

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 26.

AFTER THE FIRE.

The people of St. John may well feel thankful for their preservation from another great fire. It may be that we do not realize sufficiently often how such a visitation could come. We have been so fortunate of recent years, and have such an abounding faith in the efficiency of the fire department, that the possibility of such a calamity seems very remote indeed.

Saturday night brought a realization of the risk very vividly to those who viewed the situation in all its bearings. The custom house fire, in itself, had some element of danger as regarded the city to the eastward of it. The high wind carried brands a long distance, but the rain which had fallen during the day lessened the risk of distant buildings catching fire. Then, too, the isolation of the custom house itself made the danger smaller than it would have been in other localities. Had the same fire been in any large building in a more crowded quarter, nobody knows what the end might have been.

Yet that was not where the remarkable escape from a big blaze was seen. While the custom house was in flames, and while the best energies of the department were being devoted to it, another and very wicked looking blaze burst out on Coburg street. Those who lived in the vicinity of the latter well knew their danger. The alarm was of no avail to them, and every second meant a chance of a nest of most inflammable structures taking fire and getting beyond human control.

Close to the small building that was belching forth flames and burning cinders was a big four story wooden affair, and in the immediate vicinity were three livery stables. One of these seemed doomed before a sign of help could be seen. The arrival of an engine and some hose averted the calamity. But had one of the large buildings, and especially that across the street, once been started into a blaze, there must have been an end to that part of the city to the north east of Union and Coburg streets. With the wind blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the whole of the department would have been useless. What then could one engine, with an insufficiency of hose, have undertaken to do? The situation for a time was one of exceeding and unusual peril.

Two such fires, at the same time and on such a windy night, were very exceptional. The emergency is one which is not likely to arise, but which no one can assert may not arise at any time. Indeed, everything on that night appeared to be as nobody ever expected it would be. Nobody ever supposed the custom house could be destroyed by fire originating within its walls. An insurance agent would have looked on it as the very best class of a risk.

It was built with the idea that it would be practically fire-proof. While there was a good deal of inflammable wood-work in it, yet special care was taken with a view to prevent flames spreading. The theory was that if a fire did start it could be checked at the outset, and each floor had its joints of hose attached to water pipes and ready for instant use. Then there were thick division walls and iron doors to separate the main building and wings. Everybody supposed the precautions were more than sufficient for any contingency.

So they would have been if the fire had been discovered in time. That it was not seems due to the fact that there was no resident janitor whose business it was to patrol the building at stated intervals. A number of people smelt the smoke, it would seem, long before there was any sign of fire, and one of these was Chief Engineer KERR, who was on his way to another fire earlier in the night. When the blaze broke out, so as to be visible from the street, the time for killing the fire was past.

Costly as the building was, and elaborate as some of the precautions were, the rapidity with which it burned did not sur-

prise some who had watched its construction. There were predictions about it from the outset. The arrangement of the steam-pipes was open to criticism, in regard to the amount of air space allowed, and when they ignited the woodwork, as they undoubtedly did, there were plenty of shafts to give the flame access to every part of the structure. The partition walls were of no avail against a fire which ran to the top of them and down on the other side, even if all the iron doors were closed, as some assert they were not.

In the new building, there will be a chance to make a better provision against a similar occurrence in the future. The experience has been costly, but it will be of some value.

But, taken all in all, the people have much for which to be thankful. A fire such as might have been would have been a terrible calamity. And the escape from such a disaster was narrow indeed.

A MISCHIEVOUS THEORY.

The Globe usually speaks to the point in its editorials, whether its opinions are likely to please or offend its patrons. It is, therefore, a little surprising to find this sentence in its leading article on Monday:

As a matter of duty and of pride the members of the fire department and of the salvage corps worked just as hard to save the government property as they would that of any private citizen.

