PROGRESS.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be re-

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 15. CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY

FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

AN INVESTIGATION WANTED.

It was considerable satisfaction to all lovers of justice and fair play, and to this paper, to read the announcement Thursday morning that the representatives of the citizens had supported our demand for a strict investigation into the charges preferred against certain members of the police force. While it is quite true that the chief of the police force is all powerful in this matter, yet he can hardly afford to stand out against public opinion and pursue a course contrary to the good judgment of his advisers. Though he is the appointee of the government, and only responsible to it for his actions, still he will not fail to remember that the citizens, who are denied their just right of control result of the pending "inquiry," there must be one good effect from the very liberal and free ventilation of police affairs | effect will such teaching have if he hears her tell - the people will realize just how power-

there are some arguments in favor of it very frequently train them in the grossest ins that appointments of this nature should not be in the hands of the representatives of the people, and subject to change with them, still we must admit that the people should have some power to restrain and advise those officers whom they are com- deception and double-dealing than this? pelled to pay. The remedy, of course, is always open of appealing to the government, and laying the facts of the case be- eighteen months old. He used to kick and scream fore that body, but when the constituency has pronounced decidedly against the administration, relief from that quarter would be exceedingly doubtful.

less they are in the matter.

We trust that the chief of police will have no difficulty in refuting the rumors and semi-charges that would reflect upon his conduct as a public officer. Those who give currency to them should either be prepared to substantiate them or cease talking. It is bad enough to have subordinate officers under suspicion-to go further and higher would indeed indicate that police affairs are in a deplorable con-

A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

When Mrs. BOOTH, "Mother of the Salvation Army," died recently, the earthly career of a very famous woman, and an earnest christian worker, ended. Mrs. BOOTH was perhaps one of the best known women of the nineteenth century and her life and work serve as apt illustratious of the extent to which the spirit may triumph over the flesh The ceaseless activity, the uncomplaining poverty, the enormous amount of good accomplished during this fragile woman's life are amazing-when and struggled during her entire existence | which I did not attend. with that most subtle and hopeless malady, her life and early work. She was born in vented her from seeing very much of regular school life, but the inclination of her mind was always towards theological studies, and while very young she became a member of a church, and joined a class. Her family had moved to London, which was destined to be the scene of her early work.

timid and nervous disposition, shrinking from observation as a sensitive plant shrinks from the touch. The mere request tha she should pray aloud at class meeting filled her with terror, but her strong will triumphed over the shrinking heart, and she became in a short time teacher of the largest girls' bible class connected with

It was just at this time that she first met her future husband, then known as the "boy preacher." Shortly after, they were married, Mr. BOOTH being at the time an evangelist, who was preaching with great success. Thus began a life of self-sacrifice and self-devotion, for the noble minded pair, which was to end only with their death.

The church to which they were attached, was the New Methodist Connexion, and Mr. BOOTH was appointed to the charge of Bethesda Chapel, Gateshead. It was in this town that Mrs. BOOTH's first public street.

address was [delivered, sometime] in the year 1860, and she gives a touching description of the influences which led her—the most timid of women—to address an audience of some thousands. From this time forth, she became a regular

The first step towards the formation of the Salvation Army was taken when Mr. and Mrs. BOOTH severed their connection with the church to which they had been attached, with the idea that they could do more work as evangelists. Until the year 1865 they travelled about, conducting revival services in different parts of the country. In that year they came to London and organized a settled mission, which in time developed into the Salvation Army.

During the thirteen years, between 1865 and 1878, when the name "Salvation Army" was first used, Mrs. BOOTH was in the habit of preaching three times every Sunday, and conducting numerous meetings during the week. Her whole life was one of work and prayer, of self-sacrifice and consecration to the welfare of others. Even on her death bed her constant prayer was that she might not linger long, lest she should take up too much of her nurses time and so impede the work.

