

TO HELEN, ON HER -TH BIRTH-DAY.

The bounteous gods at Helen's birth With gifts divine came laden; Said Venus, 'She of all the earth Shall be the fairest maiden.'

A STORY OF A STRIKE.

It was a desolate scene as I wandered among the pitfalls and abandoned workings of the Beaver Meadow Coal Mines. In the hollow of an old and useless stripping lay tons of slaty waste, and there, which gleamed bits of coal here and there.

boy; 'it's only a stick o' wood the granny calls the bairn.' I looked at the boy's mother inquiringly. 'Yes,' said she, 'the bairn died the morning poor Sandy was taken away. Granny went crazed, as you see, which was a mercy, sir, seein' as how she loved the bairn and Sandy better than life.'

'Sandy?' she murmured. 'Sandy's coomin' hame the day. The bairn will nae mair cry from hunger, for the father is coomin' hame.' 'Of what dark day do you speak?' I inquired; 'and who took your husband away?'

'Why, Sandy,' I cried, 'my man—why do you look so?' 'For answer he pointed to the empty pail. 'They would gie me nane,' says he, 'slow like and husky; they will nae trust us more.'

'Ye maun get a chicken, Sandy,' cried granny; 'try it, mon. The darlin' is starvin', can ye no see?' 'A chicken?' cried Sandy, with a bitter laugh. 'Ye maun as well ask me for the keys of heaven, granny. They would nae gie me the trust of a pail of coal the morn. A chicken! they would call me mad an I should ask for it—mad!'

'Well, sir,' continued the woman, after a painful pause, 'the next day was cold and raw. A fine, drizzling rain set in, which froze as it fell. The little one was worse. She lay quite still now, and moaned no more.'

'They will not turn us out in this storm, Sandy, with a sick bairn,' I said; 'they can never be so cruel as that.' 'The new men must have homes,' he answered, despairing like; 'and when did ye know the barons to show mercy? Na, I'm afraid we'll have to go; but if the bairn dies, if she dies, Jenny, I'll—' he stopped and clinched his hands, and muttered something under his breath.

'Just then came a knock at the door. Granny looked out the window, then turned with white face and set lips, and grasped Sandy by the arm. 'Be a mon,' she said, in a low, deep voice, 'be a mon, Sandy, and dinna let them turn us out in this awfu' day. Think o' your dyin' bairn, and be a mon.'

'Sandy shook in every limb, but answered not a word. 'A louder rap now on the door, and an oath or two. 'Granny wrung her hands in agony, for just then from the bed came a low moan. 'Broth!' cried the bairn; 'granny, broth!'

looked at the dead man's face, and laughed, such a horrid laugh, sir, that it curdled the blood in our veins. 'The child no longer moaned, but lay quiet within her arms. Sandy shook off the hands which held him, and stooped to kiss the bairn. 'She's dead,' he said, quietly; 'my Jenny, our pretty bairn is dead; and, without another word, turned and went out the door, never to enter it again.'

'Surely,' I stammered, 'he was not—I could not bring myself to utter the horrible word. 'No, sir,' said she, quietly; 'but he was sent to prison for life. 'And you and the boy and granny?' I inquired—'what did you do?'

'The neighbors helped us to move here,' she said, wearily, 'and helped to bury the child. Granny's reason fled that very day, and as you see still she nurses the bairn, and ever in her ear rings that mournful cry, 'Broth! granny, broth!'

'The door opened suddenly at this juncture, and in sprang Jenny, with a look upon his face that brought us both to our feet. 'He's come!' he gasped; 'he's come! Granny was nae mad when she said he'd come the day.'

'Who?' cried his mother, a wild hope gleaming in her eye. 'Quick, Jenny, tell me! Who has come?' 'My boy, Sandy,' crooned granny, aroused by the confusion; 'tis my Sandy come back with broth for the bairn.'

'Ay, mither,' cried a rough, manly voice at the door, 'God be thanked, 'tis thy boy Sandy come back indeed! 'The wife stood like one turned to stone. 'Escaped?' she gasped with a shudder, as her husband held out his arms; 'escaped?'

