

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, PROGRESS will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 29.

MR. BLAIR LEAVES YORK.

There is something pathetic in the farewell words of Mr. BLAIR to the electors of York, as he withdraws from an ungrateful constituency to give another portion of the province the benefits of his great ability and long experience as a statesman. His speech is manly and dignified, but it is none the less a keen rebuke to the people who under a wild and foolish impulse took a course they must ever regret. If ever a constituency had cause to be grateful to a man for what he had done, it was the county of York. Mr. BLAIR has guarded its interests long and faithfully. He has had and exercised the power to materially benefit it, and his reward is that he is set aside for such men as PITTS and PINDER.

Had Mr. BLAIR been defeated in a fair battle on the legitimate issue neither he nor his friends could have had cause to complain. As it was he was the victim of treachery by those on whom he had been led to rely, and of unscrupulous methods on the part of his opponents. The tyranny of capital and coercion of workmen was resorted to as one part of the programme, while vicious appeals to the passions and prejudices of the bigotted and ignorant formed the other part. It was the meanest and most unmanly fight known in the county of York since Mr. BLAIR entered politics.

The people of St. John will gladly welcome Mr. BLAIR as a fellow citizen, irrespective of what his politics may be. The people of York have no longer any claim on him, and they deserve to have none. They can comfort themselves with PITTS, as he appears to suit them, and they are heartily welcome to him. St. John is quite satisfied to have Mr. BLAIR.

A RASCALLY PIECE OF WORK.

Wholly apart from the question of political parties is the view that ought to be taken of an anonymous circular scattered broadcast over York county on the eve of the election. It was headed "Orangemen and Protestants, Awake!" and was the most villainous attempt to create a "religious" war that has been made for a long time in this part of the world. It sought to stir up the worst passions of the ignorant bigots for whom it was intended, and does not appear to have failed of its effect. It was couched in the language of the worst class of low down demagogues and breathed in every line a more accursed intolerance than marked the darkest days of the dark ages. There were times in the reign of ELIZABETH, as well as MARY, when protestants and catholics sincerely believed they were doing God's service in their persecutions of each other, but that was the spirit of the age and there was some excuse for them, as there was later for the fanatical Puritans who disgraced the new world by their cruelties. They believed they were right. In this instance the effort to antagonize creeds and classes can have no excuse. It is the work of self-seeking ranters who cannot be called politicians, who are without the ability to meet honorable opponents on fair and even ground, and who care not what strife they create so long as they accomplish their own paltry ends. It is not too much to assume that the man who wrote that circular would be quite capable of setting fire to a building for the sake of the plunder he could steal from it, and that those who aided and abetted him in the one act would not be found wanting if needed to assist him in the other. He is a bad man, whoever he may be, and if he belongs to the orange order he is a disgrace to it.

It would not, however, be fair to hold the orange order responsible for the mischievous work of a man who so thoroughly negatives the principles that body professes to cherish. It is understood that many members of the order denounce the circular and its author in positive terms, and regret that it was permitted to appear. It is true, indeed, that at the beginning of the cam-

paigned a circular to the orangemen of York was issued over the signature of HERMAN H. PITTS, county master, but that was the action of PITTS who, realizing that he had no merits of his own on which to ask for election, wanted to be chosen as an opponent of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." This circular was bad enough, in its reference to the "Rome-cursed minority" and "the minions of a Romish hierarchy," but poor "PITTS wanted to be nominated and might be pardoned for his silly words. Besides, the circular was addressed merely to "dear brothers," and the county master probably had a right to call a "grand orange convention," as he termed it, in such language as he thought would draw a crowd. The later circular, addressed to protestants in general with special inflammatory appeals to the orangemen, was a more serious affair. It is pretty well understood who was the author of it, though in this instance he was afraid to append his name. Whoever wrote the circular is of the kind of stuff of which sneaks are made. His idea of imitating his alleged ancestors of Derry would be to hide behind a chimney on a housetop and shoot his opponents in the back. This circular was issued from the office of HERMAN H. PITTS.