The manner in which this mother in Israel brought up her eight children might well be an example for other mothers, when one remembers how those children all turned out. They saw practised in the home what they heard preached in public. She had such a hatred of all that was false or mean, of all shams, that there was no fear of her children ever hearing her say she was delighted to see anyone who called, and then remark afterwards that she wished they had not called. In speaking on this very sulject she expressed herself thus:

No mother will succeed in begetting in her child a greater antipathy towards any sin than she feels for it herself. Children are the quickest of all analysts, and instinctively detect in a moment all affectation of goodness. They judge not so much over him, have the doubtful privilege of from what we say as how we feel. They are not contributing to his salary. Whatever the influenced so much by our teaching as by our spirit

For instance, a mother teaches her child to be truthful, and on no account to tell a lie; but what one, or sees her act one, the next day? Parents teach their children to be sincere, and take occasion to point out examples of the meanness and wicked-While the assertion is often made-and ness of deception, but by their own example they

A person calls to see you whose society your child knows that you neither esteem nor desire, but you are all smiles and compliments, pressing her to come again, and assuring her that her visit has given you very great pleasure. What more effectual lesson could you give your wondering little one in

"And yet how common is this kind of thing in many households? I once stayed in the house of a lady who had a fine, promising boy of about violently when he found she was going out of the house. This, of course, was the result of previous bad training. But what did she do? Instead of facing the difficulty, and in a calm, firm and affec tionate manner curing her little son of this bad habit, she used to promise every time that she would bring im a pony that he could ride on, and the little fellow believed and believed until he got tired and then put down his mother, in his baby mind, as a liar. Of course, he would not understand such a definition, but the deception would be burned into his soul never to be eradicated.

A child hurts himself against the table; the mother strikes it, and says, "Oh naughty table, you | Full of youth's brightest hopes, and bounding joy, have hurt baby; but the child soon learns that the table was not to blame, and at the same time learns to distrust his mother, who said it was.

Such was the woman whose death was mourned, not only in England but all over the world, whose funeral procession blocked the streets of London, and whose title of "Mother" was not a mere empty word, but a love-title conferred upon her by the thousands to whom she had been in veriest truth a mother in the highest sense

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Oratorio society has monopolized every evening this week, and I am compelled to say that the its service. I am sorry that the concerts were given too late in the week for me to say as much as I would

Miss Sharp took rather a poor time for her entertainment, just before the Oratorio concerts, and ved very much by those present.

Truly this is an age of musicial progression. Now vented by Paul de Janko, which is going to revolutionize piano playing as well as piano making, if it is adopted, and as it has attracted a great deal of attention, and also approved from the greatest musical accept it in time. I have seen some engravings of the "Janko key board" in the American Musician, and a funnier looking object for playing on, I never shaped bank, each row being elevated a little above the one in front of it. The main thing about the which you can strike any amount of notes at once. on suffering relations and friends. If any one would like to learn any more about the "key board," I advise him to invest in copies of the

The New York Churchman comes to the front with another instrument, or attachment, and says, "The latest invention is a pianoforte and harmonium combined. It is called the 'Linardion,' in honor of the patentee, Dr. Linard. There are ten stops to the pianoforte, and placed so that the performer can reach them easily while playing. The attachment can be made to an ordinary piano, and would cost

probably about five pounds." Last Saturday I went to the recital in the St. John school of music. The musical portion of the programme was in charge of Miss Hitchens. I had heard a good deal about the school, but had never had an opportunity for visiting it before. Unfortu-

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union

ON COURTNEY BAY.

In Memoriam, Frederic Young. O fierce and strong the mighty winds that lashed,

Those rageing waters, roaring, tempest-tossed, To foaming billows, mountains high, that crashed, In rolling thunder, all along the coast! And ships at anchor, near the harbor bar Like cradles rocked, upon their angry swells; While borne upon the breath of winds afar, Chimed the sweet echo-of unheeded Bells! As, through storm threatening clouds, the otherslay, The sun rose redly, upon Courtney Bay.

Then, reaching him, he lifts the drowning child, Shouting exultingly, above the din Of howling winds, and stormy tempest wild: "Now, you may haul us in boys-haul us in!" But alas! for that brave, true heart, and bold! Alas! for the agonized hearts on shore!

