## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

#### GOODBY.

Be kind, dear love, and never say "Goodby !" But always when we're parting-"Till to mor

So shall my lips forget to frame a sigh, And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow.

For if, indeed, it be but little space Before our parted steps again are meeting, 'Twill cheat the hours to haste their lagging pace It Memory linger still on thought of greeting.

Or should our feet diverge through weary days And dreary nights, the changing seasons bringing, The flinty sharpness of our lonely ways Will somewhat smooth, while thus the hear'

singing.

And if-O saddest chance !-God's pitying hands Should wide as life and death our paths dissever, What dearer thought could mend the broken strands

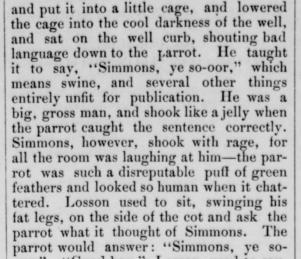
Than thus to wait, until we meet-forever! -Boston Pilot.

PRIVATE SIMMONS.

Hurrah! hurrah! a soldier's life for me! Shout, boys, shout! for it makes you jolly and free. —The Ramrod Corps.

People who have seen state that one of the quaintest spectacles of human frailty and at other times smashing in his face with P. N. 477 is an outbreak of hysterics in a girl's school. It starts without warning, generally on a hot afternoon, among the elder pupils. A girl giggles till the giggle gets beyond control. Then she throws up her head and cries "Honk, honk, honk," like a wild goose, and tears mix with the laughter. If the men were waiting in the deep double the mistress be wise she will say something verandas for "last posts," when Simmons severe at this point to check matters. If she be tender hearted and send for a drink took out his pipe, and slammed the lid of water the chances are largely in favor of down with a bang that echoed through the another girl laughing at the afflicted one deserted barrack like the crack of a rifle. and herself collapsing. Thus the trouble spreads, and may end in half of what answers to the Lower Sixth of a boys' school ted to fiddle strings. They jumped up, and rocking and whooping together. Given a three or four clattered into the barrack week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice box. meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers and a few other things, some really amazing effects can be secured. At least, this is what folks say who have had experience.

Now the mother superior of a convent and the colonel of a British infantry regiment would be justly shocked at any comparison being made between their respective charges. But it is a fact that under certain circumstances, Thomas in bulk can be worked up into dithering, rippling hysteria. He does not weep, but he shows his trouble unmistakably, and the consequences get into the newspapers, and all the good and virtuous people who hardly know a Martini from a Snider say: "Take took out his rifle and pack of ammunition. him down. away the brute's ammunition!"



parrot would answer: "Simmons, ye so-oor." "Good boy," Losson used to say, scratching the parrot's head, "ye 'ear that, Sim ?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer: "I 'ear. Take 'eed you don't 'ear something one of

these days.' In the restless nights, after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled all over, while he thought in how many different ways he would slay Losson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition boots, the butt, and at other times jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neckbone cracked. Then his mouth would feel feverish, and he would reach out for another sup of the beer in the pannikin. It was late on a Tuesday evening, and went to the box at the foot of his bed, room only to find Simmons kneeling by his

"Ow! it's you, is it?" they said and laughed toolishly; "we thought 'twas-Simmons rose slowly. If the accident had so shaken his fellows, what would the reality do?

"You thought it was-did you? And what makes you think?" he said, lashing himself into madness as he went on; "to hell with your thinking, ye dirty spies." "Simmons, ye so-oor," chuckled the lutely all.

The tenison snapped. Simmons fell battery went out. back on the arm rack deliberately, the "Don't go playing the goat. Sim !" said



P. N. 440-A good low-priced Corset; in drab only.

P. N., Strengthening-A firstclass Corset, similar in style set; in white and drab.

set, perfect fitting; in white, drab, and ecru.

Black Satteen Cor- ding P. N. 469 sets, warranted

> fast color, and not to rub.

shadeof color not in Hirish stew for aught I'd a cared." P. N. 318 stock can be made P. N. 411 to order and delivered in 10 days.

P. N. 515-A handsome white and durable.

## We recommend the P. N. Brand of Corsets. Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

"What's this?" demanded the major of gunners. "You, there, drop your rifle." "Why, it's Jerry Blazes. I ain't got no quarrel with you, Jerry Blazes. Pass, frien', an' all's well!"

