

SCENES IN A BUSY CITY.

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE FOUND IN VALETTA.

The Great Church of St. John Which All Strangers Visit—Men who Make the Cheapest and Best Cigars in the World—People Met on the Streets.

The street scenes of Valletta may be briefly described in the statement that it one could combine Waterport street and the Alameda of Gibraltar, the Toledo of Palermo, the Eolus of Athens and the modern Boulevard de la Republique of Algiers, and then remove from this conglomerate some of its Berber and oriental aspects, you would secure an excellent likeness to the impression you gain from the colorful scenes of every-day life and its activities in the chief city of Malta.

The constant presence of the British soldiery, the splendid, luxuriant and sometimes wantonly extravagant displays of the government officials and garrison officers, with endless parades and reviews, alone give the place extraordinary life and activity. As every native inhabitant of the islands is an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith, priests and students clad in priestly garb are never absent from sight; while the processions are of an extraordinary number and frequently characterized by the greatest splendor.

Every day, and often many times a day, the huge passenger steamers of the Mediterranean discharge hosts of tourists here. Thousands during the winter months are on their way to and from Egypt, Australia or India. Thousands more are merely Mediterranean travelers. Nearly all are here but for a day, but the accessions are ceaseless, and their members comprise people of every nationality. These are anxious to see much in little time, and with their chatter in all tongues, craning heads and enthusiastic faces, brighten and brighten the gay scenes of the handsome thoroughfares.

Then in all this singular and unique medley there are odd trifles for interest and study ceaselessly passing before you, or forming distinct bits of color and antique in the strange and curious settings. Barefooted sellers of delicious Maltese oranges, which hide no less than nectar beneath their thin red skins, dart through the streets with their melodic cries and their endless "Sa-ha!" or "Good mornings!" whatever the time of day, the most agile and alert human beings you ever beheld.

Groups of workmen straggling to their homes beyond Floriana, redolent of harbor-side toil and traffic, gaily nod and smile and chant as they move within the throng. Here a bevy of bright-faced maidens, with the roll and swagger of old sea salts, but with the gravest decorum, look in this shop and that with respectful curiosity, always forming pleasant groupings, and now and then touching a sympathetic chord in your heart as members of the band straggle behind to peer into the faces of tourists with an eager, hungry look, as if with a faint hope of recognizing friends or relatives from the far away home. Officers from men-of-war, smileless and critical, and interested chiefly in the great fortifications pass and repass constantly. They have a tolerant sort of bearing, and the look in their faces plainly tells the wonders their battle ships might accomplish even against Malta should they ever chance to attempt a breach in its walls.

Solemn Turkish travelers and merchants, viewing everything askance, as though they remembered the Turkish heads La Valette once blew back from cannons' mouths into the ranks of the besiegers, as typical, suddenly appear, whisk along for moment, and as suddenly are missing. Algerian Jews, often with their beautiful wives and daughters, rich in robes and splendid jewels, sweep past with a truly regal bearing. Well they may, for with the French in Algeria they are gaining great wealth from the vast tobacco plantations of Mascara, and they bring their finest cargoes to Malta, where the cheapest and best cigars in the world are made by the delft Maltese, who feel that they are rolling in wealth if they receive for one year's labor what they would sustain the American cigar maker for only one month.

With all these will be half naked Greek and Sicilian sailors chattering and gesticulating wildly. Cowled monks move noiselessly along. Shopmen rush from place to place to secure what their customers desire without losing them while in the purchasing mood. Hawkers of *lava bijouterie* and lace plead and wrangle with tourists. Military bands are going and coming filling the air with English, Scottish and Irish melodies. While adding to the exhilarating clamor of the town are heard all the tongues of all nations, and above these the clanging of church bells. These are never rung. They are always hammered with envious staccato, as though each bellman were envious of outshining all others. The bells are never silent from matins to the angelus hour of evening. Even after that time they often break out as though they had got loose from restraint and were determined to enjoy a night of it—as all humans seem to do here in the soft and languorous air.

Indeed Valletta is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead; but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time if you are abroad alone, the silent churches, the huge auberges, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies seem to whisper anew their tales of romance old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days.

But soon from this patio, from that narrow thoroughfare, another silent archway, from huge barred doors that open and close with a startling click, come funeral forms, clad in sombre black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their advent has been so sudden and their number is at once so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay. But these do not remind. For a soft and delicate hand, as if by accident, with a swift motion changes the folds of the

valletta, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one for a moment turned roughly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valletta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a reverent worshiper, mentally blessing one and all for their piety and pretty gracious ways.