Alas! for the hands that let go their hold," On the fatal line,-they can grasp no more. But that cry was answered, from Heaven, straight-

And sweet was the "Welcome" they won that day Beyond the poor confines of Courtney Bay! O Bells that tolled !-O mourning skies that wept!



DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY MR. J. H. KAYE -- Engraved by "Progress" Engraving Bureau.

Many a heart beat wild with dread and fear, Dreaming of loved ones on that stormy sea! For O, it was an awful sound to hear

The wind, that blew that day, so bitterly! Among a group of merry lads there stood, That fateful noon-a mother's darling boy Upon the bank beside that maddened flood,

Till one fierce blast outbore him far away Into the treacherous deeps of Courtney Bay! God help his mother now! for who will dare To risk their life in such a cruel sea,

To save her little lad! Yet, one was there (And braver, never trod the earth, than he!) Bearing the life buoy neath his shoulders strong, Who plunged into the angry chilling tide, While on the shore, a horror stricken throng Watched the life-line slip down, the bank's deep

While far, far out, the swimmer fought his way

Through the mad breakers-upon Courtney Bay. nately, I was somewhat early, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing the selections to be performed even went better than when it was last given in active members have devoted all their spare time to rehearsed in an adjacent room. The apartment I St. Andrews church, although there are a good was in was intensely warm and crowded, and I was | many new voices among the active members who in anything but a pleasant mood by the time the have had to work pretty hard to get up the choruses like about them in this letter. The only other at- enter ainment commenced. A lady played one of in the short time given for preparing them. As the one considers that she was never robust traction was Miss Sharp's concert, Monday evening, Mozart's sonatas in a most uninteresting manner, soprano solos in Samson were taken by Mrs. Humand with a goodly number of mistakes, which she | phrey Allen, it is needless to say that they were endeavored to conceal by much use of the loud sung perfectly. The most pleasing numbers to me pedal. Then came some recitations, with which I | were the first aria, "Ye Men of Gaza," and the spinal disease. A late memoir of Mrs. besides I think all our citizens have done what they have nothing to do. Miss Hitchens, with two concluding air, "Let the Bright Scraphim," which BOOTH gives some interesting stretches of can afford to honor Fred. Young's memory. It pupils, sang a trio, "Pit Pat," fairly well, although was magnificently sung. Delila's entrance and remust be unpleasant to the poor lad's friends to the parts were not always together, and the citative, "With Doubtful Feet," was also very ee the placards which are exhibited about our tempo might have been improved upon. I effective, in fact, I hardly know how to particularize a small country town in England. She was streets, using his name to draw people to what are cannot say that I like Miss Hitchens' way when all Mrs. Allen's work was so very excellent. an only daughter, and her delicate health pre- in some cases performances which would be much of enunciating certain consonants; for in- Mrs. Gilchrist sang Micah's music very sweetly, better ommitted. Not that I wish to include Miss stance words ending in R. I noticed it particularly her aria, "Return, O Lord of Hosts" was given with in the solo sung by one of her pupils. The letter R | a great deal of expression. is, I grant, very useful, but we don't wan't too much of it. It does not sound one bit fetching, to comes an entirely new key board for our pianos, in- hear from a maiden, that she has been Hunting every case and his phrasing is exquisite. I don't as Miss Hitchens announced, that "none of the pupils had taken lessons for a quarter," we will Oratorio. I liked it even better that the more The future great preacher was of a most authorities in Europe, I fancy that we will have to hope for better results later on. I forgot to say difficult number "Why does the God of Israel that two young ladies performed a piano duet at the | sleep." "Thus when the Sun" was also beautifully employed in playing scales for another term before beheld. It looks something like a roof one of the being brought before the public. But if they must for my part, I liked it the least of their work. It old fashioned slanting kind) with the slates for keys, be exhibited, they should be confined to something seemed to lack the dignity of the other selections. beneficial to pupils, after they are advanced to a | Eclipse" decending to a quarrell with Delila. Mr. certain extent, but for mercy sake, let them know | Mayes did not do as well as usual in Samson his 'Janko key board" seems to be the facility with their "little piece" thoroughly, before inflicting it | Harepha had too much of the fee-fi fo-fum order of

Miss Flossie Bowden, who played with the Phil-

Master Fred Blair has accepted the position of organist for St. Andrew's church for six months. Master Blair is now visiting his home in Chatham. Mr. A. H. Lindsay is expected to join the Stone church choir about the first of December.

