

ST. JOHN MEN OUT WEST.

WHERE NEW BRUNSWICKERS RUN THE SHIP OF STATE.

They Work Hard, Though, and With The Same Energy Might Have Done as Well at Home—Names That Will be Familiar to Old Timers and Boys of To-day.

EUREKA, Cal., June 11.—Everything in this bluenose colony is now hustling, and St. John people would hardly recognize the many New Brunswickers who are loyal Americans and are sounding their lungs in the present campaign. Many of them, however, have fond recollections of their old home, and say they would go back there, were it not so terrible cold in winter. Perhaps PROGRESS would like to know some of the people whom one meets here every day, and whose faces would be recognized in New Brunswick as well known men in their day.

First of all I will mention J. G. Murray. The gentle breeze of the Strait Shore first fanned his young life, and in earlier days he was wont to play marbles and make mud pies with David McLellan and Michael Finn. It is thirty years since he bid them good-bye, and while Mr. McLellan was steering the ship of state in your provincial legislature, Mr. Murray was steering the ship of this state in the California legislature. He still has a sheet in the political wind, but is not a candidate for honors. He is now manager of Humboldt county hospital, which is owned by a New Brunswick doctor, W. H. Wallace. Dr. Wallace is assisted in his practice by Dr. McKinnon, a P. E. I. man, who has practised here about four years. Silas Alward and A. A. Stockton, A. B., A. M., LL.D., will know who Dr. Wallace is as well as William Pugsley, and many of PROGRESS readers outside of St. John will recall the name, especially those in Kings and Albert counties.

I dropped into the Grand hotel where N. W. Christie, of St. Stephen, N. B., is proprietor, and fell on to Frank Quinton, William Quinton's brother; and young Bill, who, in my day, was one of the literary men of the Daily Sun, is the dead image of Frank. They look enough alike to be brothers. Frank is one of the all-round hotel men of California. Everybody in the state knows him, and he is an integral part of the "Grand."

As I look out the window in front of where I am writing, I see Frank S. Duff, now an old grey-haired man, walking down the street. Forty-two years ago he left St. John and made Eureka his home, when it was a howling wilderness and the Digger Indian was wont to prowl around his cabin at night. All is changed since then. The wilderness is a flourishing city of 10,000 people, and Major Duff is an ornament to the judiciary of northern California.

I was asked a short time ago if I ever heard of a lawyer back there named George Davis. At once the magnanimous Went End alderman arose in my mind's eye, and I answered, yea. Davis, I believe, was here at one time.

Eureka is a very speedy place. Speedy in everything. Harry Moran, formerly of PROGRESS, met me a short time ago, and we had a pleasant chat. H. V. has a splendid looking horse with a long tail and mane which he is exhibiting on this coast. He has a style of advertising that will take on the coast, and he will make money out of his venture.

This is a sporting place also, and a short time ago I went out to Samoa, Eureka's pleasure resort, and saw a game of base ball. I thought I recognized in one of the players a familiar form, but was not near enough to see the face. Soon the form glided down to the coach line and the stentorian lungs of Jimmy Kennedy, roared as they did when he was covering the third bag and pulling down flies for the St. John's. You will find a bluenose here in every corner of the state, from San Quintin's prison to Sacramento's capital.

McNulty, a St. John man, shot a policeman in San Francisco four years ago, and has been on trial ever since, for his life. He was sentenced to hang once, but, owing to a technicality in law he is still alive. There are 18 men in the same position as McNulty, and his is being made a test case. He will probably know before July whether he will hang or not.

Since I wrote my last letter, John Vance, a prominent bluenose citizen and lumberman, died, leaving a large amount of wealth. His will is being contested here and his millions are in court.

Among the Devises was Oceania Vance, of Masttown, Nova Scotia.

I just stopped writing for a moment to welcome to the golden shore of California another bluenose, Dr. Sinclair, of Newcastle, N. B., who has just arrived here where he intends to begin the practise of medicine. He has brothers in this country who have been here a number of years. His uncle, John Sinclair, is one of Hamilton's leading citizens. He believes in speedy horses, and is manager of the Pacific Lumber company, engaged in the manufacture of Redwood lumber.

Then there are the MacKays from Miramichi, all wealthy lumbermen who came here in "early days." They own large mills and ship their own lumber from Eureka.

The city elections will be held here next week, and it is a race between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which will elect the more members. The city clerk, James Keheler, of St. Andrews, N. B., says New Brunswick will come out ahead.

