember him when he was a comparatively young man, over forty years ago. It never occurred to me that either of you bore any actual personal likeness to a Jackass, what ever else you may have resembled, nor did I ever make a statement in public that you were a couple of windbags. I shall get Major McLean to see Mr. McCready and cause a retraction to be made.

I have already been of the opinion that the political contests nothing should be said to hurt the feelings of anybody on the other side. The demands of my profession prevent me from exercising a close personal supervision over matter that is to appear in the Telegraph, but I am always glad to be told when there is anything said that anybody does not like. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. WELDON.

Well Attended.

Kerr's Business college is very well attended at the present time. The number of students is more satisfactory than it ever has been in the history of the institution, and it would appear that the young men of the maritime provinces are coming to the conclusion that they can obtain as good a commercial education in this city or in Halifax as they can in any of the larger Canadian or American towns.

Bengough Hit Them.

The opera house held an appreciative audience when Bengough gave his entertainment on Wednesday night, and everybody who went was pleased. It goes without saying that the sketches were good and the hits cleave. (Everybody laughed and some laughed very heartily. Bengough will give another entertainment next Thursday evening.

A Change of Sailing Days.

The sailing days of the steamer Monticello change in the month of November, the boat leaving Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same day.

THUMBS THAT MEAN MURDER.

Some of the Ways in Which It is Said They May be Recognized.

Examine your hand and see if you are a born murderer! says a N. Y. paper. But if you find the "scaffold sign" and "spatulated thumb," don't go off and kill somebody or give up in despair, for the natural bent may be thwarted by resolutions, the grace of God, or other means.

Chromancers have been studying the hand a long time, and Desbarrolles, the famous French savant, declares that the case is conclusively made out. He gives us a map of the hand which is destined in all probability to shed the life-blood of a fellow man. There is first the "pouce en bille," or "balheaded thumb," broad at the point, bulbous, often flattened or spatulated at the end, and imposed as to the nail, which is small and sunken somewhat into the flesh. A similar conformation of the fingers is often observed. Second.—The thickness of the "Mount of Mars," or outer edge of the palm which chromancers argue to indicate destructiveness.

Third.—The "scaffold sign," a peculiar cross in the palm beneath the second finger. Other signs are added, but these are the chief. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer inspected the hands of the convicted homicides in the Ohio penitentiary and with startling results. Almost every one had the signs, and Warden C. C. James was so impressed by it that he refused to allow an examination of the seven murderers in the annex awaiting execution, as he thought it might prejudice their chances for commutation. W. J. Elliot, the late Columbus editor, refused to allow his hand to be looked at, so he is set down as a murderer by accident or sudden heat rather than by nature.

Benedict Zucher, who killed his own father, has both thumbs en bille, and the scaffold sign sharp and distinct on each hand. His hands are perfectly typical, according to Desbarrolles' theory. John Riddle, who murdered a convict in the penitentiary, after he had received a life sentence for a murder committed in Shelby county, is another prisoner who has spatulated thumbs. In the other there are every detail. Johnny Beal, of Preble county, convicted on circumstantial evidence at the age of thirteen of killing his own mother, has hands perfectly free of the distinctive sign. So has George W. Brashears, convicted also on circumstantial evidence, and Samuel Hummel. All the other men have the signs, and many of them in an astonishing degree.

Hallowmas Eve, 1892.

Let the young people enjoy the season by providing them with nice Gravestones, Apples, Chestnuts, Walnuts, New Raisins, Figs and Green Grapes, English and Canadian Biscuits, Sweet Oider, New Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peaches, etc., from J. B. Armstrong & Bros., 33 Charlotte Street, Y. M. C. A.

Trust Your Grocer for good sugar, be up-to-date-to sell you Logan's S... the sure test of a grocer tries to sell look out for his v... 25c. Co... SHERATO (Successor) 38 King St... R... PLAY... ARTHUR P. T... NOW OPEN... New goods of all kind Fancy Plush Boxes Works, and Miscellaneous our usual low prices. at our usual low rates D. McARTHUR, Book... New Canned W. ALEX... 250 Cases Canned Tomatoes. 375 Cases Canned Corn. 150 Cases Canned Peas. Also Canned Salmon, Lobster, Pears, Plums, Factory Pa... W. ALEX. PORTE... We are Show... a full line of the best New Silver Moon, also the famous Orient COLES, PARS... 90 Char...

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for good sugar, coffee and flour. He's sure to be up-to-date—to keep fresh, pure goods, for he sells you

Logan's Sterling SOAP

the sure test of every grocer's other goods. If a grocer tries to sell you any "just-as-good" soaps—look out for his wooden nutmegs.

25c. Coal Hods. 25c.



A complete assortment in Black and Galvanized, from 25 cents upwards.

Galvanized and Black Ash Barrels. Stove Boards, Mica, Fire Shovels and other seasonable goods.

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250 Cases Canned Tomatoes. 25 Cases Canned String Beans. 275 Cases Canned Corn. 75 Cases Canned Peas. 150 Cases Canned Peas. 60 Cases Canned Strawberries and Raspberries.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Corner Union and Waterloo streets, and corner Hill and Pond streets.

We are Showing

a full line of the best heating Stoves including New Silver Moon, Peri, Tropic and Faultless; also the famous Orient Franklin. Give us a call.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

St. John—South End.

Dr. W. S. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison have returned from a trip to the States.

A very large congregation assembled in Trinity church on Sunday last, the occasion being the ordination by the Bishop of the Diocese of Carl Smith and Thomas Beverly Smith, graduates of Wythill college, Toronto, as deacons of the Church of England.

Mr. W. B. Thorne left for Montreal on Monday to attend the annual meeting of the supreme council of the 33rd degree of the A. and A. Rite of Freemasonry held in that city.

Miss George Wheeler returned from Boston last week and left again for that place on Wednesday week when she will spend some time at the home of Mr. Simeon Jones and Misses Jones as visiting New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity left on Monday on a trip to Montreal.

Mr. Charles Campbell left this week on a trip to New York.

The Misses Evans, of England, are visiting St. John en route for California. They are the guests of the Misses Nicholson, Mackenzie street.

Mrs. James R. Ruel, accompanied by Mrs. Hamilton, left for Florida this week to spend the winter months.

On Wednesday last Mrs. and the Misses Bayard gave a very pleasant afternoon "At Home" to a number of their friends at their residence, Germain street.

Mrs. W. Malcolm Mackay, accompanied by her sister, Miss McMillan, left for a trip to New York this week.

The ladies of the missionary working party of Trinity church, holding their annual sale and high tea on the 18th of next month.

The reading club held their first meeting of the season on Thursday at the residence of Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, Elliott Row.

Miss Drinkwater, Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gardiner Taylor, Queen street.

Miss Furlong entertained a few of her young friends at a whist party on Wednesday evening.

The Misses Brown visited New York.

Miss Rosa Jack, Fredericton, is visiting St. John the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lewis Millage, Rockland Road.

The Misses Nicholson entertained a few friends at afternoon tea on Monday last and on Tuesday evening they gave a whist party, both of which were very enjoyable.

Mrs. Alexander Jardine gave a five o'clock tea to a few of her friends on Monday last at her residence, Rockland Road.

Charles S. Harding returned Saturday from a shooting expedition at Pokemouche; he was absent about a week, having shot about 40 geese and brant.

Mrs. Henry Tins, and her daughter, Miss May Tins, who have been the guests of Mrs. George Fairweather, Sewell street, for some weeks, left Wednesday morning for their home in New York.

Mr. Wm. Hall, mayor of Springfield, passed through this city this week, on his return from Ohio.

Mr. Daniel Gilmore, of Montreal, who has been at St. George for several days, returned home via St. John Monday.

Miss Smith, of Boston, is the guest of the Misses Sullivan, Leinster street.

Mr. Talbot Rogers left Monday night for New York, where he is to join the St. John bark Assyria, as first officer.

Mr. J. Willard Smith and wife, left Monday for Nashua, where they were called by the death of Mr. Smith's father, Mr. Robert F. Hanson.

Mr. Geo. Fairweather spent Wednesday in Montreal.

St. John—North End.

Miss L. B. Olive intends leaving shortly for Boston, where she will take a course at the Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. John A. Ruddock is visiting St. John and is at the Victoria hotel.

Lieut. F. Conroy, of M. S. Teumalme, who has been enjoying a shooting expedition in the neighborhood of Clarendon, has rejoined his ship.

Mr. E. A. Conroy has returned from a trip to the United States.

Mrs. Robert Thomson of Sydney street is spending this week in Boston.

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham is now visiting Toronto.

Miss Clowes, of Oromocto, is visiting friends in this city.

General Dashwood left by Sunday night's train for his home in Nottingham, England. The general soldier renewed many old friendships while here.

Mr. William E. Raymond, of the Royal Hotel, who has been so seriously ill is convalescing.

Mrs. Havelock Burdick and her family are visiting friends in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogan has gone on a trip to Boston.

Mr. J. Morris Robinson returned on Wednesday from a short visit to New York.

Mrs. James R. Ruel and her cousin, Mrs. Hamilton, left this week for Philadelphia, en route for Florida, where they will spend this winter for the benefit of Mrs. Ruel's health.

Mrs. Clarence Clark and Mrs. Clark returned by the C. P. R. on Wednesday from their wedding tour.

The friends here of Mr. Wm. B. McVerry will be pleased to hear that he has been recently appointed assistant professor of medical chemistry and director of the chemical laboratory of Boston dental college.

On Tuesday evening last a large number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rankine marched in a body to their residence, Dorchester street, to give them a surprise and a farewell call before their departure for Halifax, where they will reside in future. When the party, numbering about sixty six, got seated, the Rev. Job Shenton, on behalf of those present, presented Mr. and Mrs. Rankine with a handsome antique oak chair, and expressed regret that they were leaving our city and sincere wishes for their future prosperity.

Accompanying the chair was a beautiful slumber rug from Mr. and Mrs. Miller-Olive. Little Miss Vera Rankine, who was sleeping, had been awakened and presented with a beautiful travelling trunk from Mr. Rankine on behalf of the family responded in an able manner. A number of all kinds was furnished, and Mr. Wheeler, Jr., rendered excellent music on the piano. At midnight the ladies committee of arrangements furnished a supper and the company broke up after singing "God be with You," and a farewell shake with Mr. and Mrs. Rankine.

Those present were: Rev. Job Shenton and Mrs. Shenton, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Rankine, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Shenton, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and Miss Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wheeler, Mr. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Eikin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. C. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. A. Byles, Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson, Miss Lapworth, Miss Rooter, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Rising, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Leitch, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Byles, Miss Dawson, Charlotte street, P. E. L. Miss Knox, Gagetown, N. B., Mr. and Mrs. L. Miss Knox, Miss Biting, Mr. and Mrs. Miller-Olive, Mr. and Mrs. Sander, Mr. and Mrs. N. Golding, Sherbrooke street, Mr. Rankine, Dr. and Mrs. Hannah, Mr. Rankine, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Rev. Miss Rankine, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Robertson, J. P. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jenkins, Miss Hattie Rankine, Miss Annie Rankine, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Leitch, Messrs. D. Smith, Wm. Wheeler, Jr., J. N. Golding, Jr., Mr. Rankine has been in the employ of Van, Harris & Co., as book-keeper for the last three years.

The winding up of that business necessitates the change and St. John will lose a very highly esteemed, while the Queen Square Methodist church will part with one of its most active workers. They leave for Halifax on Monday.

A great surprise was given Mr. Frank Alwood on Tuesday evening when a number of young ladies and gentlemen called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alwood, Charles street, to spend the evening and extend congratulations to Mr. Frank Alwood on his birthday. Progressive whist was indulged in till midnight, when supper was served. In progressive whist Mr. V. White and Miss Ida Bester took the first prize and Mr. Burns and Miss DeWitt the booby prize.

There were present: Miss Mabel Estey, Miss Taylor, Miss Ida Wilson, Miss Ida Rooter, Miss Maggie Chesley, Miss Howe, Miss Addie Huestes, Miss Myrtle, Miss Addie Allen, Miss Ida Lewis, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. Humphries, Miss Alice Estey, Miss Estey, Miss Grace Smith, Miss Lydia DeWitt, Miss Lulu Estey, Miss Tammy Shaw, Miss Bewie Woodworth, Miss Lizzy Estey, Messrs. Geo. Peters, Miss Charlotte Peters, Miss Rooter, Messrs. Huestes, Burns, F. Alwood, Z. Alwood, V. White, Geo. Doig, A. Estey, J. N. Lee, Wm. Lee, A. Pound, Bert Huestes, J. N. Golding, Charlie Hall, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Thorne.

A birthday party was given by Miss Alberta Fowler at the Hotel Stanley on Tuesday evening. The following guests were present: Mrs. Carroll, Miss Flaherty, Misses Gine Compton, Daisy Robinson, Stella Wetmore, Nettie Mitchell, Lila Fowler, Nellie Arnold, Bewie Charlton, and Jessie Charlton; Messrs. Fowler, Widdon, Bell, J. A. Fox, Mr. Frank Skinner, Frank Charlton, Gorham, Underhill, Chas. Seely, Thurston, Frank Underhill, Chas. A. Hetherington, J. E. Hetherington and Gorham, Percy Davis, Will Brown, Osborne and Thorne.

A birthday party was given by Miss Alberta Fowler at the Hotel Stanley on Tuesday evening. The following guests were present: Mrs. Carroll, Miss Flaherty, Misses Gine Compton, Daisy Robinson, Stella Wetmore, Nettie Mitchell, Lila Fowler, Nellie Arnold, Bewie Charlton, and Jessie Charlton; Messrs. Fowler, Widdon, Bell, J. A. Fox, Mr. Frank Skinner, Frank Charlton, Gorham, Underhill, Chas. Seely, Thurston, Frank Underhill, Chas. A. Hetherington, J. E. Hetherington and Gorham, Percy Davis, Will Brown, Osborne and Thorne.

Mr. Peter Clinch has been for the past fortnight enjoying a vacation in New York.

Mrs. John Gillis and her children have returned to town from their summer residence at Red Head.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity are making a visit to Montreal.

St. John—West End.

Mrs. Wedderburn and Miss Wedderburn, accompanied by Mrs. George A. Fraser and Miss Fraser, are visiting Boston.

Mr. Lewis, of Ainoon, has returned from a shooting excursion in the neighborhood of Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Ellis left this week for a trip to Montreal.

Mrs. Chipman Skinner and her daughters, who have been absent for the last four months in the United States, have returned home.

The many old friends of Rev. Stanley Boyd, son of the late Dr. J. Boyd, of this city, will be interested to hear of the marriage which took place recently at Fenarth, Glamorganshire, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Jenkins, adopted daughter of the late E. Turberthill-Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd intend residing for the future at Weston, Bath, England.

Mr. George C. Lawrence returned on Thursday from a trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. Joseph Rubins, who was called to St. John by the death of his mother, Mrs. Henry Rubins, left on Tuesday for his home in New York.

Miss Ethel Hazen has returned to St. John, and is at the Mission house of the Holy Name, Paradise Row.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cougle were agreeably surprised last Friday evening, when about 60 of their friends paid them an unexpected visit to congratulate them, it being the 16th anniversary of their wedding. The evening was spent in dancing, and Mr. and Mrs. Cougle were the recipients of a large variety of pretty gifts, principally of crystal.

Mr. James Manson returned home from a visit to the neighboring town.

Mr. H. F. Timmerman and a party of friends left in his private car for Montreal on Monday evening.

Miss Amy Carman, who has been visiting relatives in Monmouth, has returned to her home here.

Rev. Father Chastillon, formerly stationed here, but now of Suctoche, spent several days in town lately.

Mrs. George H. Perley has been making a visit in Oromocto, Sunbury Co.

Fellow Magistrate Ritchie returned from Boston last Tuesday.

