

HIGH PRICES IN EUROPE.

IT IS NO LONGER A COUNTRY WHERE LIVING IS CHEAP.

The Popular Impression on this Side of the Water not Warranted by the Facts—Figures that seem to speak for themselves on this point.

There is a general impression in America that the average cost of living in England and on the continent of Europe is much lower than in the United States or Canada, but the San Francisco Chronicle points out that, as a whole, this is not the case. It says:

In the opening chapter of a recent edition of Cassell's "Complete Pocket Guide to Europe" (an English publication) the author remarks: "The American will notice with some surprise that life in Europe is, as a whole, no longer much if any cheaper than in America." The untraveled American may well be surprised at such a statement as this, for he has not been told in season and out of season that the cost of living is so much greater in this country; that the pauper wages of Europe are really better compensation, everything considered, than the high wages paid the American workman.

It is not difficult to understand how this erroneous belief came into existence. At one time, no doubt, it had a substantial foundation of truth to rest upon, but this has entirely disappeared of late years, and the evidence is now conclusive that, taking "life as a whole," the American lives as cheaply as the foreigner. By this we mean that the same amount of money will procure as many miscellaneous comforts for a man or family in the United States as in Great Britain, even though some things may be cheaper in the latter than in our own country.

Unfortunately, however, instead of taking cold statistics as our guide in the matter, we are too apt to lay more stress on the statement of an English tourist that he found a shilling would go further in his own country than a dollar in America. Perhaps he kept within the strict bounds of truth when making such an assertion, but Americans when they go abroad are very apt to find that a dollar in Europe when expended by them goes no further than a quarter of a dollar well laid out at home.

The fact must not be lost sight of that when a comparison of cost of living is instituted, the things compared must be the same. It will not do to point out that in China a farm hand can subsist on six cents a day, while in the United States the subsistence of a worker in the same industry costs six times as much. If the American farm hand would be content to live on an unvarying diet of rice his expenditures might easily be kept down to the lowest Chinese level.

Or to continue the illustration further: If the thrifty English artisan and laborer is forced to exercise in his own country were displayed by our workers the result would certainly be larger accumulations. Many foreigners when transplanted vary their mode of living very slightly, and they invariably amass competencies as a reward for their self-denial. The mass of immigrants, however, soon learn to adjust their mode of living to the scale of the set in which they move, and of course their expenditures are greater. But it is childish to charge this change to higher cost of living, when, in fact, it is simply an exhibition of the human tendency to spend money when one has it to spend.

When we turn our attention to the relative cost of the maintenance of an average family in England and the United States we find that the American has largely the best of it, except in the particular of domestic service. Mulhall, the English statistician, gives the following as the cost of living of a family of five persons in the genteel walks of life, besides two servants, in the years named:

	1823.	1845.	1883.
Rent.....	£200	£100	£120
Taxes.....	40	30	40
Servants.....	24	30	40
Clothing.....	70	80	100
Bread.....	26	25	20
Meat.....	60	50	80
Groceries.....	35	40	60
Wines.....	30	40	60
Dairy.....	70	70	90
Coal and light.....	38	30	25
Washing.....	22	30	45
Sundries.....	88	95	110
Totals.....	£602	£620	£770

This table does not relate to London, but is based on an average of the cost of living in provincial towns. We venture to say that, with the exception of two cities, an American family living in equally good style would pay less rent, no more for clothing, less for bread, decidedly less for meat and groceries, about the same for wines, a trifle more for fuel and light, and not much more than half as much for washing, which seems to be an expensive luxury in Great Britain in spite of the moist climate.

The Asbestos Industry.

Until 1870 Italy supplied nearly all the fibrous asbestos required by the world, but in that year a number of companies were formed to work the veins known to exist near Thetford and Black Lake, in the Province of Quebec. According to the official statistics of the Canadian Geological Survey, the value of the asbestos mined in Canada in 1891 was \$1,000,000, being exceeded only by that of coal, nickel, copper and petroleum. This industry is now in the hands of 13 incorporated companies, having an authorized capital of about \$1½ million dollars, of which 2½ millions are invested in the industry in Canada.

She Was on the Wrong Side.

"Yes," said the society lady, at a swell affair the other evening, "I've crossed the Atlantic Ocean eleven times." The smart young man adjusted his eyeglass, and said, "Ah! Born in America, I suppose?" "No, indeed! Why do you ask?" "Because, if you were born in this country and had crossed the ocean eleven times, you'd be on the other side now, don't you know?" The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers, blushed violently, and fled.

There is no Humberg About the Right waterproof garments. They are a sure protection in case of rain, and are useful as ordinary garments to be worn during the sunshine. They not only take the place of a rubber garment, without its disadvantages, but are comfortable garments made of elegant designs in tweeds and other cloths.