But Jerry Blazes had not the faintest intention of passing a dangerous murderer. He was, as his adoring battery swore long and fervently, without knowledge of fear, parrot in the veranda, sleepily, recognizing and they were surely the best judges, for a well known voice. And that was abso-lutely all. Jerry Blazes, it was notorious, had done his best to kill a man each time the

He walked toward Simmons with the intention of rushing upon him and knocking

"Don't make me do it, sir," said Sim-Thomas isn't a brute, and his business, which is to look after the virtuous people, under the down, "but there was a quaver in his voice. Another man stooped, you would?"—the Major broke into a run "Take that. then !

But the Major was destined to lead his battery afield for many a long day with unshaken nerve. He was removed, and nursed and petted into convalescence, while the battery discussed the wisdom of capturing Simmons and blowing him from a gun. They idolized their Major, and his reappearance on parade resulted in a scene nowhere provided for in the army regulations. Great, too, was the glory that fell to

Slane's share. The gunners would have made him drunk thrice a day for at least a to Dr. Warner's Health Cor- tortnight. Even the Colonel of his own regiment complimented him on his cool-ness, and the local paper called him a hero. P. N. 493—An excellent Cor-set perfect fitting : in white Which things did not pull him up. When the Major proffered him money and thanks the virtuous corporal took the one and put aside the other. But he had a request to P. N.—510—A first-class Sat-teen Corset, long waist and perfect shape; in white and drab. (D1-b Setteen Cor

"Wot did I do it for?" said Corporal Slane. "For the 'orses, o' course. Jhansi aint a beauty to look at, but I wasn't goin' to 'ave a hired turnout. Jerry Blazes? Satin Corsets; any ha' blowed Jerry Blazes' bloomin' 'ead into

And they hanged Private Simmons-- hanged him as high as Haman-in hollow square of the regiment; and the Colonel said it was drink; and the chaplain was sure it was the devil; and Simmons fancied it was both, but he didn't know, and only hoped his fate would be a warning to his Gauze Corset, perfect fitting companions; and half a dozen "intelligent publicists" wrote six beautiful leading articles on "The Prevalence of Crime in the Army."

But not a soul thought of comparing the "bloody minded Simmons" to the squawking gaping school girl with which this opens. That would have been too absurd !--

Rudyard Kipling.

### A Lesson in Horticulture.

A couple of thriving tobacco plants stand in the window of the Berkshire Cigar Company's store. A young lady stood looking at them Tuesday afternoon, and just then Shep Cone stepped from the door. The following conversation then ensued : Young Lady-Can you tell me what

kind of plants those are, sir? Mr. Cone-Tobacco plants.

Young Lady-Do cigarettes grow on them?

Mr. Cone-No; cigarettes are not made out of tobacco.

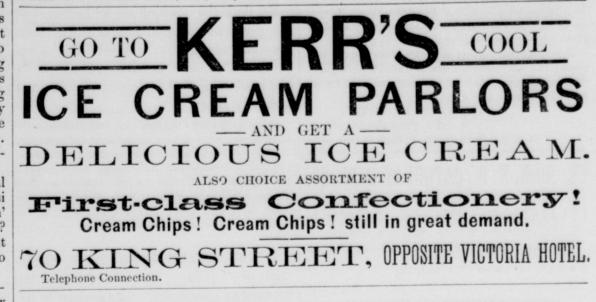
Young Lady-When do they blossom? Mr. Cone-Never. When the leaves wither and turn brown in the fall of the year they curl up and dry in the shape of cigars. Then they are picked. Young Lady-How funny. Mr. Cone-Very funny. - Berkshire