It had happened that a Patagonian common council had sent a delegation to St. John to secure information as to the workings of our departments, the strangers would infer from this paragraph that the firemen had done a good deal more than was expected of them. The plain inference would be that they are bound to work hard only to save the property of private citizens. Following the idea to its logical conclusion, the amount of exertion should be in proportion to the size of the tax bill of the person whose house was on fire. No argument is needed to point out the fallacy of such an idea. Apart from the evident fact that a building of any kind in flames is dangerous to the city at large, there is a measure of loyalty which requires every citizen to do his best to save his country from loss. It may be that the people would be more prosperous if there were no custom house—possibly if there were no Dominion of Canada—but since things are so, we are bound to do our duty, whether we like it or not. It is undoubtedly a hardship that the government does not contribute anything to the city taxes, but this wrong would be no justification for the still greater wrong of our people in permitting the destruction of its property. It is not probable the firemen gave the matter a thought, and it is quite as unlikely that the Globe really meant to say as much as its words imply.

IT IS NOT HIS RIGHT.

In a spirited and aggressive letter on the temperance agitation in Moncton, in this issue of PROGRESS, the correspondent is moved to make this assertion:

Furthermore, I do believe firmly in a man's right to get drunk, if he wants to and is willing to pay for the privilege. I never got drunk in my life myself, but still I like to feel that I can do so if I wish.

The readers of PROGRESS cannot charge it with being narrow minded in its views as to the exercise of personal liberty, but in this instance it feels bound to dissent from what is an individual opinion, calculated to teach an erroneous doctrine. Apart from the grievous sin against God's law, which no one in strictness has a "right" to commit, the theory is wrong from a merely human point of view. Unless under circumstances so exceptional as to be not worth considering, a man cannot get drunk without injury to others than himself. In the worst phases of the vice he is a nuisance to others, and in every phase of it he is causing grief, loss or some other trouble by his selfish jolly. No man liveth unto himself in this world, and no man can get drunk without in some way marring other lives than his own. The principle that he has a right to do as he pleases is one that has led thousands to their ruin. The idea is a selfish one that is opposed to the best interests of society. The correspondent will probably agree with PROGRESS after a more careful consideration of the subject.

Some years ago, two Westmorland men, each owing a good farm and being otherwise well to do, had a dispute about a line fence. They went to law about it, and the Dorchester corner lawyers fought the thing out until each of the farms was eaten up by the costs. When the title was decided neither of the two had much need of a line fence. A suit of somewhat similar character has just come to an end in Pennsylvania. Ten years ago, two farmers had a dispute about a narrow strip of land on which a cherry tree stood. One of them cut down the tree and the other sued him for the value of it. He has just been awarded that value, \$325, but his lawyer's bill is \$325. The other man has to pay the costs of the suit, amounting to \$987, while his lawyer's bill is \$240. Thus a three dollar tree has borne fruit in costs to the amount of \$1552, to say nothing of the time lost and worry endured in ten years of litigation. "What fools these mortals be."

The people pay the taxes, no matter how they are levied. The proposition of the local government to raise a revenue by assessment on banks, insurance companies,

etc., may seem to some to be a taking from wealthy corporations for the benefit of the country at large. How near this idea is to the truth was shown during the interview of the St. John bankers with Premier BLAIR, last week. In the course of the conversation the manager of one of the big financial institutions said that the plan of his bank would probably be to affix a twenty-five cent stamp to every note discounted, making the customer pay for it. It may not be that just this course will be taken, but it is pretty certain that the public will make good the difference in some way. So it is with all kinds of taxation, direct and indirect. The consumer foots the bill, whether he is aware of the fact or not.

The Religious Intelligencer which is first, last and forever in favor of the Scott Act, quotes with approbation the remarks of a traveller recently returned from Sweden, who says: "I never heard a Swede swear, use harsh or profane language, abuse a beast of burden, or show a spark of cruelty in any form." Yet Appleton's Cyclopaedia is authority for the statement that while the evil of intemperance has been checked by wise legislation, the consumption of distilled spirits as drink is in the proportion of about two and a half gallons a year to each inhabitant. Reasoning from the character of the inhabitants under these conditions, it must be concluded from a total abstinence standpoint that they would be practically angels under prohibition. Either the Swedes are a remarkable people or some good men are astray in their theories.