I happened to strike some new songs the other day. "Cupid's Reign," by J. L. Roeckel, is spoken of in the Queen as "a pleasing and very elegant song," and is published by G. Ricordi, London. "An Evening Melody" by J. Barnby, and published by W. Morley, London. The reviewer of the same paper says, "We have naught to say but praise of this charming and well written song. "Margaret," by Col. John Hay, is said to be "pretty and very dainty." It is published by Goddard & Co.

Nov. 13, '90. Samson was a success in many ways; I think it

And poured your sorrow down in ceaseless rain!

And with the mourning city sadly kept

Our Hero, and the lad he died to save;

O pleading Bells, unheeded for so long

As over that uncounted silent throng

Whenever tales of Heros shall be told,

Whenever songs of Heros shall be sung,

Who gave his life to save his friend that day

Among the stormy waves-of Courtney Bay !

Let him be mentioned first, the "heart of gold,"

The brave true Hero, gallant Frederic Young,

Pathetic measure, with that funeral train!

As side by side, they journeyed to the grave;

Followed by thousands, weeping silently,

Our pride and boast, forever more to be!

While sadly from the gloomy skies and grey

The sobbing rain fell down-on Courtney Bay !

That day your message reached the hearts of all

You played so sweetly-the "Dead March" from

Of Mr. Parker I can only echo what I said of Mrs. Fourr Leaved Clovers, and the sentence, May an di think any one who was present at the concert will Togetherr, does not sound pretty, either. However, easily forget his rendition of the Air "Total a la Marquise que son proces est percu et par con-Eclipse," to me it was the best bit of work in the closing of the recital. They would have been better | rendered. Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker in the duel "Traitor to Love" pleased every one greatly, but very simple. I quite allow that school recitals are I cannot imagine the Samson who sang "Total giant about it, and his recitative work was painfully stilted and not always in time. harmonic at the Oratorio concerts, was to leave "Honour and Arms" was his best effort and American Musician for Oct. 25th and Nov. 1st, and for Boston at the end of this week. She will resume even in that he was out of tune at times 'Baffled Coward," sung by Mr. Parker and Mr. Mayes, was very effective. Mr. Daniel's interpre-tation of Manoale, Samson's father, was remarkably well done. Had he thrown rather more expression into his recitatives they would have been improved, but both of his solos were good, especially the Aria "Thy Glorious Deeds," which

especially the Aria "Thy Glorious Deeds," which he sang very evenly and carefully.

What we should do without Miss Bowden, I really don't know. The piano seems to keep things from going to pieces very often, and is a great addition to the orchestra. Mr. Ford did good work with the vocalion, and was a great support to the choruses. It is to be regretted that Mr. Morley's illness prevented his conducting the Oratorios, for, although Mr. Bristowe did his best, still singing with a totally new leader, after learning with with a totally new leader, after learning with another, is always a very risky thing. My one hope now is, that Jairus and Jephtha will go well.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Rest Thee.

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Still'd on death's river the turbulent foam; Thou hast arrived at the permanent home; Thou dost inherit

The house Whose foundation Securely is laid; Thy scope Is the cope-

The splendid and infinite dome.

Rest thee, Blest spirit Sadness and Sorrow can never invade The heart's habitation; No mornings that wake Shall have power to break The trance whose calm rapture hath blest thee; And the peace Shall ne'er cease, That like a soft hand hath caress'd thee; And thy heart bath forgotten to ache.

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Thy brows Have the garland of merit; Thy song is the song of salvation; Thou seest thy Savior and markest the wounds Of His love and His passion-and hark! there resounds. Hosannah!

Hosannah! From tongues of a glorified nation. With the antheming throng Thou takest thy place, With the light on thy face, And joinest the song. While the garment of white doth invest thee. Rest thee! Rest thee! Rest! Rest! Pure, beautiful, soul of delight, Enter thy rest!