# ARRIVAL OF BIG MID-SUMMER STOCK.

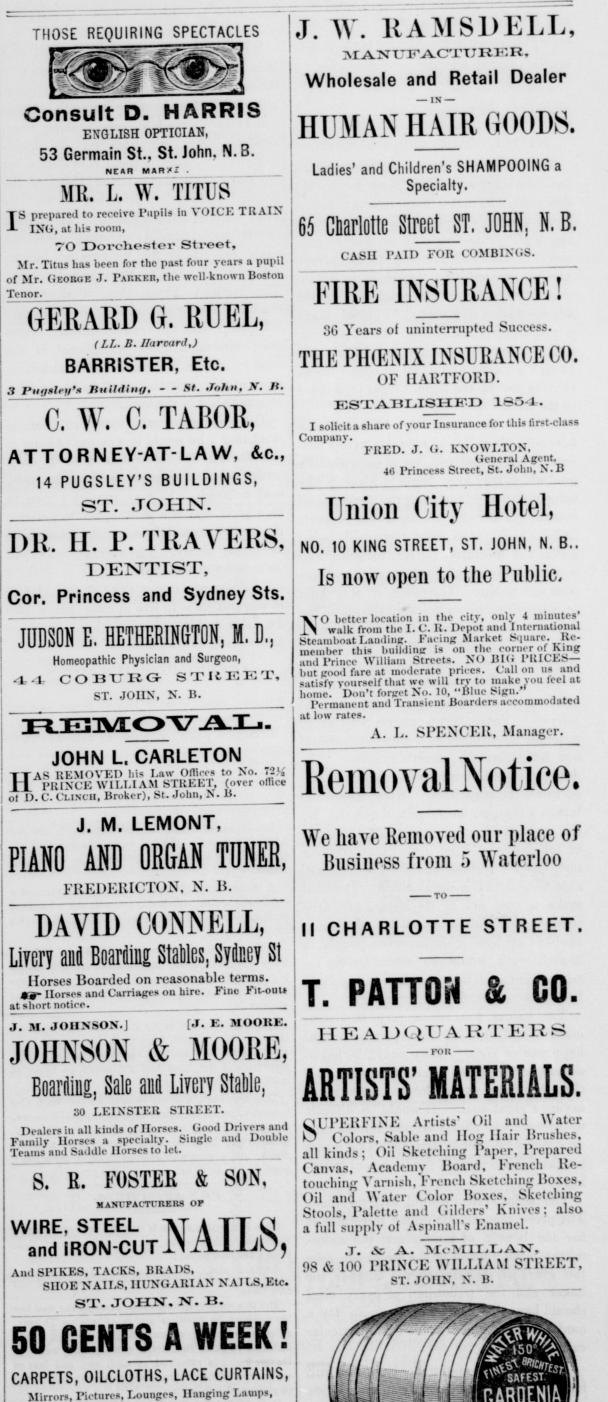
A TEST Novelties in Boots and Shoes. Lowest Prices on Record. Our Old Stock Selling at Cost. Come to the Popular 20th Century Store, 12 Charlotte Street, opposite Barnes & Murray's. Women's very fine Dongola Kid Common Sense Boots, \$1.75; Misses' very fine Dongola Spring Heel Boots, 11 to 12, only \$1.45; Misses' very fine Dongola Spring Heel Boots, 6 to 11, only \$1.00; Children's Spring Heel Grained Boots, 65c., 75c. and up.; Misses' Spring Heel Grained, 11 to 2, only —; Women's very fine Dongola Kid Button Boots, only \$1.50; Women's very fine American Kid Boots, full finish, only \$1.25; Men's Boston Squeakless Button Boots, \$2.85; Women's Heavy Oiled Pebbled Button Boots, only \$1.00; Women's very fine Dongola Kid Button Boots, only \$1.35; Women's French Process American made Boots, only, \$3.50; Women's Glove Kid New York Boots, only \$3.25; Children's Spring Heel Boots, in great variety, 60c. up.; Children's very heavy Goles, 60c.; Misses Spring Heel Button Shoes, only 60c.; Women's fine Dongola Shoes, \$1.35 and \$1.75; Women's French manufactured Slippers, 95c.; Misses' Patent Leather Slippers, only 55c.; Women's very heavy laced Grained Boots, only 55c.; Women's very heavy laced Grained Boots, only 85c.; Men's solid leather Brogans, only 55c.; Men's Calf Shoes, in broken stors, \$1.10, \$1.45, and up.; Men's Dongola Dress Boots, \$2.50, worth \$3.25; Men's Calf Shoes, in broken sizes, \$1.25 and up.; Men's solid leather Leg Boots, \$1.75, \$1.95 and up.; Youths' School Boots with Tap Soles, 95c. up. A large stock of P. E. Island Tweeds and Blankets cheap.

TRYON WOOLEN MFG., CO., Proprietors.

J. A. REID, Manager.







demands that he shall have his ammunition to his hand.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhansi McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and, being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "eeklar" It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the Hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would be only a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "eeklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress and dogs !" she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately contented man in the barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie down on their backs and smoke canteen plug and swear at the punkah coolies. They enjoyed a fine, full flesh meal in the middle of the day, and and sweated and slept until it was cool enough to go out with their "towny," whose vocabulary contained less than six pursuers. hundred words, and the adjective, and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room, with the profession cannot read for eight hours a man-but I tell you that if you put your second-hand papers in it, but a man of any day in a temperature of 96 degrees or 98 degrees in the shade, running up some-times to 103 degrees at midnight. Very for men, even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale, muddy beer, and hide it under their cots, can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried, but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral, because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever or cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait, and watch the shadow of the barrack creeping across the blinding white dust. That was

a gay life. They lodged about cantonments—it was too hot for any sort of game, and almost too hot for vice-and fuddled themselves in the evening, and filled themselves to distension with the healthy nitrogenous food provided for them, and the more they stoked, the less exercise they took, and the more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away, and men fell a brooding over insults, real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "repartees" changed, and in-stead of saying light heartedly, "I'll knock your sillyface in," men grew laboriously polite, and hinted that the cantonments were not big enough for themselves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place where it is not polite to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Losson had for a long time been worrying the beggar livin'."