It is not a matter for congratulation that, with the exception of two or three wards, there is likely to be very little interest taken in the civic elections this year. The people seem satisfied to let things go as they have been going, despite the fact that the taxes are increasing and the city finances are not in a healthy state. There are some good men in the council, it is true; but there are others who, to say the least, are not so good. The electors are wont to talk most when the elections are a long way off, but they take things very easy at this season of the year. A little more interest in public affairs would be a more healthy sign.

Kings are but human after all. The divinity that seems to surround the dead and gone monarchs of past ages is now and then seen to be very much like the common humanity of today. MAXIMILLIAN the First of Germany has been gathered to his fathers for the last four centuries, but only the other day an unreciprocated tailor's bill against him was found among the dusty archives of the ancient Swiss city of Chur. The world changes very little in some things, as the centuries roll by.

"Travelling, except on Sunday; the Indians declining to work on that day," is an entry in the diary of some British Columbia census enumerators, which the Dominion statistician has seen fit to publish in the latest bulletin. The inference is that the enumerators were not particular about the day, but had to respect the religious scruples of their guides. And yet we hear a good deal about the need of missionaries in that country.

The U. S. house of representatives was afire too, this week, but the chief damage done was the destruction of a vast heap of reports which were to be mailed to the constituents of the members. There are few evils without some good in them, and the postal officials will have just that much less to handle of matter which not one man out of fifty ever reads.

The Emperor WILLIAM, of Germany, does not appear to be any wiser than some of the people on this side of the water. He has stopped his subscription to Punch, because that paper had some cartoons in which he figured. The "stop-my-paper" man is a true cosmopolite.

It is stated that the United States postal cards are made from Nova Scotia pulpwood. Congress will have to amend the tariff to meet the appalling facts of the case.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Business is Looking Up. A new milk cart is making its morning rounds through the town.—Digby Canadian.

The Spring Paragraph Has Come. Mrs. N. C. Nordby brought to this office on Tuesday a handsome butterfly which she had found that day on her window.—Cumberland Leader.

Wishes It Was Summer. Wood will be taken at this office in payment of subscriptions.—Beverick Register.

Subscribers Are Sending No Wood. We are now experiencing the coldest snap of the season.—Hants Journal.

Moncton's Bad Dog. Yesterday afternoon, while a lady was walking down Alma street, a dog suddenly attacked her, badly tearing her dress. This is not the only time citizens have been attacked by this same dog. The police should give this matter some attention.—Times.

Didn't Advertise in the "Times." The acts and addresses are as shabby a lot as have yet visited this city. Such companies as these do more to injure the show business than a dozen first class companies can make up in a year. They were seen yesterday morning hustling around to get their bags out of "bond," and after a deal of delay they left this city it is to be hoped never to come back.—Moncton Times.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Memoriam T. W. Daniel. Gathered about his bier to pray, Each present here, can truly say, His was a useful life, of love To fellow man, to God above, Of active work, in church and state, Seeking for good by effort great.

Where men unite to aid and bless, All those who suffer pain, distress, And aim to urge the erring, weak, The pleasant paths of peace to seek, With liberal hand and generous heart, He ever took a leading part.

Not his the vain parade and show, In far-off mansions of the blest, There to await the final call,— The trumpet blast that summons all To meet before the "Judgment Throne"— And hear the verdict sweet, "Well done." PERG.

From labor free, he is at rest, In far-off mansions of the blest, There to await the final call,— The trumpet blast that summons all To meet before the "Judgment Throne"— And hear the verdict sweet, "Well done." PERG.

Irene.

AGED, TWO YEARS. Sweet face, like alabaster moulded, Into lines of perfect rest! Little hands, like rose leaves folded On our darling's loving breast! Snowy buds, her palms between, Sarcely sleeps, our lost Irene!

Little feet, that wandered straightway, From the era to the bier, Found so soon, the Heavenly gateway Wearing of the struggle here; In God's garden, fair and green With the angels, walks Irene!

Tender lips, no more to quiver, At the touch of life's sharp load! Loving eyes, that gaze forever On the unveiled Face of God! O to see what you have seen! Blessed eyes, of our Irene!