Capt. A. Kinnell, who has been spending some time in our city, returned to Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., on Monday.

Some interesting, long selected Game Drives, Union street.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 King Street.

Mantle, Jacket, Ulster, etc.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE! DISPLAY NOW ON!

587—Garments to Make Selection from—587

Plain Cheviot Jackets to Elaborate Braided, Gimped or Fur-Trimmed.



\$4.00 to \$38.00.

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LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Corner Union and Charlotte Sts. 65, 75 and 90 Cents.

WE ASK SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE EXCELLENT STOCK OF

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

For Additional Society News See Fifth and Sixth Pages

HALIFAX NOTES

- PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; MORGAN & CO., Barrington street; LEITCH & CO., 111 Hollis street; ANDREW BIRD, Halifax hotel; LITTLE & MILES, Morris street; CONNELL'S BOOK STORE, George street; BUCKLER'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden road; FOWLER'S DRUG STORE, 177 C. E. Depot; G. J. KILBY, 107 Gortown street; J. W. DOLBY, 211 Brunswick street; F. J. GRIFPER, 17 Jacob street; A. F. MERRIVET, 146 Pleasant street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth; CARLINA N. CO., Railway depot; KNIGHT & CO., Granville street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

Society this week is thoroughly well pleased with itself; for once there is a giddy round of dissipation, with a little imagination one can put on an air of fatigue like that of a blase man about town at the end of the London season. Such a press of gaiety as four dances in one week, and on the afternoon of two of them large "at homes" into the bargain is a thing which has not occurred in Halifax for a long time. The past generation socially not generally speaking, have even condescended to be reminded of "old times" when there was something done every night at the "at home" parties, but for more than a small dance at Bellevue house on Monday evening, one of the best ever given there. There was not a great many people, but far more than ladies, which is always an advantage at a dance from a feminine point of view whatever it may be from a masculine one.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Justice and Mrs. Townshend gave a large at home in their charming house on Pleasant street. Although everyone who was there, there was very little social excitement, and again in the doorway of the tea room, which showed the perfect nature of all the arrangements, and was a refreshing contrast to the heretofore parties which we have lately had some examples. Mrs. Townshend was dressed, of course, in black, and looked particularly well. Miss Townshend was in gray, as was Miss Norton-Taylor who was helping her. There were a very good number of gentlemen and that cheerful and pleasant atmosphere, which comes from a gathering together of people who all know each other, and all have intimate nothing to say. Among the guests were: Sir John and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Daly, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. James, Col. Saunders, Mrs. Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Murch, Mrs. James Duffus, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Miss Kenny, Miss Henry, Mr. White, D. D. C. Mr. Perry, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Prince Edward Island, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Benton, Mrs. James Morrow, Major and Mrs. Hoe, Mrs. Morrow, Miss Burns, Mrs. and Miss W. H. Troop, Mrs. Donaldson, Capt. Vowell, Capt. Semine, Mr. F. Elliot, Mr. Lees-Hall, Mrs. W. Jones, Miss West, Mr. Widdams, Mrs. Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Murch, Mrs. F. H. O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Corbett, Miss Lawson, Miss Roberts, Mrs. J. W. Stairs, Mr. G. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, the Misses Wier, Capt. Monteth, etc.

On Tuesday evening in addition to the large dance given by Mrs. John Duffus, there was a dinner at Admiralty House, the first of the season. There since Lady Hopkin's going into mourning, but the dance was in every way the event of the evening. Mrs. Duffus has a very large house and one perfectly adapted for entertaining, as it possesses four large rooms on the ground floor. The drawing room, which was made up by folding doors were given up to dancing, and the floors was, I hear, capital. On the other side of the house were the reception and supper rooms, the former of which was charmingly arranged and very prettily lit with pink shaded lights. Utensils ample provision had been made for all the guests in the way of setting out rooms, and card rooms, and the arrangement indeed of the whole house was a credit to the cleverness of the originator, Mr. and Mrs. Duffus are excellent hosts, and evidently thought no trouble too great for the comfort of their guests. The supper table was a particularly pretty one, even taking into consideration all the others of the evening. Mrs. Duffus was dressed in black, very well and handsomely made. There was a great many fresh and pretty gowns worn by the various pretty women present: Mrs. O'Brien of Windsor looked very handsome in white and black; Mrs. Alexander in black; Mrs. Wood in a lovely frock of dull green and black; Miss Slayter was in the same colors, but reversed; Mrs. M. L. Morrow was in black, as was Miss Bell; Miss F. H. O'Leary was in black and white dress, one of the prettiest in the room; Mrs. Jones was in red, Miss Nagle in pink, Miss Norton-Taylor in white, Miss Lytle looked well in black and white, a dozen other ladies; Miss Mitchell was in white, Miss Troop in red, Mrs. W. H. Henry was wearing her wedding dress, Miss West was in black and white, Roberts in yellow. On the whole there were but a few black dresses, a fact which added not a little to the brilliant and dainty effect in the dancing room.

Captain Duffus, R. A., and Mr. F. Duffus, who is, I believe, soon to join his regiment, were most efficient hosts, and did not fail to further the success of a charming party. At the first of the evening there was not quite enough men but at the night wore that was remedied. On Wednesday afternoon there were several small and informal teas, and one very large one given by Mrs. Donald Keith, at her house in Inglis street. The hours were rather earlier than usual at this last, but people being invited from 12 to 3, there were not very many men, perhaps on that account. It was however a very well arranged and pleasant party. The great attraction of the evening was a concert given at St. Luke's hall, under the patronage of Sir John Ross, the proceeds of which were for the repairs of that familiar and quaint little building. There was a more than packed house, and the attractions of the programme were many, and a very good sound was realized. Miss Kennedy sang delightfully, and delighted her audience. Miss Gladys Tremaine played a solo very nicely on the violin. Herr Doering had of course the success he always has with his violinello. For the comic part of the entertainment the pudding after most of the portions of the audience one regrets to state, Mr. W. H. Hill and Captain Fleet, of H. M. S. "Tartar," were responsible, and were received with meretricious applause.

A more serious concert was given on Thursday at the Orpheus hall by the staff of the Doering-Brauer conservatory of music, assisted by some of the pupils at that flourishing little institution. To most people the singing of Franklin Biedinger and the playing of Herr Loewine were the great attractions of the evening. But it is permitted to say so bold a thing, the accompaniments to the singing of the former were too loud. Some of the choruses by the pupils were very well and tastefully sung. It is indeed a good thing for a town where the young people in it have at their own doors the means of acquiring a thorough education in that best of all arts, music. The Orpheus hall will doubtless be well filled to-night (Saturday) on the occasion of the concert for the benefit of the funds of the South East Lawn Tennis club. Among the numbers on the programme are a pianoforte solo from Mrs. Peacock, whom people are glad to have a chance of hearing; a recitation from Mrs. F. Jones; songs from Mr. Curry, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Kennedy, Campbell (who should have come first on the list), Miss Dobbins, Miss Stubbings and in fine, the whole array of local talent. It is a pity that an institution like the S. E. L. T. C. should be in need of funds, and their concert will, I hope, bring in a goodly harvest. But it must necessarily take a large income to support a club with such a very large name. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews have returned from their wedding journey, and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Andrews was receiving bridal visits at Fernwood. She was assisted by Miss Nagle and Miss K. Henry and had of course, a large number of visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews leave on the first of November for Bermuda.

Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, wife and daughter of Chief Justice Sullivan of Prince Edward Island, are spending a few weeks in Halifax, where Miss Sullivan has been much admired. Mrs. Keable is here from England and will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. George Anderson. Mrs. A. M. K. Drull is making a visit to her mother, Mrs. Corning, in Yarmouth. On Monday a luncheon party was given at the Halifax hotel by relatives for Mr. Ernest Widdams, and on Monday evening he dined at the Halifax club, the guest of one or two of his members. On Thursday evening Mrs. A. W. West gave a small dance at her home; small notes much in point of conversation to be sure, but it is usually applied to a dance where no married people are present. The house was very prettily lit and decorated, and Mrs. West was looking extremely well as she assisted her mother to receive. The acceptations to the

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Maybe it's your intention on your way down town some day this week to buy a suit or an overcoat for your boy. See our goods without fail. Clothing stores make faces at us this Fall, because we sell better Boys' Clothing, and for less. These \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.50 suits for little fellows make them mad. Boys' Overcoats and Reefers cheaper than the cheapest, a large stock to select from. We are selling an immense lot of Fall and Winter Overcoats now for Men. And why? Well we give the best value and latest styles at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00, made up equal to custom made. Cheaper Overcoats made up in the latest styles at \$4.50, \$6.00 and \$7.50, which cannot be equalled in the city. Reefers, Ulsters, Suits and Pants. The best plan is to call and see the value we give. Gents' Furnishings—All the latest novelties Neckwear, Collars, Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, etc., to be had in a first class store.

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Special Offer of Bulbs.

For \$1.00 we will send, Post Free, to any address in the Dominion, from last October to 1st December: Collection A. Suitable for House Culture. 3 ROMAN HYACINTHS, 3 JOUQUEIS, 1 EASTBURY LILY, 3 NARCISUS, 3 FRESIAS, 6 TULIPS, 1 ORNITHOGALUM, 3 MIXED HYACINTHS.

Collection B. Suitable for the Garden. 12 MIXED TULIPS, 6 HYACINTHS, 12 NARCISUS PORTICUS, 5 NARCISUS (Garland Lily), 24 CROCUS, 2 LILIUM CANDIDUM.

Plant now for Winter and Spring blooming. Send for descriptive Catalogue containing full particulars and special offers. Address—NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lockman St., Halifax. (LATE JOHN MACDONALD). J. H. HARRIS, Manager.

rule of no married guests were a few of the more intimate neighbors and friends of Miss West, and her married sisters. The latter were very much pleased, and means everything at a small dance, and dancing was in consequence kept up until quite late. The only thing which I have heard for next week is a small dance, invitations for which have been issued by Mrs. Walter Jones. This is also a dance for the benefit of "bands," the element of young married women not being considered. By the way Monday evening will be Halloween, and people by all traditions should be occupied in looking into the future rather than in dismay. But if it would be more orthodox to play games, it would not be half so amusing to the average Halifax girl who dearly loves a dance. I hear of a couple of bands-de-Halloween parties, however, where the gruesome light of the snap dragon is to illumine the board, and all the company are to do their best to see into that dark mist which shrouds the days that are to be.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Corbett took up 'the tale of entertaining and gave a large tea at her residence on Inglis street. There were more people apparently than at Mrs. Townshend's, perhaps because the house in that case was larger. Mrs. Corbett, it is needless to say, was exquisitely dressed and looked charming. She was very ably assisted by the Misses Corbett, who were very pretty frocks and were quite indefatigable in looking after every one. The house looked quite lovely, and the tea table was very daintily and brightly lit and decorated. There were any quantity of people at the time, so that locomotion was very nearly impossible, but one can hear a good deal of crashing at so congenial a thing as a smart tea party. By the way there has been no music at the teas of the week, which is a pity, as it is the majority of the people give heartiest thanks. The unusual element loathe being obliged to stop talking, and in point of fact indulge in whistlers which gradually increase in volume through the performance, which is thus quite spoiled for the musical part of the company, so that in the end one is pleased, and the tea lately given show that talk is the most amusing as well as the most easily indulged in occupation for guests at a tea. MORRIS GRANVILLE.

ANNAPOLIS. Oct. 25.—Mrs. Phillips is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pickles. Miss Robinson and Miss Helen Robinson spent a few days in Halifax last week. Mrs. Willett left for New York on Saturday, where she will make her home. Miss McCollough is confined to the house with quincy. Mr. Louis Whitman went back to Windsor college on Monday. Judge Cowling was in Halifax for a day or two last week. Mrs. Brittain entertained a few friends at cards on Wednesday.

TRURO, N. S. [PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulon's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.] Oct. 22.—Miss Annie Parker is here from Am, having visited Truro friends. On Thursday last week Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McCullough celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage—their golden wedding—at their home, "Woodliff." Many hundreds of friends, both presbyterians and adherents of other denominations, called to offer congratulations to the venerable couple and his wife. Mrs. McCullough looked very sweet and lovely as she stood, with her husband, receiving the congratulations of her friends as they arrived. She was attired in a handsome gown of antique brocade with trimmings of rare lace. Devotional exercises were opened by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Dinnech, by prayer. Rev. Mr. Robbins then read an address expressive of the warmest sympathies for the happy couple, and expressing a very beautiful sentiment. Mr. Robbins was followed by Mr. J. B. McMillan, Clerk of the first presbyterian church, who, in a few well-chosen words, and on behalf of the congregation, presented Mrs. McCullough with an abundance of pure, well allied with gold. The presentation was followed by their speeches by resident and visiting clergymen and gentlemen, all expressing their appreciation of the very auspicious occasion. Tea and refreshments were served in an adjoining parlor. Miss Jennie McCullough and Miss McCullough (Halifax) presided.

Elis, were you at Mrs. Woodland's 5 o'clock tea? Yes, truly. How sweetly pretty her arrangements of the autumn leaves we gathered at the "Dargie," on our last visit to Halifax. Have you any idea how she managed to preserve the autumnal tints so naturally? Why, yes! She got a bottle of the Autumn Leaf Varnish, at the London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St., Halifax. J. GORDON STARR, Chemist. Agent for Laurence's genuine Axis-Lux Pebbles Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Telephone 158.

Mr. Willie Jarvis is suffering from an attack of Typhoid fever. The dread malady has come to stay I fear. Already several deaths have resulted and many more cases are reported. Mrs. M. J. Jones has consented to take a class for the winter and to give instructions in any chosen subject—science, literature or history. The course was put before the meeting and the majority of students. The class will be held Monday evening. Mr. Newcombe of Charlottetown is in town and is staying at the Russ House. Miss Martin of Lowell is now visiting Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Last Sunday evening the baptist church was filled to overflowing by the many friends of the Rev. Mr. Cahill. Mr. Cahill's farewell sermon was indeed a masterpiece. He leaves us for Springfield, N. S., and we all feel we are losing an earnest defender of the faith. Mr. W. H. Johnson is suffering from an attack of Typhoid fever. The dread malady has come to stay I fear. 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FREDERICTON.

[Progress in for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Fenney and by James H. Harcourt.]

Oct. 26.—The large party given by Miss Florie March on Thursday evening last was the social event of the week.

Miss Warke has returned home from her trip to the White Mountains.

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Miss Mary Stuart went to St. Andrews on Monday to spend a few weeks with friends there.

Mr. Charles McNeil, of Bedford Falls, N.S., is here on a short visit to his sister, Mrs. David Maxwell.

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Ladies' Jackets. Newest Styles, Perfect Fitting, Handsomely Trimmed.

Table with 3 columns: Worth, Price, and at. Lists prices for various jacket styles.

A RARE CHANCE TO PURCHASE A NEW AND FASHIONABLE JACKET AT A VERY LOW PRICE. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

An English Dog Cart. This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome turn out.

A PRETTY GARMENT. It is something everyone appreciates. In the production of fine fur garments the important considerations are: Style, Workmanship and Fit.

A Prize Portrait Rebus. This young lady has two brothers and a sister; each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

INDICTED FOR CRUELTY.

WOMAN'S WAY OF DEALING WITH DUMB CREATURES.

"Astr" Thinks Her Sex Needs a Rebuke and Administers One—An Earnest Plea for Ladies to Discourage the Wholesale Slaughter of Birds.