slipped his boot and hurled it at Simmons's head. The prompt answer was a shot, which, fired at random, found its billet in Losson's throat. Losson fell forward with- He had lost the satisfaction of killing out a word, and the others scattered.

"You thought it was !" yelled Simmons. 'You're drivin' me to it. I tell you you're drivin' me to it! Get up, Losson, an' don't lie shammin' there - you an' your blasted parrit that druv me to it !"

But there was an unaffected reality about Losson's pose that showed Simmons what he had done. The men were still clamoring in the veranda. Simmons appropriated two more packets of ammunition and ran into the moonlight, muttering: "I'll make a night of it. Thirty rounds and the last for myself. Take you that, you

He dropped on one knee and fired into the brown of the men in the veranda, but the bullet flew high and landed in the brickwork with a vicious phwit that made some of the younger men turn pale. It is, as musketry theorists observe, one thing to

fire and another to be fired at. Then the instinct of the chase flared up. The news spread from barrack to barrack, and the men doubled out, intent on the capture of Simmons, the wild beast, who Blazes." then threw themselves down on their cots was heading for the cavalry parade ground, stopping now and again to send back a shot and a curse in the direction of his

"I'll learn you to spy on me!" he

shouted; "I'll learn you to give me dorg's names! Come on the 'ole lot o' you! Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B."he turned toward the infantry mess and shook his rifle-"you think yourself the devil of a make you the poorest lookin' man in the army. Come out Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B. Come out and see me practiss on the rainge. I'm the crack shot of the 'ole bloomin' battalion." In proof of which statement Simmons fired at the

lighted windows of the mess house. "Private Simmons, E Company, on the Cavalry p'rade ground, sir, with thirty rounds," said a sergeant breathlessly to the Colonel. "Shootin' right and lef', sir. Shot Private Losson. What's to be done,

sallied out, only to saluted by a spirt of dust at his feet.

"Pull up!" said the second in command. "I don't want my step in that way, Colonel. He's as dangerous as a mad dog.

"Shoot him like one, then," said the Colonel bitterly, "if he won't take his chance. My regiment, too! If it had inches above the inside of the left knee cap, been the Towheads I could have under- he met the blow standing on one leg-exstood."

position near a well on the edge of the parade ground and was defying the regiment to come on. The regiment was not and the private collapsed, his right leg anxious to comply with the request, for broken an inch above the ankle. there is small honor in being shot by a fellow private. Only Corporal Slane, rifle in hand, threw himself down on the ground and wormed his way toward the well.

"Don't shoot," said he to the men round

Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him the noise of trap wheels could be heard comfiture.

The Major dropped with a bullet through his shoulder and Simmons stood over him. Losson in the desired way, but here was a News. helpless body to his hand. Should he slip in another cartridge and blow off the head, or with the butt smash in the white face? He stopped to consider, and a cry went up from the far side of the parade ground: "He's killed Jerry Blazes !" But in the shelter of the well pillars Simmons was safe, except when he stepped out to fire. "I'll blow your 'andsome 'ead off, Jerry Blazes," said Simmons, reflectively. "Six an' three is nine an' one is ten, an' that leaves me another nineteen an' one for myself." He tugged at the string of the secpacket of ammunition. Corporal ond Slane crawled out of the shadow of a bank

in the moonlight. "I see you!" said Simmons; "come a bit furder on an' I'll do for you.'

"I'm comin'," said Corporal Slane, briefly; "you've done a bad day's work, Sim. Come out 'ere an' come back with me.

"Come to ---- !" laughed Simmons, sending a cartridge home with his thumb. "Not before I've settled you an' Jerry

The corporal was lying at full length in the dust of the parade ground, a rifle under him. Some of the less cautious men in the distance shouted : "Shoot 'im ! Shoot 'im, Slane !"

"You move 'and or foot, Slane," said Simmons, "an' I'll kick Jerry Blazes' 'ead in an' shoot you after.'