It is well for this country that men who could adopt such a species of guerilla warfare are few in number and of no consequence outside of the narrow groove in which they move. It is satisfactory to decent people of all creeds to know that the act of irresponsible individuals in this instance is condemned by the majority who are as good protestants and better orangemen than they are. It would be strange if it were otherwise. It would speak ill for the protestants of this province if the incendiary document were viewed otherwise than with the contempt it merits. It is a rascally piece of work.

ARE WOMEN CRUEL?

A writer who has a reputation as an authority on woman and her ways has a readable article in this issue of PROGRESS on the subject of what she considers to be the cruel ways of her sex. The instances she quotes will be recognized as portraits true to life, and she will not lack for sympathy in her plea for the more humane treatment of the creatures which God has placed in close relationship to man in everyday life. As to the slaughter of the innocents in the form of birds to satisfy the demands of a foolish fashion, her condemnation is vigorous, but no more so than is called for by the facts. Every woman who reads her words will do well to give the subject the thought it merits. Better still, every mother will do well to educate her children to abhor a fashion which is supported by such a terrible sacrifice of the birds which the all-wise Creator has sent into the world to remind weary man of the world of joy and song.

It is no wonder ASTRA feels that women are cruel, but may it not be that in her righteous indignation she does them less than justice? The majority of them do not think as deeply as she does, and they do not realize how great the destruction of songsters is in this respect. If they do happen to read about it, they doubt the truth of the stories, or in purchasing a hat adorned with plumage they satisfy their conscience by the thought that as the damage is already done, it cannot be helped, and that if they do not buy the hat somebody else will. This is poor logic, it is true, and is of the kind that will keep the demand for plumage brisk, but it is the feminine way of reasoning. Sometimes, in other matters, it is also man's way of reasoning. Such a way of looking at things, however, scarcely proves that woman is cruel. The inference is rather that she is thoughtless. She pleases herself, and does not trouble herself as to what the remote consequences of her actions may be.

So it is, doubtless, in the other and minor counts of the indictment preferred by ASTRA against her sex. An insect, a moth or a bee, annoys or terrifies her. It is necessary to her comfort that it be put out of the way. She considers that the quickest way is to burn it, or if she sticks a pin through it she is under the impression that it ought to die at once. If it does not, she concludes that, anyway, insects do not feel pain like larger animals, and dismisses the matter from her mind. She does not intend to make the thing suffer—she is only thoughtless.

Then, too, is the case of a mouse, it must be remembered that, with occasional exceptions, womenkind really are afraid of mice. They consider them their natural enemies. They have been taught from childhood that mice are to be trapped and otherwise exterminated by all possible agencies. The count against the sex for a desire to be cruel to mice can hardly be sustained. Due allowance must be made for excitement and terror in such cases. The same answer can be made to the counts relating to cats and dogs. Some women are not constituted to understand the nature of these companionable creatures. They are afraid of them, and impulsively demand that they be put out of their way. They do not intend to be cruel to them, but consult their own conscience and comfort. They do not reason the matter out; they are merely thoughtless.

It is quite possible for women who would be guilty of any or all of the acts charged

in the indictment to be of the most tender and sympathetic natures in cases where it would occur to them that tenderness and sympathy were needed. They might be veritable exemplars of womanly devotion and might consider the world well lost if by sacrifice on their part they could make the lives of others happier. This would not be in cases where love prompts, for where that is the motive woman is really entitled to less credit than she usually gets. It is something she cannot help, and more than that, love is so much to her that the mainspring of action is really a selfish one. It is rather when abstract kindness to other men and women is demanded that the test of whether a woman is cruel or not is anything like a fair one. It is not on an occasion when a woman acts under the impulse of terror that her kindness or cruelty can be justly determined. It is when by slow, deliberate process, she does this or that, that her nature is to be judged. There may be women who would trap a mouse or drown a hysterical kitten, who are yet of natures that FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE might yearn to and love. Conversely, there may be those whose sympathies are strongly with inferior creatures, and who are as thoughtful of them as of the human race; or they may be like the lady who asserted that the more she saw of men the more she admired dogs. The latter animals may have the stronger claim upon their sympathy and attention.