I have come to the conclusion that women are naturally cruel. I never thought so before, because I have always been too fond of my own sex to see many faults in them, but lately the conviction has been forced upon me, and I must accept it. I have long known that the most timid women, the clinging, shrinking creatures who always want some one to lean against, and whose trembling inexperience and sweet timidity is sure to arouse every chivalrous instinct in the hearts of the men they meet, and make them long to protect such fragile wares, are the most cruel, the most utterly reckless of all suffering that does not affect themselves. I have seen a little gentle frightened damsel whose whole soul was wrapped up in music—and who looked like a modern Saint Cecilia who might well call down the angels to listen to her as she sat wrapped in inspiration and delicate silk garments, at the piano or organ—I have seen this little saint spring from her chair with shrieks of horror when a bewildered and harmless moth banged itself heavily against the lamp shade, and when some devoted admirer caught the bloodthirsty reptile of her imagination, I have seen this same seraph take it boldly into her little hand—and drop it carefully into the flame of the lamp with the utmost deliberation and satisfaction, thanking her deliverer at the same time with a child-like smile. I have seen a sweet faced angel with great blue eyes, and the rosebud mouth of one of Raphael's cherubs, who looked as if she would not wait a fly, and whose soul bowed in terror before a bumble bee, secure one of her enemies when he was sleepy and helpless in the evening, plunge a pin through his body, fasten him securely to the wall and leave him there to die in lingering agony which lasted for two days. And I have seen the strong-minded, independent female who never yearned for protection, or called for chivalrous instincts in the hearts of the animal world, burn her fingers with a red hot lamp chimney in her haste to remove it and release a moth which had fallen inside, pick a drowning fly out of a pail of water, and cry till her nose was crimson, and her eyes invisible, over a dying kitten.

Almost invariably the timid creature who nearly goes into hysterics at the sight of a fly mouse quivering with a far more terrible, because well grounded, terror than she can feel—manages to stave off her nervous convulsions long enough to shriek lustily for some one to "Kill it! Kill it! Jump on it! Put it in the fire! Throw the tongue on it!" And while the entire family are gathered around the howling victim of nerves and affliction, her plain faced and strong minded sister has quietly picked up the palpitating atom of grey fur and blue terror which has caused all the disturbance, dropped it tenderly into a sheltered nook in the back yard, within easy reach of the cellar, and is busily setting the furniture to rights, at the scene of the late engagement, before her more interesting relative has recovered consciousness.

The timid woman is, as I said before, singularly indifferent to the sufferings of the animal world. When anything in the animal world annoys or frightens her she wants it killed at once, if possible. A frolicsome puppy chases her and perhaps succeeds in catching her dress, and that woman's nearest male relative does not know the meaning of the word peace until he has called upon the owner of the too sportive pup and threatened him with the utmost rigor of the law unless he has the vicious brute immediately destroyed. The family cat either scratches the baby, or has a convulsion brought on by enforced abstinence from food, and the timid woman is usually too much afraid of animals to feed them—or much afraid of indignation, caused from a rather tough rat in her little inside; and her hysterical mistress refuses to be comforted until the dangerous creature is drowned. Under like circumstances the strong minded, hard-featured female arms herself with a coarse towel, which she throws around the struggling creature to protect herself from its claws, and then carries it out into the back yard, lays it on the grass, and says quietly, "Poor old pussy, she is not well. I must give her some castip." I wonder how you would feel, O nervous woman, if some one wanted to drown you every time you had a fit of hysterics?

Unfortunately the weaker women predominate largely in the scale of creation, and so, when a few of the stronger, and more thoughtful amongst them endeavor in good faith to put down some abuse which they feel to be a disgrace to humanity, they have to fight, not so much against established usage or public opinion as the weak-witted, the sanities and the thoughtlessness of the great majority of their own sex. The thoughtful woman reads with feelings of absolute horror of the wanton destruction of bird life, that is caused by the ever increasing fancy for birds, stuffed birds, and feather trimming, in the millinery and dress garniture of the past few years; she reads reliable accounts of the sickening cruelties practiced upon the helpless creatures, how the birds which are only wanted for their wings, especially sea birds, are frequently caught, stunned, their wings torn off, and their bleeding, but living bodies thrown back into the water and left to die in agony. How day after day whole boat loads of birds come into the English seaport towns from foreign ports, and "dead birds" they are called, but many of them are half alive when they are landed, and I think if we knew how many were alive when they were shipped, flung wounded and suffering into the boats to

gasp out their wretched lives on the voyage, and die of suffocation beneath layers of their already dead comrades; how one feather merchant in London received in one consignment 360,000 singing birds of different varieties from the East Indies, and another records the sale in the city of London of over two millions of birds in one year, while one feather merchant in New York sells and exports thirty millions of dressed and stuffed birds yearly. I have borrowed these figures from a recent issue of the Toronto Mail, and I feel certain they are not exaggerated. French naturalists complain that in some parts of France certain varieties of singing birds, such as nightingales, warblers and red throats are in danger of total extermination, as they cannot multiply fast enough to supply the demand for their lifeless carcasses. Think of it, nightingales! Why it almost seems like trapping angels for the sake of riding their wings to kill a skylark, a skylark or a thrush, but yet I firmly believe that if the angels walked the earth today, there are some women who would willingly have them denuded of their wings, provided "angel plumage" came into fashion.

Is it any wonder the woman with a heart in her breast and brains in her head feels ashamed of her sex, ashamed that the name of woman should be connected with such cruelties, for we and we alone are responsible for all this slaughter; men don't wear stuffed birds in their hats, or feather trimming around the tails of their coats, they have too much sense of the fitness of things. Is it any wonder we feel that the gentle Princess of Wales has taken this matter in hand, none too soon, and is now lending her influence to the discouragement of female vanity, as she might have lent it long ago? I believe her royal highness has discontinued wearing stuffed birds and feather trimmings of all kinds, and may all humane women soon follow her example; a very large majority of women will do so; I doubt not, but it will not be from motives of mercy, so much as from the fact that the decision of our future queen will be likely to render bird trimmings unobtainable.

Don't wait for the fashion to change, girls, and then fall into line because others do? Stand at the head of the procession yourselves and let others follow you, show that you have a mind of your own and, what is even more important, a heart. Don't be guilty of the bad taste of going about with the mummied corpse of what was once one of God's most beautiful creatures perched on your hat, but be strong minded enough to show some originality in the garniture of your head-gear, and if you cannot be satisfied with the wide range of choice offered by ribbons, flowers and velvet, then call self-denial to your aid, consent to be a little less stylish and console yourselves with the reflection that no innocent and beautiful lives have been sacrificed for your adornment, because surely if our Heavenly Father takes count of each sparrow that falls to the ground, He will not neglect to take count of the millions of His feathered songsters sacrificed for the gratification of our vanity, nor to punish those who are responsible for it.

Why Duels Have Been Fought.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steambost, although the general pleaded, as an excuse, that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admission to a club of pigeon-shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 75th, and Captain M'Pherson, of the 42nd British Regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn. One contending that the eating was from the cob, and the other contending that the grain should be cut out from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.—Tid Bits.

Marvels in Miniature.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cherry, and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miter and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, \$25,000 for a cherry seed.—Chicago Herald.

Circumstance and Responsibility.

Who hear much now about circumstances making us what we are and destroying our responsibility; but, however much the external circumstances in which we are placed, the temptations to which we are exposed, the desires of our own nature may work upon us, all the influences have a limit they do not pass, and that is the limit laid upon them by the freedom of the will, which is essential to human nature—to our own personality.—Anon.

COLUMBUS IN THE AIR.

BOSTON BOOMS HIM AND TAKES A REST ON POLITICS.

Pictures of the Distinguished Navigator as He Did and Did Not Appear—The Craze for Celebrating—St. John Folks Seen in the Cultured City.

Boston, Oct. 25.—The newspapers dropped politics last week to give Columbus a show, and if everybody does not know all about the man who ran against this great and glorious continent 400 years ago it is not the fault of the press.

The pictures of the candidates which have had a monopoly of the city for weeks, all went into the back ground and Columbus turned up in every direction, with and without makers; dressed to perfection in a frill that stuck his neck straighter than that of the pronounced dude in town; with white hair, black hair, straight hair and curly hair. In fact there were so many styles of Columbus on exhibition, that if a cromo or painting of a man did not have a name under it, it was taken for granted that it was the discoverer, while fakirs on the common offered to add to the general collection, by shouting "Peanuts, five a bag, picture of Columbus in every bag."

The great feature of the celebration was the parade, in which miles of Italians in all kinds of uniforms, white with dust, fenced in the city between Columbus avenue, Chester St., Washington and School streets, until late in the afternoon.

It was a great show, and the foreign element came out strong. Italian bands and Italian banners, sons of Italy with gaudy national costumes and swords and feathers that made them look like bad men for a row. They turned out in thousands and marched like heroes fully conscious of the recognition due their native land and bound to make the best of it.

But, although the Italians led the procession, and strung out to a surprising extent, they did not make up the parade. A long detachment of eager patriotic Portuguese were next in time, and then came scores of Roman Catholic societies, school children, barges, floats and all the conventional features of a great parade.

Boston was in holiday attire. The front of the City hall was lost to view in bunting and historical features, while hundreds of many colored incandescents were in place for the illumination in the evening. Except on Washington street, however, where a few of the big dry goods stores went into the decoration business with the intention of giving a show worth looking at, and brought out many historical facts very vividly by means of paintings and notices, the displays about town showed very little originality. In most cases it seemed as if the people put out some of last year's bunting with the remark that "we might as well use it, as let it get covered with dust."

St. John has shown more enterprise and originality in making the town look attractive times without number.

But a great many Bostonians have expressed themselves as being tired of the celebrating business. It was very aptly remarked the other night that there seemed to be a certain set of people in the United States who did nothing else but hunt up people and events for the country to celebrate, and that there seemed to be no end to the list. All classes and nationalities must have a chance to turn out, and in the great dumping ground like the United States it takes a good many holidays to go round.

The boys brigade seems to be as popular with the youngsters of Boston as it is in St. John. One of the features of the parade was the march of boys with uniforms and wooden guns who marched like veterans all day.

The city was pretty well crowded on the holiday, and late in the afternoon when the procession still continued to blockade the streets, the people were not so good natured as the papers might lead one to suppose. Nor did hundreds forget to celebrate in the old fashioned way. The bar-rooms did a rushing business, and in many cases the police took it upon where the bartender left off, but as common drunkards are discharged as soon as they get sobered up the receipts of the police court did not help to defray the expenses of the celebration.

Talking of the police court reminds me that Magistrate Ritchie occupied a prominent position on the grand stand when the Columbus statue was unveiled. I also saw Dr. Maher, of the North end, who came up on the same boat, and a few minutes later found Mr. Ritchie renewing an acquaintance after fifteen years with Mr. Henry O'Meara, of the Journal, whose verses were recited and sung at the unveiling of the statue and in Boston theatre.

In a large room with polished floors and handsome furniture, on the fifth story of the new Youth's Companion building, on Columbus avenue, Mr. Walter L. Sawyer, one of the originators of PROGRESS, now spends eight or nine hours a day reading manuscripts for the great weekly. He is one of a coterie of literary men of national reputation, who, from thousands of manuscripts, select the best short stories, anecdotes and literary articles of America affords. The Companion is one of the greatest papers in America—in many respects the greatest—and its new building is thought by many to be the finest in Boston. During the last few years Mr. Sawyer has been a regular contributor to the paper, and a few weeks ago was invited to take a desk in the readers' room.

Washington street was pretty well crowded Thursday afternoon, and I met a number of St. John people. Some were up on a vacation, and are now probably home, but others have been here so long that they have a long list of questions to ask when they meet anybody who has been in St. John within a year. As a usual thing when you see one young man who has come from St. John within recent

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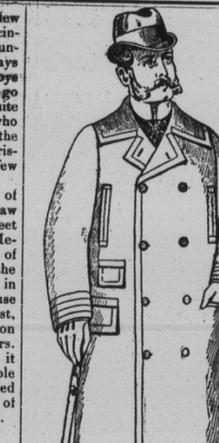
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years, you are pretty certain to see a few more familiar faces in his immediate vicinity. On King and Charlotte streets Sundays and in the evenings, there are always a certain number on parade. The boys and girls do both, you know. They go in flocks, like ducks, so to speak, and quite often you see a pair of young fellows who seem to be almost inseparable as the Slammer twins were, or the Misses Christine who appeared at the Institute a few years ago.



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THREE FADED ROYAL BEAUTIES.

The Austrian Empress, the ex-Empress Eugene, and Alexandra of Wales.

The three most beautiful women of modern times are fast losing the charms which made them famous through increasing years and the sorrows incident to womanhood. Thirty years ago the Empress of Austria was called the most beautiful woman in the world, and like the Empress Eugenie, by her charms won an imperial crown. Her figure was slender and graceful, her eyes large and brilliant, her features faultlessly cut in the purest aquiline type, and her dark hair was braided in heavy braids about a splendidly poised head. Now, conscious of the waning of her charms, hopelessly morbid and sad over the death of her son, she avoids all public ceremonies and functions and rides on horseback through unfrequented roads, or walks in secluded parks with a huge fan, ready to be greeted instantly a stranger approaches. For twenty years she has refused to have her portrait painted, and the only pictures that will be left after her death are those showing her at the height of her incomparable beauty.

The Empress Eugenie, oldest of the trio of beauties, is a white-haired woman, crippled with rheumatism, and retains of her charms only the statuesque poise of the head and the beautiful outline of the bust and shoulders. Once the best dressed woman in the world, as well as the most beautiful, she was now the envy of queens and princesses, she is now robed always in most sombre garments. Formerly, as she drove through the streets of Paris, the people grew wild at sight of her beauty; now they call her "the fatal woman," and refuse her a dwelling in the land. As long as her son lived she painted and powdered, dyed her fast thinning yellow locks, and replenished these from the hairdresser's store. Now the beautiful head that wore the diadem of France is crowned with snow-white hair beneath the veil of mourning.

The Princess of Wales, youngest of the three royal beauties, though she still preserves unimpaired the slender symmetry of her beautiful figure, resorts to the coiffeur's art and the painter's cunning to repair the ravages of time. Four wigs, all precisely alike, have been made by a famous artist in Paris, and are kept on the route continually from London to Paris when not in use to redress. It takes three hours to prepare the Danish beauty for the day. Her face is tinted as delicately as a miniature, her gums are gilded and adjusted with exacting nicety, and always in public during the day time she wears a tiny veil of dotted net. Her hearing is greatly impaired and is the source of much embarrassment to her. Still previous to the death of her son the fair Alexandra, when once her toilet was completed, looked but little older and very much handsomer than either of her daughters. Now she is haggard and worn with grief, and looks more nearly her age of almost fifty than she did a few months ago. It is little wonder that the English people adore their princess, for as an example of womanly patience, endurance, and loyalty to pure ideals she stands supreme.—N. Y. Sun.

He Won the Bet.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered, half audibly to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty.

"One after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

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TOLD OF A GOLD NUGGET.

It Supported a Consumptive Who Exhibited It and Was Worth \$8,000.

Near Sonora, Tuolumne county, in 1852, a nugget weighing 45 pounds and containing gold to the value of about \$8,000 was found. The finder had a friend who was far gone with consumption, yet was trying to work in the mines. The owner of the nugget saw that by working in the water and lifting heavy boulders this man was fast killing himself. He told his friend to take the big nugget and go back to the States and exhibit it, as at that time such a mass of native gold was a curiosity to see which many would willingly pay a reasonable sum.

As the ailing man was well educated it was arranged that besides the nugget he should take some fine dust, "chispas," gold bearing quartz, black sand, gravel and dirt from a placer, and the like, and with all was to fix up a lecture on life in the mines, mining operations and California in general. When the owner of the nugget wanted it or its value he was to let the other know of his need.

The sick man took the nugget to the States, got up his lecture and did well wherever he went. For a time the miner heard from his friend pretty regularly, then for months lost track of him. He began to think his nugget lost; that perhaps his friend had been murdered and robbed in some out of the way place.