These Maltese women are among the pleasantest of their sex, both as to the physical attractiveness and winsomeness of manner and character. They are as a rule more petite than those of Italy and Spain, but are very perfect as models of proportion and natural grace. Their carriage is superb. They possess an assurance which is never boldness, with a modesty untainted with prudery. Their feet, hands and heads are very small; their faces round rather than oval; their eyes and mouth are large and expressive; and there is an upward, confiding and expectant look in their faces that is very winsome—at least to men.

They are not generally intellectual, but, better still, they are contented homemakers, and are like birds of song in all the homelike joys. They mate early, being mothers at fourteen, and grandmothers at thirty, when they are still youthful and charming. During the reign of the Knights quite an aristocracy of wealth and nobility for so small an area and population sprang up in the islands, which continues to this day; and the Maltese women of this class are types of the greatest beauty and elegance. As the men of the lower or middle classes are noted for their docility, thrift, frugality and many other excellent virtues, virtue itself is the crowning glory of Maltese maids and matrons; and to know this and their affectionate, true-hearted and unassuming lives and ways is to find in every expression of Maltese female loveliness an added and lasting charm.

The shops of Valletta are peculiar in their character. Of late years Malta has become such an important winter resort for English and continental visitors, and such great numbers of sightseers for a day are now certain to be deposited by the dozen or more steamers making daily arrivals, that the shops of Strada Reale and Grand Rue have gradually taken on the character of a grand bazaar of the more fragile and costly products of all Mediterranean and Levantine countries.

Merchants from Tangier, merchants from Fez, merchants from Algiers and Tunis, merchants from Cairo, Alexandria and Constantinople, Persian and Arabian merchants, Italian merchants and Spaniards, even the thrifty Swiss with their curious from the mountains, and the ubiquitous Japanese, all with their most tempting *genere* are here living together in mutual good will; and with tailors from Paris and craters from Greece, furnish a more bewildering display and variety of costly wares and luxuries than could be found save by a connoisseur in Paris, London or New York.

Every stranger in Malta will visit the great Church of St. John. It stands today as it left the Grand Master's hands, save in what it was deprived of by Bonaparte's looting. It is not perfect in architectural grace, its exterior, which is surmounted by the Maltese Cross, is massive and stately, while the interior with its historic associations ever in mind is wonderfully impressive. It is gorgeous with every species of decoration. The high altar is resplendent with silver, gold and precious gems. It occupies the centre of the choir and at either side are low diaphanous crimson canopies, with a solitary chair on each; one for the Catholic Bishop of Malta, and the other dedicated to the Protestant ruler of England. Above the latter are royal arms.

Not the least interesting in features of the Church of St. John are the chapels of language and the memorial vaults of departed knights. The nave is long and wide, and the walls are fretted in curious devices, gilt with sequin gold. Approaching the aisles on either side the eye rests, as through golden arches, upon a range of small dome-crowned chapels, the altarpieces of which are curious old paintings. These were the chapels of the different languages or nations, as of France, Italy, Provence, Auvergne, etc., and these are extraordinarily rich in noble monuments in marble and bronze.

The Virgin chapel, hidden from the body of the church by the choir, possesses a balustrade of massive silver; and here are to be seen the keys of three cities of strength, over which the Knights of St. John once ruled Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes. Standing out from the dark paneling of the choir immediately behind the altar, sculptured in white marble, is a representation of the "Baptism of Christ." It is the work of Maltese artists of the seventeenth century; and I have not seen its superior in any of the famous churches of Europe. The high, boldly-arched vaulting of the roof is entirely covered with paintings representing scenes and incidents in the life of St. John, and the tapestries that hang below, which are said to have cost \$30,000, are of wonderful proportions and beauty.

Between the pillars separating the nave and the aisles, are many monuments, some encrusted with jasper and agate and all of unrivalled richness and grandeur. It is said that at least every surface square foot of the vast structure covers the body of a once valiant knight; the monuments to Grand Masters, and architects and painters engaged in the embellishment of the edifice are bewildering in their frequency and magnificence; and the entire structure stands today a grand, yet pathetic, mausoleum and reminder of the power and glory of those christian warriors of a heroic and chivalrous past.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A House of Many Mansions.

O house of many mansions,
Thy doors are open wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side
Thy portals they are golden,
And those who enter in
Shall know no more of sorrow,
Of weariness, of sin.

O house of many mansions,
My weary spirit waits
And longs to join the ransomed
Who enter through thy gates;
Who enter through thy portals,
The mansion of the blest;
Who come to thee away,
And find in thee their rest.