'Nae, my lass,' he cried; 'never fear, 'tis not escaped I am, but pardoned, Jenny—pardoned.' 'That meeting was too sacred for a stranger's eye to witness, and so I silently stole away and left them: the strong man shaken with emotion, wife and child sobbing upon his breast, and granny, with her 'bairn' tenderly clasped in her arms, smiling upon the group in placid, sweet content.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Philadelphia has three citizens, who, aside from Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, lead the world in the amount of individual insurance they carry. Mr. Wanamaker carries \$1,000,000 life insurance; Mr. Stetson, \$750,000, and Hamilton Disston, \$500,000. Dr. Hostetter is carrying \$800,000. The list of prominent men who carry large risks upon their lives is rapidly lengthening. The risks of Mr. Wanamaker have been of slow growth until recently, when a few European companies were brought in. He is conceded to be one of the best risks in the United States. He is but 50 years of age, is regular in his habits, does not touch alcohol or tobacco, and although he has enormous business interests and great responsibilities is free from excitement. Mr. Wanamaker's risks are divided, \$500,000 in life and \$500,000 in fifteen year endowments. He pays about \$65,000 premiums per year. He can go upon the street and borrow half a million dollars upon his risks, which is in itself a great advantage in a business point of view. The endowments run in various lengths, from ten to fifteen years, and when the risks expire, if he permits the dividends to remain, he will receive \$1,400,000. His risks are in 29 different companies.—Philadelphia Times.

A new use for tobacco. A new use has been discovered for tobacco. A father, whose child was dying of membranous croup, remembered how deathly sick he was the first time he chewed tobacco, and, having a cud in his mouth, without thinking twice, he opened the child's mouth and placed the tobacco in. The father knew it was a desperate act, and he waited in terrible suspense for the result. It came, and quicker than he could have hoped. There was a sudden convulsive movement, and the poor little thing was nearly doubled for an instant, and seemed to writhe in agony, when, throwing herself forward, there shot from her throat a chunk of almost solid phlegm at least two inches long, and having through it a passage no larger than a small lead pencil. After a few minutes of retching, the little one lay quietly back and slept calmly and sweetly, and the next day was playing around the house with all her wonted vim.—Boston Herald.

Two serious looking Germans walked into police headquarters together this morning, and said to Doorman Flood that they wanted to see the superintendent. One of them carried a little black and tan dog under his arm. 'On police business?' queried the doorman. 'Very particular business,' nodded the smaller of the men. 'Well, I dell you. Dis man,' pointing to his companion, who stolidly held on to the dog, 'he has mine wife four days al-treaty, and now, mine Gott! he wants mine dog.'

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

The Pan-Presbyterian council, representing 4,000,000 communicants (equivalent to 20,000,000 adherents), has accepted the invitation conveyed by Principal Caven and will hold its next meeting at Toronto, in 1892. As foreshadowed by PROGRESS, last week, Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor of the Leinster street Baptist church, has decided to accept the general management of the Union Baptist seminary. That institution is to be congratulated.

The bishop of Fredericton, now in his 84th year, and Bishop Austin, of Guinea, now 80 years of age, are without doubt the oldest actively engaged bishops in years and length of service, in the Church of England at home, in the colonies or in the daughter church of the United States. If ever Mr. Gladstone comes back to power, he is bound to make the Rev. Wm. Theseby a bishop. That worthy minister has just published a Service of Song on the life of Mr. Gladstone, and the page headed 'The People's William' is occupied by the hymn 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word.'

A pastoral letter recently issued by His Eminence Cardinal Manning presents a very interesting statement of the progress of Catholicity in England since the re-establishment of the hierarchy. Within the space of 20 years, 20 new churches have been erected in London alone, without including the 16 or 17 chapels that are attended from a distance. The greater part of these were begun under the most adverse circumstances, the congregations being un-able to support a priest. The zeal and self-denial of the clergy is beyond all praise. They have struggled through poverty, depriving themselves for the sake of their schools and their poor, and withal ever cheerful and constructive. The cardinal concludes with the instructive reflection that of all the works agreeable to God, the best is the formation of a priest, 'that divine instrument for the salvation of a multitude of souls.'

Although all the National Christian Endeavor conventions of the past have been notable gatherings, the seventh annual convention, which has just been held in Chicago, was by far the most important of the series. In numbers it far surpassed all others, embracing as it did between 4,000 and 5,000 delegates, representing 1,800 societies in 1,200 cities and towns, in 31 states and territories. The speaking throughout the four days' session was of the very highest order. Among the many well known speakers were Prof. W. R. Harper, Miss Francis E. Willard, Rev. John H. Barrows, D.D., Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D.D., Bishop Samuel Fallows, Rev. James W. Brook, D.D., and Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), who read a delightful Christian story. Perhaps the most important advance step which was taken was the proposal of an amendment to the model constitution by the president of the united society, in regard to the relation of what may be called the 'Christian endeavor graduates,' i. e., those who have been trained in the society for usefulness in the church. The amendment provides that the older active members, when the time comes that they can attend but one meeting in the week, shall be expected to attend the church meeting, and that the prayer meeting pledge shall apply to the church meeting. So long as they are faithful to this meeting, they are to remain honorary and affiliated members of the society. Another important matter was the presentation by Prof. W. R. Harper of a systematic plan of Bible study, which will doubtless be adopted generally by the societies.