Far too 'wise' for earthly keeping Was our treasure, Heaven-lent; And we own, with bitter weeping For our guarding, never meant. God had set His seal, serene, On the brow, of sweet Irene!

Left her, long enough to teach us, We have nothing of our own; And all precious gifts, that reach us, Are from Him, and His alone. So, to "better things," we secede: God has lifted—our Irene!

We resign her, Heavenly Father, To Thy care, safe from all harms; Who dost love Thy lambs to gather, To the shelter of Thine arms,— In Thy Paradise serene, Waiting for us,—dwells Irene!

New York, Feb., 1892. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

Buttons in Church Collections.

The jokes about putting buttons into the contribution box are so old that a good many people imagine they have no foundation in fact in these days. It is quite true, however, that in one of the city churches where bags are used to collect the offertory, not only buttons, but various other small articles are frequently found when the receipts are counted. Sometimes there are tin tags from pieces of tobacco, and at others there are small and valueless bits of metal which have not even the semblance of coins. It is right to say that the suspicion of mocking the Lord by dropping such things into the bag does not attach to the regular attendants of the church. One charitable explanation is that, in occasional instances, persons who have forgotten to bring any change have left it necessary to put something into the bag, for appearance sake, and so have utilized whatever happened to be in their pockets. The theory of giving in secret by the means of a bag is sound enough, but in practice an open plate might show better financial results.

Bound to Keep Ahead.

Mr. James Stewart, the energetic manager of the Wilnot Spa Spring Company, told PROGRESS last fall that they had decided to import the best talent available in Belfast, Ireland, to oversee the manufacture of their Royal Belfast Ginger Ale. A note from him says that they are determined that their fine mineral springs shall have every chance to excel. Not content with the fine name their goods attained in the past, they will take no risk of future damage to their beverages through lack of technical knowledge, and have secured the services of James R. Cochrane, F. R. C. S., practical chemist and maker of the celebrated Belfast Ginger Ale for a quarter of a century in Belfast. Mr. Cochrane has sailed from Ireland, and will shortly take full control of the works at Wilnot on arrival.

Will be Chaplain in the Navy.

Rev. F. F. Sherman, head master of the Davenport school, has sent in his resignation to the board, and has accepted an appointment as chaplain in the United States navy. He returned from Boston, last Monday, having successfully passed the requisite medical examination, and is now awaiting orders to report for duty. These may not come for some months.

A Glasgow Idea of It.

A religious magazine published in Glasgow regularly reaches this city, despite of the address being "St. John, New Brunswick, U. S. A., Canada." The worthy Scots appear to think that we have annexed our neighbors to the southward.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

The author of "After Many Years" kindly send name and address. The letter which accompanied it has been mislaid. Unpleasant, short fiction stories are not especially desired. When sent they are, of course, entitled to consideration, but it is apt to be delayed in the press of more timely matter. "WEDDING PRESENTS."—We will look you up as soon as possible, but the leap is deep and wide. "SNOWDROP."—Your letters at hand and attention will be given as soon as possible. "THE NEW DICTIONARY."—We will make an exception in case of correspondents who get the paper free of charge. We will send the book for \$25; express charges about 20 cents to any part of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia by special arrangement made this week. Sample letters should accompany all requests for position as correspondents. They should reach the office by Wednesday, sure, and should be accompanied by such particulars as to make the editor sure of the writer's identity.

JUSTICE OUT OF LINE.

THE LAW FOR THE POOR IS NOT FOR THE RICH.

In this Case at Least—Why an Engagement was Broken—The Bank Clerk and His Letter—Miss Robinson to be Married in April.

HALIFAX, March 23.—That even handed justice is not always dealt out in Halifax was evidenced last week when the case of a young militia officer got into the stendipary magistrate's court. The young man was arrested on a very serious charge—a charge which it proved would have sent him for a term to the penitentiary. He had influential friends, however, and his honor, the stendipary, had respect for the feelings of these and had the trial take place in his private office. Said trial was a brief one. During the sitting the charge against the young man got changed in some manner from the very serious one to that of "common assault." He was fined eighty dollars and costs, and so ended the legal farce. For the administration of the law does become farcial when such affairs as the one referred to can be so easily settled. There are those in Halifax who aver that had the arrested man been poor and without influential friends, he would have been tried in open court and there would have been no change in the warrant. It puzzles some persons to know why so heavy a fine was imposed for "common assault." But then there are many curious people in this world who are always wanting to know, you know.