I suppose I could go on telling you about province men who are here from all parts of the provinces or wherever PROGRESS is found, but I guess I will stop. Two-thirds of this county are bluenose, and, as Dr. Gross, formerly of St. Stephen, N. B., says, it they had remained home and worked hard as hard there as they have here, they would have been better off today and New Brunswick would not have to lose a representative in Parliament.

NEW BRUNSWICKER.

Read the article, "What Do You Think?" on the fourth page. It will interest you.

SOME CASES OF CATALEPSY.

People Who Have Been Buried Alive and "Turned in Their Graves."

Perhaps the most remarkable case on record is that of Colonel Townshend. This gentleman could induce an attack of catalepsy at will. When he did so, he assumed every appearance of death. The pulsations of the heart became imperceptible, and it was impossible to discern any

respiratory action. His face became colorless, and his entire frame rigid, in which state he would continue for several hours, when all the symptoms would wear away.

A case recorded by Plutarch would seem to support the theory that during such periods of protracted insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses. A man named Thespius, he tells us, fell from a great height, and was picked up at all appearances dead. There were no external wounds about him, but the physicians were satisfied of the fact of his decease.

Arrangements were made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall he revived, much to the consternation of his friends. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed. Previously his character was that of a reprobate and a vicious man, but after his insensibility he ever followed after virtue. On being asked the reason of the change, Thespius related that during his long sleep his spirit had been liberated from his body, and had soared away to a strange land where it had joined a whole company of other spirits. His past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitious of attaining them.

Dr. Passavant also records an instance of a peasant boy who revived after being supposed to be dead for several days. The boy bitterly resented his being called back to life, and informed those who gathered about him that he had been in a beautiful place, and had associated and conversed with his deceased relatives. Before his insensibility, his faculties were not even ordinarily brilliant, but afterwards he conversed and prayed with surprising eloquence.

It cannot be doubted that in numerous cases of cataleptic trance, the apparently lifeless patient has been acquainted with all the arrangements being made for his interment. Several instances are recorded in which, although the body presented every appearance of death, the patient was conscious of everything going on around him, but absolutely unable to raise a limb or in any way communicate with those near his bed.

Dr. Binns mentions the case of a girl who lay in this state for a considerable time and then revived. She actually heard every word that was said around her, but was unable to give the slightest evidence of her continued vitality. She afterwards said that her horror was simply indescribable. She had endeavored to shout and to move, but in vain. At length her state of mind, when she was being prepared for burial, was such as to cause her to break out in a profuse perspiration, and she recovered. She described the sensation very much in the same way as the somnambulists say they feel—her soul, she said, seemed to have no power to act upon her body. It seemed to be in the body and out of it at the same time.

Several remarkable narrow escapes from being buried alive are mentioned. A Mr. G—, who had been ill some time, fell into what was thought his last sleep. The medical attendant, however, had suspicions in his own mind, which he did not care to communicate to the man's family for fear of arousing false hopes. He therefore put off his sanction to the burial from day to day, much to the indignation of the supposed dead man's mother. On the fifth day, however, the doctor had the gratification of seeing his patient revive. Mr. G—, some time afterwards, had a recurrence of the malady, this time lasting seven days.

In Ireland the custom used to prevail of burying the dead as soon after their certified decease as possible. It is very probable that many were thus buried alive. It is related that a certain Dr. Walker, of Dublin, entertained such strong views upon this question that he never wearied of discoursing upon it, and even wrote a pamphlet embodying his views, which was widely circulated. While conversing one day with his friend Mrs. Bellamy, a celebrated actress, the lady informed him that she herself would take care that he should not be committed to the cold embrace of mother earth until indisputable evidence was forthcoming of his death, provided his decease preceded hers. Some time afterwards the doctor contracted a fever, of which it was supposed he died. In spite of the opposition he had raised to the prevailing custom, he was buried the day following. Mrs. Bellamy was at the time in Ireland, and hearing of his death and burial, she hastened to Dublin, and at once had the body exhumed. Her consideration, however, came too late. On opening the coffin it was found that the doctor had evidently revived since his interment, for he was found lying upon his side.

One more case is sufficiently interesting to be given a place in our article, since the opening of a grave and the evidence that vitality had been resumed after burial were the means of lifting a baneful suspicion from the shoulders of an innocent woman. A gentleman who had lived for a considerable time out of the country, died apparently a few days after his return. It was alleged that his decease had followed suspiciously near the eating of a pudding prepared by his stepmother. She was hence arrested and charged with his murder. The grave was opened for the purpose of making an analysis of the contents of the man's stomach. It was then discovered that the man had turned completely over in his coffin, and was lying on his face. He had been buried alive. This evidence of the cause of death was, of course, conclusive, and the woman was released.