One day, however, a letter reached the miner from a banker in New Orleans telling him that his friend had died in that city but had left the big nugget at the bank subject to his order. The miner wrote to have the nugget melted down, and in due time he received a check for a little over \$8,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

color. The portion that had been least injured by confusion or abrasion is that where the two daughters—Merit-Aten and Makt-Aten—of Kheuenaten are represented. According to Dr. Flinders Petrie this painting is as old as 1400 B. C., and consequently has now stood the test of time for nearly 3,300 years, and yet the colors could not have had a much fresher appearance when they were first laid on. This picture has been preserved under the mounds of an old city, and has received knocks and bruises, so it cannot be said to have been kept under the best possible conditions. Still the colors have survived, showing that water-colors if properly taken care of do possess the quality of permanency.—London News.

A Clear Headed Reasoner.

"My father say you coming out of a saloon, today, Edward," said the young lady to her beau.

"Well, he had no fault to find with me for that, had he?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, my coming out showed that I didn't want to stay there, didn't it? If he had seen me in a saloon hanging around a bar, he would have had just cause for finding fault with me; but coming out of one—well, I don't know any place that a young man should come out of quicker, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, what harm have I done? I think I should be praised rather than blamed for my action. Don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

Expense of Living in America.

You ask whether living is dearer in America. Yes and no. It depends on the nature of the expenses. The American expends more for his rent and for his clothing; but he spends less for food. For his rent the American pays about 16 per cent. of his entire revenue, the Englishman 11 per cent., the Frenchman 8 per cent., the Belgian 47 per cent., and the German 49 per cent. These are only approximate figures, subject to controversy, but the general conclusion is exact and according to the reality of the facts as I have observed them in all parts of the Union.—Philadelphia Press.

AS SHE WAS IN HER LIFE.

THE STORY OF THE DEAD LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her Tastes and Habits—How She Met and Married Harrison—A Womanly Nature, and an Example to the Women of This and Future Times.

The death of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, on the eve of the election in which her husband is a candidate for a second term in the White House, is the specially sad incident of the great campaign. For weeks past she has been lingering with no hope of recovery, and the sympathy of the nation has gone out toward her and her afflicted husband. This of itself would have done much to lessen the bitterness of the campaign had it been like some campaigns of the past, as it was not. As elections go in the United States, it has been characterized by a less personal species of warfare against the candidates than prevailed when Cleveland first came to the front, and Gen. Harrison himself has been singularly free from assaults in the press and on the platform throughout the country. He will have still more sympathy in the short time that remains before the contest, though under the system of voting in the republic this of itself will have nothing to do with the result. The electors are chosen and they vote for the candidates according to the political platform on which they have been chosen.

The grip, which the readers of PROGRESS are aware is still showing the effects of the epidemic of the past in this country as in the United States has been the cause of the death of Mrs. Harrison. She had a severe attack of it two years ago and never recovered fully. Accounts of her illness say that in the early summer relief was vainly sought at Cape May and Deer Park, and in July last, in the hope that the mountain air might affect a cure, she was taken to Loon Lake in the Adirondacks. But the change did not bring the relief so eagerly hoped for; her feebleness increased, and in September, at her own request, she was taken back to Washington.

The journey from Loon Lake to Washington was a sad one. The gentle invalid was accompanied by her husband, the president, who from the first has been absent from her side only when imperative public duties required it; by her son, Russell, and her daughter, Mrs. McKee. The presidential party reached Washington the day after the great Grand Army parade, and all of the public buildings in Washington were still decorated in honor of the visiting veterans. The president did not ride from the station to the White House in the family carriage, but rode beside the stretcher containing his wife in the army ambulance. Not once during the slow and lonely ride did he note the decorations along the way. A few weeks before he had looked forward eagerly to taking part in the reunion of the Grand Army and marching side by side with his old comrades in the great parade, but now he was oblivious to all save the sick woman, whom he married in his early youth, and who all her life had been a helpmeet to him in the best sense of the term.

Following the return from Loon Lake there was for a few days an apparent change in her condition; but this was soon shown to be only temporary, and now it was soon known that consumption had claimed her as a victim, that the end must come soon, and that all that remained was to watch and wait. Day and night the President was almost constantly by her side. He spent a few hours in his office each morning, but during this time made frequent visits to the sick room. The only callers received by him were those whose business was of the utmost importance.

Mrs. Harrison and the president had been lovers and companions from their early youth. Mrs. Harrison was by birth a Western woman. Her father, John W. Scott, was many years ago a teacher in Miami university at Oxford, Ohio, and it was there that the wife of the president was born. She was named Caroline—Carrie for short—and when she grew up was sent to school in the girls' college of the town. Those who knew her in her girlhood describe her as quiet and demure, with a petite form and a face ideally beautiful. In those days her hair was black and her complexion dark. She has been of late still a very handsome woman, but her hair was now plentifully sprinkled with gray, and her girlish form had assumed the fullness of mature womanhood. Not long before her illness she was thus described: "She is small, probably not more than five feet 2, and has a plump figure. Her dimpled fingers display her marriage ring and three diamonds. Her sleeves were tight and plain, showing the outlines of a finely moulded arm, and enamelled gold bracelets clasped the fair wrists. Her eyes are large and a soft brown, and her hair contrasts beautifully, being grey. Her mouth is the right size for beauty. She wears a soft, fluffy bang and her hair coiled low on her neck."

It was while at school at Oxford that Caroline Scott met Benjamin Harrison. She fell in love with the quiet, modest, studious youth, and her love was fully reciprocated. Before either was 21 they had married, settled in life and their first baby had been born. In the early days of General Harrison's career at the bar his wife was of the greatest help to him, and he has often said that she was "half his capital." She did her own cooking and housework and aided her husband in many ways.

Mrs. Harrison was an accomplished woman in more ways than one, and ever since her girlhood had taken a warm interest in art. She essayed oil painting for a time, often with considerable success, and later she tried water colors, and many of the paintings which decorate the Indianapolis home reflect great credit upon her. She always made it a practice to see each visitor who called upon her, and was never known to show irritation or annoyance. She was always a fashionable dresser, but never adopted the extremes in anything. "Mrs. Harrison was well known in Washington before she came here to rule the White House," said the Washington Post recently, "and while that event might have added to her eminence, it could not have increased the affection and esteem of her friends. She has been in the Executive Mansion as she was in her private residence both here and in Indianapolis, the kind and gracious lady, the friend,

the exponent of those domestic virtues which the American people love to see exemplified in the wives of their rulers. Under her gentle sway the White House has been made to set forth all that is beautiful and sacred in the home. She has vouchsafed us the spectacle of a happy home and united family gathered around a virtuous hearth, and maintaining simple, wholesome and tender observances, which, in the rich as in the poor, in the lofty as in the humble, are the true and only conditions of content. Without conceit or ostentation, as the devoted daughter, wife and mother, whom every woman in the land may imitate, she has filled the high place to which she has been called, and made it more than ever the object of the nation's admiration."

It is a gracious and refining influence which Mrs. Harrison has brought to the White House, says a writer in the N. Y. Press recently. There have been former mistresses whose regime has been more brilliantly successful in a social way; but few have surpassed her in the task of making a pleasant and happy home. She is a thoroughly domestic woman, with all that home means very dear to her heart, and her sweetness and gentleness have all along softened the lot of her husband and her children. Above all else she has been at all times the wife and the mother. Mrs. Harrison united with the church when she was 14 years of age, and has been ever since a consistent church woman, while in Indianapolis she took an efficient part in orphan asylum work and other charitable undertakings, and in Washington her charities, though unobtrusive, have been constant and judicious.

Everywhere, at this time, will be felt a regret that a woman of so sweet a nature should no longer live as an example to the women of the land; and from every quarter of the world will come sympathy for the ruler of the nation in his great bereavement.

DONE WITH THE CAMERA.

Ways in Which Photographers May Try Some Experiments.

The readers of PROGRESS who are amateur photographers may get some hints and points from an article in a recent English paper, on the curiosities of photographers' art.

It is possible to photograph the invisible. To do this it is only necessary to take a colorless solution of bisulphate of guanine—the common quinine used in medicine—and write or draw with it on a piece of white paper. When dry the writing or design will be quite invisible, but if a photograph be taken of the paper it will show very nearly black.

A photograph can be taken without light in the following way. An unexposed dry plate is placed in an ordinary developing solution, and a penny laid on it—of course in the dark room. After five minutes or so the penny is removed and the plate washed, when a perfect image of the design on the side of the coin next the plate will be found on it.

The familiar color of the common silver print may be varied by the use of different solutions, requiring no great skill in their application, and red, green, violet, or blue prints obtained. By the addition of a chemical known as thiosinamine to the developer, a positive is obtained instead of a negative.

By the use of certain chemicals, the image may be made to disappear entirely from an ordinary silver print, and it reappears, when desired, by merely soaking it in water.

Photographs may be somewhat similarly prepared so that the image is brought out by tobacco smoke. A recent Parisian novelty was a cigarette or cigar holder, with a chamber in the stem for the insertion of small pieces of, apparently, white paper, which were in reality magic photographs; the picture making its appearance after a cigarette or cigar had been smoked through the holder for a short time.

A luminous photograph may be made by coating a piece of cardboard with Balmain's luminous paint. If this is placed in the dark until it ceases to shine, and is then exposed to the light behind a glass transparency, the card thus treated will, in a dark chamber, show a luminous copy of the transparency.

Snowstorm effects may be produced with ordinary landscape negatives, by sprinkling a little red color over the negative, in minute drogs, by a brush charged with the coloring matter, or by shaking a dry color, like lamp black, through a fine hair sieve on the negative, previously coated with a sticky solution, the whole being varnished when dry. The minute color particles stop the light, and produce the appearance of flakes of snow when a print is taken.

Many comical effects may be obtained by simple manipulations. A large piece of cardboard is taken, and a round hole cut out of it big enough to let the sitter's head through. A grotesque small body is then drawn or painted underneath. The whole, photographed with the sitter's head pushed through the aperture, gives a very funny result if the body is well done.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE RECOVERY AT GRAVENHURST.

A Prominent Physician Interviewed—Science Has Its Say—Almost a Resurrection.

(From our own Reporter.) GRAVENHURST, Sept. 30.—Further investigation discloses the fact that there is hardly anything else spoken of in this town but Sam Murray's wonderful recovery. His case is considered marvellous and no cure at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre ever startled people like his case has this section of the community. In the hotels you hear his name mentioned, and being well known along the different towns on the Northern railway, Murray's case attracts unusual interest.

Dr. Cornell is one of the most popular men in Gravenhurst. He runs a large drug store and has a very extensive practice. He stands high in the medical profession, and is Grand Trunk physician for that section. His drug business is one of the largest in North-western Ontario. He was seen at his office. He said: "I have known Murray for a long time. He was employed on the Grand Trunk railway as brakeman for several years. His fingers were crushed, and being one of the Grand Trunk physicians I looked after the case. One night in June, '91, he was carried into my office. He had taken down on the street. I found that he was suffering from paralysis. He has been disabled until recently, but I don't care to talk very much of his case. I am not seeking cheap notoriety."

"But, doctor, I suppose you have no objection to answer a few queries to substantiate what Murray says?" "Well, no; go ahead."

"Was Murray ill for a long time, and is it true that his disability claims were paid by the Grand Trunk? You attended him for some time, you say, and you should know?" "Yes, I attended him, and he was pretty low. Although I never give up hope, I thought he would never be able to get about again. After he fell the first time he kept poking about and took three or four other spells. He was then confined to his house, and later on took to his bed. Boils and eruptions broke out on his legs and arms, neck and face, and his blood was in a very bad way. He kept gradually getting worse, and everybody thought he would die. He complained of his back very much. I attributed his disease largely to overwork. I believed he would never be able to resume his duties again. He was paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk at that time."

"How does it come that he is about and working again?" "Well, you see as a professional man I hardly like to say. It might look as if I were lending myself to some advertising scheme, and I would rather not say anything on that subject."

"But, doctor, that is not fair. Does Sam Murray know what cured him?" "Well, he says, and everybody says, it was some pills he bought here that cured him."

"What pills, doctor. Do you know the name of them?" "There you go again. Now, I said I did not want to put myself in a false position before the profession."

"But he bought the pills in your drug store. What pills were they?" "Well, I'll tell you the truth, they were Dodd's Kidney Pills, and remember, I want you to say, if you say anything about me, this is the truth. Sam got the pills here, and he says they cured him. I have sold a lot of them to others and they speak highly of them."

"Doctor, would you as a physician prescribe these pills in your practice for kidney troubles?" "Yes, I would. Knowing the active principles of the pills they are such as I would prescribe to patients suffering from kidney troubles, for they are both a tonic and a diuretic."

"Doctor, is it true that diseased kidneys poison the blood?" "Yes, the blood gets full of uric acid."

"Will the curing of diseased kidneys cleanse the blood of uric acid and impurities?" "Well, it is only natural to suppose that if you remove the cause of disease you can expect a cure."

"Do you consider Murray's case a remarkable one?" "Yes, I certainly do."

A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Fred Harbridge, of the Gravenhurst Banner, was seen. He said: Sam Murray's case is causing a good deal of talk. We used to publish paragraphs that he was not expected to live over night. Every week we expected his death notice. Sam got hold of Dodd's Kidney Pills through a little book that was dropped into his house called Kidney Talk, and he took the pills and is as well as ever. When he was that bad a part of his insurance was paid by the Grand Trunk; you may judge he is pretty low. He recovered so rapidly and miraculously that everybody is talking about his case. We had something in the paper about it. There is no denying that he is cured, and that Dodd's Pills did it. Anybody in Gravenhurst will tell you that.

A GRAND TRUNK OFFICIAL.

Mr. J. T. Torrey, Grand Trunk agent at Gravenhurst, was seen. Mr. Torrey is a middle-aged man, and a great favorite in the place. He was asked if he knew Murray, and he said: "Yes, I know two Murrys, Sam Murray and his brother. I put both of them to work as brakemen on the Grand Trunk. I remember when Sam was taken ill, and nobody expected he would get better."

"Did he get his total disability money from the Grand Trunk?" "Yes, he got his sick benefits first through me, and then when it was expected he would die his total disability claim was paid through me also. I never thought Sam would recover. He says he was cured by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills."

THE PROPRIETORS.

Mr. J. A. McKee of the firm of L. A. Smith & Co., manufacturers of Dodd's Kidney Pills was seen at their place of business in Toronto. He was very busy but was willing to speak of the Murray case. He said in answer to some questions, "Yes, we have heard of Murray's wonderful cure at Gravenhurst through taking our Dodd's Kidney Pills. But his case is only one of many. Here are several

others just as startling." Pulling a bundle of letters out of a drawer. "We have not been advertising these pills to any great extent, and we are astonished at their rapid sale. The only way to account for it is that they sell on their merits. Those who use them tell their friends about them and they are advertised in that way. These pills are a new departure in medicine. The formula has been used successfully by one of the most eminent specialists in the world for the cure of kidney disease. But his services are only available for the wealthy, and even if the formula were known to all practitioners could not be made up by the drug stores, for special facilities have to be arranged for compounding them. Hitherto kidney remedies have been put up in liquid form. A certain percentage of alcohol has to be put in such mixtures to keep the medicine. This alcohol, it has been time and again demonstrated, counteracts the beneficial effects of the drugs contained in the mixture, for there is nothing worse for the kidney than alcohol, and it defeats the objects for which the remedy is intended. We obviate this difficulty by having the active principles only of the drugs put up in concentrated form in the shape of a pill, which is easily taken. They are neatly put up in boxes with the trade mark 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' on each box, and are for sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at fifty cents per box. We will mail them direct on receipt of price."

From these interviews with and the investigations made your correspondent has proved beyond a doubt that such a man as Sam Murray exists, and that the facts of his case as published in the Gravenhurst Banner are true in every particular. Not only does Sam Murray himself speak out, but his evidence is supported by documentary proofs and also by Dr. Cornell, a well known physician in Gravenhurst, and mayor of the town, the station master, and others. Also that Dodd's Kidney Pills effected his cure after the case had been given up as hopeless.