A broken marriage engagement between a Cape Breton lady and a bank clerk, suggests a tale of woe in connection therewith which, in justice to the lady, I think should be given here. The bank clerk was never a very great favorite with the ladies, for while he is fairly good looking there is over him a spirit of meanness hovering about him, which the fair ones cannot appreciate. When he took up his residence in Cape Breton he gave it to be understood that the business of the bank would prosper owing to his connection with it in a very responsible position. The engagement, which has happily—for the lady—been broken, was, so 'tis said, purely a business matter on the part of the banker. The lady's people were not long in discovering the young man's game and it was quietly hinted to him that his continued absence from the lady's home was desired. Divining that he was in the vicinity of shoals, he wrote a note to the lady's father giving back the heart that so many imagined he had taken possession of forever. The pater marked the young man's letter "O. K." and sent it back to him. It is not likely the document is filed with the bank's papers, but it is in evidence just the same.

It is understood that the charitable Irish society, at the meeting held recently to make arrangements for the proper celebration of St. Patrick's day, concluded that red and green are not colors that go together with any degree of nicety. Consequently the red-coated band was not in the procession.

The people of Halifax may have a sensation in the shape of an alleged murder, dished up for them by the local papers. Some time ago a man was found dead on a sidewalk in this city. A coronor's jury quickly decided—with that wonderful insight that such juries are composed of—that the man had some time during the night jumped from a window of the house in front of which he was found, and lost his life. Some persons who thought otherwise commenced to look into the matter, and a week or two ago two or three individuals who think they "know it all" made statements before a lawyer. Just what is in these statements may never be known by the general public; then again perhaps their contents along with a lot of other evidence may be available some day.

Society will learn with pleasure that Miss Kate Robinson, daughter of Admiral Watson's secretary, recently on this station, is to be married about the middle of April to Mr. Rouch-Smith, assistant paymaster, Royal navy.

THE MEN WHO ARE HEARD.

Some Leading Spirits in the Nova Scotia Legislature and Where to Find Them.

The Nova Scotia legislature gives promise of being more than interesting this session.

Two warm debates have already taken place and there are more to follow. As a consequence the number of visitors has very greatly increased, and on several occasions have not only the galleries but even the lobbies been packed with a very interested and expectant audience.

A great difficulty and annoyance to persons visiting the house for the first time and those who are slow to remember men and places or are unfamiliar with our public men, is the want of means of knowing who the different members are, what county they represent and where they sit in the house, as also their portfolio if they have one. In order to help PROGRESS readers out of this and to put the information in such shape as to be understood, a sketch was drawn giving the exact position of all the members and officials in the House of Assembly. It is printed on page nine. To find the name of any one in the house all that is necessary is to count the seats, beginning at the front row on the right of his Honor the Speaker where sits the Hon. Mr. Johnson and if you count down one, two, three you will find there a nervous active little man who when he addresses the house speaks so fast that number 41 (J. M. Goldert, Jr., official reporter) almost sets his note book on fire with the friction of his pen in endeavoring to get it all down. But although he talks so fast yet he thinks faster and when the Hon. Provincial Secretary says anything he knows what it is and what the probable effect will be on the house and the country.

Then continue on down to No. 7 and you have "the greatest constitutional authority of the house" (Mr. Lawrence) and No. 9 is the silver tongued orator, the junior member for Halifax. Beginning again at the

top of the back row on this side of the house we find seated in No. 11 the facetious member from Digby who says in reference to his speeches that if he "can't strike oil in five minutes he is either boring the wrong hole or using a poor auger."