The Chemist and the Explorer.

When Stanley returned from his last expedition to Africa he told the world that he had found an inexhaustible supply of rubber trees in the interior of that dark continent. This at the time was intensely interesting, but it has lost very much of its interest since Rigby, the chemist, has made it possible for us to have tweeds, worsteds and any of the various wool materials from which our clothing is made, rendered perfectly waterproof, without changing either their appearance or the porous nature of the cloth in the slightest degree. Ladies or gentlemen may now have an outer garment made from material to their taste, which will keep out the rain without their experiencing any of the discomforts produced by a rubber coat.

THE CHAMPION COLLIE DOG.

He is a Valuable Animal and Can do Some Wonderful Tricks.

The Scotch collie has the deserved reputation of being the most sensible, sagacious and smart of the entire canine race, and some wonderful stories are told of driving, herding and caring for sheep by dogs of this breed. The most valuable and highly intelligent dog known is the prize winning Boz, named after Charles Dickens, the champion, educated imported Scotch collie owned by Mr. D. H. Harris, Mendon, Michigan, manager for Mme. Marantelle, the celebrated equestrienne. Boz was imported at two months old, trained, and at the field trials of the New York Kennel club, at its great bench show in 1886, won first prize by penning five flocks of sheep at one time, and was then purchased by Mr. Harris for \$1,200. By careful training and any amount of patience he has been taught to understand almost anything in the English language. Not long since Mr. Harris was almost tempted to sell him to Mr. Charles Swartz, Chicago, for \$6,000, but after one night's absence purchased him back, offering an advanced figure, and stated he would never again be for sale. When in England two years ago Boz had the distinguished honor of being presented to their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the members of the royal household at Marlborough house, performing many of his marvelous tricks, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Harris succeeded in getting him back to the United States. Mr. H. E. King, secretary of the Hartford, Conn., Driving Park association, wanted to buy him this fall for \$5,000, but Boz is not for sale at any price, no matter what amount may be offered.

He is a fine, lemon-colored specimen of the collie class, and quite frequently, wherever Mr. Harris remains a few days on invitation, a number of ladies and gentlemen assemble to test the ability of Boz to understand and carry out the commands of his master and others. A dozen cards from a pack are laid on the floor and easily, without mistake, he picks out every card asked for. He knows every card of the 52 by sight and recognizes the sound when it is named. He cannot be fooled by calling for the two and then afterwards for the deuce of spades. If the card asked for is not there he will bark, and if afterwards placed, without his perceiving, and again called for, he will always discover a change has been made. He can count as high as 10, picking out any card by the number from the end, and it is not done by method, it is not a trick, but simply peculiar education; the dog sees, hears and acts intelligently. Mr. Harris or any person in the audience, can lay several coins, a ten and twenty dollar bill on the floor and the dog will count correctly, and can distinguish between every piece of money, and can make any change that is called for. It were easier to tell what this canine phenomenon cannot accomplish than enumerate only part of what he really does. He distinguishes between a lead pencil, key, knife, scissors, chain, purse, in fact any common article in use that he has had any chance to become familiar with. A corkscrew was quite new to him, but he picked it up when told to get an article which he had not seen before, but if "Boz" had been brought up in St. John the corkscrew would have been quite familiar.

He performs the many tricks that are so common to every circus dog, but adds to it the understanding apparently to undertake anything in the range of possibilities that his master requests. When lying in bed his owner will call him to bring a small pitcher of water, close a door or window, and he cheerfully responds; he will fetch a glass a comb or a pair of socks, collar or necktie from a trunk. He will bring a ladies hat, selecting the proper one by the color, and after being once at a hotel can be sent there, finding the elevator and going at once to the proper room, returning with a letter or newspaper or any other article required. These are but a few samples of what Boz will accomplish and only serve to show the wonderful sagacity that makes him seem almost human in his intelligence.