A LONDON MIRACLE.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT BY A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, Relates His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representative—Testured by Malignant Rheumatism from Boyhood, He at Last Escapes from Agony—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

(London Advertiser).

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked. "I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of the cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school teacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on North Pembroke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I was engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880."

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At length my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business."

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and

he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope, I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteenth was finished I had had not a symptom of pain for three months."

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville. I said I was not a man that cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel that I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the first of April last. I started in June and have used six boxes, not because I had any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. MCINTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street.

"I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin street church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"

"Yes, I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"

"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these pills cured him, he believes that he is the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. R. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw him was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already

said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

When you want to be cured of Dyspepsia try the Greatest Known Cure, K. D. C. Free sample. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

Idle men are as great gossips as idle women.

Are you debilitated from want of nourishment? K. D. C. will cause your food to nourish you by restoring your stomach to health action.

Absolute cleanliness is the most perfect disinfectant. Other things are secondary.

K. D. C. taken immediately after eating starts the process of digestion at once, and prevents all unpleasant symptoms of Dyspepsia.

Every man defends himself unconsciously.

When you decide to be cured of Dyspepsia try K. D. C. the King of Cures. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

It is an ill epidemic that brings the druggists no good.

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.

Contentment makes pudding of cold potatoes.

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whisky of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILLE, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

Idle men are as great gossips as idle women.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost. J. H. BAILEY.

Parkdale, Ont.

Bachelors are the unbuttered bread of the world.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Putner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

Writers are the only cooks who love to eat their own victuals.

K. D. C. Co.—GENTLEMEN:—My wife was a sufferer from Dyspepsia for years, could not get anything to relieve her until a friend persuaded her to try K. D. C. The effect was marvellous, less than one package cured her. I believe you have the genuine article for dyspepsia. To the suffering I would say, try it for yourselves and you will be able to vouch for the truth of what I say. Yours truly,

ADDISON LECHE Conductor Windsor and Annapolis R. R.

SURPRISE Soap Saves

the worker. It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes.

the clothes are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white.

the hands after the wash are white and smooth—not chapped.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

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But Seal Sacques are costly for all that. Ungar's agents cover the provinces, and although they form part of a great delivery system, and make it more convenient for customers, the cost is small. The following are some of Ungar's agents who cover the ground in St. John proper:

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MRS. PLUMMER, cor. Sidney and Duke Streets.

JAS. MCKINNEY, cor. Charlotte and St. James Streets.

R. W. MCCARTHY, Haymarket Square.

J. D. DRISCOLL, 191 Union Street.

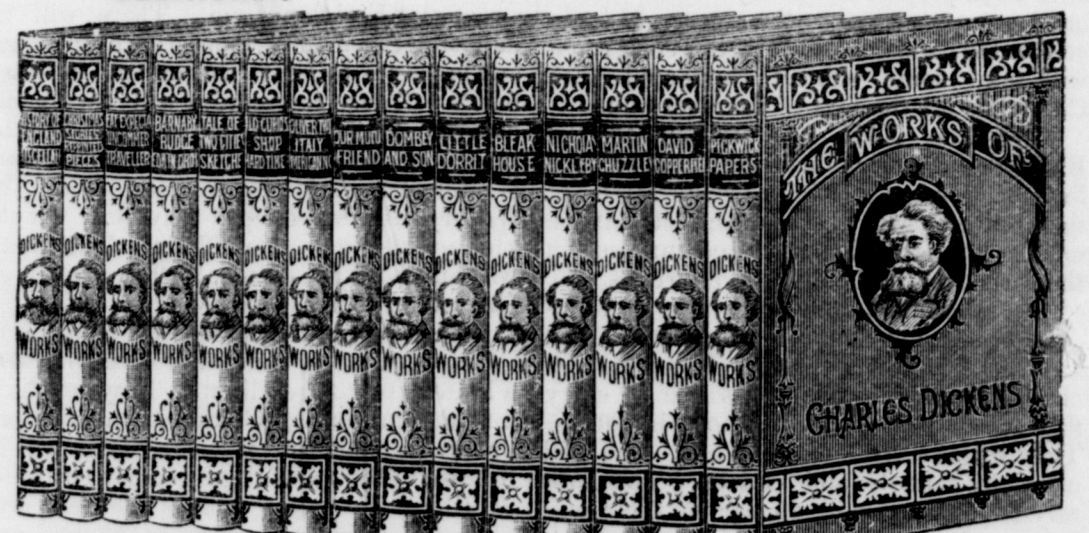
CHAS. K. SHORT, Jeffries Hill.

If you have not a telephone, and cannot spare the time to go to the laundry, when you want your bundle at a certain time, leave it at the nearest agency. The delivery waggons make regular calls, and promptness is one of the features of Ungar's.

BE SURE and send your parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granite street. They will be done right, if done at.

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