Afterwhiles.

Where are they—the Afterwhiles—Luring us the lengthening miles Of our lives? Where is the dawn With the dew across the lawn Stroked with eager feet the far house, and later on took to his bed. Boils and eruptions broke out on his legs and arms, neck and face, and his blood was in a very bad way. He kept gradually getting worse, and everybody thought he would die. He complained of his back very much. I attributed his disease largely to overwork. I believed he would never be able to resume his duties again. He was paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk at that time.

Afterwhile—we have in view, A scene to journey to and fro— From the stifling city streets To the country's cool retreats— From the riot to the rest Where hearts beat the placid; Afterwhile, and we will fall Under heavy trees, and lo! In the shade, with thirsty slight Drinking deep the bliss delight Of the skies that will bequeath Us as children—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends To be gentle to his friends— To walk with them, in the hush Of still evenings, or the blush Of home-leading fields, and stand Long at parting, here in hand; One, in time will joy to take New resolves for someone's sake, And wear them in the light of his Clear and pure in other eyes— He will soothe and reconcile His own conscience—afterwhile.

Afterwhile—we have in view, A scene to journey to and fro— Where the old home is, and where The old mother waits us there, Peering, as the time grows late, Down the old path to the gate; How will I click the latch that locks In the pink and hollyhocks, And leap up the path once more Where she waits us at the door! How will I greet the dear old smile, And the warm tears—afterwhile!

Ah, the endless afterwhiles! Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles, In the distance far withdrawn, Stretching on, and on, and on, Till the fancy is foot sore, And faints in the dust before The last milestone's granite face, Hacked with: Here Beguineeth Space, O'er glimmering worlds and wings, Mystic smiles and beckonings, Lead us, through the shadowy aisles, Out into the afterwhile! —James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN.

The fashionable medic In this world occupies a place That yields him breath of high and low, Which bring him smiles to his kindly face; So, lowly keen I bend—for is not he, In truth, a pillar of society? —Kimball Chase Tapley, in Judge.

THINGS OF VALUE.

All wickedness is but a violent mistake, and the worst men have the excuse of some inconsistent breeding or other, or of a blood half insane.

PELER ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY. I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whisky of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

No man is ever free from fear. He is not. Who says he never feels it? He fears to be thought a coward; and, whether we tremble before a sword or a supposition, it is alike fear.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost. J. H. BAILEY, Parkdale, Ont.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—Shakespeare.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Putner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, by and bye.

If a man's ability were as great as his discontent, everybody would be a Napoleon.

Spotless LINEN means clean, white linen, well washed linen,—not yellow or streaked. SURPRISE Soap never fails to make the linen clean.

There is always a whiteness and sweetness about it when washed with Surprise Soap. It is due to the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" Soap. The wash is done without boiling or scalding the clothes. Without boiling or scalding means a great saving of time and of work.—It cleans quickly and easily without injury to the fabric. Insist on Surprise for your linen. It is so good you can't afford to be without it.

Going to Get There. ITS everybody's aim to "get their with both feet" as the saying goes, with everything you do. Doing what you have to do well, is getting there with both feet. We wash well, all your clothes. The work is all done neat and clean. Just order the team to call for your washing one week. The thing is worth trying. We dye anything you wear. Your old coat wants brightening up—we'll do it at UNGAR'S.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, 65 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated CHOCOLAT MENIER Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS. For Samples sent Free, write to O. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN! Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest! An Entirely New Edition of THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. His popularity, says a writer in the Octavo Magazine, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost as widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's. The 'Leatherstocking Tales' of James Fenimore Cooper, are not only an American author, but have gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad. The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. 'The Wind of the Lakes and the Salt of the Sea' has not lost its charm, and the salt of the sea keeps its savor." Says the same writer above quoted, "Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man as the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous novels. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published. In one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large quarto pages, containing all of these famous romances complete, unaltered and unabridged, viz: THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PRABIE.

Read our Great Premium Offer! We will send THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, complete as above described, with PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$3.25, which is an advance of but 25 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get at this fine edition of the famous Leatherstocking Tales for only 25 cents. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer. EDWARD S. CARTER.



THEY WHO DIED IN THE R... All Saints Day and the Lessons of the Believer. In a sermon preached by Rev. Hocking, at St. Peter's, Honesey, on All Saints Day last year, the passages occur, and will be found in the thought whatever may be the of the believer: This day of All Saints, he links us in thought and in prayer, hope and in service, in love and with the great and good of all ages all lands, with the saintly maiden the gates of God the white flowers blameless life, and with the martyr who counted all things—even his life—for the excellency of Christ his Lord. It brings home to us the fact that above all there is one Father for all the children one homestead, one homestead Heaven.

The saints of God, in all ages, are not only men of like passions with us, but men and women in whom the element was as strong as in any thousands of the good and true who day seeking to live purely and to walk rightly. The age of miracles has passed away, but the sainthood of purity is for all time. Doubtless, it is these canonized saints and women whose attainments were thing but satisfactory to themselves, who had asked them while they lived were candidates for the Calendar would have repudiated alike their and their claim. Your holy mother taught you to pray, your first pointer, awakening soul to the door of the chamber of the King, and who so your youthful days with ideals of that they follow you into manhood straining you from wrong, is as well canonized in your heart as ever old was worthy of a place in the calendar. Let us consider what the thoughts suggestions of this Holy Day should us in regard to the departed. They should tend to dissociate the of the dead from the material a corruption. One of the strongest ties of fraternal humanity in regard to those who have been robbed of their speller's hand is to think of them as lying in the dust. We not only build monuments and erect memorials over the of our dead, but we bring our affections there, as though all we loved was imbedded in the house of death. Our thoughts, our sentiments and reflections cluster around the corruptible clod, though there was nothing left but the decayed to putrefaction. This is so in the earlier days of bereavement, thought and in heart we go, like the grave to weep there. Look sorrowing ones! The departed are lying in the arms of death; they escaped from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity. And yet we petulate the lie that death is the end of the matter, the gate to the life, that the grave is the gate to the resurrection, by speaking of those gone as lying in yon churchyard, or under the sod of the cemetery. To bury for the saints of God, to no tomb for living souls. Your dead are not dead; they were never so great as they are today; were never so potent, so radiant sympathies, such hopes, such lofty aspirations, such potentials as now. They have only escaped from the limitation of this disappointing life, but they entered into the rest of God.

I think, too, that this festival of Saints, with its holy memories and blessed promises, ought to be a purgative, the common symbols and meanings of men respecting death, to be true that what we call death is the gate; if dying is really emancipation from the bondage of the flesh; if death simply means the entrance of the soul into its native element; if, in the words of Scripture, "the spirit returns unto him who gave it," what a miserable comfort on our faith in God are our practices regard to death, and our memories departed! Could we see the saints departed, as I believe they are, in the land of light, free from the limitations and the pains, and the infirmities beset them here, the sight would rebuke of our blindness and stupidity associating with their emancipation bolts of gloom and the trappings of death. Theirs is the victory! Do not, therefore, belie the Word of God, and the testament of Jesus, by treating their transition though it were a calamity to them, as "corruption, earth, and worms" departed! Could we see the saints departed, as I believe they are, in the land of light, free from the limitations and the pains, and the infirmities beset them here, the sight would rebuke of our blindness and stupidity associating with their emancipation bolts of gloom and the trappings of death. Theirs is the victory! Do not, therefore, belie the Word of God, and the testament of Jesus, by treating their transition though it were a calamity to them, as "corruption, earth, and worms" departed! Could we see the saints departed, as I believe they are, in the land of light, free from the limitations and the pains, and the infirmities beset them here, the sight would rebuke of our blindness and stupidity associating with their emancipation bolts of gloom and the trappings of death. Theirs is the victory! 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SUNDAY READING

THEY WHO DIED IN THE FAITH.

All Saints Day and the Lessons It Has For the Believer.

In a sermon preached by Rev. W. J. Hocking, at St. Peter's, Hornsey, London, on All Saints Day last year, the following passages occur, and will be found suggestive of thought whatever may be the creed of the believer:

This day of All Saints, he remarked, links us in thought and in prayer, and in hope and in service, in love and in faith, with the great and good of all ages and of all lands, with the saintly maiden wearing the gates of God the white flower of a blameless life, and with the martyred hero who counted all things—even life—but dross for the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord. It brings home to us the great fact that above all there is one Father, and for all the children one homestead, and that homestead Heaven.

The saints of God, in all ages, have not only men of like passions with ourselves, but men and women in whom the human element was as strong as in any of the thousands of the good and true who are to-day seeking to live purely and to walk uprightly. The age of miracles may have passed away, but the sainthood of humanity is for all time. Doubtless, the very purest of these canonized saints were men and women whose attainments were anything but satisfactory to themselves; and if you had asked them while they lived if they were candidates for the Calendar they would have repudiated alike their fitness and their claim. Your holy mother, who taught you to pray, who first pointed you to the awakening soul to the door of the audience chamber of the King, and who so filled your youthful days with ideals of purity that they follow you into manhood, restraining you from wrong, is as worthy to be canonized in your heart as ever saint of old was worthy of a place in the calendar.

Let us consider what the thoughts and suggestions of this Holy Day should teach us in regard to the departed. I think they should tend to dissociate the memory of the dead from the strongest tendencies of frail humanity in regard to those of whom they have been robbed by the spoiler's hand is to think of them as sleeping in the dust. We not only build monuments and erect memorials over the tombs of our dead, but we bring our affections there, as though all we loved was imprisoned in the house of death. Our thoughts and memories, our sentiments and reflections cluster around the corruptible clay, as though there was nothing left but the form doomed to putrefaction. This is especially so in the earlier days of bereavement: in thought and in heart we go, like Mary, to the grave to weep there. Look up, ye sorrowing ones! The departed are not lying in the arms of death; they have escaped from the burden of the flesh, and are in joy and felicity. And yet we perpetuate the lie that death is the end of life, that the grave is the gate to circumscription, by speaking of those gone from us as lying in your churchyard, or buried under the sod of the cemetery. There is no tomb for living souls. Your departed are not dead; they were never so quick as they are today; they were never possessed of such radiant sympathies, such exuberant hopes, such lofty aspirations, such glorious potentialities as now. They have not only escaped from the limitations of this disappointing life, but they have entered into the rest of God.

I think, too, that this festival of All Saints, with its holy memories and its blessed promises, ought to be a protest against the common symbols and sentiments of men respecting death. If it be true that what we call death is the gate of life; if dying is really emancipation from the bondage of the flesh; if dissolution simply means the entrance of the soul into its native element; if, in the words of Holy Scripture, "the spirit returns unto God, who gave it," what a miserable comment on our faith in God are our practices in regard to death, and our memories of the departed! Could we see the saints of God, radiant, as I believe they are, in the land of light, free from the limitations, and the pains, and the infirmities which beset them here, the sight would be a rebuke of our blindness and stupidity in associating with their emancipation symbols of gloom and the trappings of despair. There is the victory! Do not, therefore, belie the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus, by treating their transition as though it were a calamity to them. If "corruption, earth, and worms" be the end of existence, then all our practices and customs are consistent; the plumed hearse, the black coffin, the dismal hole in which the corruptible form is deposited; the robbing of the mourners; the silence, the gloom, the despair that pervades and prevails, are quite in keeping with the end. But, on the other hand, dying is the morning of the soul, let us light up the tomb with morning radiance, and let all our memories of death be bright with the rays of the dawn. Every symbol and ceremony, every custom and form, should contain some hint of the hope we entertain, and of the assurance we cherish, that "Blest are the departed, who in the Lord are sleeping."

What is the Motive?

Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the moral-

ing's labor and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly at the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that moves you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.—Ruskin.

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

Days Remembered by the Church at This Season of the Year.

Tomorrow will be the 20th Sunday after Trinity, and the colors for it are green in the Western and red in the Sarum use.

Monday will be the vigil of the All Saints Day, and therefore a day of fasting. The colors for the day are violet in the Western and red in the Sarum use, with white at evensong in both uses, though in the Sarum Calendar published by the Church Printing Co., red is given for evensong, as it is for the festival and days of the octave.

Tuesday will be All Saints' Day, which, in its relation to the christian year, is described as "the last of the church's greater commemorations of her departed worthies, because it sums them all up in one, and because the final triumph of the saints and the marriage of the Lamb shall be at the end of time." (Walker.) It should be observed with solemnity as a commemoration of all faithful servants of God, who have striven to serve Him in their lives, dying in His faith and fear; and further as an anticipation of the final glory of all God's elect. The former Calendar already quoted gives red as the color for this day, with eight lights. It also prescribes vespers of the dead after evensong, with black as the colors, four lights if the vespers are sung and two if said. In the Western use, however, as well as in Jackson's Sarum Calendar, the color for the day is white, with four lights. Black should be the color for the vespers of All Souls, in both uses. The proper Psalms for these vespers are 116 (v. 1-10), 120, 121, 133, 138, and instead of the Gloria is said "Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest; and let light perpetual shine upon them." This, as every catholic reader of PROGRESS is aware, is one of the most ancient forms of prayers for the dead.

The public commemoration of All Souls' Day is not now insisted on by the church of England. It is marked in the calendar however, and until 1859 was in the calendar of the Stationers' Company and bore the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The commemoration of it is marked in the Oxford calendar of the present day, and in many Anglican churches next Wednesday will be observed with special offices. In regard to this day, Walker says: "But since the triumph is not yet come, and because sin and weakness delay its approach, the church was wont to observe the morning of All Saints' Day as a commemoration of all the souls of her children departed, praying that God would speedily accomplish the number of His elect, and would give to the souls of the departed rest and peace."

The proper collect for All Souls' Day, from the Sarum Missal, is: "O God, the creator and redeemer of all that believe, grant unto the souls of all the faithful departed remission of their sins, that by devout supplications they may obtain the forgiveness for which they have ever longed. "Who," etc.

It was a beautiful English custom for the faithful to deck the graves of departed friends with flowers on this day.

The Title of Lord Bishop.

It is stated in Hawkins' *Annals of the Diocese of Quebec* that the letters patent constituting the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada a Bishop's See, were executed on the 28th June, 1793, and the Rev. Dr. Mountain was consecrated at Lambeth, on Sunday, the 7th July, by Archbishop Moore, assisted by the Bishop of London, (Porteus), the Bishop of Bangor, (Warren), and the Bishop of St. David's, (Horsley). And here, as the question of the proper designation of Colonial Bishops is still sometimes mooted, it may be as well to say, that the title of Lord Bishop was formally given to the Bishop of Quebec and his successors by letters patent from the crown under the seal of the province, and bearing date May the 29th, 1794. This title had not been born by the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, nor did he ever assume it. The new bishop, the first who had been appointed to any Colonial See directly from England (for the whole of Dr. Ingles' ministerial life had been passed in the American colonies) submitted for Quebec soon after his consecration and received on the 1st of November.

The Church and the Aristocrats.

In a sermon recently preached in Toronto, Canon Du Moulin said: "An aristocrat is not recognized as such in the church. When the Queen was baptized, it was not as a duchess, but as a simple child. When she was confirmed it was not as a princess but 'this thy servant.' When she was married the words used were, 'Wilt thou take this woman, not a word of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, and when the sad, sad day comes when our beloved mother is no more, she will be laid away to rest with the words, 'Inasmuch as it has pleased Thee to take this thy sister.

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attend church every morning, let the weather be foul or fair.

God's mercies are like a large chain—every link leads to another; present mercies assure you of future ones.

The next general convention of the "episcopal" church in the United States is to be held at San Francisco.

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

It is said that an agent for a Bible society found in Erie county, New York, 156 families that had never seen the Bible.

The settlement of Maryland, in 1634, was the first important organized movement of the Roman catholic church in America.