As a rule, however, PROGRESS inclines to the belief that women are less cruel than ASTRA fears they are in some ways, and as cynics assert they are in other respects. It is true, that, looked at from either point of view, they cause a certain amount of pain in this world, but it ought not to be assumed that they intend to do so—that they are really cruel. They do not think out matters as they might do, and though "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart," gallantry forbids that man, even if they have caused him to suffer, should be ungenerous enough to condemn them. Women usually means well, whether she impales a moth or wounds a human heart, but the consideration of the effect of either act does not enter into the transaction at the time. If it comes at all, it comes later, but even then it may not occur to her that she has been in the least degree cruel.

HALLOWEEN IS AT HAND.

It is not to be regretted that the age of steam and electricity has driven Halloween superstitions from the hold they appear to have once had on the people of enlightened countries, and notably in Great Britain and Ireland, with special reference to Scotland. In the new world they never had the acceptance they received across the ocean, but the "spells" have been worked by the young people as diversions, faith being placed in them only by the ignorant. Nuts and apples, and the like, will probably be to the front in the houses of many readers of PROGRESS next Monday night, for the fun they can be made to create, but it is not likely that any will regard them as otherwise than relics of curious myths of the days when folk lore was more common than book lore. To go farther back, they are the relics of paganism itself, and when or how they became associated with the eve of All Saints Day nobody seems able to explain.

For there is no possible connection between the superstitions of Halloween and the sacred character of the day by which it is followed. It is merely a coincidence, or rather a contrast, that the relics of paganism and the faith of christianity should be brought so close together by the almanac. The memory of the vigil of All Saints Day and of the day itself is explained in connection with the Anglican Calendar on another page of this issue, and the customs of Halloween are treated of on still another page. So far as the saturnalia has any relation to the festival it could as well be weeks or months earlier or later.

It may comfort some people of philosophical minds to know that the pranks played by bad boys on Halloween are probably a survival of antiquity. It was the belief once that all sorts of witches and what-not paid visits to honest people to annoy them. When, therefore, a boy rings a door bell and runs away, or blows oakum smoke through a keyhole, or changes front gates for you with a man half a mile away, he is doing just what it was expected evil spirits would delight to do in ancient times. The boys will not be aware of the fact that they are giving object lessons in folk lore, but that need not prevent the victims of their pranks from thinking of the lesson to be learned, nor from drawing a moral in case they cannot catch the boys. In the days when demons and spirits of all kinds were supposed to plague mortals, it is likely that a good deal what was dreaded as the supernatural might have been accounted for, had a close watch been kept on frolicsome and mischievous folk. At any rate, the age of witchcraft seems to have faded away in proportion as light became more easily available on highways and books became more accessible to the people.

The poetry of Halloween is in the charms to which anxious lovers resort in order to learn their future matrimonial lot. Some of them are pretty, and most of

them are harmless as diversions. There are some, however, done at the midnight hour, which serve no good end and have in the past caused sorrow to people of weak nerves. The temptation for the practical joker to play tricks at such times is strong, and unfortunately the fool killer is not always around to frustrate his purpose before he has done some act he may ever regret. The Halloween fool, in some form or another, is to be found in every community. It is quite likely he will be heard from, as usual, this year.

The New York Sun says the Americans do not want to rule Canada. This is very decent of them, considering that the Canadians are not anxious to have them as rulers. The idea that we want annexation has arisen from the writings and utterances of such men as our friend ALFRED AUGUSTUS who succeeded in getting a New York paper to publish some of his blue ruin letters a few years ago. Since then he has joined the party of anti-poverty, anti-pope-ry and anticipation, and has been hurrahing for the old flag at a great rate. The New York papers have not got onto the fact yet, and hence they keep laboring under the delusion that he and his friends are just where they were five or six years ago. ALFRED AUGUSTUS ought to write another letter, explaining his change of base.

Dr. SILAS is not posing as a prophet now, and has probably mislaid the piece of paper on which he forecast the result. PROGRESS preserved a copy of it, however, and finds that he was mistaken as to the result in every county, with the solitary exception of Kent. He predicted the return of twenty-four opposition men, but only twelve have come to the front. It would have been bad enough for a young man to have blundered so badly, but for one of SILAS's years the mistake can admit of little or no excuse.