PASTOR FELIX.

The Task (& Vilanelle). We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee And, 'neath the pale stars' silver light,

The crimsoned leaf fell from the tree, And swirled about the path, that night We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee.

A sonnet, dear, you asked of me.

And as our lips spake murm'ringly, With sweet accord, in love-tones light, A sonnet, dear, you asked of me. Then, as these lips stole tremblingly

Unto your own like roses bright, We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee. The stars danced on the rippling sea,

And as our souls thrilled with the sight

A sonnet, dear, you asked of me!

A sonnet, dear, you asked of me. Ah, dear! your image, now, I see With falt'ring heart, as when (that night We strolled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee)

Dark Jewels.

The cost of coal is now a burning question, Which often makes the thrifty housewife scold, It only needs a little cool reflection To show, if coal was subject to inspection, The parties buying it might not,-"be sold."

There are scores of innocents who will applaud A clever trading dodge, and there are some, Who say that coal inspection is but a fraud For the jewels are bought by long tons abroad And sold-"like hot cakes "-in short tons at home,

The "long ton" and the "short ton" operation, Just "splits the diff'rence," that we all admit, And furnishes a simple illustration Of what's supposed to be a fair equation, Which leaves the diff'rence one side of-the split.

You think you buy your coal by weight or measure The price is often more, 'tis seldom less Than should be paid, e'en for the dusty treasure; When thus, it gives an honest trader pleasure To weigh your coal, or measure it-by guess.

St. John, Nov., 1890. PEN AND PRESS.

The Youth's Companion for October 30th, is calculated to inspire all those who see it with an insatiable thirst to subscribe at once for that valuable weekly. It is filled with illustrations of the various articles offered as premiums for new subscribers, and they present a most fascinating array of attractions, both for boys and girls, and also for other people. The inducements are certainly beyond those offered by any other journal, and the premium that is within the reach of anyone sending even one new name, is surprising. These premiums, embrace books, tools, jewelry, silverware, china, and orna-

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

La Tour Babel.

Il y en a qui croient que la Tour Babel n'a jamais existe, que l'histoire de cette tour n'est qu'une

Mais nous pouvons leur assurer qu'une telle tour n'a pas soulement existe au passe, mais qu'elle

existe encore aujourd'hui, et parmi nous. Pour en etre certain il ne faut que monter un certain escalier dans une des principales rues de la ville et l'on y trouvera le fait verifie; on y entendra au moins autant de langues que dans la tour originelle. On n'y parle ni hebreu ni assyrien, ni chaldeen par exemple c'est plutot le fraugais, l'allemand, l'espagnol et meme l'anglais que l'on y entendra.

plus difficile de croire l'ancienne legende. La Reunion.

Il y a la une telle confusion de langues qu'il n'est

Beaucoup de monde a assiste a la reunion chez Mlle. Jarvis, samedi soir. M. Prat a continue sa

M. Masson a recite la deuxieme scene du "Maitre de Forge," la scene ou l'avocat arrive pour annoncer sequent la plus grande partie de sa fortune. De cette maniere on a passe une soiree tres agre UNE ELEVE. able et tres instructive.

MARRIED.

MURRAY-RAINNIE-At St. Andrew's church, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. L. G. Macneill, Frederic W. Murray to Eliza M., daughter of William

TO LET.

FLAT TO LET, on Queen Street.—Inquire of Mrs. H. M. Dixon, 115 Sydney Street.
11-15-1

Young Men's Christian ASSOCIATION.

REV. SAM SMALL lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, TUESDAY EVENING, November 18th. Subject:

"From Bar Room to Pulpit."

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR HIM.

Reserved seats, 35cts.; general admission 25cts. Tickets for sale at A. C. Smith's, Charlotte street, on and after Thursday, the 13th inst.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

(Continued from Second Page.)

not make a dash for freedom, if I can? Better that Cameron and his men should shoot me down in my flight, or that Murray and his detectives should trap me in the swamp where Benwell lay, than that I should dangle in the court-yard yonder, and hear the jail-dog that I have petted whimper as they

Monday, September, 29th, 8 p. m.—The moment-ous day has passed. Blackstock made his speech on my behalf; Osler made his speech in reply. The judge summed up. I know that it's all over. They testified that Benwell and I carried a gun-case from the train at Eastwood. "What became of the gun-case?" asked Blackstock. "Thrown into the Rottomless Lake," replied Osler. "Two reputable men saw the prisoner at Wood-

"Two reputable men saw the prisoner at Wood-stock," said Blackstock. "They were mistaken,"

replied Osler.