"When you wish to know what to do: ask yourself what Christ would have done in the same circumstances."—Horace Mann.

The golden wedding of Rev. Dr. McCulloch, the well known Presbyterian minister, was celebrated at Truro, N. S., last week.

Love is the essence of God's nature, the object of the Saviour's work, the true end of human endeavor. None are saved until they have learned to love.—Rev. C. H. Eaton.

Immediately the organ begins to play at St. Margaret's, London, all the pews are free. The only improvement suggested is that they should be free before the organ begins to play.

He that speaketh against his own reason speaks against his own conscience, and therefore it is certain no man serves God with a good conscience who serves Him against His reason.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Princess Marie Bibesco swam across the Bosphorus recently, the first woman Leander on record. She was accompanied by her brother-in-law, and arrived on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont three minutes before he did.

The number of Christian Endeavor societies in Ontario is 851; active members, 23,870; associate members, 13,897; church members, 22,286; number of Endeavorers who joined churches during the year, 11,446. The number of societies in the dominion is 1,393, with a membership of 55,000.

Archdeacon Roe, of Quebec, call attention to the fact that the year 1893 is the centenary of the founding of the Anglican See of Quebec, an event of the greatest interest to all members of the community. The church of England proposes to celebrate the anniversary in some fitting way the coming summer.

Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of New York, has returned from the edge of the grave to await the action of Bishop Potter's committee in the matter of his possible trial for alleged heresy. He is now almost recovered from his severe illness and anxious to regain touch with the world after his isolation of twelve months.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler thinks that committing God's Word to memory is too much out of fashion in modern Sunday schools. Even a bible is dispensed with in many cases, and the child is only expected to have a little "lesson-leaf." If this custom should become universal, all sensible people would grieve, and the devil would laugh.

Queen Victoria's digestion is so good that her appetite is the envy and despair of the Court. When lords and ladies play with their *entrees*, and satisfy hunger with boiled milk in their private apartments, the Queen makes her way unhesitatingly through any bill of fare. Neither grief of mind nor fatigue of body affects her appetite.

At the baptist convention at Brantford, Ont., last week, a resolution was adopted setting forth that whereas the moral sense of Canadians continues to be shocked by revelations and malleances in office on the part of men in high positions, and that the offenders are "either shielded entirely from the consequences of the crimes or inadequately punished therefor," that the pastors emphasize more fully the necessity of honesty in all relations of life.

The first missionary after apostolic times was John of Montecorvino, who went to China in 1292. The best known of old was St. Francis Xavier, who began his missionary career in 1592. During his ten years of work he is said to have lanted christianity in 62 kingdoms and baptized more than a million persons. Three quarters of a century later the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide was founded in Rome, and was the first missionary body in christianendom.

St. Philip's "episcopal" church, New York, which is composed wholly of colored people and has one of the best choirs in the metropolis, has a very valuable chalice, made of gold, which has been insured for \$4,000. It is studded with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones. There is a legend that two of the diamonds, each worth \$700, were found in the bottom of a trunk belonging to one of the women members of the church, and were given to adorn the chalice.

An the recent baptist convention at Brantford, Ont., it was resolved that "it is our conviction that the people of our land must depend upon the churches of the country for bible teaching rather than upon our public schools. Those being supported by all, should not have any text book forced upon the children to which any would conscientiously object. Unless, therefore, all the patrons of our schools should agree to have the bible introduced we cannot feel ourselves justified in assisting in anyway to bring pressure on our government to force it upon them.

At the convocation proceedings at Queen's university, Kingston, Ont., Prof. Short, in his inaugural, gave his opinion that "it is altogether desirable that clergymen should be able to speak with understanding on economic and social questions. None have better opportunities than they for giving wise counsel and establishing a sound public opinion on many of these points, but so far as I am aware the necessary knowledge and understanding are not obtained by inspiration, but only through the same humble and toilsome channels as are necessary for a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, systematic theology or church history."

An Order of Deaconesses.

In regard to the gift of \$100,000 by the daughter of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Toronto, to found an order of deaconesses, of which she is to be head, it is stated that some of the members of the faculty of Wy-cliffe college are the prime movers in the scheme to establish the new sisterhood. Funds have been coming in steadily ever since the movement was set on foot, and all that prevented them from formally establishing the order was their desire to put a thoroughly trustworthy person in charge. The similar orders in England had experienced more trouble from having unreliable mother superiors than from any other fault. THE PILE

The Angelle Sanctus.

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and beheld the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!" And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen I wished myself among them.—Pilgrim's Progress.

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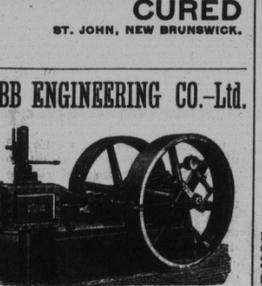
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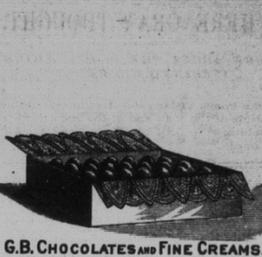
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WHERE GRAY THOUGHT.

MORE ABOUT THE PLACE WHICH INSPIRED HIS ELEGY.

Stoke Poges Village and Its Church—Memorials of the Poet and of the Queen which Helms to All Nations and to All Times.

Stoke Poges, Eng., Oct. 12.—If you know the way and have come to Stoke Poges in June or July when lawn and leaf are richest, you can see from the highway no more than the chimney, or the eaves, or a bit of the roof tiling of a little lodge beyond the gate. Overarching trees and luxurious creepers shut out the Stoke Park road to church and manor house completely. Leaving this, you enter a path leading over a little hillock through a tangled maze of coppice and come, at the end of perhaps a hundred yards, to the huge monument erected to the memory of Gray in 1799, by John Penn, grandson of William Penn, the then lord of Stoke Manor. The design was by the noted James Wyatt. It consists of a sarcophagus of heroic size supported on a lofty square freestone pedestal, the whole reaching perhaps 40 or 50 feet above the sward, which is beautifully interspersed with flowers and protected by a surrounding sunken fence.

It is really the only important monument to Gray in existence. A vast sum was once collected under pretense of a building fund in memory of Gray at Pembroke hall, Cambridge, where he was for many years one of the most illustrious ornaments of the classic town. "Indeed," says so excellent an authority as Gosse, "if strangers did not periodically inquire (at Cambridge) for his room, it is probable that the name of Gray would be as completely forgotten at Pembroke as at Peterhouse (from which his cold bath at the hands of roistering fellow commoners one January night in 1856, had driven him (where also no monument of any kind preserves the record of his presence)."

The inscriptions on the four sides are in keeping with the spirit of the spot and at once emphasize in the visitor's mind the close and loving association of poet, poetry and place. On the side facing the south approach is the following:

This Monument, in honor of THOMAS GRAY, Was Erected A. D. 1799, Among the scenery Celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet, He died in 1771, And lies unobscured in the adjoining Church-yard, Under the Tomb stone on which he pliously And patriotically recorded the interment Of his Aunt and lamented mother.

The other three inscriptions are from the "Ode to Eton College" and the "Elegy." That on the north side is from the Ode:

Ye distant spires! Ye antique towers! That crown the water glade. Ab, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade! Ah, fields beloved in vain! Where once my careless childhood strayed, A stranger yet to pain! I feel the pangs that from ye blow, A momentary bliss bestow.

On the east side are the following two stanzas from the "Elegy":

Beneath those rugged clints, that yew tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in a wailing bed, Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw built shed, The cock's shrill clarion, or the owl's hoot, No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. Again are lines from the "Elegy" chosen for the inscription on the western facade:

Hard by yew wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward zephyr in the wood's rove; Now drooping, fearful wan, like one that mourns, Or craved with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One more I gleaned him on the accustomed hill, Along the hedge, and near his favorite tree: Another came; not yet a careless child hood stray, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. Squarely before you, to the west, not five hundred yards away, an exquisite gem of scenic reality in the setting of this unequalled rural picture, stands old Stoke Poges church, surrounded by its hallowed churchyard, fadeless in the memory and heart of man.

The church itself is a little odd jumble of stone and wood, low and wide, with two low gables facing the east and gradually merging into one peak at the west end. It has one of the oddest south porches to be found in England. On the north side is a huge, low tower, nearly as large as the body of the church, from the top of whose crumbling Norman battlements rises a tall and very slender wooden spire. The entire church to above the base of the spire, is massed and matted with ivy, and is an inspiring picture of mellow antiquity and hallowed repose.

At the east end, just beneath the vestry window and but a few feet from the church wall, is the ancient low altar tomb of the Grays. On the slab is cut the famous inscription by Gray himself in memory of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, and his mother, Dorothy Gray. "The tender, careful mother of many children, of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." In this most humble tomb Gray lies. He was buried here on the 6th of August, 1771, in accordance with his own request in his will made at Cambridge, but no mark upon the stone which covers his dust ever served to denote his resting place. Again the friendly hand of a Penn is seen in the tablet opposite in the old church wall, recording the fact of Gray's burial here. John Penn set this tablet here eighteen years after Gray's burial; and it was the first record made in stone that Thomas Gray had lived and sung in England.

Some Hallow'ed Diversions. Monday next will bring Hallow'ed, and games and fortune telling, with antics more or less warranted or unwarranted by tradition will be in vogue among the young folk, and it may be among some of these of older growth. In some houses the tub of water will have its apples to be ducked for, or apples will be hung up by strings to be jumped at and caught with the teeth, while those who prefer something more mysterious will melt lead and pour it into water to see what shape the metal will assume. It may be a castle, a coach and four, or perchance a coffin. People with lively imagination can picture a good many things in the pieces, just as some folks can see all sorts of pictures in the fire on the grate at any time.

The burning of nuts is supposed to be done with an open fire, though nowadays the top of a stove must in many cases do service, and will give just as much satisfaction. Two nuts are placed side by side in the fire, each having previously been given a name, one for a young man, the other for a young woman. The first one which smokes, or smolders is the one whose name he will first feel the pangs of love. If he burns up in a clear, unwavering flame it foretells a happy and speedy marriage of the pair. If they sputter and smoke the couple will probably disagree. If, as is much the likeliest thing to happen, one of the nuts bursts and flies off at a tangent, it is ominous of fickleness or refusal on the part of that nut's party.

Another popular charm is that of the three dishes. One is to be filled with sand, another with flour, and a third with water. These must be placed in a row, and the company blindfolded, after which each one is led to the dishes. To touch the one having the flour in it means a rich marriage; that with the sand, a poor and luckless one, and whoever touches the one with the water in it will live forever after in wretched single blessedness.

Another version of the three dish charm is that the first shall be filled with perfectly fresh water, the second with soap suds, and the third shall be empty. These are placed in front of the fire. A maid, a widow, or nobody is the matrimonial prize to fall to him or her who touches the first, second or third.

A famous Scotch charm that is as old as the hills and far more quaint is sowing hemp just before the clock hands point to twelve. Take a basket and steal out of the house, pretending to sow seed and saying as you go:

Hemp seed, I sow thee, Hemp seed, I sow thee, And soon let my true love Come after and sow thee.

At the last word look over your left shoulder and you will see the wraith of your future husband or wife following you and apparently cutting hemp.

Still another favorite spell is wrought on the future by throwing a ball of yarn—it should be blue yarn—out of the window into a lime kiln, some old spell receipts say, but no doubt a window will do quite as well in the absence of the kiln. You must hold fast to the end of the yarn, and when all unwound begin winding rapidly again. When you feel the yarn held at the other end you must ask, "Who holds it?" and if you have the ear of faith, you will hear the name of your husband or wife.

Another is to go out blindfolded into the garden and pull up a cabbage stump. If it be a straight and rightly plant you will be your future life partner. If earth adheres to the root, said partner will have money.

One of the favorite charms of the school girl is to eat an apple before her mirror, combing her hair meanwhile, and as the clock strikes twelve she is sure to see her future husband looking at her from the glass. Another common one is to peel an apple, keeping the skin intact from one end to the other. Standing in front of a looking glass throw it; it must be over your left shoulder, and it will form the letters of your future husband's name.

The midnight charms, however, are better avoided. If a girl went into a cellar or attic with a looking glass at that hour and actually did see a peering over her shoulder she would be very much frightened, and possibly suffer permanently bad effects from the shock to her nervous system. The fact that it was merely the trick of a friend would not make the matter any less serious for her.

It used to be thought that children born on Hallow'ed would be able to converse with fairies and other mysterious beings;

SOME HALLOW'ED DIVERSIONS.

Ways in Which Young People May Have Plenty of Fun.

Monday next will bring Hallow'ed, and games and fortune telling, with antics more or less warranted or unwarranted by tradition will be in vogue among the young folk, and it may be among some of these of older growth. In some houses the tub of water will have its apples to be ducked for, or apples will be hung up by strings to be jumped at and caught with the teeth, while those who prefer something more mysterious will melt lead and pour it into water to see what shape the metal will assume. It may be a castle, a coach and four, or perchance a coffin. People with lively imagination can picture a good many things in the pieces, just as some folks can see all sorts of pictures in the fire on the grate at any time.

The burning of nuts is supposed to be done with an open fire, though nowadays the top of a stove must in many cases do service, and will give just as much satisfaction. Two nuts are placed side by side in the fire, each having previously been given a name, one for a young man, the other for a young woman. The first one which smokes, or smolders is the one whose name he will first feel the pangs of love. If he burns up in a clear, unwavering flame it foretells a happy and speedy marriage of the pair. If they sputter and smoke the couple will probably disagree. If, as is much the likeliest thing to happen, one of the nuts bursts and flies off at a tangent, it is ominous of fickleness or refusal on the part of that nut's party.

Another popular charm is that of the three dishes. One is to be filled with sand, another with flour, and a third with water. These must be placed in a row, and the company blindfolded, after which each one is led to the dishes. To touch the one having the flour in it means a rich marriage; that with the sand, a poor and luckless one, and whoever touches the one with the water in it will live forever after in wretched single blessedness.

Another version of the three dish charm is that the first shall be filled with perfectly fresh water, the second with soap suds, and the third shall be empty. These are placed in front of the fire. A maid, a widow, or nobody is the matrimonial prize to fall to him or her who touches the first, second or third.

A famous Scotch charm that is as old as the hills and far more quaint is sowing hemp just before the clock hands point to twelve. Take a basket and steal out of the house, pretending to sow seed and saying as you go:

Hemp seed, I sow thee, Hemp seed, I sow thee, And soon let my true love Come after and sow thee.

At the last word look over your left shoulder and you will see the wraith of your future husband or wife following you and apparently cutting hemp.

Still another favorite spell is wrought on the future by throwing a ball of yarn—it should be blue yarn—out of the window into a lime kiln, some old spell receipts say, but no doubt a window will do quite as well in the absence of the kiln. You must hold fast to the end of the yarn, and when all unwound begin winding rapidly again. When you feel the yarn held at the other end you must ask, "Who holds it?" and if you have the ear of faith, you will hear the name of your husband or wife.

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and they are as likely to be able to do so as are children born on any other night. A writer in the Home Journal tells of a Hallow'ed party which may be imitated by readers of Progress in some ways if they want to entertain their friends that night in a way in character with the anniversary. All the arrangements and plans for the evening's enjoyment were made on short notice. The rooms were lighted by candles instead of gas-pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns stood in unexpected places about the halls and rooms. The mantels were stacked with brightly-polished apples and fancy dishes of nuts and raisins, grapes, oranges, figs, dates and home-made candies were set everywhere about the rooms, and everyone was expected to help himself to anything he wanted at any time. Apples were suspended from the gas fixtures, the "luggies three" were there, and quarts of chestnuts with which to discover, at the hard coal fires in the grates, whether lovers were true or not. All the old customs which were noticeable in modern parlors were tried. The festivities ended with a dance.