Boz has been the centre of many an admiring group in his travels, accompanying Mr. Harris, and he can find his way about the Russell house, Ottawa; the Albion hotel, Montreal, or the Kerby house, Brantford, Ontario, with any travelling man on the road. Should Boz ever be fortunate enough to visit maritime city of St. John and be ushered into the PROGRESS sanctum, it would be necessary to keep a sharp look out for any "old" copy, but if any reader ever happens in the neighborhood of Mendon, where Boz is so well-known and so much admired, Mr. Harris will be only too happy to introduce him, give you a happy welcome and let the dog fully verify this passing reference to his extraordinary abilities.

Read the article, "What Do You Think?" on the fourth page. It will interest you.

All Stopped to Listen. "Twas the night before Christmas," and the members of the Tavern club, of Boston, were in the midst of their Christmas festivities. If you have ever heard of that delightful semi-bohemian organization of artists, musicians, litterateurs and their friends, you will know at once how much is conveyed by the term "Christmas festivities." If you have not you must try to imagine it, for it is quite impossible to describe. At the time referred to dancing was the order of the evening and each smoker, irrespective of age or skill in the accomplishment, was whirling about the room. So absorbed were they that no one noticed who might be the officiating genius at the piano. Now it was one, now another, till finally the place was taken by one of the Adamowskis, who struck up a reel—a jolly, infectious air familiar to all—and all joined in heartily. Suddenly the pianist felt his hands moved quietly away from the keys and before he could remonstrate looked up to find Paderewski standing by his side playing the same melody. "Give me your place and go dance," he commanded, and sitting the action to the word, he took his place at the piano, readjusted his pipe, and began a gay, improvisation of the same, reel in every conceivable key. Surprised at the inspiration which seemed to have come to the pianist, the dancers stopped to listen, and seeing the cause of it all, delightedly crowded around him. "And so," my informant concluded, "we all forgot what time it was, and the people from the suburbs lost their trains."—Ez.

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It is difficult for a pretty woman to be anything else.

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The best recommendation for K. D. C. is the cure it makes. It has cured sufferers from every stage of Dyspepsia. It will cure you too.

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We measure time by talent, eternity by genius.

Puttner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substance, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

He who gives advice to a self-conceited man stands himself in need of counsel from another.—Saadi.

Edward Linfel, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

Silence holds the door against the strife of tongue and all the imperfections of idle conversation.—James Hervey.

PELEE ISLAND CO.'S Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scovil, Tea Importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union Street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

Honors and public favors sometimes offer themselves the more readily to those who have no ambition for them.—Livy.

JOHN O'BRIEN, Esq., Antigonish, writes: "I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for some years, and got so bad it was impossible to attend to my work, vomiting almost everything eaten. Having heard of K. D. C. I was induced to make a trial of it, and was astonished to find that after a few doses food could be retained on my stomach and after following the directions carefully for a few weeks the pain and distress known too well by dyspeptics, gradually left me. Am now able to attend to my work, and in good health.

Secrecy is the element of all goodness; even virtue, even beauty is mysterious.—Carlyle.

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HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system. There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.

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A SURPRISE SOAP BILL.

Twenty-five cents buys four cakes of "Surprise Soap"

from any grocer. Four great big washings, or eight ordinary washings can be done with these four cakes, and the washing up and scrubbing as well. The wash comes out white and sweet, while the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" makes the work easy. It's the best too for all household purposes. Insist on Surprise for every use. It's most economical.

Dark Clouds and Sunshine.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

NO ONE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

SOME weeks have passed since young Mrs. Lovington realized that there were two ways of doing everything. Instead of sitting down and worrying over little things, she keeps her eyes open, and takes advantage of new ideas. Her husband thinks her a jewel. A suit of clothes which he had looked upon as useless was returned to him from Ungar's as good as new, nice, bright and stylish. His wife's dress was dyed a shade even more becoming than the original. She was not a novice at dressmaking, and made a few changes, so that when she went to church the next Sunday, nobody recognized in her stylish costume, the old dress of her before. This is an age of progress. The business man who introduces new ways to make "things go further and last longer," is up with the times. The people who take advantage of the opportunities he offers save money. They move with the world.

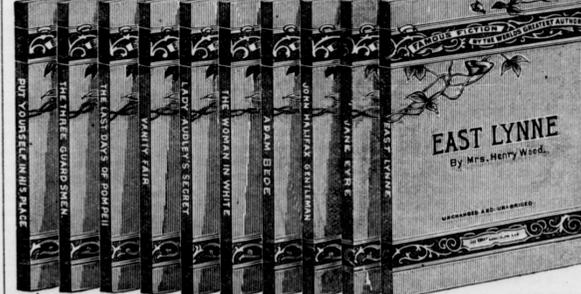


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