The walls are not of marble,
O house not built with hands;
I sigh for thee while waiting
Within these border lands,
I know that but in dying
Thy threshold is crossed o'er,
There shall be no more sorrow
In thy forever more.

—E. N. Gunnison.

AT THE SHRINE OF LOURDES.

The Pilgrims who Seek Miraculous Healing in the Water.

At Lourdes is the famous Grotto de la Vierge, which has become a place of pilgrimage since 1858, in consequence of the declaration of Marie Bernadette Soubirous, that the Virgin had several times appeared to her. The spring, which was said to have burst forth out of the rock at the first apparition. Is accounted to have miraculous healing powers.

This story is well shown in a cleverly painted panorama. The young girl is depicted in her simple peasant's dress, kneeling in prayer, a lighted *bougie* in her hand, burned down to the flesh, and yet by some miraculous intervention of Providence her hand was not even scorched. When the apparition of the Virgin appeared to her and said, "Allez boire a la fontaine et vous y lavez"—at these words water gushed from the rock which was bare. The story goes that the girl replied, "I cannot drink; it is muddy," when it instantly became of a crystal clearness. Eighteen times the apparition of the Virgin appeared to her and said, "Build churches to me, and let the sick and the weary come and pray to me, and walk in single file procession together, and I will intercede for them—to God the Father to heal them," &c.

In a recess of the Grotto there is a life-size figure of the Virgin in white drapery, the beautiful face uplifted, the hands clasped in prayer. This statue is surrounded by hundreds of crutches and artificial supports, cork legs, surgical boots, irons for the legs, &c., which have been cast off from time to time by the pilgrims who are said to have regained the use of their limbs and been restored to health. In another recess of the Grotto is a communion table with the usual rich appointments, at the back of which, in a huge metal stand, are hundreds of wax candles arranged in tiers, and further back some of the height of an average English woman. These leviathan candles are all gifts to the Virgin from the pilgrims, and are kept alight day and night.

The pilgrims arrive in countless numbers from the beginning of May till the end of October, from all parts of the world. The helpless are brought from the hospital in wheel chairs, or on stretchers, and placed in front of the Grotto, where every one kneeling supplicates the intercession of the Virgin with God the Father, to heal and bring comfort to the suffering, the sorrowful and the afflicted. Here people congregate day and night, prostrating themselves on the ground. As soon as one set of pilgrims depart, another arrives. The miraculous cures mostly take place on emerging from the baths, or *epaves* of holy water, which are free, and built in well and neatly constructed stone buildings near to the Grotto, arranged on one side for men and the other for women.

The diseased and healthy alike enter one small room to undress. A curtain separates this *cabinet de toilette* from the bath, which is partly filled with holy water that is carried in pipes from the rock whence it flows, and is rarely changed in the day. The floor is of stone, without rugs or carpet. When disrobed two women attendants put a coarse kind of linen wrap upon me; each took a hand and conducted me to the bath, into which I descended by steps, while my attendants said a prayer asking the Virgin to have pity upon me and grant my prayer, &c. Owing to the efficacy of the water, a minute's immersion is all that is necessary, and contagion has never been known to take place. On emerging (I had happily the first dip) I noticed that the wrap I had worn was wrung out for the next bather, and so on, on every duty, I suppose, for the whole morning, the first corner only having a dry one. Towels were an unknown luxury; it would seem people were expected to have their pocket handkerchiefs convenient.

I regret to say that I had not the satisfaction of seeing a cure *de mes propres yeux*, although I heard on several occasions cries of "Un guerison, un guerison!" and saw a woman borne along the crowd, being besieged with questions as to her malady and recovery, but I never found it possible to approach her, owing the crowd. There I heard more cures of nervous disorders—faith is the one thing needful—but I was told the percentage of those who are cured is small—thirty in a thousand—it even so many. I certainly read through an immense volume of records which is kept in a small building facing the Basilisk Church, under strict medical surveillance, which gives accounts of recoveries from ailments that for years had baffled medical skill.—London Society.

Odd Advertising that Failed.

Among the many schemes adopted for advertising some one several years ago conceived the idea of using an imitation of telegraph blanks with envelopes to match. The firm which took the matter up prepared to work it to the limit. They got the regular yellow paper, and used type which could not be told from that on the genuine blanks. They printed the rules in small type, and in every way made the blank look like a genuine one, except that the headline read "Union Telegraph Company."