No Anti-Tobacco Parents There. An exchange says that when a Dutch young man wants to ask a maiden in marriage he goes to the door of the house where his lady-love resides, rings the bell and asks for a match to light his cigar. After a few days he repeats the request. Then the parents of the girl understand, and begin to make inquiries about the suitor. If they do not approve, when the young man comes for the third time, the match is refused—in every sense of the word, although probably there is no pun involved in the Dutch language—and the door is shut in his face. If, on the contrary he is welcome, he is invited to come in, explain himself, and smoke a cigar with the papa of the young lady. When the first weed is consumed, the girl herself brings another for him, and lights it. This action is a promise of marriage, which is binding upon both parties, and very rarely ends as it began.

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Blue Store, North End. The Cash Clothing Store, Is the Best Place to Buy Clothing. Prices Way Down. Our Fall and Winter Stock in this City. Special stock of Youths' fine Black Dress Suits, and Boys' Blue and Black D. B. Cheviot and Scotch Checks. Children's, Boys' and Youths' Reefers and Long Cape Overcoats. Children's fine Winter Suits. Our Driving Coats, Cape Overcoats, Pilot Overcoats, Melton Overcoats, Black and Blue Beaver Overcoats, and Black Cheviot Overcoats are the best make and cut in Canada. Come and look. You will save money in coming to the BLUE STORE, Cor. MILL and MAIN STS., North End.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

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They do not properly learn these arts at school, because the methods in vogue there excite no real interest in the subject. Mere memory stuffing will not do. Object lessons alone are successful. For the lack of them bad spelling and worse punctuation are universal. Hence obscure writing, involving loss of time, temper and money. Adults may be incorrigible, but they can easily put the children on the right road. Do you ask how a man who is deficient is to teach others?

A Suggestion from the Old Granite State. "I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and formation of sentences. The necessity imposed upon the compositor to carefully construct words and sentences, letter by letter, according to correct copy (or in case of poor manuscript, to exercise his own knowledge of language), and afterwards to correct his own errors in the type from the proof-sheet, constitutes admirable drill, to be had only at the printer's case. In the TYPEWRITER we have an INSTRUMENT AT ONCE CONVENIENT AND AVAILABLE in the schoolroom, and nearly approaching the printer's case in usefulness as an aid in what I may call the constructive use of languages." MARSHALL P. HILL, Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H.

Mr. Hill has solved the problem. To be an instructor in the use of the English language, at home and at school, is one of the great functions of the typewriter. And among all the instruments now extant the

New Yost Writing Machine

is conspicuous for its complete adaptation to the purpose. The following are some of the points in which it is superior to its competitors:—CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL PRINT DIRECT FROM THE TYPE; wonderful centre-guide alignment; keyboard containing every needed letter and character in open sight; no shift keys; automatic inking system—no ink ribbons; solid and scientific construction; ease of operation. A New Yost in a home will prove itself one of most entertaining of educators. We send free an interesting descriptive catalogue on request. Address—

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. Second-hand Remington's, Caligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale Cheap.

"ASTOR'S" TAKES WIFE. [Correspondent seeking information should address their queries to Progress, St. John.] MOTHER, St. John.—There is least doubt that they will grow old but you must not be discouraged; are rather ragged and shabby at best treatment you can give them; the ends of your fingers into v night, that will soften the nails, the disagreeable "hang nails" so apt to form around them and mope their growth. Cut them closely, particularly at the sides, make them look as round as possible with care you may yet have prett I should be very sorry to give column myself, but you see I a very small part of Progress; as you all think you would miss it, we may decide to keep it up with modifications. Yes, do let me know my suggestions succeed.

WELL, I remember you very I am afraid from your letter that I very much improved in health you try the plaster jacket? I feel you could never stand the necessity of a boarding school. (1) I am amount of strictness is necessary the maintenance of order in a school, but yet I think girls are expected of them. Some of them quite grown up at sixteen, and other children at seventeen, but I think to place the limit at eighteen, and all girls are young ladies then—of course that they behave like ladies I find it impossible to tell you who should begin first, or what is the age to begin that exercise. I should never, as there is nothing either or clever about it, and all men have to read good novels, a model never hurt any girl yet, but her should see that bad ones are kept her reach if possible. (5) Not because a sick child can be spoiled as any other by allowing it to do as it pleases, and by and by it will a nuisance to everyone and be very ill disliked, which is scarcely to be desired. But I do think a sick child should be indulged far more than one and everything that is possible to make it happy. I do hope to come home much better, you will come a treasure if I did go with you, a great nurse, and I hope you will quite proud of me by the time you back. I know you and all the other ought to think that I am a woman man could know as much about good, or write to them about their and lovers, as I write? Why he would a lunatic asylum in a week if he talk about what he did not understand.

We Two, Halifax.—So it was of half of you that wrote, the other being sent? Well, I was glad to hear from again, though, of course, I did not nize the writing. I hope you will united and two fond hearts will be I am glad you were pleased with answer last time, and you will always most welcome to this column. (1) you have given me quite a contrast time, because on searching the dark ers of my memory I find at least nine of Greece all apparently entitled to horror, as I will give you the names of the most noted antiquaries his wife ancient Greece were Solon, the founder of Athens, so noted for his wisdom; his name became a proverb, and a who was very learned was spoken of perfect Solon; Socrates, who was the der of moral philosophy in Greece; also celebrated for his wisdom; Plato was a philosopher and a disciple crates; Pythagoras who founded the one school of Pythagorean philosophy Greece; Aristotle, also a philosopher; disciple of Plato; Lycurgus, the lawgiver; Zeno; the founder of Stoic ophy; Epicurus, the founder of rean philosophy; in Greece and Zeno the Greek philosopher and historian; Homer and Demosthenes can scarce spoken of as sages, since one was a and the other an orator. (2) I supposed Whitman, but there are so few left now are at all great that it is hard to index; it seems to me that the race of ican poets is like a potato crop, the places in the temple of fame left vacant the mighty dead, is a difficult question answer. I am sorry you had to wait long for your answer, I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but letter late in the first place and then was cr ed out with many others for want of space. Remember no letter is ever answered same week it is received. Many thank the kind messages. Your writing is beautiful, I don't think I ever saw pret

ENIGMA.—(1) I think he would be justified in feeling very much annoyed. Girls are often guilty of great rudeness without meaning it. In the last, they sometimes from thoughtlessness and so times from sheer ignorance, they are not aware that they are breaking any of etiquette, or politeness, and would very much mortified and surprised if were told how their conduct appeared others. No gentleman can very well more a lady, and it is scarcely good for even to treat her coolly, but he can avoid inviting her to go for a walk with him future, or indeed showing her any of attention he has been in the habit of pay her. I think it would be only kind if friend of hers could manage to say in hearing how rude it is to desert the companion you are with for another, should, of course, speak in a very general way, so as to avoid hurting her feelings. (2) No, indeed, I should be sorry to give anything of the kind, and it would strange if I did, seeing that I have so many friends who without the loving tests, I only have without the loving tests, I only of continued absence, but also a marriage, maternity, household care, a even prolonged silence, and whose heart as true to me today as mine is to the and as both were ten years ago when first cared for each other. I am sure girls and women are capable of faith and enduring friendship for each other. do not see why anyone should doubt indeed think one rarely finds as true friendship amongst men, as their hurried ambitious lives seem antagonistic to the preservation of friendships, in fact they scarcely have time for them. (3) I think the rage for sailor hats is decidedly on the wane, and that they will not be general worn this winter, but still they will be

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Progress, St. John.

MURKIN, St. John.—There is not the least doubt that they will grow out again, but you must not be discouraged if they are rather ragged and stubby at first, the best treatment you can give them is to dip the ends of your fingers into vaseline at night, that will soften the nails, prevent the disagreeable "hang nails," which are so apt to form around them and also promote their growth.

NELIE, —I remember you very well, and I am afraid from your letter that you are not very much improved in health. Did you try the plaster jacket? I felt certain you could never stand the necessary discipline of a boarding school.

WE TWO, Halifax.—So it was only one half of you that wrote the other being absent? Well, I was glad to hear from you again, though, of course, I did not recognize the writing. I hope you will soon be united and two fond hearts will beat as one.

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SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

Editor Seasonable Recipes: Sir,—Is soup usually served at Reception, and if so what kind would be most appropriate for such occasions?

Soup is usually served at receptions, but not always. The following is a most delightful soup for such occasions, and while it has the merit of being uncommon, it is also easy to make.

Patate aux Amandes, or Almond Soup. 3 quarts of white soup stock. 1 tablespoonful of minced onion. A slice of lean ham.

Make the stock by boiling an old fowl and about ten pounds of veal and veal bones in about five quarts of water until it is reduced to three quarts, and will set in jelly when cold—about five or six hours of gentle boiling at the side of the range.

Boil the almonds for a few minutes and peel them, cut about one fourth of them in to shreds, and put into the soup at last.

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SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

Editor Seasonable Recipes: Sir,—Is soup usually served at Reception, and if so what kind would be most appropriate for such occasions?

Soup is usually served at receptions, but not always. The following is a most delightful soup for such occasions, and while it has the merit of being uncommon, it is also easy to make.

Patate aux Amandes, or Almond Soup. 3 quarts of white soup stock. 1 tablespoonful of minced onion. A slice of lean ham.

Make the stock by boiling an old fowl and about ten pounds of veal and veal bones in about five quarts of water until it is reduced to three quarts, and will set in jelly when cold—about five or six hours of gentle boiling at the side of the range.

Boil the almonds for a few minutes and peel them, cut about one fourth of them in to shreds, and put into the soup at last.

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You Should See Them!

Our Ladies' Blucher Balmorals.

The latest and most Fashionable Walking Boot. Made on the new Piccadilly Lasts, and of the finest Dongola Kid with Patent Leather Tips and Facings. It is the best fitting and most stylish boot that has been seen in St. John for some years.

DIFFERENT WIDTHS AND HALF SIZES NOW IN STOCK.

Waterbury & Rising. AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

After U. S. Medical Men Fall Relief Comes from Canada. The following letter tells the tale of one released from suffering, and needs no comment:

Michigan Soldiers Home, Hospital Ward A. GRAND RAPIDS, March 27, 1892. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I have your letter of the 24th, asking me what benefit Pink Pills for Pale People, and it gives me unbounded satisfaction to reply. Within ten days after I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, those terribly excruciating pains I had experienced in my limbs, heart, stomach, back and head, began to leave me, becoming less severe and less frequent—and before I had taken all of the second box they were gone. At times since I have experienced aches, but they are nothing compared to the pains I had formerly suffered. For months I could get no sleep or rest, only from the use of morphine, two, three, and five times daily. Soon after I began taking the Pink Pills I discontinued the morphine and have taken it but once since, and I am now only taking my fourth box of the pills. Before I began taking Pink Pills I had no passage from my bowels except from the use of cathartics, very soon after taking the pills my bowels moved regularly and naturally, constipation was entirely gone. Previous to commencing the use of Pink Pills my urine was milky in color and after standing resembled a jelly substance. Now it is clear and perfectly natural, and shows no sediment whatever. I had lost the use of my legs and could not bear the weight of my body on them. By the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and cold baths and rubbing with a crash towel prescribed by them, my limbs have steadily gained in health and strength until I can now bear my full weight upon them. I have been gaining slowly, but surely, ever since I began the use of the Pink Pills and am perfectly confident that I will be able to walk again and be comfortable, and this after-doctoring for years with the best physicians and specialists who said my disease could not be cured but only relieved temporarily by the use of hypodermic injections of morphine. I would not do without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under any circumstances, even though they cost ten times what they do, and I strongly recommend them to persons afflicted with locomotor ataxia, paralysis kidney troubles, nervous diseases and impurities of the blood. I have recommended the Pink Pills to a number of old comrades, and in every instance they have proved beneficial. I can therefore do less than warmly recommend them to all who read this letter?

A TONIC

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system. There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.

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TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

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FUR LINED COATS, FUR CAPS AND GAUNTLETS. JOHN MARTIN & CO., 457-ST. PAUL ST., -457 Montreal, Canada.

BLACK BEAR, GRIZZLY BEAR, HUDSON'S BAY WOLF AND MUSK OX SLEIGH ROBES.

ESTABLISHED 1855 TAYLOR'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES. HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE.

J. & J. TAYLOR. TORONTO SAFE WORKS. TORONTO. MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA.

Agent for the Maritime Provinces B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B.



SEGEE'S OINTMENT. IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

And its effect on a Burn or Scald is really astonishing; it removes the anguish in a very short time without leaving a blister. PRICE, 50 cents per Pot; \$5 per dozen; Six dozen \$26; One Gross \$50.

This Ointment is put up in white stone pots with the above (Trade Mark). None genuine without it. Prepared wholly by JOHN A. SEGEE, successor to Jas. W. Segge, Durham street, St. John, N. B.

Canada

A Monthly Journal for Canadians, young and old, at home and abroad. Fifty Cents a Year. With the November number CANADA appears in a new form and at a reduced price. It is the cheapest, brightest and best monthly paper published in the Dominion.

In addition to original and selected articles of the greatest interest, it contains the following departments: Canadiana, Home Topics, Graver Thoughts, The Editor's Talk, Literary and Personal Notes, Answers to Correspondents, Just for Fun, etc. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will pay a WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO CANADA, if remitted before January 1st, 1893.

Advertisements should secure space at once, as advertisements will be limited to twelve columns. November edition, 2,160 copies; December edition, 2,400 copies. Sample copy mailed FREE on application. MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Hampton, New Brunswick.

Clearver's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM. THE SOAP IS PERFECTLY PURE AND ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank among the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Rowson, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.G.S.; T. Hoare Rowson, F.I.C., F.G.S.; A. J. De Haan, F.I.C., F.G.S. Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 23, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

Oysters R in Season. The Oyster season having opened Sept. 15th I can now supply my customers with choice P. E. L. OYSTERS at lowest and North Shore prices. J. D. TURNER, 19 to 23 N. S. King Square.

Oil, Clothing, Winter Stock, Overcoats, Canada, More, S., North End, Quality, Canada, School, For, Living, Children, N. H., the, PRINT, character, N. B., cheap.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Every transatlantic trip of the larger of the ocean liners costs from £3,000 to £4,000.

Four-fifths of the world's supply of cloves come from Zanzibar and Pemba, Africa.

The skin of the whale is thicker than that of any other animal. In some places it reaches a thickness of several inches.

The census of India just completed shows that country to have a population of 280,000,000, a gain of 11 per cent. over 1881.

The limit of the capacity of the earth is 5,294,000,000 souls, says a scientist, and this number will be reached in less than 187 years.

Paris, with a population of about 2,500,000, has fewer than 100 negroes within its limits. It is claimed that the colored population of all France is less than 550.

Germany contains a number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of flannel and similar textiles from pine leaves. When spun and woven this material resembles hemp.

New York is named from the Duke of York, the original grantee. In the charter he was given all the lands "from the west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of the Delaware Bay."

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact centre by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the centre scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.

The desert of Sahara is becoming a garden. Within a few years 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful by artesian wells. But there are 900,000,000 acres yet to be reclaimed before all the sand wastes of South Africa are utilized.

We are familiar with the rush of the express train as it flashes past us at the rate of 60 miles an hour, but light actually travels 11,179,560 times as fast! The initial velocity of the shot gun from the 12-pound bronze service gun is only 1,769 feet a second.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the west. Carver, an American traveller, mentions it in 1763. In describing the river he evidently confounded it with the Missouri, but the name was finally applied to the present state of that name.

The United States, when Alaska is included, has a greater area than Canada has. The areas are as follows: The United States, with Alaska, has an area of 3,602,990 square miles. Alaska's area is 577,390 square miles. Canada has an area of 3,466,690 square miles.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM THE MOON.—As seen from the moon the earth would appear four times greater in diameter and thirteen times wider in surface than the moon does to us. The illumination of the earth is fourteen times greater on the moon than that of the moon on the earth.