Instead of the opposition in St. John upsetting the government and raising Old Harry generally, they have had their own calculations upset and have lost Young Harry into the bargain.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Sometimes People Excavate the Earth. The foundation of the new Bachman building is being excavated.—Lunenburg Argus.

At Our Own Silas's Time of Life. No less than sixteen lads, of a doubtful age, were seen with firearms, going out of town on Monday.—Lunenburg Argus.

When Mr. Brown Got Cross. Mr. John Brown was obliged to kill his dog the other day, as he got cross and attacked a small boy.—Yarmouth Light.

The Bride Had the Preference. The presents to the bride were numerous and costly. No cards, and no cake as yet, for your correspondent.—Liverpool Times.

Ward Tale from Clark's Harbor. Occasionally may be heard the squealing of some member of the porcine family as he struggles with his captors to escape the death which is inevitable.—Yarmouth Light.

No, But the Man who Burnt It Was One. A small house owned and occupied by Jesse Sweeney at the Joggins, was burned to the ground on Wednesday night last week, together with all its contents. Was it incendiary?—Digby Canadian.

How Their Eyes Stuck Out. The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts, which were all appropriate and much appreciated and admired. But the brightest objects glittering there were the radiant eyes of the married pair.—Shelburne Budget.

Dr. Stewart Terribly in Earnest. The engineers or rather torturers seem to take delight in letting them (the whistles) off at the most unreasonable and unseasonable hours. We believe that if the owners of these infernal machines were once indicted, a better arrangement would ensue.—Quebec Chronicle.

Enough to Wake Up the People. When the loaded carts go along our streets, the babel they cause is bad enough in all conscience. But it isn't a patch on the din which they make after they have deposited their freight, and the drivers run races. It is an easy thing to check this hideous noise, which disturbs the sick, and exasperates the well.—Quebec Chronicle.

The Dark Side of City Life. One of Messrs. Leonard Bros. slovens, loaded with fish, broke down on the North wharf yesterday afternoon. The fish were transferred to another sloop and taken to their destination.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon Officer Gibson dispersed a crowd of loafers who had gathered on the New York pier, and who were in the way of men working on the wharf.

A young man and his wife, both under the influence of a beverage stronger than water, got aboard the C. P. R. express going west last night, and their actions in the car caused considerable amusement and disgust.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

The Pictou Standard has entered on its 35th volume, and gives every indication that it may double the record and reach three-score and ten.

By the death of Mr. W. R. Melville, of the Telegraph composing room, the printing craft in this city loses an old and faithful member. He had been a familiar figure around the office for a generation, and as long as it was possible for him to walk he was at his post early and late. All who knew him will miss him and regret that he is no more with them.

Going Into Journalism.

The boys of Leinster street school are thinking of going into the newspaper business, starting a small paper and running it for the fun and experience it will give them. To assist in starting the project they are giving a concert in the Mechanics' Institute on next Thursday, evening when they hope for a good audience to help them along.

Munro's Elixir will cure your Cough.

THAT INNOVATION AT ST. DAVID'S.

Why the Choir Leader is Sorry that Anything Was Said About It.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The choir and congregation of St. David's presbyterian church regret exceedingly the publication in last week's PROGRESS of the article "Churches and Music." The gentleman referred to in the article is a most estimable member of the church, his one weakness being an unreasonable prejudice against the use of anthems and instrumental music in the service of praise. The writer has a peculiar interest in the matter, as he is largely responsible for the recent changes in St. David's, he, though well aware of Mr. —'s opposition, having made the rescinding of the restrictions previously in force, a condition of his accepting the leadership of the choir, when it was recently tendered him by the church session. Mr. —, Notwithstanding his present attitude, is an ardent lover of music, and we hope that by the excellence of our selections, rendered to the best of our ability, he might be got, after a little, not to tolerate, but also to enjoy the "innovation." Although he left us rather hastily, the first day the change came into effect, we still hope that by a manifestation of the kindly feelings we all entertain for him, he might be won back to us, and still remain an honored member of our congregation; we now fear that our object has been but poorly furthered by PROGRESS' article.