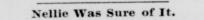
"I ain't movin'," said the corporal, rais-ing his head. "You daren't 'it a man on 'is legs. Let go Jerry Blazes an' come out ugly old carcass outside o' that door I'll o' that with your fists. Come an' it me. You daren't, you bloomin' dog shooter !"

"I dare." "You lie, you mean sticker. You sneakin' sheeny butcher, you lie. See there! Slane kicked the rifle away and stood up in the peril of his life. 'Come on now!

"The temptation was more than Simmons could resist, for the corporal, in his white clothes, offered a perfect mark.

"Don't misname me," shouted Simmons, firing as he spoke. The shot missed, and the shooter, blind with rage, threw his rifle Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B. down and rushed at Slane from the protection of the well. Within striking distance, he kicked savagely at Slane's stomach, but the weedy corporal knew something of Simmons' weakness, and knew, too, the deadly guard for that kick. Bowing forward and drawing up his right leg till the heel of the right foot was set some three actly as Gonds stand when they meditate-Private Simmons had occupied a strong and ready for the fall that would follow. There was an oath, the corporal fell over to his own left as shinbone met shinbone,

"Pity you don't know that guard, Sim,' said Slane, spitting out the dust as he rose. Then raising his voice, "Come an' take him orf, I've bruk 'is leg." This was not strictly true, for the private had accomphim; "like as not you'll 'it me. I'll catch lished his own downfall, since it is the special merit of that legguard that the Simmons ceased shouting for awhile, and harder the kick the greater the kicker's dis-



A little girl friend of ours attended the other day, in company with a great aunt of 84, the funeral of an old lady in her 104th year. On the way home the great aunt remarked :

"Well, I shouldn't want to live to that age.

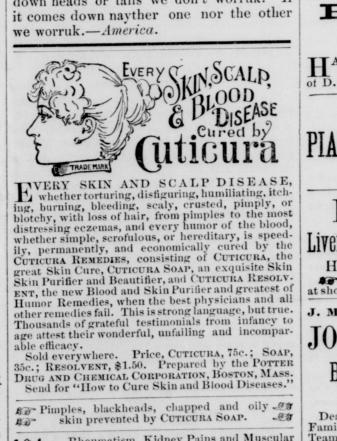
"Why not, aunty ?" asked the child. "Oh, for a number of reasons, the principal one of which is I haven't any children ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c., to take care of me as that old lady had." "But you have nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews," said

Nellie. "Yes I know that, but they wouldn't care to keep me if I lived as long as that." "Yes they would, too," declared Nellie, "I'm sure of it. They'd keep you for a

curiosity."-Detroit Free Press. Going to "Worruk."

Muldoon-Well, will we go to worruk or not. O'Brien-Lave us toss up for it.

Muldoon-How so? O'Brien-Toss up a cint. If it comes down heads or tails we don't worruk. If



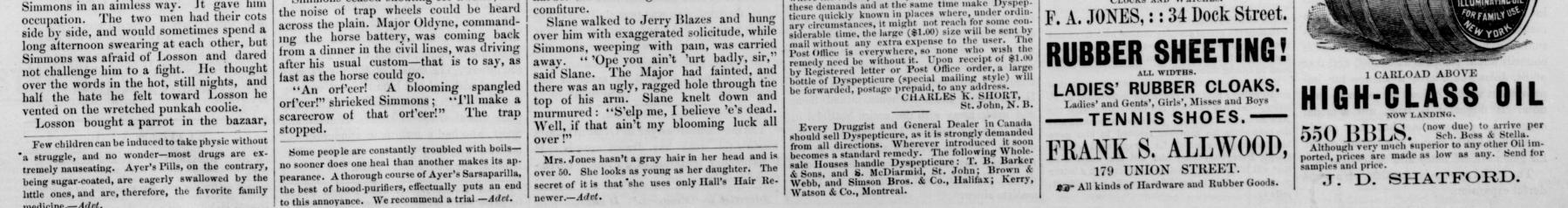
Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscula Weakness relieved in one minute by th CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion and cures Indigestion, but positively does cure the most serious and long standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia.

> DYSPEPTICURE BY MAIL. (Large size only.)

(Large size only.) Dyspepticure will be sent by mail to those who cannot yet procure it in their own vicinity. Many letters have been received from distant parts of Canada and United States enquiring how Dyspepti-cure can be obtained; many letters have come from nearer places that either have no handy store or where the remedy is not yet well known. To meet these demands and at the same time make Dyspep-ticure quickly known in places where, under ordin-

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.



medicine .- Advt.