"Benwell had eaten nothing on the day of his murder; so he could not have been killed during his journey with Birchall," said Blackstock. "We

have given evidence that he refused to eat with Birchall," answered Osler.

"The bruises on his body show that he had taken part in a brawl," said Blackstock. "They were made in falling when Birchall killed him," replied

"His boots were clean, while Birchall's were muddy," said Blackstock. "The sleet had washed replied Osler.

As there were other people in the swamp, Birchall would have been afraid to shoot," said Blackstock. "He didn't know they were there," replied Osler. "He had no motive for murder; for, if Benwell's father had sent the draft, Birchall could not have cashed it," said Blackstock. "You are mistaken; he could," replied Osler.

And thus my counsel's points vanished like summer snow. When Osler sat down my defence was The game is up. I must face the crisis, face it like a man; and—then—then—I must trust to Flor-

Same day, 11 P. M .- The case has been given to the jury. My only hope is a disagreement.
What if I made a half confession, and implicated somebody else? Whom to implicate? Whom? This Neville Picthail, on whose farm I lived—why should I not say that he helped me? Why not boldly assert that I merely decoyed the bird, and

that Picthall killed him?
After all, what should I gain? A few days of life. They would, at least, have me in court for a week, and during that week Florence would find chances to hand me the poison, or to pass it to me in her mouth when she kissed me.

Kissed me? How odd the two words look, written under this straggling light. What memories they bring of the days when we wandered, hand in hand, in those Norwood lanes! There was the Crystal Palace just in front of us; the grounds where lovers could sit beside the lake, or lose themselves in the solitary

patches of trees.

The day comes back to me from the past—the day when I asked her to marry me. I had lied to her father about Oxford. He had found me out and for-

father about Oxford. He had found me out and forbidden me to speak to his daughter.

And we sat, she and I, by that pond in the Crystal Palace, and watched the swans, and "spooned."

"Florence," said I, "it's neck or nothing now. You must choose between the governor and me."

And she said to me, as Ruth said—I wonder if I remember my Bible well enough to quote it?—

"Where thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Heigho! Here comes Entwistle, my guard, to take Heigho! Here comes Entwistle, my guard, to take me back to court. The jury have found a verdict. "Hello, Enwistle."

No answer. I read the verdict in his face.

Tuesday, September 20th, I A.M.—I am sentenced to be hanged. The judge was perfectly cold; I was perfectly cool. He pitied my relatives; I thanked him. He spoke about religion; I bowed.

The trouble is, I fancy, that from childhood I thought only about myself. Save once or twice, I could not bring myself to work. I tried to cut a figure with men of means. I was always for display, and had no money to keep it up Poor Florence!

I couldn't cry if I tried. If I could, I think I would cry for her. It will be an awful disgrace for her to carry through life. People will point their finger at her—"the wife of the man who was hanged."

And at heart she is as innocent as a child.

All that she did for me. Brutally as I treated her, she followed me like a dog. Having found out what I was, she might have deserted me. Yet here she has remained, week after week, month after month, loyal to the end. Bah! I'll try to get a little sleep.

Tuesday, September 30th, 5 A. M.—I've had a new hours' sleep. There's just light enough to write by. Write? What shall I write? Why, write of my There are figures moving in the court-yard. What are they doing with that tape? Ah, I understand. They are measuring the ground for the gallows.

New Christmas Books, and Fancy Goods of all kinds-lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

Oh, Florence, my wife, come to me, come to me; you are all that is left to me on earth!—Illustrated



SACHET POWDERS! F. E. CRAIBE & CU.,

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SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER I have not spent one day with-

out intense suffering, until 1 obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for

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