The advertisement itself was also a part of the lark, for it was written for all the world as we see them every day coming from the telegraph office. But after all, good as the scheme looked, it did not pan out well. Not but what it might have done so, but brought the advertiser good returns, but for a certain reason it was very early in the game nipped in the bud.

This was how it happened. A lot of these blanks were filled out, advertising a certain line of goods. A boy was hired, and he too was fixed up in proper shape; he had on the regulation uniform of the regular messenger. Bright and early one morning the lad started out on his mission. He would ring the door-bells and people would come and receive the message in astonishment, while the lad would skip away before they could recover. Opening it, of course, explained everything. At one place, however, the messenger had an experience he did not like. He rang the door-bell and in a moment or two a lady appeared and opened it. The instant she saw the messenger boy she cried out, "Mary's dead!" and, with one long, wild, piercing, frenzied shriek, she fell upon the floor in a dead faint. The lad, almost as frightened as she, threw his envelope in the door, turned and ran back to the office. Reaching there, he pulled off his coat and hat and donned his old clothes. He told his employers the circumstances and flatly declared he was

through. "I ain't going around killing no more people," he said, and he went home. Looking into the matter, the firm learned that the woman had been rather expecting bad news concerning a sick sister and seeing the boy she thought the worst had come. The firm concluded that such results would not pay and they at once discontinued their plan of advertising.—Chicago Press.

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. The effects of WITCH HAZEL, when combined and applied in the formula of an oil, is marvelous. It has been used over forty years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

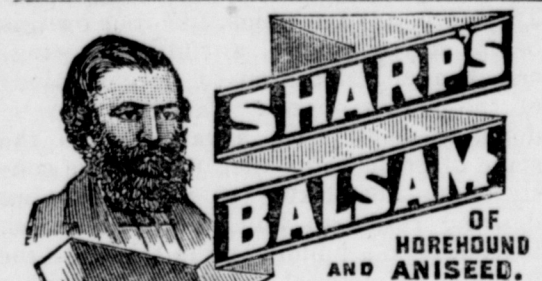
For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.—Price, 50 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price, HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

WITCH HAZEL OIL.



FOR
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,
COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with

PROGRESS. We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently.

We have a new and complete plant now, suitable for all kinds of printing, and are open for orders.

We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned. The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it.

We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our **Stock** is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times.

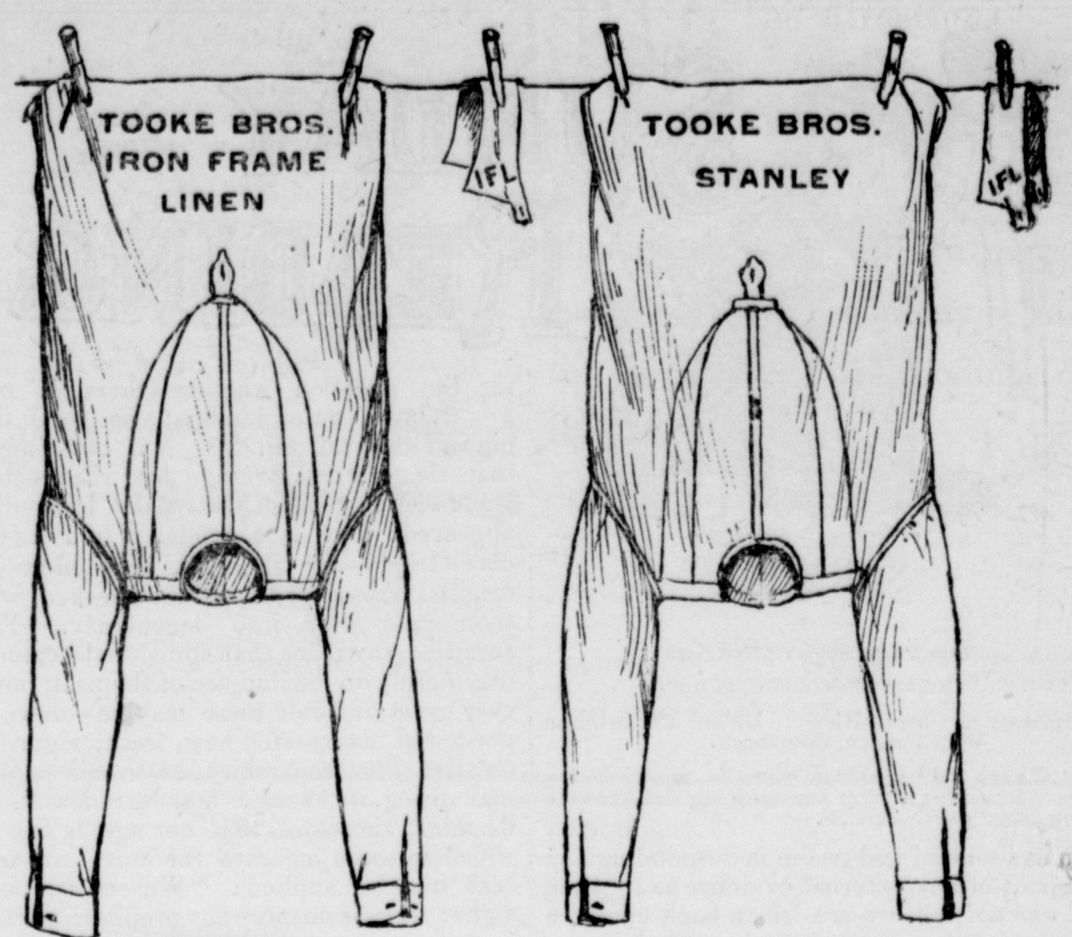
Our **Type** is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select.