The microphone, used as a death test, recently prevented the premature burial of a woman in St. Petersburg, who, when in a state of syncope, was pronounced dead from paralysis of the heart. All other tests having failed, the microphone was applied to the region of the heart and showed that it still beat, and the woman after some time resuscitated.

In the New York police stations last year 78,137 males and 69,482 females were given lodging gratis, making a total of 147,622 that were thus cared for, or about 12,000 a month and 400 a day, the police estimate. This is less than one-tenth as many as were taken care of by charity organizations or swarmed through the nights around bakeries, the post office, all night restaurants, barrooms, stale beer dives or sleep in the parks and around the depots.

It is alleged that the best way to preserve a gun from rusting is to have a ring of zinc soldered round the barrel, or, if it is not convenient to do this, to have a long strip of zinc soldered out of sight underneath the barrel. The galvanic action which is excited between the zinc and the iron effectually prevents the oxidations of either metal, and as long as the zinc remains in contact with the iron not a particle of rust will appear on either the inside or outside of the barrel.

The floating population of New York city, according to an accurate estimate, is 400,000. This is for a single day in the month of October, 1892. It does not represent the great throngs that crowded into the metropolis to see the Columbian celebration or to attend any event at all unusual. It simply means that 400,000 is the ordinary number of people constantly in the city for a day or a week and whose homes are elsewhere, or whose homes are everywhere—the vagrants of the slums and park benches.

An experiment was made a hundred years ago or so on the Bridgewater canal, in England, to prove the convexity of the earth. At intervals of five miles in a straight stretch of the canal three posts were driven until their tops were precisely six feet above the surface of the water. The careful measurements and observations were made from either end, with the result that the top of the centre post was found to be some distance above a line drawn from top to top of the first and last posts. The experiments were repeated a number of times, always with the same result.

A formidable antagonist to telegraph construction in Mexico is found in the monkey. The favorite diversion of these animals when not in quest of food is to betake themselves to the telegraph lines for gymnastic exercises, and linemen assert that often 100 able-bodied monkeys have been seen swinging on the wires, festooned, monkey fashion, by looping their tails. The continuous vibrations of these forest

gymnasts start the iron nails used on the cross-arms, and these often come down, bringing the wire with them. And it is not a safe matter to undertake to disperse these robust monkeys. Linemen have found that on shooting a monkey swinging on the wire they have been pursued by a regiment of monkeys.

"PROGRESS' PICKINGS."

"So you both love her, and have quarrelled. Shall you fight with pistols or letters?" "Pistols—letters are too dangerous."

Young Whizz is living a rather fast life now, isn't he?" "Yes, he has to, you know. He's a driver on an express train."

Mother—Hasn't he proposed to you yet? Daughter—No, M.—What is he thinking about? D.—Mother, I am not a mind reader.

Laura—Ever meet Mr. Fitts? Flora—Oh, yes. But I don't think much of him. I haven't much use for a man who is tied to his wife's suspenders.

Ikey you should get married right away quick. Vat for, father? Vat for? Why oh! your pezziness gets bad! ha! ha! you make over your property to?—Life.

She—And are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club? He—Oh, yes. She—And are you so awfully fond of your club? He—Not very.—Life.

You must regulate your clothing by the weather," said the physician. Doctor, said the despairing patient, what do you think I am, a "lightning-change" artist?

Toots: Soak was arrested last night for impersonating a police-officer. Thanks: What did he do? Toots: Rapped at a side entrance and drank the beer they shoved out.

Shallow—Why, just read that sign—"Dental Parlors" isn't it absurd to call a dental room a parlor? Deep—Why, it is probably the painter's mistake. He meant drawing room.

Barber (testing the razor)—Do I hurt you, sir? Baird—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair. Barber (highly gratified)—Who was that? Baird—the dentist.

Employer: You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you? Office Boy: Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair.

Freshleigh—Why do they call the groomsmen at a wedding the best men? Benedicite—Because he has the best of it. He has all the pleasure of the affair without having the bride saddled on him.

He—This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you. Why do you trouble me so? Why do you ask again? Because you refused the other times. Consent now and I will never ask you again.

First Tramp—I wonder what I shall say to the lady of the house. Second Tramp—Say you are a sufferer from the recent flood. F. T.—I can't say that. S. T.—Why not? F. T.—Because I'm too dry.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lipping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear, I grew to be an old soldier. I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off."

"I feel rather hungry. Let's go into this restaurant and get something to eat." "I have no appetite." "That's all right. You'll have one before the waiter gets around to you for your order."—N. Y. Press.

"Well, how did you speed with your proposal last night?" "Her father is a fiend. She is an angel. The wooing sped all right. She fired me with eloquence—" "And her father?" "He fired me with alacrity."

Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly. Well, hardly, said the insect, as he winked the other eye. Your parlor has an entrance, but of exits it is shy. So I'll stay outside in safety, and remain a little fly.

"I paid the man for finishing the cistern this morning, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "and it took the last cent there was in the house." "Never mind that, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, soothingly, "we've got something for a rainy day at last."

Paternal Parent—That young Jones comes frequently to see our Fannie. Is there anything between them do you think? Maternal Parent—They are at present sitting together on the parlor sofa, and I should say there is nothing between them.

The Rev. Mr. Drowsie—By the way, I observed on Sunday last that you got up suddenly and left the church before my sermon was over. I was deeply pained, and hope you can offer some explanation. Theological Student—Oh, yes, sir; ever since I was a boy I have been a somnambulist.—Life.

"Don't you feel kind of lonesome at times?" asked Mrs. Matron addressing Miss Oldmaid. "No," answered Miss Oldmaid; "I have a parrot that wears a dog that chews and a neighbor who comes home every night and disturbs the neighborhood, and I sometimes feel as if I had a husband."—N. Y. Press.

"Do you need the services of another song and clog artist?" asked the applicant of the theatrical manager. "I can't say just now," replied the manager thoughtfully. "I'm too busy. But if you'll wait until my typewriting artist has sent a note by the messenger boy artist to my Chinese laundry artist and the scrub artist has cleaned out the office with the aid of the janitor artist, perhaps I'll get time to talk to you."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duchess de Montpensier, sister of Queen Isabella, is a great grandmother at 55.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to make it a point to be indifferent to feminine fashions and styles.

Some wag sent by express to Mr. Gladstone, "all charges paid," an enormous rooster.

The Duke of Portland is the largest subscriber to newspapers and periodicals in England.

Miss Harriet Monroe, the author of the World's Fair ode, emboldened by the success of her first poetic venture, is going to write a whole volume of rhymes.

The nearest living relative of Shakespeare is probably Thomas Hart, now living in Australia, who is eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister, Joan.

Prince Bismarck used to spell his name without the "c." The present spelling does away with the monetary significance of the name—Bis-mark—two marks.

Sir Andrew Clark, M. D., recently prescribed, by cable, for a patient in Victoria, British Columbia. The messages passed between the London doctor and his patient almost hourly.

The pope is now in his 83rd year, and in Paris Field Marshal Canrobert is 85, and Marshall MacMahon, who is still straight as a dart and retaining a magnificent seat in his saddle, is 83.

Dr. Heinrich Pados, once director of Dresden conservatory, has conceived the notion that his country is being de-Germanized. He has consequently started an extreme nationalist paper.

Lord Randolph Churchill collects teeth. His cabinet is said to comprise a tooth from every animal he has shot. The teeth of many noted criminals who have been hanged also find a place here.

The Prince of Wales gave £220,000 for Sandringham, and he has since expended large sums upon the remarkably fine wrought-iron "Norwich Gates," besides many other improvements of the property, some of which are still in progress.

The youngest duke in England is the bright lad of fifteen—one of the most popular boys in Eton—who became Duke of Manchester the other day, through the death of his father. The late duke was known far and wide as "Uncle Kim."

The two men who are said to be most difficult of access by interviewers are Colonel Ingersoll and Archbishop Corrigan. While there is a great divergence of opinion upon certain religious questions, both agree in keeping from without the pencil reach of reporters.

The family of the stern and despotic Czar are of romantic and passionate temperament it would seem, by the frequency of morganatic alliances entered into by its members. Now the Grand Duke Nicholas will wed the woman Mme. Bourinime, the widow of a merchant.

Oscar Wilde, who lately shook the dust of England from his feet and went to France to live, turned up at an art show in the New Gallery in London a few days ago. The *Pall Mall Gazette* sarcastically observes that "he was heard speaking English quite fluently."

Theodore Watts, a close friend of Tennyson, says of his future biographer: "There is but one man who is fully equipped for such an undertaking, and, fortunately, that is his own son, a man of great ability, of admirable critical acumen, and of quite exceptional accomplishments."

Within the past eleven years the world of letters has lost Carlyle, 1881; George Eliot, 1881; Longfellow, 1882; Emerson, 1882; Matthew Arnold, 1888; Browning, 1888; Kinglake, 1891; Lowell, 1891; Walt Whitman, 1892; Geo. W. Curtis, 1892; Whittier, 1892, and Tennyson, 1892.

The Empress of Russia's court dress, which is valued at £3,000, has only been worn on one occasion, viz., at the coronation of the present emperor. It is covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver. The train alone cost £1,000, and is to be preserved in the State Museum as an historical curiosity.

Mr. Gladstone, although in his 84th year, still retains energy and strength enough to chop down huge trees and to make the difficult and wearisome ascension of Mount Snowden by way of relaxation. Mrs. Gladstone, his devoted wife, although herself over 80, still reads, writes and works with her needle, without the use of spectacles.

The trials and troubles of Mr. Stanhope, the inoculated *Herald* correspondent, were not ended when he quitted Hamburg with a clean bill of health in his pocket. The door of every hostelry in Berlin is closed against him. He is now in that city, but, instead of being received like the cholera-conquering hero he is, on the contrary, he is shunned like the plague itself. Mr. Stanhope, however, found American friends who gave him shelter.

When Queen Margaret, of Italy, goes away on her summer holiday in the quiet Piedmontese village of Gressoney, she discards all the regalia and insignia of court and appears in the simple peasant costume of the region. Marie Antoinette, playing at farming at the Trianon, introduced certain picturesque peasant features into the mode of the day, but the Pearl of Savoy wears the regular peasant's dress—a red cloth skirt and bodice, a white chemise and sleeves, a little black velvet jacket embroidered with silver, and a black head-dress and apron—even to mass on Sunday.

The new Duchess of Sutherland, one of the youngest women to wear the ideal coronet in England, is a member of the Writers' Club, and a contributor to the literature of the day. The story of her romantic and early marriage is being retold with interest now, how at a dinner given by her mother, Lady Roslyn, the number of thirteen guests through some accident were present, when the Lady Millicent, a schoolgirl of 16 not yet presented to society, was called in to exercise the faculty of the dreaded number. The present duke fell promptly in love with the pretty maid, who thus became engaged before she had made her bow to the Queen, or entered the lists of social beauties.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man for Woodbury, N.J.

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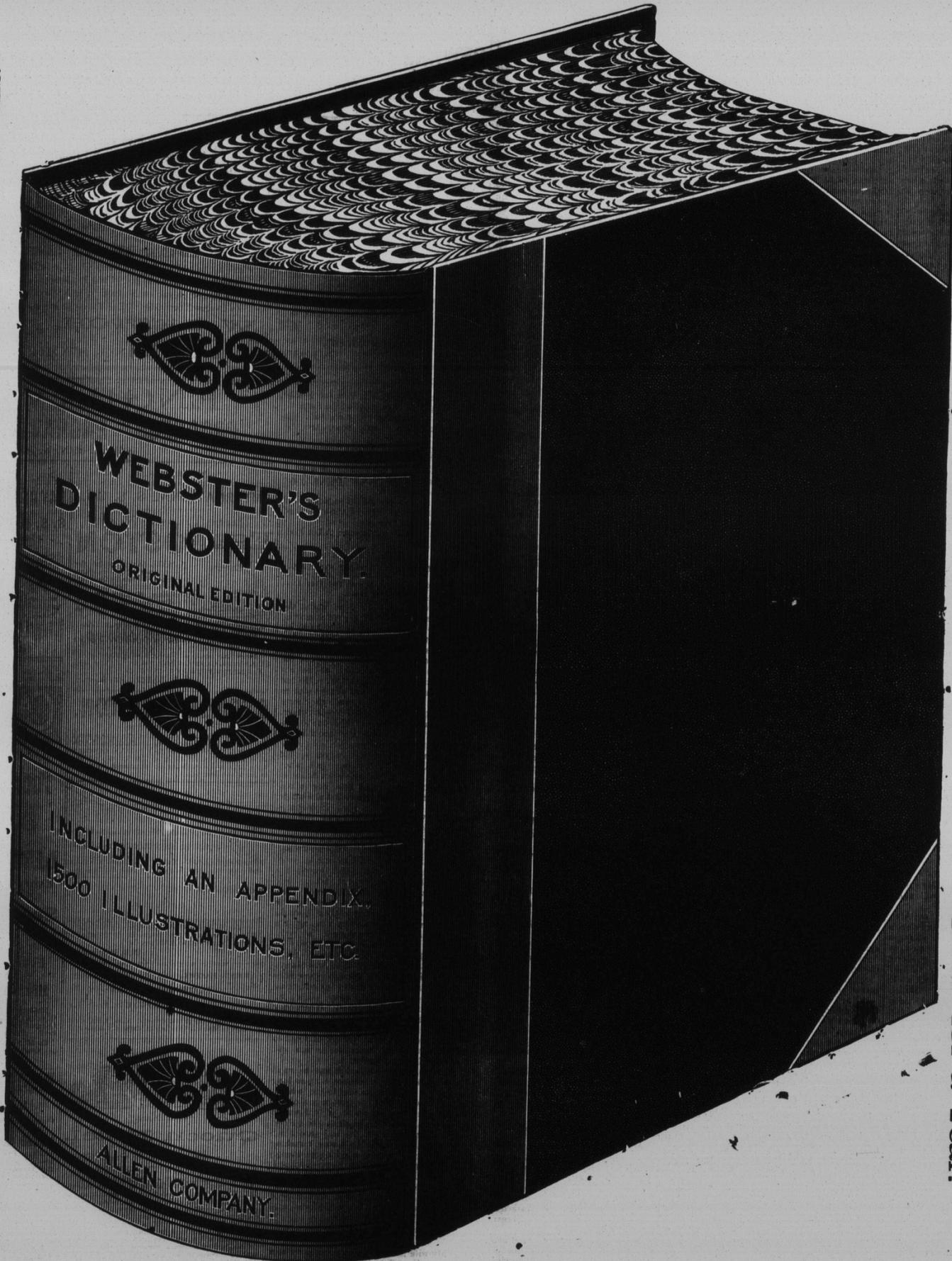
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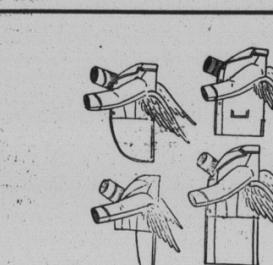
CHAPTER I. MISS OLDHAM'S FORTUNE. "What, Malcom? Going to leave me? How is that? Nothing wrong, I hope?" "No, sir; but I must go."

bequeathed to various persons—I have several, as you know—the rest went to his lawyer, his doctor, and a few trusted old servants. It was a whim of his."

gradually the man grew angry, the woman indignantly. "I tell you I must have it. This has been an expensive business. I can get no more credit; even Isaac is growing troublesome. Will you let your own half-brother starve while you are rolling in riches?"

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EAGER FOR THE CHAIR

The North End Thinks It Should be free—Mr. Jones Comes to the Front. It looks now as though the election in St. John on the 22nd is chiefly interesting as a fight between conservative factions, and that the tolerable certainty of a poll being cast whether the liberals nominate a not.