Beware of the bucket-shop! A vigorous condemnation of the swindle, by a Commercial Authority. Bucket-shop is a compound of two good honest words, which has unfortunately fallen in with bad associations, and is known by the company it keeps, or rather that it has been forced into keeping. It is the occupation which brings the name into contempt, not the name which brings the occupation into contempt, as some who are engaged in it are fond of imagining. The business of a bucket-shopkeeper is to gamble in either produce or stocks, or commonly in both. New York stocks and Chicago wheat are to the Montreal bucket-shop gamblers what the red and black balls are to the gamblers of Baden-Baden or the Pacific Coast. The bucket-man is the bank, and as the gambler stakes three to two, the latter is allowed 'to make the game' as in other dens. Stripped of all the plausible phrases which are attached to these transactions by the gamblers themselves, in the vain attempt to deceive themselves as to the true nature of the business in which they have launched, and thereby stifle their consciences, that is what it means. The keepers of these places say that it is not a matter of chance, but of speculation. Under the best of circumstances for the gambler in this city, how much room is there for speculation even in the debased sense in which grain dealers regard the word. What grounds have the best informed of speculators here to build upon as to the price of Chicago wheat, which depends to a great extent upon the length of the purse of cliques in that city, and the speculative inclinations of grain dealers. They have real grounds, based upon the world's production, the visible supply, comparative prices, &c., but while final results are dependent upon these, the passing results upon which the bucket-shop gambler stakes his money are dependent upon the momentary success of manoeuvres on the part of the cliques, of which he knows and can know nothing. The 'speculations' of these bucket-shop gamblers would excite smiles of mingled pity and contempt for their innocence on the faces of members of such cliques. Commercial editors who have especial means of knowledge, who watch every cause and every effect, after a very little experience, learn that 'it is never wise to predict, for nine times out of ten you are caught,' to use a phrase that has become stereotyped. If men with cool heads and disinterested minds find it impossible to calculate with any sort of probability, what chance has the man whose mind is perplexed by the fear of loss, the desire of gain, by the wrong-headed, perhaps the wrong-headed, opinions of others, to make even the best possible calculation? 'A man is always

lucky at first,' is a saying which obtains among these gamblers, and this can only be owing to one of two reasons, either that the beginner only has a clear head or that calculation only misleads. Either of these reasons is fatal to the contention that it is not a matter of chance. But the largest class of bucket-shop gamblers come to the den without knowledge upon which to build, or experience or native wit to guide their choice. Such men do not deceive themselves or others into believing that 'there is any speculation in their eyes'; they simply 'take a chance.'

It is a great evil that men, who, by laboring hard all summer, save just about money enough to feed and clothe themselves and their families through the approaching winter, are exposed to the temptations to spend their earnings at these dens. Stevedores and handicraftsmen who earn their money about the shipping, and who have a little money and a great deal of idle time on their hands, are led to these places, Satan knows how, and are relieved of both. It is in such places as these that the clerks who use their employers', and trustees who use other people's money, lose it, and character and reputation, and win only infamy for themselves and for their families. And yet there are representative citizens, who are regarded respectable and conscientious men, and church members in this nefarious trade! Their shops are found in the most respectable business centres of the cities. They are all the more dangerous and more damnable because there is something eminently respectable about the appearance of the business itself, of the offices which are used as dens, and of the men who conduct the business, and thrive by the means of financial and moral ruin of their victims. This disreputable business is held in contempt by business men, but wherever there is an opportunity for gambling, there are sure to be soft-headed persons enough to indulge in it. It should, if possible, be under the ban of the law, as it is even more mischievous than liquor selling.—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

'King Lear' in French. Louis Frechette has been commissioned by the managers of the Theatre Francaise, to translate King Lear for rendition during the exposition of 1889. He will do it well.

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Commencing June 25th, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Edmundton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Houlton. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.15 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanocboro at 11.15; 11.35 a. m.; 2.21 p. m. Woodstock at 12.45; 11.30 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. Houlton at 17.40; 11.30 a. m.; 18.10 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.30 a. m.; 12.20; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 17.50 a. m. Fredericton at 16.00; 11.20 a. m.; 13.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 18.20 a. m.; 12.25; 17.15 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.50 a. m. train from St. John. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

Intercolonial Railway. 1888-Summer Arrangement-1888. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 00 Accommodation..... 11 00 Express for Sussex..... 16 25 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22 15 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30 Express from Sussex..... 8 20 Accommodation..... 12 55 Day Express..... 18 00 All trains depart by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

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