Mr. — can not himself very well complain of the publicity given the matter, as his own act was sufficiently public. The members of his family, however, who neither sought nor desired publicity have just cause to think that more regard should have been had for their feelings than to have rushed the incident, and are no doubt, along with the choir, somewhat exercised as to where PROGRESS got so minute particulars of the matter. It might be said that the choir is only required to perform their duties to the best of their ability, without concerning themselves as to whether this or that one is pleased or not. This may be true. St. David's choir, however, composed as it is almost entirely of church members, desires to be not unmindful of the apostate conjunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." They are, therefore, somewhat disturbed by this one exception to the otherwise unanimous expression of hearty appreciation of the changes recently made, and if, Mr. Editor, you will kindly give the communication some prominence with the article complained of, you will greatly oblige the choir of St. David's, and especially the

CHOIR LEADER.

The particulars given by PROGRESS were not obtained from any member of the choir, but from others who were in no way responsible for the publication of the facts. The "minute particulars" seemed to be known to a number of people, and the story was written without the intention of causing the slightest offence to anyone. No member of the congregation had anything to do with rushing the story into print, and the writer was not even aware that the gentleman in question had a family. So far as PROGRESS understands the feeling of the congregation, they would be very glad to welcome him back whenever he can reconcile his conscience to the new order of things.

IS LAW ALWAYS JUSTICE?

A Correspondent Has Something to Say About the Courts.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Of old it was said "the king can do no wrong." In this day it is claimed that the court, or at least a judge can do no wrong. Not long ago, in Ontario, a citizen reading at night, in his own house, was assaulted by a burglar, who after firing several shots, was only prevented from murdering his victim, by the timely appearance of the wife of the wounded citizen. In this case the crime was premeditated, and but that the burglar was a poor shot, probably both the citizen and his wife would have been murdered. Justice appears to have been satisfied by imposing a sentence of four years imprisonment.

In another case police surround a house. In the dark a policeman attacks the two fleeing inmates and draws his revolver to shoot. In the melee the officer is shot fatally. The accused is supposed to have had a fair trial; if a trial can be called fair held near the scene of the tragedy, and the issue tried by the friends of the dead officer. Conviction under these circumstances was a foregone conclusion. One sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary, the other to be hung for carrying a revolver and using it when attacked, and for drinking liquors on which the crown collects a revenue.

In the one case the criminal, with premeditation, attempts to commit a murder, and is only prevented by circumstances over which he had no control; punishment four years in jail. In the other there appears to have been no meditation; simply the effort of desperate men to escape arrest, for a crime they may or may not have committed.

After all is it any preventive to crime to hang people? In practice, public flogging is found to have a more salutary effect than hanging, and there is the ever present risk of hanging the wrong person. A better plan would be to compel the offenders to repair as far as possible the injury and loss they have caused—where human life has been taken compel the criminal to toil for the benefit of the family of his victim, and add punishment, say flogging, for premeditated crimes. A perusal of the evidence has failed to convince the writer, that there was in the case of Buck and Jim any premeditated intention to murder. No doubt they were bold, bad men, but even bad men are

entitled to justice. It is not in the interests of society that because men are poor, and vicious, they alone should suffer.

HE RAN AND TOLD MR. WELDON. And that Gentleman Cheerfully Went Back on the "Telegraph."

The following correspondence was not read by Dr. A. A. Stockton at the wake of Silas's cabinet held in the Mechanics' Institute last Saturday night:

ST. JOHN, N. B. 22nd Oct., 1892. DEAR WELDON: I read with much surprise the editorials in today's Telegraph attacking Silas and me by referring to "a couple of windbags, Alward and Stockton," and also asserting that "Messrs. Alward and Stockton bear a strong family likeness to the jackass." That surprise is much increased when I reflect that you largely control that paper, and that you were the counsel for the trustees in the Anning case. From your knowledge of us, you know as well as I do that those articles are libellous, unjustifiable and cowardly. I appeal to you to state whether you consider that we or either of us, in your opinion, resemble a jackass, or whether it is your opinion that we are a couple of wind bags. Yours very truly,

A. A. STOCKTON.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 22, 1892. DEAR STOCKTON: I read with much regret and surprise the articles in the Telegraph asserting that you and Mr. Alward are a couple of windbags, and also asserting that you bear a strong family resemblance to the jackass. I had not the remotest idea that such articles would be published.