Our **Presses** are new and the best.

Our **Workmen** are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal.

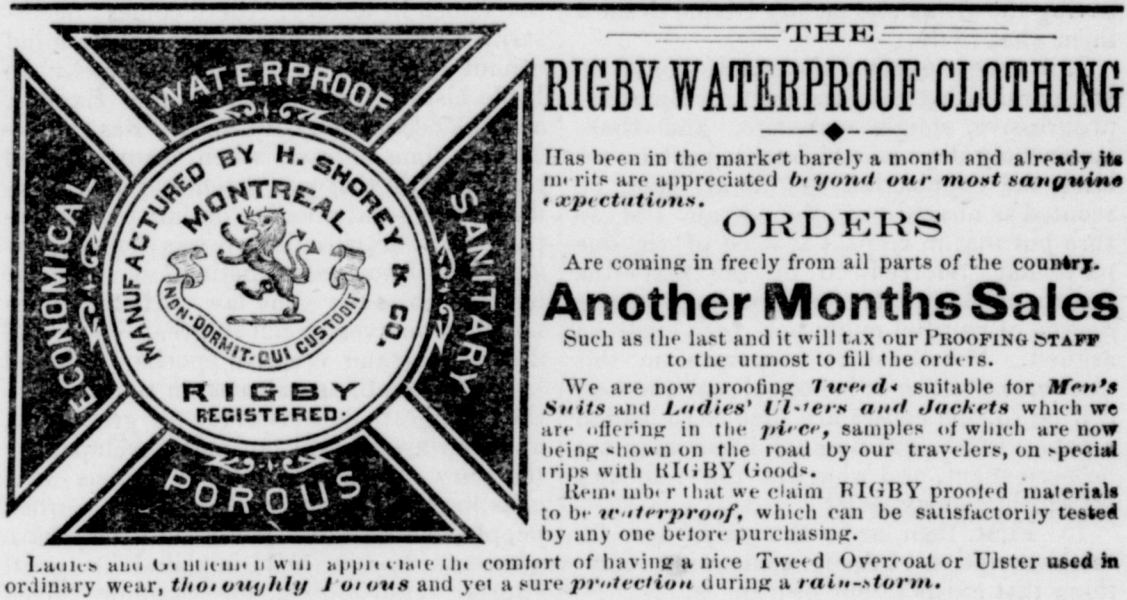
We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

PROGRESS PRINT.



Chief in the Line.

For perfect fit, reliable material, and general excellence of make and finish "IRON FRAME LINEN" Shirts, Collars and Cuffs are undoubtedly "Chief in the Line." For sale by the leading Wholesale and Retail houses in the Dominion.



Laurel and Cotton are the most appropriate for the comfort of having a nice Tweed Overcoat or Ulster used in ordinary wear, thoroughly *laurel* and yet a sure protection during a rain-storm.

SAMPLE ORDERS SOLICITED.

H. SHOREY & CO., - - Montreal.

Now

Is the time to have your Furniture Repaired and Re-upholstered. We are selling Lounges Cheaper than ever—good ones from \$5.00 upwards.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written

BY TEN OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome editions of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

EAST LYNN.
By Mrs. Henry Wood.
JANE EYRE.
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JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.
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ADAM BEDE.
By George Eliot.
THE WOMAN IN WHITE.
By Wilkie Collins.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.
By Miss M. E. Braddon.
VANITY FAIR.
By W. M. Thackeray.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
THE THREE GUARDSMEN.
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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.
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