Crossing the house we count up to 23 from the lower end on the outside row and then drop back to the end of the back row. This places all the government supporters in consecutive numbers. We then return to the front row and begin with 28 and count to 30 where we find Mr. C. H. Calman the Hon. Leader of the opposition who is probably not even excepting No. 4 the most cordially hated and feared man in the house. Just now he is busy trying to establish charges of fraud and misappropriation of funds against the representatives of two counties in Cape Breton, and it is quite apparent on the face of it that he will have a hard fight and meet with either great success or political death at the finish. The man of next prominence as a speaker among the opposition is Mr. Webster who sits in No. 31 and who speaks clearly and well.

The galleries are designated as follows: That on the speaker's right is the speaker's gallery (which admission is by ticket). In the centre is the ladies' gallery except the front row on the left which is the portion reserved for the press. On the speaker's left is the people's gallery, where all who wish may go without let or hindrance (so long as they behave themselves.)

Of the two larger portraits hung on either side of his honor the speaker, that on the right is the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and that on the left is the late Judge Johnson.

HIS FAMILIAR FACE IS GONE.

The Last Male of the Family of Chubb Has Passed from Earth.

Death has been very busy among the old-time residents of St. John this winter. People whom everybody knew have passed away, and faces that one always looked for on the streets have gone from human view. None the least of those who have gone hence is George James Chubb, who died on Thursday morning.

His death had been expected for some time, and so certain were the indications of it early in the week that PROGRESS refrained from putting it type a story of local interest in which he appeared in a humorous and genial light. His lingering illness of four months could have but one end, and that seemed very near.

Mr. Chubb is the last male of his name in a family which has come down from the Loyalists and has been prominent in the annals of St. John. The last of the name is an unmarried sister, now well advanced in years. When, in the course of nature she shall pass away, the last of the Chubbs, of that race, will be gone and the memorable name will become extinct. It has been to the front since Loyalist John Chubb settled on the north side of Duke street when St. John was a collection of huts, but chiefly will it be remembered in connection with the continuous publication of the Courier for more than half a century. "Chubb's corner" will probably be known as such as long as the city endures. With the exception of the Golden Ball corner, it is, indeed, the only one of the old "corners" which is now known to the younger generation of citizens, though there was a time when the "Coffee House," "Barlow's," "Foster's" and "St. John Hotel" corners were as well known as it is now. Today only the oldest residents ever speak of them by their former titles. It will be different with Chubb's corner for all time to come.

Mr. Chubb was so well known and so liked by all that PROGRESS can say little of him which will be new to the people of St. John. His life was not an eventful one, for his tastes were those of a private citizen, and he resisted every effort to draw him into politics of any kind. He believed that there were better ways of enjoying life than in the worry and wear of chasing imaginary honors at the hands of his fellow citizens. He had many acquaintances, but his circle of chosen friends was a limited one, and it embraced those who loved art and literature, as he loved them for the sake of the enjoyment they brought. He was a remarkably well informed man on many subjects, and especially on the English classics. He would have excelled as a Shaksperian critic, for he was a thorough student of the drama, while in the range of poetry in general he was keen and correct in his judgment. PROGRESS has more than once been indebted to him for the location and verifying of quotations, which were not readily to be found in the ordinary books of reference. While he bore no pretentious affix to his name he was a college graduate, and his education was deepened by careful reading throughout his life. Few men could give a better opinion than he in anything where critical judgment in art or literature was required.

Above all, he had a genial nature and kind heart. When a young man, the death of his father left him in the enjoyment of a very profitable business. He used to say that he could draw \$3,000 a year out of the concern for his personal use without affecting the business. In those days he was generous in proportion to his means, and took an active interest in the things which were popular. He was in the dramatic companies, volunteers, the old fire department, the fire-sons, etc., and thoroughly enjoyed life as it came to him. A little over twenty years ago, in company with J. W. Langgan and James Reynolds, he made a tour of England and the continent, of which a host of interesting anecdotes could be told. A few years later he engaged in an unlucky manufacturing venture, out of which he emerged with \$40,000 less than he had when he went in. Then came the fire and the destruction of the store, printing office and bindery. Chubb's corner was rebuilt, but Mr. Chubb did not resume the business, contenting himself with a general agency under the old firm name of H. Chubb & Co.

He will be missed by many. Such genial, cordial natures are not too common among the generation that is coming to the front today.