Even had I not received your note, I intended to have written a letter to the press as an act of justice to yourself and Silas. I have known you a long time, and as for Silas I can remember him when he was a comparatively young man, over forty years ago. It never occurred to me that either of you bore any actual personal likeness to a jackass, whatever else you may have resembled, nor did I ever make a statement in public that you were a couple of windbags. I shall get Major McLean to see Mr. McCready and cause a retraction to be made.

I have already been of the opinion that in political contests nothing should be said to hurt the feelings of anybody on the other side. The demands of my profession prevent me from exercising a close personal supervision over matter that is to appear in the Telegraph, but I am always glad to be told when there is anything said that anybody does not like. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. WELDON.

Well Attended.

Kerr's Business college is very well attended at the present time. The number of students is more satisfactory than it ever has been in the history of the institution, and it would appear that the young men of the maritime provinces are coming to the conclusion that they can obtain as good a commercial education in this city or in Halifax as they can in any of the larger Canadian or American towns.

Bengough Hit Them.

The opera house held an appreciative audience when Bengough gave his entertainment on Wednesday night, and everybody who went was pleased. It goes without saying that the sketches were good and the hits cleave. Everybody laughed and some laughed very heartily. Bengough will give another entertainment next Thursday evening.

A Change of Sailing Days.

The sailing days of the steamer Monticello change in the month of November, the boat leaving Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same day.

THUMBS THAT MEAN MURDER.

Some of the Ways in Which It is Said They May be Recognized.

Examine your hand and see if you are a born murderer! says a N. Y. paper. But if you find the "scaffold sign" and "spatulated thumb," don't go off and kill somebody or give up in despair, for the natural bent may be thwarted by resolutions, the grace of God, or other means.

Chiromancers have been studying the hand a long time, and Desbarrolles, the famous French savant, declares that the case is conclusively made out. He gives us a map of the hand which is destined in all probability of it to shed the life-blood of a fellow man. There is first the "pouce en bille," or "baldheaded thumb," broad at the point, bulbous, often flattened or spatulated at the end, and imperfect as to the nail, which is usually small and sunken somewhat into the flesh. A similar conformation of the fingers is often observed.

Second.—The thickness of the "Mount of Mars," or outer edge of the palm which chiromancers argue to indicate destructiveness.

Third.—The "scaffold sign," a peculiar cross in the palm beneath the second finger.

Other signs are added, but these are the chief. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer inspected the hands of the convicted homicides in the Ohio penitentiary and with startling results. Almost every one had the signs, and Warden C. C. James was so impressed by it that he refused to allow an examination of the seven murderers in the annex awaiting execution, as he thought it might jeopardize their chances for commutation. W. J. Elliot, the late Columbus editor, refused to allow his hand to be looked at, so he is set down as a murderer by accident or sudden heat rather than by nature.

Benedict Zucher, who killed his own father, has both thumbs en bille, and the scaffold sign sharp and distinct on each hand. His hands are perfectly typical, according to Desbarrolles' theory. John Riddle, who murdered a convict in the penitentiary, after he had received a life sentence for a murder committed in Shelby county, is another prisoner who has the murderer's characteristic hand in every detail. Johnny Beal, of Preble county, convicted on circumstantial evidence at the age of thirteen of killing his own mother, has hands perfectly free of the distinctive sign. So has George W. Brashears, convicted also on circumstantial evidence, and Samuel Hummel. All the other men have the signs, and many of them in an astonishing degree.

Hallowmas Eve, 1892.

Let the young people enjoy the season by providing them with nice Graveston Apples, Chestnuts, Walnuts, New Raisins, Figs and Green Grapes, English and Canadian Biscuits, Sweet Cider, New Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peaches, etc., from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BROS., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

Don't catch cold, but if you do, get Munro's Elixir at once. A bottle for a quarter.